PHOTOPLAY
combined with Movie Mirror
July

15¢

United States Savings Bond

The United States of America

Ten years from the date hereon will pay
One hundred dollars

Mr. & Mrs. America

#1 Main Street
U.S.A.

War Savings Bond Series E

Issue Date
Which is the first day of

July 1944

Treasury Department
Washington

C 00000000 E

Buy One of These Bonds Today!
Mrs. Kenneth Bryan Neal, New York City

"I'm devoted to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet," confides this lovely bride. "My very first cake of Camay brought such delicate new softness to my skin."

For romance...win

**Softer, Smoother Skin**

with just **One Cake of Camay!**

The magic of a softer, more velvety complexion can be yours... with just one cake of Camay! Yes, you can have lovelier skin as quickly as that when you change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions. And with the first cake of Camay, most complexions sparkled with fresh new radiance, looked more sweetly soft.

**It cleanses without irritation**

In these tests, you see proof of Camay's mildness... proof it can benefit skin! "Camay is really mild," said the doctors. "it cleansed without irritation." Surely the Camay Mild-Soap Diet can bring such striking improvement to your complexion...so start with Camay tonight.

**Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!**

Take just one minute, night and morning. Cream Camay's mild lather over your face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin's oily, add a C-O-L-D splash. With your first cake of Camay, you'll see enchanting new beauty.

**Precious materials go into Camay...make it last!**

Be saving with all soap during wartime. To help your Camay last, do this:

- **Get good lather from just a few rubs on Camay.**
- **Take Camay from the water after lathering.** Wipe your soap dish dry. **Tuck Camay slivers** inside a bath mit. You'll get grand lather!
hearts are drawn to a bright, sparkling smile!

After Hours-

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are war jobs now. What can you do? More than you think!

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you’ve got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for.

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

Start today with Ipana and massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

Smiles are brighter when gums are healthier. Guard against “pink tooth brush”...use Ipana and massage.

You’ll celebrate Victory with a clear conscience. Because you’re working hard toward it now. Good girl. After hours, you rate the best in fun and romance!

So powder your nose—and smile. Go out and have fun! That smile, now—how’d it look in the mirror? Did it sparkle? Was it bright and captivating?

That’s the kind of smile that turns heads and hearts! If you’ll notice, most popular girls aren’t beautiful at all. But they all have a beautiful smile!

So see to it that your smile is at its radiant best. Remember, a sparkling smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore “pink tooth brush”!

If you see a tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush—see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And, like many dentists, he may suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.
Lana Turner Alone .......................................................... Ruth Waterbury 27
The Mystery of Judy Garland ......................................... Lounella O. Parsons 28
1 Go to War ................................................................. Farley Earle Granger 30
It Isn't All Roses ......................................................... Nancy Sinatra 32
Everything's Jaekel ..................................................... Dorothy Deere 36
That's Hollywood for You! ............................................. Sidney Skolsky 38
Don't Mention It! ......................................................... "Fearless" 42
My Commandments for My Children ............................ Don Ameche 45
Getting Personal on Your Personality ............................. Lester F. Miles, Ph.D. 47
Command Performance .................................................. 48
Big Jim Craig ............................................................... Janet Bentley 50
Sweet Sue Hayward .................................................... Lupton A. Wilkinson 51
McCrea, Inc. .................................................................. Fredda Dudley 52
Portrait of a Minister's Son—Dana Andrews .................. Joseph Henry Steele 54
Put Ruffles on Your Life ................................................ Loretta Young 56
"My Teen-Age Mistake" ................................................ 58
The Private Life of Private Hargrove .............................. Eleanor Harris 58
The Kid Makes Good—Jackie Coogan .............................. Marian Rhea 58
What Should I Do? ........................................................ 67

Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Portraits in Color

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Picture Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Frank Sinatra</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Jaeckel</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phyllis Brooks</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Special Features

Brief Reviews .............................. 70 Inside Stuff—Cal York 24
Cast of Current Pictures .................. 118 Speak for Yourself
Fashions—Deanna Durbin .......................... 63 Star-Maker Fashions
The Shadow Stage ................................ 19

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JULY, 1944
VOL. 25, NO. 2


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Coming your way

BING'S BEST PICTURE!

Great Songs...

"The Day After Forever" "Going My Way" "Swinging On A Star" • plus "Ave Maria" • "Silent Night, Holy Night" and 3 Other Old Favorites

Great Fun...

as Bing tames the toughest gang this side of Sing Sing!

A Little Love!

Jim Brown and Jean Heather, whom Bing gets going together and going his way!

with

BING CROSBY

BARRY FITZGERALD • FRANK McHUGH • JAMES BROWN
JEAN HEATHER • GENE LOCKHART • PORTER HALL

Risë Stevens

Famous Contralto of Metropolitan Opera Association

Produced and Directed by Leo McCarey

B. G. DeSYLVA, Executive Producer
Screen Play by Frank Butler and Frank Covett

Barry Fitzgerald, as Father Fitzgibbon who thought the Bishop had played a joke on him when he sent him Bing!
TWENTY YEARS OF M-G-M HITS...AND

1924 BIG PARADE  
1925 THE MERRY WIDOW  
1926 FLESH AND THE DEVIL  
1927 BEN

1931 TRADER HORN

1933 TUGBOAT ANNIE

1935 MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

1937 GOOD EARTH

1938 BOYS TOWN

1939 WIZARD OF OZ

1940 BOOM

1944 marks twenty years—exciting years—epic years—that M-G-M has been producing your greatest entertainment! To celebrate its anniversary—the studio of hits now pours into one magnificent picture all the mastery at its command—and gives the screen the romance that is destined to be remembered forever!

The White Cliffs of Dover
NOW THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL!

starring

IRENE DUNNE

A CLARENCE BROWN Production with
ALAN MARSHAL and with RODDY
McDOWALL - FRANK MORGAN
VAN JOHNSON - C. AUBREY SMITH - DAME
MAY WHITTY - GLADYS COOPER - Directed by
CLARENCE BROWN - Produced by SIDNEY
FRANKLIN - Screen Play by Claudine West,
Jan Lustig and George Froeschel - Based
on "The White Cliffs" by Alice Duer Miller
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Chit Chat: Now it's the Betty Grable doll . . . Designer Rene Hubert started it when he made an exact replica of Betty dressed in her favorite "Rosie O'Grady" frock replete with miniature lace muff and tiny violet corsage and presented it to Betty and Harry James' new infant Victoria James . . .

Van Johnson is so troubled over those printed reports of his romance with Bette Davis. Van, who has never met Bette but would like to, is afraid the first lady of the screen will think he's seeking publicity . . . Carmen Miranda keeps shaking her turban—non, non, non those a-way—when her name is coupled romantically with that of Ary Barroso, composer of "Brazil." "My heart, she ees with Alberto Santos in Soue America," the lady says gravely.

George Raft, who looks so pale and wan since his return from the front, should have lost those twelve pounds before he made "Follow The Boys," instead of after . . . Turhan Bey, who has the most beautiful telephone voice in Hollywood, is upset over those "going Hollywood" reports. Claims he's only trying to keep away from the vaudeville-hoofer roles the studio wants him to play. My heavens, how awful: And they with a second Valentino on their hands . . .

Cowboy Red Barry's wife, Peggy Stewart, finally divorced him after repeated threats and Joan Fontaine decided to do ditto to Brian Aherne who acts like a ship without a rudder, poor lamb . . . Everyone in town so sick and bored with the Chaplin cases nevertheless felt, despite his unpopularity, the first verdict a fair one—but imagine the consternation of the natives to glimpse Charlie and his eighteen-year-old wife trotting down the aisle of a movie the very night he was acquitted—and to add to the bewilderment the picture was "Passage To Marseille," which deals extensively with a prison . . . Errol Flynn got himself flattened to the floor by Captain Dan Topping of the Army Air Corps (husband of Sonja Henie) at a gray party, which adds nothing to their credit or prestige . . .

Hollywood is also bored with Flynn and his episodes and maybe Warner Brothers are beginning to be, too, seeing they've signed Paul Brinkman, handsome man-about-town and Flynn's exact double . . . Brinkman once squealed Lili Damita about when Lili and Flynn were fighting and all the papers reported a reconciliation much to Flynn's rage . . . Warners have changed Brinkman's name to Paul Brooks, so who knows—he may be the next big brave hero of the Flynn epics if Errol doesn't soon quiet down.

(Continued on page 8)
Leeuwenhoek, the crotchety genius who first saw germs through the crudest of microscopes, found the world indifferent to his thrilling revelation. Today his name is deathless.

Tireless Pasteur, devoting his life to the study of the "little beasties" that swam before Leeuwenhoek's eyes, fought an uphill battle against ignorance and skepticism to prove that they were a living source of disease and death. Now he is immortal.

The great and good Lister, using antiseptic to control the deadly germs that Leeuwenhoek saw and Pasteur defined, performed his life-saving miracles in surgery before a hopeful few and a doubting many. "An instrument in the hands of God," he is enshrined in Westminster Abbey.

As with man so with medicine; the endless tides of Time write the verdict to guide the world. The mediocre are forgotten and fail; the meritorious survive and succeed.

It is a matter of pride to us, that Listerine Antiseptic, named for the great Lister, today serves humanity's needs as ably as it did more than half a century ago when it was acclaimed an outstanding non-poisonous, non-irritating antiseptic.

Listerine Antiseptic stands ready to aid you in a thousand little emergencies calling for quick germ-killing action with complete safety . . . a delightful, effective solution. Make this a "must" for your family medicine cabinet.

GOOD NEWS!
Most stores have received recent shipments of Listerine Antiseptic for civilian use. You should now be able to obtain Listerine Antiseptic in some size at your favorite drug counter.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri

In service more than 60 years

Listerine Antiseptic
He built ships and broke hearts in a way all his own...a great guy in a great film filled with spectacular excitement!

(Continued from page 6)

Powell News: By this time, everything should have been settled between Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, but did you know that up until the moment that their domestic troubles actually went before a judge, these two were sharing the same house though barely speaking? Dick, except for occasional jaunts out of Hollywood on camp tours, had been occupying the family house with the children all along; and when Joan returned to town from her stage tour in the East, why she just moved back in there too. It probably wasn't from choice. She probably couldn't have found another place to live anyway. The housing shortage in glamour town is everything you've heard it is!

Odds and Ends: Virginia Bruce has certainly peppe up lately. Seems to be really having fun for the first time in years. Lots of beau too...George Sanders is going to ask the modest sum of a hundred thousand dollars a picture for his services from now on...You should see the nifty decor of Carole Landis's new apartment. Millions of people showed up for her house-warming and almost obscured the view of the drapes...Dave Rose has just about decided to give in and let Judy Garland have his permission to get her divorce. His real interest in Gloria De Haven may have something to do with it...

That Fontaine Crisis: A really downhearted guy after the marital rift made headlines was Brian Aherne whose domestic fiasco with Joan Fontaine was denied (at their request) by every reporter in Hollywood save one who knew better. Ironically, the day they broke up, Brian was to do a radio show which was full of reference to his wife—and at the very last minute, during the final rehearsal for the program, all those lines had to be thrown out and others written in because the newspapers were already on the streets with the story. Someone who talked with Joan next day on the phone reported that she had to hang up in the middle of the conversation—she was on the verge of hysteria. But a couple of nights later she was a guest at a big party at Lady Mendl's (who does a vast amount of entertaining) and being gay as a lark. The gown sensation of this particular party, by the way, was furnished by Gypsy Rose Lee (Imagine Gypsy's furnishing a sensation by wearing something) in an hour-glass type of long dinner dress, slit to the knee on one side. Gypsy can't wear any nail polish for weeks and weeks while making the period picture, "Belle Of The Yukon"—and she feels positively nude, my deah!

Last-minute Flashes: Bob Hutton (he was so good in "Destination Tokyo"—remember?) and his socialite bride Natalie Thompson are trying to decide whether two careers in a family are better than one. Natalie, who had a movie contract before their marriage, may try again...You should hear the gossips trying to link Myrna Loy with her first husband, producer Arthur Hornblow, now that she's about to divorce her second mate. Myrna is back in Hollywood—probably for keeps.

(Continued on page 10)
CALLING ALL CARSONS!

COME ON THE RUN for a riot of fun! See Jack in HIS FIRST STARING PICTURE!

YOU'LL WHOOP AND HOLLER as Jack tops his side-splitting stints in 'Princess O'Rourke,' 'Shine On Harvest Moon' and 'The Hard Way!' It's a laughter-iffic, fun-tastic festival from WARNER BROS.

L.A.F.F.-FLASH!!
Theatres showing this picture reported laying mattresses in aisles so customers can roll in comfort!

JACK CARSON * JANE WYMAN * IRENE MANNING
show you how to

"Make Your Own Bed"

with ROBERT SHAYNE * Directed by PETER GODFREY * Screen Play by Francis Swann & Edmund Joseph * Adapted by Richard Weil * From a Play by Harvey J. O'Higgins & Harriet Ford
Stronger Grip

They’re no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring... they last and last.

If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you’re in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.

(Continued from page 8)

And she’s had a couple of dates with the dashing Horneblow. But his interests are elsewhere romantically—and the last time we saw Myrna, she was listening very hard to every word that Helmut Dantine was saying. They were at the swank, new restaurant La Rue, which is right across the street from the famous Mocambo and Trocadero night clubs.

**Girls, If You Had a Date With:** Bill Eythe—he’d be gay, witty, amusing, but he’d have his mind on Anne Baxter.

Turhan Bey—he’d give you the foreign eye and entrance you out of your senses, but he’d be thinking of how to get better roles.

Errol Flynn—he’d pretend he was the little-boy type that needed your understanding and so—

Helmut Dantine—he’d be tense and then flattering and then very Viennese, and then—

Monty Woolley—you’d take the next to the end seat (Monty would have the end one) at Romanoff’s bar and there you’d sit and greet the passing world.

George Raft—he’d be polite and gentlemanly unless you didn’t want him to be.

Bob Cummings—he’d want to make it a six-some with four other people.

Dennis Day—he’d oblige by singing softly your favorite song across the table.

Edgar Bergen—you’d be “chum” and see a movie at his house.

Boys, If You Had a Date With: Lana Turner—she’d flirt with other men over your shoulder.

Judy Garland—she’d look very pretty and once she smiled at you you’d be hers for the asking.

Anne Shirley—she’d make you run and carry and fetch and bring like a little slave.

Rita Hayworth—she’d never say a word but she’d look so beautiful.

Anne Baxter—she’d be seriously interested only if you weren’t an actor.

Betty Hutton—she’d hope you were serious and she might even try to be.

Joan Leslie—someone would have to tell her to put on enough make-up to look at least prettily fetching.

Lucille Ball—you couldn’t have your pictures snapped: Desi wouldn’t like it.

Katharine Hepburn—she’d scare the daylight out of you with her “full of beans” personality.

Veronica Lake—you could be seltzer water from head to foot before the evening was over, she’s that playful.

Purely Personal: Bill Powell always seems to Cal to be a man who, given a reprieve by Fate, is making up for things in the past by deeds in the present.

(Continued on page 12)
SHARE THE REAL THING WITH OUR SUPER-COMMANDOS! IN ACTION! IN LOVE!

This is it! The hot-with-excitement story of our fighting Paramarines, who are making our hearts and our headlines sing with pride! You'll love the way they thrill you! You'll thrill to the way they love!

MARINE RAIDERS

Starring

PAT O'BRIEN • ROBERT RYAN • RUTH HUSSEY

with FRANK McHUGH • BARTON MacLANE

Produced by Robert Fellows — Directed by Harold Schuster — Screen play by Warren Duff

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.
A new outlook on the whole problem of monthly hygiene is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented internal absorbent. This principle of internal absorption has long been used by doctors, but the physcian who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for women in general.

Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or external pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swimsuit. Another advantage: no odor can form. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton and a month’s supply will go into an ordinary purse. Each individual Tampax is wrapped in patented applicator. Easy to insert, quick to change—and no disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notions counters. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. An average month’s supply costs 29¢—or 4 times the quantity in the economy box for 98¢. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(Continued from page 10)

ent and getting a lot of soul comfort from it.

If that radio star, oh so big, doesn’t listen to reason and forget his infatuation for that so beautiful blonde who won’t be interested too long, his whole career will be ruined and a million fans will be stunned out of a year’s growth.

Jinx Falkenburg’s mother makes all her daughter’s clothes.

Bill Eythe’s dining room is covered in plaid suiting.

Bob Hutton is so in love with his wife he forgets everyone else around him.

Turhan Bey wears the best-looking sport clothes in town.

Evelyn Keyes worries herself silly over her wide hips.

Robert Walker can’t read a menu without his glasses.

Betty Hutton was none too popular with the cast and extras of “Incendiary Blonde.”

Baby Talk: Alice Faye’s second daughter, newest First Baby of Hollywood, was born while Papa Phil Harris was away. He tried to reach the hospital in time, but plane priorities prevented it. Probable name of the personable new Miss Harris—Phyllis.

All That Glitters: Girls, if you sometimes give up in discouragement after looking at the divinely gowned stars—don’t. Take old Cal’s word for it, they have their little problems and their little deceptions, too. For instance, at a gala party recently Alexis Smith made a terrific entrance in a lamé gown that seemed to have floated from some dream world to this.

“You look wonderful, Alexis,” Anne Shirley said. “That is a heavenly dress.”

Alexis laughed. “Don’t tell anyone, but I wore this dress in a movie I made over two years ago and I just borrowed it from the wardrobe department. But you look pretty elegant yourself there, Anne.”

It was Anne’s turn to giggle. “Look, know why I don’t dare cross my feet? Well, I borrowed these divine gold sandals from the wardrobe, too. Look on the bottoms.” And holding up her feet Alexis saw printed on each sole in white crayon, “For Linda Darnell.”

Come Uppance Comes to Rooney: He saw her once and that was enough for Rooney, the Mickey. With all the confidence of the old boy himself, he dialed her number.

“Is this Marjorie Jackson? Well, this is Mickey Rooney.”

“Oh, yes.”

“How about a date?”

“Thank you, no, I’m busy.”

There was a slight pause, not for station identification but for embarrassment. Rooney isn’t used to turn-downs. But nothing daunted, he tried it again. And again. And even again and again. Marjorie, who was busy at work on “Irish Eyes Are Smiling,” remained adamant. Mr. Rooney and his date were out.
He couldn't stand it, so, dressing up in his best red and green sweater with the plaid stripes, he called at the house, hat in hand.

Mrs. Jackson met him at the door. He looked at her, swallowed his Adam's apple three times and asked to see Marjorie. She wasn't home from the studio but Mrs. Jackson asked him in. He sat on the edge of the divan and waited.

"Now, Mickey," Marjorie began when she found him waiting there, "you might as well know why I won't go out with you. For one thing I understand you either show up hours late for a date or else don't show up at all and offer no explanations. Well, you couldn't do that to me, Mickey, so we might as well understand each other now."

"Well, will you just go out to dinner with me tonight and give me a chance?" he asked.

Marjorie agreed. "He was a wonderful little boy," she told a friend of Cal's afterwards, "and couldn't have been sweeter. He opened the car door for me at all times and proved himself a gentleman."

Result—Marjorie is still working in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and Mickey is still phoning and things are just where they are.

More results—He's going into the Army (last heard of he passed his physical) the most baffled lad in all Hollywood, for at last Andy Hardy has met his Waterloo.

The Red Skelton Case: We called Edna Skelton on the telephone.

"For heaven's sake, what's all this about Red?" we asked.

We referred, of course, to the mad scramble of Red and the girl friend Muriel Morris to obtain a marriage license and then defaulting on the marriage at the last minute.

Thirty-year-old Muriel, a model known as the typical California Sweater Girl, has been Red's girl friend since his divorce from Edna over a year ago. Recently after a misunderstanding with Red she went to Mexico. Upon her return Red popped the question and the two rushed down to the City Hall for a license. "Now who takes the blood?" Red asked facetiously, but the joke was his undoing.

"Haven't you your health certificates?" the clerk asked in astonishment.

"Nope—never even heard of it," Red said and so the license was denied. By the time it could be obtained again Muriel was issuing statements to the press—to wit, she was in love with a prominent and wealthy businessman in Mexico and, besides, she wouldn't be happy with Edna around, Red's former wife, who writes most of his radio material. Or so the papers had it.

"When Red tells me to get out of his life, I'll go," Edna said. "But not until he tells me." "Edna, Red needs you," we said. "He really does." We felt privileged to say this in view of our friendship. "No." Her voice was unemotional.

You try new ways to enhance your appeal! The glamour of a smart hair-do—the lure of frills and ruffles. But even these clever tricks can fail if daintiness is lost—if the tiniest trace of underarm odor tells on you. So keep dainty this quick, sure way...use Mum! Even the most refreshing bath simply removes past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor!

And Mum's easy to use! It smooths on with just a touch of your fingertips...even after you're dressed. For Mum's safe for fine fabrics, safe for your skin. Let Mum make your daintiness sure!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important use.

Product of Bristol-Meyers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
... Humphrey and Mayo Methot Bogart treat themselves to two seats at a premiere

but low. "Not any more he doesn't need me. He's rich and can buy anything. Writers—anything he needs."

But Cal doesn't agree, for only recently at a party for soldiers at the Masquers Club we watched the two work together on the stage. We liked the camaraderie between them, the way Red looked at her as he led her onto the stage and said,

"Fellows—I want you to meet Edna Skelton, who writes my material and helps me so much." And then the two went through their act together friendly and informally chummy.

"I feel in a circumstance like this there is little Red can say," Edna told us. "What can he say?"

We agreed that in this case silence was indeed golden.

"You know," Edna said, "Red and I practically raised each other. We're all the close family each other has."

"Edna, why don't you go back and marry Red?" we asked.

"Because, don't you see, it wouldn't solve anything. I'd be right back"—she broke off and changed the subject.

"You don't know how hard Red and I have tried to go overseas for a year now," she said, "and now with this new twenty-six-year age limit and Red being thirty-one, maybe they'll let us go. We want to go so badly. It would mean as much to Red as the boys, for I feel he's so mentally upset by all this. At least I know this, I'll never walk out on him as long as he needs me."

She laughed, but we wondered. In fact, the longer you live in Hollywood the more you're aware of the greatest stories, the greatest tragedies, the comedies, farces and dramas are lived by the stars behind the cameras rather than before.

Our Boys in Service: Ensign Richard Ney came to town on a brief leave from duty overseas to find his wife Greer Garson deep in the production "Mrs. Parkington." 'Twas ever thus when service men and their movie-star brides get together for a short time.

Sergeant Tony Martin, who was thought to be overseas, slipped into town almost unnoticed. Very few people glimpsed the handsome singer.

Dickie Moore is a handsome young private in the Army stationed at Camp Seibert, Alabama. Seems only yesterday Dickie was playing those little boy roles.

Coast Guardsman Cesar Romero is now stationed in Honolulu and on shipboard is a perfect gob, Cal hears, performing all his duties with the same old Cuban charm.

There were many farewell parties for Captain Clark Gable (who saw much of the beautiful Ava Gardner, but so very quietly) who is off to Washington, D. C., and possibly another overseas assignment.

German Peter Van Eyck, now a naturalized American who did so well as the hysterical German officer in "The Moon Is Down," is off to Fort MacArthur as a private in the Army. Odd, remembering Peter's brother is a Messerschmitt pilot, or was when the war began.

Captain Louis Hayward of the Marines is showing signs of recovering from the illness that has kept him in
the Corona Naval Hospital for weeks and wife Ida Lupino is so pleased she doesn't even mind her broken ankle bone.

Lieutenant Jeffrey Lynn, who enlisted in the Army under his real name of Ragnar Lind, is now a staff officer of a Mitchell Squadron based in Italy and doing a swell job.

Captain John Huston arrived in New York from a long overseas trek to find his girl friend Olivia de Havilland still in the Aleutians—entertaining the soldiers. Friends hope they'll see each other before Captain Huston goes back.

John Payne, having completed a long strenuous course, is now a full member of the Ferry Command flying the world over.

Corp. Russell Gleason has graduated from the Signal Corps School at Camp Crowder and is now specializing in the use of radar.

Robert Preston, First Lieutenant in Combat Intelligence, is now overseas coaching fliers in his Marauder group what to expect from the Germans in way of opposition. Preston enlisted under his real name of Robert Preston Meservey.

Eddie Norris, due to a bad appendix, has been honorably discharged as a flight instructor and is making pictures at Universal. Forty-seven of his students are now in active duty overseas.

Lieutenant Tyrone Power has been promoted to first lieutenant in the Marine Corps and is finishing his Navy flight course at Corpus Christi, Texas.

The Kathryn Grayson Case: Three times in the three years they've been married Kathryn Grayson has gone to the divorce courts to rid herself of husband John Shelton the actor. And each time she has relented and called it off.

What has happened to this couple and especially Kathryn and her promising career is really a tragedy. Tears, too many tears; aches, too many heartaches; words, too many bitter utterances have passed between them and yet—he holds her with love and will and this time by law; no woman being permitted to divorce a man in service without his consent.

Feeling the matter needed considerable clearing up—we telephoned Lieutenant John Price (his real name) at the Veterans' Hospital in Sawtelle where he had undergone a minor operation and received a warm invitation to call.

We found him young—he's twenty-eight—and handsome, sun-tanning himself beside a captain on the deck of the hospital.

"Is it true you refuse to give Kathyrn a divorce?" we asked when we found a secluded corner.

He smiled a little. "Yes, it is." And then he proceeded to tell us why.

"Movies have never been conducive to emotional stability. Motion-picture people seem to make it a habit to separate, I guess, but this time it has really been my fault. I simply got tired and packed up my things and

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A marvelously different idea in lotions! Trushay, used before you wash undies—before you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps prevent soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it all these ways. Ask for it today—at your favorite drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling—but the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.
left. Kathryn's pride was hurt and first thing I knew she was seeing lawyers. I have cause to regret my actions. And I believe I have learned my lesson.”

We didn’t say anything about those telephone calls during her caravan tour that left her numb with pain or the tears she shed at his recriminations. We didn’t mention them because we felt we understood what was behind them—Kathryn’s youth (she’s six years younger than John) her popularity and his love and jealousy and all the things that go with blind love which can be a relentless master.

“Has she been to see you out here?” we asked him.

“Oh, yes. She came to tell me she wanted a divorce. But I refused. You see, underneath I don’t believe she does. Underneath I think she loves me. I won’t believe she doesn’t.” A touch of panic came into his voice. “Why, I have no plans ahead without Kathryn. You see, I love her. What would I do with my life? Things can’t change unless they were phony from the start.”

“I can tell you this,” He was grim now. “I’m not going to spend the rest of my life carrying a torch. I’m going to work at getting her back.”

“We’ll outgrow these quarrels if we’re let alone,” he said. “Everyone has them. And I give you my word there has actually been no important issue at stake between us. We get mad over nothing, don’t speak and I get rash and move out. But,” (and he repeated himself) “I’ve learned my lesson. The one thing we must do is not to take our anger out on each other.”

Someone, we thought to ourselves, has been advising young Shelton. Someone wise.

We spoke of her youth and beauty and success in her latest picture, “Thousands Cheer.” We spoke of the beautiful pink satin dress she had worn in that picture.

“Yes, she wore that in New York while we were there,” he said, “and she was a sensation.”

John Shelton is an actor in service now, unable to forge ahead. Could he, we wonder, resent Kathryn’s forgoing ahead to stardom while he remained behind having to begin, perhaps, all over again?

Certainly Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios feel she has been retarded in her career. They make no bones in saying so. At any rate, it all adds up to heartache any way you put it.

“I’ll sign no papers,” John said stubbornly but quietly when he glimpsed Kathryn’s mother coming up the walk. “No papers.”

But Cal wondered at that and we were right in our doubts, for a few days later Lieutenant Shelton phoned us at our home. “I’m going to give in,” he said. “Kathryn’s family have assured me her future happiness rests in our separation. They say she is nervous and unhappy and I’m the last one to want that. So, now that I am sure there’s no hope, there is nothing to do but give her the necessary permission.”

And so another chapter is written to still another Hollywood marriage. Too bad it couldn’t have had a happier ending, but who are we to look within the hearts of others and know what is really written there?
The Boy Situation: Twentieth Century-Fox seems to have a market on the young eligibles. Bill Eythe is a swell guy and handsome, too, but something tells Cal Bill has his heart set on Anne Baxter. Still you WAVES, WACS, SPARS, and Marines might see what you can do about it. No harm trying.

Give a thought to Stanley Prager out there, too. Stanley is the lad who left the cast of “In The Meantime, Darling” with a heart ailment from which no one else in medical history has recovered. A rare drug did the trick and now Stanley is back, has finished his picture, and is deep in the heart of “Take It Or Leave It.”

Give a long look at Frank Latimore when you see “In The Meantime, Darling.” He’s cute. Twentieth Century-Fox thinks he’s so good they gave him a new contract before he left for war.

John Hodiak, around thirtyish and Lana Turner’s bunt moment in “Marriage Is A Private Affair,” is the Gable of the hour. What a big hunk of thing as some one put it. Married? Certainly not, girls. M-G-M is his studio.

Eddie Ryan, the youngest of the Sullivan boys and now in “Take It Or Leave It” (we’d take it), is a lad we’d go daffy over if we were a pretty WAC or WAVE. Kinda young, around twenty, but what a lad! Single, too.

Turhan Bey of Universal leads the foreign contingent in popularity and is looking around for a love life.

A dashing young Englishman is this Peter Lawford of M-G-M; kinda buoyant and twenty-one. His father and mother, Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford (both over here), didn’t like the idea of Peter in the cin-e-mah too well but after seeing him in “The White Cliffs Of Dover,” they were charmed. My dears! To tell the truth, so was old Cal.

Well, girls—give you any ideas? If you follow through, keep us posted.

The Girl Situation: Louise Allbritton, Susan Hayward, Grace McDonald, Betty Hutton, Anne Shirley, and other Hollywood beauties are feeling the man shortage. Have no steady regulars and—well, fellows, take a hint!

Jacqueline White of M-G-M is a lovely, dignified little lady, blonde and beautiful as well, who is heart-free.

But about Anne Baxter over at Twentieth. Anne grows prettier and more important by the minute, but Cal feels Anne’s too career-conscious to care much.

If you like a girl so honest and frank she’ll rock you back on your heels, consider Susanna Foster of Universal. What a honey and so heart-free, fellows. Honest, we wouldn’t kid you.

But here’s the surprise package of them all. Gloria Jean, also at Universal, has grown up into a perfect honey, cute and sweet and sooo attractive. Wait till you see her in “The Ghost Catchers,” and tell us if we’re right or wrong.

And all this is for the very thought of you fellows in service.
"Hooray! My Beauty Secret worked for Betsy!"

Cousin Betsy was bored 'n' blue!

Always selling wedding presents—never getting any. Then one day Mommy 'n' me stopped in at the shop. "That baby's luscious, satiny skin puts a bee in my bonnet," sparked Cousin Betsy. "Who can I see about getting her beauty secret?"

"Try our doctor. He'll put you wise!"

So she saw the nice man who thumps my chest—my doctor. He told her to switch to regular, gentle cleansings with my pure, mild Ivory Soap. "You see," he went on, "Ivory has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. That's why it's so safe even for baby's tender skin!"

Now see who's getting gifts...

wedding gifts! Yes, Betsy has that "Ivory Look" now—that satiny, radiant skin that makes a lieutenant's heart skip a beat. They got lots of presents, but Cousin Betsy says my beauty tip is still the best gift she's had. Bet she'll always think so—

Look lovelier with Ivory— the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

**The Shadow Stage**

BY SARA HAMILTON

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

**The Story Of Dr. Wassell** (Paramount)

A HEROf this war, an unassuming man whose adherence to duty could not be swerved, is glorified in typical Cecil B. DeMille style with Gary Cooper doing a good job in the title role.

That America produces men such as this Dr. Wassell of Arkansas, middle-aged (movie imagination was stretched a bit in the age and romance of the hero), almost inexperienced in military matters, defying orders to save his handful of crippled sailors, is thrilling just to think about. There is no losing the war, no lowering the standards of this great democracy with the Wassells of this country on the job. What more heartening message could any movie hope to project?

Attracted by a circular regarding the efforts of doctors and nurses in China to combat a plague that is wiping out thousands of natives, Dr. Wassell takes himself to China and succeeds in locating the germ just too late. Another had also found the germ and received the glory. At the outbreak of the war we next find him in Java caring for the wounded from the crippled U.S.S. Marblehead. When the Japs take Java, all walking cases are ordered home with stretcher cases remaining. His rescue of these Americans, his tenacity and courage make a thrilling climax.

Laraine Day as the nurse whom Dr. Wassell loves, Carol Thurston as Tremar- rini, the Javanese who gives her blood and her heart to sailor Dennis O’Keefe, Signe Hasso, as the Dutch nurse, Carl Easmon and Elliott Reid as the men who love her are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: A fitting tribute to a great but simple man.

**Home In Indiana** (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THE heart appeal of this story, the Technicolor beauty of the countryside, the warm tender performance of Lon McCallister, render this a picture lovely to see but hard on the emotions. The fact the story lags in spots and is dullish in others is more than balanced by its good points.

Lon McCallister--and incidentally, this is only his second film--(the first having been “Stage Door Canteen”) proves his mettle. The boy’s an actor, rest assured. As a homeless boy, Lon comes to the farm of Walter Brennan, a former successful horse breeder. The boy learns to drive and handle the one remaining horse on the farm and even secretly manages to breed her to the stallion of Brennan’s neighbor and enemy. The colt is carefully trained to sulky racing with Lon driving and eventually Brennan is brought back to prosperity and happiness again. But not without that lump in your throat for the beauty and tragedy of the favorite horse.

Jeanne Crain and June Haver are two newcomers who are here to stay. June is a beauty and Jeanne radiates naturalness and a certain naivete that is most appealing.

Charlotte Greenwood, Charles Dingle and Ward Bond are splendid in supporting roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Easy on the eyes, hard on the heart.

**The Adventures Of Mark Twain** (Warners)

MARK TWAIN, nee Samuel Clemens, comes to life on the screen in the finely etched performance of Fredric March. To those who have read and laughed with the humorist, discovering the human weaknesses and the humble greatness of the man will be a joy to be cherished always.

Reared in the small town of Hannibal, Missouri, little Samuel and his pals, inspired by Sam’s imagination, pirated on the lazy current of the great river. Later he worked in his brother’s printing shop, ran away to become one of the best pilots on the Mississippi and later journeyed into the raw West in search of gold. He failed to find the metal but in his job as reporter on a little newspaper he found his fortune in writing.

Your Reviewer Says: A well-told tale of a great American.

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 22
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 118
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 70
Y doodness gwavious, here comes still another of those mythical, out-of-this-world tales with that fabulous stock company of fairy-tale actors including Maria Montez, all draped, or undraped rather, in high priestess chiffon, who gets kidnapped on the eve of her wedding to Jon Hall, Sabu, as Hall's devoted friend, aids him in tracing his missing bride to the Cobra Isle, a place of horror to which no stranger is ever permitted by the snake-worshiping natives. As it turns out, Montez is actually the twin sister (you get two Montezes for the price of one this time) of the cruel High Priestess of Cobra Isle and has been taken there to replace the wicked sister as ruler.

Now, of course, you know as I know, unless we're both running a terrible temperature, that no such nonsense goes on, but that's why it's such fun and really enjoyable, like reading a fantasy of old.

And Maria is lovelier. Edgar Barrier, Lon Chaney and Lois Collier get all bound up in the mystic hysteria.

Your Reviewer Says: Nonsense—but it's fun!

Show Business (RKO)

Get on the band wagon, folks, for a ride from burlesque to the Ziegfeld Follies and if you don't enjoy every minute of its umpety-bumpety ride you should have your head examined. Even those who are averse to Cantor and his Cantorisms will laugh despite themselves and how good it will seem—that laugh—with no Nazis, no drama of broken hearts, no nothing but fun, songs and nonsense all the way.

It begins when Cantor wins an amateur night contest and teams up with the established star George Murphy. Later the pair join up with a sister act, comprised of Constance Moore and Joan Davis, and love hits out in all directions. Murphy marries Constance only to separate over the usual motion-picture misunderstanding of the "other woman" Nancy Kelly. Joan sets out to win Cantor and kills the audience doing it. We can see right now that this is a story that can't be explained, for after all it's the spirit, the gaiety, the songs, oldies and newies that lift "Show Business" right into top place.

Joan Davis is a riot on wheels. That girl could wring guffaws from a marble statue. So go see it and forget your troubles.

Your Reviewer Says: Whooppee!

Tampico (Twentieth Century-Fox)

HARD-BOILED sea captains who get all mixed up with Nazi agents are beginning to weigh heavily on our movie-minded shoulders. Here we have Edward G. Robinson, same old tough sea dog of movie lore, rescuing a ship-wrecked damsel at sea whom he marries to save her being held at Tampico because her papers were lost at sea. And why wouldn't they be, pray tell? Who carries passports about in a foaming Pacific?

Anyway, when the captain's ship is torpedoed shortly after he leaves her ashore, he suspects his bride, who is Lynn Bari by the way, of espionage. He is aided and abetted in this belief by his pal and second officer, Victor McLaglen. Furious, Robinson denounces his bride only to discover later that McLaglen is the rat.

Fur flies and so did we.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's all take a nice boat ride.

Address Unknown (Columbia)

HAD "Address Unknown" been made immediately after the release of the exciting magazine story from which it was taken, it undoubtedly would have been the masterpiece it now attempts to be. But its message of hate and disintegration of character through Nazism has by now been told so often from the screen even the brilliant characterization by Paul Lukas and what an actor) fails to lift it to the heights at which it was aimed.

Regardless, it's a fine picture, beautifully done and expertly acted by Lukas as the man who becomes so imbued with Nazism he turns from his door the daughter of his former partner in San Francisco, knowing it means her death, K. T. Stevens, as the daughter of the non-Aryan partner who suffers through Paul Lukas's fevered Hitlerism, is an accomplished performer.

Drama and suspense are injected into the story when messages in code, unfavorable to the Nazi cause, begin to pour in upon Lukas in Germany from San Francisco. His inability to explain them or to halt their flow causes Lukas to be seized by the Nazis as a traitor. It's only when the final message is returned to America marked "Address Unknown" that it is revealed the trick messages which have led Lukas to his death had been sent, not by the non-Aryan father of Miss Stevens, but by her fiance and Lukas's own son. Peter Van Eyck as the son is an actor that shows great promise.

Mady Christians as the wife of Lukas is a brilliant actress. Morris Carnovsky as the bewildered partner of Lukas and Carl Emond as the German who leads Lukas into his hell of hate are both good.

Your Reviewer Says: We recommend it.

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IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK STAYS ON LONGER . . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R-

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME
The Hitler Gang (Paramount)

The rise of Adolf Hitler and the men who forced and kept him in power as their Führer is told with such convincing straightforwardness that the film takes on tremendous authority right from the start—a start that goes back to the very inception of Nazi hoodlumism.

That the story holds itself to a steady level, sidestepping the rug-chewing hysteria of Herr Schicklgruber for the sake of adhering to facts (obtained after exhaustive research) lends an even grimmer, more horrible aspect to these men, unmindful of civil codes and decency. Our one complaint is the abrupt ending, but come to think of it, Hitler's life chapter hasn't reached the finish yet, has it?

The events include that fatal putsch of November 9, 1923, that failed to come off and instead landed Hitler and his gang in jail; the burning of the Reichstag; the unspeakable blood purge and the maneuvers that prompted it; the self-deification of Hitler as the messiah of the world. These are clearly and fascinatingly set forth, exactly as they happened. It's as if the pages of history themselves had come to life.

As the foreword suggests, for the first time in any film it presents these men not only as they appeared to the public but also as they appeared to one another. Suspicious of each other, hating, double crossing, double dealing are Joseph Goebbels played so well by Martin Kosleck—and Hermann Goering, brought to the screen by Alexander Pope. Also expertly characterized are Captain Ernst Roehm by Roman Bohne, Rudolph Hess by Victor Varconi, Heinrich Himmler by Luis Van Rooten, Julius Streicher by Alexander Granach, General von Hindenburg by Sig Ruman.

But it remains for Robert Watson, the man who plays Hitler as if he were imbued with the very evil spirit of the man himself, to walk off with honors. Not only does Watson take on the physical, but the spiritual (if he has one) likeness of the man, never overplaying or overacting the role by an inch.

To Poldy Dur, the niece Hitler loved and killed, and Helene Thimig fall the two feminine roles and each do justice to their assignments. Very good, too, are Tonio Selwart as Alfred Rosenberg and Reinhold Schunzel as General Ludendorff. In fact, the cast, the producer and director and all concerned deserve endless praise for bringing to us this almost documentary film of the men who rule Germany.

Your Reviewer Says: It should be a "must see."

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Even on the hottest, most disagreeable days . . . the stickiest summer nights . . . here are 3 secrets of keeping cool, fresh and fragrantly dainty with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Yes, 3 secrets you can depend upon.

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THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

21
Slightly Terrific (Universal)

BROTHEL! Why must Leon Errol be forever cast in a double role? Why, the guy doesn’t even look like himself. And take Eddie Quillan and Anne Rooney, now, who are trying to stage a big-time revue. Don’t they know Rooney and Garland, to say nothing of Jane Withers, have been using that gag for years? Well, after all, it isn’t their fault!

The musical numbers, which go on and on and on, are strictly from the breadline despite the efforts of Richard Lane, Betty Kean, Ray Malone and Lillian Cornell.

Your Reviewer Says: That “slightly” is an exaggeration.

Pin-Up Girl
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

A CONGLOMERATION of unhappy songs, ridiculous circumstances and Betty Grable approaching motherhood has been built around Twentieth’s famous bathing-suit pin-up picture of the lovely Betty. It isn’t worthy of her, let us yell that right out in print and her many fans will join us in our complaint.

The story is as wispy as that now famous swim suit and tells of Betty traveling from her home in Missouri to become a stenographer in Washington, D.C., with a stop-over in New York. It doesn’t seem too illogical to the Twentieth bosses that Betty should wow New York night-club audiences her first night in the big city in an unrehearsed but intricate song and dance number; or that she should meet up with the hero of the day, home from the wars; or that he shouldn’t recognize her just because she puts on a pair of spectacles. It’s things like this, you know, that give the impression around the country that Hollywood is nuts. A couple more
like this and we'll believe it ourselves.

John Harvey is the hero and he looks pretty cute, too, but that attractive man who dances the modern Apache with Betty is Hermès Pan, dance director. We tell you in advance because we know you'll be asking. And the roller-skating picture is pretty lovely, too. In fact, the Technicolor is divine if only it had something to color.

Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye are so wasted and Eugene Pallette and his own second front take up more space than the law should allow. The Condos brothers dance well.

Your Reviewer Says: They forgot to pin up the story.

Seven Days Ashore (RKO)

Every once in a while a little picture, minus star names or publicity ballyhoo, creeps in upon us with a package of happiness under its arm and the resulting pleasure is doubly welcome because of its unexpectancy. Such a movie is "Seven Days Ashore," with RKO's team of comics: Wally Brown and Alan Carney, to say nothing of Marcy McGuire, Dooley Wilson, Gordon Oliver, Virginia Mayo and Elaine Shepard to sow their little seeds of amusement. And guess what comes up? Onions? No. Radishes? Never. The crop, my friends, is a pleasant evening's entertainment.

The plot of this oldie is too familiar to rehash, it's been done so often, but we liked best the shipmates of Brown and Carney, the romancing of Gordon Oliver, the comedy of Dooley Wilson and the pleasant little songs.

There is nothing breath-taking about the production, you understand, and even if you missed it, you'd hardly notice it. But still—

Your Reviewer Says: If you go, you'll like it.

Lumberjack

(Harry Sherman-U. A.)

Hopalong Cassidy really hopes along this time in a gallopy little number that generates more fast action than an egg in an electric fan. Things really scatter all over the screen with Hoppy and his pals riding out to head off an eloping couple. They fail to stave off the ceremony, but when the groom is shot almost immediately after the marriage and the murderous schemers set in to deprive the young widow of her rights to valuable timberland, my oh my do things happen. This is the kind of Western we like, folks. Lots of rootin' tootin', ornery cusses, heros, stubborn heroines and wide-open spaces. Nothing like it for stinging up the liver. Andy Clyde is a cute old codger as Hopalong's (Bill Boyd) side-kick. Ellen Hall is the purty gal.

Your Reviewer Says: Look at those guys ride!

Uncertain Glory (Warners)

The trouble with "Uncertain Glory" is no one, actors, producer, writer or director seemed to be able to make up his mind whether the story should be told dramatically, farcically, lightly or just not told at all. The result is a touch of comedy, so-called, when one expects drama, as in the church confession scene and drama when one hopes everyone is surely kidding the pants off us and ourselves. It needed a stronger goal, a clearer perspective and a man such as Gable to put it over.

There are several good moments in this story of a French (Continued on page 115)
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Helms off to Randy Scott from a gang of jungle-weary soldiers

$10.00 PRIZE
Let’s Share Their Peril

THERE seem to be many people these days who don’t like war pictures. I’m not one of them, especially since just having seen “Destination Tokyo.”

I am the wife of a submariner man, one who has been on eight war patrols. He was in Cavite when the war started and has only been home once since then. He was here for two and a half months last spring while his ship was in overhaul at Mare Island. He told me many things; how once they were subjected to seventy-two depth charges in five hours. So when the picture showed the Copperfield undergoing the same treatment, I felt almost as though I were seeing my husband and his shipmates and as though I were sharing in their dangers. If a woman loves a man she wants to share in his work, his adventures and yes, his peril, too. I’m very grateful for the privilege of seeing this fine picture. I’ve seen most of the war pictures, but for perfect directing and acting, this one seems by far the best. Cary Grant was superb as the skipper.

I say give us more pictures of war action. It doesn’t hurt any of us here at home to know a little of what our service men and women go through.

Mrs. Zelma Ziel, San Diego, Cal.

$5.00 PRIZE
A Miracle?

I WANT to tell you how a motion picture, “The Song Of Bernadette,” through its touching beauty and soaring inspiration changed the course of my life. . . .

I went overseas in pre-Pearl Harbor days and drove an ambulance for the British. As my sight is poor, I was unfit for combat service but was considered a more-than-competent driver. The fragment from a bomb which exploded near me in Africa grazed my eye and gravely reduced the vision in it. I returned to the States and saw distinguished eye specialists. “There is nothing that can be done—you must wait for time to help you,” was the verdict of every one of them.

I knew despair—days of self-pity and destructive bitterness. Then a neighbor took me to see “The Song Of Bernadette,” and though the light on the screen hurt my eyes, I could follow the story and was entranced. I left the theater with hope in my heart and faith in the future for the first time since my return from the war.

Today, one month later, my vision is clearing and the pain in my eyes is “going away.” Call it a “miracle” or any other name— it’s just wonderful and incomprehensible to me.

Paul Bates, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
Protest

I JUST heard Jennifer Jones got the Academy Award and believe me it sure burns me up. I’m not a critic, but at least they should have given the public a chance to see the picture before giving her the Award. The picture didn’t get here until two days after the Award was given. Well, maybe she deserved the Award, but what about Joan Fontaine for her performance this year? And let’s not forget Ingrid Bergman for her performances, or Greer Garson for her magnificent portrayal in

(Continued on page 97)
HOME in INDIANA

Based on the Saturday Evening Post Story "The Phantom Filly" by George Agnew Chamberlain

Walter BRENNAN
Lon McCALLISTER • Jeanne CRAIN
Charlotte GREENWOOD • June HAVEN

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by ANDRE DAVEN
SCREEN PLAY BY WINSTON MILLER

ANOTHER WINNER FROM 20 CENTURY-FOX!
THE marriage Lana Turner fought long and hard to save has ended. Lana, with new reserve and maturity, doesn’t talk about it, or about Steve Crane whom she is divorcing. Heretofore she always has been willing—even eager—to talk of whatever she was doing or thinking or feeling. She has followed her impulses with a child’s lovely and reckless impulsiveness, caring nothing about vague tomorrows, interested only in the same bright hour.

Years in themselves do not bring maturity, a philosopher has said, it is what happens in the years. . . This being true, bringing Cheryl into the world, planning to equip her to face life and coming, at last, to the end of her rough, uncertain road with Steve, all these have been more important to Lana than anything that ever happened to her before. And it is, after all, understandable that this should be so.

Lana is aware that she is different. “I’ve changed a lot,” she said not long ago. “People used to call me impetuous. How I hate the word! Maybe I was impetuous once. But no longer.”

“My mother—my pretty mother who is a grandmother at forty—can be found, any fine day, buying out the toy department at Saks. She is living with Cheryl and me in my little house in West Los Angeles and we manage beautifully.

“I’m so lucky to have my baby. She’s getting so cute. She’s going to be musical, I think. Already she beats her hands in time to rhythm and turns her head in the direction of any music she hears, and listens intently. She’s naturally a good little girl and I want her to grow up that way. I’m really not spoiling her.”

Lana has come a long way from the little high-school girl a talent scout discovered at a soda fountain in Los Angeles. She wore red then—red shoes and red dresses and red hats. Sometimes you could scarcely see her for her clothes.

She knows better than that now. The other day, for instance, she wore a heavy white crepe dress, cut low of neck, and white high-strapped slippers but no hat or stockings or gloves. Her whitely gold hair was piled high in provocatively tumbling curls. Her flawless complexion glowed like pink carnations and her arms and lovely legs were browner than Russian mink.

Only a few weeks earlier, on April 8, Lana had begun her suit for divorce from Stephen Crane, charging that he caused her “great pain and anguish from which she continues to suffer.” She had asked the right to the exclusive custody of baby Cheryl Christiana, born last July 25, conceded the right of visitation to the baby to Steve and waived alimony claims. (Continued on page 79)
The Mystery of

Judy of the velvet voice, soon to be seen in "Meet Me In St. Louis"
T HE persistent gossip that Judy Garland is dying of some mysterious disease can now be put away along with those moth-eaten old whispers that Shirley Temple was a midget and Mickey Rooney was a grown man made up as a child!

Judy is not dying! If she was ill last year, she has thrown off the sickness that caused her friends so much anxiety and has emerged a new girl—happy and healthy.

She is now sleeping at night and within the last month she has put on five pounds of much-needed weight. I want to say all this in a hurry because I have never known a rumor to sweep so malignantly over Hollywood in the usual behind-hand whispers.

At my listening post at the office I admit I had even wondered myself about Judy. I had known her since she was a plump little thing of thirteen actually. I didn’t know much about her weight-like mad and trying to diet because her studio told her she was too fat. I had watched the round little songbird grow up, marry Dave Rose and then day by day seem to become a mere shadow of her former robust self.

"It’s an unhappy love," said some of the gossipers. "It’s a grave illness that is dooming her to a life of tragic sickness," said others. When I tried to make an interview appointment with Judy and it was twice postponed, the rumors began to sound true.

The only thing to do was to keep on until I got to Judy and found out the truth. The truth of the situation, when she finally came to see me at the house, was almost an anticlimax. She was carrying along an ice bag for a swollen cheek as an antidote for a wisdom tooth that had been pulled the previous day. In spite of the ice bag, she looked marvellous but, nothing daunted, I decided to put the question straight to her.

"Are you very ill, Judy?" I asked her. "What does your doctor say?" Even as I put the question to her everyone had been whispering. I was thinking I had never seen her look better. But maybe it was that swollen jaw giving her the look of plumpness.

"You too, Louella?" she laughed. "I’m getting so weary of all this talk that I’m wasting away and of people pitying me because I’m so thin. Why, just a few days ago I picked up a newspaper with a picture of me taken at one of the cafes. My eyes were closed and I did look bad—but not half as bad or half as mad as I felt after I read the caption. It said: ‘Judy Garland is a very sick girl and looks it!’"

I asked: "Judy, was it your unhappily marriage to Dave Rose that caused you to lose all that weight?"

"No," she answered. "Dave and I had no terrific scenes during the time we were married. Of course, there is always an emotional upset when a marriage is finished.

"I honestly believe what caused me to lose weight is that I have worked, and worked hard, since I was two years old. As you know, I’ve been on the stage since I was a baby. Perhaps I didn’t build up enough reserve strength, due to making so many pictures during my adolescence. For in the past few years, I’ve been so weary and tired. I couldn’t ever seem to shake a feeling of fatigue and weariness.

"And I had terrible trouble sleeping," she went on. "I had to take something, a sedative, each night and even then I would awaken more exhausted than when I went to bed. "But recently I have been sleeping like a baby. A few nights ago I slept twelve hours around the clock. Right then and there I threw the sleeping pills out the window. I know now that I am on the road to getting (Continued on page 106)
I GO TO WAR

What do boys think about on that first day away from home? Their girls? Their families? Here's the answer—with a punch

BY Farley Earl Granger

I SAT looking quietly out the window ... hearing the sound of the train as though it were unreal... watching the trees, the telephone poles, the warmly beckoning homes in the distance roll by. I watched a life fade behind me with each passing mile, a life I had known and loved. I waited with each new moment for the life that lay ahead.

And as the many thoughts rolled through my brain like patterns in a kaleidoscope, it seemed that the train kept repeating, "This is it... this is it... this is it..."

Yes, this was it. The day so many of us young fellows have to face. The day when our country gives us a chance to repay our debt to being Americans...

I've thought back to that day many a time in the barracks. I've shared the feeling of countless boys who looked out a train window and perhaps brushed a tear or two away from their eyes. But I know those tears weren't signs of weakness. They were tears of a young boy growing up. Maybe growing up a little early. Maybe missing a lot of youth because of the sudden need for manhood.

... The barracks are full of men tonight, but each of us is alone. And lonely. It's the time when you can't help remembering. Remembering so many things. Little moments that once seemed so unimportant, big moments now because they are a part of the life that has slipped away for a while. San Jose, California, where I was born... school rooms where I wrestled with physiology and civics. Boy! how I detested those subjects... Meeting Ingrid Bergman, who has that naturalness I like in girls and being so embarrassed before her loveliness I could hardly speak at all...

That day when my letter came. I remember that. All it said was "Greetings." The rest I knew. I had been waiting for it for weeks, ever since the first of July on my eighteenth birthday. I was working on "The Purple Heart" at the time. I remember feeling how lucky I was to have been able to finish two pictures before the time came. Sure I had regrets. I loved acting. Ever since I was a kid and had my first circus fever I've wanted to act—if you don't count one brief spell of wanting to be a veterinarian. I could never honestly say I didn't mind giving up the life that meant so much to me.

I remember when I began acting in a couple of Little Theater plays in Hollywood I could feel something inside of me growing, something satisfying, a lot more satisfying than clerking in a grocery store in Universal City. And the day when Mr. McIntyre, an executive at Samuel Goldwyn studios, came to see me after a performance of "The Wookey" in Hollywood and asked me to come to Samuel Goldwyn's for a screen test for the juvenile lead in "The North Star"... The awful expectancy as I made the test... the thrill as I was told I had won the part.

Then "The Purple Heart" with its further progress. And director Lewis Milestone's request that I appear in a third straight picture with him, "Guest In The House." That was swell even if it was something I couldn't do because of my induction. And yet I feel at times as though I had done it.

Those are some of my thoughts as I sit in the darkening barracks. Those are the thoughts that make me alone in a crowd of young Americans.

What are they thinking about, these other fellows around me? Their girls? Their mothers? Their fathers? Their homes? The jobs they left behind? The hopes they had?

They're alone too.

I think once a boy knows he is going, he looks forward to that day when he (Continued on page 72)
Granger, American fighting man in the U.S. Navy.
What a good many women would give a great deal
to know—a behind-the-scenes picture of
married life with the Fabulous Frank

IT ISN'T ALL ROSES

BY NANCY SINATRA

When our doorbell rang two
hours after midnight one
time last April I was a little
alarmed.

We were all women in the house
except for three-months-old Frank
Jr. who could not be expected to
rout any nocturnal prowlers.

I had urged Frank to stay in New
York overnight to avoid seeing our
home in the last stages of dismem-
berment.

The storage and shipping men had
been there all day and now most of
our furniture and possessions were
on their way to our new home in
California. The house was desolate.
No rugs, no draperies. The beds
were left for a later day's packing,
and so was the kitchen stove and
a few storage boxes—but the place
was anything but the restful retreat
a man deserves who has to snatch
six hours sleep between a midnight
benefit performance and an early
morning rehearsal.

The bell rang again, insistently.
My sister Tina came into my room
and grumbled sleepily:
"I suppose those school girls who
had a picnic on the lawn today are
back for breakfast. Don't Frank's
fans ever go to bed?"

"I'd better answer it, I guess," I
said. "It might be a telegram." And
I struggled into my robe and slippers
and ran downstairs to the door.
But it wasn't a fan, and it wasn't
a telegram. It was my husband,
grinning sheepishly and apologizing
for not having his key with him.
"I thought I warned you to stay
in town," I said. "The house is a
mess."

"I'm tired of town," he said. "And
I like messes. Is there anything in
the ice box?"

No matter how late Frank comes
in, he loves to raid the ice box.

There was some cold spaghetti,
left over from the impromptu supper
Tina and I had fixed for ourselves
when we finished the packing. I put
it on the stove to heat and made
some toast. I poured two big glasses
of milk. Frank was busy in the liv-
ing room.

"I've built a fire," he announced
after a while. "Come sit by it."

"On what?" I asked.
“On boxes,” he said. “What else?”
So we sat on storage boxes beside the roaring fire and ate the spaghetti and drank the cold milk. Frank told me about the day in town and I brought him up to date on the goings-on at home: How our daughter Nancy and her best friend Mary Ann from next door had “helped” the packing men so efficiently that our bill would be four dollars more; how Frank Jr. had slept through his carriage ride in the park and missed the first spring robins; how my father had telephoned to report that he had gone carefully over the plans of our new house in California and was convinced Frank had made a good buy. (Daddy is a builder and is always afraid Frank and I will buy a house without checking things like insulation, foundations and roofing. He doesn’t know Frank as well as I do.)

Frank untied his shoes and stretched his stockinged feet to the fire.
“Boy,” he said, “it’s good to be home.”

It’s at moments like that when I’m happiest, being Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

We’ve never had enough time together—from the day we were married. At first it was because Frank worked at night and I in the daytime—an awkward arrangement which we put up with because it netted two $25 checks a week instead of one and balanced the budget.

Then, when Frank went with Harry James’ orchestra he was frequently on the road and even when I went with him on those cross-country jaunts it was more like being smuggled into a fraternity house than having a home and a normal life like other young married couples.

Women whose husbands go to work in the morning and come home in time for dinner, and can be counted on to be on hand in case of emergency, don’t know how lucky they are.

It has been gratifying to me to see Frank succeed at his career, because it means so terribly much to him. I would have been as disappointed as he if his persistent ambition and daily striving to improve himself and his work had had any other result.

But, if he had been less successful—or if he had been a successful lawyer instead of a singer—he would have been at the hospital when my babies came, pacing up and down in the waiting room like a normal father, instead of checking anxiously by telephone from a broadcasting station, the last time from a broadcasting station three thousand miles away.

Does that sound petulant? I don’t mean to be.

I’m proud of my famous husband and content to share him with the Schedule. But I don’t pretend that being the wife of the current sensation is all roses and I am triumphant when we can outwit the Schedule for an hour and sit in front of the fire and talk together, even if we do have to use storage boxes for chairs and warmed-over spaghetti for supper as we did that night last April.

We make a game of Outwitting The Schedule. One evening not long ago I was dining in town with some of my girl friends. I didn’t know where Frank was, except that his afternoon appointment with his business manager would probably go right on through the dinner hour.

When my friends and I emerged from the restaurant we saw a cluster of young girls staring in the windows of another cafe across the street. They had autograph books and they wore bobby socks.

“That can mean only one thing,” I said, “My husband!” Then I had an idea. “I think I’d like some more coffee and dessert.” I winked. My
friends, getting the point as good friends always do, thought they would rather go on home.

I left them and crossed the street and broke in on Frank's business dinner. His business manager got the point, too, and left us alone. We had dinner all over again—and got reacquainted. Of course, the swoon-struck girls at the window watched every bite we took and hung on our every inaudible word, but that wasn't so bad when you get used to it.

Frank and I no longer require privacy, in the usual sense. It's enough if the talk can be about ourselves and the children, instead of movies and the radio for a while. The Schedule loses.

As for those wonderful, if omnipresent kids—we don't expect to be without them, except in the middle of the night. They ring our doorbell from daylight until dark. They write us—yes, me, too, and Frank Jr. (who had fan mail and presents before he was born) and Nancy—copious letters.

This was as much a part of our life as our brothers, and sister, and—yes, more: They don't wait to be invited. But we know how much their support has contributed to Frank's meteoric rise and we love the darlings—nearly always.

Last summer Frank had a week's vacation for the first time in five years and we made happy plans for a holiday—with Nancy—at Avon Beach. We wanted to relax, to swim and lie in the sun and wear our oldest clothes. We planned to do nothing more energetic than take in a neighborhood movie after the baby was in bed.

We forgot about the kids. They swarmed about Frank on the beach and in the water. They ferreted out the location of our little apartment and looked in the windows. They followed us to the movies. They would have helped put the baby to bed except for the police who flung me around our house to discourage them. It wasn't exactly the sort of rest we had counted on.

In Hollywood, things are a bit less hectic. Frank leaves for the studio almost before light and our dinner hour is moved up to eight o'clock so that he can spend a little time with the children after he gets home. But he is home for dinner. That in itself is a drastic step toward a normal life.

Our house, backing up on Tolulca Lake, isn't elaborate but it is quiet and secluded and this summer Frank and I have discovered that the first time how nice it is to have a picnic of our own out of doors.

Our family is growing. Tina came west with us and helps me with Frank's business affairs and correspondence. I used to handle the books, pay the bills, the salaries and run the household myself, but when the Post Office appointed a special mail man just to deliver our mail it got to be too much.

I have help with the babies, too. I didn't know until Miss Hewitt came how much time I had been spending over formulas and orange juice. I fought the step and I had managed formulas and orange juice when Nancy was little and was secretary and cook and bottle washer, too, and I loved every minute of it. But Frank finally convinced me that all of my jobs had been multiplied by two since then and I was running out of minutes.

I AM always sad when I read in the papers that the marriage of some famous couple has gone on the rocks. They didn't plan it that way. They wanted it to work. They wanted to be happy.

But their fame—the Schedule—demanded too much time for the chic places and the important people and they never found the necessary moments to be alone together, to get to know one another well, to get the roots of their marriage deep into the ground.

We almost never entertain. When Frank has a few hours to relax, he wants to spend them in the nursery, playing with Nancy and Frank Jr., or pottering about in his study, with his record collection and his ship models. He doesn't want to put on his best clothes and his best company manners and make small talk. He gets enough of that during working hours.

We eat in the kitchen if we want to and we often want to. We go to bed at seven o'clock. We feel like it, or sit up half the night talking if we're in that mood.

We spar with the Schedule and win a few rounds. Enough to be happy, at any rate.

I wouldn't change a thing in our lives if I could. Frank has the success he worked so hard to attain. I have the proud conviction that I've helped him do what he wanted to do. And given him what he wanted even more—a home that is a home and a family.

Okay, it isn't all roses. But it's a good life.

The End.
Serenader Sinatra, who makes sweet music in RKO's "Manhattan Serenade"
WHEN a producer walked up to Dick Jaeckel, mail boy on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, and asked him if he'd like to be a movie actor, young Dick answered with what is best described as a hoot.

"Me—act? I'll bet you I could dive through a keyhole quicker!"

The producer, knowing no more about keyholes than what he had gathered from Winchell's column, didn't want to bet. He was willing, however, to place his money on young Jaeckel as the "baby Marine" in "Guadalcanal Diary." That "Marine" part was what helped him sell the deal. After due consideration, Dick thought maybe he could act like a fighting man, since he expected to be one someday. They had to be careful with that "baby" stuff, though. Going-on eighteen, he regarded playing the role of a sixteen-year-old as strictly character work.

There were things about acting, when he got into it—and especially when he got into the Marine's tin hat and mud-caked boots—that were not bad at all. There was the day when he lay in a jungle setting, a Marine rifle in his hands, and showed the world how a young American can die—if he has to. There was a bayonet slash that looked real on his chest, sweat and grime on his face, and the tragic un-complaint of youth cut down, in his eyes. After awhile even the other actors—seasoned trouper like Lloyd Nolan and Preston Foster—forgot they were on a sound stage where the slime and dankness and choking growth sprang from a set-builder's magic, rather than from a lonely, blood-sodden Pacific isle.

Dick liked this, because he likes proving he can do something worthwhile, and even though he didn't realize how really worthwhile his pretending was, he liked the commendation on the older men's faces.

On the other hand, he didn't care much for the sequence in which he had to pretend to lose his nerve during the bombing.

"I'm not saying I wouldn't be scared," he said, "but I'll bet I wouldn't yell, either."

Looking at his well-slung jaw and squared young chin, you're inclined to agree with him. But it happened to be part of the story, and he gave every scene the best he could. And later, when audiences began leafing through the celluloid pages of the "Diary," they watched those scenes, and he made them know just how it was with all those other fighting-hearted kids who have had to go out and learn to be men—the hard way.

When the picture was previewed, Dick sat laughing at himself through most of the reels. He thought he was "awfully funny"—and he didn't mean as in comedy. Without even waiting 'round the studio to see what the score was, he went out and got himself another job. Frantic casting executives who wanted him for "Wing And A Prayer," found him working at a soda fountain with some of his former high-school pals. He went into the second picture, but next time, he says, it won't be so easy. If he has his way, the next time anybody comes looking for him they'll find him in the U. S. Merchant Marine.

All of which brings us up to date on Dick Jaeckel, the actor, and gets us started on the rather amazing story of Dick Jaeckel, the boy. The most significant characteristic we can set down to begin with is the fact that he is going to be totally unimpressed with this account. So far as he is concerned, the data contained (Continued on page 86)
Sensation at Seventeen: Richard Jaeckel of Fox's "Wing And A Prayer"
WHENEVER I get ready to pay my check in any restaurant, I recall James Cagney’s remark to me: “Always tip big. Never be afraid of over-tipping. You can never tip a person whose living depends on tips too much. I know. I used to be a bell-hop.” I have been out with Hedy Lamarr many times and often as I sit across the table looking at her beautiful face I am surprised to hear her say, “Look at that pretty girl sitting over there in the corner.” I turn and look and generally it is some movie fan who is just staring at the beautiful Lamarr, who also admires beauty.

Do you sometimes wonder what happens to the Oscars after the winners take them home? I know that Ginger Rogers has her Oscar on the soda fountain in her den, that Greer Garson has hers standing proudly on the mantelpiece and that Katharine Hepburn used her Oscar for a door-stop. Mike Curtiz, who won his Award for the direction of “Casanova Blanca,” has been known to stand near his Oscar and say, “Mike, don’t think too much of yourself. You have yet to make a picture like Michelangelo or Rembrandt.”

I always like to wander into the offices of the movie executives and observe the fixtures, such as the signs and autographed photographs on the walls... Arthur Hornblow Jr. has on display in his tastefully furnished office a James Montgomery Flagg drawing of Greta Garbo which is autographed by Gee Gee. Buddy De Sylva, in his Paramount office, has a printed sign which tells of a conversation between Clark Gable and an interviewer. The large cardboard quotes the interviewer asking Gable to what he attributes his amazing record as a box-office champion for many years. Gable’s answer is: “Any success I may have achieved is due to M-G-M’s wisdom. The studio picks my stories, casts my pictures and selects my directors.” The interviewer then asks, “Without any help from you?” And the Gable answer is, “Without any help from me.” This sign is prominently displayed so that any actor or actress who enters De Sylva’s office to complain about a scenario can read it. Buddy De Sylva claims that it has saved him from many big arguments.

I have never seen Cary Grant in any picture that he wasn’t entertaining and didn’t give a good performance. And that goes for when I meet him in person too... I think that Joan Bennett would be one of the biggest stars in pictures if she had a particular allure is not the fact that celebrities congregate here, for you can find more celebrities at Chasen’s or Romanoff’s, and those who do come to the Schwabadero come because they have heard and read so much about it that they want to see “what makes.”

And “what makes” is the fact that a group of people who are representative of Hollywood congregate here, but not strictly for the purpose of being seen. Writers, directors and up-and-coming actors and actresses get their mail and phone calls here, they get checks cashed and they read all the magazines, for free, at the soda fountain. Every night there is, as it has been called, “the eleven o’clock floor show” and the minute you enter the store you are part of that floor show. Albert Hackett, the writer, who recently joined the cast of characters, aptly described the place when he said: “I asked a friend did he go to the Schwabadero and he replied, ‘Go there? Why, I live there!’”

The other night, very late, the phone rang. Leon Schwab answered and the voice at the other end asked: “I would like to know if the drug store across the street from you is still open. I’d hate to make the trip if it was closed.” Leon said, “Hold
star tips on tipping to ermine-trimmed Christmas trees!

BY

Sidney Skolsky

The hub of Hollywood but not because of the celebrities who go there the wire," walked to the front, looked across at the rival store, returned and said, "Yes, it's still open. If you hurry you'll make it."

"Thank you," said the party at the other end. "That's okay," replied Leon. "It's just part of the Schwabadero service."

I never hear the name Tyrone Power without wondering what would have happened if Darryl Zanuck hadn't imported Annabella to play a role in a picture . . . You can have your Lana Turner, Betty Grable and Dorothy Lamour (and how you wish you could) but if I had my choice for a date tonight I'd take Judy Garland . . . There are only two shows on Broadway that I give a tinker's dam about seeing and they are "Oklahoma" and "The Voice Of The Turtle." The song, "The Surrey With The Fringe On Top," I don't hesitate to predict will become an American classic. I read "The Voice Of The Turtle" and still get a chuckle from this bit of dialogue between Margaret Sullivan and Audrey Christie. They have both seen a musical comedy the night before and Miss Sullivan asks Miss Christie what she thinks of it. Miss C. replies, "I thought it stank." Miss S. asks, "Oh, why?" Miss C. says, "I don't know why I thought it did. If I tell you that a piece of fish stinks, you don't ask why, do you?"

There is no actor on the screen, or for that matter on the radio, who can sing like Bing Crosby—and if that be treason, you Sinatra booby socks can make the most of it . . . I am always a little amazed when I read that Marlene Dietrich is romancing with Jean Gabin, for I know that Miss Dietrich is a married woman. And the amazement is no less when I read that I have written it myself. But there never have been any objections, not even from husband Rudolph Seiber . . . No matter how well I get to know Paulette Goddard, I feel that I want to know her better, despite the fact that she once decorated her Christmas tree with ermine tips. And that's Hollywood for you!

THE END
Two in the Swim: Phyllis Brooks who shines in “Lady In The Dark”
... Betty Grable who rightfully earns the title in "Pin-Up Girl"
"DON'T mention it!"
You've said it! We've said it! Everybody's said it! For haven't we all something in our lives we would like to forget? The Hollywood stars, however, rarely are permitted to forget their sore spots, sensitive points, Achilles heels, or whatever else you choose to call them. For the minute a mystery is built up around any given point in their spotlighted lives it becomes the question everybody most frequently asks them.

Betty Grable is a name which makes George Raft wince; although George, as you might imagine, is not the wincing kind. He wishes Betty well in her marriage and motherhood with trumpeter Harry James. But he cannot forget that the Number One Pin-Up Girl gave him the air before he got around to giving it to her, which was possibly the first time any such thing had happened to him. Betty liked George but liked a home and husband more. It's doubtful if George will ever entirely recover from this unexpected reversal.

Raft isn't the only one in Hollywood who wishes "the one before the last" might forever be a tabu subject. Rita Hayworth blushes—charmingly—every time she is reminded that she was once in love—to put it mildly—with that magnificent specimen of man, Victor Mature. At the time the non-talkative Rita could be positively voluble when discussing Vic, whom she swore to Fearless she loved and would marry.

Before Orson covered her horizon, of course.

There's Jinx Falkenburg, too. Jinx used to rave about her love for Major Tex McCrary and about Major Tex McCrary's love for her. If he didn't come back soon, she said once, she was going to Europe and marry him there. It was, she insisted, dewey-eyed—and Jinx dewey-eyed is a delightful dish—the real thing in her life. The Major, however, seems to have lost his mood for marriage. But don't mention that to Jinx.

Often in love but never a bride, is enough to get any girl down, including Olivia de Havilland. "When are you getting married?" is a question not to ask Livvie. She goes icy, especially if you question her con-
Being an eye-opening list of tender topics which you'll do well not to mention to these particular stars

BY

"Fearless"

...
Star Nominee for Father's Day: Don Ameche of Fox's "Greenwich Village"
My Commandments for my Children

Would you tell your children to laugh, make up their own minds, have secrets? Here's one dad's views

BY DON AMECE

Ronnie and Donnie, the eldest, military geniuses

Tommie, the studious one of the Ameche quartette

When I use the word "commandments" in the title of this article, I do so for want of a better one to describe the means of pointing out a pattern of life and character which I hope my children will follow. For I do not believe any human being has the right to give commandments to another under normal times and circumstances. Parents can only plan for their children, hope for them, pray for them, counsel and guide them. This, rather than an arbitrary laying down of commandments, is what Honore and I try to do for our sons when we say:

They must laugh. This may seem a trivial thing to put first in the raising of children. But it isn't. For the spirit of joyousness, the quality of being merry about things is the most important one we can wish for those we love. The very sound of laughter is a heartening, healthy thing in your house, or mine—or in the house of life. After all, what distinguishes a happy from an unhappy person, an extrovert from an introvert, is the ability to laugh—at himself as well as at, or with, others.

I feel sorry for people who can't laugh and I mistrust them a little, too. There is something slightly warped, I believe, about those who do not relish the laughter-provoking aspects of life and living, the antics of their friends—and of themselves. Nor am I referring to a sense of humor. That is important, too. But a sense of humor can sometimes be an ironic thing, even cynical. No, I mean laughter—spontaneous, rib-splitting honest-to-goodness laughs. Honore and I go out of our way to make our children laugh. We encourage in them the habit of laughing by pointing out to them things that are amusing, saying, "That's good for a laugh." We often clown, make zanies of ourselves in order to get the laughs. And we laugh with them.

They must move often. By this I mean that I hope they will not live all through their childhoods in this one farmhouse we call home, in this one town or even in this one state or country. Basically, I am all for the "old homestead" idea. There is something rooted and substantial about the ancestral home in which you were born, and your children after you and their children after them. Children need a base, a sense of permanence, a sense of security. But it can be carried too far—and too long. I believe that roots struck too deeply in one soil bleed when they must come up. I believe that one environment, without variation, from infancy to maturity, makes it difficult, painful and sometimes downright impossible for people to adjust to change when it comes, as come it must, especially in our world today. For life, tomorrow, is going to be a very flexible thing, with all the nations of the world practically our next-door neighbors. After the war, England will be an overnight trip. A week-end jaunt to China may not be a dream.

It is not possible for Honore and myself, or for most families, to gypsy about from place to place in order to make it easy for our youngsters to adjust. But we are sending the two older boys, Donnie, aged ten, and Ronnie, aged seven, away to boarding school. Military school. Later, we hope to send them to Eastern or mid-Western colleges and for as many visits and trips, far from home, as possible. Our hope is that if they move about often enough they will be at home, not only in their immediate neighborhood, but in the world. (Continued on page 95)
Tip-Topper: Shirley Temple of "Since You Went Away," Color Portrait Poll winner
Getting Personal
On Your Personality

Combining two irresistible attractions—one, a quiz, two, a chance to find out all about yourself from an expert

BY LESTER F. MILES, PH.D.
Consulting Psychologist

Does your personality cut a good figure?

Are you the well-rounded type, mentally streamlined to get the most out of life? Or is your personality on the awkward side, like a dress that doesn’t quite fit and so hides the trimliness of the figure beneath?

Perhaps you don’t know.

In that case, this test will help you find out by analyzing what goes on behind the scenes in your head. Watch your answers—yes or no—for a silly answer would get you a silly rating—and that would be a pity!

Now—after this dire admonition—let’s begin!

1. Have you always had a definite idea or plan of what you want to do and be?

2. Do you usually meet people more than halfway when the occasion demands your co-operation?

3. Do you usually have a set place for everything in your home?

4. When someone takes the trouble to criticize your actions do you listen quietly and not say much or do you rise to your defense?

5. Do you almost always contribute something to official collectors for charities?

6. Do you have a reputation for being neat, trim and fussy about your personal appearance?

7. No matter what it is—are you happy in your work?

8. When you act the good sport about something is it usually because you like the people involved in the incident?

9. Do you almost never criticize people—leaving that chore to others more willing to take the risk?

10. When you have an appointment are you usually on time or there ahead of time?

11. When you daydream, is it about things that can’t ever become possibilities and realities?

12. Do you have an outdoor hobby such as a Victory garden, golf, sailing, hiking club, riding?

13. Once you start anything do you usually like to finish it as quickly as possible?

14. Even in the heat of an argument do you usually manage to keep your voice down and under control?

15. Do you feel yourself capable of doing things most other people do?

16. Are you usually the one calm and collected person when everyone else is “up in the air” over some happening?

17. Do you usually admit your mistakes and forget them as readily as you admit to them?

18. Do you like an occasional evening or week end all to your lonesome?

19. When someone does you an injustice do you usually try to forget it or do you wait your chance to pay back in kind?

20. Can you truthfully say you never put on a “holier than thou” act with salesgirls, doormen, waiters, or other people you may feel are beneath your walk in life?

Now turn to page 82 for an Inner Sanctum reading of the real you.
Private George Russell of Santa Monica, California, now in Alaska

George sent word down from the tundras that he wanted to see his sister drawing some of her clever cartoons for him. And who is Sis? She's none other than pretty Gail Russell, Paramount's newest star in "The Uninvited" and a very talented young lady, as you can see. Here she is, George!

Photoplay's COMMAND

Here's your chance—all you boys and girls in uniform—to ask your favorite star to pose for you and then see your own camera request come true on these very pages

Private Grissom, who has seen service in North Africa, writes (and we quote): "I would like to see Hedy Lamarr as she naturally is around home. No fancy clothes or jewelry. Just plain and sweet as she is." Here's Hedy—no fancy clothes or jewelry. Just plain (well, she could never be that)—and sweet—but definitely!
Up from the Lone Star State came Sgt. Bill's request saying that since Joan Crawford was one of his favorites and since "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" was another, he'd like to see the two combined. So Joan obliged by recording "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" for Bill.

Sgt. Bill Sully who is at Sheppard Field, Tex.

Jack David Wallard at a Naval hospital off in the Pacific

By V-Mail came a cheery note from Jack (he's not a patient, he's on the staff) saying he'd like to see his favorite, Jane Withers, done up for some fur-trimmed swimming. So, Janie, who works her feet off for the boys, hied herself right out to the pool. Like it, Jack?

Joe, who has been in every theater of war, from North Africa to Singapore, asked to see Ginger Rogers, all done up beautiful, autographing a picture for him. Ginger, who has a fighting man of her own out there somewhere, couldn't refuse. She did more than merely autograph a picture. Just look at that smile. It's for you, Joe!
There's charm in his brawn and breadth and a love of living things in James Craig

BY JANET BENTLEY

Two tall men, separated by several housewives, stood in the line before the check stand of a Beverly Hills market.

Anywhere else on earth those men would have created a romantic panic. But Beverly Hills residents are accustomed to movie stars in their midst.

The line moved along with that slowness encumbent upon women holding bundles and trying to fish out three red tokens from the bottom of littered purses. Watching the female fumbling, the two men grinned at each other.

"I'm trying to buy a quart of milk," whispered Joel McCrea, giving off with a comedy moan.

"And I'm trying to get a pound of butter," whispered back James Craig. Whereupon the two of them, who produce plenty of milk and butter on their country ranches which they adore, laughed uproariously and every woman in the market joined in and had a wonderful story to tell her husband that night at dinner.

It's not strange that Joel McCrea should love ranching. His grandparents came across this great country of ours in a covered wagon and cleared themselves a homestead only a jump and a holler from where Joel has his cattle ranch today.

But it is an acquired love of the golden hills and the ranch lands of the West that makes Jim Craig sing the new song:

"I'm going to settle down and never more roam,
And make the San Fernando Valley my home."

That's what Jim, born in the dear old Southland, at Nashville, Tennessee, intends to do, by the grace of M-G-M in the event the war doesn't call him. It is all part and parcel of his plan of life, but nobody is giving it to him on a piece of old Sévres china. For several reasons he's having to work for it.

There's the business of his having to learn the trade of acting. Hollywood, mesmerized first by his rapid rise from bit heavies in Westerns to his romantic appeal in "Kitty Foyle," then by his sincere performance in "The Human Comedy" and his sympathetic role with Margaret O'Brien in "Lost Angel," still consistently misunderstands him. Some people in the movie colony will tell you James is money-mad, an error that James abets by explaining why he became an actor in the first place. (Continued on page 92)
There’s a lilt to the girl known as Susan Hayward, who proves that luck is pluck

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

A

n old apartment house on Church Avenue in Brooklyn stands only a nickel’s ride from Broadway. It is only 3,000 miles (unless you count struggle) from Hollywood. Yet one sunny spring morning that house seemed a whole eternity away from fame and close as a whisper to tragedy.

A small girl’s face, with amber eyes under soft red hair, pressed against a window-pane of the third floor front to watch the running children below. A small girl’s face, with white fluttered, rose and fell, followed along.

Six-year-old Edythe Marrener whirled. “Mother!” she cried, with an intensity that would never leave her. “Please give me three cents!”

The child ran down the stairs, darted out the door and over to the corner candy store. In twenty seconds she ran out again, looking back over her shoulder to admire the newest toy novelty swooping up and down—a paper airplane at the end of a string.

There were no yards for play in that block, so Edythe headed for the excited children in the street. At that moment an automobile shot around the corner.

Edythe went down, trailing the paper airplane in the dust. A front and a rear wheel rolled over her body. The atmosphere in laughing Church Avenue changed, as if by dark and frightening magic.

When the ambulance came, an intern said, “It’s well you didn’t try to move her—both thighs are fractured.” A neighbor, among the crowd that had gathered, told a reporter: “What a terrible thing! Her mother has been putting out a dollar a week, for two years, to give the youngster dancing lessons.”

Newspaper readers and Flatbush neighbors responded to the story of the little would-be dancer whose career would never bloom, for doctors at first thought she would die, then feared she would never walk. Presents poured in in such numbers that Mrs. Marrener, not a mother to spoil a child, held them back, turning them over one at a time each morning for a pleasant surprise to the shattered child.

Edythe fooled the doctors and walked in six months. During every day of that half year in bed, she received a new, “wonderful” present!

Today little Edythe Marrener, known as Susan Hayward, has just co-starred simultaneously in two (Continued on page 108)
Ranchers Frances Dee (Mrs. M.) and Joel McCrea, who is at home in his role of Bill Cody in "Buffalo Bill"
They’re a closed corporation
with wide-open hearts—Joel and his
Frances and their two junior Maccs

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

TALL, rugged man approached an
apartment building in a southern city,
checked its street address with the
scrawled note in his hand and climbed the
stairs. He proceeded to an apartment and
rang the bell. A small, pretty girl answered.
Her initial expression was inquiry—the
polite look reserved for Fuller Brush men
and the census taker. Then she did the
world’s biggest double-take as she recog-
nized her famous caller.

“May I come in?” the tall man asked in his
beautifully inflected voice.

“Could he come in? Could you use a mil-
don dollars!”

“I’ve seen your husband and talked with
him,” the tall man began. “He is at Natal,
Brazil, doing a splendid job for his coun-
try.” He talked on confidingly, earnestly.
He described the hardships, the responsi-
bilities, the loneliness, and the homesickness
intrinsic in such work. He explained that
the man to whom he had talked was broken-
hearted because his wife had written to say
she was considering the termination of their
wartime marriage.

He made out a splendid case for the ab-
sent husband and when he left, he had the
wife’s promise of a reconciliation.

This twentieth century cupid had just re-
turned from a series of special missions for
the War Department. It had been when his
plane had come down at Natal that he had
been pressed into peace negotiation service
for one lonely, miserable boy in khaki. The
emissary’s name was Joel McCrea.

The story is typical of him. In his quiet
way the man McCrea accomplishes pretty
nearly anything he sets out to do, largely
because when his mind is made up even
Gibraltar could scarcely withstand his
gentle but relentless determination.

It all began years ago when Joel, a touse-
lehead, grimy-pawed, freckle-faced kid,
sold newspapers on a Hollywood street
corner where the opposition sheet was
peddled by another kid. The boys vied for
customers among the then-great Hollywood
stars who lived on the cream of the land.

“When I grow up,” Joel’s competitor al-
ways said, “I’m going to have a big house
and about ten big cars that can go a million
miles an hour. I’m going to have an air-
plane, too, and lots of swell clothes. Boy,
that’s for me.”

“Not for me,” Joel said firmly. “I want
a ranch.”

The other boy’s eyebrows and relaxed
jawline questioned Joe’s sanity. “Sagebrush
and rattlesnakes!” he jeered.

“And blue sky and sunshine and rain.
Of course,” Joel added, staring determinedly
into space to disguise his embarrassment, “I
want a family, too. If a guy has some land,
some cows, some horses and a family—well,
that’s all there is.”

Several years later, when Joel was first
trying to crash pictures, he lived at the
Hollywood Athletic Club with George
O’Brien and Charles Farrell. Late at night,
hungry sometimes—if none of them had
worked for a while—they used to gather in
someone’s room and talk of the future. One
of the group was going to buy—one fame
and money were achieved—a cabin cruiser
big enough to cross oceans. One was going
to have a fifteen-room house with a hot and
cold running swimming pool. Another, hav-
ing scored a series of complete telephone
zeros in attempting to make a hit with the
lady he loved, ruminated on the pleasant
prospect of being a playboy from coast to
coast with a different dream boat every
night.

Joel always broke up the meeting with
his tagline. “I’m going to buy a ranch where
I’ll own my own sky and sunshine and grass.”

“The guy,” they said, feinting at Joel’s
jaw but never taking any serious chances
with his celebrated right, “is a hayseed at
heart. He just ain’t got no imagination.”

George O’Brien got the first break and,
for a time, fed the rest of them. “When you
strike it rich, Joel,” he said, “I expect to get
paid back in T-bones.”

“I’ll be running Herefords,” grinned Joel.
“And you’ll really get your share.” (Any
resemblance of this conversation to any red
points, living or dead, is purely coincidental
and has nothing to do with the present
situation.)

Somewhat later Charles Farrell made
“Seventh Heaven” and was in the chips, so
he signed the checks. “In return for an
eventual week end on your celebrated ranch,
Mac,” he laughed. (Continued on page 90)
His sleeping hours are frequently bedevilled by a recurring dream—that he is on the stage, before a huge audience, and cannot remember his lines.

He was born in the sleepy little country town of Collins, Mississippi, which was formerly known as Don’t, Miss.—an impersonal admonition he is determined to heed.

He drinks three quarts of raw milk every day.

He is classified 1-A and may be in the service by the time this is published. He sings an excellent bass baritone, never wears a hat and doesn’t know if he would ever be seasick because he has never been on a boat.

His friends dub him “the late Mr. Andrews” due to his penchant for never being on time. He blames this on the fact that he was five days overdue when the stork brought him. He—the baptized Carver Dana Andrews.

He is superstitious about three lights on a match and has one sister and seven brothers, all living in Texas.

He is an avid movie fan and believes that an occasional matrimonial vacation strengthens the marriage tie. He has a special fondness for little green onions.

He used to bite his nails but corrected the habit.

His father, Charles Forrest Andrews, was a Baptist minister who died in 1940.

He is six feet tall, likes marinated herring and if he were not an actor would have made his living as a landscape designer.

He likes hunting quail and deer. He has never been to Europe and has an aversion to short socks. His long socks are always sagging because he won’t wear garters. He is married to Mary Todd of Santa Monica, California.

He is a graduate of Sam Houston State Teachers College, Huntsville, Texas, and plans someday to learn the tango. He dabbles in amateur photography, specializing in still life and character studies. He seldom eats candy and is nostalgically affected by Lee Sims’ piano recording of “Contrasts And Improvisations.”

He was born on New Year’s Day, 1912.

He is an excellent swimmer, rates Director Lewis Milestone his best friend and has a son, David, by his first wife who died in 1935.

He loathes crowds and his father was Scotch-Irish. He studied eight years for the opera and is a follower of “L’t’Abner” and “Red Ryder.”

He likes popcorn, tinkering with tools, and old-fashioned cocktails.

He dances a good rhumba, suffers no allergies or phobias and credits his philosophical attitude to two college teachers—Professors Montgomery and Aydelotte.

He was born on his grandfather’s plantation.

He likes caviar and worked in 1930 as an accountant with the Gulf Oil Company in Houston, Texas.

Dana Andrews has an inordinate weakness for rare roast beef, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, the paintings of Van Gogh and if he had life to live over again he would do nothing differently.

He doesn’t like cats but never tires of listening to Rachmaninoff’s Piano Concerto No. 2 in C Minor.

He is always showing off his personally trained and perfectly behaved cocker spaniel, which he got out of the city pound.

His cigarette and pocket money is budgeted at $10 weekly.

He gets very moody at times.

He has had measles and mumps and firmly believes that snobbery comes out in people as a “cover-up of their inferiority.”

He weighs 168 pounds and is inclined to finish everything he undertakes. He likes sleeping until eleven o’clock Sunday mornings and thinks San Francisco is the most completely beautiful city he has ever been in.

He tried desperately to get the role of Father Chisholm in “Keys Of The Kingdom,” which is one of his favorite books.

He used to play hooky and go fishing, and has never attempted painting or modeling.

He is a Sinatra fan.

His father nicknamed him “Hoddy,” an outcome of Dana’s childhood pronunciation (Cont’d on page 9)
MINISTER'S SON
remembers friends, names, underdogs and what it meant to live in a parsonage

Dana Andrews, nicknamed "Hoddy" by his father for the way he said "Howdy" as a youngster, will be seen in "Wing And A Prayer"
Put Ruffles On Your Life

If you think they’re unnecessary in these urgent days, see what this star has to say and answer her—if you can!

By Loretta Young

When I was young and money at our house was none too plentiful, Mother used to keep a “treat box” on the table in the front hall. Into it went all the pennies that came into the house—change from the milkman, the grocer, the paper boy and so on. The rule was that not one of those pennies was to be spent for anything “useful” or “everyday.” They were for birthday ice cream and funny little presents, especially for “disappointment presents.” If anyone had a disappointment—got an unexpectedly low grade at school, wasn’t invited to “the big party” or had hurt feelings for some other reason—the rest of us plotted to open the treat box.

Out of it would come a bright new scarf for the disappointed one or a silly pottery animal to make us all laugh or maybe just a bottle of olives to make us feel festive at dinner.

The best present I remember having from the treat box was a couple of yards of pink ruffles! I had wept because I was to attend a children’s party and “all the other girls would have ruffled dresses.” Out of the box came the pennies for the ruffles to bedeck the old dress. They were wonderful ruffles!

I remember that Mother said, “Ruffles are important—on a dress and on our lives.” At the time I thought it was funny to talk about ruffles on our lives. Now I know what she meant.

For right now we have to make use of the little things to brighten drab wartime, to keep alive the habits of gracious living and to keep our faith in the fact that we shall have that kind of living again one day.

The girl in a factory who wears dungarees needs a rose-colored housecoat for the hours when she is resting at home. She needs to do fragrant things to her face and hair and bright things to her nails. She needs a touch of frivolity on her date dress and most of all, probably, she needs a silly hat to make her feel giddy.

Not so long ago Mrs. John Wayne bought the most impudent hat. Every time I saw her wearing it, I burst out laughing. Not because it was ridiculous and ugly, you understand. But because it was pretty and amusing and perky. The day before I was to leave for my last Army camp tour a large box with a bow on it arrived at my door. Inside was The Hat. Mrs. Wayne had sent it to me “for luck.” I discarded the hats I had bought to wear on the tour and wore that one every day that I was gone. I know my tour was more successful for that friendly, funny wisp of millinery. It made me feel gay and made me able to spread gaiety. And the boys, too, commented on my mad little topper.

Such little things give us a lift these days! Don’t discount them. They’re important!

Of course, our “ruffles” can’t be extravagances. We need our money to buy War Bonds. So, since we can’t create many bright spots with things we buy, we’ll have to create them with things we do. This takes ingenuity.

Do you know, I think eating is one of the most important things we do for fun nowadays. I’ve always adored meal time. Dinner time is the nicest time of the day at our house, with the whole family assembled, relaxed and amused. I like to draw it out as long as possible and I always hope someone will have a funny story to tell. I’m a pushover for funny stories and if I hear a good one I’ll find myself laughing aloud at the mere memory of it. Funny stories make good trimmings for a family meal.

It’s especially important to make occasions of dinners now that we can’t have many “occasions” of other sorts. This is particularly true for the girl who lives alone or shares an apartment with one or two other girls. Don’t fall into the drab feminine habit of eating “just any old thing” in the kitchen. Put up the bridge table in the living room. Lay it with a bright cloth. Light some candles. Put the family geranium on the table. Tuck parsley around the scrambled eggs to make them look pretty. And put some powder on your face and a bow in your hair for the same reason. If you think this last gesture is silly because there is no one to (Continued on page 76)
Lady with ruffles: Loretta Young, of "Ladies Courageous"
few teen-agers make my particular mistake; but enough of them do, I think, to make a warning worth while.

When I was a "middle-aged" teen, I wanted to become a doctor. So I started to study hard towards that end. While other kids of my age were having fun at football games, dances and parties, I was a bookworm. When I graduated, I had the highest average in my class. So what? So I wish I'd had a high average of dates, beaux, romances—which makes a better basis for living later on. For when I stepped out of my ivory tower in my senior year and went to my first dance, I was shy, gauche, unpopular. My escort gave me the brush-off as soon as he could. No one cut in on me. I was a wallflower, a desperately unhappy one. The result was, I had to work like a stevedore for what should have been a natural course of teen-age events.

ONE of the unenjoyablest evenings I ever spent was when, about a year ago, I went on a chi-chi date, all done up in orchids and satins. Attempting to swish into a swanky night club, I found myself surrounded by Marlene Dietrich, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth and some other glamorous stars. Which made me look silly and feel sillier. I don't smoke, don't drink, was simply out of place and my escort was simply out of money.

Which reminds me—one of the biggest mistakes teen-age kids make is spending too much money. A fellow can take a girl out and have an awfully good time on three or four dollars—maybe less. There isn't any need to put on a big show by spending twenty-five. I've got smart enough to know that I can have better fun by going to a movie and enjoying a soda afterwards then I can by going to Mocambo or the Cocoanut Grove. I've learned there isn't any point in rushing things.

My worst mistake was never wanting to be 16. I was forever copying and imitating older girls, especially movie stars. One day I posed around like Katherine Hepburn; the next day, Joan Crawford; the day after that, I was Bette Davis all over the lot, and so on.

The result was that I've had quite a time finding out what I am all about; what I want; what I'm best fitted to do in life and why.

I've had to develop a style of dressing, a way of doing my hair, and it had to be my own style and way, not Claudette Colbert's or Veronica Lake's.

It's all right to be a chameleon if you were born a chameleon... it's very confusing to be a chameleon when you were born a girl.
Shirley Temple speaking:

A GIRL I know was in love with a young flier. He wanted to marry her. But she was only sixteen and her parents advised against it. She didn't marry him. Then a few months ago, he was killed in action. Julie (which is not her name) says that although she realizes now their marriage would have been a mistake, it is one she will never stop regretting she didn't make. For she had a chance to make that boy happy for a little while and didn't take it. She is quite bitter about it.

Teen-agers should learn by their own mistakes, I believe, and not by taking the advice of their elders. And from sixteen on, kids should have dates, romances, experiences. If we have them, we won't abuse our freedom. When we're teen-agers, our instincts are good. Kids, like animals, can tell what people are like, whether they are to be trusted or not.

Peggy Ryan speaking:

GOSH, what haven't I done wrong! So what? So that's all right 'cause it's a mistake not to make mistakes during the teen-age. They're a part of the fun and frenzy of growing up. You learn from them, so they save you a lot of grief later on. Like I don't smoke, but I tried it once, took a puff and turned a chartreuse green. My beau of the evening took one look at me and I never saw him again. But as I never pulled that little boner again, it—see what I mean?—saved me many a beau in the future.

I'm sentimental—plenty. And proud of it. It's a mistake not to be sentimental during the little-lambs-eat-ivy teens. For oh, it is not always May, and all that!

Anyway, I have a hope chest for my "firsts"—first corsage, first love letter, even a memento of my first kiss, which same is a handkerchief stained with the lipstick I prudently rubbed off for the Occasion.

Here's the proof supplied by some candid teensters

Susanna Foster speaking:

DONALD O'CONNOR and I recently finished a picture called "Top Man." During one of the love scenes, we spoiled the take because Don burst out laughing when I muttered, under my breath, "Are you kidding?"—on account of the dialogue was pretty icky and teen-age kids don't talk that way any more. Why not? Because, thanks to the war, we haven't time for dalliance and those "sweet nothings" in the moonlight we read about. Which is a pity, for I'm sure they were sweet. Suddenly I realized that I, like so many kids today, have been thinking of love as something off the assembly line. So now I've decided that I will not allow this war to blitz my youth but that I will, come Hitler and high water, be pre-war and old-fashioned, about romance.
The Private Life of

INDEPENDENT is the word for Robert Walker—and almost the only word you can use for him without changing your mind the next minute. For he is a thousand contradictions; and only the fact of his independence shines out sharp and clear. Perhaps in this lay the curious bond of sympathy between Bob and Private Hargrove that enabled him to portray so memorably the gentle individualist in "See Here, Private Hargrove."

"He's shy and quiet," say Bob's friends, who are the Keenan Wynn's, the Gene Kelly's, Van Johnson and Mickey Rooney. "He never talks much; he sits in a corner by himself or he sits in a movie by himself. Guess he's the home-body type."

"He's all over town, talking and friendly," say the headwaiters of Hollywood, who watch life in their night clubs and restaurants. "He's like mercury—rushing around our places, table-hopping, in several spots in one night. Guess he's the night-club type!"

Contradictory? Completely! And then, of course, if you want to go back a few months to his arrival in Hollywood, there were those other opposite statements:

"He's the happiest husband and father in the West," said all the columnists and magazine writers. Then: "He's a bachelor again!" shrieked the newsboys. For presto! Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones had separated, without a word of warning or, in fact, a word of any kind. One minute they were living under one roof; the next Jennifer and the two babies were under that roof, but Bob was in a three-room apartment a few miles away—in Beverly Hills. They were going to get a divorce.

Even his appearance is contradictory to his independent record in life—he looks like a quiet, skinny, bashful six-footer, with blue eyes behind spectacles in a bony face, the face that has become famous in "Bataan," "Madame Curie," "See Here, Private Hargrove," and now "Since You Went Away" and "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." He has brown hair above a wide forehead, slim and active hands, and a grin as engaging as a friendly dog's tail. Behind the trailing smoke of his pipe he looks like anything but a man who lives entirely by his own rules; and yet he is that man. His life has been a struggle, too—the first sixteen years

Robert Walker: You saw him last as Private Hargrove. You'll see him shortly in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"
for attention, and the last few years, but one, in the aching need for food.
Yet always he's been independent—and contradictory. Just look and see:

He was born on Friday the thirteenth in Salt Lake City, Utah, of a Mormon family. His father was editor of the Deseret News at the time Bob put in an appearance, and three sons had arrived before him—Wayne, Walter and Richard, who were admittedly the most attractive boys in town. Bob was immediately stamped as the only insignificant member of the family. He was hardly walking before adults were saying in his presence, "Isn't it a shame he's not handsome like his brothers? So skinny and nervous—and wearing glasses too. What a pity!"

Well, Bob didn't like pity—nor insignificance. So he began rebelling in his crib and by the time he was out of it he was the problem child of Salt Lake City. At school the only way he could get attention was by fighting, breaking windows and pulling hair—and he did all of these with such tenacious energy that he was expelled at the age of six from school. Then his family moved to Ogden, with his worried parents hoping aloud that in a new city Bob would become a new character. But he didn't. Again he was the terror of the school; and added to that he formed the habit of running away to another town—where he supported himself by selling papers until he was yanked home again.

The Walkers were finally desperate. They scraped together enough money to send him to a really disciplinary school—the San Diego Military Academy in California. But discipline was perfume to Bob's nostrils and he was fast becoming the hoodlum of San Diego—when he was stopped in midstream by the first woman who influenced his life, Mrs. Virginia Atkinson. She was the drama coach of the school and in this proudly arrogant, sensitive boy she saw there was acting talent, if she could induce him to show it. Bob belligerently tried out for a play under her persuasion—and for the first time in his life found solid ground under his feet. He was a superb actor. The realization that he could excel in something changed his personality overnight—and by the time he graduated

A lively look at the life of Robert Walker, whose

"Hargrove" is the symbol of G. I. Joes everywhere

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

Above: Bob, the star, relaxing between scenes at the studio. Left: Bob, the father, playing with his sons, Michael, aged three, and Bobby (about to hurdle the high fence with his daddy's help), aged two.
The Kid Makes Good

By Marian Rhea

Once upon a time there was a youngster who lived in Hollywood, a happy, normal little boy who liked to fly his kite on a windy day and played a mean game of marbles. He was just Any Little Boy, for all the world that you couldn't resist and eyes that you somehow couldn't forget.

Then it happened that this youngster was "discovered" by a great film comedian and put into a motion picture. That was in the old "silent" days. The picture caught the fancy and the favor of the world and brought it to the feet of the little boy. It started him along a screen career so fabulous it has never been excelled by a child star and equalled only once. It made his parents rich. It made the producers of his pictures rich. It gave him everything, you'd think. But there you'd be wrong.

This fine career didn't give him happiness. What fun was a "career" to a six-year-old boy in those days? The laws which protected child actors were very sketchy indeed. Besides, what could a fortune mean to a boy of six? Kites don't cost much; marbles don't cost much. What matters is the time to enjoy them...

Time marched on and this small star did an unforgivable thing. He began to grow up. Pretty soon he began to look funny in the little-boy clothes he had once worn so gracefully, even in the baggy (Continued on page 94)
Of a Summer's Evening

Roses for Romance... Roses accent the high waistline Deanna Durbin, of "Christmas Holiday," favors in this charming afternoon-through-evening dress. Black suede gloves strike a dramatic note. And coq feathers spray down the sides of the templet to make it so flattering.
Roman Stripes for a Holiday . . .

Orange and blue stripes make this white linen gay. Its fly front and navy blue reptile belt make it distinctive. With it Deanna wears navy and white spectator pumps. All three of Miss Durbin's outfits from Collins Importers
Show Your Colors . . . Bands of red and blue high light Deanna's white crepe which, for added attractions, has soft sunburst shirring, a narrow kid belt and hip-length snugness. For accessories, a white silk fringed templet hat, white doeskin gloves and white pumps.
A Saturday-through-Monday wardrobe

that will help you have a good time

Bonita Granville, star of “Song Of The Open Road,” and Ruth Ruland, Photoplay reader, went shopping for a complete week-end wardrobe and discovered three perfect answers to the old question “What shall I wear?”

“A sun-back dress with a bolero! That's a find!” said Bonita. “Without the bolero—with flowers, matching the polka dots, caught at your waist and pinned in your hair—it would be ideal for an informal evening too.”

Fashioned by Paul Durell. Sizes 10-16
About $9. Red and white, saddle and white, navy and white and green and white

Candy-striped cotton for week-end mornings or afternoons. Ideal for the office on weekdays too. With blocks of shirring that do wonderful things for your waistline

A Pat Hartly, 10-18
About $10. All colors
DEAR MISS COLBERT:
I'm in love with a sailor who is stationed at present in the South Pacific. I write to him often, although I've never had a real date with him. You see, I've known him all my life and I've spent a lot of time with his family and his younger sister who is my chum.

I know it's the real thing for me, but I don't know how he feels toward me. He is very nice and sweet and writes wonderful letters, but I don't know whether that means anything. He is coming home soon, so I'll be able to find out where I stand. I'm 19 and I don't want to waste my best years waiting to see if he loves me.

Can you tell me two things, Miss Colbert, since I've told you all about it? Can you give me a rule of finding out if he loves me? And if he doesn't love me, can you tell me how to make him love me?

Prudence C.

Dear Prudence:
It isn't possible to tell one person how to make another love her. However, I can tell you how I think you should treat your sailor when he comes home. Such treatment might bring the result you desire. Remember that he is coming back with unpleasant memories. He is looking for the home he left and the associates he had before the war. Through the medium of the letters you have exchanged, he naturally is going to be more friendly to you than before.

How fortunate for you that you are a part of his family. See that he has fun while he is home. Watch carefully that attentions he doesn't want are not forced upon him. Give him peace, quiet and understanding. Be genuine in your consideration of him and give careful thought to his pleasures. If his former feeling for you has ripened into love, he will declare it, but nothing on earth can force a man to propose when he doesn't want to. I have a hunch that he may if you give him the attention that he wants and needs right now.

I know that you don't want to spend your life waiting for him to declare his love. Let him decide. It will be better for you both and I have a feeling he will pop the question.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
First of all I would like to have you read the two enclosed letters from my wife.

Dearest David:
As you see, I'm at home again. I arrived this morning (Saturday) very tired, but glad to be back here. I'm going back to work tonight. Seems years since I've worked, I forgot my job so completely while I was with you.

Honey, I've seen George and told him that there is no hope for him. I'm still all mixed up myself, but I was careful to hide that from him. He believed me completely when I told him no one could ever take your place. He is now working in a different department, so I will never see him at work. Also since I'm not going to any more of the swing dances, I'll never see him socially.

Prudence.
Dear Miss Colbert:
I'm sorry I originally took you at your word and started going out in the first place. I thought that was what you wanted and never felt the least bit guilty over doing it. Now I know how you really feel and could never go anywhere without wondering if I were doing right. However, what I said about you still goes. I do want you to go out as much as you can. Have lots of fun while you can because I really will be happy to know you are having fun.

Honey, I really enjoyed the time we had together and I'll always remember your furlough with a tender feeling. Now I have to stop and get ready for work. I love you.

Beverly.

Dearest David:
Sunday night, and here I am alone with my two nephews. I certainly haven't had a very exciting day off. I haven't even been out of the house. Darlene's too hard to hold out, but I've a lot to conquer. Dancing is just in my blood and I can hardly stand the thought that I can't dance any more without knowing I'm doing you an injustice.

Last night when everyone got ready and went to the dance and I stayed home, I did nothing but cry myself to sleep. Maybe I'll rid myself of this restlessness some way.

As I suspected, I didn't get my old job back, but I didn't have to take a salary cut and the new job doesn't mean me down a bit. Just routine office work.

It is now midnight so I guess I had better stop and get ready for bed. Write soon and don't forget I love you, I guess, or I darned sure wouldn't be sitting here twiddling my thumbs tonight.

I love you,

Beverly.

And now, Miss Colbert, for the necessary information to explain these letters: My wife and I were married in 1937. For the past six years we really got along well. About eight months ago I began to want to get into military service and was so restless that I quit my job and enlisted in the Seabees. My wife has sort of resented this all along.

Before I left, in a fit of anger, I made a statement that I regretted later. I told her she couldn't go out any time she wanted to, with anyone she wished. However, I didn't think she would.

Since I left home several months ago, she has gone dancing quite a lot and believes she is in love with another man.

I had a 15-day leave not long ago and we spent it together. We had a wonderful time; however, I wasn't quite natural—jittery and strung-up—knowing she would go back and be with the other fellow.

My wife is 26 and I am 30. She has very nice clothes, a swell personality and is attractive. She is making good money and that may affect things a little, but I don't think so.

I don't believe in sharing my wife's love, yet I hardly know what to do about it. I have told my wife how I feel and she states that she is not going out any more, but she seems unhappy.

Well, can you take it from there, Miss Colbert? I can't quite think it through to the future.

D. M. McD.

Write Claudette Colbert about your problem in care of Photoplay, 8948 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 46, California. If your problem has general interest, she will answer it soon in these pages.

If Miss Colbert's advice has helped you, write and tell her so. The most sincere letter in this "How I Solved My Problem" series wins a $25 War Bond. This month's letter on page 105.

Your wife tells you that she loves you and that the infatuation for the other man is over and it won't return. You must trust her. This is a fundamental of marriage and you must give her the opportunity to prove this to you and to herself. I am sure she will be proud of your trust and not violate it.

With the new understanding between you two, your problem should work itself out.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
I'm 13 and I am writing not so much about myself as about my town. It is so disgusting that it makes me sick. In the first place the city is so far behind the times it is terrible. There is absolutely no recreation of any kind on Sunday and very little at other times, but during the week we are in school so it doesn't matter so much.

We did have a very new and modern bowling alley but it recently burned and it won't be rebuilt for the duration. We have three shows, but they are always closed on Sunday.

We kids get so bored we just about die. Do you have any good ideas to keep us from going nuts?

Francine B.

Dear Francine:
Instead of being disgusted with your town, why don't you set out to put it on the map? All you need is the assistance of a local teacher, the consent of parents and determination.

Somewhere in your town there must be a vacant house or a vacant storeroom which you could use until it is rented. Cleaning and equipping it with the few essentials for turning this building into a clubhouse would keep you busy and interested for a good many months.

Your club should not consist of a small circle but should include all the students in your school. Nor should it be devoted entirely to pleasure. There are innumerable war agencies which would welcome the assistance of an energetic group of high-school students. Clothing could be gathered, mended, cleaned and put into condition to be turned over to any number of War Relief Funds, or the Community Chest. Paper could be gathered and bundled, and supplies for the children's drawing classes could be purchased with the proceeds.

The trouble with most students is that they start a drive halfheartedly and lose interest after a few weeks. If you're going to go into the job of providing a recreation spot for yourselves, and from the earnings of it, something worth while to the war effort, you'll have to enter the project with thoroughness and irresistible enthusiasm.

The best of luck to you.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
After reading your helpful answers to others, I (Continued on page 101)
CARLYN'S LUMINOUS copper-gold hair intensifies the creamy-white look of her fine, smooth skin. This adorable Pond's bride-to-be met her fiancé on the way to South America—where she was going to visit friends, and he to join his parents who live part of the year in Rio, part in New York.

AT U.S.O. CANTEN SHOW'S Carlyn, who leads in dramatics and dancing at her college, helps entertain the boys at the Great Lakes Training Base. "U.S.O. Clubs everywhere need volunteers for all kinds of work," she says. "Maybe you could help, too."

YOU can't quite capture Carlyn's charm in words, but you know she has stolen your heart completely— with her incredibly lovely hair, and the little-girl naturalness of her enchanting smile.

You know, too, that her complexion is especially pretty—smooth, fresh and soft as can be. "Pond's Cold Cream," Carlyn says, "is my beauty cream. It's such a fine, smooth cream you feel it's bound to do nice things for your face."

THIS IS THE WAY CARLYN LOVES TO USE IT...

She Smooths soft, snowy-white Pond's over her face and throat. Pats it with brisk finger tips to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She Rinses with a second soft-smooth Pond's creaming, working the cream round and round her face with little spiral whirls of her fingers. Tissues off again. "Two creamings this way give my face the loveliest, immaculate feeling," she says.

Give your complexion this Pond's beauty care—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups. It's no accident engaged girls like Carlyn, society leaders like beautiful Geraldine Spreckels and Britain's Lady Kinross love Pond's so well. Ask for a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

ASK FOR A BIG LUXURIOUS JAR! Large sizes save glass and manpower. And it's so much quicker to dip finger tips of both hands in the lovely wide Pond's jar.

TODAY—MANY MORE WOMEN USE POND'S THAN ANY OTHER FACE CREAM AT ANY PRICE.
You can see why more and more women prefer Fibs—the Kotex tampon with the smooth, gently-tapered ends for easy insertion. And you'll like the just-right size of Fibs: not too large, not too tiny. Your own eyes tell you Fibs Tampons must be easier to use!

...and Quilting makes Fibs extra safe!

Only Fibs are "quilted"—to give more comfort, greater safety. That's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. And Fibs don't fluff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause irritation, pressure, difficult removal.

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

Favy Emerson, John Garfield in "Between Two Worlds"

ACTION IN ARABIA—RKO: George Sanders plays an American foreign correspondent whose friend is found slain in a Damascus camel market. So, with Virginia Bruce, he uncovers a plot hatched up by the Swaratics boys to incite the Arabs against the Allies. Gene Lockhart is the fat old trapper, Lenore Aubert a shrewish thickskinned, and Robert Armstrong strong goes along for the ride. (May.)

ALLA RABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES—Universal: You can relax at this little number that must have been made just for the fun of it. Jon Hall is the young Calif of Baghdad who joins the band of Forty Thieves and leads them in their daring deeds against the cruel Mongol Khan. Maria Montez is the beauty who's supposed to marry the Khan but instead is captured by Hall. Turhan Bey is the faithful slave. (April.)

BRIDGE OF SAN LOUIS REY, THE—Rogeaut U. A.: Two outstanding performances by Louis Calhern and Akim Tamiroff occasionally highlight this heavy and wearisome story of five people who are plunged to death when the bridge gives way. Donald Woods is the priest who investigates the lives of the five victims. Lynn Bari isn't quite up to her role, nor is Francis Lederer; but Nazimova is excellent. (May.)

BROADWAY RHYTHM—M-G-M: A lavish musical, with George Murphy's dancing, Ginny Simms' singing, Rochester's clowning, Lena Horne's warbling, Tommy Dorsey's tooting, Gloria De Haven's trekking to stardom and Dean Murphy's impersonations. The songs are very good and so is everybody, but we could use a little more story and a few less people. (April.)

BUFFALO BILL—20th Century-Fox: A magnificent Western with color emphasizing the breathtaking beauty of the great West, this tells the life story of Bill Cody, played by Joel McCrea, with all its joys and defeats. Maureen O'Hara is his wife who leaves him, Linda Darnell the young Indian girl. Thomas Mitchell is Bill's newspaper friend and Anthony Quinn and Edgar Buchanan round out the cast. (May.)

CASANOVA IN BURLESQUE—Republic: Joe E. Brown who teaches Shakespearean drama in an exclusive college by day performs as a low comedian in burlesque at night. All goes well until the burlesque queen threatens to expose him just as he's about to launch his Shakespearean festival. June Havoc, Ian Keith and Marjorie Gateson join in the fun. (April.)

Charlie Chan in the Secret Service—Monogram: Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, played well by Sidney Toler, is in Washington this time to solve the murder mystery of the noted inventor of an infernal machine destined to end the U-boat menace. Gwen Keynes, Marjanne Quan and Benson Fong are also in the cast. (April.)

Chip Off the Old Block—Universal: Donald O'Connor meets up with Ann Blyth, member of a theatrical family who have always been allergic to the men in Donald's family, and the attempts of Helen Broderick and Helen Vinson to

(Continued on page 110)

SHADOW STAGE

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

Address Unknown.......................... 20
Adventures Of Mark Twain, The........ 19
And The Angels Sing..................... 115
Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble............ 115
Cobra Woman................................ 20
Hitler Gang, The........................ 21
Home In Indiana.......................... 19
Lumberjack................................ 23
Moon Over Las Vegas..................... 117
Once Upon A Time......................... 21
Pin-Up Girl............................... 22
Rosie The Riveter......................... 116
Seven Days Ashore........................ 23
Show Business............................ 20
Slightly Terrific......................... 22
Song Of The Open Road................... 117
Story Of Dr. Wassell, The................ 19
Tampico..................................... 20
This Is The Life.......................... 118
Trocadero................................. 117
Uncertain Glory.......................... 23
Weird Woman................................ 116
"Want a lovelier Complexion?"

This Beauty care really makes skin softer, smoother'

Veronica Lake

Star of Paramount's
"The Hour Before the Dawn"

"I cover my face generously with the creamy lather, work it in gently, but thoroughly," says lovely Veronica Lake. "I rinse with warm water, splash with cold, pat to dry. A beauty care that works!"

Lux Toilet Soap L·A·S·T·S... It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it
I Go to War

(Continued from page 30) will say goodbye to his folks. He沿 that is to carry him to a new, strange—yes, a frightening life. He looks forward to it with a feeling that is frightening because it's something he finds so hard to imagine.

THE day I said good-by I felt low. It'd be silly to say I felt otherwise. Roddy McDowall, his sister Virginia and Mrs. McDowall—how kind they have been to me!—went with me to the station that morning. So did Sam Leve, my greatest pal. They didn't talk much about what was coming. They kidded and talked about nothing important, but still I knew how they felt.

When I got to the station, I went through some of the usual routine and was then told that I was to come back at four-thirty that afternoon. The McDowalls and Sam had already left. I decided to go back to see Sam. I remember knocking on his door and hearing him yell out, "Who's there?" When he opened the door and saw me, he could only say, "What are you doing here? I thought you'd gone." I spent some time with Sam. He talked to me quietly, the way other boys have been talked to.

"Farley," he said, "hundreds" of other boys have to go in. What they're leaving behind is as important to them as acting, that jaunty and that ranch you want are to you. Their farm is important. Their job as a truck driver is important. Their baby is important. They feel lost, too. But you'll realize—as they will—that the experience you all are to face is bound in some way to enrich your lives, to make you sturdier men. It even may make a better actor of you, kid." He looked straight at me, gripped my hand and said, "I know it's an old bromide, but make the best of it. You'll be glad you did."

After that, I felt better. I would make the best of it. Now, there was a difference. Somehow, I had hope.

Sam and the McDowalls went back down to the station with me at four that day. It was glad Sam was near. And Mrs. McDowall—a mother to so many lovely service men. When I got to the station, I was told that the train wouldn't leave until seven-thirty. More waiting but more time to be with the boys now. It was much to me. Mother and Dad stayed home. I didn't want them to see me off. Dad would have taken it okay, but I couldn't bear to see that wonderful sparkle go out of my mother's eyes. I didn't think any fellow likes good-byes at the station with his folks. It's harder for them and harder for him.

...I wonder if the fellows here in the barracks had that same feeling of pride and loneliness I had while I was waiting for the train to pull out. That fellow next to me probably did. He's writing a letter now and grinning as he writes. The boy next to him is reading a picture magazine and whistling once in a while at some pin-up girl. Another kid is going around showing a paper with scratches and scrawls on it for the tenth time tonight. That was a letter from his two-year-old boy.

I WONDER if I was right in thinking there was too much to do to be serious about any one girl. I could have been with the boys now. But it was more fun just to be with the gang at the Palla- dium. I'd give a million dollars to be there right now! ... No, I wouldn't. It's more important to be here.

It's getting darker. And the nights bring many memories. It is in the night when you have to call upon your hope and your courage. Best thing to do is to fasten on something concrete. My eyes catch sight of the black tie of my uniform, reminds me by contrast of the fancy collection of ties I have at home. Pretty keen, I used to think. Well, there won't be any more added for a while and when there are, maybe they'll be different.

I looked outside and saw the snow. And I remember my first impression of the camp when I arrived...

I just thought, "Gee, it's cold!" I had never seen snow before. It lay over the whole land. It was white and brilliant. And it cut you right through—the cold.

There were a lot of homesick kids that night. I was one of them. You'd hear the voice rolling and toasting. Once in a while, you'd hear a muffled sob. Then we heard taps, that mournful, solemn sound. No fellow ever (Continued on page 74)
they'll be seeing you!

...and you'll be something lovely to look at in one of these wonderful new Jantzen Velva-Lures. "Jan" with the white pique pleated fringe on top is 6.95... "Little Colonel" with white braid marching down the front in circles, 6.95. Both have marvelous Jantzen bras.

Jantzen AMERICA'S SWIM SUIT

BUY MORE WAR BONDS... AND BRING HIM HOME SOONER!
IN always large this swell little men.

The boy with the magazine—well, he's still looking at it and saying once in a while, "Boy!" It's quieter now.

You can't erase homesickness here. Even if you try hard, there is a little of it left always. But you have to fight it. You can fight it by believing hard enough in what is good, by praying a little. You can fight it by keeping things on your mind.

"Things" are usually someone or some moment you can remember. You need someone to have faith in, to go back to when you get lonely. You need to seize upon happiness.

I always say a little quotation I once read—I've forgotten who wrote it—when I get homesick. It goes something like this:

"The three essentials of happiness are something to do, someone to love and something to hope for."

I have something to do—and that is to help in any way I can to get this war over soon. I have someone to love—my folks and my friends. I have something to hope for—that there will be a better world to go back to and a chance to share that better world with those I love and to do the work I love.

All of us here have our own idea of happiness, but I believe our ideas are pretty much the same. All of us are proud to be serving our country. We're young and inexperienced but we've learned to get a new kind of thrill when Old Glory goes up.

The call for "Lights out!" It's dark in here now. Outside it is still and full of echoes. The room is full of memories. Soon we'll all be asleep. There'll be occasional noises to break the stillness. But with the coming of the dawn, we'll begin all over again. Doing our jobs. Confident of our future. Proud of our heritage. We'll come up smiling! The End

---

**FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS**

In Meds' internal protection, dainty women find ALL the features they prefer—and at lower cost!

- Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON for comfort.
- Meds' dainty APPLICATORS make them easy-to-use.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more, so much faster—up to three times its own weight in moisture.
- Meds are carefully designed to satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs.

"Next time," why not try Meds?

(Continued from page 72) hears it without feeling something empty inside.

A couple of nights after I had reached camp, "The Purple Heart" was shown in the theater. Once the fellows knew I was in pictures, they crowded around me and bombarded me with questions.

"Jeze, are you in pictures?"

"What's it like—being in pictures?"

"Did you ever have a date with Lana Turner?—Oh boy!"

"Or with Hedy Lamarr?"

"You lucky stiff—knowing all those glamour babes."

I was in. Yet, I was part of a large group of men. I was no individualist. Most of us want to be individual. We don't like being part of a crowd. But we have to be a part—not a whole. We're a team then, not a bunch of quarterbacks.

The confusion of your first day in camp... the physicals... the assignment of uniforms... the assignment to barracks... the finality of this new life... the expectancy... the readjustment.

It's the readjustment that's rugged. The following of strict schedules. The complete lack of independence. And this readjustment goes on with each succeeding day. All during boot camp. You march and march and swim and do calisthenics. The swimming is swell—I've loved it all my life—and calisthenics are okay because they develop you physically. I'm for that.Anyway, it's all a part of making you grow up, of proving to yourself how much you have within you.

The fellow who was writing his letter and smiling has now put away his pen and paper and turned over on his back. He's looking up at the ceiling. There is nothing around him now. All of the bunks near him are shrouded in a mist. He only sees something in the days gone by. Probably his girl as he last saw her. The fellow with his baby's letter is just staring at the scratchings and scrawls now.
New Popular Shades
At Ease
Honor Bright
Black Red
On Duty
Off Duty
Young Red

OUR GOVERNMENT SAYS: THE MORE WOMEN AT WAR THE SOoner WE'LL WIN

Try and find a lovelier polish at any price

These Women - 1944's best dressed - choose favorite Cutex Shade

More women choose Cutex than any other nail polish in the world
Put Ruffles on Your Life

(Continued from page 56) look at you, then take a look at yourself in the mirror and see if you don’t feel more like enjoying your dinner simply because you look as if you were going to enjoy it!

Today, I think, upon the occasions of weddings, we are neglecting some of the most important ruffles of all. It makes me heartsick every time I hear of a girl’s rushing off to a justice of the peace or making a flying call on the minister without any thought or preparation, just because time is so short. If they would just remember, these eager little brides, that a wedding day should be made fragrant with memories always! Maybe girls do have to be married on short notice and even in strange towns. But they should try to have gay, dainty things to wear. They should remember the dear, silly, sentimental superstitions about “something old, something new”—especially something new.

For certainly if there is any excuse at all for a modest splurge in these days, it’s a wedding. I don’t mean a wedding with a satin train and bridesmaids and organ music. Of course, if grandmother’s ivory satin dress and veil are reposing in a trunk in the atire, by all means bring them down. Otherwise, at least, have a new traveling bag and a new hat with a crisp veil flying, a bright flower on your shoulder, the daintiest negligee you can afford.

It isn’t just for yourself that you must do these things—although I’ll promise you that you’ll have much joy in recalling them years from now. It’s for that uniformed man who will be adoring you that day and who may be a long way away in a little while. You’re piling up memories for him, too, remember.

After he has gone you must remember to keep yourself and your life lovely and dainty, too. He will think of you that way. So that’s the way you must be. Don’t write to him when you are tired and cross and grimy. Wait until you’ve had your shower and put on lipstick and got into a fresh housecoat. You’ll feel better and your feelings will get into your letters.

Doing something, ourselves, about our personal ruffles is important to all of us. I like to wear dirndls and I like them full. When the WPB put a stop to so much material in the ready-made articles, I hied myself to a department store, bought inexpensive material and made my own. I have two of these instead of the three I would have bought ordinarily . . . and they cost much less. But I have the nice, rippling skirts that I enjoy and a sense of satisfaction that is almost smug when I wear them, knowing that I created them.

It reminds me of the early days when my mother dressed her four little girls on the ten dollar check my grandfather sent us each month. She made those dresses herself and they always had the fullest skirts and the biggest bows. She thought it was important for a girl to have one dress that she liked, rather than two or

TWO PROMINENT SOCIETY BEAUTIES TELL

—how to choose your
right summer powder shade

MISS CYNTHIA McADOO, blonde, very charming, and very young, says, "Fair skin like mine turns a rich, rosy tan in summer—and ordinary sun-tan powders show up yellow, especially around the nose and mouth. The shade I love is Pond’s Dreamflower ‘Dusk Rose.’ It has a soft glow that blends marvelously with my tan—makes my skin look smoother! If you’re a blonde, choose Pond’s ‘Dusk Rose’ for summer.”

Pond’s Dreamflower Powder

features 2 gorgeous shades for summer
DUSK ROSE—for rosy-tan blondes
DARK RACHEL for golden-tan brunettes
49¢, 25¢, 10c

Pond’s “LIPS”
— stays on longer

Five wonderful shades that stay on and on. Gay, flower-sprinkled cases—49c, 10c.

MRS. LAWRENCE W. EARLE, a beautiful, starry-eyed brunette says, “Summer sun turns my brunette complexion a golden bronze. My favorite summer powder is Pond’s deep golden ‘Dark Rachel.’ It makes my tan look richer and softer—and never gives that whitish, powdered look. I really think that Pond’s Dreamflower ‘Dark Rachel’ is the ideal shade for sun-tanned brunettes!”

Take a job! The more women at work—the sooner we win!
three skimpy ones that she hated ... even if the one had to be worn until it was threadbare. I'm sure she was right.

If you indulge yourself in a small luxury, just for the sake of brightness in your life, it may spread beyond you. Did you know that?

A friend of mine dug up her treasured flowers to plant vegetables for a Victory garden. She felt very noble until it was all planted and she surveyed the bare little plot. Then she burst into tears and went out and bought a dime's worth of morning-glory seeds which she planted by the fence ... "Just so I can have a few little blossoms!" she explained. The morning-glories burst into wonderful bloom at just about the time her family was exclaiming over the first, magnificent carrots.

A few weeks later her next door neighbor, a dear old lady, said to her, "My dear, I can't tell you how much the morning-glories have meant to my husband ... and to me. You see, he has been ill for many weeks and his windows look out onto your fence. He hadn't seen morning-glories like those since he was a boy, back East. And here were these lovely things to greet him every morning when he woke up. They have really been a blessing!"

You see? Even a little ruffle on the vegetable garden was worth having!

**One luxury everyone enjoys is a present—any little present, whether it is given or received. Walk to work for the sake of your figure and squander the carfare you save on a present for someone. Only don't give them anything "useful." Buy a bright cup and saucer for a breakfast tray, a sachet bag for the linen drawer or a box of herbs for the pantry shelf. Bath salts spell luxury to lots of girls—so do fragrant soaps and bath powders—and they should have them.

And here's a cheering thought: Sometimes our ideas of luxuries are in the long run economies. It's more important to buy a really good girdle than it is to get a cheap one which will wear out in one third the time, thereby causing us to use up three times as much vital war material as we should. The same is true of shoes. And what a satisfaction to have a trim figure—and pretty feet—in doing just what Uncle Sam wants us to do!

Music is almost a necessity to many. Only—you must use some common sense about it.

One mother I know was driven nearly mad by her nearest and dearest because they turned the radio on at any old station and let it go on and on, frazzling everyone's nerves. She began to study the radio "log" in the daily paper to find programs they could all enjoy. She had to consider varying tastes, of course. So she planned programs for the hours when they were all at home, rationing entertainment so each member of the family had a fair share of favorite fare.

I thought I should miss flowers in the house more than almost anything else under war restrictions. But I haven't bought a flower for a year in over a year. There are trees and shrubs around my house and I can fill the nooks and corners with greenery most of the year. I grow bulbs in water. And flower enthusiasts tell us of many charming arrangements that are possible with bare branches and pine cones.

Fun, music and color are, in their way, as important to our well-being as sleep and food. So let us use our ingenuity to create these things for ourselves and for those around us.

Let us, in other words, have some ruffles on our lives!

The End.
...the Permanent of Professional Beauties — Just see! You'll want to stop at every mirror to admire your new found loveliness... after your first HELENE CURTIS Cold Wave. This c-o-o-l permanent does wonders for every type of hair. The soft, lustrous, natural looking, easy-to-manage waves and curls that add so much to the allure of Cover Girl Betty Jane Hess — featured in Columbia Pictures' dazzling musicale "Cover Girl"...can just as surely capture adoration for you.

HELENE CURTIS COLD WAVES: DUCHESS • EMPRESS • VICTORIA • VICTORIA GRAND PRIZE
Lana Alone

(Continued from page 27) Thus, with legal tidiness, she had parted from the boy whom most people in Hollywood believed she deeply loved.

It looked like a graceful-as-usual ending to another of Lana’s love stories until April 25 when Steve Crane turned it into emotional warfare by filing a countersuit also charging “great mental anguish and suffering” from Lana to him and also asking for the custody of the baby.

Steve’s own explanation of this was that he filed suit to be sure he would have Cheryl Christina at least half the time. However, there very likely will be a friendly settlement between them.

The first of their two marriages began, as any headline can prove, with an elopement to Las Vegas, Nevada, on July 17, 1942. They were married that time by the same justice of the peace who had married Lana to Artie Shaw when they had eloped. She was Artie’s third wife. But with impulsive, reckless disregard for his variable romantic history she insisted she would give up her career, if necessary, to go where he went and do what he wished.

Before this could happen—in less than a year—they had separated.

To tie the knot so it will stay tied this time,” Lana ordered the Las Vegas justice. He said he would. But seven months later, January a year ago, Lana filed a suit for annulment. She accused Steve of having failed to obtain a final divorce decree from his former wife, Carol Kurtz, of Indianapolis, when he married her. The charge was true and Lana won her annulment in February 1943.

There was nothing for Lana’s friends to do but be wretched—for Lana, for the baby who was on the way and whose legitimacy was established by a court decree and for Steve who seemed such a nice bewildered boy.

Then, three months later, on March 14, 1943, she and Steve eloped a second time, to Tia Juana, Mexico. And the next morning Steve was inducted into the Army.

They were happy after this. Hollywood said, romantically, that it just proved it was true love. Whenever Steve had leave you saw the young Cranes out dining and dancing together, almost up to the time that little Cheryl made her appearance.

Childbirth is not easy for Lana and when she next appeared in public she was much thinner, but her face had a new kind of glory to it and Steve, in his drab private’s uniform, had that exalted look of the completely happy young husband and father.

It was all super for about ten months; until Steve, given an honorable discharge from the Army due to ill health, suddenly signed an acting contract with Columbia. People said he had the most expensive drama coach in the world, his talented wife. And all of this seemed all right with Lana, working on “Marriage Is A Private Affair,” and attending all the previews smilingly and on Steve’s arm.

Now, however, the Hollywood whispering chorus insists that Lana never was so pleased about these statements, that she felt she had been used as a ladder, so to speak, for Steve’s ambitions—that he got his entry into movies through her and was using her talent to augment his own.

Columbia hearing these whispers, insists Steve tried assiduously not to use Lana’s fame as a ladder; further, that he is very talented and they consider him a real find.

In spite of all Lana says about living quietly it is, of course, fantastic to think that she will. For it is impossible to look at Lana without thinking of love. She typifies living romance. And love in her life, as in the lives of so many beautiful women, has a way of being turbulent.

Before Tony there was Tony Martin of the magnificent sensuous voice and so little apparent acting ability, who recently had been divorced from Alice Faye. No one ever really knew what separated Lana and Tony, for they unquestionably were in love.

Before Tony and before Artie Shaw, when Lana was just beginning to make the grade in the studios, there was Greg Bautzer, the young lawyer who is now in service and married to another girl. Lana was so in love with Greg that her every sentence was spangled with his name. You used to see her haunting the telephone on the lot, waiting for Greg to call her, and see tears in her eyes when

Why the news of Lana Turner and Steve Crane’s separation was a bit of a surprise to Hollywood: This is the way they looked just a few short weeks before at the Tropicadero.

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With all their hidden “tempered steel” strength, HOLD-BOB tapered Bob Pins are flexible. See how smoothly they hold your lovely hair do! And never fear, once they have in their firm embrace, they won’t lie go.

HOLD-BOBS are the only bob pins with this patented “flexible-firm” construction. Ask for them by name, as you do other beauty accessories. Say “HOLD-BOB”, for better Bob Pins. If your dealer is out of them temporarily, he will have some very soon.

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Tapered from tips to powerful round-wire head, with 5 crimps, HOLD-BOB Bob Pins go on easily and stay in! Satin smooth enamel finish. Smooth round end for hair protection.

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THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO. CHICAGO
he frequently forgot. Those who know Lana best always insist it was those telephone calls Greg forgot to make that caused the break-up and not the fact that he insisted she give up her career if they tried.

Undoubtedly Lana was referring to Greg Bautzer and Tony Martin and Artie Shaw and Steve Crane one day not too long ago when she said, so simply, "I've asked my nose a few times and yet I'm glad I've lived as I have. I can't believe anything very awful happens to you as long as you know the things you stood for were true and generous when you experienced them." Thus spoke Lana standing alone.

It is difficult to say where a man strong enough and imaginative enough to conquer her ambition and her wild hungry heart will come from in these many days. Even in pre-war times strong men shied away from glamour girls and the role of Miss Star's husband.

But it all went on along. And if it isn't within the next six months Hollywood—knowing that Nature doesn't waste such charms as Lana's—will be surprised.

The End

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Mr. Rancher, take the time to find out about the new—

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For telephone and personal service call your local Quest Powder Sewing Agency.

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QUEST POWDER

GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

—When you have begun to think of Mr. McCrea as a leatherpounder, 'dobe-dust' sage rider, prepare for a new view of him.

He attends, with perfect poise and a cold-eyed attention to detail, each of Adrian's seasonal fashion shows.

Like most husbands, he has definite ideas about the clothes that are attractive for his wife. When he and Frances Dee were first married he always complimented her upon any garment he really liked and remained silent about those he found unappealing.

"Why are you so quiet tonight, Joel?"

"Oh, am I quiet?"

"I'll bet you don't like this hat."

"Mmm. I don't go much for feathers."

"Don't you like this dress either?"

"Maybe I'm wrong, but I like to see you wear tailored things rather than fussy stuff."

Mrs. McCrea sighed. "After this, I'll never buy anything until you see it and approve. I've a good notion to make you select my clothes—it's a chore I've always hated."

"Okay, I'll do it."

Announcing from that day on, Joel has chosen Frances' wardrobe.

He likes trim suits, usually in beige or brown. Tailored hats with a simple ribbon band and a fairly wide brim appeal to him. But he has also been known to bring home a blazing Roman-striped housecoat, or a cardboard shirtmaker's frock. This makes him exceedingly popular with Miss Dees.

His popularity is also great with his two young sons, Joel Dee (called Jody) and David, whom he has reared in the frontier traditions of his youth. Recently a new housekeeper was employed at the ranch. The second morning of her stay she came breathlessly to Joel to say, "There's a gun on the dresser in your bedroom. With two small boys in the house, that's flying in the face of providence. Do put that awful thing away."

Joel grinned. "You don't have to worry about either of the boys touching that gun," he explained. "They've been taught, since they were tykes, to leave firearms alone."

They have been taught, also, that instant obedience is a farm law for survival.

When Jody was three he came strolling across the barnyard toward his father, importantly carrying a roll of wire for the fence Joel was mending. "Don't walk behind the colt," the father cautioned. "Walk along the fence. It may take a little longer, but it's much safer."

Jody grinned and started back for another coil of wire. He walked with the fine braid of boyhood within a few inches of the colt's heels. The colt, a bit of a show-off himself, lifted one foot and gave the young man a clout in the stomach, knocking him endwise and breathless.

Joel went on with his work, saying merely, "The next time you'll listen to me."

Jody, in turn, imparted the same general wisdom to kid brother David, so that the two of them have grown up in the tradition of few words and action.

One afternoon recently the three McCrea men were cutting across the corner of a field when Jody saw several hundred pounds of wheat and horn bearing down upon them.

"Bull!" he yelled. He and David rolled under the fence while Joel leapt over. The boys have been so well trained that they made even better time than their father did.

Take a Thrilling Journey

with Paulette Goddard

to our fighting men in India and China. Watch for her own story of this recent exciting trip in August Photoplay.
This winter Joel gave the boys orders, one day, to stop playing at one particular spot on their way home from school. "Don't loiter there," he said crisply without amplifying the statement in any way.

The boys thought over the instruction without much favor, but obeyed. At the end of the week, Joel took the two lads out to the place where they previously had played to show them the remains of seven huge rattlesnakes he had caught there in a gopher trap during seven days time. "This is the reason I didn't want you playing around here," he explained.

Somewhat awed, Jody said quickly, "We knew you had a good reason and that you'd tell us about it when you were ready."

Between the three McCrea men there is a pleasant, rather inarticulate comradeship. On Jody's ninth birthday he was given a .22 and told that it was deadly for a distance of a mile. Joel then taught Jody to evaluate a mile; taught him to take precaution before he touched the trigger and taught him marksmanship. One day thereafter, Joel, spotting a huge gray squirrel, took a quick shot at it, missing. Jody steadied his rifle, took careful aim, fired and hit the squirrel squarely in the head. Neither of them said anything as they walked over to collect their trophy, but it was quite evident that Jody was having trouble keeping his face straight.

In addition to being a successful rancher, actor, husband and father, Joel McCrea is a human being who lives comfortably with himself. There isn't an artificial notion in his head. It is easy to understand why they say in Hollywood, "He's one of the greatest guys ever to set foot on a sound stage or to swing into a Western saddle."

**The End**

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Distaff side of McCrea, Inc: Frances Dee, Joel's wife, takes a turn with Don Ameche on CBS's Lux Radio Theater
Getting Personal on Your Personality

Here's how to score yourself for the quiz on page 47. Give yourself 5 points for each "Yes" answer to obtain your percentage on the test. After you do that look for your rating below by comparing your score to the nearest figures it matches. Read the rating under those figures as your own. And for your sake—here's hoping.

75 to 100%
Your personality does cut a good figure. It has oomph, is well-rounded, smooth and most pleasant. You're an open-eyed and open-minded individual who likes to go right to the heart of everything. You like life and live life.
You're a real go-getter and have harnessed your habits to do your bidding rather than being a slave to them. You look at yourself objectively—something most people are afraid to do—weed out your blind and unpleasant points and find some sort of remedy for them. But don't let all these compliments stir up any undue and unbecoming airs of superiority.
You don't show it, but you dislike people who nag and scold, ostracize and expel, forgive icily and maneuver or connive by underhand means to get what they want. Understanding yourself makes it easy for you to see through the machinations of others. But you never let it upset you. In general your circle of friends is a selected body of people who have passed the rigid test of your analyzing eyes and mind. You'll always get along and always land on your feet.

50 to 70%
Does your personality cut a good figure? Well, its not exactly well-proportioned, smooth, or round. It has its nice sides, yes, but there are a few corners—sharp ones, too—that could be filed down and smoothed off. You know it too, don't you?
How about that tendency to bristle, get your back up, when you think someone's offended you? Why not grin more and let some of those things slide off your back? Too much pride and ego is your trouble. Why not look at your worst sides and get a good laugh and maybe you'll not be so hard on those who would criticize you on occasion.
You are not afraid to make an error and usually ready and quick to admit it. Don't linger over it, though. Life is too short for that sort of thing. Watch out, too, for an occasional tendency to go about in mute reproach like a wounded doe in order to win the sympathy of someone who's been harsh with you.
Generally you have what it takes to win the popularity and affection of your friends, you can carry your share of the load when there's work to be done—and like to make every deal a square one. Good enough—but did you read the first rating?

45% or Less
Hello ostrich! It's a good name, too. Your personality tries to keep you in hiding from the world right in full view of everyone. Come on now—you know it too, to laugh at that yourself.
Of course you're sensitive. You've never given yourself a chance to toughen up. Throw away all those pet illusions, those personal reactions, and stop running away from reality and facts. By facing facts you begin to face the people around you and learn what makes them tick. You've been so concerned about yourself it should be a wonderful background for analyzing others. You'll like it, if you'll only try it.
Haven't you become a sort of "Alibi"? No one is perfect and we'd all go crazy if we tried to be. Fess up now and then and laugh it off.
You've got a lot of pent up energy that's just frettin' to go places and do things but it will just waste away all cramped up inside like that—so let loose and come on out into the open. There isn't much you can't do if you put your mind to it because your memory and ability to assimilate knowledge outdo most people's.
You have the ability to concentrate to exclusion of outside distractions, but you need some hobbies and sports to help you to a change of pace. Your personality is all angles. Smooth it out a little so others can get next to you and appreciate your real worth. Maybe you don't think it's worth the effort. We do!
(Continued from page 43) Next Andy Hardy picture you will see the recorded height measurements of Mickey (Andy) Rooney. We measured Mickey in one of the early Andy Hardy's," Stone said recently. "The boy is probably an inch taller than he was six years ago but no more. Mickey jokes about his size at times—but don't let this fool you. He'd give plenty for an additional foot.

Frank Sinatra, that super-duper swooner-crooner, dislikes being on the short side even more, if possible, than Mickey. Some time ago, on the set of "Manhattan Serenade" tiny Gloria De Haven appeared wearing a very cute but very high hat. Frankie took one look. He couldn't, he told the director, do the scene unless Gloria changed her headgear. "Why?" asked the director. "Because it would make me look so small!" said Frankie, with that directness which is part of his charm. The director hesitated. Frankie didn't. He walked off the set and waited until Gloria changed to something flatter and, for Frankie, more flattering.

Gloria, no doubt, owes much of her good fortune to the fact that she is as tiny as she is—otherwise she might not have gotten her role with Frankie or find herself so often in Mickey's company or thoughts.

Mickey and Frankie aren't alone in being sensitive about physical shortcomings. There's Errol Flynn, who doesn't laugh at any jokes about his 4F classification. Seven times Errol has been examined and turned down. It wasn't funny to him even the first time.

There are also all the gentlemen—Boyer, Benny, Crosby, Astaire and Aherne—who perspire under toupees because their manly tresses aren't what they used to be. Otherwise their shiny pates do not trouble them. They never wear their toupees in public and are all quite casual about the whole thing, with the exception of one— you guess which one—who gives you the frozen treatment if you refer to his increasingly tall forehead by word or look. We'll give you one clue regarding this gentleman . . . he isn't Charles Boyer.

Charles accepts his thinning locks with a Continental nonchalance. He is forty-five, he says, and must expect such things. The subject upon which Charles is really sensitive is fresh air. He detects it and sleeps with his bedroom windows tightly closed.

Which reminds us of the famous actor, now in the Army, who enjoyed his spot as Hollywood's number one wearer of false teeth. He used to bring out his dentures and flourish them just for the fun of seeing the astonished look on any new faces. His phony molars haven't hampered his heroism, incidentally.

Claudette Colbert's sinuses are her sore spot. (Fun intended!) Not because Claudette loathe to have anyone know she isn't one hundred percent vim and vigor. Because of her husband. Claudette, you know, is married to Doctor Joel Pressman, distinguished nose and throat specialist. She's afraid it might be considered a reflection upon his ability that she has, for years, suffered with the prevalent California brand of sinus trouble.

Also, unless you're equipped with adequate armor to risk this weak spot in Bette Davis's armor—don't mention the name of Willie Wyler. Wyler, now a colonel in the Army, directed Bette in some of her biggest successes, among them "The Little Foxes." It was after this picture, you may remember, that Wyler gave out with a sizzling interview in which he called Bette every temperamental So-and-So in the world and insisted he wouldn't direct her...
again for a million dollars. Judging by Bette's immediate and violent reaction even to an inadvertent mention of his name, W. W. needn't worry; he never again will get the chance.

M ARIA MONTEZ is sensitive—supersensitive—about anything of which Jean Pierre Aumont might disapprove. When he was here, before he joined de Gaulle's forces in Africa to fight as well as he could and however he could for his beloved France, Maria would study her reflection in the mirror just before she was ready to go out and if she decided Jean Pierre might disapprove of her appearance she would dress all over again. Now, that he is across the sea she is meticulous about her conduct. It is not her nature to sit at home, quietly, alone. However, she accepts only the most circumspect invitations. Somehow, someway she hopes to have an opportunity to entertain African troops in the near future and see Jean Pierre in the bargain. Intimate, even in the most obviously joking way, that any wolf who prowls the Hollywood boulevards considers her as prey and Maria will turn on you with typical Montez fury. She knows how far an idle word can reach, even to Africa.

Perhaps the sorest of Hollywood's many sore spots is the question "How old are you?" Should you ask it, don't expect an honest answer. And duck—just in case something should fly in your direction.

Ronald Colman, going on fifty, even if he doesn't look it, dislikes being reminded of his birth date. Like half a dozen other gentlemen we could mention, Ronnie would be well satisfied to remain—for public records—in his forties.

The Hollywood girls prefer to remain—publicly—in their thirties. Claudette Colbert has told us she is the only woman she knows in the entire film colony who admits to being over thirty-five. And a month or two ago when Tallulah Bankhead admitted within these pages to being over forty, columnists and radio commentators picked it up. At least it was a novelty.

And then Miss Dunne, even according to Hollywood reporters who love her best, is frightful "copy" because she won't talk about anything that might, by any stretch of the imagination, date her. Several years ago, when Irene and her Doctor Griffin were celebrating their fifteenth year of wedded bliss, her press agent in giving details of the party to a columnist said: "Please don't mention it's their fifteenth anniversary. Just say it is an anniversary and let it go at that."

If you want to make Ginger Rogers as gingery as her nickname add a few years to her registered age—which is thirty-three—and detract a few years from the age of her Marine mate, Jack Briggs. There is a lady in Hollywood who does not like Ginger—to put it politely. Every time she mentions Ginger she adds from one to five years to her registered age and subtracts a few years from Jack's. Ginger admits she is older than her Marine. But she insists she is not old enough for a wheel chair, nor is Jackie young enough to join up with theobby-sucks crowd.

Ann Sothern, Norma Shearer, Roz Russell and Greer Garson will thank you to not to remember they are more than three husbands. Greer in particular. She quite forgets her British suavity when she explains she isn't so old as some of the characters she portrays for the films. But definitely! Joan Crawford will admit to a birthday once a year but her age has remained stationary for some time—in the early thirties.

Age, however, is only one of Joan's sen-
HOME CANNERS!

Follow Instructions

Clip the chart below and follow it step by step and your canning success is assured. It's an easy way to supply your family with a variety of fruits and vegetables, nourishing and rich in flavor.

\[\text{Instructions for Using Ball No. 10 Glass Top Seal Closures (Glass lid and metal band)}\]

1. Examine top edge of Jar. This must be smooth, even and clean to assure perfect seal.


3. If processing (cooking in Jar), leave 1 inch space in top of Jar. If using Open Kettle, leave ½ inch space in top of Jar.

4. Turn bands tight, then loosen about ¼ turn. Bands must fit loosely during processing (cooking). Important: This must be done to insure best results. If using Open Kettle, screw bands tight as soon as Jar is filled.

5. After processing, screw bands tight to complete seal. Remove bands 12 hours after canning. Do not turn filled Jars upside down.

6. Place lid so rubber lies between lid and top edge of Jar.

\[\text{Instructions for Using Ball Vacu-Seal Closures (Two-piece metal cap)}\]

1. Examine top edge of Jar. This must be smooth, even and clean to assure perfect seal.


3. If using in Steam Pressure Cooker, or Hot Water Bath, leave 1 inch space in top of Jar. If using Open Kettle, leave ½ inch space in top of Jar.

4. Fit wet rubber gasket around projection on under side of lid.


6. Test Seal after Jar is cold by pressing on lid with finger. If there is no "give" and center of lid is "drawn down," Jar is sealed. To open—puncture lid and pry off.

---

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Everything's Jaeckel

(Continued from page 36) herein is "unimportant," "purely incidental" and in a nice, polite, boyish way—nobody's business. Dick, christened Richard Hanley, is the heir to the Jaeckel fur fortune—yet you can run through Hollywood with a rake and not find another person so unmoved by his riches. The mail boy job he held at Fox was quite in line with others he held all through school—grease-monkey in a garage, fountain boy, bundle wrapper, to mention just a few. During his years at Hollywood High he was a kid who held his own on the basketball floor or on the swimming team and after playtime was over he went out and held his own at real jobs of work, also. As for the fact that at home he was the young lord of what he surveyed; with a Chinese houseboy and other servants to wait on him if he wished it—well, his team mates soon forgot it, because if you want to stay friends with Dick you don't talk about that.

His major concern when he was asked to sign a picture contract was that he might lose his standing with his fellow employees in the mail room. Being under age, his mother's consent was needed for the signing. It happened that at the time, the Jaeckels had closed their home because of the servant shortage and moved to the Beverly Hills Hotel. Dick, giving this swank address, thought "Mother could be called to the phone there." Which is how it happened that the lovely, very smart and very social Millicent Jaeckel was first listed on the studio directory as "Maid, Beverly Hills Hotel". Being a pal, she played along with the mistake for several weeks.

After "Guadalcanal!" was completed and its young sensation brought back from the soda fountain to the studio, there was a period of inactivity to be filled in before work began on "Wing And A Prayer." Just enough time to hitchhike to Mexico, decided Dick to a friend. The trip could have been made in style because there was a beautiful new 1942 Ford, ordered by his mother just in time to beat the priorities, standing in his garage. Instead, the boys got chummy with a Mexican trucker and worked their way down, loading and driving for six pesos a day.

On their return Dick asked his mother if he could sell the new Ford. It was too shiny and too ostentatious. He bought a well-worn "36—"the kind of car a fellow could immediately feel friendly toward—and put the large difference in price in the bank. Of course the balance has since disappeared, bit by bit, for muffs, spotlights, horns and other gadgets, but things like this indicate interest rather than too much principality.

So far as his suddenly acquired glamour and fame as a screen actor—well, that's something his best friends don't discuss either. Before joining the grease-painters, actors as a group held little appeal for him. Now a few "regular fellows" like Lloyd Nolan, Preston Foster and Bill Eythe have won his respect.

"I like them because they don't pay too much attention to themselves," he says. "They don't have to be big-shots to be happy."

On the other hand, there is the certain young romantic lead he bumped into at Arrowhead who "mugged and posed and hammed all over the place" and so long as there are actors like that still around, he's going to withhold his approval from the class as a whole.

Perversely, it was the "hams" he has seen on stage, on screen and off, who helped him to success in his very first camera venture. "I thought of all the
nuggets I have watched," he explains, "and I made up my mind that I might not be good, but by gosh I'd be natural! If I couldn't do something without feeling posy about it, I'd tell the director and ask him to let me do it another way. I did, several times, and Mr. Seiter was always swell about it—which helped a lot."

With just that one picture to his credit, this seventeen-year-old's fan-photo requests have climbed up to second on the lot. First is that pin-up queen Betty Grable, who is still a few thousand requests per week ahead of him, but the next biggest stack of dimes and quarters come from the younger feminine set who are willing to give up their chewing-gum money for a photo of their new favorite. This, too, leaves him appreciative but unimpressed. It's not that fame has caught up with him too fast—it's just that he's too far ahead of it. He knows that his generation has fallen heir to a serious job—and he's impatient to be at it.

Dick's choice of the Merchant Marine branch of service is a natural one, combining his love of activity, of travel and of the water. He first put out to sea at the age of four, making three separate voyages in one day—and rating three separate spankings as a result. The place of embarkation was the Jaquekel summer home at Long Island, New York, and the occasion was his governor's day off.

"There was a deep canal in back of the house," his mother remembers, "and Hanley, as we called him then, was never allowed to go near it. I was driving back from the village when I happened to see a sort of old, tired-looking rowboat out on the water, with a little mite of a child all alone in it. I nearly fainted when I recognized the child as my own.

"I don't know where he got the boat, but anyhow we got him out of it and then I gave him a really hard spanking. I wanted to scare him so he'd never try it again. Just a little later I had to make another brief run to the village for something and when I passed the canal there—was Hanley again. The tears from the first spanking were hardly dry on his face, but I gave him another—ever harder.

"This time I was sure he was cured—but bang, the minute I turned my back we had trip number three and spanking number four."

You can lead a determined sailor away from the water, but you can't make him shrink. During the intervening fourteen years Dick's ambitions haven't changed a bit, although his taste now runs to something bigger in boats. Since the age of five he has been putting a part of his allowance into books and always they are tomes with the flavor of salt water in their pages. He knows the Navy's insignia like an admiral—and he knows the admirals, too, complete with all their battles. And once he sets foot on a ship, says he, he's not going to get off it until he's gone places.

Another of the likeable characteristics of this solid young citizen is his absolute frankness. Although he detests talking about himself, his possessions or his achievements, he doesn't dodge when you ask for his opinions. He has little patience with people who can't be punctual and none whatsoever with people who cancel engagements. With the Spartan outlook of youth he sets rigid rules for himself and also for his acquaintances. Especially wrong, he believes, is the habit picture-makers have of telling a player he won't be needed on a certain day and then, after he has made other plans, calling him to work. This puts a fellow in the position of having to ask his friends to cancel their arrangements—a thing he won't do, and

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isn't afraid to tell anybody from A (for assistant director) to Z (for Zanuck). Yet, since there is nothing but candor in his straight blue gaze, you couldn't possibly dislike him during the telling.

SEVENTEEN years isn't a long span to look back on, but thinking it over carefully Dick can't ever remember having been afraid or embarrassed or disappointed. He's learned his lessons, but the teaching has been mostly a pleasant process.

The nearest he ever came to nervousness was when he had to stand up in front of the microphone at his picture's premiere and "say a few words." The words he really wanted to say were, "I wish I were home," but he managed something better, even though his chin threatened to start shaking. He avoided this possibility when "Guadalcanal Diary" was presented on Cecil B. DeMille's theater of the air, by chewing gum all during the broadcast—which, incidentally, was much better since the nervousness then passed on to Mr. DeMille.

When not working he's generally swimming. Other enthusiasms include basketball, football and dancing—in moderation. When he leaves home for more than a couple of days he takes along a metal bar that is standard equipment for the doorway of any room in which he may be sleeping and every night before retiring he chins himself on it at least a dozen times.

His nickname among his athlete pals is "L. K.," standing for Loton King, because of the many bottles whose contents he applies daily (and usually leaves the tops off of). Pomades, liniments and cool-smelling face-rubs—and all used strictly for neatness and well-being; yet if some manufacturer ever got a look at his glowing pinkly-tanned young skin, he could sell more complexion aids than Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth or any of the Hollywood lovelies.

While his daily wardrobe runs to sport shirts and the informal sort of corduroys that really aren't broken in until they have a good bag at the knees, his "stepping out" attire is both elegant and imaginative. Flamboyant sport coats are all right but the ties that go with them must be solid color for contrast and of good material.

Girls? Well, right now there's safety in numbers. He likes them all—except the kind that scream.

Serious romance—like acting—will have to wait until he has helped settle a few of the more important things going on in this world.

THE END
Portrait of a Minister's Son

(Continued from page 54) of “Howdy!” He wore braces on his teeth the year before he was signed by Samuel Goldwyn. He is bored by soccer games.

He doesn’t gamble.

He has lived, due to his father’s ministerial calls, in Louisville, Kentucky; Waelde, Rockdale, San Antonio, Uvalde and Huntsville—all in Texas.

He gave a magnificent performance in “The Purple Heart” in the opinion of your portraitist.

He reads an average of a book a month.

He is not bothered by great heights, thinks the relationship of money to happiness entirely too exaggerated, and occasionally smokes a pipe when feeling particularly relaxed.

He worked as a plumber’s apprentice between high school and college, a training he has since never put to use. His favorite columnists are Drew Pearson and Samuel Grafton.

He uses all fingers on the typewriter, employing a touch system which he never studied and drinks coffee only at breakfast.

DANA ANDREWS’ first professional appearance was actually carrying a spear in “Anthony And Cleopatra” at the Pasadena Playhouse, where he eventually worked up to leads. He has no faith in fortune tellers.

His dominant ambition is “just to be a good actor.”

He is very proud of the huge camellias he raise. He hitchhiked late in 1951 to Los Angeles, upon getting started as a singer or actor. His favorite hero is Lincoln, whom he considers “the greatest American.”

He majored in law, psychology, English and basic business administration at college.

He would give a lot to own “Raffles,” the talking bird brought to this country by explorer Carveth Wells.

He likes picnicking, football, A. J. Cronin, and hamburgers with onions. He used to have a bad case of nerves but finally “got it out of his system.”

He is not a collector of anything.

He is an excellent horseman and would like someday to play the role of George Washington in a screen version of “Valley Forge,” a role he played on the stage. His mother, Anice Speed, is of Irish stock.

He feels so violently about bad drivers that he once ran a road hog against the curb, jerked the driver out—only to discover that he was a good book and a glass of beer.

He is forever saving mementoes which ultimately take up so much room that he throws them away; he never saves the things he really wants.

He admires most in his wife her keen sense of humor and innate honesty.

He invariably stays in the shower for thirty minutes, changing from hot to cold water.

He idolized Red Grange as a schoolboy and remembers keenly the very humble circumstances of life as a Baptist minister’s son. He rarely goes to a night club.

He is a great advocate of the working man and has often bought time for him in a newspaper.

Dana Andrews is thirty things ultimately; when he was eighteen, suddenly, he was excited; shut up like a clam when confronted by bias and prejudice. He used to

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raid the icebox before retiring but had to curb the habit on account of his weight. His hair and eyes are brown.

He is not impulsive, never uses a cigarette holder and flunked in geography because he was eternally getting the states mixed up.

He doesn't like ale.

He sleeps half the night on his stomach and the other half on his right side. He is such a quick study that he never looks at his dialogue before going on the set. He is an able manager of his own business.

His wife gave up acting when she married him on November 17, 1939. He learned to cook as a necessity in helping take care of the family when he was a boy and he is proud of the biscuits, pies and roasts he used to make.

He considers his most satisfying acting job his role in "Swamp Water." He never attends a preview of his own pictures.

He is a fair chess player, which was taught him by Anthony Quinn. He hasn't sat at a soda fountain for five years; he longs for "malted milks as they make 'em in Texas."

He always suffers stage fright.

He doesn't like lobster, has a daughter by his present wife and would like to have another son and daughter, making four in all. He remembers the license plate of his car—55-Z-984, but only because he's had it for three years.

He is sorry he ever appeared in "Berlin Correspondent."

His favorite holiday celebration is New Year's Eve on which occasion his closest friends gather and help him celebrate his birthday. He likes basketball, abalone and motoring in California's San Gabriel Canyon.

Dana Andrews worked in a gasoline filling station in Van Nuys, California, for three years where he was discovered by a total stranger who became interested in his possibilities, invested in his career to the extent of paying Dana a living salary while he studied voice and drama at the Playhouse.

Dana now lives in a lovely modern house of his own designing situated about three miles from the same filling station. He is a fair tennis player.

He enjoys personal appearances and speaks no other language although he can handle foreign dialogue entirely devoid of accent. He has four brothers who are schoolteachers.

He cherishes his mental picture of the ivy-covered main building of Sam Huston College because it has the greatest meaning for him. He is not given to the Hollywood practice of inviting all and sundry to his parties, preferring a small group of ten to sixteen of his closest friends.

He frequently takes long walks into the Santa Monica mountains which are almost in his back yard.

His home is smart without ostentation, designed in primary colors and he believes that following a planned pattern for one's life, always being ready to make compromises, is the only feasible way to make the journey. "It would be tragic if everything came out as we planned it."

He is perpetually carrying on a chess game with James Gleason by mail.

He likes to match his ties with his socks.

He is very fond of a California red wine called carignan, is a devotee of John Charles Thomas, Lawrence Tibbett, Paul Robeson and Marian Anderson and has an amazing memory for names, once, while on a Bond-selling tour, naming eighty-five strangers by name soon after meeting them.

He is such a passionate shopper that he
He and his wife enjoy many things in common—horses, tennis, hiking, movies, symphonies, picnicking. He once thought he might be a playwright but he never completed a play.

He is determined that someday he shall read all of Dickens, but when he is in the mood he invariably re-reads "David Copperfield." He is very unsystematic, a gesture of rebellion against his orderly training as an accountant.

He was thirteen years old when he got into a fist fight with a boy who had been needling him. He struck the first blow but he was promptly knocked down and the fight ended.

He wishes his wife wouldn't always want him to go home before he's ready to go home—"even though she's right."

His favorite American author is Mark Twain; he studied voice under Maestro Bragagetti and Florence Russell; and when he was thirteen and a half years old in Uvalde, Texas, he ran away from home, went to San Antonio to get a job so that he could materially help his parents. He returned, disappointed and embarrassed, because he couldn't get a job.

Dana Andrews' most vivid and lasting impression of a home is of the parsonage in Rockdale, a two-story frame house of the 1910 vintage.

He visited it fifteen years after he had lived there, going fifty miles out of his way. His sentimental journey found him wandering around the house, recalling his early memories. He suddenly remembered a childhood hiding place, asked permission of the current tenants to investigate and underneath the ground floor, between a central beam and the floor, he found undisturbed after fifteen years things he had cached there—a monkey wrench, a jackknife and a mess of marbles.

The End

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“Oh boy, Pepsi-Cola—must be another American convoy overhead.”

(Continued from page 50) This is the story he tells: He was working for General Motors in Houston, Texas, as a collector of delinquent accounts. He was still using his real name of James Henry Meador and it was the best job he had had in a vigorous career that included selling papers, being a pro football player, a two-boxer and a husky hand in the oil fields. His being in Texas was no accident. Nothing Jim does is an accident. He had got to Texas originally via the athletic scouts who swarmed over him in Tennessee while he was still in high school. He was only sixteen when he was graduated but he was just as big as he is now. Where upon the athletic scouts had him hide out at a small junior college for nearly two years, so his skeleton would get a little more narrow in it. At the end of this time he took the best offer he got: the football team at Rice Institute.

He did all right there, athletically, scholastically and financially. By the end of two college years, he had had enough of it and he sought more greenback pastures. That’s where the pro sports career came in and the Texas oil fields.

“Then I got the chance to be head of the sales promotion department at General Motors,” Jim says. “I liked the idea but after I had been there awhile I asked the boss what he earned. He’d been there for years and was the firm’s big shot. He announced his salary with considerable pride—$10,000 a year.”

Jim began doing some serious thinking. He didn’t think like Mr. Rodin’s little boy, a mere hunk on a rock. He did his thinking in a movie show. It gave him an idea; like Sinatra listening to Crosby and deciding he could do that, too.

Big Jim

So James Henry Meador came West and became James Craig. His sultry face beneath his ebony black hair, his ironic observant eyes, his stevedore’s shoulders and the giant’s height of him acted as automatic passports to every casting office. Everything was all platinum and contracts until he opened his mouth and his drawl began coming at the casting directors through five layers of corn pone and magnolia blossoms.

“Get rid of that accent!” cried the c.d.’s. “Then come back and see us again.”

Jim went back to Houston and after a year he so thoroughly packed the you-all influence that you now can’t find a slurred R in a week of his conversations. When he returned to Hollywood, he fell in love. That wasn’t in his calculations, but when you see Mary Craig you know why she upset them. She’s something very exciting to come home to, this Mary Craig. She’s blonde to his darkness. She’s very tiny and slim to the bruising hulk of him. She has a luscious, spoiled mouth and stormy eyes and her nose is as cute as Myrna Loy’s.

James Jr. was born just before Pearl Harbor and let’s get one thing straight; right here, for the record. Much has been written about Jim’s calling Junior “the Bub.” Well, if Jim ever did call him that, he doesn’t now. He calls him “Son” and the way he says it makes bells ring in your heart.

“Even before he was born, I knew he’d be a boy,” Jim explains. “He simply had to be. I wanted a son so much.”

Jim is not working the ranch because of wanting to provide future wealth for his son. He does this as an outlet to his restlessness due to the fact that he isn’t as

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yet, a fighting man. Sure, he might have enlisted, but like many another young father, he has been held back by the wish to provide a little better for his wife and child before leaving them. For all of his success, he is still a long way from the big income brackets. What's more he isn't positive, because of a couple of football injuries, whether he could pass the Army physical.

"The ranch squares up with my conscience a bit," he says. "I put a couple of hundred chickens and scores of dozens of eggs on the market weekly." That's supposed to be necessary war work.

He works on the ranch daily, even when he's working on a picture. The ranch house burned last year, so now he has a home in Westwood Village, not far from M-G-M, and commutes to the ranch by motorcycle. His ration board granted him enough gas to go by car, but he feels that isn't fair, so he slings a couple of saddle-bags containing a homemade lunch over the cycle and away he roars just after dawn to return just before sunset.

At the ranch there are two pinto ponies, Punch and Judy, and Jim rides them alternately on his rounds. Characteristically, when the ranch house caught fire, Jim didn't go berserk. The first thing he did was to throw the phone receiver out the window and onto the lawn. Thus, later, when the fire was under control, he was able to phone the studio and say he would be late to work.

The only flaw in this picture is that Mary hates California as much as Jim loves it and loathes the ranch in proportion to his worship of it. She was born in Maryland and brought up in Washington, D. C., and snow and seasons are what she craves. "Why that ranch doesn't look at all like a farm," she sputters. "There aren't any trees or even a brook and no matter where you look you can see houses."

Jim just grins when Mary says that, and, watching them, you know that the way he likes things is the way they are going to be and that Mary knows that, too.

Jim asks, "Do you know what it is to watch things growing, to be around when the horses are in foal and the cows are having their calves? That's when you know you are alive and that there's some reason for it."

Men who are money-mad don't talk that way. And they rarely speak about the talent that earns their income with such frankness as did Jim not long ago.

"The studio kept telling me to get some acting tricks," he was saying. "I began going to see every movie Cary Grant was in, because I think he's the best actor of all. It was just as I began thinking maybe I'd go to a drama coach for additional technique that they cast me with Margaret O'Brien. Now that little girl can't even read, so what could she know about technique? But she's an actress, a very great actress and a very great star. So I decided if I could keep the simplicity and sincerity of Maggie, I'd do okay."

He'll do okay, regardless, for he's made of the stuff that endures. The night clubs can be packed and the bands can be torrid, but he'll never know. The sounds he loves are the mighty pride of the roosters at dawn and the lowing of the cattle coming in at sunset to be milked.

Even if war and its destruction calls him, he'll still survive, for he has the instinct for the constructive side of things, whether it's only the right way to carry a mare or something as important as being the architect of his own destiny, and through the brilliant development of his talents, being a sure guide to a better life for his son.

Tun Elno

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The Kid Makes Good

(Continued from page 62) old overlords and the cap with visor pulled over one ear that he'd worn in his first great triumph. And so it was that, because the motion picture can be ruthless and the public can be fickle, he was discarded and ultimately forgotten.

The years that followed were shadowed and often bitter. Shorn of fame, he was a misfit in oblivion. He went to public school and college but he never quite "belonged." He had been a Name, underlined and set apart. For as a has-been, he was still alien.

After college he met a girl (yes, a movie actress), fell in love with her, married her. But fate was still inimical. He had believed he would always have plenty of money, but quite suddenly he found he had none. Those who had taken care of the millions he had made had done badly, it seemed. Trouble? There was plenty of trouble even a court action, son against mother. True, good was born of this trouble because the state of California, aghast at the spectacle of a boy who earned a fortune suddenly penniless when he needed it most, enacted laws designed forever to protect Hollywood "career children." But that was too late to help this boy. When the case finally ended he still had no money.

It wrecked his marriage, for how could a boy with no job to hand a girl with too much "live happily ever after"? The girl went her way to screen stardom and the boy his—and he was an all too gay, too frivolous way. When he married another girl, that marriage failed too.

He went into the United States Army and it was this that gave the boy a new reason for living. As a member of the Air Corps he settled down to work. Oh, it took some time to get going, but slowly, surely, he found his stride. At the end of his training he graduated high in his class as a glider pilot with a flight officer's rating. This was success won the hard way and it must have made him feel pretty good.

You heard of him now and then after that—nothing spectacular, just casual news of a young American who was doing his job. He wouldn't call it important, that news on the wire the other day, but just the same it looked good. The flight officer had set down his glider far back of the Japanese lines in Burma—his the first American Air Commando ship to land Allied troops. It was dark in the jungle that night and the flight officer lit flares along the runway to help other pilots come down. Just did his job, but it made good reading in Hollywood. It made wonderful reading. And Hollywood who had forsaken him once, now saluted Flight Officer Jack Coogan, "The Kid" that was—"The Kid" who had grown into a man.

It was funny. . . . The Los Angeles newspaper that carried his picture on the front page above the story about his glider and its exploits, carried, too, the picture of the once great comedian who had "discovered" him. And reading about the two of them, you were proud of only one. Yes, you were proud of Flight Officer Jack Coogan out there in Burma. With a warm, good feeling in your heart you said, "The Kid has come into his own!"

But of Charles Chaplin, battling his way through Los Angeles courts on various charges involving paternity and a girl, if you were kind, you said nothing at all.

The End.
My Commandments for My Children
(Continued from page 45)

They must make up their minds. Shortly before Donnie’s last birthday, his mother and I asked him what he wanted to do to celebrate the occasion, and what he wanted for a gift. He said he would like to go to my broadcast and to Lucey’s for dinner, afterwards. That was fine. That was definite. But when it came to specifying a gift, he didn’t know, thought of something he wanted, changed his mind, was wishy-washy about the whole thing. Well, he went to the broadcast and we took him to Lucey’s for dinner. But he didn’t get a birthday present. “Awfully sorry, Meche,” I said, “but you couldn’t make up your mind.”

I can’t think of anything more devitalizing or more downright demoralizing than an inability to decide what you want to do or to have or to be. We insist that the two older boys do their own shopping, choose their suits and hats and ties, make their own selections from a menu when we eat out, decide what they want to do with their Saturdays and other holidays. When they ask us, as they sometimes do, “Which shall I buy, Daddy?” or “Do you think this baseball is better than that?” My answer is always the same: “Make up your own mind. It’s something no one can do for you.” Perhaps this will make it simpler for them, in later life, to decide on jobs and friends and sweethearts.

They must have secrets from us. Yes, I mean it. I mean that I hope they have, and will continue to have, a few secrets from their mother and me. For every individual, of every age, should have his inner self, his little and strictly private world into which he can retreat; the still places in his heart and mind which no one, neither wife nor husband, nor mother nor father has the right to enter. People without reserves remind me of minnows swimming on the surface of a shallow pool.

They must not have too many possessions. For surplus dulls the bright edge of delight in material things. Each one of the children has what he really wants and really uses. But their nursery is not an overcrowded showwindow for toys. And they must be serious about what they want. When, recently, Ronnie asked me to buy him a trumpet to take to school, I said, “Do you intend to learn to play it, and well? If so, you may have it. Otherwise ...” And when Donnie lost a new baseball glove in the pool, forgot it until the next day and then retrieved it, sodden and useless, I said, “Sorry, I paid a lot of money for that. If you want a new glove, you’ll have to do extra work to earn enough money to get one.”

Once or twice a year, Honore insists that the boys go through their cupboards and pick out some toys to give away. Nor does she allow them to take only the things of which they have tired. They must each take something that hurts a little to part with. Then she piles boys and toys into the station wagon and drives them to the nearest orphanage.

There must be no commotion. The boys know that, where their routine is concerned, they must be punctual and quiet. Their meals are served at certain hours and without ado they must be washed and brushed and ready for them. And they must eat what is set before them. There are no arguments. There is no choice. They know when it is time to take their naps and their baths and their vitamins and are expected to take them, without protest. They know the hour of bedtime.
and must go to bed, without lally-gagging. Between whiles, they may be as noisy, as wild and whoopish as they please. But where their schedules are concerned, there must be order.

**They must not have money they do not earn.** We have told the two older boys, and will continue to impress upon all four of them, that we intend to give them the best schooling we possibly can but that when their educations are completed, they must go to work. We tell them that no man should have money he does not earn. The sooner the youngsters learn this, the better for their integrity and self-respect as adults. Our youngsters are learning it. They are not given gratuitous allowances. The older boys shine their own shoes, keep their dresser drawers in order, pick up after themselves. All four boys help their mother skim milk, churn butter, garden. For these over-all chores, Donnie and Ronnie are paid fifty cents a month; Tommie and Lonnie, twenty-five cents. In addition, Donnie keeps the service yard clean and Ronnie has charge of the front patio. If they slack or skimp on their jobs, their wages are "docked." If they put in extra time, they get "overtime." And if they are enterprising enough to think of extra chores to do, they are paid accordingly. The point being, they do not get something for nothing; and, at the same time, they are realizing the value of the laborer's being worthy of his hire.

**They must face reality.** Pain is reality. It is something every individual faces, in greater or lesser degree, at one time or another. When the children are badly hurt and scream or cry, that is justifiable. For the Spartan boy belongs, I think, to literature rather than to life. But if they whimper or whine over some superficial scratch or bruise, they are quickly shamed out of it. Or if they have some unpleasant ordeal to face—an apology, perhaps, to a teacher at school for a misdemeanor—they know they must do it themselves, that we will not act as buffers or go-between.

When they are old enough, I intend to take them through hospital wards, jails, juvenile courts, tenements, county workhouses. I want them to see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears the lot of the underprivileged and the maimed and the weak. So that they may have in their hearts compassion for those less fortunate and gratitude for their own kinder fortune.

**They must be tender toward women.** As little boys, they must be courteous and gentle with little girls. This is in the hope that, as men, they will make good husbands and fathers, gentle and wise and strong. To give them this sense of tenderness and protection for girls was one of the many reasons for our deciding to adopt two little sisters for the four brothers. The boys named them, by the way, after many a family council. Barbara Blandina will be called Bonnie and Cornelia Roberta will be called Connie.

**They must study music, dancing, art.** Whether they are interested in the arts, or not; whether they have any special aptitude for any one of them, or not, they must be at least familiar with them. An appreciation of music, dancing, painting and sculpture puts color into the life of any man, and a song, and a dream... So we think, and hope, and pray that if they laugh, these children of ours, and move about the earth, make up their own minds, do not whimper over nothings, have tenderness for the weak and tolerance for the crippled of mind as well as body, they will be fit to be called men. Good men, and strong.

The End.
Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 24) "Madame Curie." In my opinion these actresses surpass Jennifer Jones a great deal. And after all, the others really worked for the Academy Award, so, please, critics let's not have any more blunders like that one.

Loretta Verdin,
San Francisco, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
Thanks, Randy

THIS letter serves as a medium for a gang of jungle-weary soldiers to doll their battle-scarred helmets to a grand guy. We mean our good friend Randy Scott. He came out to this God-forsaken spot, put on a fine show for us and showed us that we were not forgotten after all. He even "sweat out" several nasty air raids with us during his stay here. After the show he stood a good hour in a tropical downpour autographing everything from dollar bills to artillery shells.

It has always been gratifying to hear of Hollywood stars doing their bit to entertain the troops, but a guy who'll come thousands of miles to entertain the real fighting man is more than an actor. He's a man's man!

T/Sgt. A. L. Chapman,
c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
Dick the Chick!

W e have all heard the old saying, "Don't count your chickens before they hatch." I am writing to praise the work of a guy that has machine-gunned his way into 20th Century films killing Japs. He's stolen the show from favorites such as Lloyd Nolan and Bill Bendix. I am writing about Richard Jaeckel who is just climbing out of the shell of private life and into the eyes of filmland. His amazing performance as the young Marine "Chicken" Anderson of "Guadalcanal Diary" stole the hearts of audiences all over the states. He is the ideal American boy, a twin for any American fellow in the service. He reminded us of our brother or cousin or the kid across the street because he wasn't a glamour boy made up to swoon the land but because he was a real honest-to-goodness human being.

Let's see more of this Chicken that has just hatched, as we've really counted him in!

Grace M. Bilodeau,
W. Quincy, Mass.

For more about the up-and-coming Jaeckel, turn to page 36.

$1.00 PRIZE
Understudies for Lassie

THE picture "Lassie Come Home" is beautifully and convincingly played. I was,

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"Was our Marriage a Mistake?"

1. Like so many wartime marriages, ours had been sudden... on the spur of the moment. At first our happiness was dreamlike. But now Ed was becoming so indifferent, so cold. Puzzled and heart-sick, I began to wonder if we had rushed in too blindly...

2. One day, Mrs. S. . . . my next door neighbor . . . came over for a chat and found me in tears. Desperately, I told her the whole story. "Why, child," she said, "perhaps you're at fault... There's one neglect..." And then she told me how a wife can lose her husband's love through carelessness about feminine hygiene.

3. "Why don't you do as my doctor advices?" she said. "Use Lysol solution for feminine hygiene." She explained how it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes... doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the directions," she added. "It's so easy—thousands of modern wives use Lysol."

4. I'm sure now that our marriage wasn't a mistake! Thanks to dear Mrs. S., I use Lysol disinfectant regularly and find it wonderfully effective. Just as she said, it is easy to use... and so inexpensive, too!

Check this with your Doctor
Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carabolic acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Lasting—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

However, much distressed by the reaction of two children who went bitter at the evident danger to Lassie when, exhausted, she swims the wide river; at her savage fight with the black dog and also when the little trick dog in defending his master is apparently killed. I tried to explain to the little boy beside me that it was "only a picture and not real," that the dogs were actors and no harm would come to them.

Since then I have been assured through reliable sources that the part of Lassie was played by three different dogs. In the struggle with the robbers, the club at no time touched Lassie or the little dog, which was really off the scene when the club descended.

In a picture like this it might be well to explain that dog actors, sometimes earning $400 a week, are too valuable to be allowed to suffer injury or abuse.

Mary Brand, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE
Cheers for Ginger

During these wartime days of uncertainty, there are thousands of "Tender Comrades" in America. All these women have their own problems and difficulties in keeping up their morale.

Ginger Rogers, who portrayed the typical wartime wife in her picture, "Tender Comrade," presented better than any other star to date the high morals every wartime wife should maintain. This type of picture will make American women realize that they have a job to do at home in the war effort by remaining true to their men in service.

Nice going, Ginger Rogers!
Robert Peterson.
Davenport, la.

Honorable Mention

I am an Army nurse and have been for over a year. My youngest sister would not consider seriously my plea to join the Nurse Cadets. She came to see me and while here we, with a group of other nurses, went to see "So Proudly We Hail." My sister joined the following week. Besides convincing my sister it made the rest of the Army nurses hold their heads higher.

An Army Nurse.

In reply to Pvt. Howard L. Lasseter's letter concerning Frank Sinatra—I don't think the women have gone mad over Frank Sinatra any more than the men have made fools of themselves over Betty Grable or Lana Turner, who are also happy mothers as Frank is a happy father.

In reply to Pvt. Lasseter's statement of Mr. Sinatra's looks—true, he may be no Clark Gable, but he is natural and not made over like a good many of the feminine stars. His hair is its natural color; no pads and no false eyelashes. I think this is more than can be said of some of the favorite pin-up girls.

Edna Harris.
Tunica, Miss.

Great praise is due the young mother who was the author of that impressive story, "Our Child Must Not Hate," which appeared in a recent issue of Photoplay. I heartily agree with Miss Wyman's belief that in order to secure a lasting peace we must first show our children how to live in harmony with the rest of the world. Thus if the parents of today fail, the peace of tomorrow will fail.

Mrs. Gilbert B. Loomis.
Carthage, N. Y.
The Private Life of Private Hargrove

(Continued from page 62) going to be a success after all.

"I knew it all the time," said she softly, and fell asleep clutching his hand.

FROM then on money came in bigger and bigger allotments. No fame came with it, of course, since Bob was just playing younger brother roles in a string of radio soap-operas.

Then Jennifer unexpectedly got her Hollywood contract after one visit to David O. Selznick's private office in New York City. And two weeks after she'd left for Hollywood with small Michael and Bobby, Bob arrived breathlessly at one of his soap-operas and heard magic words. They were spoken by a very ordinary fellow actor and they were as follows: "Say, Bob, why don't you go over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's office and test for some part in a picture called 'Bataan'? If you got it you could be out in Hollywood with your wife."

Bob went the minute the program was finished. There an official told him, "We're looking for an actor for a sailor role. He's supposed to be very young, very intense and not so hot-looking." "I," said Bob positively, "am your man."

The test proved him out. Since then M-G-M has been steadily gapping at its fine new actor and so has the public. Bob, the skinny six-footer with problems ever since his birth one Friday the thirteenth, had reached the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Bob had arrived.

Once in Hollywood, Bob and Jennifer continued to be the same people they'd always been—they didn't disturb the social surface of Hollywood by so much as a ripple. They lived in seven comfortable...
"You were never lovelier!"

Hampden's Make-up gives you a glamorous new complexion. Applied without water or sponge it never causes dry skin; helps conceal skin flaws; stays on for hours without repowdering. Use Hampden's for "lovely make-up always." 5 alluring complexion changes.

50¢ - 25¢ and trial size

Hampden
POWDER-BASE

Someone You Know—

and someone you like—is coming to Photoplay next month. Only you've never seen him quite like this before, because he's the new Bing Crosby

... the guy whose life has passed an important milestone with the making of his greatest picture, "Going My Way," as seen through the eyes of the distinguished writer Thornton Delehanty in the August issue.

But simple rooms in the Bel-Air Estates (where Jennifer still lives with the boys). Every morning they went in different directions to work—Bob on his motorcycle (because of gas rationing) headed for M-G-M; and Jennifer in her small coupe went to David O. Selznick's studio. At six-thirty they were both home again and eating a quiet dinner with no cocktails beforehand. After dinner you could never have found them—unless you drove slowly along the tree-lined roads near their home, where they went for a nightly stroll. Back home again, they read the papers, cued each other on the next day's lines—and went to bed. The last light was out at 9:30 each night.

All of that, of course, was finished a few months ago. A few months ago, Bob packed his bags and walked out of that house and away from his dreams—as completely as if he'd never been there at all. Or was it completely? Not when there are two small Walkers left behind... not when his wife was to be before his eyes every time he opened a magazine or newspaper—especially since her winning of the Academy Award... not when five of the most important years of his life are tied up in them and in her, and only six months are his alone.

Certainly whoever at this point attempts to predict anything for the Walker future comes strictly under the fools-rush-in department. All that can be said with confidence is that Bob's future life should be as interesting as his past.

The End
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 68) decided to bring my problems to you.

You see, I have a very ugly nose; it is large and ill-shaped. My eyes are large and brown, I have a pretty mouth and nice teeth, also a dimple in my chin. Dozens of people have told me that I would be beautiful if it weren't for my awful beak.

I have been trying to get in touch with a plastic surgeon by writing the New York Chamber of Commerce and asking for prices, but I received no reply.

Can you give me the name and address of a good surgeon and his price?

Corinne Z.

Dear Miss Z:

You wouldn't think of telephoning or writing to a large New York department store and asking the price of "a dress," would you? The store wouldn't know what size, what model, what material, or what detail you expected.

I have heard it said repeatedly that every person is a medical case unto himself; no two persons are exactly alike, nor can be treated precisely alike by a physician.

So many girls (and men, too) have written letters similar to yours that I decided that I must explain the situation. Even if I knew an excellent plastic surgeon, I could not print his name on these pages because of rulings of the American Medical Association.

In every case, the thing for anyone desiring plastic surgery to do is this: go to your family doctor and explain your problem. He, in turn, will recommend a colleague whom he knows and trusts. Consultation about your particular case will make it possible for the surgeon to decide what methods are best and approximately what the cost will be.

Clandette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

This is not a letter asking for advice. You see, I came from a large family. My father's income is not very much and as there are so many of us we do not have much to spend on clothes.

For this reason I wanted to know if you have any old clothes from pictures that you have finished a long time ago. If you do have and you don't want them, would you please tell me about them?

I would appreciate anything to wear very much.

Thanking you, I am

Your friend,

Maxine L.

Dear Miss L:

So many girls write to all actresses, asking for dresses, suits, coats or accessories that have been worn in certain pictures, that I chose your letter to answer in explanation.

The clothing worn on the screen is never the property of the female players. This wardrobe is furnished by the studio. The styles are designed entirely with the idea of securing a photogenic effect and frequently are not of a sort that anyone would care to wear off a sound stage. Occasionally, however, some dress or coat will be so lovely that the wearer will want to buy it for her personal wardrobe.

Lately this practice has been discouraged because the studios can't get the wealth of materials available before the war. Every garment is used again and again; sometimes the garment is worn in B pictures after its first introduction and sometimes the garment is entirely remade.

For these reasons, no motion-picture
Dear Miss Colbert:

I hope you will understand my situation and not consider it too complicated. I met this certain girl four months before I went into the Army. She is now 17 and I am 19. We started going steady and our love grew stronger. She is now in her last year of school and is doing well. When I went into the Army she and my brother saw me off and I know it broke her heart to see me go. I sure hated to leave her. During my first weeks in the Army I told myself that my love was just infatuation and she would meet someone else and forget me. But as time went by I began receiving two or three letters a day and a package every week. My friends wrote me and told me how lucky I was that my girl was being honest to me. When I got eight days’ leave I spent most of my time with my girl. We didn’t go many places, just stayed home or went for walks and talked of our future together. As I thought I might go overseas soon, we jumped to the conclusion that we should get married before I went back.

Well, the next day I told her that we would be doing wrong to get married then because I had no money. But we were too young. She cried and said I knew best, of course, because I was older and smarter. I had to go back the next day but I told her that I would send her a ring. That stopped her tears.

Christmas came and I received lovely gifts from her. In return all I sent was a card, even though I really didn’t feel cheap, not sending the ring, but I had a reason. Now comes the main topic. My family is from the old country and with them they brought all their old country ideas. They don’t realize that the world has changed.

When my family heard that I wanted to marry this girl, they started to write and talk to my girl. They said that if I wanted to go with girls, why didn’t I pick a girl from their own country? They think girls from the part of the country where I come from are always healthy. Well, you and I know this is silly and not true, but you couldn’t change the folks’ minds.

As I said before, I didn’t want to send it to my girl because I love her and it would make her very happy. But if I do my folks will be hurt and will hate this girl forever.

Private Marvin F.

Dear Private F:

Your letter was interesting to me not only because of your particular problem, but because you are using the judgment that is inherent with all fine American boys. During wartime you have chosen the right path when you met the right girl. You know how to live until the things you are fighting for are settled. You are to be commended.

You are lucky to have met such a lovely girl. I feel that you should send her the ring. Love is a tender thing and I am sure from the tone of your letter that you and your girl are in love and right for each other.

Your attitude in not wanting to hurt your parents is very commendable and shows again the fine spirit of the American fighting man. I think you should tell them that you are sending the ring to the girl. Try to convince them that their attitude is un-American and that race discrimination is one of the things we are fighting to abolish in our post-war world. Try to show them that because of the fine way they have raised garments can be sold or donated to those who admire them.

Claudette Colbert.
and trained you they now must trust you not to make a mistake in your choice of a wife.

My every good wish to you for your future happiness.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

Could I oblige me by getting me in touch with a pen pal in America—
in California if possible? I should like to write to people who are twelve years old.

Yours sincerely,

Jean Walls,

4 Attwood Street,

Anfield, Liverpool 4, England

Dear Jean:

In the interests of fellowship across the seas, I am happy to print your letter. I'm sure that you will receive many letters from American girls who are your age.

Cordially yours,

Claudette Colbert.

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Dear Miss Colbert:

You seem to be a happy and charming lady, so I think you can help me to solve my problem.

Well, my story starts like this: I am now twenty-two and have been married (if you can call it that) for nearly two years. This boy that I married was the first and only boy I ever dated and I only went out with him because my family and his family were great friends. They had planned for us to marry because we are the same religion and nationality. Personally, I couldn't stand him, but what can you do when you are young and obedient?

Well, we got married when he was going off to the Army. We were married one night and he left the next morning and I have never seen him since. He has been in Egypt for over a year, but he only writes once in five or six months.

----------

FLATTER YOUR LIPS
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Big Lipstick

Glamorous lipstick shades keyed to the newest fashion colors to brighten your wardrobe and flatter your lips. If you want a lipstick for softer, more alluring lips—a lipstick that stays on—is wonderfully indelible—then you do want a Sutton Big Lipstick in their luscious, heart-warming colors.

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<tr>
<th>Medium Red</th>
<th>Fire Red</th>
<th>Brilliant Red</th>
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<tr>
<td>Light Red</td>
<td>Dark Red</td>
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**HOW ABOUT YOU?**

Have you found your place in the war effort? You will be proud to wear the Coast Guard's silver shield, to serve your country in the SPARS, by releasing a man for duty at sea. There's a job for you to do in the SPARS if you're an American citizen between 20 and 36, physically fit, with at least two years of business school or high school.

For information, mail the coupon to PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

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Please send me the SPARS booklet

Name: _
Address: _
City: _

103
This summer I met a soldier and dated him on the sly, but my father caught me at it and beat me up something awful. This soldier is really a sweet person and he says he loves me. I love him, but what can I do? Miss Colbert, do you think I should get a divorce, or what should I do?

Mrs. Laraine H.

Dear Mrs. H:

In the first place, I don't think you should have to endure physical brutality from your father. Since you are twenty-two, you are an adult. You should get a job and leave a home in which there certainly appears to be little happiness for you.

As for your love affair with your soldier, have you considered the fact that he will probably be leaving soon, too? From your letter, I would judge that your husband was the first boy you ever dated, and this soldier is the second. As you disliked your husband, it would be very easy for you to consider yourself in love with any boy who was reasonably thoughtful and attentive to you.

I believe that, if I were you, I would first set out on some sort of a career which would give me independence. I'd invest in some Bonds, and I'd buy a few very practical but pretty clothes.

If you concentrate on building a self-reliant personality, you will find that your romantic problems will adjust themselves. You will find the right answer in your own heart.

Whatever you do, don't put up with abuse. A human relationship is right when it adds to human well being and human dignity. It is wrong when it destroys either.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have an idea for a story. I have worked out the complete plot, but since I have never written a story I can only go this far. I feel positive that it can be a good story if properly written.

Should I submit this idea to movie companies? If so, how can I protect the idea while doing so?

The subject I deal with is novel and timely, yet no pictures have been made of it.

Will you please advise me?

Alliance C.

Dear Alliance:

Hollywood is really the land of opportunity, but only if things are presented in the proper channels. Every day original stories are sent to Hollywood and quickly returned to their owners because they have not been sent to the proper person. Studios are always looking for new, untried tales.

Bonnie
Gronville
Glamorous
Hollywood
Star

Why have so many Hollywood beauties fallen in love with TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP?

Because it goes on quickly and evenly.

Because it does not dry the skin.

Because it does not clog the skin, giving a pearly-smooth look that lasts for hours.

Because it looks even more alive than those exquisite new shades lend flattering color with a soft, natural-looking glow.

Get your own lovely shade of TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP for a glamorous new complexion. You'll love it!

Glamour from the Hollywood House of Tayton

TAYTON'S CAKE MAKE-UP

LARGE SIZE 39c

and also 10c and 7c sizes at your 1c. counter.

Quick Relief for Summer Teething

Experienced Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

If I Send YOU THIS FINE SUIT—

Will You Wear It and Show It to Friends?

Instead of sending me to your own store, send me a fine, usually so-called suit, for I'm not the only person who has need of one.

One I received from a friend. How Expense—15c! I find it has more utility with our present economy. I have been offered 

$8.00 a week to do a day without excesses or expenditures, usually everything, including new shoes, car-

ning new, etc.—for future use.

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You, too, can have a beautiful nose!

Nobody today need go through life with the handicap of a badly shaped nose, disfigured features, or blemishes. Order your copy of "YOUR NEW FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE." See how Plastic Surgery quickly, easily reshapes ugly noses, sets back protruding ears,Learn how

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Only 89c a Pair!

Here's romance for you! Exclusively patterned Earrings that glow in the dark the whole night through, iridescent—alluring—utterly captivating. Beautiful filamentary Earrings by day—by night, an enchanting setting of glamorous moonlight. Made in Fresh Freshaway design—a thrilling accessory to any fashion outfit. The brilliancy of your beauty, intensified by your mystery, delight the ultra-smart appearance of those glowing" Earrings. It's History—-as you will know! Make ideal gifts, too. But hurry—supply is limited, Fue clip this ad and mail along with the price plus 7c Federal Tax, making the total price only 99c including tax. SPECIAL 2 pairs only 1.18 plus 9c tax. Order now. MARKED 50c DISK. If you are not 100% satisfied, return it by registered mail. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, Publishers

Dept. 409

Chicago 19, Ill.
TAKE A TIP from Hollywood—for smooth lines in slacks or any costume, use Holly-Pax, internal protection originally created for the screen. This tiny tampon is amazingly comfortable—the secret’s in the controlled expansion. Purposely designed to require no applicator. And the only tampon spun from uncut surgical cotton—no short fibers to come loose. 12 for 20c; purse size, 10c; economy package, 48 for 58c. At sanitary goods counters.

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This near 1,000-page book, “Stuttering, its Cause and Correction,” describes the Holme Unit Method for scientific correction of stutters—successful for 43 years, 11,000,000 copies. Dept. 1181, Cita Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

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Have you heard Hollywood’s secret for lips that whisper LOVE ME!

New revel in the first tone, the snow-white secrets of Hollywood’s most famous make-up artist. Now you can use the same type “Movie Lips” Made by Bruni that become glamorous man with lips the same and more. With this new Brush in Blend Cream, Lipgloss or the same thing in everlasting Blush. A single application lasts all day long. 

Brush ‘n’ Blend CREAM LIPSTICK and MAKE-UP BRUSH BOTH ONLY 25¢
At Drug and 20¢ Stores
At Movie 24 and 20¢ Stores

ANNEX 24, 20¢ Store

fresh material and are glad to have it presented to them. My suggestion is the following: Send one copy of your story, complete or blocked out briefly, to the Screen Writers’ Guild in Hollywood. They will register it and file it away in their vaults. Thus your idea is protected.

As you have no story agent, send your story direct to the Story Department of the studio of your choice. It will be carefully read, judged and they will inform you of their interest or lack of it.

Perhaps the Screen Writers’ Guild will send you a list of accredited Story Agents if you would rather have an agent present it to a studio. However, I do not think until you are a well-known writer no “top” agent would handle your material. This, of course, depends on the worth of your first story.

Send your story in and I hope someone buys it.

Claudette Colbert.

This Month’s Winner!

This letter from Jane Ringer published below was judged the most sincere in the “How I Solved My Problem” series in the last issue of Photoplay and was awarded a $25 War Bond.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I wonder why it is a mother can give her daughter all sort of advice and none of it is ever taken.

Maybe it was my lucky day, the day I bought March Photoplay, because in the first column of your page I saw what might have been my own story and what was more important I saw your answer.

I met Jack at a dance, and I guess I fell hard for him and he gave me much the same answer as Gregg gave Ardis. I thought he was the only love of my life and when I knew he couldn’t marry me, I made all sort of excuses to Mother who tried to show me I was wrong in caring for him.

Somehow it just never entered my mind that maybe a girl of eighteen fell in and out of love as you say they do, anyway you don’t know what comfort it gave me reading that, and also that you thought yourself in love at eighteen and found out differently.

Mother could have told me that and I guess she did, but I just put it down to being old-fashioned. Now I know you have had a lot of experience and know what you are talking about and your advice gave me such a lift that I went to a movie that afternoon, ate a box of popcorn and almost entirely forgot about Jack.

You have helped me, you’ll never know how much. Just to be rid of that awful agonizing pain in my heart even for a little while was worth plenty.

Nearly eighteen,
Jane Ringer.

Glamour for You!

There’s a new thrill waiting for you—a fresh, captivating complexion!

With Stadium Girl Cake Make-up your complexion appears lovelier, more romantic than ever . . . a truly enchanting skin beauty that remains soft and natural for hours. Then, too, remember Stadium Girl Cake Make-up hides those tiny, annoying skin faults and brings about an overall complexion of warm overtones—truly glamorous!

Try this sensational new cake make-up.

You’ll find new glamour in one of these flattering shades—Natural, Rachel, Brunette, Golden Tan.

The modern plastic, waterproof Stadium Girl case makes a beautiful purse accessory—You’ll want to carry it with you at all times.

Wherever you find Stadium Girl Cake Make-up, you’ll find these other equally fine cosmetics—Stadium Girl Lip Make-up, Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up.

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STADIUM GIRL LIP MAKE-UP, six shades, 10¢-25¢
STADIUM GIRL CHEEK MAKE-UP, four shades, 10¢-25¢
Available at 5¢ and 10¢ stores

Stadium Girl
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Milwaukee 2, Wis.

105
The Mystery of Judy Garland

(Continued from page 29) well and strong.

There is something so honest about Judy —so sincere and very likable. She is one of the easiest stars in Hollywood to interview, completely disarming in her frankness. I asked her questions and replied that the average actress would have evaded and staled.

I said, "Judy are you getting a divorce from Dave?"

"I'm trying to," she replied. "I want to. You know it is not possible to divorce a man in the service without his permission. I have repeatedly asked Dave to please sign the papers."

"He is always charming and says he will be glad to sign them and then promptly forgets all about it! At first," laughed Judy, "I thought he was stalling because he didn't want any of those complications that a man as attractive as my former husband always seems to meet when he is a free man. Then, she went on, "I realized he just forgets."

"Dave is so impractical he should never marry. He is an idealist and a romanticist who lives in the clouds. He has great talent and nothing really interests him outside his music. Money is a bore. When he was married to him I would wonder where our money went. Dave would never know. He just couldn't be bothered with anything so mundane as dollars and cents."

Judy laughed her infectious laugh.

"But you were terribly in love with him," I said.

"He was my first love," she replied, "and I honestly believed he would be my last. Now I realize that we are better apart."

Since that day Judy has had her wish, for Dave signed the necessary papers and divorce proceedings are now under way.

ALMOST as prominent as the gossip about Judy's ill health was the rumor that she was suffering from an unrequited love. But when I asked here if there was a mysterious love in her life, she smiled, "No, really, I'm a career girl. I'm not sure that I shall ever marry again. I've been looking at a house I love—just big enough for me. I could be very happy in that house being just a bachelor girl, with my friends to visit me and my work."

Still another story about Judy is that she is planning to leave M-G-M, her home studio, where she has worked ever since she came into the movies. And, once again, Judy didn't fail me with an evasive answer.

"That is a rumor that happens to be true," she answered, "I am not going to re-sign with the studio when my contract expires. Oh, they've been wonderful to me at M-G-M. But I want to go on the stage. I was in vaudeville so many years when I was Frances Gumm and I miss the sound of applause."

"If I could get to play on the order of 'Lady in Dark,' a drama or a comedy with music, I would be terribly happy. Right now I'm very excited over doing 'The Lock' by Paul Gallico. Robert Nathan has written a strong dramatic story but I don't sing a note or dance a step in the film."

"When I first started to make 'Meet Me in St. Louis,' Judy continued, "I was worried because I play the role of Esther in the book and she has very little to do. But the part was built up in the script and now I love it."

I told Judy that I had known all the Smith girls very well—the author, Sally Benson (who was Sally Smith), Rose, Esther and Agnes—and she asked me all about them. I promised her that the next time we were both in New York I would see to it that she met them.

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In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

2. Removes away shows film. Tints the hair as it rinses.
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When burning feet cry out with agony from all-day standing—when shoes that pinch nearly drive you crazy or try this wonderful, soothing powder that works magic to bring instant foot relief. Simply sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in your shoes and sing with joy when tired, burning feet lose their sting and pain. For over 50 years, millions of people have found happy relief and added foot comfort with Allen's Foot-Ease. Don't wait! Get a package today. Try this easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. At all druggists.

I'll Take Romance

But First...

5-Day Underarm Pads

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"It's amusing," she laughed, "but Mar-aret O'Brien, Joan Carroll, Lucille remer, who play the other Smith sisters, and I—al l look alike. We have the same two noses which gives us a nice 'family semblance' in the film."

UDY is so poised now, so much a woman that it is hard to remember back when she was the little girl, Dorothy, in "The Lizard Of Oz"—and unhappy because she was too plump.

Like Deanna Durbin she has grown up before your eyes and mine, right on the screen. She was so shy, at first, such a title girl. Then came the musical comedies with Mickey Rooney when the team of Garland and Rooney became the hottest thing at the box office. She adores Mickey and he once told me that he considered it little co-star the best trouper on the screen. Now they are no longer a team. Judy has gone his separate way to even bigger success. Certainly Judy is one of 

Whether or not her fame and success have brought her real happiness, I do not know. If there was a period in her life when she was unhappy and her health in precarious state, it is past now and she is come through it with flying colors. Here are still times when she seems tired and she cannot make a picture without taking its toll of her strength. "If I could only forget to worry," she smiled wistfully. "I'm a great worrier. I fret from the start to the finish of every picture I make."

There is one thing I have never heard about Judy—and that is that she is temperamental. She will stand up for her rights but she is never demanding. Her directors rave about her for the way she co-operates.

There is a deep pensiveness in Judy's face. She is not a beautiful girl but there is something more than beauty in her expression. For a girl so young she has a great deal of character.

If all this might sound as if she were morose and moody, it isn't true. She has plenty of good times and she enjoys night-clubbing. I have seen her here and there with Peter Lawford, Robert Walker and Van Johnson, to mention but a few of her contemporaries.

Someday I am sure she will fall in love again and marry, no matter how she feels now. It is only fair that little Judy should know that she is capable of a husband and children, as well as the fame and success she has won for herself!

THE END

*************

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**ALLIED TOILETRIES DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.**
YODORA deodorant cream

(Continued from page 51) pictures, Paramount's "And Now Tomorrow" and Jules Levy's production of "The Hairy Ape." They are her first real starring roles in important pictures, after six years of being a Hollywood "almost," and her memory of the near-fatal childhood accident helps explain why she has stayed so cheerful.

"You know," she said, "I don't remember being frightened when the car loomed up, nor being hit. I don't even remember the pain, though I must have suffered a lot. All I remember is the marvelous feeling of waking every morning and knowing I was going to get a brand-new present."

Today Susan looks absurdly young, much more so than on the screen or in stills. She has the skin that should go with glowing red hair, and a freshness—as in strawberries. She could pass, if she tried, for sixteen. So it's easy to guess what she must have looked like when, at eighteen, she made her one-girl Commando raid on Broadway.

Her mother still clothes her in what Mrs. Marrener considered demure, high-school-girl clothes; her eyebrows, of course, weren't plucked; she wore no trace of lipstick or rouge; Theatrical producers were kind but bored; a few even let her read lines; then they would pat her paternaly on the shoulder and murmur, "Come back in a few years."

AFTER weeks of that, Susan, on a desperate hunch, went into a modeling agency's office. She had come into the building looking for a producer who wasn't there (he'd gone broke) and just happened to see the modeling agency's name on the directory board. Her impulsiveness proved profitable this time. Color photography was booming; the agency needed a true redhead and didn't have one. Soon that alert and attractive head enlivened magazine covers and ads for.Atomic cosmetics, dentifrices and soaps. Part of her earnings went for dramatic coaching.

David Selznick noted Susan's pose illustrating a national magazine article "How Models Come To New York" (Susan says, "In my case, on the subway") and David brought her to Hollywood for a Scarlett O'Hara test. Nothing much came of that, except that the test did get her six months' work at Warners. But the silence from the executive offices at the end of six months was so deep you could hear Susan's option drop.

Then followed six jobless months that really tested Susan's ability to keep her chin up. Toward the six months' end, Susan, completely anonymously, posed for a breakfast food company. She not only needed the money, but she'd heard the company always sent a model to two complimentary cases of their particular wonder-flakes.

For the last three weeks before Susan and her mother planned to leave for New York with tickets bought from the modeling fee, they lived on breakfast food and skimmed milk. Susan, remembering, says, "If you go to the dairy, buy in large quantities and lug the bucket home yourself. Skimmed milk is very cheap."

At the last moment, just like the old movies where the wicked squire's mortgage was paid off, Paramount signed a new talent director, Arthur Jacobson, and he talked with Susan, was impressed and
lost no time in signing her name to a contract.

Then began the six years that sympathetic newspapermen have so widely publicized: One good picture, then four bad ones; a girl who waves out a window in an otherwise all-male cast and is seen no more; loan-outs to other studios but no real build-up on the home lot. Always about to be a star! Now let's hope, with "And Now Tomorrow" and "The Hairy Ape" the negative cycle is over and the little redhead is at last coming into her own.

But although times are vastly improved for Susan, the wheat-flakes-and-skimmed-milk era has left its mark on her—the mark of sober, deliberate economy. You wouldn't call it stinginess; it's just the need to keep her financial feet on the ground.

Take the matter of the hat. It was what is known in the trade as a Boldini—large and sassy. Its main motif consisted of gray and cerise stripes, but there was a bit of ruching here and there, and one white pompon that cried, "Murder!" Susan walked in and said to the milliner, "Will you put that away until I have time to think about it?" She didn't even ask the price.

Then followed two months' phone conversations between Susan and her closest girl friend.

"Why don't you buy it?" urged the girl friend. "Even if it cost a hundred dollars, you can afford it. It's part of your job to be dressed up."

"A hundred dollars!" moaned Susan. "I've been lying awake nights for fear it would cost over twenty-five!"

Eventually Susan rode to Beverly Hills on a street-car, talking lamzy divey to herself all the way, barged into the swank

"The hat!"

It happened the head of the shop suspected Susan was about to be a big star. He spent some time finding a box large enough to hold the Boldini. Susan put her arms halfway around the package and started for the door. On the threshold she paused and asked him in a weak voice, "What will be the price of this?"

"To you, Miss Hayward, nineteen dollars!"

Susan's knees buckled and the hatmaker had to help her into a cab. By golly he paid the cab fare!

As for the boy-friend situation, Susan has found one with whom she seems to enjoy palling around. He is Jess Barker, Columbia Pictures star, whom movie-goers have seen so far in "Good Luck, Mr. Yates," "Government Girl" (an RKO loan-out) and as Rita Hayworth's beau in brief flashbacks in "Cover Girl." On Photoplay's going-to-press date Jess was working as the male lead in "She's A Soldier, Too." New Yorkers know him well for many successful stage leads.

Jess is blond. Susan, who met him at the Hollywood Canteen, thinks him "a young Leslie Howard type" and admits she is very fond of him.

Both were indignant in late April when an air gossip announcer they had secured a marriage certificate and were about to elope.

"Why," Susan said, "we've only known each other six months; there isn't even an engagement; Jess and I seem to discover more and more mutual interests, but we will do a lot of thinking and try to make sure. When there's something to talk about, we'll talk."

P.S.—She's picked a bridesmaid, just in case.

THE END
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**Brief Reviews**

(Continued from page 70)

keep the youngsters apart form the ball of the story. Betty Hutton, Patrice Knowles and Arthur Treacher are all mixed up in the thing, but Donald himself is the whole show. (May.)

**CHINESE CAT, THE—**Monogram: Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, has forty-eight hours in which to solve a murder which the police have given up as hopeless. It is a mad, poisonous Chinese—-a Chinatown street. (June.)

**COVER GIRL—**Columbia: Rita Hayworth has never looked lovelier than in this gay, gaudy musical comedy. Rita is just about the only thing in which Hayworth is dancing is superb. She does it all, and does it in style—-two of Kelly's night club. wins a contest and is given a fortune. A determined publicity man carries her away from Kelly to Lee Bowman, Broadway producer, and the film's Silver, Otto Kruger, and the Cover Girl (May.)

**COWBOY AND THE SEDITIONA, THE—**Republic: Too much plot complication dealing with buried treasure and cryptic messages on a bracelet lost by a girl trying to locate the treasure. Because Roy Rogers and Claire Trevor find the bracelets, villain John Hubbard accuses them of kidnapping the missing girl. Mary Lee and Dale Evans are the girls. (June.)

**CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE—**RKO: Simone Simon, the cat lady, is playmate to a little girl. Ann Savage is given a case with the idea of a woman's version of the Arabian lamp, turning into a cat. Naturally, Ann's parents Kent Smith and Jane Randolph are horrified at the idea. A lot of pictures of people are shown. It's a better story than this little locus-pocus. (May.)

**DAYS OF GLORY—**RKO: Two new vibrant novels of Carole Landis and Claire Trevor are presented here. With Peck as the commander of a Russian guerrilla band, when her ballet troupe is captured by the Nazis, she saves them and, of course, her love soon finds a response in the commander's heart. Every detail of this film is cleverly and beautifully done. (June.)

**DETECTIVE KITTY O'DAY—**Monogram: Jean Parker and her beau, Peter Cookson, try to discover who murdered her brother, Kitty, who, in trying to prevent detectives Tim Ryan and Ed Gargan from getting her away, falls in love with Peck. (June.)

**FALCON OUT WEST, THE—**RKO: When a Western ranch owner dies in New York, presumably from rattlesnake poison, the Falcon, played calmly and smoothly as usual by Tom Conway, gets in the case and finds the man's fiancée out West. The cast includes Barbara Hale, Minor Watson, Carole Goddard and Jean Barcelona. (June.)

**FIGHTING SEABEES, THE—**Republic: A rip-roaring job on how our valiant Seabees came into being as a fighting branch of the Navy, with John Wayne's swashbuckler hot-headed, hardened hero who learns his lesson from naval officer Dennis O'Keefe. Both men give likeable performances. (April.)

**FOLLOW THE BOYS—**Universal: The idea of this story is that the work of the Hollywood Victory Committee and the stars who give their services to entertain the troops in camps and overseas comes to the screen over a long but immensely entertaining. The array of stars includes George Raft, Ray Milland, Gany Welles, John Mack Brownford, Donald O'Connor and many others. (June.)

**FOUR HILLS AND A JEEP—**20th Century-Fox: Because this story is based on the overseas adventures of Ray Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair it holds the interest far more than it otherwise would. Phil Silvers, sergeant attatched to the girls throughout their journey, is very good, as is singer Richard Haymes and John Harvey, who provides the romance with Carole. (June.)

**GOING MY WAY—**Paramount: A charming, heart-warming picture, with Bing Crosby as the young priest who loves baseball and song-writing. Bing is sent to the rundown parish of Barry Fitzgerald to help straighten out its affairs. Bing and his hot-blooded fiancée, Ring Stevens sings magnificently, Fitzgerald is a joy to behold and Bing turns in a fine, sincere performance. (May.)

**HAPPY LAND—**20th Century-Fox: This story of a small-town druggist, played superbly by Don Ameche, who cannot make up his mind to go into the war, comes as a message of peace and confidence to the audience. Don Ameche is his father, who returns to him, the young man. As far as the film is concerned, this is a story of love. John and Annather to the girl he left behind. (April.)

**HAT CHECK HONEY—**Universal: Three names have been connected with this film: Fred Astaire, Harry Langdon and Ted Weems; the cuteness and pertness of hat-check girl Carrie Martin and the antics of Leon Errol, who fail to give life to this dreary little weep. The plot deals with Errol's sacrificing his all for the future of his son Richard Davis who makes a hit with a lucky hand and then walks out. (June.)

**HENRY ALDRICH—**BOY SCOUT—Paramount:
Jimmy Lydon as Henry transforms the spoiled son of a friend of his father's into a human being by exposing him to the Boy Scouts and their Good Deed a Day slogan. Charles Smith is good, as usual, as Dizzy, Henry's pal. (April.)

HER PRIMITIVE MAN—Universal: A lot of fun and nonsense, with Robert Paige as an author who has sold the idea for a book about head hunters to Robert Benchley. When Louise Allbritton learns about the book she exposes it as a fraud and decides to bring a real head hunter back to civilisation. So, of course, Paige poses as the primitive man and much comedy results. (June.)

HI, GOOD LOOKIN'—Universal: The people in this are very nice people, such as Harriet Hilliard, Eddie Quillan, Betty Kent, Fuzzy Knight and Roscoe Karns, but the story is that silly one about a girl who comes to Hollywood to crash the movies, ends up on a late radio broadcast and clicks. Mixed up in it are a lot of specialty numbers and Ozzie Nelson's band. (June.)

HOT RHYTHM—Monogram: A cute little budget musical with Robert Lowery and Sidney Miller as song writers who try to help singer Dona Drake land a job with an orchestra. Irene Ryan is the wacky secretary who takes credit for the recording. Donna makes and from then on all sorts of complications arise. Tim Ryan is the studio boss. (May.)

HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN, THE—Paramount: Principe Tone deadpans his way through his role of an English conscientious objector who marries Veronica Lake and later discovers that she's a German spy who's married him in order to stay in England and keep on spying. Bonnie Barnes and John Sutton arrive early to make this good entertainment, but it turns out to be dull and unexciting. (May.)

IMPOSTOR, THE—Universal: Despite the talents of Jean Gabin, Richard Whorf, Alyson Johnstom, Ellen Drew and Peter Van Eyke, his turns out to be a bore. The story has convict Gabin escaping from a bombed-out prison in France, working his way to a French seaport and taking a freighter to Dakar, where he eventually becomes regenerated through loyalty to the Free French. (May.)

IN OUR TIME—Warners: The performances of Humphrey Bogart and Paul Henreid lift this story into a fairly engaging tale. The first half tells of their meeting is charming, but after their marriage that brings on a flood of social and family problems, it goes into the usual fare of war and its effect on the various lives of the characters involved. (May.)

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW—Ideal-UA: Dick Powell has never given a better performance than as the reporter who through the supernatural power of a devoted friend is able to predict tomorrow's news today. The success and havoc it brings into his life provides sheer entertainment and the love story between Dick and Linda Darnell is especially tender and real. With Jack Oakie. (April.)

KINNECKER HOLIDAY—PCA-UA.: The stage play has been lifted bodily to the screen and the result is pleasing but pallid, although Nelson Eddy's arresting presence and his voice keep the audience happy. Col. Edward L. F. Drake, who is played by the feisty Peter Strawbridge, has been more happily cast in the past but the idea behind the tale is fine and the music's swell. With Constance Dowling. (May.)

LADIES COURAGEOUS—Universal: Glorifying the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron, this picture is a bit of a letdown and PAUL Robeson is steady and confident as the leader of the women flyers, Anne Gwynne is happily cast as the supervising diva, Geraldine Fitzgerald is the publicity secker and Evelyn Ankers, Diana Barrymore, Lois Collier and June Vincent are all good. (June.)

LADY AND THE MONSTER, THE—Republic: A motor accident has provided science fiction enthusiast Erich Von Stroheim with a human brain which he keeps alive in his laboratory. This provides the essential to Richard Arlen who gradually comes under the brain's spell and menaces Vera Zonite who spends her life on account of the brain. It's a pretty good chiller-diller. (June.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Paramount: Technicolor returns with the story taking second place to the rainbow riot of sets, clothes and accessories. Gloria Rosale is the editor of a swanky fashion magazine who goes to a psychiatrist to solve her dreams and moods of depression. The solving carries her off into dream fantasies which are lovely. With Ray Milland, Jon Hall and Mischa Auer. (April.)

LADY, LET'S DANCE—Monogram: The story is ridiculous, but blonde newcomer Bella Beltsa strikes divine, acts delightfully and looks well while doing both. The ice comics, Frick and Frack, handsome James Etalon, muzzy-lousy George Wurze and Walter Catlett share the story with her but it's Bella whose talent you'll enjoy. (April.)

LIFEBOAT—20th Century-Fox: An exciting story which has place entirely amid cramped quarters of a Lifeboat, with Tallulah Bankhead giving a magnificent performance as the hard-boiled writer and photographer. John Hodiak, teacoy Henry Hull, William Bendix, Canada Lee, Mary Anderson and Hume Cronyn are among its occupants, along with Nazi Walter Slezak, who tries to take command. (April.)

THEY had started marriage with such high hopes... pretty Ellen and her handsome Don! They had known that love is as fragile as it is precious. They had promised that even the slightest misunderstanding would be frankly talked over and cleared up. And they had kept that promise until now! But now, here was Ellen, in misery and despair... Here was Don, aloof and silent... Something she couldn't even understand had come between... Something Don stubbornly refused to discuss...

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For relief from “periodic functional distress”
SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SPIDER WOMAN—Universal: Basil Rathbone as Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Watson are here again, solving the case of the many suicides by setting a trap for the woman responsible for the self-destruction urge. Huge spiders and Hitler's face lend a creepy, creepier air to the affair and Gail Soderberg stalks around. (April.)

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON—Warner: Pursuing to be the life-storied Nora Bayes, Ann Sheridan comes to the screen in a story that's no more than good for you, though it's an entertaining musical. Dennis Morgan plays her husband; Magician Jack Carson, Marie Wilson and S. Z. Sakall the nuts. Still stick to them through it all, and Irene Manning and Robert Shayne are the heels. (June.)

SONG OF BERNADETTE, THE—20th Century-Fox: This is the moving and spiritual story of Berenice, the peasant girl who glimpsed a holy vision in the village of Lourdes and the miracles that resulted from that vision. Jennifer Jones as Berenice gives a magnificent performance and a completely moving performance. Charles Bickford is outstanding. (March.)

SONG OF RUSSIA—M-G-M: The thrilling music of Peter Tchaikovsky is the background for the love story of an American musical conductor, Robert Taylor, and Nela, the German invasion of Russia, and Susan Peters, the Russian peasant girl he married. There is a beautiful story, well told, well acted and well mounted. Robert Bechley is Taylor's manager. (April.)

STANDING ROOM ONLY—Paramount: Secretary Pasquale Goldard and his boss Fred MacMurray solve the housing situation in Washington where they've gone on business, by making maid and butler to Roland Young. From then on it's a panic, especially since Fred doesn't know he's supposed to be the butler. Edward Arnold, Jane Revere, and Clarence Kolb are all up in it too. (April.)

SULLIVANS, THE—20th Century-Fox: The true story of the five Sullivan boys who went down on the ill-fated U.S.S. Juneau is told simply, honestly and with much heart-warming appeal that it becomes a great American classic. Thomas Mitchell and Selena Royle as their parents are superb and each of the five boys who play the brothers are excellent. Their story will live in your hearts. (April.)

SWING TIME FOR JOHNNY—Universal: The Andrews Sisters and Frank Sinatra, singing on the swing is a fact, but they really do more singing than talk. Harry Warren and Jack Warren are the team. Peter Cookson is the young manufacturer and Tim Ryan the present crooner. (April.)

THE ONLY THING ABOUT A SOLDIER—Columbia: The same old song about a heel who's transferred by Army experience. This time it's Tom Keays, he's too cocky for his own good as the rival of a war veteran Bruce Bennett. The attention of Evelyn Keays keeps the story going. (March.)

THREE RUSSIAN GIRLS—U. A.: Anna Sten comes back to the screen as a drama showing the bravery of nurses at the Russian front. Miss Sten gives a fine performance as the head volunteer nurse. Paul Smith plays the American officer recuperating from wounds and Mini Forsythe and Kathy Frey play his pretty plays. (March.)

TOMMY QUEEN—Paramount: When Richard Arlen returns from the wars he finds the widow of his pal has been gypped out of her timber land. So he takes to the tall timber and remakes all mixed up with villains and fog horns and log jams. With Mary Beth Hughes and Paulette Goddard. (April.)

UNINVITED, THE—Paramount: Here's a thriller to chill the blood, with Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey as the brother and sister who live a spirit-filled house. Newcomer Peter Lorre shows promise as the object of the evil spirit's wrath and Donald Crisp in her grandmother. Suspense and chills. (March.)

UP IN ARMS—Goldwyn: RKO: When dynamo Danny Kaye goes into action, the screen fairly crackles with life but the whole story is the old one of the hypochondriac drafted into the Army who loves his girl, Constance Bennett, to his own, Dana Andrews. Dinah Shore, as the girl who loves him, sings, but it's Danny's picture. (April.)

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—U.S.A.: A guy, senile old man, and never seen anybody so old as himself. Gail Patrick has given Jack Buetel a silk slip with his signature and everything. She's the old one of the hypochondriac drafted into the Army who loves his girl, Constance Bennett, to his own, Dana Andrews. Dinah Shore, as the girl who loves him, sings, but it's Danny's picture. (April.)


SEEDS—Order your seeds now by mail, direct from the famed Unique Seed Co. 3651 Hollywood Blvd. Dept. G-922, Hollywood 32, Calif.

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UNIQUE PRODUCTS CO. DEPT. G-922,
3651 HOLLYWOOD BLVD., DEPT. G-922,
HOLLYWOOD 32, CALIF.

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Stay Sweet... Get NEET!

NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is answering the call to arms... the arms of thousands of war-active women who need more than ever the effective protection to daintiness that only a fine deodorant such as Neet can assure.

NEW Neet Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This fluffy, stainless, greaseless cosmetic-type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

Try New Neet Cream Deodorant today! Won't dry in jar, 10¢ and 25¢ sizes, plus tax.

High School Course at Home
Many Finish in 2 Years

American School, Dept. A-610, Evanston, Chicago 2

Solve Wartime Shortages
Wash Hair Shades Lighter With New 11-Minute Home Shampoo

It's difficult staying blonde with wartime shortages. So let Blondex, the new home shampoo, made specially for blondes, help keep light hair from darkening. Its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dirty film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

The Greatest Human Interest Story of the Photoplay year!

In the May issue of Photoplay, Faye Emerson appealed to readers to help her find her sister, lost for fourteen years. The issue was on the stands only a few days when Faye was notified that, through this magazine, her sister had been found! Photoplay welcomes the chance to send Faye's sister out to her in Hollywood. You will find the moving story of how these two young girls were at last reunited.

in August Photoplay
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 23)
criminal, played unconventionally by Errol Flynn, who is permitted by Paul Lukas to make the supreme sacrifice of offering himself up as a saboteur to save the lives of a hundred hostages held by the Nazis.

Good moments of suspense and emotional tenseness creep in between the weaker ones; and Lukas, of course, is superb as the harassed detective. The love affair between Flynn and Jean Sullivan seems completely one-sided from where we sat, with Jean on the loving end and Flynn about as seriously concerned as, well—as usual? I say no. Lucie Watson is wasted as a conspiring villager.

The all-encompassing love of a Frenchman for France is actually the theme. But maybe Errol, being Irish, couldn't partake you with proper emotional emphasis.

Your Reviewer Says: "Uncertain" is right.

✓ Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble
(M-G-M)

ANDY MICKEY ROONEY HARDY meets up with a couple of twins who literally wrap up his least picture and run home to mama with it. Are they ever cute? Names—oh yes, Lee and Lyn Wilde.

Anyway, Andy is on his way to college when he meets the twins and one week later he's out of college on his—shall we say ear—which gives you some idea.

There's really too much plot involvement, too many gals and too many Rooney-isms for us to unravel on this page, but you'll enjoy it every minute.

Herbert Marshall is nice. Wish we had had the likes of Herbie for a professor.

Why should Rooney do all the breaks, especially when Bonita Granville is thrown in for good measure as Mickey's big dream that is constantly being nighed by the Wilde cutes. Let's Stone and Fay Holden are Judge and Mrs. Hardy and Sara Haden is the aunt. Keye Luke, Jean Porter and Marta Linden complete the cast and Mickey almost completes them, incidentally.

Your Reviewer Says: Seeing double can be so nice.

✓ And The Angels Sing
(Paramount)

THEY have no wings and they have no harps but the four angel sisters do have voices, only they don't like to sing. There is no satisfying the Angel quartette comprised of Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chandler, each of whom has other ambitions.

So, when Betty lends the foursome a one-night singing job with Fred MacMurray's band, the girls reluctantly consent. And then, Fred skips off with the money Betty's won gambling and they all follow him to New York in an attempt to retrieve it. And here's where the thing grows even goofier.

MacMurray spends more money entertaining the girls in night clubs than he owes them. Why not have handed it back in the first place? And for girls in need of dough you never saw such fancy finery as they sport. It's so ridiculous, really. And what makes Betty Hutton imagine Fred's in love with her when it's so obvious he's mad for Lamour?

Raymond Walburn as the girls' father, Frank Fay as Dottie's dull beau and Eddie Foy Jr. as Fred's pal are well cast.

Diana Lynn is a honey.

Your Reviewer Says: Without a song where would this thing be?

CAN YOUR HAIR STAND A "NASAL CLOSE-UP"?

If you want men to keep their distance—maybe it doesn't matter.

But remember—your scalp perspires as well as your skin. Many girls also have a tendency toward oily hair, which can easily form an odor. Check up on yourself ... your hat, your hairbrush ... your pillow.

It's so easy to play safe. Packers Pine Tar Shampoo works wonders with oily hair and scalp odor because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar.

The delicate pine-woods fragrance does its work—then disappears, leaving your scalp clean and fresh. Be sure of yourself—start the Packers habit today. You can get this fine shampoo at any drug, department or ten-

Tired Kidneys
Often Bring
Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting headache sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition at an early, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause horse, headache, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Dean's Pill.

They are sold successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 16 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Dean's Pill.
**Weird Woman (Universal)**

**WHAT do they mean weird woman?** We thought everyone in the whole silly mess was weird including ourselves. 

Imagine, for example, Lon Chaney, old ex-Frankenstein in the flesh, a college professor returning from the South Seas with his bride, Nan Wynn, who has been reared in native superstitions by a jungle tribe. No sooner does she remove her assafetida bag, or whatever it is they wear for good luck, than the college librarian, jealous of Chaney whom she wanted for herself, lets go with a mess of poison jealousy that drives everyone half silly. Ralph Morgan displayed the only ray of intelligence in the whole cast by killing himself and who can blame him?

Evelyn Ankers plays the jealous woman; Elizabeth Russell and Elizabeth Risdon, both too sensible for such nonsense, were in it and Lois Collier was supposed to be ratle-brained, only the writers didn’t leave her any brains to rattle.

Your Reviewer Says: Hello, you old jungle voodoo silly, you.

---

**Rosie The Riveter (Republic)**

**The housing situation finally finds its way into pictures and this is not a bad little sidelong on the issue. It has Jane Frazee, a riveter, and Vera Vague sharing a room at night, with Frank Albertson and Frank Jenks of the graveyard shift taking over the room while the girls are busy at the defense plant. But do you know what? Jane’s fiancé, Frank Fenton, doesn’t like the idea at all and suspects the worst. Albertson, with whom Jane is gradually falling in love, patches up the quarrel between the pair and marches off to do his bit. Marrying with Jane, he was going right after. She wants Frankie, after all, and Frankie wants her.**

Lloyd Corrigan, Maude Eburne and Tom Kennedy are in it, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Amusing moments here and there.

---

**Once Upon A Time (Columbia)**

**Fantasy rightly executed can be most enganging, but “Once Upon A Time,” we’re afraid, is fantasy gone completely whencever. The honest truth is that Cary Grant has grown so tremendously popular with Hollywood producers he can pick and choose his stories at will and, like most actors in demand, he occasionally chooses badly.**

The director must have handed over the reins wholesale to Grant, for there are several instances where the actor is embarrassingly bad. And what a waste when, with proper direction and story, Cary can be the most engaging of actors.

We hope you believe us when we tell you the story deals exclusively with a caterpillar that dances. At least we take everyone’s word for it, the audience never having once been given a chance to behold that repulsive phenomenon. Anyway, Grant sees a chance to make a fortune out of this Aaistre of the worm world and almost breaks a child’s heart by doing so. Fortunately, the caterpillar has sense enough to turn into a butterfly before the boy, played by Ted Donaldson, and Grant die of unrequited love. Janet Blair has few scenes and the story knows how lucky she is. Gabriel Heatter, the commentator, gets roped in on the thing. So does Jimmy Gleason. But you needn’t.

Your Reviewer Says: Everyone makes mistakes sometimes.

---

**Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?**

I know I’ve been an awful groach not taking you any place lately. Write me at any day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callosities. I’ve been looking at a friend’s new ring and I think it looks just like my left hand—thus the Ice-Mint you advised. Never too tardyanything. It’s too bad to still the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps softens callousness is nobody business been slow and it’s good to any one. So do what you do say, let’s go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feel all you want.

---

**Money Back If Blackheads Don’t Disappear**

Get a Jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes,77mples to every skin, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clear, whiter, smoother looking skin. Send on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5-10-25 stores or any dealer. If not satisfied, return, to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Dept. M409, Tonawanda, for regular 00c jar, postage.

---

**Hey, Mom! Don’t Be A Diaper Drudge!**


**FREE... Full day’s supply. Write to**

Trocadero (Republic)

YOU have no doubt heard of Hollywood's famed night spot "Trocadero." Well, this ain't it. Even though the story is about a Hollywood night spot this is about as much Trocadero as Barney's Beanery where, incidentally, the onion soup is divine.

But regardless of that, the picture, spotted with more musical numbers than the law would allow, tells of the two children of Tony Rocadero (is that name a laugh?) inheriting the night spot when Tony meets death. The girl, Rosemary Lane, forges college to run the place, and gets through all sorts of romantic offs and ons with the band leader, the late Dick Purcell. The boy, Johnny Downs, goes off to college and comes through all sorts of romantic offs and ons with a society girl whom he eventually airs, Hollywood writers being definitely set against society girls. The reason we know all about this is from the story opens with Ralph Morgan, the club's manager, telling the whole tale to our old writer friend and reporter Erskine Johnson, who should stay off the screen. Things are bad enough without one's friends cluttering up the movies.

Your Reviewer Says: It's certainly not worth the cover charge.

Moon Over Las Vegas
(Universal)

ANNE Gwynne and David Bruce are married but obtain a legal separation despite the fact that they are still in love. The advice about "playing hard to get" keeps them unhappily apart for the better part of seven reels of the picture which finally winds up with the couple in Las Vegas gambling, and Bruce is a gorilla (which is really us in disguise) settles the matter, and about time.

Vivian Austin is cute as an innocent complexion and has a clean cutter as the ever-present nee-nose. Alan Dinehart, Lee Patrick, Joe Sawyer and Lillian Cornell got coaxed into this, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, what would you say in our place?

Song of the Open Road
(Charles Rogers-U. A.)

A NEW star, bright, vivacious and talented, comes into view in the person of little Jane Powell, who is so charming and sings that way, too.

What's more, she has plenty of company in this unbelievable little story of harvest- nomads. For instance, there's Edgar Bergen with his ubiquitous Charlie, old Thomas Mitchell and Allyn Joslyn as a couple of good ones. And there's still the wonderful woman of Four Martinis, or W. C. Fields as he's known in the hinterlands, to reap a few laughs. The Condon Brothers dance and the Hollywood Canteen Kids play good and loud.

The songs, especially "Too Much Love," sung surprisingly well by Bonita Granville, are humble and little Miss Powell puts her numbers in fine style.

Jackie Moran and Bonita Granville carry the romantic leads, but for our money Miss Granville, a fine little actress, is completely wasted in this sort. She is much too capable for the material. Peggy O'Neill is the cutie who does turn down romance lane with young Bill Christy. Rose Hobart is Charlie's, and satisfying as Jane's mother, and oh, yes, could we forget our dream boy Mortimer Snerd. Now there is a character.

Your Reviewer Says: It will bring the bloom of youth to your heart.
HOW TO DRAMATIZE THE
Blonde Beauty
Of Your Hair!

* "A jaded blonde!...Don’t let anyone ever say that about you! If Time has darkened or streaked your hair—or if overbleaching has given it a coarse straw-like look—don’t let it stay that way!

Now—today—use Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash to dramatize your hair’s natural blonness! Make it look as if the sun were always shining on it...bright, light, exquisite loveliness! It’s all so easy with Marchand’s new improved formula!

Perfected by hair-beauty experts, the new Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash is complete in itself for use at home. And remember this—whether you’re a blonde, brunette or redhead, Marchand’s enables you to obtain the exact degree of lightness you desire.

It’s wonderful, too, for lightening hair on arms and legs...At all drug counters.

Marchand’s
Golden Hair Wash

Made by the Makers of Marchand’s "Make-Up" Hair Rouge

LADIES...AVOID MONTHLY SUFFERING!

Relieves Distress of Simple Piles

Soothe the irritation and soreness of simple piles or hemorrhoids with Unguentine Rectal Cones, made by the makers of famous Unguentine.

Sanitary...Easy to Use and Inexpensive. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Guarantee: Your druggist will refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

Unguentine
Rectal Cones

A Norwich Product

This Is The Life (Universal)

THE way Universal keeps Donald O’Con-
ner hopping from one comedy to another
in rapid-fire succession is a cau-

tion. One sparsely leaves off until an-
other begins and with the familiarity of
plot that colors all his pictures, the im-
pression is that life is Hollywood for Mr. O’Connor, now on the Army, was one long
continuous singing, dancing, movie.

He’s teamed with Susanna Foster and
while Miss Foster is beautiful and melodic-
ous in her warbling she seems to outweigh
and outshine and outglamour her boy
friend to the ridiculous point. Why not
someone his size, for a change?

So as to celebrating her eighteenth birthday when the story opens and de-
siding she’s much too grown up for Don-
ald (see, even she knew it) she brushes him off in favor of Patrice Knowles, hand-
some Major, on leave of course when
Donnie discovers Louise Allbritton, ex-
wife of Knowles, still loves him and he
loves her, he manages to get the estranged
pair reunited and Susie back in his heart.

Oh sure, Peggy Ryan is around with
her usual Irisher animation. Her numbers with Donald are tres cute.

Dorothy Malone, as Irwin Hale, Frank Jenks and Eddie Quillian all get tangled up in the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Yes, but what’s differ-
ent about it?

Cast of Current Pictures

ADDRESS UNKNOWN—Columbus: Martin Schulz, Paul Lukas; Baron von Fritsche, Carl Es-
mond; Heinrich Schutz, Peter Van Eyke; Elia, Madly Christian; Bar Elendsberg; Morris Carnovsky; Gis-
elle, T. S. Stevens; Postman, Emory Parnell; Mrs. Delancey, Young; Young, Frank Faylen; Pip Squeak, Charles Halton; Stage Director, Erwin Kalser; Professor Schmaltz, Frank Rath; Carl, Dale Cornell; William, Russell Morey; Youngest, Larry Joe Olsen; Hugo, Gary Gray.

ADVENTURES OF MR. TIN WILKIN, THE—War-
ners: Mark Twain, Fredric March, Olivia Langdon, Alexis Smith, J. J. Cagney, Jack Oakie; Steve Gillie; Alan Hale; Chancellor, C. Aubrey Smith; Burt Harte, John Carradine; Charles Langdon, Bill Henry; Horace Langdon, Walter Hampden; Clara, Joyce Reynolds; Joe Good-
man, Whitford Hines; Billings, Percy Kilbride; Mrs. Langdon, Nana Bryant; George, Willie Best; H. H. Rogers, George Lester; Judge Clemens, Frank Wil-
son; Jane, Clarence Lyons; Jones, Christian Ru-
ging; Eugene, Victor Kilian; Kate Learcy, Dorothy Vaughan; Hal, Thurston Hall; Green, Russell Gleason; William, Dean Howells, Douglas Wood; Judge, Chester Conklin; Fudge, Francis Pierlot; Ger-
eral Grant, Joseph Crehan; Ben Lake, Norman Wil-
lass.

AND THE ANGELS SING—Paramount: Happy Morgan, Fred MacMurtry, Paulette, Dorothy Lamour; Betty, Betsy Hutton, Josie Angel, Diana Lynn; Pati, Angel, MimiChandler; Pop Angel, Raymond Walburn; Fuzzy Johnson, Eddie Foy Jr.; Oliver, Franklin Alberth; Schulz; Mikhail Rassum-
yvy, Virginia Gillette, Julie Gibson; Olga, Miss Littlefield, Er-
ville Alderson; Sassy, Harry Harris.

ANDY HARDY’S BLONDE TROUBLE—M-G-M:
Judge Hardy, Lewis Stone; Andy Hardy, Mickey Rooney; Mrs. Hardy, Fry Holton; Dr. J. J. Stan-
dard, Herbert Heyward; Ruby, Gran-
ville; Lee Walker, Lee Wilde; Lyn Walnut, Lyn Wilde; Neve, Louie; Katy Anderson, Jean Porter; Miss Townsend, Martha Lewis; Stim, Jackie Moran.

COBRA WOMAN—Universal: Tolles and Nadia, Marcha; Ramu, Jon Hall; Kado, Sahno; Lora, Lang; Marcha, Kay, Marcha, Gary, Nancy; MacDonald, Moroni Olsen; Fredo, Lois Col-
lor; Father Paul, Samuel S. Hinds; Dancer, Carmen D’Antonio.

HITLER GANG THE—Paramount: Adolf Hitler, Robert Watson; Captain Ernst Roehm, Roman Bohn-
en; Joseph Goebbels, Martin Kostke; Rudolf Hess, Vincent Vobisch; Darkness, William S. Hudson; Herman Goering, Harry Allen; Julius Streicher, Alexander Granby; candles, Reinbold Sechel; General von Hindenburg, Sir Ruman; Greg-
or Strauss, Fritz Kortner; Alfred Rosenberg, Tomia
Swarth: Adolf, Wagner, Richard Ryan; "Паэтъ" Handkrafft; Gene Stutsworth; Pastor Neumiller; lovely, sad, beautiful, and youthful. Ray Collins; Franz von Papen; Ernst Dorian; Hermann Hess, Paul de C mind of Antonio Verdi; General von Epp, Fred Nursey; Gustave von Kahr, Ludwig Donath; "Голл" Rosedal, Voldy Dur, Aurel Rausch, Helene Thimig; Colonel von Richter, Arthur Left; Alfred Hugenberg, Felix Bausch; Fritz Theater and you get on until, welcome palliative relief.

HOME IN INDIANA—Twentieth Century-Fox: Joby Haynes, Rod, Walter Brennan, Spencer Thorson, Lon McCallister; Chuck, Jeanne Crain; Primary-Chicago, Brooklyn—Cris-Criss, Bob Hoover; Joe Bruce, Ward Bond; Goddam Goold, Charles Dingle: Gordon Bradley, Robert Condon; Jitterbug, Charles Le Moyne; Bold Moe, Willie Beaz, George Reed; Final Fry, Doler, Noble "Kid" Chisliss, Ed, Wallace, Harold, Arthur Ayersworth; Maid, Lily Taylor; Old Timer, Roger Imhof; Wilson, Billy Mitchell; Soft Drink, John Dusat; Swipes, Sam McDaniel and Emmett Smith.

LUMBERJACK—U. S. Sherman: Holograf Coun- dy, William Boyd; California Carolin, Andy Clyde; John connect, Jimmy Roger, John Dunn; Frances Dee, T. Dunstall; Julie Peters, Ellen Hall; Clyde Frennuc, Francis McDonald; Abbey Peters, Ethel Wales; Tegari, Hal Takishito, Big Joe Williams; Morton, Buck Peters, Herbert Rawlinson; Mrs. Wil- lison, Frances Mayo; Bud C. Jordan, John Whit- ney, Sheffy Miles, Jack Rockwell.

MOON OVER LAS VEGAS—Universal: Marian Corbett, Anne Gwynn, Richard Corbett, David Dunnboyke, Aunt Helen; Greta; Vivian Austin; Joe Tompkin, Joe Sawey; Hal Blake, Alice Faye, J. Walker, Blake, Lee Patrick; Jim Brad- ley, Millburn Stone.

ONCE UPON A TIME—Columbia: Jerry Flynn, Gary Grant; Jeannie Thompson, Janet Blair; The Moke, James Gleason; Dudley, James Mason; son; McKenzie, Howard Freeman, Brandl, William J., Daniel Little, Charlie Stemp, Baker, Duball, Paul Stanton; Fatso, Mickey McGuire.

PIN-UP GIRL—Twentieth Century-Fox: Larry Jones, Betty Grable; Tommy Dooley, John Harvey; Martine, Joe E. Brown; Buella Bridge, Eugene Pallet; Skating Vautie, Them- self. Charles, Myrna Loy; Louis Amstrong, Jack- lock; Specialty Dancers, Condos Brother; Charlie Spiegel, Max Fleisch, his Orchestra and Lively; Stone Dor- man, Robert Hannum; Headwater, Marcel Delo; George, Roger Clark; Captain of Walters, Lou Be- lishe, Wisdom Crane, Irving Bacon; Reithorn Ho- mester, Ruth Warren; Red Caps, Manton Moreland and Charles Moore.

ROSE THE RIVETER—Republic: Rose (the Riveter) Warren, Jane Frazee; Charlie Donavan, Frank Albertson; Vera Vatge, Vera Vague; Kelly Kenn- dey, Bigny, Frank Jenks, Celm Prov, Lloyg Corrigan, Wayne Caffoan, Frank Fenton, Grandma (jul), Vivian Dienne; Hazel, Amos Albin, begin; Mabel, Louise Erickson; Stella Franks, Ellen Lowe; bye, Maxlay, Arthur Loitz; Piano Mozer, Tom Ken- dally.

SEVEN DAYS ASHORE—RKO: Dan Arland, Gordon Oliver; Monte Stevens, Wally Brown; Orval Morris, Alan Carney; George Tabor, Edna May, Max Benedict; Dan Diamond, Marcie MacGregor; Lucy Bonnug, Ar- mel Ward; Carol Davis, June Do- ley Wilson; Mr. Arland, Albin Dinehart; Mr. Ar- land, Marjorie Gateson; Captain Harvey, Emory Pander Bill Groh, Stanley Ridge; Johnny, Ren- nel, Reznor, Bert.]

SHOW BUSINESS—RKO: Eddie Martin, Eddie Carlington, George Murphy, George Ford, Constance Moore, Joan Mason, Joan Davis; Georgia Gaye, Nancy Kelly; Charles Lucas, Don Dundee.

SLIGHTLY TERRIFIC—Universal: James P. Tutt- le, Leon Errol: John P. Tuttle, Leon Errol; Julie Bry, Minna Gahr; Stubby Kaye; Hooper, Jimmy Echel- lson; Ella Mae; Betty Wee; Frank; Lorraine Krueger; Joe Braunt, Ray Malone; Freddie Jarrard, Jarrard, Richetti, Harry Rinaldi; Ir- vin, Jane Forrest; Cop, Donald Novis; Gypsy Girl, Lilian Cornell; The Star Dusters, Themselves.

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD—U. A, Charles Rogers, Eddie Bard, Eddie Bard, Ray Collins, Eddie Or- len, Milt Florence, Eddie Quill- lan; Marie Mason; Betty Wee; Frank; Brian Wee; Lorraine Krueger; Joe Braunt, Ray Malone; Freddie Jarrard, Jarrard, Richetti, Harry Rinaldi; Ir- vin, Jane Forrest; Cop, Donald Novis; Gypsy Girl, Lilian Cornell; The Star Dusters, Themselves.

STORY OF THE WASSLES—Paramount: Dr. Gorton, Alphonse, Ruben, George Murphy, George Ford, Larina Dayi, Betty, Signe Hass, Haksy (Hop- py), Dorothy Keener, George, Frank; Lennart Liechten, Nick van Dui, Carl Esmond, Color, Paul Kelly, Anderson (Andy), Elliott Reid; Com- mannder Bill Groh, Stanley Ridge; Johnny, Ren- nel, Reznor, Bert.]

Gimlet—Five full-size, lovely, Pugake-Me bullets on the cover. Antiphlogistine is so easy to apply by hand—right, tightly cupping the hand, then gently rubbing into the skin. The result is allowed to remain for a time, and then removed. The effect is soothing, cleansing, and inspiring. This particular action is known as "The Gimlet."
“I wouldn’t believe it until it happened to me”

Elizabeth MacNear, Registered Nurse of Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., finds DuBarry Success Course a way to vital energy

As every nurse knows, overweight is a handicap to beauty, a hazard to health. Even though she was nearly five feet seven, Elizabeth MacNear knew that 160 pounds were too many. She decided something had to be done, so she enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course.

"Here is what happened," writes Mrs. MacNear. "First of all I was given an understanding analysis of my personal needs, and a practical plan for attaining it. In seven weeks I lost 25 pounds, brought my weight to an ideal 135. Instead of size 20 dress, I now wear a 16. Today my skin is softer, smoother, clearer than I ever dreamed it could be. My posture has greatly improved and I gain so much energy that I can now spend long hours on my feet without tiring.

"I wouldn’t believe it until it happened to me. But now I have proved the value of this splendid Course through my own experience."

The Fashions Shown on Page 66 Are Available in the Following Stores

The Bolero Sun-Bak Dress

Akrón, Ohio—C. H. Yeager Co.
Binghamton, N. Y.—Sax Bros.—Weldon Bros.
Des Moines, Ia.—Youthcrothers, Inc.
Indianaapolis, Ind.—H. V. Wasson & Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.—Inglis Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Baum Brothers
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach's
South Bend, Ind.—Elihowt Store

The Two-Piece Suit-Dress

Baltimore, Md.—Linda Lynn
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Arthur Foy
New York, N. Y.—Saks 5th Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Kaufmann's
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach's
Washington, D. C.—Lady Lee

The Candy Striped Cotton Dress

Allentown, Pa.—Bess Bros.
Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabel & Carew Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Davenport, Ia.—Petersen-Harned-Von Maur
Detroit, Mich.—Crawley-Miller Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—William H. Block Co.
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curls and waves that sparkle with bewitching high-
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Know the Joy of a Glamorous Permanent Wave . . . By Tonight!
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JUNE LANG
Glamorous Movie Star praises Charm-Kurl

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Help them "Get there first with the most." Buy more Bonds for Victory ***

Getting there First with the Most

It's always first with Chesterfields—first for Milder Better Taste—with the most in smoking pleasure for you and all your friends.

Yes, these are the winning qualities you want and expect in a cigarette. Chesterfield does it and says it in 5 Key-words...

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combined with Movie Mirror
August

A story from the heart of GREER GARSON
by Louella O. Parsons
Tru-Color Lipstick

... the color stays on through every lipstick test

Give your lips the dramatic appeal of the Color Harmony Shade for your type... glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds, all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood. One dollar.

Original Color Harmony Shades for Every Type

Complete your make-up in color harmony... with Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder and Rouge

Max Factor - Hollywood
Dates depend on Daintiness—

guard that bath-freshness with Mum

Wel-I'll That man you've had your eye on finally up and asked for a date! You've got to look irresistible—and you've got to feel it! So time out for action—for a refreshing bath. But be sure to follow it up—fast—with Mum! A bath's fine for removing past perspiration—but to guard your future—to avoid risk of underarm odor—rely on Mum!

Mum's a wonder for speed! Smooths on in half a minute yet keeps your charm safe all day or evening long. Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents odor from forming. You'll find gentle Mum won't irritate your skin—won't harm fine fabrics. You can trust Mum!

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Lucky girl—to have beauty and talent! But even that combination won't guarantee romance if the tiniest trace of underarm odor whispers about you! Don't be the girl men never date twice. Use Mum—every day—after baths, before dates. Then you're sure of charm... sure of daintiness... through an evening dance or a day-long date. Ask your druggist for Mum today!
A Story from the Heart of Greer Garson .......... Louella O. Parsons 28
Those Exciting Years .................................. Adela Rogers St. Johns 30
I Went to the End of the Line ......................... Paulette Goddard 32
Photoplay Found My Sister .............................. Virginia Emerson 34
Play Truth or Consequences with Alan Ladd .... Kay Proctor 36
Stars at Play ............................................ Elsa Maxwell 38
Scrapbook on Betty Hutton .............................. Mary Murdoch 42
Make Your Future Bright! .................................. Mary Murdoch 45
Going Bing's Way .......................................... Thornton Delehanty 47
Just My Bill .................................................. Tess Bendix 48
My Great Adventure ......................................... Gene Tierney 50
Command Performance ................................... 52
Who's News .................................................. Sara Hamilton 54
If You Were Dennis Morgan's House Guest ........ Eleanor Harris 56
"Wives Should Never" — "Husbands Should Never" — 58
Why Can't They Stay Married? ......................... "Fearless" 60
Exclusive—on Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith. Ruth Waterbury 62
What Should I Do? ........................................... 67

Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Irene Dunne ............ 35 Robert Walker .......... 41
Alan Ladd .......... 37 Janet Blair ............ 44
Susan Peters ........ 40 Bing Crosby ........ 46

Special Features

Brief Reviews .......................... 20 Speak for Yourself .......................... 19
Cast of Current Pictures .... 118 Star-Maker Fashions ..................... 66
Fashions—Carole Landis 63 Take Your Choice! .............. 72
Inside Stuff—Cal York .... 6 The Shadow Stage .................. 24

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Cover: Betty Hutton, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse
Miss Hutton's Bathing Suit by Jantzen.

August, 1944

Photoplay combined with Movie Mirror is published monthly by MacFadden Publications, Inc., Dunellen, N. J. Address all communications to General business, advertising and editorial offices, 220 West 43rd Street, New York 18, N. Y. O. E. Elder, President; Carroll Bluestein, Executive Vice-President; Harold A. Wise, Vice-President; Bessie Wray, Secretary and Treasurer; Walter Rosen, Advertising; Maxine Lackman, Chicago Office; 251 North LaSalle St., E. L. London, Treasurer. Copyright, 1931, One million, by the MacFadden Publications, Inc. Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorization to photocopy materials for internal or personal use, or the internal or personal use of specific clients, is granted by MacFadden Publications, Inc. for libraries and others registered with the Copyright Clearance Center (CCC). For those organizations that have been granted a photocopy license, a separate system of payment has been arranged. The rate for copying or reproducing more than 100 pages is $1.00 per copy. Copyright 1944 by MacFadden Publications, Inc., Copyright also in Canada. Registered at St. John's, N.fld., Great Britain, Regno National and in Proposito Incidental. This trademark registered in U.S. Patent Office. The contents of this magazine may not be reproduced either wholly or in part without the express permission.

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"The Kiss-off!"

"Yes, it was the kiss-off for both of them. They had gone too far... they had tried to get away with murder and they found they couldn't get away from me!"

---

From the best seller and Liberty sensation by JAMES M. CAIN, author of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Serenade"
And now the gala that began with continues with these

KING VIDOR'S PRODUCTION

American Romance
IN TECHNICOLOR

starring BRIAN DONLEVY

Here is the fight, the love, the drama, the adventure that is America! It's the story of a million guys like Steve... and a million girls like Anna who believe in their dreams!

Anniversary Celebration
The White Cliffs of Dover
Magnificent MGM Triumphs...

Not since "The Good Earth"...a picture such as this! The mighty drama of a brave people and a great love...flaming from the pages of the novel that thrilled millions!

with HURD HATFIELD • J. CARROL NAISH • AGNES MOOREHEAD • HENRY TRAVERS • ROBERT BICE • ROBERT LEWIS • FRANCES RAFFERTY • JACQUELINE de WIT
Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin • Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck • Directed by JACK CONWAY and HAROLD S. BUCQUET
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
SINATRA SUBJECT: Frankie-boy is very much back in Hollywood. Had an awful time when he first arrived because of that strep throat which laid him low in a New York hospital. (Almost put the staff and nurses of the hospital to bed too—they had to cope with the worried bobby-sockers who stormed the corridors!) Frankie took just one quick look at the new house he and Mrs. S. are fixing up in the Valley (it won't be really ready for some time) then dashed to do his radio show—and then kept dashing until he got to Palm Springs to bake out in the sun.

Hollywood expected to get its first glimpse of Mrs. Sinatra at that big fashion show which Lilly Daché staged for the patriotic VACS—but Nancy's chair remained vacant all afternoon. However, lots of Hollywood folks have met her and Lana Turner gave a dinner party for her. And everyone thinks she's cute.

DATE RATE: The two who are playing the field the hardest are Judy Garland and Bob Walker. They have an occasional date together. But Bob dates a lot of gals and Judy dates a lot of guys. And even though her divorce from Dave Rose is going through, she still doesn't seem too happy. Old Cal has a very good suspicion that Judy's heart belongs to someone who is supposed to belong to somebody else! . . . Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner act as though they were going steady for the first time, instead of two people who used to be married to each other. Mickey would like to start all over again with the words "I do"—but Ava has other ideas—at this writing, anyway . . .

Steve Crane is being awfully careful not to be seen out alone with any femme. If he takes a gal out (Continued on page 8)
Scoff, if you will, Gentlemen, but this woman will live!

Slowly, and with the fierce conviction and undying faith that had marked him from the beginning, Lister, his scalpel laid aside, the last dressing completed, addressed his critical audience.

In the eyes of one or two he saw hope and faith to buttress his own, but on the faces of others—some of them the leaders of the profession—he read only doubt and disbelief.

He could almost hear the sneers of the attending nurses whispering in the background while they viewed the pale and lovely woman on the table. Lister knew that they regarded his fanatical insistence on cleanliness, the repeated dressings, his evil antiseptics, as the vagaries of a madman... that they were awaiting the “dead-cart” to carry the woman away, just as it had carried away countless others, when blood poisoning followed compound fracture.

But Lister knew, also, that his radical methods, his antiseptics aimed to keep germs out of wounds, before, during and after every operation, must, with God’s will, triumph.

And triumph they did... the woman lived!

So, patient by patient, case by case, day-by day, Lister piled up evidence in support of his antiseptic theory which was to rid the world of untold suffering, and reduce the hideous fatalities that time and time again followed even the simplest surgical operations.

Quick Germ-Killing Action — Safely

It was for the great Lister that Listerine Antiseptic was named, meeting the requirements of a fine antiseptic... a solution with a rapid germ-killing power, non-poisonous in character, and absolutely safe to use.

Today, in literally millions of homes, Listerine Antiseptic is the trustworthy first-aid in countless little emergencies “until the doctor comes.” Make it a “must” for your medicine cabinet. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

GOOD NEWS! Most stores have received recent shipments of Listerine Antiseptic for civilian use. You should now be able to obtain it in some size at your favorite drug counter.

For countless little emergencies

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
Goodnight Sweetheart

Ladies and Gentlemen—
It's a Sweetheart of a Picture!

Yes! It's gay with that youthful romantic spirit! It's reckless with the kind of abandon that makes for swell fun when you join in the joy! It's a grand cast in a grand screen treat!

(Continued from page 6) there's always someone else along. He wouldn't risk any publicity at this point that might hurt his chances in the fight for part custody of his baby girl. But Lana's been dating Peter Lawford on "twosomes" a lot. But there are those who think Peter is just stooging for John Hodiak—though he may not be aware of it.

Two Tidbits: What's come over Ginger Rogers? A lot of her pals would certainly like to know. What's more, they're even worried about her. It's this way. Ever since Jack Briggs left for overseas, Ginger has been drawing more and more within a shell, so to speak. Sees her friends less and less and sometimes goes for a week at a time refusing to even answer the telephone—except for business, of course. Now Ginger is the type who always loved to have a few people around evenings—playing records, singing songs, playing games—putting on miniature "jam-sessions" or just gabbing. Things were informal enough around the Rogers house so that a certain few thought nothing of even dropping in unexpectedly for a visit. And that's something you almost never hear of in Hollywood—"dropping in."

A little Southern girl who married a chum of Briggs's at about the same time Ginger married Jack is living in the big house with her—and of late she is just about the only one Ginger sees! Yes—they'll tell you Ginger used to be a lot of fun—and fun-loving. But with the world full of girls and women who are lonely for their men far away, just loneliness doesn't seem to furnish enough excuse for Ginger's being as dull and as much of a recluse as she's become. And nobody can figure it out.

Maybe you thought we were kidding when we told you that Errol Flynn, of all people, was seriously going in for art. When Errol says, "Come up and see my etchings"—he means it. Except that he doesn't mean etchings—he means paintings. Fine paintings. And he has personally acquired a few very valuable canvases that he treasures. Not only that, but he and his pal John Dekker recently purchased an art gallery. And some people in Hollywood nearly fainted when they got an engraved invitation to its swanky first exhibition. Well—anyway, they realized Errol is really serious about the whole thing.

Itemizing: The Jimmy Browns should be welcoming their second bundle from heaven about now. Lois Andrews, who was wishing out loud a few months ago that George Jessel wouldn't come around so much, is around everywhere with him again... Shirley Temple (is she beautiful these days!) is due for a long camp tour—and may even do some stage appearances before the summer is over... Lana Turner walked into the Clover Club one night in a long, low-cut black dinner gown that showed all her emotions. It was the boys' turn to swoon—and they did!... Perry Como and Dick Haymes are supposed to be "threats" to Sinatra. And both "contenders" are at work under the same studio roof over at Twentieth Century-Fox. People are wondering if they'll "gang up" on Frankie—or develop a feud between the two of 'em... Ginny Simms better keep that promise to lose some weight.

On the Ball: Lucille Ball is one gal who has definite ideas about what she thinks people want a movie star to look like and dress like—and she'll tell you so at the drop of a bangle. She thinks movie stars should wear bangles, too—lots of 'em. And she does. And big (Continued on page 10)
WORKING GIRL

NAME: Bette Davis
OCCUPATION: Actress
EMPLOYER: Warner Bros.
NATURE OF DUTIES: Helping to maintain the Warner standard of great entertainment.
REMARKS: We at Warner Bros. have been proud of Bette Davis, of her magnificent artistry and enormous talent, ever since she came to work with us. (And no matter how easy it looks on the screen, “work” is the word — with a very large “W”!) But we’ve never been so proud of Bette as since we (and she) finished making MR. SKEFFINGTON!

MR. SKEFFINGTON is the enthralling story of a very rich man and a very beautiful woman, and of their life together . . . and apart. A love story? We think that even when you’ve seen it, you won’t be sure!

But you will be sure that MR. SKEFFINGTON is one of the finest motion pictures ever made — by anybody, anywhere . . . and that Bette Davis has no peer among screen artists!

You’ll be sure, too, that the company which produced MR. SKEFFINGTON can be counted on always for the best in entertainment!

BETTE DAVIS GREAT AS ONLY SHE CAN BE IN "MR. SKEFFINGTON"

WARNER BROS.
JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer

Produced by JULIUS J. & PHILIP G. EPSTEIN - Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein. From Story by "Elizabeth". Music by Franz Waxman. Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN.
CORINTHIA... skillfully blended to assure creamy smoothness and lasting color... keeps your lips truly enchanting. There’s no finer lipstick made... yet Corinthia is priced only 99¢ (plus tax).

In plastic case with "captive" cap... At drug & dept. stores.

(Continued from page 8)

hats. And extreme clothes. And very fancy hair-dos. And Lucille goes in for all these things in a big way. Some—in fact, most—of the gals around Hollywood don’t quite agree with her and lean a little more toward the conservative side. But not Lucille! She wears all the feathers, flowers and jewels she can get on her and loves it! They say that when Lucille goes to a theater, the person behind her never says, “Madam, will you kindly remove your hat?” He usually says, “Lady, will you please remove everything?”

Chit-Chot: Hollywood was mighty proud of Clark Gable getting his Majority—but then, the town has had reason to be proud of him right along. And we’re fairly bursting with pride over Jimmy Stewart’s fine record—to say nothing of Henry Fonda, Ty Power, Vic Mature and so many others who have done and are doing splendid jobs here and overseas... Have you heard about Boris Karloff’s wanting to rent a new home and asking the owner, “How much will you charge to house a haunt?”... Rita Hayworth is so busy with plans for the baby she expects around Thanksgiving that she isn’t even thinking about pictures. She was so good in “Cover Girl,” though, that everyone hopes she’ll follow it with another fine performance quickly before she has to retire from the screen for a while... From Fanny Brice to Marilyn Maxwell is quite a jump, but John Conte, who used to be Fanny’s boy friend, is now Marilyn’s devoted swain. And she’s listening with both ears... Jane Wyman got a letter from a girl friend back East that was full of juicy gab and gossip and it ended like this, “I am confiding all this to you because you’re my dearest friend—and because I have such a big mouth.”

Pay-Off: At this point nobody is sure what will happen—or if the case will ever get to court, but believe me, Hollywood had a chuckle when Twentieth Century-Fox up and sued Jennifer Jones for over six hundred thousand dollars for not appearing in a certain picture for them. Old Cal can’t imagine what the studio would get even if they win the suit—because even though they may think she’s worth that vast amount of money to them after winning the Academy Award, little Jennifer only earns four hundred dollars a week from David Selznick who “owns” her. And, to this date, we haven’t heard of her even getting a slight bonus from her big boss.

Jennifer may not be complaining about her comparatively small pay, but Joan Fontaine surely is—and to lots of people. That’s the main reason she made all those announcements about “retiring” from the screen for a couple of years. I don’t think it was “illness” so much as discontent with her contract which she wants to break. You see, Selznick gets over a hundred thousand dollars for Joan when he lends her to other studios (which he’s been doing for a year) but Joan only

(Continued on page 12)
DAVID O. SELZNICK
presents:

CLAUDETTE COLBERT  JENNIFER JONES  JOSEPH COTTEN

SHIRLEY TEMPLE  MONTY WOOLLEY  LIONEL BARRYMORE  ROBERT WALKER

The screen’s most distinguished cast in

"Since You Went Away"

The producer’s first picture since "Gone With The Wind" and "Rebecca"

DIRECTED BY JOHN CROMWELL  RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS
Tampax may be worn in lake, pool or ocean!

Should you ever feel lonely or out-of-place at lakeside or seashore during "those days of the month" inquire about Tampax. For the Tampax method of sanitary protection provides internal absorption, without any outside pad or supporting belt. Just give a little thought to the foregoing facts and you will realize how suitable Tampax is for use in the water!

Tampax is made of long-fiber cotton highly compressed for quick and dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax and the wearer does not feel it when in place. In fact Tampax does not hamper you in any way. Odor can't form with Tampax. Chafing is impossible. Changing and disposal are easy.

Millions of women are now using Tampax. It is sold at drug stores, notion counters. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Three absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(Continued from page 10)

gets twenty thousand a picture. And even though she received a big chunk of War Bonds from her boss for a Christmas present last year, she hasn't received any bonuses, either. Stars aren't allowed to get "raises" in salaries these days—anymore than anyone else, so some studios reward them with bonuses once or twice a year. Joan is an Award winner, too, in case you've forgotten, and with expenses and taxes and what they are, she'd just as leave remain idle until her present contract is up—and then make some real money for herself.

Boys and Girls: Most of the gals' names you find linked with that of Alan Curtis in the columns the poor guy doesn't even know—much less having really been out night-clubbing with them. But one gal who is really getting a lot of attention from him these evenings is pretty little Sheila Ryan—and if you ask us, this will be a big year for her in a movie way. Wait and see. . .

And Betty Hutton wishes people would stop pinning romances on her that she never heard of too! Betty has been heart-whole and fancy-free for a long time now. And she wishes she weren't. She's lonesome and admits it. She'd love to fall in love. Now, boys! Don't crowd! Wouldn't be surprised, though, if Betty suddenly gets a big rush from John Calvert, recently signed up at Columbia studios. He has an awful crush on her and he's going to try! You'll be hearing plenty of Calvert too. He's a swell new romantic—heavy type. Tall, dark and sexy. When he went into the studio photograph gallery for his first fittings, the cameramen nearly went nertz looking through the lenses at him. They decided he looked like Walter Pidgeon; George Raft, when he smiles; Doug Fairbanks, Jr., from a three-quarter view; and a few other people—and they kept turning his face this way and that. Finally, they decided he looked like John Calvert, which was all right too—and then they made a lot of pictures!

Of People and Places: Ann Sheridan was returning from her overseas entertaining jaunt just as you read this. And Reggie Gardiner really ought to put his impressions of the trip he and Kay Francis and Marsha Hunt made to the Aleutians together, between bookcovers. So wonderful to hear his slant on the whole trip . . . Garbo was a sensation at a big party that Lady Mendl gave. She was flitting all over the place! And all done up with her hair beautifully coiffed and wearing a smart black dress. And a real string of pearls. She's been going around a lot with columnist Harry Crocker—but old Cal doesn't think it's a heavy romance. (Continued on page 14)
A happy hit parade of gags, gaiety and glamour in a sparkling music-filled story that will send your spirits soaring! All this and song-hits, too!

FRANK SINATRA  GEORGE MURPHY
ADOLPE MENJOU  GLORIA DEHAVEN
WALTER SLEZAK  EUGENE PALLETTE

IN

Step Lively

WALLY BROWN  ALAN CARNEY
GRANT ANNE MITCHELL  JEFFREYS

Produced by Robert Fellows  Directed by Tim Whelan
Screen play by Warren Duff and Peter Milne

To families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.
And, believe it or not, Garbo is just dying to meet—of all people—Jimmy Durante! So far she’s asked four different people at M-G-M to introduce her to him!

Observation Post: You never saw two more attractive (or happier) people than Betty Grable and hubby Harry James dining at La Roca the very night that someone had air-waved the “news” that they were about to separate. Someone came over to their table and told them about it and they were so mad they were fit to be tied! . . . Evelyn Keyes, with her director husband Charles Vidor, was there, too. And it looks to us as though Evelyn has dyed her hair pink! . . . Gene Kelly’s wife could be as attractive as her husband if she’d do something about it all . . . Claudette Colbert has just bought herself a fashionable apartment house in Hollywood . . . Did you know that Bob Taylor has a contract with Metro that runs for seventeen years? And he gets paid a moderate part of it the whole time he’s in the Army . . . George Raft is now dividing his time between Virginia Maples and Myrna Dell. Just when you think he’s all for one, you find him in Mocambo with the other! . . . Simone Simon hasn’t found a new steady since she and Robert Jordan iced . . . Connie Bennett should be making a statement about her marriage with Gilbert Roland about now that may surprise you—and then again it may not.

You can bet Myrna Loy isn’t going to quit Hollywood just because that “Thin Man” picture she came to make is finished. The studio has just done her dressing room over so beautifully—all in pale blues and wine colors. And there are other signs. She’s very happy in Hollywood now. Helmut Dantine may have something to do with it. . . . The delay in the Elyse Knox-Tom Harmon nuptials is merely to give her time to embrace the Catholic faith . . . Sympathy has been pouring in on the Dennis O’Keefe, who won’t be having that baby after all . . . With all his genius, Orson Welles wasn’t able to get his wife Rita Hayworth as a guest-star on his own radio show. The price her agent asked for her services was too high—and the radio show’s budget wouldn’t permit it. But the real chuckle is that Rita’s agent is Orson’s agent too! . . . There were more gags pulled at Phil Baker’s wedding to Inggaard Erik than there are in his programs! Ending with the bride and groom’s leaving for their honeymoon in a pony cart!

About Town: Ever wonder why some of these Hollywood lovelies don’t run headlong into Cupid on one of these overseas jaunts? Well, one of them really did and it’s just like a movie, too! Beautiful Anna Lee, English actress, boarded a plane in Africa while on a USO tour and looked straight into the eyes of Captain George H. Stafford, handsome six-foot-three Army pilot from Texas. This July 29 they’ll be married if the Captain can arrange his leave. Miss Lee was recently divorced from director Robert Stevenson and is the mother of two small children.

Reverberations of George Raft’s trip overseas to entertain our boys are reaching Hollywood in a weird off-key wail. Seems Georgie mistook Colonels for movie producers who can be shoved around. Colonels can’t, he found, and George came home very quickie.

Two angry red spots flamed from Hedy Lamarr’s lovely ears that grew more and more painful as the days wore on. It seems Hedy cleaned her earrings in a cleaning acid that seared her ears. Such a time. For a while it was feared the infection might enter the ear, but after many sleepless nights they gradually began to heal. For heaven’s sake, girls, don’t try Hedy’s cleaning methods with jewels.

And We Quote: “Hollywood doesn’t realize Bey is synonymous with Mr. in English, so you see I could never really marry because my wife would be called ‘Mrs. Mr.’”—Turhan Bey.

“I don’t like to hear stories that are off-color. I won’t listen to them.”—June Allyson.

“I’m not an actor. I’m a picaana player, that’s all.”—Jose Iturbi.

“I guess I’d best send it (the Distinguished Flying Cross) home. I’m mighty proud of it.”—Major James Stewart.
"I'm in love with a man almost fifty years old but I'm not sure marriage would work out for us."—Ann Miller.

"What, me join the Army when there's a war on? You're crazy."—Ray Milland to a heckler.

"I want to get married all right, but I don't seem to find the right girl that will have me."—Van Johnson.

Cal Wonders: If Hedy Lamarr had Betty Hutton's pep or Roz Russell's quick mind what would happen. Zipppee! If Valentino hadn't died what kind of roles he'd be playing today. Or even if he'd be playing. If Greta Garbo had shown more friendliness we wonder if she'd be the town's forgotten woman today.

Or if Betty Grable doesn't practice more co-operation with the studio, we wonder if even those pin-up pictures can carry her very much further. Cal wonders how anyone so simple, so kind, so humanly unpretentious as Paul Lukas can be so impressive an actor. Could it be that Paul's release from communal living when he and his wife were forced to share their small Vienna flat with three other families, has something to do with it? If Rita Hayworth had gone through with her marriage to Vic Mature we wonder if she'd be as happy as she is today as Mrs. Orson Welles.

Or what would happen if Charles Boyer had Walter Pidgeon's height and Red Skelton's hair. Brother!! If all the glamour boys suddenly marched off to war and left none but Boris Karloff to play opposite Lana Turner what—we must be crazy.

If Bette Davis had Grable's chassis and the voice of Jean Arthur what would happen in those mad, dramatic things Bette plays so well? Would the boys whistle, weep, or chuckle? If Clara Bow had had some wise and kindly soul to guide her in her early Hollywood days would she be the shadoowy little nervous thing she is today—unrecognized and unhappy? If Sydney Greenstreet could dance like Cesar Romero and make love like Boyer would Dietrich run him ragged? She would and you know it.

Oh My Gosh Department: Martha Raye has been told to expect twins or even triplets. Boy, page "Mr. Paganini." Martha is the wife of Nick Condos, a dancer.

Maris Montez and Joan Fontaine have struck up one of those rare friendships because, as Joan explains it, they have so little in common.

Frank Sinatra sent the little woman on ahead to decorate their new home (Mary Astor's house) with Frank planning to bring the new baby and little Nancy on to Hollywood several weeks later. Can't you just see Frankie strolling the train aisle singing the baby to sleep with "This Is A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening."

Where Are Those Little Grey Homes in the West? The housing situation continues the most exasperating problem the town has ever faced, but the lack

To the Mother.
whose daughter will soon be 12

"I wish my mother had told me about it"... Is that what your little girl will say, when she first faces "problem days"? Sooner than you realize, that certain time will come. And you, as her mother, should and must spare her the shock of being unprepared!

"How shall I begin—what shall I say?"

Perhaps you're not quite sure, yourself, of all the facts she needs to know. Let us help you! For 25 years we have studied the problem. Let us prepare your daughter for you—through the bright booklet, "As One Girl To Another"!

Disarming as a heart-to-heart talk, this free booklet explains menstruation in everyday language. It will bring your daughter closer to you, encourage her to bring you her confidences. "As One Girl To Another" gives do's and don'ts for "difficult days." Tells about bathing—swimming—sports—grooming—social contacts. Helps develop poise. And provides a personal calendar for keeping track of those days.

Today, send for your copy of "As One Girl To Another." It's a free gift from Kotex® Sanitary Napkins.

All Her Days, She'll Thank You... for making her first "days" more comfortable with Kotex, the napkin that stays soft while wearing—doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. Give her Junior Kotex (in the green box), choice of so many young girls. Slightly narrower than Regular Kotex, the Junior size has every Kotex feature that makes such a difference in napkins. The same enduring softness. Flat pressed ends that don't show because they're not stubby—(a patented "plus"), to banish telltale lines. And the special Kotex safety-center for extra protection.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins!

Get this booklet FREE!

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15
Getting a war job is easy ... doing it is what really counts. And that once-a-month, all-in feeling does not mix with every-day, all-out effort. So call on Midol.

Remember to take it at the first sign of menstrual pain, and see how swiftly it relieves your functional suffering. Eases cramps, soothes menstrual headache, brightens you when you’re "blue"!

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Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A product of General Drug Company

Cal York’s
Inside Stuff

Naive nominee for the best Hymie Fink candid of the month:
Margaret O’Brien

of somewhere to live, serious as it is, is not without its ridiculous side at that. For instance, when Joan Blondell finished the tour of her stage play, "Something For The Boys," she returned to Hollywood to find husband Dick Powell, whom she was about to divorce, ensconced in their Selma Avenue abode with her mother and the two children. Now here was a situation the farceurs could really go to town with. Everybody mad at everybody else and nobody moving out because they had no place to move to. The problem was eventually solved when Dick several days later finally took himself to the home of an actor friend who offered temporary shelter.

But the strangest situation of all and one Hollywood still doesn’t know about is that of a well-known star and his wife who have called their marriage off but who can’t and won’t separate for two reasons. One is the housing situation that leaves the husband with no place but his boat for shelter and, what with the gas situation and commuting, that, too, is out of the question when he is working. The other reason for remaining in the same house is that by doing so the pair feel that the recent good will and morale built up by the star among boys in service will be preserved.

Returning a good deed for a good deed rendered was Van Johnson’s privilege recently. Keenan Wynn, who made that trip through China and India with Paulette Goddard, came home to find himself, even as old Cal himself, completely homeless. The house had been sold from under him. Remem-
LAST-MINUTE FLASHES: Olivia de Havilland and Ingrid Bergman have become telephone buddies since their Alaska-Aleutian-Attu treks. They compare notes like mad...

Joan Fontaine in an interview a year ago frankly stated-husband Brian Aherne wasn’t a great actor (or so we’re told) and there began the lessening of respect that led to divorce...

Mickey Rooney and ex-wife Ava Gardner are seeing each other again. Can’t get her out of his dreams, it seems... It’s fun to watch those four Irish cronies, Spencer Tracy, Pat O’Brien, Frank McHugh and Jimmy Cagney, get together for their Wednesday night dinners at Romanoff’s. Such laughter... Warners are going around on tippy-toes over their new star Eleanor Parker who was so good in “Between Two Worlds.” There’s even talk they may star her in the Bette Davis role in “Of Human Bondage”...

Susan Peters who has been so ill for so long won’t be back on the screen for weeks. Bad luck for Susie who was going great guns... Notice the lad who does that adagio dance with Betty Grable in “Pin-Up Girl.” He’s Hermes Pan, dance director at Twentieth Century-Fox and has more appeal than most any actor on the lot...

After viewing Sydney Greenstreet’s wonderful portrayal of the Exonzer in “Between Two Worlds” in which all the characters are dead, Cal couldn’t help telephoning the actor. “Do you mean to tell me,” we asked, “when we die, we’re going straight to Sydney Greenstreet instead of heaven?” He snorted and hung up...

Judy Garland isn’t all smiles since Dave Rose consented to let her divorce him. She won’t be entirely happy until her studio lets her free-lance... When John Garfield was told the three-day old son of Columbia’s head, Harry Cohn, had been elected to the board of directors, he looked dejected. “And to think,” John sighed, “my son is nine months old and hasn’t even got a job.”... Hollywood women find director John Negulesco and pianist Jose Iturbi more fascinating than many a movie star...

We are witness to a strange phenomenon going on out here—the slow but steady rise of Van Johnson to Sinatra-
Glorify Your Hair
this easy home way like
Stunning Powers Models

10-Minute “Glamour Bath” Leaves Hair Silken-Soft
Bright and Glossy For Days!

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Mr. Powers always advises his beautiful “million dollar”
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their hair. And these gorgeous girls have discovered
there’s nothing better to help keep their hair looking its
dazzling best for days.

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Even after the first Kreml Shampoo—you can notice a
remarkable difference. It thoroughly cleanses hair and
scalp of dirt and loose dandruff. Your hair just gleams
with its natural brilliant highlights. Notice how much
softer, silkier it is—how it stays in place much longer!

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Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh caustics
or chemicals. Instead, it has a beneficial oil base which
is wonderful to help soften dry, brittle ends. Kreml
Shampoo rinses out like a breeze. It never leaves any
excess dull soapy film.

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“million dollar” Powers Models do. At all drug and department stores.

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FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

CAL YORK’S
Inside Stuff

ism by local cutties. Van’s been on the
screen two years or so but lately, the
girls begin screaming the minute his
name is flashed on the screen at pre-
miere—and they so jam the lobbies
waiting for a sight of him, the press
can hardly get through. Even his
M-G-M bosses can’t account for all
this adulation but believe us they’re
mighty impressed by it . . . When you
see the girl who plays the maid in
“Gaslight” you’ll automatically ask
your neighbor what her name is, she’s
that wonderful. But now that you
know, you can be the one to tell every-
one around you—Angela Lansbury,
the girl who looks like a blonde Gypsy
Rose Lee . . .

Bob Hope had a cyst taken off his
eye and went around in bandages pre-
tending to be a Bing Crosby horse in
blinders . . . Hear tell Claudette Col-
bert, who is visiting hubby Commander
Joel Pressman, Joel Pressman, has joined in with other
Army wives up in Salem, Oregon, in
their club and social lives and is loving
it. Bet they’re loving Claudette, too . . .
Something has happened to George
Sanders lately. Hasn’t insulted anyone
in a long time.

We’re crazy about the way Dana
Andrews looks at his wife when they’re
out dining. At Somerset House the
other night we noticed Dana had
eyes only for her and now that we
think of it, he looked “love” at her.
Even to skeptical old Cal it was thrill-
ing . . .

Captain Louis Hayward’s honor-
able discharge from the Marines, after
his long illness and heroism at Tarawa,
puts him back into movies and we’re
all glad to have him back . . .

Phil Harris got back from his Jack
Benny tour of the Northwest in time
to drive his wife Alice Faye and
new baby daughter Phyllis home from
the hospital—and singer Dick Haymes
who substituted for Dennis Day (now
in the Navy) on that same show got
back just in time to drive his wife to
the hospital to have a baby . . .

Everyone agrees Gene Tierney, ab-
sent from town for a year, is lovelier
than ever . . .

With five glamour gals working on
their lot at the same time, Barbara
Stanwyck, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan,
Rosalind Russell and Hedy Lamarr,
Warner publicists are going slightly
wild trying not to show favor in the
matter of publicity. If they come
through it alive they’ll be lucky.
Million-dollar guy Bob Hope, with his wife Dolores, rates cheers from England in a letter that rates $10

FOR many years I have corresponded with an English girl whose firm belief is that one of our major contributions to winning the war is found in our movies. She says that it is only in the cinema that people are able to completely lose themselves and forget their losses.

One of her latest stories concerns a girl named Stella who was one of a party of five attending a movie cinema which was bombed while Bob Hope was laughing in "Let's Face It." A bomb fell through the roof and caused a large crater into which the girls fell. One little twenty-year-old wife of a sailor was killed; the second had both legs fractured; the third, Stella, who was a lovely exhibition dancer aged 18, had one leg amputated, the other leg fractured and injuries to her face. I quote: "She says they were in tucks of laughter when the bomb fell and she remembers exactly where the film had got to. Most remarkable of all is that she plans to go back to see the rest of the film when she gets up! I wish Bob Hope could know his gift for making people laugh has carried this girl through such a terrible ordeal."

I am writing this letter to share with you the high regard of these English women for Bob Hope and for all of our movies. They say: "We need the inspiration of your lovely scenery and to see life as it's lived where there are no bombings."

Mrs. L. C. Abbie,
Seattle, Wash.

FOR some reason, unknown even to me, I have had the idea that Alexis Smith was a cold, aloof (Continued on page 97)

PHOTOPLAY awards, $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.
IT started as a FURLough ROMANCE — BUT!

Lovely Hair made him want me for keeps

I met Jim when he was home on a furlough. What a wonderful time we had! Then, his letter came—

“You were so lovely that last day at the beach as the sun played hide and seek with the soft highlights in your hair. I'd like to feel that the girl with the lustrous curls will be waiting for me when I get back.”

How happy I was—and how I thanked Nestle Colorinse for taking away the dull, drabness of my hair and giving it richer color, sparkling highlights and a glorious silky sheen.

Colorinse can make your hair lovelier, too. Why don’t you try it tonight?

For your next permanent, ask for an Opalescent Cream Wave, by Nestle—originator of permanent waving.

P.S. Wave, by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Spectacular: Katharine Hepburn and Turhan Bey in "Dragon Seed"

BRIEF REVIEWS

••• INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

• INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

ACTION IN ARABIA—RKO: George Sanders plays American foreign correspondent whose friend is found slain in a Damascus camel market. So, with Virginia Bruce, he uncovers a plot hatched up by the Sawsitska boys to incite the Arabs against the Allies. Gene Lockhart is the fat old traitor, Lenore Aubert a shapely shikassa, and Robert Armstrong goes along for the ride.

ADDRESS UNKNOWN—Columbia: Paul Lukas becomes so infatuated with Nastia that he sends the daughter of his former partner in San Francisco to death and then ethnias and suspense are injected into the story when messages in code, unfavorable to the Nazi cause, pass through him from France and he is unable to explain them. Lukas is superb; K. T. Stevens, Peter Van Eyck, Mady Christians and Carl Esmond are good.

ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN, THE—Warners: Mark Twain, the great humorist and writer, comes to life in the superb performance of Fredric March. His experiences on the Mississippi in the raw frontiers of the West, in his happy marriage to Alexis Smith, in home life in New England and later in Mexico, are marvels around the world and are richly told in this picture that’s overly long but always interesting.

AND THE ANGELS SING—Paramount: The singing Angel sisters, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chandler, don’t like to sing, but reluctantly consent to appear one night with Fred MacMurray’s orchestra. But when Fred slips off with Betty’s money, the foursome follow him to New York to try and retrieve it and from them on there’s plenty of trouble and songs involved.

ANDY HARDY’S BLONDE TROUBLE—MGM: Andy Mickey Rooney Hardy is on his way to college when he meets twins Lee and Lyn Wilde, who, incidentally, wrap up the picture for themselves. There is too much plot for us to unravel, but you’ll enjoy every minute of it. For good measure Bonita Granville is thrown in as Mickey’s big dream and Herbert Marshall as the professor.

BRIDGE OF SANTA FE, THE—Rogers-Amalgamated: Two outstanding performances by Louis Calhern and Akim Tamiroff occasionally highlight this heavy and wearisome story of five people who are changed to death when the bridge gives way. Donald Woods is the priest who investigates the lives of the five victims, Lynn Bari isn’t quite up to her role, nor is Francis Lederer; but Nazimova is excellent.

BUFFALO BILL—20th Century-Fox: A magnificently well-acted, well-directed, well-staged taking beauty of the great West, this tells the life story of Bill Cody, played by Joel McCrea, with all colors right. Some audiences may think the color whitewash a bit, but the story is good enough to make the picture worth buying.

CHEF OF THE OLD BLOCK—Universal: Donald O’Connor meets up with Ann Blyth, member of a theatrical family who have always been allergic to the men in Donald’s family, and the attempts of Helen Broderick and Helen Vinson to keep the youngsters apart form the basis of the story. Peggie Grant, Patric Knowles and Arthur Treacher are all mixed up in the thing, but Donald himself is the whole show.

CHINESE CAT, THE—Monogram: Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, has forty-eight hours in which to solve a murder which the police have given up as hopeless. He does it through the key to the mystery—a Chinese statue of a black cat. Joan Woodbury, Benson Fong, Ian Keith and Welden Hepburn are Chan’s cohorts in the story.

SHADOW STAGE

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

Allergic To Love
Between Two Worlds
Christmas Holiday
Double Indemnity
Eve Of St. Mark, The
Gaslight
Hall, The Conquering Hero
Hairy Ape, The
Johnny Doesn’t Live Here Any More
Ladies Of Washington
Make Your Own Bed
Man From Frisco
Memphis Belle, The
Mummy’s Ghost, The
Pardon My Rhythm
Roger Touhy—Singer
South Of Dixie
Summer Storm
Two Girls And A Sailor
Waterfront
Yellow Rose Of Texas
**Cobra Woman**—Universal: Nonsense, but fun, with Marva Ontez getting knocked up on the eve of her wedding to Jon Hall, so Sabu, Hall’s devoted friend, traces her to Cobra Island where Marie has been taken to replace her wicked twin sister who’s the cruel High Priestess.

**Cover Girl**—Columbia: Rita Hayworth has never looked lovelier than in this gay, gorgeous musical comedy and Gene Kelly’s dancing is superb. Rita, who works in Kelly’s small night club, wins a cover girl contest and the attendance publicity carries her away from Kelly to Lee Bowman, Broadway producer. With Eve Arden, Phil Silvers, Otto Kruger and the Cover Girls.

**Cowboy and The Senorita, The**—Republic: Too much plot complication dealing with buried treasure and cryptic messages on a bracelet lost by a girl trying to locate the treasure. Because Roy Rogers and Guinn Williams find the bracelet, villain John Hubbard accuses them of kidnapping the missing girl. Mary Lee and Dale Evans are the girls.

**Cursel of The Cat People**—RKO: Simone Simon, the cat lady, is playmate to a little girl, Ann Carter, who’s entranced with the idea of a woman’s turning into a cat. Naturally, Ann’s parents Kent Smith and Jane Randolph are horrified at the idea. The previous picture “Cat People” was a far far better story than this little house-poes.

**Days of Glory**—RKO: Two new vibrant personalities, Gregory Peck and Tamara Toumanova, are presented here, with Peck as the commander of a Russian guerrilla band. When her ballet troupe is overrun by the Nazis, Toumanova becomes one of them and, of course, her love soon finds a response in the commander’s heart. Every detail of the film is cleverly and beautifully done.

**Detective Kitty O’Day**—Monogram: Jean Parker and her beau, Peter Cookson, try to discover who murdered her boss while, at the same time, trying to prevent detectives Tim Ryan and Ed Gargan from arresting her for the deed. Joan as Kitty, gives the role plenty of snap and sparkle.

**Falcon Out West, The**—RKO: When a Western ranch owner drops dead in New York, presumably from rattlesnake poison, the Falcon, played calmly and smoothly as usual by Tom Conway, gets in the case and trails the dead man’s henchmen out West. The cast includes Barbara Hale, Minor Watson, Carole Gallagher and Joan Barclay.

**Follow the Boys**—Universal: The idea of showing the work of the Hollywood Victory Committee and the stars who give their services to entertain the boys in camps and overseas comes to the screen for the first time. It’s immensely entertaining. The array of artists includes George Raft, Zoriah, Orson Welles, Jeannette MacDonald, Desi Arnaz, Dinah Shore, Donald O’Connor and many others.

**Four Hills and a Jeep**—20th Century-Fox: Because this story is based on the overseas adventures of Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Minu Mayfair it holds the interest far more than it otherwise would. Phil Silvers, sergeant attached to the girls throughout their journey, is very good, as is singer Richard Haymes and John Harvey, who provides the romance with Carole.

**Going My Way**—Paramount: A charming, heart-warming picture, with Bing Crosby as the young priest who loves baseball and song-writing. He’s sent to the rundown parish of Barry Fitzgerald to help straighten out its affair, and Bing does a fine job. Rose Stevens sings magnificently, Fitzgerald is a joy to behold and Bing turns in a fine, sincere performance.

**Hat Check Honey**—Universal: Three name hands, Freddie Slack’s Harry Owens and Ted Weems, the cuteness and pertness of hat-check girl Gracie McDonald and the antics of Leon Errol fail to give a lift to this dreary little weary. The plot deals with Errol’s sacrificing his all for the future of his son Richard Davis, who makes a hit with Slack’s band and then walks out.

**Her Primitive Man**—Universal: A lot of fun and nonsense, with Robert Paige as an author who has sold the idea for a book about head hunters to Publisher Robert Benchley. When Louise Allbritton learns about the book she exposes it as a fraud and decides to bring a real head hunter back to civilization. So, of course, Paige poses as the primitive man and much comedy results.

**Hi, Good Lookin’**—Universal: The people in this are very nice people, such as Harriet Hillard, Eddie Quillan, Betty Kean, Fuzzy Knight and Roscoe Arbuckle, but the story is about a girl who comes to Hollywood to crash the movies, ends up on a radio broadcast of crotchety husband and wife comedies, and checks herself up on it are a lot of splashy numbers and Ozzie Nelson’s band.

**Hitler Gang, The**—Paramount: The rise of Hitler and the men who forced and kept him in power as their Fuehrer is told with such conviction and thoroughness that the film is taken with authority from its start, the inception of Nazi hoodlumism. Robert Watson walks off with honors in his role of Hitler, but the entire cast deserves praise.

---

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*THE “BEFOREHAND” LOTION*

Helps prevent soap- and water damage to soft hands! Use it before daily household tasks!

Trushay’s different from other lotions. Specially made to help guard against the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water. Smooth it on before you wash dishes—before you tub undies. It’s luscious and creamy. Helps prevent damage to your lovely hands—instead of trying to correct it after it’s done. Economical. At your drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different spelling—but the same wonderful “beforehand” lotion.*
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Truly, Evening in Paris

is Made for Romance!

Stars in your eyes, Romance in his heart, when your make-up is Evening in Paris. The delicate bloom of Evening in Paris face powder, the fresh, singing colors of Evening in Paris rouge and lipstick help to give you fragile, feminine loveliness. Wear these gloriously flattering colors in make-up...let admiring glances tell you why it is said, "to make a lovely lady even lovelier, Evening in Paris."

Evening in Paris

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NEW YORK.

WHOM IN INDIANA—20th Century-Fox: Lon McCallister comes to the home of Walter Brennan, former successful horse breeder, trains a colt to halter racing and eventually brings Brennan back to prosperity and happiness. Lon's fine performance, the Technicolor beauty and the heart appeal of the story make this a must see. Newcomers June Haver and Jeanne Crain show great promise.

HOT RHYTHM—Monogram: A cute little budget musical with Robert Lowery and Sidney Miller as song writers who try to help singer Dina Drake land a job with an orchestra. Irene Ryan is the wacky secretary who takes credit for the recording Dina makes and from then on all sorts of complications arise. Tim Ryan is the studio boss.

HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN, THE—Paramount: Franko Tone (originally played by William Tabbert) and later finds himself in the role of a German con- spiring objector who marries Ver- onica Lake and later discovers that she's a German spy who's married him in order to stay in England and keep on singing. Bud Munson and John Sutton strive bravely to make this good entertainment, but it turns out to be dull and unexciting.

IMPOSTER, THE—Universal: Despite the talents of Jean Gabin, Richard Whorf, Allyn Joslyn, Ellen Drew and Peter Van Eyk, this turns out to be a bore. The story has convict Gabin escaping from a bailed-out prison in France, working his way to a French seaport and taking a freighter to Dakar, where he eventually becomes regenerated through loyalty to the Free French.

WIN OUR TIME— Warners: The performances of Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid lift this story into a fairly engaging tale. The first half which tells of their marriage is charming, but after their marriage that brings about a flood of social and family problems, it goes into the usual fare of war and its effect on the various lives of the characters involved.

Knickers Holiday—PC/AU: The stage play has been lifted bodily to the screen and the results are pleasing but puzzling, although Nelson Eddy's arresting presence and his voice keep the whole business intact. Charles Coburn as Gouvernor Peter Stuyvesant has been more happily cast in the past but the idea behind the tale is fun and the music's swell. With Constance Dowling.

LADIES COURAGEOUS—Universal: Glorifying the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron, this picture has done all right by the WAFS. Loretta Young is steady and consistent as the leader of the women fliers. Ann Gwynne is happily cast as the superstitious one. Geraldine Fitzgerald is the publicity seeking leader. Evelyn Ankers, Diana Barrymore, Lois Collier and June Vincent are all good.

LADY AND THE MONSTER, THE—Republic: A motor accident has provided scientist Erich Von Stroheim with a human brain which he keeps alive in his laboratory. This proves very upsetting to Richard Arlen who gradually comes under the brain's spell and to Jeanne Crain who almost loses her life on account of the brain. It's a pretty good chiller-diller.

LUMBERJACK—Harry Sherman—UA: Hope having a Lumberjack really loses along this time in a gallant little number that generates plenty of fast action. Things really happen when Hoppy and his pals fail to stave off an eloping couple, but when the groom is shot almost immediately and the villains set in to defraud the young widow lots of action results. Ellen Hall is the purty gal.

MEN ON HER MIND—P. R. C.: Edward Norris, Tom Neal and Alan Edwards are all in love with Mary Beth Hughes, and on the night of her triumph as a radio star they all propose marriage to her. The results are her final choice, are contained in long flashback sequences of her childhood in an orphanage.

MILLION DOLLAR KID—Monogram: The Dead End Kids, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, and Gabriel Dell are still around and here the hoodlums run around with rich boy Johnny Duncan, and in the course of their misdeeds they save the kid's father from a slugging, expose a phoney French officer, and teach the lad himself the danger of truaping about in bad company.

MONSTER MAKER, THE—P.B.C.: Another nutty scientist, this time played by J. Carrel Naish who can make people's heads grow big as well as their hands and feet. He inflicts this horror on Ralph Morgan, a pianist, in order to force his consent to the marriage of his daughter, Wanda McKay, to Naish.

MOON OVER LAS VEGAS—Universal: Anne Gwynne and David Bruce are married but obtain a legal separation despite the fact they are still in love. After both of them playing hard to get for several reels, they finally end up in a Las Vegas hotel still mad and still unreconciled until a gorilla settles the matter. Vivian Austin is cute as an innocent companion.

MY BEST GAL—Republic: The routine formula of the talented kids who try to hit Broadway, with most of the action taking place in a drugstore where Jane Withers soda jerks. When her boy friend Jimmy Lydon is about to go in the Army she attempts to sell the musical he's written and actually puts on a preview of the show in the drugstore.
I Know 3 Secrets...

How to keep cool, fresh and fragrantly dainty with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum

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These secrets have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! Let them be your secrets of daintiness! You'll find Cashmere Bouquet Talcum in 10c and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

(Continued on page 117)
A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

**Two Girls And A Sailor** (M-G-M)

Happy times, happy kids, happy movie and a happy New Year to one and all if this sort of thing keeps up. What a refresher for weary minds and peopless bodies!

Cutie-pie June Allyson and lovely Gloria DeHaven are a team M-G-M can well be proud of. There's something catching about that Allyson kid that has nothing to do with measles or mumps. It's charm and sincerity, both of which June has in abundance. And Gloria isn't too far behind her, at that.

Van Johnson is, of course, perfect as the sailor both girls fall for, not knowing he's from rich and unknown benefactor.

There's Harry James and his orchestra playing as only he and they can; Jose Iturbi at the piano; distinguished Albert Coates, conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, laboring under the delusion Gracie Allen with her index finger is a pianist of note (and that one off-key); Jimmy Durante with everyone finally getting into his act; Carlos Ramirez singing like a he-angel; Lena Horne and Virginia O'Brien each warbling in her own inimitable style; Xavier Cugat and his band giving out with his hip-flinging rhapsodies.

And oh yes, back in the story is a young man we want to mention just to keep you from politely reading us a lecture. Tom Drake, the soldier in love with Miss DeHaven, is a hit.

Really we couldn't be more enthusiastic about this movie that earns its right to be labeled "entertainment."

Your Reviewer Says: Maybe you've already noticed we're for it.

**Summer Storm** (Angelus-UA)

You won't believe your eyes when you see Linda Darnell giving the performance of her career as a selfish, seductive temptress who takes what she wants and pays for it dearly.

In fact, "Summer Storm" is really a picture heavy-laden with fine performances. In less competent hands the story would have suffered badly, but neither was magic in the direction of Douglas Sirk, or something of the decadent Russia prior to the Revolution found its way into the heart of each player, for seldom have we seen every performer rise to meet the fullest possibilities of his role.

There's George Sanders, for instance. As the judge who succumbs to the illicit love offered by Darnell, he is magnificent.

Your Reviewer Says: Odd and fascinating.

**Double Indemnity** (Paramount)

Producers, directors and writers of psychological crime stories should be forced to march into a theater in a body and study this picture which really shows them how.

What a picture! And what a performance from Fred MacMurray who hitherto has always been good without ringing any chimes, as it were.

Ugly, grim, realistic as it is in its sex implications, the monster—for the story itself is an evil monster—takes hold of the onlooker and like a snake with a bird holds him fascinated and spellbound. And yet all the time one little corner of the mind is left free to applaud the intelligence and the brilliant work of writer, director and cast.

He's a likable, good-looking insurance salesman up until the time he meets Barbara Stanwyck and from that moment on MacMurray becomes a murderer.

Oh no, we're not revealing the plot. It's all there from start to finish, the meeting, the physical thing that prompts him to help Barbara murder her husband and defraud his own insurance company.

Stanwyck is marvelous. How that woman can generate so much callous cruelty is beyond us. We can't remember when we've enjoyed Eddie Robinson so much. As the insurance inspector he's real, genuine and appealing. Porter Hall has a nice bit, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Best of its kind.

(Continued on page 110)
No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

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

"Who Is She?" men ask ... They want to meet the girl with glamorous, shining hair! So don't let soap or soap shampoos dull the lustrous beauty men adore.

Be beauty wise! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. See the dramatic difference after your very first shampoo ... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how this new, improved Drene containing hair conditioner now leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage ... right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness!

So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner ... or ask your beauty shop to use it.

And remember! Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!
All cake soaps and liquid soap shampoos leave a dulling film on hair. Drene never leaves any dulling film.

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!
you'll find everything in "The Village!"

CARMEN MIRANDA - DON AMECEH - WILLIAM BENDIX

GREENWICH VILLAGE
IN TECHNICOLOR

with VIVIAN BLAINE (the Cherry Blonde) and FELIX BRESSART

TOMMY and SALLY DE MARCO - THE REVUERS - DIRECTED BY WALTER LANG - PRODUCED BY WILLIAM LE BARON - SCREEN PLAY by Earl Baldwin and Nelle Ballock

Just a rhumba-sway from the Gay White Way! Dancing in the streets! Loving in the Park! A joy-mad Mardi-Gras from dawn till dark!

WATCH FOR THE BIGGEST EVENT IN THE 50 YEARS OF SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT... Darryl F. Zanuck's WILSON in Technicolor!
Photoplay's readers are needed!

PHOTOPLAY'S editors are proud of their readers.

In the days since America went to war, the editors have many times asked for your help—to buy bonds, to become cadet nurses, to enlist, to boycott the black market.

To each request you responded quickly and with the generosity of patriotism. For example, twenty national magazines recently advertised for their readers to join the Cadet Nurse Corps. Of all these, PHOTOPLAY's readers responded in greater number. Just a few issues before that, PHOTOPLAY asked its readers to become SPARS. In a short period of time, a third as many requests for further information reached the recruiting office of the Coast Guard as there were already SPARS in service.

Now your help is needed again—by the Women's Services—to be a SPAR or a WAVE or a WAC. Many of you who have wanted to be in uniform have hesitated because you thought you were no longer needed—"the war is so close to being over"—or because you thought your man would disapprove—"he wants me home as I was when he went away"—or because you were apprehensive that you wouldn't qualify—"they only want women who have been to college."

The simple truth is this:
The war won't be over, soon or for a long time, if enough young American women do not join the Women's Reserves. Now, more than at any time since the war began, the Army, Navy and Coast Guard need women to join ranks with the men overseas. There are thousands of jobs in this country waiting to be filled by women who want to do their share.

Your man will be proud of you in uniform and grateful, when the war is ended and he is home again, that the girl he loves has been a part of his war world and is someone to whom he can reach out in sympathetic understanding.

Anyone with two years' high-school education may be eligible to join any of these branches of the service. The age requirements are as follows: For the SPARS, 20-36; for the WAVES, 20-36; for the WACS, 20-49. To join the SPARS and WAVES, a married woman must have no children under 18; to join the WACS a married woman must have no children under 14.

No special training or ability is necessary or is expected. If you are "just the girl down the street," you are the girl whose help the SPARS, WAVES and WACS are asking.

The pay is excellent—for example if you are a petty officer second class in the SPARS you receive $96 a month, plus your room, board and your allowance for uniforms. Compare this to your present salary from which you must deduct for your rent, your meals and your clothes.

Your training is exciting adventure. Become a SPAR, for instance, and you go to Palm Beach where your home is one of the world's finest hotels and your roommates friendly girls enjoying the same thrills as you.

But of all the rewards, the greatest will be your satisfaction. For you will have been true to yourself, will have become a part of that world which is the only real world today. You will have become a part of the parade. Let others stand on the sidelines to watch. Today you will have left behind the onlookers and will be marching.

Your uniform, whether trim blue or khaki, is ready for you. Won't you try it on today?

The Editors

Please send me information about enlisting in the
SPARS □ WAVES □ WACS □

Name__________________________
Address_______________________
City___________________________State______
A story from the heart of Greer Garson

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS
The happiness Greer knows today
gives her the courage to talk, for the
first time, of all that went before.

In saying that Greer Garson has
talked of her private life
before, particularly of her first
marriage which was unhappy and of
her second with Richard Ney which
brought her the greatest content-
tment of her life, I don't want to
paint Greer as another aloof Garbo.

No one could have been more in-
dignant than I was when the Holly-
wood Women's Press Club last year
listed Greer among the three most
difficult feminine stars. I happen
to know that hurt her very much.

Greer has never made any pre-
tense of being a woman of mystery.
Her sense of humor is too strong.
Behind that facade of what many
people mistakenly believe to be her
"English lady" dignity is a perfectly
swell brand of Irish laughter. In a
way I have never known a woman
who wanted to laugh more than
Greer. Maybe that is because there
have been so many spaces in her
life when there was no laughter.

When she first came to Hollywood,
and when I first met her, she was
far from happy.

Everyone knew, in a vague sort of
way, that the tall, green-eyed, flam-
ing-haired actress from London had
a husband somewhere in the back-
ground from whom she was estranged.

It was a miserable year of waiting,
idleness and loneliness. That seems
funny to say now—remembering all
the fine parts she has had and her
present enviable position as M-G-M's
first lady and perennial Academy
Award candidate.

But if Hollywood evinced too little
interest in Greer during her first
year, it developed too much interest
in her sudden and surprising (to the
natives) romance and marriage to
Richard Ney. (This, of course, after
her Los Angeles divorce from the
husband in England who turned out
to be Edward Abbott Snelson.)

The stories that were written never
failed to call attention to the fact
that Richard played Greer's son in
"Mrs. Miniver." The whispers and
innuendoes were along the lines of
"What in the world can they have
in common?"

Greer, being a lady who is an ar-
ist at mind ing her own business,
said nothing. In fact, as close as we
have been for the past two years
and as much time as my favorite
doctor and I have spent with Richard
and Greer, we had never talked
woman-to-woman about her ro-
mance until a certain lazy day a
few weeks ago when we sat down
by the edge of her pool.

An artist would have enjoyed
painting Greer in that setting. The
iris, in various shades of purple,
were in bloom and the huge mag-
nolia trees made a canopy of shade
over her bright red hair and green
dress.

I had brought along several won-
derfuly amusing and witty letters
Richard had written me to read to
Greer and, as she listened, her eyes
sparkled with that gleam that means
L-o-v-e with a capital L.

"You know, Louella," she said
thoughtfully, "these days since I met
and married Richard have been the
happiest of my life. I had forgotten
to laugh and I was so very lonely
until Richard with his sense of the
ridiculous made me realize there is
fun in the world and that there is
something else in life beside hard
work."

For a girl as reserved as Greer
that was a statement straight from
the heart and it encouraged me to
ask her a question that might have
been on the nervy side if we hadn't
been such good friends.

"You and Richard are so differ-
ent," I said. "How did you happen
to fall in love? Was it love at first
sight?"

"No," laughed Greer, "I wasn't in
the least in love with him at first.
I was amused—and frankly some-
what taken aback by his daring.
That young man, I thought to my-
self, has too (Continued on page 194)
"WONDER," Marie Dressler said to me rather wistfully, the last time I talked with her, "how long they will remember me? I should like them to remember me just a little, for the times I made them laugh. It's always good to remember laughter."

I hadn't thought much of what she said until the other day, by chance, I noticed in a newspaper that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is celebrating its Twenty-Year Anniversary as a motion-picture company. Twenty years—it doesn't seem possible. Yet I found myself thinking of all the rich memories that twenty years contain.

I suppose when you're young, you don't realize what memories mean. Yet all the time you're living those active, exciting young years, you're piling up a storehouse of memories that mold you day by day into what you are, because your memories are you. Day by day you're making recordings that give you character and that will be companionship and friendship and drama and conversation for you all your life.

Once, when I was about eight years old, my dad stopped at school and picked me up to drive home with him. The air that day was full of bright sunshine and the smell of eucalyptus and pepper trees and as I sat high on the leather seat of the little buggy, behind the bright bay horse, I wished with all my childish heart that the ride could go on forever and ever. How could anything be better than this? Something inside me told me to take hold of the moment with all the strength I had. I will remember this always, I told myself, the way Daddy looks driving the horse, the feel of the wind whipping my pigtails, me sitting way up here higher than anybody else in the world—I will remember it so well that I will always be able to see it and feel and smell and hear it, and so in a way it will go on forever.

It has, too. Whenever I want to, I can take that ride once more. I take it every now and then when I am a little tired or lonely. So—when I read of that M-G-M Twenty-Year Anniversary, it opened a closet with a lot of records to me.

You must have a lot of them, too, whether you realize it or not just at first. The three young soldiers coming through the woods in that first great film of the last war, "The Big Parade," Remember them? The incredible impact of mystery and passion the first
time you saw Garbo. History-come-to-life in all its magnificence when Norma Shearer was Marie Antoinette—and the chariot race in “Ben Hur” and the traveling into far countries with “Trader Horn.” Remember? The people, too, you’ve known and loved so that they are part of your friendship life—Andy Hardy, and Dr. Gillespie, and all that glamour ever meant or could mean in the top picture star of all time to date—Joan Crawford. Mrs. Miniver—as familiar to you now as your next-door neighbor, and the voice of a little girl named Judy Garland that has lifted your heart so often and—A Guy Named Joe, who is now almost part of our religion.

But of course because I’ve been lucky enough to be a visitor on the M-G-M lot for twenty years, I’ve a lot of personal records, big and little, sad and gay, dramatic and silly that sometimes I play over.

Sometimes I doubt if people understand how big a part of life “the lot” is to a motion-picture star. A second home. How many meals are eaten there, how many days and nights of work, seeing rushes, having fittings, being photographed, attending story conferences, handling mail and business—and how often decisions and love affairs and life and death itself all come to pass on the lot.

When I think of the great white M-G-M lot, sprawling over acres and acres, the clearest vision I have is always of Marie Dressler. Why not? You don’t meet very many really great women in a lifetime. The warmth of her comes rushing back, the sturdy strength, the clear sweet humor that was the outward sign of an inward grace, the never-wavering faith she had that Good was mighty and would prevail.

One day when Marie and I were walking along one of the roads between the huge stages, she put her arm around me and said, “I wish I’d had a daughter like you.” Well—I can’t even write it, after all these years, without choking up. It’s given me something to shoot at for a long time.

I can see her now, tramping down to the set for “Min And Bill,” or ready to leave for the waterfront as Tugboat Annie, or all dressed up in black lace and pearls as the grande dame in “Let Us Be Gay.” Fifty years old, when she came to the M-G-M lot, veteran of such triumph and disaster as few people have ever (Continued on page 94)
I went

Twelve thrilling weeks—and in them

Editors' Note: To Paulette Goddard, who recently returned from twelve weeks spent entertaining service men under the most trying conditions in the China-Burma-India theater, go Photoplay’s congratulations for a hard job well done.

At the end of the tour, Miss Goddard returned to Hollywood to marry Capt. Burgess Meredith of the Army.

In addition to this exciting story of her trip, Photoplay has secured for you the exclusive details of her marriage. They are presented on page 62 of this issue.

HAVE just come home from a three-months journey into the land of death.

I traveled 38,000 miles by plane, visited fifteen countries and had the great honor to be the first civilian American woman to visit the battle areas in the China-India-Burma theater.

I’ve seen thousands upon thousands of American G.I.’s in the Burmese jungles and the bleak plains of China doing a big job, ignoring appalling hardships and difficulties, in the efficient, purpose-

China: Paulette is escorted to the theater by General Chennault. Her dressing-room motif: A star cut from paper by a local G. I.

Paulette watched what no American civilian woman had been allowed to see before

BY PAULETTE GODDARD

My fifty-five pounds of luggage consisted almost entirely of short evening dresses, high-heeled shoes and perfume.

I knew I would have to wear slacks—and the men hate them—when, complete with parachute and oxygen mask, I was flown from base to base. At 20,000 feet, sometimes over enemy territory, you don't worry about glamour.

But when the show went on I tried to live up to the name the G.I.'s gave me: "Miss Cheese Cake No. 1."

It was the first time I'd ever had the experience of changing into formal "undress" in the freezing cold of an ambulance converted into a dressing room, but the whistles and cheers which followed were more warming than steam heat.

In the wilds, where Army nurses were the only women there before me, the accommodations for ladies were very sketchy. The boys, hoping I wouldn't congeal from the cold before the performance, would roll my "dressing room" to the door of the tent which served as a theater. They couldn't do as much with the plumbing.

I learned to make shift for showers those three months, believe me, including one time when I bathed, and quite satisfactorily, in cold tea, and another when I washed and rinsed my hair with one basin (price, 300 Chinese dollars) of cold water.

Except for the sequins, I adapted myself to the routine of life the boys now consider completely normal. I ate spam and corn and corned beef hash and beans (C-rations) for breakfast, lunch and dinner and gained six pounds in the process. I found out that some Army cooks can make spam and canned pineapple into gourmet's delights—and others can just open cans.

I slept out of doors, in sleeping bags or in tents—whatever was handy.

I rolled out of my limousine (another ambulance) when we skidded around a muddy curve on the Ledo Road one night and did my show spattered with mud from head to foot.

Under such conditions, you get to know the guys you're performing for.

We (Continued on page 102)
Photoplay Found My Sister!

A storybook tale comes true! Through this magazine, Virginia Emerson was reunited with her star sister Faye, went to Hollywood, had these exciting experiences.

BY VIRGINIA EMERSON

IT WAS my girl friend, Gloria Balkema, who first telephoned me the best news I'll ever get all my life. Gloria said that the movie star, Faye Emerson, had written a letter in Photoplay in search of her baby sister, Virginia, whom she hadn't seen in fourteen years.

Faye Emerson! I tried to recall the girl I had seen on the screen in "The Desert Song" and "Between Two Worlds." Could this blonde Hollywood star be my big sister Peggy? I most certainly was Virginia Emerson. I did have a lost older sister. I had been born in Chicago. And this Hollywood Faye Emerson said her sister was named Virginia and born in Chicago.

I work as a cashier in the Bell Telephone offices in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Ever since I was five, the last time I had seen Peggy, I have been brought up by my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Labinski. They are dear, generous people. I would have proudly taken their name, except that my aunt forbade it. Aunt Phyllis would say, "No, Ginger. If you keep on using your own name someday you will discover Peggy."

I couldn't wait in that first excited moment to go out (Continued on page 106)
Beauty under the August sun: Irene Dunne of "The White Cliffs Of Dover"
Play Truth or Consequences

with ALAN LADD

Game Conductor • Kay Proctor

A game guy and a good game!

Ladd either answers some pointed questions

pointedly—or pays off plenty

The general Ladd idea of what the first
day back in the Army will be like

1—Q: Are you glad you are being recalled to the Army?
   A: Yes, definitely!

2—Q: Why are you again eligible for military service
    after an honorable discharge?
   A: Because I now am physically fit for some kind
    of duty where I was not before. I expect I will
    be given limited service this time because some
    of the physical conditions which caused my dis-
    charge still exist.

3—Q: Do you expect Army life to be tougher this time
    than before?
   A: No, why should it? I’ve been
    through the mill, know what
    to expect and how to handle
    it. The first month in Army
    life always is a shock, getting
    adjusted to a new routine,
    and it may be a little tough
    this time to make that adjust-
    ment again.

4—Q: Were you uncomfortable about
    being out of the Army?
   A: Yes, because everyone is in.

5—Q: Did your discharge embarrass
    you?
   A: Yes. As a matter of fact, the
    reason I didn’t want to come
    out was that there was so
    much Army stuff about me in
    print just then—pictures of
    me in uniform and camp life,
    etc.—that it naturally made
    me feel silly.

6—Q: Did you encounter any personal resentment
    against you while in the Army?
   A: Never once, I’m grateful to say. Not one crack
    ever was made. The fellows all were swell. Of
    course I got a lot of kidding at first, chiefly be-
    cause of the uniform they gave me—two pair
    of blanket pants and a blouse two sizes too
    small. They said later they did it for a rib, to
    see how I would take it.

7—Q: Do you anticipate any unpleasantness or cracks
    when you return?
   A: Not if I get the same swell I got the
    first time.

8—Q: What topkick do you hope to avoid in the
    future?
   A: Losing in crap games

9—Q: What did you like most in Army life?
   A: The friends I made.

10—Q: What did you like least in Army life?
    A: Losing in crap games
     at noon.

11—Q: What phase of Army life will be most difficult to
     readjust to?
    A: Being regimented, probably. Also being away
     from Sue and Alana.

12—Q: What provision have you made for Sue and Alana?
    A: I have tried to save enough money to take care
     of them comfortably in my absence.
     (Cont’d on page 78)
Victor: Alan Ladd of "And Now Tomorrow," winner of the Color Portrait Poll
Stars

A confidential report on their strictly personal doings when

INCE the war the stars have spent less free time in Hollywood than ever before. Many of their holidays, of course, are given to camp shows all over the world, wherever our boys are training or fighting. Other holidays they spend in Mexico, New York, Sun Valley, Washington, on their ranches in the West and on the farms they own up New England way.

The gaiety and make-believe that used to be so joyous in Hollywood scarcely exist any more. The war has changed this too...

I remember, for instance, the never-to-be-forgotten party Gary Cooper gave a few years ago. Every-
any means of getting to them. Lately, in a way, I have acted as a liaison officer between Hollywood and Manhattan and Washington. And loved it!

Now it is a different story. Now, often enough, the stars are social lions and lend tone to some of the most exclusive parties. It is great fun to see men like Herbert Hoover, Eddie Rickenbacker, Henry Luce and big bankers sit, wide-eyed, while Louis B. Mayer tells how he discovered various stars and when Mr. Mayer pauses, to hear these men and their ladies clamor for more...

It is exciting to watch Irene Dunne obscure the Duchess of Windsor... It is unbelievable to find the Waldorf's Wedgwood Room crowded to capacity with palpitating dowagers at a luncheon of the French American Club—because a member named Charles Boyer is speaking that day. But I am getting ahead of my story...

Perhaps one of the greatest social successes away from Hollywood is Annabella, Mrs. Tyrone Power. When Annabella opened in "Jacobsky And The Colonel," Mrs. John Hay Whitney, formerly Mrs. James Roosevelt, and Mrs. Vincent Astor, top leaders of society, gave the loveliest party for her.

At this party it was most interesting to note the manner in which Hollywood stars gave colorful tone to Eastern society. Among the guests were Kay Francis, just in from overseas, Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy, wife of the producer and daughter of Harry Warner, Constance Bennett, at home wherever she travels, Robert Sherwood, of Washington and London now, as he does his brilliant work with the OWI, but essentially of the theater, and Merle Oberon and her husband Sir Alexander Korda. Alex was about to leave for England and Merle had flown on for a last week end with him. Their devotion certainly routed any rumors that they are having difficulties. At luncheon they sat next to each other. And they held hands. They were reminiscent of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks long ago.

I said, "Well, Alex, you are going back to England to do a great job for M-G-M, I hear. And you're to have everything you wish..."

Alex smiled. "Yes," he said, "everything but my greatest possession." As he spoke he put his hand under Merle's chin and kissed her.

When Roxy Russell is in New York you are sure to find her at 1-2-3. The boy who plays the piano for Roger Stearns there is an old friend of hers. Originally from Connecticut, she considers catching up with old friends the best part of a holiday jaunt East.

The stars have their favorite haunts in Washington and San Francisco and (Continued on page 85)
Perfect: Robert Walker of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"
Personal history: Grew up among odd jobs in Detroit as Betty June Thornburg until the age of eleven. Then, as Betty Hutton, she plunged into the night-club world as a singer—winding up, via Broadway, as a Hollywood actress.

Current beau: Nary a one; Hollywood men are either Too Old or Too Married.

Worst fault: Her gigantic impatience about everything, from waiting for a new dress or a new picture to waiting to fall asleep at night once she's in bed! This is why she always wires, never writes—and why her friends say she's a human edition of the Brooklyn Express!

Pet hates: Dirt in any form, in a room or on a person; artificial people; jewelry, purses and loud clothes—particularly in red.

Most temperamental demand: Three cups of boiling hot coffee in the morning, the minute she opens her eyes.

Favorite clothes: Pajamas, which she owns by the dozens in tailored silk; and furs—she has sables, a silver fox stole.

What she can cook the best: Everything on the menu—but particularly fried chicken. Her secret of success: She rolls each piece of chicken into salt-and-peppered flour, then drops it into a big kettle of deep fat, like doughnuts. Results: Crisp and crusted morsels that make listless eaters into avid ones!

Worst lie she ever told: She's told a million, all on the same feminine subject—her age. Only she lies in reverse—she's boosted her age from the time she was fourteen and hungry, when she got her first steady job singing by saying, "I'm nineteen." (P.S.—She's truly twenty-three by now!)

Favorite flower: Smelling flowers: Orange and grapefruit blossoms. Wearing ones: Orchids—or three white carnations pinned in a row on the breast pocket of a black suit.
What she wants to be doing when fifty: She wants to be a fine dramatic performer on the screen, like Bette Davis—and nighttimes she wants to go to her previews with one husband and four children. Daytimes, she wants to ride horses at a gallop, swim, tennis and paw lovingly over a collection of precious gems and oriental curios.

Happiest moments: When she's cleaning up a mess—such as the time she scrubbed her compartment on a train when the porter wasn't looking. And her weekly assaults on her closet—when she gives away excess clothes and neatly re-sorts the ones remaining.

Most careless habit: Losing purses—she's lost ninety in her lifetime.

Favorite role: Texas Guinan in "Incendiary Blonde"—in which, for the first time, she realized her ambition to play a really dramatic part.

Best woman friend: Doris Harris, her hairdresser, who recently joined the WAVES.

Favorite book: "The Fountainhead," which she's read twice and will read a hundred times.

What she wants in a husband: All she wants is everything—some one good-looking but not "pretty," who dresses like a dream and who's tall, well-built and full of fun; but most of all, who's bright! Since she missed so much schooling, she longs to surround herself with branny people; so he'll have to be an Einstein or he's off the list.

What she'd be like as a wife: She'd be Mrs. Perfection. Her house would shine with spotlessness and flowers; her cupboards would be sloppy if one pin were out of place; and she'd be the gayest companion in the world. Also, Mr. Husband could search in vain for any leftover letters from her single state—she throws away all letters the minute they're read. She also throws out any presents she doesn't like: To her, only people are important; objects have no connection with the people who gave them.

Habits she's trying to break herself of: Just two tiny ones: Chewing the inside of her cheek and picking off her nail polish the second it's on.

Biggest fight she ever had with anyone: There was nothing quiet about it. Betty was in one corner, band leader Vincent Lopez in the other—when she decided to leave his band in order to try singing on the stage. It was fought in court and in headlines... and Betty was the winnah!

Favorite inanimate object: Any shower-bath—where you'll find her seven times a day when she's acting in a picture and four times when she's not. She takes one shower the minute she's up in the morning, the second after lunch, number three just before dinner and the fourth before she gets into bed for the night. With every shower she changes her clothes—making a laundry pile that looks like a family of five's!

Ideal home: She's dreamed of it for years. It will be beautiful in miniature, with lovely early American furniture, a big garden surrounding a swimming pool and a kitchen filled with succulent food. And the living room filled with guests!

Favorite color: Black—which is why she owns twenty black dresses and only two others.

Pet beauty secret: It's to do with her lovely blonde mop of hair—which she washes three times a week. She soaps it thrice, rinses it twice in water and once in vinegar. Then she pours a glass full of (Continued on page 109)
Wear striking coral and mimosa says Janet Blair, star of Columbia's "Tonight And Every Night"
Make your future bright!

Do you know which color is the men's favorite?

Here's some new "woman's wiles" that show you how to clean up in the male market!

By Mary Murdock
Color Personality Specialist

If you want to be a bundle of charm for twenty-four hours a day, check up on your color science. Of course the old blonde and brunette business of pairing you off with your glamour colors still works, but in addition there is a whole new bag of tricks. You should be getting acquainted with.

You have probably guessed that there is more to color than meets the eye—what woman hasn’t! You don’t always have a good time in your prettiest dress or draw all the compliments in your new suit. Maybe be the boss frowns at you all day and the man in your life just sits and reads when you want to go places.

Colors should, of course, be becoming in the usual way, but lately we have come to realize that they play a definite part in our lives. It is the intelligent use of them that counts. Colors can make us happy, self-reliant and important to a marked degree. They definitely contribute to our business success, our personal achievement and most assuredly to our emotional lives.

Just by way of whetting your appetite—do you know that masculine taste runs toward certain colors? That you can play on the male mood like an accomplished flutist, if you but know your color notes?

Did you dream that fatigue and age have color shadows and you can easily make the mistake of playing them up when you want to appear most beautiful?

Do you know that some colors pick you up at a party, while others look romantic across a restaurant table? In short, do you realize that color is high-powered feminine glamour which you can turn to your own purpose, if you know a few of the tricks?

So that you can get busy with this newest secret and very personal information, here are some color tips as heady as moonlight and as mysterious as a new perfume.

Every woman should have a red dress. All men like red and every woman has fun wearing it. Select the best red for your type, of course.

Blue is man’s favorite color—95% of them! Flower-like blues are first favorites, middle blues next, dark blues last. Blue is prettiest matched up, with no accent, long sleeves, close neck—the idea being that too much skin showing makes it less flattering—odd but true.

Aqua is the most universally becoming color. Any age, any type, can wear it perfectly. It accent the soft health pinks, looks young.

Eggshell or cream-white is more flattering than dead white which makes you look toil-worn, even when you’re not. Men like women in white—one of those things we are not supposed to understand, just know.

Pastels are romance colors. They are prettiest when dull in texture, cut amply, gracefully. Men propose to girls in pastels.

Have an orchid dress if you are an ash blonde with pale blue or gray eyes. It makes you very feminine and appealing—almost angelic.

All violet tones should be in dull textures. They make your hair and eyes appear lustrous and are prettiest worn out of doors. Men over thirty like violet.

If you are a sunshine and flowers girl like Janet Blair in her coral and mimosa casuals (her picture’s on page 44) you just naturally react to flower and sunshine colors. They pick up your mood, radiate it, make you a special kind of person to look at and have around.

Outdoors, you want to be a part of the scene, so borrow from the clear spectrum colors, azure blue, sunshine yellow and radiant pinks.

You will look warm and golden in yellows, flower-like in pinks, especially if they are brief and fresh, a gypsy in red, and young in yellow-greens.

Daytime is the wrong time to wear mysterious colors; save those for coarse twosomes in whispers. Out in the sun, be vibrant in your colors, be something to lure the eye, to accelerate the pulse and later in the day you can face about and become a goddess born of moonbeams.

Try cerise with dark blue or black if these everyday colors make you look uninteresting. Cerise accents are very sophisticated—as all French women know.

Cloudy blue is a charmer. It must be full with either folds or ruffles. Never wear it tight unless you are being practical.

If you are plump, obviously healthy or a dark, dark brunette, try yellow—all yellows. It becomes light, rather than color, and sets you off like a jewel—especially at night.

Rough-textured white is most becoming. Wear a bright dress to the office once a week—on men’s authority—no oftener. They like it that way, odd creatures.

But a red hat and coat! Every day isn’t too often. It must be that you look adventurous when you come in and as if you were going places when you depart.

Keep men guessing in gray. It becomes them, they are made for a special reason, your mood. Make it soft and drapy if you would be wistful; tailored, if you want your date to be proud to escort you down the street. Don’t accent gray if you are blonde, chestnut or red head. Try black accents if you are brunette.

The red (Continued on page ??)
Man of enthusiasms: Bing Crosby, star of Paramount's "Going My Way"
A rare kind of story about a rare kind of guy—Crosby, without whom Hollywood (and you) would miss a lot of fun

Big-scope Crosby enthusiasm: His wife Dixie, Lind-say, Gary and the twins

BY THORNTON DELHANTY

Of all the people in show business probably none is subject to so much misinterpretation and even vilification as Bing Crosby. This, despite the indubitable fact of his enormous audience popularity.

The odd thing is that Bing does nothing to dispel the illusions and phony legends which have grown up about him. On the contrary he takes a wagish delight in fostering such popular beliefs that he is lazy, careless, indifferent about his work and insufferably conceited. In a sense he is a two-faced guy. The swagger and smugness of which he is sometimes accused are an odd and perverse taunt to his detractors.

There is no visible sign of these traits in the countenance which Bing reserves for his friends.

Bing's friendships are as wide and varied as are his interests. They include jockeys, cowboys, society folk, scientists and Catholic priests.

Bing is a prodigious reader and his reading matter takes in everything from the Racing Form to the Encyclopaedia Britannica. He has an amazing faculty for taking on the lingo and color of the people he happens to be associated with. For instance, during the racing season he is up at six every morning watching the horses being exercised at the track, mingling with the jockeys and talking their language. When he visits his newly acquired 10,000 acre cattle ranch in northern Nevada he wears chaps, lets his beard grow and becomes every inch a cowboy. On the golf links his attitude and conversation are that of a professional golfer.

His enterprises invariably grow out of friendships and most of them have their origin on the golf links.

Several years ago when he first became interested in horses a racing friend with whom he was playing golf remarked casually, "Bing, why don't you get yourself a race track? You could have a lot of fun." Just as casually Bing replied, "All right, let's do it." The upshot was the beautiful Del Mar track near La Jolla.

Bing never gives orders to his business colleagues or attempts to advise them. When anyone suggests some enterprise which interests him he simply gives them the Go sign and leaves them to carry out the details. His recent venture into the motion-picture producing field was born that way. Golfing with his friend James Edward Grant, the writer, they got to talking about John L. Sullivan. Grant brought up the subject because it happened he had written a story around the great fighter's career.

"Someone ought to make a picture about that fellow," Grant said innocently.

"Bing agreed. "Why don't we do it?" he said. "We will form our own company."

That was all there was to it. Grant interested others of Bing's friends in the project, papers were drawn up and Bing Crosby Productions came into being. The first picture will be the story of John L. Sullivan.

This simplicity and casualness in Bing's make-up do not make him a sucker for cranks and schemers. He can spot a chiseller every time and any so-called friend who tries to take advantage of him is promptly dropped from his list. He has an uncanny way of sizing up people and once he puts his trust in them he will go the whole hog provided they don't bother him with business details.

One of Bing's ardent hobbies is the acquisition of a large vocabulary. He loves to fool around with words, not only the dictionary kind but slang and odd expressions. Sometimes he will make up a slang phrase as, for instance, when he was informed recently that a friend of his, a high-ranking Army officer stationed in northern California, was coming down to pay him a visit.

"Stand by with a bird," he said to his informant, meaning, "Stock up the ice box and the cellar."

At another time his colored cook came to Mrs. Crosby somewhat bewildered by a note which Bing had left for her in the kitchen. "Father Sharpe and Johnny Burke are coming to dinner tonight. Fish is mandatory." Father Sharpe is a Catholic priest and Johnny Burke, the song writer and pal of Bing's, is a devout Catholic. It was a Friday, and of course fish was in order.

The cook shook her head and said to Mrs. Crosby, "What is this 'fish is mandatory'? I ain't never heard of that food."

One of Bing's outstanding enthusiasms is his family. He has four sons, ranging from Gary, age eleven, down to Linnie, age six, and including the ten-year-old twins. His attitude toward them is not that of a parent but rather the captain of a team. He enters into their games with the zest of an older brother and when he finds it necessary to correct them for any misdemeanors he does it in their own language. When Gary and the twins were younger he would tell them bedtime stories like (Continued on page 82)
Most wives remember clearly and with a nostalgic thrill the occasion on which they met or first saw the man they were to marry. Sometimes I feel a bit cheated, because I can't recall the incident of my first meeting with Bill; because I can't mention a single moment in my life when I didn't know Bill. Bill's family and mine were friends and neighbors in New York. Occasionally Bill's mother took both of us, as babies, for a perambulator stroll through the park. At other times my mother would take charge of the younger generation. Bill insists that, as an infant, I caused him great annoyance by slamming him over the head with my rattle.

I was still quite small when my family moved to New Jersey. This didn't separate me from Bill, however. He used to come down every week end and make my life miserable by chasing me by the hour. I was at that stage through which every girl lives, when I questioned the wisdom of the very angels for having allowed a creature of male sex to be placed upon the earth. Such beings pulled braids, pinched noses and called names.

Often when I knew that Bill was coming for the week end, I shinnied up my favorite tree and remained there, hour upon hour, until I was ordered into the house for meals. Bill caught on to this trick immediately. He used to station himself beneath my hideout and do imitations of Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks. He also was especially good at vaulting the clothesline with the aid of an old tent pole.

I wanted to hate him, but he was so funny that I always found myself laughing. “Come on down,” he would urge when I was completely mollified and down I would climb to join him in some fantastic drama that he produced on the spur of the moment.

Always, Bill has been an important part of my life. If I had a dinner party for twenty-four persons and Bill wasn't there, the evening would seem lonely and flat. On the other hand, if Bill is merely asleep on the lounge, the house seems filled, bustling and important.

I'm glad that Bill is so very much a homebody. He likes to have me at the door when he arrives from work in the evening, so I always arrange my appointments so that I'll be there. We make a little ritual of homecoming. The moment that Lorraine, our fourteen-year-old daughter, and I hear Bill drive into the garage, we take a final
Most wives wouldn’t talk this way. But then, most wives don’t have husbands like Mr. William Bendix!

BY TESS BENOX

The Bendix comedy takes a private turn: Bill plays up to a home audience; Tess just plays

look at ourselves in the mirror—to be sure that our hair is neat and our noses non-shiny—then run to meet him. We make a fuss over him. We feel that it is his due because, in his way, he goes out every day to fight the world for us. He has given us a beautiful home, pretty clothes and a sheltered life and all he asks in exchange is our devotion. It is a delight to give devotion to my Bill.

BILL is the sort of man who shows me the little courtesies that every wife enjoys. For one thing, he brings my coffee to me each morning. I drink it propped up on pillows that he plumps behind me. It’s a cozy convention and we get in some conversation left over from the night before. That’s an odd thing about Bill and me: We have never yet run out of things to talk about; we have been known to talk half the night away.

Incidentally, the ritual of coffee in bed for me has a romantic origin. It goes back to the time when we were expecting Lorraine as a first wedding-anniversary present. At that time Bill was coaching a sandlot football team in his spare time, so, of course, Miss Lorraine decided to make her worldly bow on a Saturday. All that morning, while I was walking up and down, up and down, in compliance with the doctor’s orders, Bill walked beside me, suffering even more than I was. “Can’t I get you something, honey, a glass of water or something?” he kept asking.

“Just go away and let me manage this in my own way,” I begged, giving him the best smile I could muster. “I’m quite all right.”

When the doctor arrived, I sent Bill out of the room on an errand and asked the doctor how soon the baby would be here. He told me that it wouldn’t be long, so I explained that Bill was so tender-hearted that I didn’t want him to remain with me. I suggested that the doctor mislead Bill and—with a chuckle—he agreed to co-operate.

He told Bill the youngster wouldn’t arrive until late in the evening. “So you go watch your team play football.”

When Bill returned at six, the doctor was over in one corner of the room attending to the baby. I was feeling only as a new mother, still groggy but hilarious with joy, can feel. “How are you, honey?” Bill whispered hoarsely as he tiptoed into the room where I lay.

“I’m fine. Who won?” I demanded, grinning at him. “We won,” he answered abstractedly. “Is there anything I can do for you, honey?”

I said in clear and ringing tones that I wanted a ham sandwich. He looked horrified, then, hearing a sound in the corner, he turned around and saw the doctor ... and our daughter. He tiptoed over, his face plaster-white. He stood there, watching the doctor oil the chubby little body. Slowly, tears began to slide down his cheeks. He watched until he couldn’t see through the salt-water blur. Then he gave me a funny little salute and left the room.

The next morning he brought my early coffee to me and from that day to this—even when he has been seriously troubled with asthma—he has repeated that thoughtful act. Occasionally, when he has been really ill and I have arisen to take care of him, he has said, “I’ll be all right in a day or so, honey, so that I can bring your coffee to you.” That’s my Bill.

Another of our family routines consists of contributions to the penny bank. Only it isn’t a penny bank nowadays, nor even a piggy bank as it was (Continued on page 78)
First reward of the Tierney plan: Gene's husband, Oleg Cassini, gets enthusiastic, goes in for K.P.
My Great Adventure

It all began with a letter—and the end was one that will give every woman who reads this a sense of personal triumph

I HAVE a true story to tell. It really starts in May of last year when I was still living as a Hollywood star—when I could still see palm trees out my bedroom window (instead of clothes lines!) and I was still wandering from room to room of a big and beautiful California home (instead of a four-room clapboard cottage in Kansas). The point is, I was about to start off on a big adventure, one that gave me more fun than anything else I’ve ever done. And now, if all goes according to plan, I’m going to do it over again.

But that’s my story and I’d better tell it straight through.

I had finally got everything arranged to leave Hollywood behind me for a year and go join my soldier husband in Kansas, where he was about to start Officers Candidate School at Fort Riley. I was three months along in the role of motherhood and I was determined to be with my husband during the one time I could count on the Army’s keeping him in one spot for a while. So I’d rented my house, said goodbye to my studio and stored my collection of suitcases and Butch (our police dog) into my little convertible and I was actually backing out the driveway when the mailman came and shoved my mail at me. Well, in that mail was something that was going to put the adventure (and the fun) into my coming year.

I ripped open an envelope and read this little list:

1. Pay your taxes.
2. Buy War Bonds.
3. Pay old debts, avoid making new ones.
4. Save your money; keep up your life insurance.
5. Pay only ceiling prices, buy rationed goods only with ration points (not on the black market).
7. Don’t ask for higher wages, prices, or salaries.”

It had been sent to me by the biggest guy of all—Uncle Sam—and after I read it, I sat there for a long moment with my arm around Butch, just thinking about how really easy it was to follow those seven rules—which would help each of us and the Government too. Then I remember I said aloud to Butch, “Well, I’ve got some of them done already. I’ve paid my old bills and my new taxes (which is why we’re not stopping at any of the swankier hotels on our way East!) and both Oleg and I are buying War Bonds steadily.”

Then I patted him on the head and finally backed out of the driveway and pointed the car toward Fort Riley, Kansas. I pulled up in front of its administration building three days later. I was all ready for my first year away from California and New York—and for my first year really working at living cheaply. We simply had to; I wasn’t earning any money and we had to stay close to Oleg’s Army salary.

What a year it turned out to be! First of all, Oleg drove me, Butch and the car to Junction City, which is a mile and a half from the Fort and where all the young husbands and wives live. It is mostly a main street, with a few stores; and even in April it was beginning to be hot. Also, it was so jammed with Army couples that there wasn’t a house to be had. So we spent the first two weeks in an auto court and the next six in a very tiny apartment. Meanwhile, Oleg was working like a dog at Officers School and I was working like a dog on the search for a house. Finally, I regret to state, I got one through a few girlish wiles. I discovered that the owner of several small houses was movie-struck—and from the (Continued on page 88)
Here's the lucky six this month!

Favorite stars of service men and women obey their orders; pose as per request for cameraman Hymie Fink

Queen of the glamour girls, to Private Linden's mind, is the brunette Jinx Falkenburg. Just for the fun of it, he wanted to see her in the most un-glamorous pose he could think of—scrubbing a kitchen floor! Here's Jinx as a soap-and-water beauty, thanks to Dan.

"Glamour girls are fine, but how about a few more pictures of the more realistic type?" asks Cpl. Koeneman. "How about a nice picture of Dorothy Morris in a real down-to-earth setting—a Victory Garden?"

No sooner written than done by Dorothy!

"What I really want," writes Lt. Brotherton, "is a date with Gloria De Haven. I'd like to take her out to dinner, then to the movies, and perhaps a little bowling after that... but I guess I'll just have to be happy with a picture of Gloria all set for the date!"
PERFORMANCE

Special invitation from Photoplay to the men and women in our Allied armed forces: Come on and take part in "Command Performance!" Write the Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y., telling exactly what you would like to see your favorite star doing.

The picture of the star, if available, will be taken by cameraman Hymie Fink and it will be reproduced, with your picture, in Photoplay. The original picture, autographed by the star to you, will be forwarded to you.

Give your rank, name and address, name of your home town—and enclose a picture of yourself. We're sorry that we're unable to return your photograph.

Sp. (M) third class Margaret Murphy of WAVES

Corporal Virginia Mitchell of the WACs

"A great morale builder," says Virginia Mitchell of Photoplay's "Command Performance." Here's her order—a picture of her favorite Turhan Bey "showing his beautiful teeth... Turhan is my ideal type of a man." Thanks, Virginia, says grinning Turhan

Too many pictures of pin-up girls floating around, to Albert's mind. "As a relief from all the prettiness he wanted to see the not-so-pretty but oh-so-nic Jimmy Durante pictured buying candy in a lobby of a theater. Here's Jimmy—posing with pleasure for Al
Diana Lynn

There was a time when Diana Lynn could take the forty-five minute ride home from Paramount Studios and no one noticed her. But that was before "The Major And The Minor," "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek," "And The Angels Sing" and before she became a beautiful blonded Dolly for "Our. Hearts. Were Young And Gray." Now the whole world is aware that here is a lovely talented young actress. Her real name is Dolly and what a doll she is. Acting is her avocation, but she's a musician by profession, giving recitals like mad and tearing through long Grieg concertos just as if it were chopsticks. In fact, it was when Diana, then thirteen, appeared as accompanist to a friend who was trying out for a role in Paramount's "There's Magic In Music," the studio spotted the cute little trick and signed her pronto for a role. She's been there ever since. Because her mother was busy with piano lessons, Miss Grace's Private School for Girls until Paramount signed her. She buys all her own clothes, goes on ice-cream binges when she's sad or glad, has slender white hands unadorned with rings, makes wishes on stars, likes beaus that aren't impressed because she's in movies. She thinks being a native Los Angelan is too, too wonderful.

WHO'S NEWS

Ted Donaldson

Ted Donaldson, unlike "Alice In Wonderland," never personally met a caterpillar until he came to Hollywood. But Curly the dancing caterpillar in "Once Upon A Time" certainly brought him luck, sending him on to "Mr. Winkle Goes To War" and the role of Nellie in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." Because his parents, Muriel Pollock and Will Donaldson, were composers and music arrangers for radio shows, it was inevitable Ted should begin his career via air by spontaneously joining in the dialogue of a play while accompanying his mother to the studio. "I must have been a dope," he retrospects. Dope or not, he went right on to bigger and better programs interspersed with such stage hits as "Life With Father" and "Sons And Soldiers" with Gregory Peck. Next to Cary Grant, Gregory is his favorite actor. And magic tricks, tying knots in people's napkins with one hand, his favorite hobby. Every glamour girl in town envies Ted that red-gold sunset that tops a snub nose and two very front teeth. Born in New York August twentieth, he attended professional school, transferring out here to studio schools. He's nuts for arithmetic, steak, plaid shirts, baseball and football, only he wishes he knew some guys out here to play with. Anyone know any?
Dane Clark

Dane Clark has stepped through Hollywood’s looking-glass as the confused Pulaski in “Action In The North Atlantic” and found himself in a bright new world. Playing now with Cary Grant in “Destination Tokyo,” he’s caught the “home” bug in a little canyon house where he’s learning about weeds. If they’d only decide who he is he’d be completely happy. On the New York stage, he was known by his own name Bernard Zaneville. For his first movie role in “The Man On America’s Conscience,” he became Zane Clark. Warners changed it next to Dane Clark, but when the names were flashed on the screen for “Action” he found himself Dave Clark. Now he isn’t sure who he is. Born in New York City, he attended Cornell University and later graduated in law from St. Johns. For the next three years he roamed with the Bohemian amateurs. Dimples he has, curly hair he has, dreamy brown eyes he has, with eyelashes an inch long. Plays handball, squash and tennis and owns a lopsided car even sailors won’t ride in. He’s married and takes his job seriously. Actors declare he’ll be the screen’s finest one day—if only Hollywood could decide who he is.

A head-start introduction to four first-raters who have a head-start on stardom.

By Sara Hamilton

Jane Allyson

If you were a house guest of the Dennis Morgans, you'd think you were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. America in a small and family-cluttered house anywhere in the United States—excepting Hollywood! You'd have all the fun, all the inconvenience and all the family life that Mr. and Mrs. America (and three junior Americas) could give you. For that matter, you'd never have intended to be their house guest. You'd have called their number and Dennis would have roared, “Come out for a meal, friend!” and so you'd have gotten under way. With no pajamas in mind or hand.

To reach their house, you'd drive through the Hollywood hills into San Fernando Valley. Past the little town of Van Nuys, you'd have turned down a quiet country macadam road lined with trees. The steady dry desert heat of the Valley would have your handkerchief glued to your brow by the time you turned in at their brick gateposts—with the brown wooden gate opened wide. You'd drive a hundred feet past a patchy front lawn edged with white Watsonias against a fence and you'd pull up at a two-story tan stucco house with brown trimmings and a brown shingled roof.

Family sounds would drift out to you as you stood on the brick doorstep hopelessly hunting for the doorbell, which is lost in a Virginia creeper—laughter, dishes rattling, a telephone ringing. Then you'd give up and bang the knocker and meanwhile notice the British characteristics of this English country-style house—you'd see holly bushes beside the doorstep and leaded windows looking out at you from the Virginia creeper and lilac bushes and English heather blooming along the flagged walk. But now the front door crashes open and here's Dennis himself—six feet two of him, 195 pounds of him, all grins and blue eyes and wavy brown hair. He looks exactly as if he's going to burst into song, which is how you've seen him recently in every theater in the land—in "Shine.
Dennis Morgan's house guest


"Greetings!" he'd boom at you. Then, instantly, the illusion of his romantic singing is shattered. There's the sound of a tornado coming your way—and suddenly the small front hall is crowded with a gang of kids, all skidding to a stop at sight of you. Two of the dirty, noisy throng are neighbor Andy Devine's kids; and Dennis laughingly picks out his own three from the mob... Stanley, aged nine; Jim, aged two; and Kristin, his daughter, aged six. They simmer around you long enough to say how-do-you-do—and then boil off into the garden. But if your nerves are jangling, Dennis's are not; this is business-as-usual to him. He pauses only long enough to deposit happy little Jim out on the cement terrace off the living room, which is neatly fenced in to make a child's corral; and then he settles down to talk to you. After you can tear your eyes away from Jim's flattened-out face pressed against the glass staring in at you, you look around the living room, the same room you might find by the hundreds in Iowa, Tennessee, Massachusetts or, for that matter, Wisconsin (wherefrom the Morgans hail).

It's a comfortable, cluttered room. Jim's broken wagon lies on its side on the dark green rug and Kristin's battered doll sprawls passively in a green easy chair. The cream-colored plaster walls have charming etchings and water colors on them, scenes of Paris streets and of lovely cathedrals. "My wife picked 'em all up in Europe for about twenty-five cents apiece," Dennis grins, following your eye. "The most expensive cost forty cents!"

But by this time you're staring at the room's most marked feature—the dark paneled section in one long wall, with the fireplace set into it and bookshelves rising on either side of the hearth. Before the fire are two (Continued on page 99)
"Wives should never—"

"come down to breakfast," says John Loder, "looking too beautiful. It's altogether too disturbing. Breakfast is a serious affair at best and when a man is grimly concentrating upon the pursuit of his early morning vitamins, he should not have his efforts challenged by anything so diverting. I know that a beautiful woman can't help being beautiful, but she needn't enhance that beauty by coming down to breakfast stylishly and skillfully made up. This is the only bone of contention I have with Hedy. If only she'd come down to breakfast with a shiny nose, it might help! But she refuses to save a shiny nose at breakfast, so there's nothing I can do about it. I guess a vitamin deficiency will result!"

"be too, too convincing," says George Murphy, "in urging the boring guests to stay 'just a little longer.' Where a man would say, 'Oh, must you go?' and rush to open the door, the gentle hostess purrs, 'Oh, don't go yet! It's so early' and she says it so convincingly that the tiresome so-and-soos really believe her. And they sit down again and accept another glass of sherry. When they have finally departed, she complains with a pretty pout, 'I thought they'd never go!' The only answer her husband can make is, 'Well, you certainly convinced them that you couldn't bear it if they didn't stay a week.' To which she replies, sleepily, 'Gottabepolite,' which, a mere man supposes, means something or other."

"say, vaguely, 'I think so, too, dear,'" says Pat O'Brien, "when you know very well she hasn't been listening to a word you've said. Or, if she has been listening, she doesn't think it's worth arguing about. That makes a man feel silly. If it is a matter of real moment then she should have convictions of her own and should express them. If hers are the same as his, he'll feel good about it. If not, they'll have an interesting discussion and after he has convinced her, he'll feel fine. One thing she shouldn't have, convictions about is the state of her own personal bank balance. The average woman's incompatibility with mathematics has been proven! I must state, emphatically, that my wife Eloise is not guilty on all counts!"

"be allowed to train," says Preston Foster, "the family dog. No woman can like a dog just for being a dog. She wants him to act like a person—to sit up, shake hands, 'pry in a corner, speak.' Then— heaven help the poor pooch!—she talks baby talk to him. She even persuades him that he likes it. He's no fool and when he finds that these humiliations pay off in caramels, bits of cake and other things which are very bad for him, he co-operates with all his doggy might. And what you have, after this has been accomplished, is not a dog at all. He's a cushion-sitting, baby-talk-devouring caramel fiend who forgets to bark at the milkman and forgets to greet the master of the house. He's a puff!"
“object to helping,” says Barbara Stanwyck, “a wife change the furniture from here to there. When a woman gets that look in her eye and speculates, ‘Wouldn’t it be nice if that were over here and this were over there?’ he shouldn’t just give her a bored ‘Uh-huh!’ and expect her to turn into a furniture mover. He should get up and help shove. What’s more, he should admire the effect after the shoving has been accomplished. Otherwise she’ll feel frustrated and unhappily and will think he’s a brute. Furniture shoving is an important part of home-making in which he can co-operate and believe it or not, have fun! Bob knows this and has always been a cheerful furniture-shover.”

“give away the products,” says Lorraine Day, “of the Victory garden before it has been planted! Give the normal man a seed catalogue and a bag of fertilizer and he starts calling up people he hasn’t seen for years, booming happily, ‘Do you like asparagus, old thing? Well, wait until you see what I’ll have for you in a month or so! And new peas? Tomatoes? All you can eat . . . and all summer, too. All this is expensive . . . not only for the plants, the fertilizer and the muscle liniment . . . but for the prime vegetables he furtively purchases later on when it is time to pay off. He probably lists it in the family budget as ‘business incidentals.’ But if you are a Victory gardener’s wife . . . you know.”

“pace up and down,” says Linda Darnell, “whistling tunelessly while they are waiting for their wives to finish dressing. They should sit down quietly and contain their souls in patience, or else go and jump in the swimming pool! This pacing and tuneless whistling drive a woman frantic to the point of putting lipstick on her eyelashes and mascara on her lips! What do they think they’re accomplishing? Do they think they’re hurrying us? How would they like it if we wives sang off key at them outside the bathroom door while they were shaving? Maybe it wouldn’t be quite so bad if they’d only whistle something recognizable. But they don’t. They sound like a flute player who blows hard—and misses the hole!”

“say they can fix things,” says Mrs. Paul Henreid, “unless they really can. Nothing can be more trying than the man who avers, loftily, that he can put a new washer in the faucet, or fix the toaster, or stop the front door from sticking. So the kitchen is flooded or the house catches fire or the entire front hall is exposed to whatever weather is going on when he detaches the front door. And you simply cannot prevent one of these fixers from going into his act without causing him acute emotional upsets. ‘You don’t believe in me!’ he reproaches, his big brown eyes all dewy with distress. So you stand by ready to call a plumber or electrician (or fireman) or front-door-fixer when he gets that gleam in his eye.”

“Husbands should never—”
WHY CAN'T THEY

Touchy Hollywood subject—and
a for-the-first-time look
at some of the reasons why

YOU open the morning paper—and there it is again!
Another Hollywood couple separating; another Hollywood
marriage on the rocks.
They are parting, of course, "good friends." There is no man,
says the wife, whom she respects more than she does her husband.
The man comes back with a statement to the effect that there is no
woman he holds in greater esteem than his wife.
Civilized, isn't it? And so charming. Only they are separating.
Why? Why, if their relationship is so delightful?
A few weeks ago, it was Lana Turner and Steve Crane, Myrna
Loy and John Hertz Jr., John Shelton and Kathryn Grayson who
parted, not to mention the sudden separation and just as sudden
reconciliation (which may or may not last) of Binnie Barnes and
Mike Francovitch.
The month before this crop, there was the parting of Joan
Blondell and Dick Powell. Yet she and Dick had seemed ideal for
one another. Parted also, almost at the same time, were Joan Fon-
taine and Brian Aherne, who had also seemed perfect for one an-
other, and Joan tells everyone she'd rather have Brian for a friend
than any other human on earth.
Only a little before these two ceased being one, there was
Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker, such compatible young people,
both intent upon careers and each getting them, with two such
fine sons, and Jennifer a truly devout in her religion who doesn't
believe in divorce. But she's going to get one.
Only a short while before this, there was Deanna Durbin and
Vaughn Paul, which you very well know was the Cinderella match
of all time; and a shade before their breakup, there was Judy
Garland and Dave Rose's, which, with Cpl. Rose's consent, is
reaching the divorce stage. And so on and on with Hollywood
marriages, as far back as your memory cares to go.
Why can't they stay married, these stars who have everything?
Youth; beauty; money; beautiful homes; beautiful children; some
natural, some adopted; fame; adulation; romance; clothes; jewels.
Some marry in their own profession, because only professionals can
understand one another's problems. (See Ann Sheridan and George
Brent.) Others marry nonprofessionals because two careers in one
household are impossible. (See Rita Hayworth and Edward Judson.)
Some husbands seem to sacrifice their careers to their wives' ambi-
tions. (Remember Bette Davis and Ham Nelson.) Other wives give
up their careers for their husbands' happiness. (Note Myrna Loy
and John Hertz Jr., or Ava Gardner and Mickey Rooney.)

Every time a new breakup comes, Hollywood dusts off its old propaganda line and murmurs, “There really aren’t any more divorces here than anywhere else. It just seems so, because the people involved are more spectacular.”

Don’t you believe it.

There are more. The number of them frightens Hollywood. Hollywood itself is baffled. Hollywood asks, even as you and you, why can’t they stay married?

Well, here’s an example of the strain Hollywood couples are up against. These two delightful people have been married for years and if they ever part Hollywood will really cut its throat, for these two have been gloriously, vitally happy with one another. But could you, Mr. Big Town, have taken this episode as magnificently as did the gentleman involved?

It was Christmas Eve in the star’s home, a sentimental time, certainly, and because it was a sentimental time the star had only a couple of close friends present. A great tree, glittering with ornaments, reached to the ceiling of the star’s exquisite drawing room and under the tinsel-twined branches lay the presents, scores upon scores of them tumbled together in red, silver and blue-tissued splendor.

The star, a darling if there ever was one, said in a voice tender with affection, “Sweetheart, I must open your present first,” and she looked around and did find his gift, and opened it, and it was truly beautiful. It was a bracelet of aquamarines and diamonds and the star said, as loving wives always say, “Oh, darling, you shouldn’t have been so extravagant.” The husband responded as devoted husbands always do too. He grinned and murmured, “All I want is for you to be happy, dear.”

It was one of those wonderful moments life comes up with occasionally and everyone sat and glowed. Then the star reached, without looking, toward another gift. She picked the first package her hand touched, read the tag, announced it was from her agent, and tore off the wrappings. The box bore the name of the same jeweler’s where the husband had purchased the bracelet. The party, all agog, said, “You lucky girl, you,” and the star, smiling excitedly, opened the box. A rose petal falling in the room a second later would have sounded louder than a P-38 backfiring.

For the package contained the matching necklace to the bracelet. There it lay, in similar beauty, only there was twice as much of it,
twee as many aquamarines, twice as many diamonds of twice as big a size and the price tag had undoubtedly been paid, but the husband had sacrificed to pay. What had happened was one of those sheer, awful accidents.

Now the husband is very important in his own line and his salary is tops for that line, but it isn’t a matter for the star’s salary, naturally, since no nonusement line can pay such fortunes.

The star said, her voice desperate, “Oh, darling, it’s not his money. It’s what he earns on my money.”

The husband’s face got whiter, because that wasn’t quite the thing to have said, either. But he kept on looking at his beautiful wife and she looked straight back at him and the trust in those two faces was inspiring to see. Finally the husband spoke. “I love you, baby.” The wife said, “I adore you.” And of course it’s true. Any woman would adore a guy who could be that much man. But could you have had that much courage?

AND you, the wife who wants to knock your Jack’s block off because he simply won’t hang up his wet bath towels or put the top back on the tooth-paste tube and who never, never remembers to bring you flowers on your birthday, would you let your husband show off in this silly way?

This star is Mr. Big Hit himself, in his own opinion, and you can’t blame him for feeling that way since about half the female population of the world agrees that he is. His wife gave up her career for him so many years ago that nearly everyone, including Mr. B. H., has forgotten she ever had one.

He goes to all the parties and he only takes his wife along just often enough to keep the dames from getting too silly. He says, generally he is referred to as The Thrill and she is always mentioned as That Awful Woman.

This is why.

It was a social wartime party, packed with too many women, militarily husbandless, with too much romantic time on their cocktail-holding hands. Mr. B. H. and his wife came to the party. They separated the moment they got inside the door. Mrs. B. H. retired to the corner to talk to an elderly producer’s equally elderly wife.

Mr. B. H. wended his sparkling way about the gathering. “Hello. Beautiful,” he said melliflously, bending over a dumpy but important little woman who was very ugly. “Hello, Allure,” he whispered to a spinster who was a frustrated man-chaser than Vera Vague pretends to be on the Bob Hope show. “Hi, Brainy,” he said to a young starlet, whose figure is V for Venus and whose thinktank is V for Vacuum. The women all gazed at him, their eyelashes batting like a washline of clothes in a March wind. All the girls had a wonderful time until well after midnight when That Awful Woman sought out her husband in the corner where he and the girl he was sitting with straightened up swiftly.

“Take me home,” she ordered. “I’m very tired.”

Mr. Big Hit donned his most debonair man-of-the-world look.

“But, darling, it’s the shank of the evening.”

“It is not and what’s more I don’t care what hour it is! I demand to be taken home. This instant!”

“Surely, my pet, you wouldn’t want to break up this charming party.”

“You heard me. Take me home, or I’ll make a scene.”

They left. What could a man do? Mr. B. H. made this very clear. He gave a charming, deep-throated little shrug at his companion of the moment before. He subtly suggested he was shrugging at the whole room and the whole room got it. The moment the door closed behind them, the females as one, hissed, “How can he go on living with That Awful Woman?”

In the limousine as they pulled away the star said, “Why were you so long in taking me out of there? How many times have I told you that when I’m working I want you to stage that gets later than eleven o’clock?”

Well, the wife, like the rest of the world, loves him, so she apologized for having got interested in her conversation with the photographer’s wife. But would you play goat so your husband could play wolf?

Or take what really happened, with slight variations, time after time in one of Hollywood’s most recent separations.

The husband is really a card. When he’s out. Nobody but he can pay any check. He buys sixty-dollar any kind, any kind.

He wisecracks. He leaves ten-dollar tips for twenty-dollar checks and a pack of fifteen-cent cigars is good for a fifty-cent tip to any night-club girl who serves them. Ah, yes, a card, until he comes home and starts questioning his stellar wife, who foots fifty percent of the bills, because they had rack of lamb for dinner. That’s expensive. You’ve got to put up a front, he argues, but why do it at home when you’re not? Why do they have to have more than one servant in a big house? Why buy clothes at Adrian’s? Why send checks to (Continued on page 72)
Cottoning up to cotton—and to Carole Landis, Twentieth Century-Fox star who wears it here. Soft and beguiling eyelet embroidery with a low ruffled neckline, an enchanting flower arrangement at the shoulder and an oh-so-different hemline that will rate applause in every fashion-wise circle. Wear it to be casually smart, delightfully cool...
Just for summer "rustics"—
a printed percale play dress
worn by Carole Landis.
Like all good play suits, it
has a detachable skirt; a
trick shorts-and-shirt outfit
results. For that just-
look note—the ruffle trim
and neckline drawstring
Getting cooler—in a navy and white checked voile dress that goes through summer like a breeze. To make it into a smart street outfit—a little bolero of red linen-weave cotton. The dresses worn on these pages by Miss Landis of Twentieth Century-Fox's "State Fair" are from I. Magnin, Los Angeles.
Fair and Cooler

Threesome with a double purpose: To make you look lovelier, feel happier.

Worn by reader Jede Charles

The cooler you are, the smoother you look, even when it's a hard-and-fast game. Choose crisp white rayon sharkskin for sports, with a smoothly tailored blouse that boasts a full turned-down collar, shorts with a new patented fly front; a full "action" skirt

Sizes 10-18. White only.
About $9

Smart as it's cool, this sheer black crepe with scalloped sleeves and a scalloped neck inset with a net yoke. Designed to emphasize a tiny waistline, with a pleated skirt to make you poised, gracious

Sizes 9-15. Black only. Under $16

Gay as an old-fashioned flower garden, cool as a mint bed after rain: Ruffles for sleeves, a low-cut sun back, gay pockets and flowered bands that suggest a yoke

Sizes 10-18. With a red or blue background. Under $9
Just My Bill

(Continued from page 49) for years. Much has been written about the struggle Bill and I had during our early married life. I don't regret any of it. I won't say that I'd like to live it over again, but those early days were indescribably sweet. And they form a solid foundation of trust and inter-dependence for our marriage.

During the early years, Bill had many short-lived and different jobs. The best of the lot was his work as a greeter for a chain enterprise. He made good money, according to pre-depression standards, but we had to be careful, even so. Because both of us are sentimental about Christmas and because we had a great many people whom we wanted to remember at holiday time, we perfected a plan. We bought a fat piggy bank and—all your long—dropped every penny we could save into it. We learned the first year that the bank held a little over ten dollars.

Two weeks before each Christmas, we would make a ceremony of getting the pennies out with a knife and rolling them into miniature metal sausages. Then we would go to the dime store and buy toilettries, ribbons, sweets, bowls and dozens of other gifts until the list of names that I had prepared was checked off.

We still save coins, but dimes instead of pennies, because the Government needs copper and frowns on penny hoarding. Also, a coffee tin has taken the place of the piggy which was a casualty when we moved. And when we get enough in dimes, Lorraine gets another War Bond.

Not only is Bill sentimental about giving everyone gifts at Christmas time, he also has rules about the Christmas tree. Last year I thought that just a few bright balls, all of one color, and some bright bows tied above matching Christmas tree lights would be awfully effective.

Well, in the midst of the decorating, Bill arrived. "Gosh, just in time to help," he remarked and set to work. Everything in all the boxes we have saved since our first Christmas together went onto that tree. The final touch was always the addition of three pairs of baby shoes. Bill wouldn't consider the tree decorated at all if those shoes were omitted; they are his baby shoes, my baby shoes and Lorraine's.

His task done, Bill stepped back and looked at the tree. "When I look at that tree, all decorated, I remember every Christmas we've ever spent together." That's my Bill.

During the lean days, when rent money was a constant worry, I found a little three-room shanty in back of a commercial building, available at a price we could afford. I knew we simply had to move from our apartment until Bill could get a better paying job, so my mother and I—after long searching—found this place. We were appalled at first sight; the walls were streaked, the hardwood floors were scarred and the floors were inches deep in grime. So Mother and I cleaned and painted the floor, painted the woodwork and tinned the walls. It still wasn't a palace, but it was clean and neat. I brought Bill to see it. At first he wouldn't even walk down the alley to view it. "I won't have you and Lorraine living in such a place," he said.

But I persuaded him to look anyway.

He was surprised at the cleanliness of the shanty, so we moved in. From that day on he began to talk about the house he would someday buy me. When we came to Hollywood we lived in a modest flat for a time, then we moved to our present location. But Bill continued to talk about moving to Bel Air, or out to the Valley. One night he said, "We could...
pretty soon now. We could buy a big house out toward the beach," I said. I wanted to stay right there and buy the house in which we were living. "We can't ever have a swimming pool or a tennis court here," he said. "I want you to have the very nicest home in the world."

"Any house is the nicest in the world as long as you and I are living in it with Lorraine," I said. That pleased him immensely. Although he is always quick to demonstrate how much his family means to him, he always seems to be genuinely surprised and grateful when we let him know how much he means to us.

That naive quality is one of the things that makes Bill a great actor. At least I think he is a great actor. I've thought so ever since the days when he used to imitate Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks. I'll never forget the time I first saw him on the stage—it was at the premiere of Saroyan's "The Time Of Your Life." I was sitting at the extreme side where one portion of the stage was obscured. I knew from a sudden audience reaction that a new character had appeared and I knew from the surge of laughter that the person must have considerable comic ability. I craned my neck, and there—as the cop—was Bill. Soon I laughed as genuinely as any total stranger. They say that a comedian is seldom funny to his family, so I must be the wife who is the exception.

On New Year's Eve this year, Bill recovering from flu, was still under the doctor's care. The doctor had ordered Bill to stay in bed, so we decided to have our celebration in the bedroom.

We had a wonderful time. Everyone wore crazy hats and blew horns; we had the radio turned on to hear the celebrations all across the country. I glanced at Bill often during the evening and knew he was enjoying himself. He was telling a series of stories, his paper hat on one side of his head and that wonderful face registering a series of emotions proper for the recital. I started to laugh long before Bill had made his point—not because of the story (which, like the experiences of most wives, I had heard before), but because Bill, himself, struck me as being wonderfully, gloriously funny.

Lorraine, Bill and I usually attend Hollywood premieres together unless Bill is on location and can't be present. Sometimes he has even missed a sneak of one of his pictures, but I manage to be there so that I can report afterward.

Sometimes I see Bill's pictures over and over again—"Lifeboat" was one that I really enjoyed. I'm looking forward to seeing "The Hairy Ape" and "Greenwich Village" because friends of ours report that Bill has done a fine job in each.

I think one of the happiest moments of my life happened one night recently when we were emerging from a premiere at which bleachers had been erected for the fans. As we passed, one girl—whose voice I heard, but whose face I didn't see—asked, "Who is the girl with Bendix?"

"It's his wife, of course, silly!" came the answer. "I read in a magazine that they're very much in love."

I looked up at Bill and grinned, because I knew he must have overheard that too.

He winked at me. "They've sure got my number," he said softly.

That's my Bill. The End

What summer powder shade is right for you?

If you're Brunette The summer sun gives you a deep golden tan like the lovely, dark-eyed Mrs. Roosevelt's. Your powder must be golden, too—and not too light! "I'm pleased as can be with Pond's Dreamflower 'Dark Rachel,'" she says. "The minute I smooth it on, my tan looks fresher and softer—but the powder itself doesn't show a bit!"

Pond's "LIPS" — stays on longer Five beautifully wearable, flattering shades. Sweet, flower-sprinkled cases—40¢, 10¢.

If you're Blonde "You'll notice that your summer tan has a nice, fresh, rosy tone," says attractive Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney. —And the usual sun-tan powder is too dark and yellowy. But I've found one shade that blends perfectly with my summer complexion—Pond's Dreamflower Dust Rose. It makes my tan look soft... fresher... and even smoother!"

Pond's Dreamflower Powder stars 2 exquisite shades for summer
• DARK RACHEL... for golden-tan brunettes
• DUSK ROSE... for rosy-tan blondes

The more women at work—the sooner we win!
Make Your Future Bright!

Continue from page 45

that makes your look fairer than it usually does is one for you. Watch out for the ones that make you look dark. There are no self-hearted effects with red—it's all charm, no charm with this prima donna.

If you work in an office, surprise your boss and please him, too, by showing up in a green suit with hat to match. The urticral green he likes is Lincoln green same as Robin Hood's men wore in Sherwood Forest. It is the color of ferns and ivyone can wear it.

Speaking of green—according to poets and historians green is the all-time charm id romance color. Maybe because it makes pale skin fairer, accents gold lights the hair and causes roses to bloom in a sallowest cheeks—with a little help, course.

If you want to build up a reputation for beauty, experiment with turquoise. It best as a jewel, in limited quantities ith dull colors. Use it for a scarf, a headkerchief, a blouse or a hat. Use the one variety if you are light, swing toward a gem-like green shades if you are dark redhead.

Instead of just one color in your hair bows, try three or more—just a loop end of each. The variety makes your cut more complex, like a color scheme. Emerald, cerise and chartreuse are enchanting on a brunette. Violet, blue and yellow on a blonde make masculine parts turn a flip-flop.

To be elegant as a duchess at night wear pale color as importantly full in the skirt your figure allows. Wear a glittery hair ornament and a similar touch on your costume. Trail an accenting handkerchief and you've only to wait for the dim-out.

If you do your plotting across an intimate little restaurant table at night wear a color that makes your eyes look dark and deep as well. Velvet in winter, fresh textures in summer. Try to contrast your restaurant background pleasingly.

If you are shy on weight, color and dramatic accent, try chartreuse for evening. Most women look overdressed in it, but for you it will be just right. Remember it is spring's own drama, young, excitingly fresh.

Emerald is a bold, gorgeous color, heavenly for fair brunette or redhead. Anyone can wear it as an accent and men love it.

If you want to be the most admired woman on the beach, try coral, royal blue, grass green or vermillion, with white or eggshell. Sun on these colors turns the trick. They are gay and flaunting.

Surprise your favorite date with a vivid coat-lining which spreads out over the back of your chair like a giant butterfly. Red, of course, if you are chestnut or dark; bright green if you are titian. Against it, you'll be slim, poised and very subtle.

Those fatigue shadows are green, violet or gray, according to your own pigmentation. When you have them, watch your colors. Don't wear a color that accents them unduly; you will have to try to see.

Be smart about your brows. There are two or three good ones for everybody. Choose one, match it perfectly, don't accent it. You can't beat brown for style.

Men adore it on a woman.

Watch your voice, your movements and your manners when you wear red. The color is aggressive so you dare not be. On the other hand, offset a dull gown by a gay, sparkling mood.

If you are a neutral, don't match yourself up with tan, rose beige or any other neutral colors or you will be lost. Try gray to be conservative, yet important.

Don't wear a heavy color, in a heavy texture, such as wine velvet, if you are small or very thin. Wear a soft fabric, in a dusty color, cut full, instead. You will look exclusive, precious, fashion-wise. To be good-looking in color you must feel you are. It is part of the trick.

If you are plain-looking, or have an annoying feature such as an oversized nose or a crooked mouth, see to it that you turn your defect into an arresting singularity. Choose dramatic accent colors such as emerald, royal blue, cerise or chartreuse and look like a charming adventurer.

Don't wear black if you are ill or tired, or a party. You will not have a good time and your escort will not be proud of you. Black swallows you up unless it is sophisticated in both quality and cut. If sheer, have it full and lush. If wool or silk, emphasize the quality and line and restrain the accessories.

Don't wear black at all if you are shy or between forty and sixty—that is, unless you are very witty, have dazzling skin, or both animation and vitality. Do your best and then see if the stage line comes across with the compliments. If not, strike it out. Other women will be wearing it anyway.

The End
Then, too, I have fixed up the house so it is fresh and clean and remodeled and in a condition to last until my return.

13—Q: Do you wear a good-luck charm?  
A: Yes. It's a gold one, fashioned like a "dog-tag" but with a key on the front, which Susie gave me. On one side it says "You have the key" and on the other side it reads "To my Laddie who has my heart. God bless you always. I love you. Susie." She gave it to me after I had given her a little gold heart with a key which was inscribed "To my Susie who has my heart."

14—Q: For what part of your career is Sue responsible?  
A: All of it! She is the one who had faith in me from the beginning.

15—Q: Does she coach you at home for your scenes next day?  
A: Never. My job as an actor is my problem.

16—Q: What do you think is the basis of your appeal for the public?  
A: Heaven knows! But whatever it is, I'm sure lucky—and grateful!

17—Q: What do you think is your best quality on and off the screen?  
(Alan chose the consequences. Write a self-descriptive limerick.)  

18—Q: What subjects have you refused to discuss for publication and why?  
A: Only one, the subject of women. I don't know anything about them.

19—Q: What are you sensitive about?  
A: My big left ear which always catches the light! I also feel frequently that people don't want me around, which is a hangover, I suppose, from the days I was so broke.

20—Q: What printed story about yourself upset you?  
A: I've been the luckiest guy in the world and people couldn't have been nicer to me. Only one thing hurt: The accusation that I am overanxious about my health. That isn't true and never has been. Recently I worked on a set with a temperature of 104 degrees without complaining and finally was dragged off to the hospital. That's scarcely the behaviour of a hypochondriac!

21—Q: Has publicity ever embarrassed you?  
A: Yes, at first. And I still can't understand how unimportant things about me can be of interest or importance to others.

22—Q: What percentage of your fan mail is from women and what is their average age?  
A: I would say seventy percent and the average age is around fifteen.

23—Q: What do you like to hear about yourself?  
A: That I'm a good actor and the kind of guy you like to know.

24—Q: What makes you burn?  
A: Being misquoted and never being able to beat Kay Kyser at gin rummy. As a result he calls me "Kyser's Pet Pigeon."

25—Q: Whom in Hollywood do you envy?  
(Alan chose the consequences. Show us a secret keepsake from your early career.)  

26—Q: What name did you use when working as a grip at Warners years ago?  
A: My own name, Alan Ladd. The middle name, incidentally, is Walbridge and this is the first time I have admitted it in public!

27—Q: What were your average earnings as an actor in commercial films?  
A: That was in 1939-1940 and I made about $4000 a year.

28—Q: What was the best buy you ever made?  
A: Two dollars for our marriage license.

29—Q: Of what achievement are you proudest?  
A: Being happily married.

30—Q: What do you want that you have so far failed to achieve?  
A: For a guy who had plenty tough (Continued on page 80)
I REMEMBER a struggling young clerk who fell in love ... and who dreamed of giving his bride diamonds and limousines and fine furs.

I REMEMBER a patient wife who stood by her husband when the going was tough ... who never complained that other women had more.

I REMEMBER a self-sacrificing mother who gave her children every advantage ... who laughed and said her new Spring wardrobe was Junior's trip to camp ... who wore her much-worn clothes cheerfully, proudly, beautifully.

It's been a long time, dearest, too many years of scrimping and saving and doing without.

But this is one anniversary I can celebrate the way I want to ... one dream I can make come true ... with the very fur coat I saw you admire that day we went "window shopping."

And so, my dear ... with all my love ... here's your HOLLANDER PERSIAN LAMB!
What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the spring (or any season), a young man's... well, eyes... turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry... and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're "smooth" calves, free from glamour-sealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give your legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed... are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today!" This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.

(Continued from page 78)

going in the beginning, I really have everything I want in a material sense. As for myself, I want to earn recognition as an actor as well as a "personality."

31—Q: For what in life are you most sorry?
A: That my mother did not live long enough to enjoy the comforts I could give her now.

32—Q: What do you like best to do?
A: Sit in the yard and soak up sun.

33—Q: What is your conception of what follows this life?
A: A spiritual existence in which we work out the things we didn't work out or sluffed over in this life.

34—Q: What is your personal code?
A: To do unto others as I would be done by; but I sometimes get hurt by it—all people aren't built that way.

35—Q: Whom do you admire most in Hollywood, Sue excepted?
A: Directors Frank Tuttle and Delmer Daves.

36—Q: What actress would you like to make love to on the screen?
(Alan chose the consequences. Pay off that unpaid egg-rolling bet with Sue.)

37—Q: How would you change appearance if you could?
A: I'd add a little height and about twenty pounds.

38—Q: Are you still underweight?
A: Recently I gained five pounds, so now I'm just short fifteen.

39—Q: What is your worst habit?
A: To hear Susie complain about it, it must be the way I put off eating.

40—Q: Can you talk yourself out of jams?
A: Quite nicely—with everyone but Susie. She sticks to the issue!

41—Q: Why are you so clothes-conscious?
A: I'm not anymore; the Army took care of that! In the past, however, I guess it was a natural outgrowth of the days I always wanted good clothes and couldn't have them. A six-dollar Charvet tie always seemed to symbolize success to me, but now plain khaki looks good to me!

42—Q: Why don't you like to smile on the screen?
A: A test director once told me I had a bad smile and I have been self-conscious about it ever since, I guess. At any rate I feel more comfortable playing scenes deadpan now.

43—Q: What unconscious mannerism do you have?
A: Rubbing my nose just before a "take," they tell me.

44—Q: Who has the most sex appeal in Hollywood?
(Alan chose the consequences. Give us a picture of you when you were working in commercial films.)

45—Q: What do you admire most in a woman?
A: Grooming and freshness first. I also admire honesty and brains.

46—Q: What do you dislike in a woman?
A: Being overly clever and the thing, whatever it is, that makes her unfaithful to a guy in service.

47—Q: In what respect do you think you are a failure?
A: That I am thought of first as a personality and secondly as an actor.

48—Q: Of what are you ashamed?
A: That I sometimes express an opinion without a full knowledge of what I'm talking about.

49—Q: How would you rate your importance to Hollywood?
(Alan chose the consequences. Illustrate one of your hidden talents. [Dog trainer])

50—Q: What has your fame cost you in your personal life?
A: It has cost me nothing, except perhaps a little privacy which is unimportant and has brought me everything—Susie, my home and my happiness.

THREE UP!

Alan Ladd Bob Walker Bing Crosby

Winners

of last month's Color Portrait Poll are pictured on pages 37, 41, 46, of this issue

Vote for your favorite star now;
then watch for the portrait in color in Photoplay

Send in this coupon to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of

in Photoplay
Dorothy Lamour gives you a beauty tip you'll want to follow! "Without daintiness no other charm counts," she tells you, "and a daily Lux Soap bath makes you sure. The rich, velvety lather caresses skin so gently, leaves it fresh, really sweet. You'll find this ACTIVE-LATHER bath a wonderful pick-up. You step out feeling like a million!" Just try it and see!
Going Bing's Way

(Continued from page 47) Little Red Riding Hood, New York's most popular of old stories he would make his characters talk like prizefighters or wrestlers, inventing and embroidering fantastic incidents as he went along. It was his own method of keeping their interest alive and at the same time indulging his own love for the world of sports.

His don't-give-a-hang attitude probably is a hangover from his early days when he formed the habit of resisting opportunities and dodging success with the zeal of a fugitive rabbit. He spent his youth in a fairly consistent rebellion against anything that could be described even loosely as steady work. He adopted the role of playboy, not because he was inspired by big leaguers like Tommy Manville but as a small-town lad whose insatiant nature drew him irresistibly toward the pursuit of happiness. The fact that he was forced to pick up a living by doing various chores was a source of constant tribulation to him throughout his schoolboy days.

His adoption of the carefree manner persisted even when Bing took up the study of law at the Gonzaga University in Spokane, whence his family had removed from Bing's native Tacoma. Apparently at this period he had resigned himself to a workaday fate, though it may be that the prospect was mitigated somewhat by the fact that, having performed luridly as an elocutionist on his school debating team, he saw possibilities of indulging his gifts in the legal profession.

He had no difficulty in changing his mind, however, when he met Al Rinker, a local pianist and band leader, who asked him if he would like to join the outfit as a drummer. Bing immediately bought a set of trap drums on the installment plan and kissed the law good-bye. Thus began a period of some five years in which Bing did about everything but become successful. A similar experience in the careers of other now successful stars would be appropriately described as a "hard pull" or a "long struggle." For Bing it was a pull but it wasn't hard; it was long but not a struggle. He was having a good time cartoring about the country, losing his spare shirt in crap games and otherwise putting a great strain on the patience of Paul Whiteman, his boss.

Crosby and Rinker, the song and piano boys, didn't click when they appeared with Whiteman at the Paramount Theater in New York. If anyone had brushed him lightly in the face with half a grapefruit, he didn't begin to take life seriously until he met and married Dixie Lee. That, following his abdication from Gonzaga, was the second turning point in his career.

The ensuing change was tremendous, but it was internal. Externally, the attitude of abandonment and irresponsibility had fixed itself on him like a Benda mask. That is what fools people about him today.

Newspaper people and photographers are perhaps the most immediate victims of Bing's carefree attitude. Anyone who doesn't know Bing finds him a tough nut to crack when it comes to interviews or pictures. His enemies may say what they like about him, but they can't accuse him of dodging to the press. An interviewer may drop into his dressing room on the set and come away with an amiable collection of irrelevant answers to his questions. Bing will talk about fishing or horse racing or someone else's pictures but not about himself. He rarely goes to see his own pictures.

An exception to this last statement is 'Going My Way.' Though Bing would not admit it there is good authority to support the claim that he is much more interested in the third turning point in his career but reveals the essential (Continued on page 84)
"Don't worry, dear, my new watch is safe. It's a GOTHIC JARPROOF!"*

*Because of their exclusive patented construction, GOTHIC JARPROOF watches can take a licking, yet keep on ticking.

- Handsome, modern styles for active men and women. Precision built for accuracy. The only watch whose heart* is unconditionally guaranteed for life!

Gothic The only JARPROOF watch Priced $33.75 to $1,000.00, including Federal Tax.

GOTHIC JARPROOF WATCH CORP. • NEW YORK, N. Y.
(Continued from page 82) seriousness and artistic integrity underlying his mask.

Back in 1935 Crosby and Leo McCarey met one day at the Lake Isle Country Club. McCarey raised his glass and said, "Leo, some day I want to do a picture with you." Leo raised his glass and said, "Bing, it's a deal!"

Intermittently since that time, whenever the two met they would solemnly raise their glasses and drink a toast to their picture. Then, almost ten years later, McCarey hit on an idea. He got hold of Bing and said, "How would you like to play a Catholic priest?" and proceeded to outline the story. Bing jumped at it. The deal was on at last.

 McCarey says he has never worked with a more earnest or enthusiastic actor.

"The day we started," McCarey told me, "Bing walked onto the set dressed in a long cassock. The hard-boiled stage crew gaped at him as if they expected him to pull some wise-crack. But Bing was quiet and dead serious. I walked over and shook hands with him and we both said, 'Let's go.'"

"From that day on," McCarey continued, "Bing was like a young actor in his first important role. He was on the set promptly every morning. He never quit until quitting time. He knew his lines and no time was lost in unnecessary re-takes.

"When the picture was in rough form Leo showed it to Bing in the studio projection room. Bing sat silent all through it. There can be no doubt, Leo says, so that he was pleased and happy about it. But his only comment at the end was to insist that Barry Fitzgerald, who gives such a magnificent performance as the elder priest, and the other principals should get equal billing with him. Bing absolutely refused to have star billing. 'I couldn't be any better than they are,' he said.

This indicates Bing's rare ability to take an objective view of himself, which is his lethal defense against the charge that he is arrogant or conceited. Far from being smug, Bing has had a lifelong tendency to underestimate himself. Mark Sandrich, the Paramount producer who has directed several Crosby pictures, tells of a characteristic incident.

In 1942 Sandrich was given the job of organizing and directing the Victory Caravan, an impressive aggregation of Hollywood stars which toured the country giving performances for the war effort. Crosby joined the show in Chicago where it was booked for one night at the Olympic Auditorium before a capacity crowd of 22,000.

Up to that time Bing had never appeared in person before a large audience. When he arrived in Chicago that morning Sandrich asked him how many numbers he had prepared. Bing said three.

"You're crazy," said Sandrich, "they'll demand more than that. Better give them at least five songs."

Bing was dubious. "I think you're wrong," he said. "They won't go for that many," Sandrich finally persuaded him to rehearse two more numbers.

"When he went on the stage before that mob," Sandrich recalls, "he was scared stiff. He got a big hand, though, and that quieted him down. He sang his three numbers and they clamored for more, so he sang the other two. When he finished they wouldn't let him off. They kept yelling for more and finally Al Neuman, the musical director, walked over to the piano and sat down. Bing shrugged his shoulders and grinned. With Al accomp-anying him, he sang three more songs before they would let him go."

When Bing's house burned down last year he lost, among other things, a collection of his own records. Many people considered this a catastrophe, but Bing seemed much more concerned over the loss of his pipes, of which he had some three hundred. He had managed to rescue some of them but not all. One of his friends was not surprised about Bing's indifference to the loss of the records. He says Bing didn't play them often but when he did, he would listen to his own voice for a few moments, then shake his head and walk away. Incidentally, after the item about the pipes was printed, Bing received some 2,000 replacements from sympathetic fans. Most of these he gave away to service men.

In addition to his frequent appearances at camps and hospitals Crosby is one of the bulwarks of the short wave recordings made by the Army Armed Forces Radio Service for broadcast to the service men overseas. One of the most successful of these was the Command Performance program last winter in which he appeared with Frank Sinatra in a mock rivalry contest. Bing had been approached beforehand and asked how he felt about titling vocal lances with Frankie. "Go ahead," he said to the script writer, "I'll do anything you tell me to. What have I got to lose?" The result was he took a ribbing from his rival, but the impression among those in the know was that he could have given far better than he took if he hadn't deliberately pulled his verbal punches in the exchange with the 'Swooner. Bing's attitude is that he has had his breaks so why should he stand in anyone else's way? This makes him immensely popular with those who work and for and with him.

A spokesman for the Army broadcasts says Bing never turns down a request for these programs and he gets plenty. Sometimes the boys in the Radio Service feel embarrassed asking about calling him up so often. When he doesn't hear from them Bing doesn't wait to be called. He just rings them up and says, "When do I go to war?"

One of his strict injunctions concerning these voluntary appearances is that there be no publicity attached to them. Bing is not looking for credit. He's got plenty of that at the bank.

The End
Stars At Play

(Continued from page 39) Mexico and New York, their favorite hotels to stop at, their favorite restaurants for luncheon and dinner and supper.

Greer Garson, for instance, always lives in a suite at the Ritz Tower, high above Park Avenue. There I found her at tea one afternoon not long ago. Seventeen gentlemen of the press—deadlines utterly forgotten—were grouped around her. Being what she is with her white skin, green eyes and flaming hair, Greer never lacks masculine attention. She accepts this very casually indeed. But I suspect she enjoys it mightily nevertheless. For I am convinced the secret of Greer's great charm lies in the fact that she is so utterly the lady on the surface and so completely the woman underneath.

Greer, who dresses very simply, spends little holiday time in dressmaking or hat shops. Actually she rarely wears hats. With hair like hers why should she? She prefers to give her time to matinees and museums, the Museum of Natural History especially.

Evenings find Greer at the opera. Before which and after which she stops at 21 for dinner and supper. Greer is intensely intellectual but she also has a zest for the good things of life, food included.

Which brings me to the fascinating story Louis B. Mayer told about discovering Greer Garson. Mr. Mayer, as much in love with his profession as when he began years ago on a shoestring, has great affection for his stars; does everything in the world for them. His stars, in turn, seldom if ever leave him.

"I was in London," Mr. Mayer began his story, "and went with our London chief to a theater in St. James Street. I had been working hard. I was eager to hear some music. When the curtain went up there were only about fifty people in the theater. Shortly, also, it became evident there would be no music.

"We have made a mistake," my London chief whispered. "Shall we go?"

"I was about to reach for my hat when a girl with red hair came on the stage. Who is that?" I asked.

"Her name is Greer Garson," my London chief said. "I don't know much about her. She hasn't much of a part."

Well, Mr. Mayer and his chief saw the play through. Afterwards Mr. Mayer sent back word he would like to meet Miss Garson. She suggested he go to the Savoy Grill where she would join him as soon as she got out of her make-up.

The next day the Metro studios in California received a cable which read. "I have signed up an English girl with red hair, green eyes and pale skin called Greer Garson, Louis B. Mayer."

In vain Mr. Mayer's conferences protested he could not meet what he said. In vain they insisted it was obvious Miss Garson was not photogenic. Mr. Mayer refused to be perturbed. "We'll try her and see," he said, amiably. "I think she is a great actress."

Perhaps he remembered the opposition he had met upon signing other contracts, how everyone had protested Clark Gable never would amount to anything, that his ears were too big, whereupon he had answered, "I kind of like his big ears." How when he signed Myrna Loy they had asked, "But how can you make a star out of a woman who is not beautiful?" and he, feeling in his bones that she was what she became, replied, "Myrna Loy can be a great star. Wait and see!"

Speaking of Myrna, now returned to the studios, she was not very happy dur-

"It's time you knew, Dear!"

When the time comes for little Garments to hear 'the facts of life,' it seems only proper to rely on someone who has—so to speak—been through the wringer.

So if Kitty Kerchief isn't learning the 'facts' about Fels-Naptha Soap, we've missed our guess on wise, old Auntie Slip.

Fels-Naptha Soap is a source of long and wear-free life for garments of all kinds. And for all kinds of family wash. This good, mild soap—blended with active naptha—turns out the whitest wash you've ever seen. It saves needless wear on fabrics because it makes harsh rubbing unnecessary.

If you haven't already learned the 'fact' that it's better to wash with Fels-Naptha Soap—
it's time you knew, too!
Is a Daily Bath Enough Precaution?

No! ... Your daily bath merely washes perspiration away. It provides no protection against perspiration odors to come. The instant you finish towelling, the sweat glands go into action again, and you too must go into action if you want to guard against the social offense of underarm odors. It can be done! But you need science as well as soap and water. A bath takes minutes, but sweat glands work all day!

NONSPI freshness and freedom last from one to three days. This liquid anti-perspirant does more than cancel odors. It prevents them. Stops them before they start. NONSPI protects your charm, your social assurance and your clothes. Feel free, feel fresh, this safe, swift, certain way.

Use NONSPI ... 35¢ • 60¢ Sizes (plus tax)

No more underarm sweat but now, in NONSPI, you have a skin-safe, fabric-safe deodorant and anti-perspirant.

As to Jean Pierre, he enjoyed entree in cities the world over before he ever laid eyes on Hollywood. Celebrated members of social and artistic circles, Hollywood and otherwise, were his frequent guests...

Several months ago, when Jean Pierre was sailing to join General de Gaulle, I gave him a bottle of old French brandy I had been saving for years. There is so little we can do for men like Jean Pierre — who left his beloved wife, Maria Montez, with her amusements. He is in the army, and he and she have been husband and wife for several years.

"Dear Elsa," he wrote, "last night, my comrades and I drank to your health. We opened the bottle of brandy that you gave me and I told them about an American lady who was a great friend of France, and how she fought for de Gaulle in her articles and speeches in a period when it was courageous to do so. They all cheered you and sent their love. I joined, at last, that glorious unit, after some missions in the Middle East and to England. It was very interesting. Now we are living in tents and getting ready. The morale is high and we are all united behind de Gaulle. May God speed us to the Champs Elysées! It will be my turn to offer you a glass of champagne to celebrate Victory!

Maria told me about the article you so kindly wrote about me and I am still waiting for it impatiently. The censorship seems to like it so much that it keeps it! Thanks,

Myrna Aumont, Chrysler's daughter, is very interested in rehabilitation. She has written several letters, and several books about it, and she is a large cosmopolitan city. This may be because Loretta is a great social success or it may be why she is a great social success. I think it is the same. You find Loretta at the loveliest parties, frequently with Mrs. Bryan Foy, Walter Chrysler's daughter, who is her good friend.

Loretta and Irene Dunne try to arrange to take their holidays together but rarely succeed. They're the best of friends. Naturally enough, for they are, in many ways, quite similar. Irene has grown up very much the cosmopolitan, a chic, beautiful creature with a lovely gaiety whom everybody everywhere is delighted to see.

I always remember a day I invited Irene to lunch with me at the Colony Restaurant, a small, exclusive haunt of the very best epicures. Usually the Colony is not a rendezvous for Hollywood people, with the exception of Joan Bennett and her husband Walter Wanger, Kay Francis, Sylvia Fairbanks, now Lady Stanley, and Maria Montez who was, I imagine, introduced to the delights of this restaurant by her discriminating husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, about whom more in a minute.

The Duchess of Windsor was at lunch one day at the Colony that day, holding court at one end of the long room. Irene and I chose a table at the other end. Soon, of course, word got about that Irene was there. I waited, interested and amused, to see which of these two women finally would obscure the other. Irene won in a canter. But she was, bless her, completely oblivious of it.

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anyhow, from all my heart. Give my love to Harry, please. I'll write him soon. Best love, Jean Pierre Aumont.

When Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne were together they spent most of their holidays on their ranch out near the desert where they worked like ranch-hands. But occasionally they headed towards New York. The restaurants and cafes there rarely saw them, however. They were entertained by Brian's friends. Mrs. Charles Marshall, married to the brother of the first Mrs. Marshall Field, gave many beautiful luncheons for them. Joan enjoyed this, as Brian did. But, reluctant to spend much time in the city, she never could wait to get to a little house she leased in the Connecticut hills.

There are, quite frankly, a few Hollywood people who do not care whether or not they have good entree, socially. They're perfectly happy to make El Morocco, 21, the Stork and John-Fredric's, Mainbocher and Valentina their boundary line. Others, however, remain on the outside simply because they are shy away from their own orbit and do not know how easy it would be for them to be invited to charming, stimulating parties.

USUALLY Hollywood women make their way more easily than Hollywood men. Charles Boyer is an exception to this rule, however. No one is more adored than the serious and charming Charles. But then he was a citizen of the world, with appreciation for many things before he came to Hollywood. He found his fame first, you know, in Paris, in the plays of that dean of the French theater, Henri Bernstein.

Some weeks ago I had a telegram from Charles, who was in Canada speaking for the fighting French, suggesting that he escort me to the luncheon of the French American Club of which we are both members. Several friends who were with me when this wire arrived simply would not believe I had received a telegram from The Boyer. Even their mild hysteria, however, did not prepare me for the crowds who were turned away from this luncheon or all the fainting dowagers through whom Charles and I had to fight our way.

He received thunderous applause but whether for the stirring words he uttered in behalf of his valiant country and countrymen or because he was who he was I do not know. When Charles is not occupied in the studios it is his pleasure to work for the cause to which he has given his heart.

Over luncheon we talked of many things. Speaking of "Gaslight" in which he plays with Ingrid Bergman, he said "Chère amie, I am sad when I have to play such a heel as I play in this picture. I hope the public will not believe I am like that."

Over salad I reminded him that he had promised, if his baby was a boy, to call him Charles—for himself and for General de Gaulle. "Well," he said, "I hated the idea of Charles Junior for my son. So I went back a little on my promise and gave him a first name of Michael and a second name of Charles."

He is fearful of Michael Charles, six months old. He insists he is the most charming and intelligent child in the whole world.

These days the stars like to get away from Hollywood when they are between pictures, to work in one way or another for the war, to relax and hibernate on ranch or farm, or to stop in some large city where they are stimulated and refreshed by meeting a variety of interesting people. And wherever they go, now that they have found their way socially, doors swing wide at their approach.

THE END

In wartime as in peace

A special process keeps KLEENEX
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In your own interest, remember — there is only one Kleenex* and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

Because only Kleenex has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you've come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that saves as it serves up just one double tissue at a time.

That's why it's to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is "just like Kleenex".

In these days of shortages — we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

There is only one KLEENEX*

My Great Adventure

(Continued from page 51) A minute I found that out, I dedicated my day to calling on him, dining with him, climbing with him. My final (and successful) diplomatic move was to present him with a cigarette case with a note that said, “From your friend Gene Tierney” — and that did it! A few days later we moved into our new home.

IT WAS a four-room white clapboard house that looked exactly like every other house in the neighborhood — you could only tell them apart once you were inside and looking at the different wallpaper and furnishings. It cost us $50 a month. It had one bath and its rooms were tiny and we adored it. Right away, I set about furnishing it — on no money to speak of, I was determined to follow those seven rules.

And I did. I bought everything at a second-hand furniture store, or at the five-and-ten, or else I didn’t buy it at all (such as several nail-keds, white top, with red rings). They made useful and nifty coffee tables and cigarette stands.

Then I turned to curtains. If I hadn’t left my sewing machine in Hollywood, I’d have stitched them up myself, too; but not having it, I located a farmer’s wife who sewed and had her make white dimity curtains. I tackled a matching white dimity skirt on my dressing table (made of old crates) and decorated it further with a red rose from an old evening dress, pinned squarely over the middle of the skirt. All of this took me two exhausting weeks. By that time we’d bought our second-hand ice-box for $7, rented our stove at $3 a month and I’d already found little throw rugs for the bare floors at $8 apiece. All our picture, bric-a-brac, and dishes were from the five-and-ten. I had furnished the whole place for a little over $100 and now we were ready for anything!

Anything turned out to be entertaining, of course, but reasonably, since we were determined to live cheaply. In Junction City, except for home parties, there wasn’t much to do. You went to the movies, or you played bridge. So I began being a constant hostess — at a very low cost. My party meals were always the same and I had anywhere from ten to twenty-five guests. I planned the food so that it would answer five questions: (1) Is it nourishing? (2) Is it inexpensive? (3) Is it tasty? (4) Is it enough? (5) Is it low on ration points?

What I served, to answer those five questions, was a spaghetti dish, hot rolls, two vegetables, a mixed-green salad and dessert and coffee. I bought the rolls the morning of the party from a farm woman — in fact, I spent one morning a week bicycling around Junction City, like all the Army wives, just shopping. I went to the Post Exchange for most things, since meats and groceries are cheaper there (you can get a loaf of bread for a penny!); and to a special farmer for eggs and to another for chickens. I never encountered a black market, may I add; I paid nothing but ceiling prices and I bought rationed goods only with ration points. And I carted everything home in my bicycle basket.

OUR days started terrifically early in Junction City—all of the Army couples’ days, for that matter. Our house was on a circular road, with all the other identical houses facing the circle too — and it was very funny to watch those houses coming to life before dawn each day. Our light went on first, at 5 A.M. — because Oleg likes to loiter over his coffee and cigar even though he’s loitering over them before daylight. Then I could see the other little houses light up in the darkness, while other
wives cooked their husbands’ breakfasts—and at six-thirty sharp, all the front doors opened and husbands in uniform hurried out of them and off to Fort Riley. Instantly, once the husbands were gone, all the lights turned off again and you could almost hear the united “plop!” as all the wives fell back into bed again for a nap.

Around eight o’clock we’d all be up once more. Ahead of us stretched a long day without our husbands, who didn’t get home again until 7:30 at night—and then were too tired to move. But now, if you looked at all our circle of houses, you’d see each front door open a crack, while every wife (in a long housecoat) would whisk dust outside in one stroke and then slam shut the door again. Finally, when we had all swept, dusted and washed the breakfast dishes, we got dressed for the long, hot day ahead of us; and then we met to go marketing together, to do Red Cross work and to eat lunch.

Never, since I was a schoolgirl, have I had a chance to be with girls so much—and I’ve never enjoyed it more! As the summer grew bakingly hot we all repaired to a swimming pool and lay around it trying to keep cool while we sewed our baby clothes, for every woman in Junction City (it seemed) was an expectant mother!

And meanwhile it got hotter and yet hotter. My sister Pat came to visit us, but she and Oleg and I finally moved down to the coolness (and the spiders) in the cellar in order to sleep. We spent most of July and August down there come bedtime.

**BUT** we had fun, and everything pleased me—even my War Wardrobe, as I called it, which was inexpensive to the point of amazement. You see, I began designing some of my own dresses on the side—deciding that my husband was too

"All your Kisses are mine, now."

**So delightful**—when a girl’s face is smooth as the heart of a rose.

Easy—to help even dry skin to such fresh satiny-smoothness.

One new cream is all you need—Jergens Face Cream. It’s like a daily “treatment” with 4 creams.

Cleanses—Softens—An Alluring Foundation—A Night Cream


**JERGENS FACE CREAM**

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM, FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
busy with military life to design for me at the moment. (He did all the clothes for the picture "I Wanted Wings," you know, and my special clothes for "Shanghai Gesture," just before he entered the Army as a private.) Anyhow, in Junction City I took pencil in hand and sketched several dresses—my pets being a couple of little summer dresses. I bought the material for twenty-one cents a yard at J. C. Penney's—purple gingham for one, green for the other. Then I found me a farmer's-wife dressmaker and for two dollars apiece she sewed me up adorable frocks. The purple one, which had pale blue rickrack sewed around its square neck and no sleeves—that one was so good a famous fashion magazine posed me in it! (Cost: Materials, eighty cents; workmanship, two dollars!)

EVENTUALLY six months had rolled around and my date with the stork was crowding me. I was going to Washington, D. C., for my confinement and I didn't expect to return—so, remembering my newly learned lessons in thrift I had an auction of all my furniture!

I held it right in our home one appointed evening, with me as auctioneer. I'd spread word of it around town for some days ahead of time, so a crowd turned out. Much to Oleg's open-mouthed astonishment—we sold our $100 worth of furniture for $200! "But," as I told him, "your wife put in hundreds of dollars worth of work!" "But," as he told me, "is it right to make money when you could give everything away?" "But," as I told him, "they wanted to buy our things so with my own fingers I've earned enough to pay my train fare to Washington," Which gave me the last word and I disappeared in the direction of the Capitol, to be near my mother, sister—and my doctor!

There, on October 15, our daughter Daria Loiewski Cassini was born. (Right here, I must take time out to say that my husband's real name is Count Oleg Cassini Loiewski and he is Russian on both sides, although his family was originally Italian about five generations ago. In fact, the town of Cassino where the Allites have been tragically fighting was the estate of the Cassini family. He dropped both his title and his last name when he arrived in America eight years ago, for reasons of simplicity... but for reasons of sentiment, we gave little Daria her last name for her middle!) To get back to Washington again, I stayed there for two months waiting for Daria to get out of her incubator. Then I decided that if she were going to spend Christmas in it, I'd better spend Christmas back in Junction City, where my husband was now a 2nd Lieutenant and an instructor.

So back I came for three more months—but thanks to my auction, I came back to a house furnished only with two beds, a stool, a rocking-chair and the rented stove. I had to use the snow in the back yard for an ice-box and there I stowed Christmas dinner until it was time for cooking. (A roast of beef, because Oleg prefers that to turkey.) I didn't dare buy a lot of new-old furniture and start redecorating again because I didn't know the Army's plans for Oleg so we just camped out indoors for the next three months.

When I left Junction City, I had been there exactly a year. And it had taught me a lot. It had taught me how to have fun on a small budget; and how to cook for the first time in my life—with the aid of the "Boston Cookbook" and "The Joy Of Cooking"; and how to housekeep; and how to buy furniture, paint it, upholster it, and hang wallpaper behind it! It had taught me a very great deal. And it has

---

**-The girl with a Solitair-lovely complexion**

Across the continent... across the oceans... through the weeks and months—be the girl he can't forget, the girl unforgettable lovely with a Solitair complexion. Let him remember:

**DANCING TILL THREE**—your skin as creamy smooth as the gardenia in your hair. Thanks to Solitair—your make-up stays smooth for HOURS. Tiny lines and blemishes are YOUR secret.

**PICNICKING**—your complexion as enchanting as the day itself. Thanks to Solitair—your make-up looks fresh and NATURAL in the sun.

**CAKE MAKE-UP with LANOLIN**

**IN SIX HEAVENLY HUES** • AT ALL TOILETRY COUNTERS
made me positive of three pieces of advice I'd like to give all American women:

One—see as much of your husband now as you can, because you don't know how long you'll be able to see him. Also, see him under the most simplified conditions of life, for it brings you closer together than you've ever been before.

Two—have babies. Then you can't spend money on frivolous things, no matter how hard you try!

Three—try your best to follow the seven rules of fighting rising living costs—for with every one of the rules obeyed, you are aiding your government that much more, ending the war that much sooner, insuring a financially stable future for your babies and bringing your man home that much sooner. By keeping the nation's finances stable, you are personally helping your own future. I have never been more serious about anything in my life.

For, now that I'm back in Hollywood (busy on the set of Fox's "Laura"), I'm still living by my Junction City standards and I'm much happier for doing it. After all, as a star I am greatly affected by inflation; I have a large income and I also have (supposedly) a need to maintain appearances. But where would my income go if I splurged it in the black market, extravagant clothes and expensive living? In the end it would boomerang back on me, in inflated prices—and I'd be paying double for everything and having my personal guilt in bringing on a new depression.

Maybe you think I'm being unduly earnest. Frankly, I couldn't be more earnest. I am determined to re-read those seven rules every day; and to live accordingly.

Yes, I have learned a lot from my stay in Junction City. And the knowledge has made me laugh more than I've ever laughed in my life—and cry a little. It's been a lifetime in a year. And I hope my experiences will help you in yours!

The End

---

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps

STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

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

39¢ a jar
(Also in 59¢ size)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT
Of course...you may marry!

When you join the WAC you're really taking the first exciting step toward a new career—a career that may lead to a better post-war position, financial security... even romance and marriage! Of course Wacs may marry while in the service. And the Women's Army Corps places no restrictions on whom you marry, Army man, Navy man, Marine or civilian. You'll find Wac life—not easy—but full, rich, satisfying. Get the full details about training, pay, promotion, opportunities. Apply at any U.S. Army Recruiting Station or mail coupon below.

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU
JOIN THE WAC NOW

Why Can't They Stay Married?

(Continued from page 62) Mama? Think, next, about the Rising Young Star, who married the Established Star, who was quite a bit his elder. Marriage was no new thing in her life, but it was in his and he was desperately sincere about it all.

The boy talked about the house he was going to get his famous wife and the fun it would be living on his income. The Established Star said that was adorable of him but foolish, honestly. So after the wedding, they moved into his house. The boy ate at the head of the table where all the other husbands had eaten and swam in the same pool and rode in the same limousines. He found out just the same things the other husbands had discovered, too. He came to know that the Established Star was ten years older than she looked even in a bad light. He found out she was a studio assembly job, bosoms from the wardrobe department, teeth caps from her dentist, hair coloring from Westmore's.

"She looks like a peeled grape when we're alone," the boy confided to his best friend.

Yet he was romantic and he tried to take it easy. He might have gone on, as the other boys have gone on, except that right then the Established Star made a picture that was a cold-storage turkey while he went into a quickie that turned out to be a sleeper and made a million dollars. Then the wife turned out another that was strictly from Dixie and he got himself into another that was a darb.

Their positions reversed. He was the Big Shot now and she was the Has Been. When she filed her divorce papers said, "What a dog he is. You'd think he'd remember that she never took a thing from him, not a thing."

Which was true and the boy never told even his best friend about those two years when he thought she had taken away his self-respect.

GENERALLY speaking, though, the stellar girls of Hollywood as a class are the gallant losers and do not explain, even to their closest friends, what went wrong in their marriages. Yet there is one major factor that operates in most cases and that

NEW LOOK
at a
NEW STAR

A spectacular Paul Hesse cover of JENNIFER JONES

plus

a delightful, charming, news-packed
"Scrap Book On Jennifer Jones"

September Photoplay
the problem of the woman's becoming more important than the man. The girls
so explain this, perhaps because it
makes them sound self-satisfied, but more
often, Fearless believes, because the very
explanation would reflect upon the gentle-
man involved. But three such varied types:
Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Sothern and
Myrna Loy. They all found their increasing
importance meant disaster in love. No wife
ever more adoring than Barbara Stan-
wyck with Frank Fay. Ann Sothern waited
long time before Roger Pryor got his
atmospheric freedom. He was the much
more important of the two when they wed.
hen they parted, the balance of power
had changed entirely. Joan Crawford was
first-magnitude star, of course, when she
married Franchot Tone, but they expected
that would become one, too. As you
now, he did not at the time. It was highly
interesting, too, that subsequently all three
made their happiest marriages.
All of which may give you an idea of
the strange ways it takes to hold a Holly-
wood marriage together and the peculiar-
acting factors that can break it up. And
in this from things you will feel
at the Turner-Cranes, the Fontaine-
bernes, the Jones-Walkers and all the rest
of those who don't make these com-
monplace true idealists. They demand
selection in the marital relationship. They
want marriage exactly so, or not at all.
Maybe they're right. Maybe no loaf is
better than half a loaf. Maybe.
But it can't be essentially be too much fun
for Myrna Loy to go out with Helmut
Anton, who's charming but so much her
lover, so foreign to her background and
so is carrying a torch for his ex-wife
Sister. And how does Jennifer Jones feel
when she sits alone with her small sons at
right and sees Bob Walker looking straight
at her face into hers? Watch Judy
Leland in a scene when she's relaxed and
acting. That's not happiness in her
ingy eyes.
However, it may be silly to worry about
this and why they can't stay married. The
int is they do stay married, only they
ange the people they are married to.
ru, as you are all too aware, they remarry
host the moment they are divorced,
as again. Besides, no matter how they quarrel
men married, they always part the best
friends!

THE END

TUNE IN
"My True Story"
Daily Monday through Friday
at 10:15 A.M. EWT.

A new and different story
every day from the lives of
real men and women revealing
their troubles, triumphs,
loves, adventures. If you like
the stories in True Story Maga-
zine you'll enjoy these
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ALAN LADD speaking:

Starring in "AND NOW TOMORROW," a Paramount picture.

"Hollywood is right about grooming—

"A man can and should keep teeth immaculate.

"I find it easier with CALOX Tooth Powder"

A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for people who want utmost brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Calox offers you:

1. SCRUPULOUS CLEANING. Calox is a multiple-action powder. It contains fire cleansing and polishing ingredients.
2. LUSTROUS POLISHING. Calox brings out all the high natural luster of teeth.
3. CALOX IS GENTLE. Double-sifted through 100 mesh silk.
4. NO MOUTH PUCKERING-MEDICINE TASTE. Children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. MADE BY A FAMOUS LABORATORY. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

Those Exciting Years

(Continued from page 31) known. Stage star of the early days, broken in those tough middle years—but never once did she quit fighting. The theory of age was something she wouldn't accept ever. "You ought to get wiser as you get older," she would say, "and wisdom is needed more than anything, isn't it? Give me an understanding heart—that's what Solomon prayed for most. You get more understanding in your heart year by year if you keep it open. Keep an open heart—and growing old will be a joyous growth toward eternity."

Always fighting—for the underdog. Many a time some young unknown actress would hear a knock on her dressing-room door and swinging it open her startled eye would behold the great Dressier, top star of them all. Marie fought for them and with them.

There are great names in the motion picture today who owe much to the memory of Dressier—but that's their story, not mine.

Except that I remember once when heard her say to one of them, "My dear life knocks you to your knees. Of course it does. But after all, that's the position in which we learn to pray, isn't it?"

I've never forgotten that.

No other star ever had the mysterious magic of Garbo. When she walked off the lot, she seemed to vanish. The strange "I think I go home now," the oft repeated "I want to be alone"—the part of motion-picture history. They annoyed a good many people and all Holly wood felt left out in the cold. Nobody knew Garbo—except the people on the lot.

To writers, it was doubly annoying that you couldn't interview Garbo, couldn't find out what she liked best to eat, what kind of a home life she enjoyed, whether she had any friends.

Yet on the M-G-M lot I got my first true glimpses of Garbo—and never lost them. One day I went into the hot-dog wagon, the lot to grab a quick bite to eat. And there was the remote and unapproachable Garbo, with her crew of electricians and grips, sitting on a high stool eating pro digiously, like a hungry schoolboy, roaring and whooping with laughter. Nobody thought, could enjoy herself so much about so little—unless she really were very lonely, very shy.

That never to be forgotten day when Garbo and Gilbert played the first love scene in "Flesh And The Devil." That was something to watch. We were seeing something we might never see again—great dramatic love scenes played by two people who had just fallen wildly, passionately, in love. And there on the lot it was revealed through those very scenes the beginning of the greatest of all Hollywood love stories—Garbo and Gilbert.

Heartbreak, too, I saw there. On the set of a picture called "Resurrection," Joe Gilbert—vivid, flashing, dynamic Gilber He had played a scene once—twice—over and over again. Then the director let him go. We walked together to his dressing room and he just sat there. He was a great talker, Jack Gilbert, he loved to talk. He would sit up all night for a good talk he would talk on any subject in the world. But that day for the first and only time I ever saw him he sat very still.

For he knew then that at the very peak of his fame and fortune talks of his fame and fortune talks of his fame and fame and fortune and fame and fortune and fate and fame and fortune fate and fate and fame and fortune and fame and fortune and fame and fortune and fate and fame and fame and fate and fame—sighed him, killed him off in one second. His voice didn't match his personality, he looks, and there in front of our eyes died John Gilbert, the man, and I thought, John Gilbert, the man, live
Poor pup! His "fingernails" never will be pretty—but yours, dear lady, can be the most beautiful, fascinating fingers in the world, with Dura-Gloss nail polish, and care! Dura-Gloss is made from a new, original formula containing Crystalsyne, that imparts radiance and brilliant life to your nails, such as you never knew before. It wears gloriously. At 10¢ cosmetic counters.
New Kind of Face Powder Makes Her Look Years Younger!

Once this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people thought she was approaching middle age.

For she was the innocent victim of an unflattering face powder! It showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of her pores.

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 20-30-35?

At last she has found a face powder that flatters her skin—makes it look younger, more enchanting!

Why Lady Esther Face Powder Is So Flattering

Lady Esther Face Powder is extra flattering because it's made differently. It isn't just mixed, just sifted, in the usual way. It's blown by Twin Hurricanes—blended with the speed and power of hurricanes—to look clearer, smoother and more flattering on your skin!

Because of this patented, exclusive method of hurricane blending, the texture of Lady Esther Face Powder is much smoother and finer than ordinary powder. The first touch of your puff spreads a delicate film of beauty on your skin, hiding little lines, little blemishes. And Lady Esther Face Powder clings longer, too—clings four long hours!

But the most exciting difference is in the shades. Lady Esther shades have a subtle new quality—because the color is blown in by hurricanes. Many women say that the Lady Esther shades are so fresh and alive that ordinary powder shades seem dull and drab by comparison.

Try Lady Esther Face Powder! See for yourself, in your own mirror, how much smoother and younger it makes your skin look. Get the small-size box and try it today!

TUNE IN Lady Esther "Screen Guild Players"—Monday nights, CBS

mates and his teachers, what they said as how they looked and what they did. I brought her all the gossip of the neighborhood and when he went downtown to see something in the theater, he brought it whole play home to her and made her laugh and cry.

I knew then that he had learned the trite pantomime that reaches beyond the ordinary senses and speaks to the heart alone.

There had been Jean Harlow, too. The platinum blonde. The world who knew her through pictures knew a blonde bombshell, the greatest exponent of sex appeal the screen ever saw. But on the lot the knew a quiet girl, with a great need for spiritual things, a love of music and—remember the first day when she came back to work after her producer husband died so tragically by his own hand. That was the studio rallied to her. How Dressler went and sat on the set—just to be around, a good trouper as audience to a good trouper. How Gable nearly broke himself in two playing that first scene with her and when he came off the set muttered, "God, that kid has guts!" As it was a prayer and the highest compliment the Big Moose knew how to pay.

But I think of all the girls who've been there in twenty years Judy Garlan is the most popular. You'd know that you'd seen the way they babied her, the things that were done for her last year on the lot when she grew white and thin and peaked after her marriage with Dave Rose. Not a popular marriage—on the lot. Nothing against young Dave Rose—probably nobody would have been good enough for their Judy.

They flew the flags at half mast, figuratively, the day a weeping Myrna Loy sat good by freckled, redheaded, gay Myrna. Going to get married and give up the screen.

Why, at first they didn't believe it. All right for her to get married, but to leave the screen—and her studio partner Bill Powell? That was like breaking up another kind of a marriage. The lot was like a family whose daughter is going to get married and go to live thousands of miles away. Everybody felt it. So she got married and went away—but then she came back and there was rejoicing, almost as much rejoicing as when Irene Dunn moved onto the M-G-M lot for good, afore "A Guy Named Joe."

The glorious day when Norma Shearer married Irving Thalberg, head of production, a young genius whom everybody loved.

But the M-G-M studios were riotous that day. A royal wedding of the great leading star of the day and the slim, dair, fiery young genius. And when he died suddenly, their hearts were very sad. You see, you live all of life and its many facets in twenty years on a studio lot and that day I remembered Norma's saying to me once as she got into her big car, "Some time I'm almost afraid. I wish I were lucky. I have everything—my husband and a son and daughter and my work—I am afraid sometimes, I wonder if such happiness is for me mortal." I wish then she wouldn't be afraid. "The only thing we have to fear is fear"—as the President of the United States told us.

Next time you see the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer lion roaring up there at the beginning of a picture, remember all that has gone into the twenty years they're celebrating. Pictures have come a long way haven't they—from "The Big Parade" to "The White Cliffs Of Dover"? And behind those twenty years, the work and love and hearts of a lot of people—and some fine memories for all of us.

The End
Speak for Yourself
(Continued from page 19) person. My neighbor has a fourteen-year-old boy who has been ill for most of those years. He is now bedridden, but before his illness confined him, he was a steady and enthusiastic movie fan. Now that he can't go to the theaters he writes to his favorites. They all respond with autographed pictures. Alexis Smith, however, went further than that. She wrote to him—not a typed, impersonal note—but a long, sympathetic, handwritten letter. She even offered a suggestion that she learned had been of help to others in his condition. Yes, it was a friendly, gracious letter which made the boy very happy and proved me wrong in my opinion.

Mrs. M. E. Miles, Spokane, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE
Riding Orson

HAVE just seen “Jane Eyre,” and, as always, I am by turns delighted and irritated with Orson Welles. He seems to have much and uses little. Seeing one of his pictures is like running a balky horse in a steeplechase: Beautiful riding in the field; then a mincing gait; a shying at obstacles; even a bagging down when you least expect it; but, occasionally, thank heaven, a soaring flight over a hurdle that leaves you breathless! You come away both loving the brute and willing to sell him to the nearest bidder.

Mrs. Merle Pierce, Indianapolis, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE
“Stinkaroo Buckerroo”

I'M an old cowboy working on a ranch twenty miles from town. I'm a movie fan, but I skip the hare-brained Westerns with their gaudy-garbed actors and worn-out plots. They are about as near real ranch life as a dowager's poodle is to a mongrel sheep dog.

In the movies a rancher's only problem is rustlers. In the cow country, however, you might not see a cattle thief once in ten years. Maybe chasing Redeye The Runt and his side-winder pals up Coffin Canyon is more dramatic than hunting a phantom lobo wolf that kills a dozen cows at night, but it's not half so hard or worrisome. Ranchers are beset by drought, water holes drying up, protein short, and other problems, but somehow the movies don't show them.

In the Westerns the same old threadbare theme keeps bang, bang, banging along. Maybe kids like it, but it's nauseating to real cowpunchers.

Dale Stafford, Midland, Texas

$1.00 PRIZE
Starring the Styles

I WONDER if screen actors realize how much happiness they have caused to all classes of people—and to all ages—by their portrayal of beautiful and suitable clothes which our manufacturers have copied in many fabrics, at prices that are within the reach of every pocketbook. This has taken the heartbreak out of many lives, for when I look back and remember the home-made fashions of yester-year, it is no wonder that many lives were ruined by the feeling of inferiority and despair that these screwy duds gave to their wearers. The screen has abolished this heartache for us and we are truly thankful to them all.

Mrs. Mabel Lewis, Harlingen, Tex.

Does your face powder pass the "Compact Close-up?"

Happy discovery! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder glorifies your skin, because its color stays true in any kind of light.

NATURALLY your compact close-up gives your skin a passing mark under a soft, kind light. But—out in the sunshine, or under bright, electric light, your skin may appear oldish and withered. This spiteful trick may be played on you—by the color of your face powder.

Why not use a face powder made to flatter your skin in any kind of light?

Yes, do try Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder! You'll be thrilled when you see how this incredibly fine face powder seems to impart fresh, young radiant color that looks for all the world like your skin's own natural beauty.

It's because Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is made by the famous Color-True process. And for YOU there's a particular shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder to flatter your natural beauty...to help lend your skin enchanting smoothness, ravishing color, tempting young loveliness in any kind of light.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all 6 exciting "Color-True" Shades, 10¢ and larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere.
YESTERDAY I went out to Blackland Army Air Field in Waco to watch the graduation exercises. When I came home I was so red-eyed it was pitiful and this is why: The soldiers there were very happy, of course, because they had their Lieutenant bars, but there were quite a few who didn't have a sweetheart or mother to pin them on. It looked sad indeed when the soldiers had to pin their buddies' bars on them. I am only eleven years old and you probably think I'm very silly for writing you. But will you please not make so many pictures shows that show lonesome soldiers wanting to go home to their homes. Please make pictures with funny acting and sayings so that these soldiers who are far away from home may go to the show and be at ease for two or three hours.

Jane Corbin,
Waco, Tex.

HONORABLE MENTION

HAVE just finished reading your article "The Truth About The Stars In Service." Was angry beyond reason so had to write and tell you what we think of your article and the kluge-light heroes. We have just returned from combat duty with the Eighth Air Force and have seen only two stars fighting in combat. While over there and fighting for our country and yours, we learned just how important or unimportant a medal can be. After seeing hundreds of fellow comrades shot down you come to realize how ridiculous your reference to sacrifices were. Have become irritated since our return about hearing the sacrifices of the movie stars—male and female alike—male Hollywood stars are just the same as anyone else. They have their jobs in this war—let them do them without thinking about the publicity they will receive.

S/Sgt. T. T. C.
(DFC, A.M., 3 Oak Leaf Clusters)

S/Sgt. R. E. L.
(S.S., DFC, P.H., 3 Oak Leaf Clusters)

Langley Field, Va.

The epic stand of the Russians in Stalingrad, the legendary Chetniks of Yugoslavia, the complete destruction of Lida and its population in Czechoslovakia and the heroic struggle of the people of China have been immortalized in remarkable and praiseworthy moving pictures. But what about Greece? Wasn’t the battle of Crete worthy of immortalization? And the epic victories of the Evzones in the snow-covered mountains of Northern Epirus and Albania? And the contribution of the valiant Greek women of Epirus in transporting ammunition to the highs peaks of the Evrotic Mountains? Or is this material enough for a real goo patriotic moving picture?

C. Papaphotisou,
Providence, R. I.

NEARLY half a century ago I saw the great Buffalo Bill in person with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. I was only a small boy but it is one of the best remembered events of my life. Today I again saw Buffalo Bill's Wild West—this time in the film sequences of the Twenty-First Century-Film picture. Believe me, the make-up and costuming of Joel McCrea as Buffalo Bill and the scenes from the show were a true-to-life that it was like turning the pages of history back to that day of long ago. What more could I ask to confirm my conviction that good movies are mighty educational force?

Paul B. Nees,
Kansas City, Mo.
If You Were Dennis Morgan’s House Guest

(Continued from page 57) maroon-covered love seats, facing each other over a coffee table; and after you’d taken in the maroon-flowered drapes and the big radio and a picture of Dennis grinning at you from the wall and one big yellow sofa—you’ve examined the room as if you were a furniture assessor. It looks like home and you settle down happily in it. And then your hostess comes in—and you know why it’s a home.

Lillian Morgan is dressed in a wool sports skirt and a jacket and comfortable shoes. She’s about thirty-one and she’s slim, pretty, dark-haired and gracious. She’s also a little tired—as well she might be; she does all the laundry for her tumultuous family and oversees the housekeeping. But she doesn’t seem to mind, it’s part of life—and after dinner she’ll pull up again.

“I see only a second later that you, Dennis, Lillian, Stanley, Krissy and Jim (in a high chair) are all pulled up to the white lace table cloth in the dining room, putting away a hefty enough meat-and-potatoes meal to please any lumberjack— which, indeed, was Dennis’s occupation in his youth. Dennis eats his average two helpings of pot roast, scalloped potatoes, spinach, tomato salad (out of their own garden), coffee and dessert. Meanwhile you’ve noticed the small dining room, which is strictly utilitarian. There’s a rust rug on the floor and rust-yellow-and-brown English print drapes at the window. The wallpaper has a tan scenic pattern with trees and the old dining set and small sideboard are burnished cherry wood. “My great-grandmother’s,” Lillian explains.

The minute dinner is finished, she herds the kids upstairs—and their “goodnights” are still echoing on the living-room air when several voices call “Good evening!” from the front door . . . and the special Morgan friends have arrived for a talk-and-music fest. Andy Devine and his wife are first—Andy lives right next door and knows all the news of Van Nuys because of his important position in the community; he’s Mayor. Right behind him are the Jack Carsons and the Robert Shaynes. And the minute Lillian is downstairs again everyone repairs to a small room right off

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the living room. Dennis calls it a "den," but it's really a catch-all.
It has a small pine bar and its pine-paneled walls are hung with four of Dennis's many shotguns (he hunts everything, every season—mostly making trips to Klamath Falls, Oregon). Mixed in with the guns are a collection of pictures—two of college-play casts with both Lillian and Dennis in them; several of Dennis with his children; and one framed announcement from the Governor of New Mexico proclaiming Dennis a Colonel on his staff. (Snaffled up during the time Dennis was making "The Desert Song" in New Mexico.) But your eyeingers longest on a great stuffed fish on the wall—a "muskie" caught in Wisconsin. And the guests' eyes—and elbows—linger longest on the upright piano in one corner. A second later, they're off on a typical evening.
Maybe they all sing together—every kind of song from "I've Been Working On The Railroad" to "Martha" and "Take It Easy." Then, suddenly, they each begin singing different parts of "The Chocolate Soldier" or "Show Boat" or "Pony And Bess"—or perhaps they all sprawl back into the living room to put on symphonic records. And maybe four of them will play bridge, while the others sit shouting over the music about politics and the war.

In any event, the house is almost bounding with music and voices and you wonder how the children upstairs can sleep so sweetly through it. By the time the evening is over, you're ready to join them, however; you haven't sung so much or talked so much in years. You struggle upstairs with the Morgan parents, muttering sleepily, "Where's the guest room?"

Whereupon they both laugh heartily. "No such thing in this house!" they say—and they usher you into their own room.

It's a medium-sized square room papered in a cool green ivy-vine pattern on a white background; but what fascinates you about the room is that it boasts two double beds! "We both like 'em, but we like 'em alone," they explain at once, laughing at your peeping eyes. "And you have to admit, they're double twins!" By which they mean that the bed are identical cherry-wood, with identical tan-and-brown tufted spreads. They stand on a tannish rug and so do three other pieces of furniture—an old mahogany dressing table, a mahogany desk and a cedar chest. The room boasts only one picture—a big color portrait of Dennis and Ann Sheridan seated in a carriage from "Shine On Harvest Moon."

IT'S only after you've taken in the whole room that you learn the guest-scheme: If you're a woman-guest in the Morgan household, you get Dennis's double bed, while he moves in with one of the children; if you're a man-guest, Lillian does the moving. But any consternation you feel vanishes at their casual attitude toward the whole thing... and soon you're asleep in the deep quiet of the Valley night.
But not for long or late! Around dawn you hear an ear-splitting series of roosters' crows that seem to come from beside your bed. They really ring from the end of the garden; but you're hardly over that shock when Dennis's fifty chickens begin clucking, his turkeys gobbling—and then Kristin and Stanley are awake across the hall and chatting happily together while they dress. Then you hear them clatter down the stairs to breakfast at Ida's hands and almost immediately Andy Devine's car starts in the garage next door and comes over to the Morgan gate, where the two Morgan children get in with the two Devine children—and are whisked off to school with Mrs. Devine at the wheel.

Then you doze, contentedly. You hardly notice it when Dennis moves quietly through the room and into his and Lillian's bathroom—but then there's the mingled roar of the shower and Dennis's voice, raised in song. Maybe this morning, he gives you a medley of "Blue Heaven," "Trees," and "I'll Get By"... and he is hardly quiet again before you hear little Jim's voice, calling "Dad-dee!" and his small pajama-clad figure pells through your room to pound on the bathroom door. Then Dennis opens it, his hair wet and ruffled. He's dressed in a sports shirt and slacks and he swoops the squealing Jim high into the air. Another Morgan day has begun; and you lie back in your pillows and heartily enjoy it while Dennis and Jim romp all over the room and finally down the stairs to breakfast.

Y OU dress quickly to follow. Downstairs (if it's a non-acting day for Dennis), you find him finishing his egg, toast and solitary cup of coffee behind the newspaper and before you're half through your own breakfast you can hear him in the "den," one-fingered the piano and going carefully through his vocalizing exercises. You leave him to his two-hour schedule and stroll out on the back cement terrace, waving at Jim who's rushing around in his fenced-in enclosure on one half of it. The other half is filled with brown garden furniture—brown, as you've guessed by this time, is Dennis's favorite color in the house or in clothes. Beyond stretches his acre of back garden, which is a California version of a Wisconsin farm.
First there's a wide strip of lawn with a rusty iron triangle on it for the children's swing and rings; then a strip of lovely flower gardens, filled mainly with roses; then a hardy strip of vegetable garden—with a big strawberry patch in the rear.
Fruit and nut trees keep the garden cool and on either side are the turkey pen
(with two once-wild mallards sitting tamely on their eggs among the turkeys; they
flew in a year ago and settled down!),
the chicken pen, the dog-run for the big
black Labrador retriever Bruce and the
garage, with Dennis's motorcycle and green
roadster inside it and the family station
wagon. Right behind the garage is Lillian’s
special brown clapboard laundry house.
It has an electric washing machine and
mangle and also a complete storeroom and
freezer for the oversupply of vegetables
raised by the gardner, white-haired Lee.
In the afternoon, Dennis drags you off
to the Lakeside Country Club for golf;
and that night you might go with him and
Lillian to a movie at a near-by Valley
theater. And so you learn the Morgan
personal history. You learn that they
bought this eight-year-old house and its
acre-and-a-half of land two years ago;
and that they've been in California for
eight years now; and that eventually they
hope to be back home in Wisconsin, on a
farm. You learn that Dennis and Lillian
were high-school sweethearts in Marsh-
field, Wisconsin—only in those days she
was a girl named Lillian Vedder and he
was the leading football, baseball, basket-
ball and track star, whose name was
Stanley Morner. You know that his father
was a lumberman and banker; and that
Dennis and Lillian were married ten years
ago, after they’d attended Carroll College
together and after he’d got a toe-hold in
radio singing in Chicago. You know that
he’s thirty-three now and that his idea of
a perfect day is to get on a bicycle with
Kristin sitting on a special seat behind
him and Stanley pedaling on another
cycle beside him—and go off to a “hide-
out” in the Valley somewhere to eat sand-
wiches and shoot B-B guns at tin cans.
You know that Sunday is a ritual—with
the children hearing a series of comic
strips on the radio and reading another
series on the floor with their father; and
then the whole family, slicked and freshly
dressed, drive in to Hollywood to attend
services at the First Presbyterian Church
and to stop off at the Lakeside Country
Club on their way home for lunch. You
know that Dennis reads every night before
he goes to sleep—definitely unfluffy read-
ing, like the history of Currier and Ives
and the latest biography on Oliver Wendell
Holmes. You know that often he and
Andy Devine go off on joint trips on their
motorcycles; and that his great dream is
to build a steam bath on his property so
that he can take steam baths as often as
he wants, which is hourly! You know that
every concert or football game that
comes to Los Angeles has Dennis sitting
out front.
You know that he’s very proud of his
barbecued chicken, lamb and beef cooked
over charcoal and steaming wine, in a
weather-beaten barrel on the back lawn;
and that he considers himself very lucky
to have the Mayor as one next-door neigh-
bor and as the other the leading Van Nuys
grocer—who brings home last-minute
groceries to pass through the Morgan hedge
at the drop of a telephone dial. And you
know that tiny Jim and big Dennis have
a lifelong friendship—and that you’ve
formed the same lengthy kind for this
typical American family which happens to
be growing up just outside of Holly-
wood!
In fact, if your visit didn’t mean that you
were putting either Dennis or Lillian out of bed, you’d stay until you could con-
duct Stanley, Kristin and Jim to the
voting polls—which is a good many years
hence!

THE END

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I Went to the End of the Line

(Continued from page 33) appeared before all kinds of troops—American, English, Sikh, Chinese, Indian. We found nobody laughed louder at the English jokes in our routine than the British. We found the Chinese and Americans, working side by side building airports in the still feudal interior of China, becoming pals. They work together and die together—and one day they’re going to demand a better world together. We mustn’t forget that the Chinese and Americans like one another, trust one another, and they’re going to stick together whatever happens.

The Chinese made up nicknames for me too. I was “Miss Precious Cargo” and “American Girl of Electric Form.” They always smile, and I love them.

I performed in one tent pitched in a field which only a short time before had been a battleground. There were still dead Japs out there. We could tell by the prevalent smell of death.

Another time I performed in a revetment, a camouflage shelter for planes, with a Ping-pong table for a stage. This air-force base had been bombed the day before and was alerted. The pilots and crews were under orders to stand by their planes. They couldn’t come to the show. So the show went to the revetment.

You’d think performances under those conditions—in the presence of fear and death—would be pretty macabre affairs. But the laughs were hearty and the whistles more enthusiastic “up front” than in the base camps.

Those boys have been at the job too long. They can’t waste time being afraid. I was afraid, more than once.

Once when we were standing by to fly over “the hump,” the highest peak in the Himalayas. It is the only way to travel from Assam to China so long as the Japs hold the Burma Road and our flyers made the hop every day—but it is a hazardous flight. I was to be the first civilian woman to make the trip and the weather was nasty.

It was so freezing cold that my woolen undies and socks and sweaters might have been lace; I was dressed up in a parachute which made me practically immobile; with my one free hand I clutched the oxygen mask to my face and tried to breathe. I was physically completely occupied and much too busy to be frightened.

I remember landing, still frozen, at one of those marvel air bases of the Chinese theater which have been made entirely by hand and are as remarkable as the pyramids. I remember hot coffee and doughnuts and a cheerful reception. But all I wanted, at that moment, was sleep. My own exhaustion, after one “hump” hop, filled me with worry. I was told up in a parachute who make the trip day after day, not hanging onto parachute and oxygen mask but caring for wounded Chinese soldiers.

On another flight, our plane was lost for three hours in a storm. Keenan Wynn, who is a flyer himself, knew what was going on and told us all later that he was terrified. I didn’t have enough sense to be frightened until the plane went into a sudden 1800 foot drop, bounced me to the ceiling of the cabin and knocked me out cold. I was glad when that one was over.

We felt like daredevils. But the pilots think nothing of fifteen-
I had thought life for the G.I. was grim in Burma. In China I found out what "grim" meant. Every box of supplies for the American and Chinese forces in China must be flown in. And that means precious ammunition as well as food.

There, in the midst of civilian poverty the like of which the Americans have never seen, they fight the war with the bare necessities. Guns, and enough food to live. There isn't a phonograph record in the entire Chinese theater. Boys who haven't been home in two years asked me wistfully, "What's on the Hit Parade?" Andy Arcari's accordion was greeted with wild enthusiasm. Those kids were as hungry for music as they were for ice cream.

THE leaders in this area live as simply as their men. In General Stilwell's headquarters—which was five miles from the fighting front and where I managed to go only by the most shameless coaxing—I sat on a horizontal bamboo pole to eat luncheon with the man in command of all Chinese and American troops in the area. "I practically bribed the boys to bring me this far," I told the General, "I want to see the real front. Please, let them take me up in a jeep."

"Young lady," said the General, "you've gone far enough."

I visited General Chennault in his headquarters, too, and found the only luxuries there a frigidaire (pre-war) and a huge photograph of himself with the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang. There were flowers in an earthen bowl—which must have been rarer by far to the General than to me. But that chivalrous gentleman gave them to me to wear in my hair.

When I left China for India on the beginning of my long journey home, I was tired. Physically and emotionally tired. The Flight Surgeon of the Area took one look at me when we landed in Delhi and grounded me for a week's rest.

"Miss Goddard," he told officials, "is suffering from pilot's fatigue."

Delhi is one of the "gravy" spots and it was good to have a bath again, to listen to music, to sleep between clean sheets.

But baths and music and clean sheets will seem better when all the boys who are still "up front" taking it can have them too. All the boys, our own and the British and the Chinese.

In the meantime, they're not squawking. Their morale is great. They're working and fighting and feeling. Those boys in the faraway places at the end of the line feel pretty deeply. I think, that they are fighting for something more than just to win a war. They're fighting for a world that will be better than it's been up to now. They've seen poverty of the kind that smells, and smells bad. They've compared the world around them with some of the seamier sides of things we've had here at home. And they're going to be awful sore, I can promise, if after all the hell they've gone through, all the world stays the same—the world at home, and the world out there.

If that happens, their morale, if you want to call it that, isn't going to be good at all. Not at all. It's going to be bad, and I mean bad. Cigarettes and movies and beer won't work, if that happens.

No, when you come right down to it, you find you aren't wondering so much how their morale is now as how it's going to be when it's over. And if it turns out to be bad when it's over, then a lot of people are going to have a lot to worry about—all over the world.

The End
(Continued from page 29) many opinions, too much assurance and his remarks are on the impudent side."

"Then," Greer went on, "we played our first important scene together in 'The Miniver.' I remember being deeply impressed with his sincerity and his ability as an actor.

"Between shots we talked a great deal that day and I found him extraordinarily intelligent. But, best of all, he was such fun. You know, Louella, it is impossible to be around Richard without laughing."

I was easy for me to agree with that, for I really miss the tall, handsome boy in the Navy uniform who is the life of all the gay little dinner parties we have had at their Bel Air home. Richard has a devastating cut cut when he is with Greer I have heard her giggle with the abandon of a schoolgirl.

But Greer was not laughing now. There was a look of deep thoughtfulness on her face when she said: "You know, to love and to be loved is the greatest thing in the world. It is what every woman wants in her heart. I was alone so long—and so very lonely. A successful actor means nothing in the world. But to have success—and a husband with Richard's qualities—then I feel I am, indeed, a fortunate woman. I believe the happiness we have found has even made me well and strong again and given me back my health."

Greer seldom talks about the bleak days when her health was so miserable she feared she might become a hopeless paralytic. Her doctors later told her it was nerves brought on by her unfortunate early marriage and the restlessness that consumed her that first year in Hollywood.

"Even now she does not speak easily of that first marriage and I was flattered by her frankness in the first remarks she has ever made about her former husband."

She said: "We were miserably unhappy. He wanted me to go to India and I wanted to remain in London and continue my career as an actress. He was a very likable man, one of the best amateur pianists in England and a fine writer. He was a judge—or did you know? We had been brought together and she always liked the same things. But it takes more than several congenial tastes for happiness."

Greer's divorce was the first in her family and until the English divorce laws were amended she could not get her freedom in England. It was not until she came to California that she filed suit and Judge Snelson then filed his suit in London charging desertion.

But that is all behind her now and, knowing Greer, I believe she wants it to be put to rest. That is because she is a happy woman now—and like all happy women she lives in the present and not the past."

"If you first thought that Richard was a very impertinent young man," I asked her, "did you change your mind about him?"

She replied, "After I came to know him, I found him to be so gallant, so thoughtful about little things. Soon after we met, I remember he took me to the ballet. To my surprise he said, 'We are wasting a lot of time, you know. I am going to marry you.' I just laughed. I didn't want to marry anyone—not after my first experience."

"And then we seemed to be spending more and more time together. Our falling in love didn't happen in a day, a week or a month, I admired his brilliant mind. I introduced him to an excellent company and for the first time in so long I was laughing and having fun. Perhaps it seems like a little thing—but I admire a man with good manners. Richard is so thoroughly a gentleman."

"He was every bit as gallant with Nina, my mother, as he was with me. I think I have fallen in love with him for being so very sweet to her. Both of us respond to his nonsense—like children.

"Another thing—Richard is proud of me. I know he isn't one bit impressed with my success. When I made an appearance on his ship he introduced me with, 'May I present the well known and popular star, Miss Greer Garson, who sometimes travels incognito as Mrs. Richard Ney.' I'm as proud of him, I know that when the war is over and he is no longer in the Navy that he will either return to the stage or do something worth while with his writing. He sketches well, too."

The continued harping on the difference in their ages annoys Richard far more than that Greer is older. There is really no little difference between them. Richard will soon be thirty and he was married before he met Greer. If he is only twenty-three, it is because, he said, since then he must have been married at the age of thirteen, for it was ten years ago that he married a well-known artist.

There is one point continually cropping up, however. that Greer would like to set straight. She is often referred to as 'English' and while it is true she was raised in England, her father came from the

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**A Story from the Heart of Greer Garson**

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Orkney Islands, near Scotland, and Nina was born in the North of Ireland. Greer, therefore, is really Scotch and Irish. Like most of the Irish—and Scotch—she has very definite ideas. She has particularly definite ideas about women with careers who marry.

"A man can be sure a woman who is successful and has her own money isn't marrying him for material comfort. She married because she loves him. Women, now have their place in the world as well as men and just the same chance to make good."

In spite of those sturdy feministic words, Greer is essentially a "home" woman. She swears she gets that from Nina and, after being a guest many times in their lovely house, I am inclined to agree with her.

THE home where the young Neys and Nina live is a delight—so comfortable and done with such excellent taste that you get the feeling that it is where their hearts are—and not just something "done" by an interior decorator.

Both Greer and Richard proudly tell you that Nina did the house. She collected chairs, sofas, desks, tables and pictures, adding them to the antiques that belonged to her family. Greer, however, did the powder room which has a circus motif—the wallpaper painted with trapeze performers, "barkers," lions and tigers. She laughed, "I never saw a circus until Richard took me and I adored it. So I wanted at least one room done with my favorite circus suggestions." There are some very fine paintings lining the walls, some old masters, some of the contemporary modern school. Richard's beloved classical records are all there—exactly as he leaves them. He loves good music.

"In fact," laughed Greer, "the very first time I visited his bachelor apartment before we were married he invited me to hear his records. Oh—everything was perfectly proper—he left the door open!"

The thing I have noticed particularly between Richard and Greer when they are together is the complete lack of tension. No matter what the annoyance crops up, they take it completely in stride.

I remember the last time Richard was home on leave, Doctor Martin and I were dining with them. Greer had asked that we arrive for dinner at 6:30 because she had promised Celestine and Joseph (the butler and his wife) that they might have the evening off to see "Random Harvest." Much to my annoyance, my favorite medic was an hour and a half late. I had insisted on going ahead with dinner without him and it was my private opinion that it would serve him jolly well right if he didn't get anything to eat! Greer had come home exhausted from a long session in "Mrs. Parkway's". But if I was peeved—our hosts were not.

Greer went out to the kitchen, herself, and completely reheated an excellent meal and Richard, very elegant in his Navy uniform, served it with flourishes. Any other stellar Hollywood couple might have been royally annoyed. The Neys made a game out of the whole thing.

I think more than anything else in the world, Greer would like to have a baby—or several children. She told me, this day, just before the Greer's went into the swimming pool, "Above all things—I hope we will be blessed with children."

"I shall never feel my career is my whole existence to the day I don't own all my life. I want time to travel with Richard, to read with him and to know fully the happiness he has brought into my life more than I ever had."

And my hope for Greer and Richard is a future that will bring them all the grand things they so richly deserve.

The End
Here's easy way to
a lovelier, fresher
CLEARER 'TOP-SKIN'

Helps Deflake Faded
Dried Up, Aging
Skin Cells

As skin experts will tell you—a
deflaking of dried up, faded,
coarse textured skin cells must
continuously take place in the skin
(even in young girls) otherwise
your skin often appears muddy,
faded, drab and "old" looking.

And here's why Edna Wallace Hopper's
White Clay Pack is one of the most
effective and quickest ways to help clear away
this ugly "top-skin" debris.

A Real Short Cut To Beauty
Just spread Edna Wallace Hopper's
White Clay Pack over your face and
neck. Wash off when dry. Notice how

that tired faded look vanishes. The mild
rubefacient or "blushing" action of
Hopper's Clay Pack gives your skin a
youthful glow—a fascinating radiant
beauty that is simply devastating!

Use Hopper's Clay Pack whenever you
want to look your dazzling best on short
notice—and to help maintain a heavenly
smooth "top-skin" beauty throughout the
years. At all cosmetic counters.

Edna Wallace HOPPER'S
WHITE CLAY PACK

Step Right Out
Of Foot Misery

Now, when your feet cry out for relief, sprinkle
them with Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. Also dust it into
your shoes and stockings. Pratoo! Your feet feel grand
—soothed, refreshed, rested. You'll marvel how the
foot powder formulated by this famous foot authority
relieves your hot, perspiring, tender or odorous feet...
how comfortable it makes new or tight shoes feel. Here's prevent-
Athlete's Foot by keeping feet dry. Be foot-happy from toe to
by daily use of Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. At your Drug, Shoe,
Department Store or Toilet Goods
Counter. Costs but a trifle.

PHOTOPLAY

Photoplay

Found my Sister!

(Continued from page 34) and get my own

copy of Photoplay. I made a dash to the

newstand and bought the magazine. I was

overjoyed to see a picture of Peggy and her

brother, Heff, on the cover. I had no idea

that they were related. Peggy is a delightful young

woman, with beautiful hair and eyes. She

looked so happy in the picture. I couldn't wait to

read the story.

The story began on page 34:

Photoplay

The Day Has Come

— to bring you up to date on

Alice Taye

and the only writer who can really

give you the very latest facts is

Louella O. Parsons

In September Photoplay

106
Peggy was waiting for me at the station. I recognized her the moment I saw her, and the first thing I noticed about her was her sweet smile. We flew into each other's arms, while cameras flashed. Peggy is seven years older than I am, but I'm five inches taller and it was so funny to have to remember that when the cameras pointed at us. Driving out to Peggy's house, I realized, just by the little things she said, what a lovely and very real person she was and how sincere she felt about all this.

We didn't go out that first evening. I know we must have eaten dinner, for I love food too much to ever skip a meal—in fact, Peggy says I eat too much—but I honestly can't remember that first dinner. I know we finally got undressed and went to bed, but not to sleep. We had too much ground to cover and we talked until four o'clock in the morning. Peggy had to go to the studio the next day to make for stills a little after eight we headed out to Burbank and Warner Brothers. I tagged Peggy—I simply can't think of her as Faye—into the make-up department and nearly tripped when I saw Bette Davis sitting there. Peggy took me over and introduced me. Bette seemed so little sitting there and I simply towered over her. I thought they of Bette what I later thought of every Hollywood celebrity I met, they are all so real. I expected them to be phony and use elegant words, and what, but not one of them did. At the same time, they were more attractive, every one of them, than I expected.

Peggy took me around the lot later and I met Eleanor Parker, Paul Henreid, Eve Arden and John Ridgely. I have to confess those men didn't do a thing to my pulse, but maybe that's because I am in love. But then, on our way home, Peggy took me into the famous Romanoff's and I met Prince Mike and I really thought him quite a person. He kissed my hand and was most entertaining. We went to a restaurant called the Tail of the Cock for dinner and then back to Peggy's.

It turned out the next day that Peggy didn't have to work so she said we were going down to San Diego to see our brother, Herff.

Herff works for the Ryan Aircraft Company down there and nothing would do but Peggy and I and to stay there for two whole days. They took me everywhere where they had grown up together in the years I had been separated from them. Herff has an attractive house and a darling wife and an adorable baby. After that, it all got so crowded that I can't remember the other days. Peggy took me everywhere. I went to the Tropics, where you eat outdoors, for one dinner. I went to the opening of Errol Flynn's art gallery and met Mr. Flynn and the first champagne cocktail I ever tasted there. I didn't like it, but I did like the strawberries it had in it.

One afternoon we went swimming at the Santa Monica Beach Club, which was wonderful, and another evening we dined at a fascinating place called the Beachcombers. That same night we went to the famous Mario Cambo and Peggy arranged for Helmut Dantine to be my date. He's a marvelous dancer. Lana Turner was there that evening, with pink flowers in her hair. Lana is such a girl that she is just as beautiful as people say she is.

Every day, during the day, I'd go to the studio with my sister. All on one set—the picture was "The Doughgirls"—I met Ann Sheridan, Alexis Smith and her fiancé, Craig Stevens, Jane Wyman and Jack Carson.

I can certainly see why Ann Sheridan is popular with men. She is so beautiful and at the same time natural and unspoiled. Anyone could see that Alexis

Imagine this radiant skin ever being...

"Wayward!"

**LUCKY girl**, knowing her beauty's weakness—that tendency of her skin to become wayward—getting out of hand at times, giving way to minor blemishes, straying from dewy freshness. But luckier still to know about Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream, and how it helps keep these wayward flaws infrequent!

**Phillips' Skin Cream** could not give this special help without the beautifying benefits of special ingredients. More than a luxurious cosmetic, it neutralizes any excess acid accumulations that may be present in the outer pore openings. It protects cholesterol to hold vital moisture in the skin. Oils to soften and smooth and sup ple. And something else...something no other cream offers...friendly, familiar Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

**It's a double duty cream, too! Use it two ways: at night, so its special help can continue while you're deep in slumber; day, as a foundation that holds powder and rouge evenly for hours.**

**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA Skin Cream**

**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM. Try it; it's different...not only lowers surface dirt but acts upon outer pore openings to roll away accumulations...makes skin feel soft, dewy-fresh and clean...60¢**

**Have you heard Hollywood's secret for lips that whisper LOVE ME!**

Now revealed for the first time, the ancient secret of Hollywood's most famous make-up artists. Now you can use the same top secret "Make Up" Makeup Brush that becomes glamorous man with lips that whisper...with nothing but a Brush & Cream Lipstick...the miracle does the marveling for beauty. A single application to skin and lips all day long.

**Use and make-up brush**

**CREAM LIPSTICK**

At most 34 and 104 stores

**25¢**

**BUNIONS LARGE OR TENDER JOINTS**

**Famous Doctor's Fast-Acting Relief**

Stop suffering! Apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on those sensitive spots and you'll marvel at the quick relief these soothing, cushioning, protective pads give. Do not come off in the bath. Very economical, large box costs but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores.

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

107
HE likes
LOVELY HAIR

keep it lovely for Him!

When your “Johnny” comes marching home, lock your pretties for his sake! And remember, your favorite hair-do can now have the added loveliness this old American beauty secret gives to your coiffure—hair so gorgeously soft and radiant that he will gasp with delight the moment he sees you! Just try Glover’s modern 3-Way Medicinal Treatment and see how it can keep your hair lovely for Victory Day. Use any ONE of these famous Glover’s preparations separately, or ALL THREE in one complete treatment! Learn the secret of Marie McDonald and many other glamorous Hollywood stars—use Glover’s Mango Medicine—Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo—and Glover’s Imperial Hair Dress. Ask for all three at your neighborhood Drug store—or mail the coupon today!

You will receive the Complete Trial Application pictured below. Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton, with complete instructions and useful FREE booklet, “The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair.”

GLOVER’S
with massage for Dandruff, Excessive FALLING HAIR.

TAKES CARE OF:

- Apple Glover’s Mango Medicine with massage, for Dandruff, hermetically-sealed bottle
- Try Glover’s Imperial Hair Dress for soft, wavy or straight hair, for all scalp and hair troubles.
- Imperial Hair Dress—after shampoo, for all scalp and hair troubles.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY? Why do the Hollywood stars work—for love of their profession or just for the dollar-sign results?

“Fearless” gives you the inside story (and names names!) in September Photoplay.

SANITARY PROTECTION

that’s 3 Ways Better!

It’s the pad with the extra Pink Layer of Protection.

Designs to conform to the body—invisible under clothes!

The Sanitary Napkin that gives extra Comfort and Protection.

JUST SAY “San-napak”

“Sally—can’t you be sensible about CRAMPS?”

Each month you take pills so strong they almost knock you out... or so weak they don’t do any good. I wish you'd try Chi-Ches-Ters Pills.”

Chi-Ches-Ters do more than merely deaden simple menstrual pain. One ingredient tends to help relax muscular tension usually associated with periodic pain. An added iron factor tends to help build up your blood. You usually get best results if you begin taking Chi-Ches-Ters three days before your period.

Get a 50¢ box from your druggist today!

“Fearless” gives you the inside story (and names names!) in September Photoplay.
(Continued from page 43) water-and-perfume over it—and smells like a flower garden wherever she goes.

Proudest achievement: Changing from the badly dressed showgirl who came to Hollywood three years ago—into the chic, smart young woman she is today. All her clothes are custom-made and she only enters a store for shoes and underwear.

What bores her the most: Sitting under the hair-drier—with her feet stamping in impatience!

Pet superstition: Always walking on the same side of a lamp post that her companion chooses. If they separate, you can hear her frenzied shriek of "Bread-and-butter" for a mile!

Most humiliating moment: When, at the beginning of her career in New York, she had to borrow the money for a return home to Detroit from a strange music publisher—and listen to him tell her at the same time, "Give up your career because you have no talent!"

Most depressing duty: To reduce. Her method is, "Don't eat!" and she hardly does; her diet being as follows:

Breakfast: Grapefruit and coffee.
Lunch: Eggs.
Dinner: Steak.

Greatest thrill: Her first opening in New York City at the Casa Manana night club. She was sixteen years old and wearing her only outfit—a green taffeta skirt with a white silk blouse; she sang "Dipsy Doodle," "Where's My Little Dog Gone?" "Old Man Mose" and "A-Tisket, A Tasket."

Greatest virtue: Her bubbling personality, her fierce protection of down-and-out friends (because of her own down-and-out experiences), her generosity with money and clothes and her fine talent as an actress.

Greatest annoyance from the public: Whenever an audience acts cold or rude to a performer—herself or anyone else.

What she doesn't suspect about herself: That she is not yet grown-up! But in two or three years she'll be Betty the Adult—and even more remarkable than she is today!

Most sordid adventure: The seven weeks when she and her mother camped out in a swank suite at the Astor Hotel in New York City—washing and ironing their clothes at night so the maid wouldn't know; and cooking stews and soup in their rooms with five lads on the pot and towels pressed against the crack under the door.

Bravest moment: When she went to the manager of the Astor at the end of seven weeks and confessed she couldn't pay a penny of their gigantic bill. (He received this bad news as if it were a fortune—he begged her to pack and move at her leisure and pay him back at the same. All of which she did!)

Ex-boy friends: Huntington Hartford, the heir to the A & P Store fortunes; and Perc Westmore, the make-up man to whom she was once engaged. But her best ex-male friend (not beau) is Louis Sobel, the New York columnist, who guided her for years through a sea of celebrities and night clubs.

Pet form of entertainment: Collecting a handful of friends at her home for dinner and discussion—or doing manual labor for her friends. (She once laid 2,000 bricks for a friend's terrace on her day of rest!)

The End

Scrapbook on Betty Hutton
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 24)

Gaslight (M-G-M)

The performance of Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer in one of the best psychological thrillers of the year has left us hoarse with shouted salvoes to M-G-M for the casting and directing of this stage play. If anything, the picture is an improvement over the play—for many sequences, especially the early ones, have been added to the movie, which greatly clarifies the story.

We doubt if there is an actress in Hollywood who can capture not only the appearance but the spirit of youth as does Bergman in these early scenes. Her gradual disintegration of soul, mind and spirit under the subtle and calculated scheming of Boyer is something to behold. Boyer, the cruel and ruthless, proves himself an around-the-clock actor.

As the cockney maid, Angela Lansbury makes a gem of her less important role. In less competent hands the role could easily have submerged itself into nothing. Lansbury gives it a cold unsympathetic deadliness that incongruously enough becomes comic at times.

Joseph Cotten is, alas, given too little to do. We feel a much less competent actor should have been given his role and Cotten saved for better things.

The atmosphere of Twentieth Century London, the veiled faces of the times, creep round like the fog and the mist of mid-Victorian thinking. This is due in great part to the masterful direction of George Cukor and the production artistry of Arthur Hornblow Jr.

Your Reviewer Says: A treat for those who appreciate intelligent, adult entertainment.

Christmas Holiday (Universal)

Frankly, we’re puzzled and would much rather hear your reaction to “Christmas Holiday” than present our own, for it’s a story of much strangeness and such a peculiar departure for its star Deanna Durbin. One is constantly aware of a feeling of disappointment and yet (and here’s the catch) one finds oneself thinking about it next day and even the day or three days after. It’s that kind of thing, you see.

So much depends upon audiences. Will they or rather can they accept Durbin as the wife of a murderer, a third-rate night-club singer, a woman who has neither home nor station in society? We doubt it, frankly.

For one thing the character isn’t drawn or etched strongly enough. Nor is it entirely believable that a girl marries a self-confessed weakling and then blindly ignores his night philandering, his weak excuses, until murder is suddenly upon her, a murder committed by her own husband because he’s weak. And because she hasn’t had the foresight to help and strengthen him, his mother turns her out when the husband goes to prison. Her excuse for the night-club job is that she, too, must suffer in this, her own prison.

Gene Kelly as the killer is terrific, one can almost feel the horror weakness of his personality, can feel it approximately even before it becomes a part of the story. If anything, we’re afraid Mr. Kelly walked off with the story that was meant for Miss Durbin, whose heavy, almost exotic, make-up, even in the courtship scenes, was puzzling and needless, to say the least.

Dean Haren, the young lieutenant to whom Deanna tells her story, registers as a definite screen personality. He's
handsome, young and so very sincere.

Miss Durbin shows great possibilities as a dramatic actress but is somehow out of her forte in this type of story. Her singing of two songs is sublimated to the story. Gale Sondergaard as Gene's mother, Richard Whorf as the newspaper reporter and Gladys George as the night-club hostess are so good.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy on the mind.

✓ The Eve Of St. Mark
(20th Century-Fox)

"EVE Of St. Mark" is like a few bars of beautiful music heard in the night and then gone. Beautiful, yet incomplete, the story is a poignant one, full of the tragedy and helplessness of men caught in a whirlwind of hell not of their own making and yet one they must exist through until the end.

Taken from the Maxwell Anderson play, the story tells of those lads who were drafted before Pearl Harbor, their life in camp and then the sudden plunge into war on some forsaken island in the far-off Pacific, their decision to remain—a mere handful of them—and fight it out no matter how malaria-ridden or soul-sick they may be.

As the boy from the farm, Bill Eythe literally makes his soldier come to life on the screen. Every thought and action of the boys find life through Bill's interpretation. Here's a coming actor if ever there was one.

Michael O'Shea, the toughie from Brooklyn, and Vincent Price, the disillusioned Southerner, are outstanding among the soldiers. Ruth Nelson and Ray Collins, Bill's parents, are just right.

Anne Baxter is the neighborhood girl whom Eythe loves and is so quietly splendid. Miss Baxter, a charming actress, almost underplays her role. The love scenes between her and Eythe are realistically tender.

The native girl who nurses the boys through malaria, the "ruttin'" talking sergeant (played by George Mathews), John Dolan and Toni Favor as Lilt and Sal, are standouts.

We feel the strength of this story is endangered by its uncertain finish. Hollywood, it seems, is afraid to strike with strong bold strokes; but the film's message, that our boys over there are men and heroes every one, is still not impaired.

Your Reviewer Says: An emotional experience.

✓ Hail, The Conquering Hero
(Paramount)

PRESTON STURGES, the director you remember for "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek," has taken the hero of that tale, Mr. Eddie Bracken, and given him in this story a humanness, a quality of sincerity, that are so wonderful in their strength and weakness, they find a ready and appreciative response in the understanding of every other human being. Here is a true-to-life character with all the human elements intact and minus the Hollywood hooey. And what's more, the story, while not great or even notable, is warm and homey, too.

It tells us that Eddie's father had been a Marine in World War I and all his life Eddie has longed to emulate his hero dad. So along comes W.W. II and Eddie joins the Marines and is on his way toward being a hero, too, when (oh, the irony of it) chronic hay fever gets him discharged. Ashamed to go home, he pretends to his
mother, Georgia Caine, that he's overseas doing his bit instead of sneezing his head off in a San Diego defense plant. Letters sent to a buddy overseas and remained do the trick.

Then one night in a San Diego bar Eddie meets Sgt. Bill Demarest, Freddie Steele and other Marines home from the South Pacific and to them he tells his tale of woe. Deeply touched, they persuade Eddie to try for his uniform, go home with them, tell his mother that now that he's done his bit he's out of the Corps and go back to his civvies with no one the wiser.

Apprehensively, Eddie agrees, only it doesn't work out. A reception committee meets the conquering hero at the train and, despite his pleading, he's forced to run for Mayor.

How he suffers! And how he loves Ella Raines, the girl he wrote to forget him. But even as you might say he's done it all, it mounts the platform for his campaign speech and tells all. And guess what? They're all so impressed with his honesty they want him for Mayor anyway.

Miss Raines is lovely and Bill Edwards, the boy to whom she becomes engaged when Eddie turns her down, looks like a comer already.

Raymond Walburn, Elizabeth Patterson, in fact all of whom are peachy, plain old peachy.

Your Reviewer Says: Our idea of warm-hearted entertainment.

**The Hairy Ape**

(Jules Levey-U.A.)

WHAT is left of the original Eugene O'Neill tale is so good it grips the imagination and won't be shaken off. You can write in the missing lines yourself if you've got an imagination and you'll have a better line than the original. ('How the Ape is改观')

Bill Bendix comes into his own as a dramatic actor playing a ship's bullying coal stoker who meets a ruthlessness to match his own in the beautiful and wealthy Susan Hayward who goes slumming in the ship's hold. "Don't you touch me, you ape, you hairless apes have a stink of which you're not aware."

And thereby creates the psychological situation that can be solved only when the two meet again.

John Loder is charming but miscast as the second engineer who also falls under Susan's spell. We didn't care at all for Dorothy Comingore as Susan's friend. Anyway it's Bendix about whom the action centers and it's Bendix you'll remember.

Your Reviewer Says: Beauty and the beast all over again.

**Between Two Worlds**

(Warner)

REMEMBER "Outward Bound," that unforgettable picture of dead souls on their journey to another world? This, my friends, is that story brought up to date, intact with the problems of these unhappy times. Frankly, we prefer the original script until one or two exceptions—

the complete naturalness of Sydney Greenstreet as the Examiner and the performance of John Garfield as the unhappy news paper correspondent who lost his way in life only to find it again in death. Nor can we overlook the beautiful performance of newcomer Eleanor Parker as the young girl who commits suicide in order to join her husband in death.

Much of the suspense of the story is lost, too, in acquainting the audience right off with the fact that the characters are all quite, quite dead despite the fact that...
HAIRTAINDER TIMES

"London Bridge was falling down"
So was Fair Lady's hair. Alas, HAIRTAINERS were unknown. They'd have given proper care.

GRIPE'-TUTH HAIRAINER

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Now, fair ladies can and do keep hair-dos secure with HAIRTAINERS, the greatest invention since the comb! Exclusive spring with action grips and holds every hairstrand gently, but firmly! Winter, summer, rain or shine, every hairstyle stays well-groomed all day long. Save hours of hair-fixing—

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Accept no substitutes.

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MAN FROM FRISCO (Republic)

In the script, of course, to kiss Noah Beery Jr. before their wedding, we would have been spared a lot of nonsense and Martha a lot of agony. But no, the story has it that Martha must wait until she's married to Beery and then, lo and get hold, as Archie says, she discovers she's allergic to her own husband. Even in South America, she sneezes every time he comes near and so violently their mutual friend David Bruce must cart her off to the hospital. Pronounced cured, she finally rejoins her palpitating groom only to start sneezing again. Now can you imagine goings-on like that?

Anyway, Martha's cute and it finally ends well, but not before Mr. Beery almost blows a fuse.

Your Reviewer Says: And no kleenex!

WOMEN THE WORLD OVER EASE PERIODIC PAIN

This way. They take 1 to 4 tablespoons of Dr. Sieger's famous Angostura Bitters in little water hot or cold; pleasant to take, helps ease the pain of difficult days—and is not habit-forming. Get Angostura your druggist's.

The Mummy's Ghost (Universal)

If you exercise your right at the polls as a good citizen, you can force Congress or someone to pass a law against these things and get Lon Chaney out of his rags. As mummy wrapping,慢 say Ames and John Carradine off to more sensible films and rescue Robert Lowery from seeming such a goose. So let's do our duty, citizens, and rid ourselves of these dead-as-a-doornail Egyptian things forever and ever.

Your Reviewer Says: Does your cigarette taste differently lately?
Pardon My Rhythm (Universal)

GLORIA JEAN is quite a young lady now and very pretty she is. The story she graces is kind of pretty, too, and tells about a hepcat drummer, one Mel Torme (rhymes with stormy), who is almost lured away from a juvenile band just when they're about to go on a radio contest. The lurer is lovely Marjorie Weaver who attempts to steal Torme for Bob Crosby's orchestra, but Gloria Jean thwarted that scheme with one of her own. Of course, Torme sticks to the kid band—and well, you tell me who wins the contest.

This Torme lad is a wild man with the drumsticks and has a certain pleasing naturalness that's as good to keep hopping from picture to picture.

Patric Knowles is so handsome and Evelyn Ankers so easy on the eyes. Crosby's music is good, too, and Gloria Jean's singing is mighty fine listening.

Your Reviewer Says: Sort of cozy, you know. LADIES OF WASHINGTON (20th Century-Fox)

This is a picture made by young players. Sheila Ryan is best as the flicky adventures utter mad doctor, playing the everlast, Reb Bailey, who has fallen for her trickery, to help another of her victims, Anthony Quinn. Quinn, it seems, has been hit in the very act of pruning, the old ways. Trudy Marshall and Ronald Graham carry the romantic leads and do very well, we thought. But the best character of all is far far away from your filipiner who is called "Mother Henry," proprietor of a boarding house for girls. This Philliber is an old doll baby and no mistake.

Your Reviewer Says: Parade of youth that gets nowhere.

Make Your Own Bed (Warners)

OH, to do this to that wonderful actor Jack Carson! But even so, corn and all he still proves that no matter how hard they try, they just can't get him down. As a romantic lead in those love scenes with Jane Wyman, who is pretty cute herself, that Carson boy has something even Boyer hasn't got.

The story deals with the old servant problem. Alan Hale and his wife Irene Manning don't have any, so in desperation Hale hires Carson, a detective, and his girl friend, Wyman, to act as butler and maid, by pretending his life is endangered by Nazi spies. It is, too, he's too dumb to know it and so is Carson.

The spies, as well as George Tobias and Robert Shayne, are all over the place with Ricardo Cortez stepping in for a surprise finish. But really, friends, this is one of those things we'd like to forget so, if you don't mind, we'll just not speak of it again.

Your Reviewer Says: And don't let me hear you mention it, either.?
**Yellow Rose Of Texas (Republic)**

ROY ROGERS still wears his chaps and sombrero in this one, but he's hardly the out-West, riding-hell-bent-for-leather kind of cowboy with stage coaches and Injuns of ye olden times. Instead, he's a cowboy who joins a showboat troupe and courts the leading lady, Dale Evans, in order that she may lead him to his father who has escaped jail where he's been held for stealing express company property.

There's a lot of fancy singing with Rogers and Miss Evans giving out with the old high C's and low C's. We think it's a pretty good show and marvel at the improvement in Roy's work.

Your Reviewer Says: A western star turns sleuth.

**South Of Dixie (Universal)**

EITHER our cotton-landed gentry of the old South will be enormously amused at Hollywood's lack of tact or madder than a wet hen, we rather think it may be the latter.

For instance, we have press agent Jerome Cowan having his client David Bruce, a Brooklyn-born writer of Dixie songs, pretending to be a member of an old Southern family in order to profit through movies. With Cowan and Ann Gwynne, who coached him in his "you alls," they invade Dixie where David gets all embroiled with Ella Mae Moore, jive singer and daughter of an old Southern Colonel. Besides members of the cast, absolute strangers to the story wander in to sing their heads off.

Your Reviewer Says: Pardon me, sub, is this de Chattanooga choo choo goin' no'w?

**The Memphis Belle**

(War Department—Paramount)

On her twenty-sixth mission, the flying fortress "The Memphis Belle" flew from somewhere in England to drop her bomb load over Wilhelmshaven, Germany. This is the story of that mission, the exciting and awe-inspiring and sometimes heart-breaking story of the job being done by our 8th Air Force.

We're with the crew from the moment the briefing officer's chart reveals to them their target for the day, to the moment of shattered, bloody, triumphant return. And we're with the men on the ground whose eyes are on the sky silently welcoming them back and silently, with no comment, checking off the planes and men that won't get back at all. This is the absorbed, intent picture of men at grim work, with neither time nor energy to waste.

Your Reviewer Says: Go see it, and learn what it really means to "sweat it out."

Johnny Doesn't Live Here Any More (Monogram)

SIMONE SIMON, a defense worker, persuades William Terry to join the Marines, to rent her his apartment. Mr. Terry agrees but is so overcome by Miss Simon's charms he forgets to tell her he's also given keys to various of his friends, who keep dropping in unexpectedly on her own fault—if she'd check her hat, pillow or hairbrush, she wouldn't be sitting home nights. She'd realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that the hair, particularly oily hair, quickly collects unpleasant odors.

She'd use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly and never risk scalp odor again. This gentle shampoo, which contains pure medicinal pine tar, cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Don't risk having scalp odor—and not know it. Let Packer's care for your hair and scalp. You can get Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.
poor Simone. The most attractive of the dropers-in is handsome James Ellision, a sailor, and when things get just too complicated for words, nice words that is, the whole shelling lets fly and they all end up before a judge.

There’s a little unbilled gremlin in it, too, as well as Minna Gombel, Chick Chandler and Alan Dinehart.

Your Reviewer Says: We hope Johnny stays away.

Waterfront (PRC)

Here comes that nasty Nazi spies again. One in the person of that elongated strungbean, Mr. John Carradine, who shoots everybody dead, bang, bang, trying to recover a stolen code book. J. Carroll Naish, among others, gets his’n (that will teach him to keep out of messes like this), with Terry French getting the old bampire, for a spell at least. Far better had they taken the guys responsible for this little ipecac and let them have it, but good. That’s what we say. What do you say?

Your Reviewer Says: You said it!

Best Pictures of the Month

Gaslight
Double Indemnity
Between Two Worlds
Two Girls And A Sailor
Summer Storm
The Memphis Belle

Best Performances

Ingrid Bergman in "Gaslight"
Charley Boyer in "Gaslight"
Angela Lansbury in "Gaslight"
William Eythe in "The Eve Of St. Mark"
Fred MacMurray in "Double Indemnity"
Barbara Stanwyck in "Double Indemnity"
John Garfield in "Between Two Worlds"
Sydney Greenstreet in "Between Two Worlds"
Eleanor Parker in "Between Two Worlds"
Van Johnson in "Two Girls And A Sailor"
June Allyson in "Two Girls And A Sailor"
Linda Darnell in "Summer Storm"
George Sanders in "Summer Storm"
Eddie Bracken in "Hail, the Conquering Hero"

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HANDMADE — Created by Caribbean Craftsmen in Romantic Cabot

Styles Illustrated: 12-Tiny Hucrachies, 3-Real Fools, opens and closes, 6-Banjo, pearl inset, 7-Timidlander, 24-Banjo, the finest, the best. Order now, list, giving 2nd choice. To additional styles in free brochure. Sorry, no COD’s or charges.

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Silver CHARMS, Inc.
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Silver CHARMS, Inc.

PRETTY LEGS

Brief Reviews
(Continued from page 22)

son of little Jane Powell, who sings charmingly in this unmerited little story of romantic melodrama. Edgar Bergen with his ubiquitous Charlie McCarthy and W. C. Fields put on some laughs, the Coney Island and Soft Chicago.

STORY OF DR. WASSELL, THE—Paramount: A fitting tribute to a great and simple man is this story of Dr. Washell played so well by Gail Foster. The story of how, when the Japs took Java, Washell disobeyed orders and remained behind to save his handful of wounded soldiers and how he managed to get them off the island is a thrilling and moving one. Lara Jane is the nurse he meets in China and loves.

TAMPICO—20th Century-Fox: Edward G. Robinson is a tough old sea dog who rescues shipwrecked Lynn Bari and marries her. But when his ship is torpedoed shortly after he leaves her ashore he suspects his bride of espionage. Victor McLaglen, his pal and second officer, aids and abets his belief, so he denounces his bride. From then on things take an unexpected turn.

THIS IS THE LIFE—Universal: Susanna Foster decides she's too grown up for Donald O'Connor, so she brags herself in favor of Patric Knowles. When Donald discovers Louise Allbritton, ex-wife of Knowles, still loves him and he, Donald manages to get the estranged pair reunited and Susie back in his heart. Peggy Ryan is around with her usual animation.

TROCADERO—Republic: When Rosemary Lane and her brother, Johnny Donn, return to Rosemary foregoes college to run the cafe, while Johnny goes on to college and falls in love with a social girl, Dick Forcell is the band leader with whom Rosemary romances. It's packed with musical numbers, with everybody in it singing and dancing all over the place.

UNCERTAIN GLORY—Warners: There are several good moments in this story of a French criminal, but the main unconvincingly by Errol Flynn, who is permitted by his relentless captor, Paul Lukas, to offer him a job as a saboteur in order to save the lives of a hundred hostages held by the Nazis, but there is an awful lot of very weak moments in between.

UP IN MABEL’S ROOM—U.A.: A gay, senseless little comedy all about how Dennis O’Keefe has given Gail Patrick a silk slip with his signature on it. This prays on his mind and, at a week-end party, he induces Madea Auer to get back that slip, Dennis’ bride, Marjorie Reynolds, and Gail’s fiancé, Lee Bowman, get all involved with the peculiar goings on. At times it’s terribly funny.

VOODOO MAN, THE—Monogram: Poor Bela Lugosi is a mad doctor again, who attempts to bring his young wife, Elise Hall, to real life by capturing young girls and, by voodoo, transposing their will and spirits to the zombie wife. Wayde McKay and Louise Currie are his pretty victims.

WEEKEND PASS—Universal: Noah Beery, Jr., shipyard worker, is given a week-end pass and dreams of a soft bed and a hot tub. Instead along comes Martha Driscoll running away from a grandfather who insists she become a WAVE when she wants to be a WAC. Poor Beery is dragged into the truce time after truce, never quite getting back to his bed and his bath.

WEIRD WOMAN—Universal: Well, it seems Len Chaney is a college professor who returns from the South Seas with his bride, Nan Wynn, who has been reared in native superstition by a jungle tribe, whereupon the librarian Evelyn Andrus lets go with a mess of nation jealousy that drives everyone half silly. With Ralph Morgan, Elizabeth Russell and Elizabeth Risdon.

WHISTLER THY—Paramount: Columbia: Richard Dyer believes he has let his wife die, decides to die himself, so, through a go-between, he hires J. Carroll Nash to rub him out. Then Dyer discovers his wife is still alive but he can’t get to Nash to tell him he’s changed his mind about dying, so he’s on one vital spot. Both Dyer and Nash are very good.

WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER, THE—MGM: Never has Irene Dunne given a finer performance than as a British girl who goes to England for two weeks’ visit and remains a lifetime, nor has Alan Marshall ever been better than as the Englishman who marries Irene, and takes her in World War I. Rodney McDowell is the son who grows up to enter World War II. The picture has charm, dignity and great heart appeal.

YOU CAN’T RATION LOVE—Paramount: Co-eds start a system of rationing males by placing point values on the hard-to-get-beaux. Bill Edwards is way up in points but singer Johnnie Johnston is very low until Betty Rhodes develops him into a winner. Marie Wilson and William "Seat" Davis try for a few laughs and get them.

LOOK HOUSEWIVES!
Here’s My Answer
to Food Shortages

"HOME CANNING gives us deliciously flavored fruits and vegetables, balanced diet, and economy. As quickly as good fresh fruits and vegetables are available from my Victory Garden and from my market I put them in BALL Jars and stock my Victory Pantry. It’s my answer to the food problem and always has been.”

For your canning success, use BALL Jars. If your dealer can’t supply you, make a second try before you take a second choice!

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Muncie, Indiana, U. S. A.

WEBER Komb-Kleaned
CARPET SWEEPER
Better, Easier "Pick-Up"

WAGNER
Mount Kleaned
BETTER EASY "Pick-Up"

WAGNER Komb-Kleaned
CARPET SWEEPER

BETTER EASY "Pick-Up"

READER WAGNER MFG. CO., Dept. MV, Milwaukee 9, Wis.
Bring out Brightness in Your Hair or
BE A GORIOUS
BLONDE!

WITH MARCHAND'S YOU CAN CONTROL
THE EXACT DEGREE OF LIGHTNESS!
• If you're a blonde and want a glorious, lighter shade of hair... If you're a brunette or a redhead and want to bring out the golden sheen and sparkle... MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash is the easy, modern way to enhance your loveliness! Right in your own home, you can achieve the glamorous effect you desire with Marchand's.

Not a dye—not an expensive "treatment"—the new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is complete in itself for use at home. Carefully developed by experts in hair care, it's easier than ever to use and gives excellent results.

No matter what shade your hair is now—even if it's streaked or straw-colored—you can make it as gloriously blonde as you like. Get the new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drug counter—today! It's very inexpensive.

Hollywood's most gorgeous gals are characterized by their lovely, flowing, full 8 x 10 size Perfect in brown or barrels, 

FREE! "Pick-Up Fotofing," a catalog shoot full of thrilling photos sent free with every dollar order.

ALPHA PHOTO SERVICE 1255 South Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS 1317 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HOLLYWOOD LOCK GIVE AWAY

For each purchase of $10 or more in beautiful, durable, double-sided gold and silver hair ornaments

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DO YOU WANT LONGER HAIR?

Just try this system on yourself. It's perfectly natural, really enjoying the pleasure of attractive hair:

MAY GET LONGER

short but normal and lovely, breakage of hair was

inches more beautiful. Just try the JUERL product in a


THE DENNISON HANDY HELPERS SAYS:

IT TOOK TIME TO MAKE IT.

Do use Don't Break It

and INSURE CARE IN HANDLING WITH

Dennison

CAUTION LABELS

At Stationary Dealers Everywhere
MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many suffer relieve aching backache quickly, yet they discover that the real cause of their trouble may lie in the kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help nourish your blood platelets, cleanse your system, and prevent backaches in the early passages of writing and burning sometimes thought to be wrong in your kidneys or bladders.

Don't wait until your druggist does your own (and get a FREE BOOK).

OLD LEG TROUBLE

Easy to use Home Method. Heals many old cases corrected by leg casts, various swellings, leg injuries or so for proof if it fails. The first real cure. The real cure. Discover the truth and get your FREE BOOK.

MAKE EXTRA CASH

Tell Smart Christmas Cards

Send your list of names to your druggist or drug store. Tell Smart Christmas Cards may be easily sold, and it comes at only 15 cents a piece. Open your own shop and make money quickly, or let us handle it for you. We guarantee to sell them for you. The cards are printed in 50 or 100.

“Before and After”

Read this new book about Plastic Reunion. Tells how easy it is to get beautiful, natural-looking hair, whether you are going gray or bald. The book is illustrated with many before and after photographs. Send 500 cents to cover cost of book and postage, or order at any drug store. If not satisfied, return it for your money back.

VETMORE & SUGDEN, Dept. 501.

"May God Bless You
and protect you"

—easy lifetime Sterling Silver Crosses, marked fine silver, 50 cents, especially for Service Men.

KREMLA, Dept. S, 140 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10.

BRUSH AWAY GRAY

GRAY and look 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint your hair, using KREMLA and the new KREMLA Formula. KREMLA is a natural hair color, not a permanent dye. KREMLA is guaranteed to remain a permanent color on all hair. No permaninents or dyes make your hair permanent. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—

KREMLA.


YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS—Republic; Roy, Rogers. Trigger, by himself; Betty Wash, Dallas Evans; Ted J. Hare, William Haas; Captain Joe, George Cleveland; and Mickey Thompson. Brown-Bros. Brownies are guaranteed not to make your hair lighter. No permanent dye. You can use your own vegetable extract. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—

KREMLA.

“KEMMELA” and the new KREMLA Formula. KREMLA is a natural hair color, not a permanent dye. KREMLA is guaranteed to remain a permanent color on all hair. No permaninents or dyes make your hair permanent. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—

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KREMLA.
Cover Girl tells—"How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)."

"My career is glamour," says enchanting DANA JENNEY

"Being a Cover Girl is a dream job," says alluring, successful Dana Jenney. "But I have to be right down to earth about keeping exquisite under the torrid heat of photographers' 1000-watt lamps.

"So I was thrilled when I found a deodorant that really did keep my underarms dry—Odorono Cream! I can trust it under the most trying conditions. It's a wonderful way to keep freshness from wilting—and a perfect safeguard for the expensive dresses and furs I model.

"Every girl will like the things I like about Odorono Cream. First, it contains a really effective perspiration stopper that closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed up to 3 days! That's why it ends perspiration nuisance so satisfactorily.

"It's safe for fabrics too—just follow directions. And you can tell it contains soothing emollients because it's non-irritating even after shaving.

"Another thing—each jar gives you up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorants—a war stamp saving.

"Won't you try velvety, fragrant Odoron Cream—see if you don't agree with me and other Cover Girls that it's a marvelous help in guarding precious glamour?"

---

Holly-Pax

Chances are your favorite star uses Holly-Pax tampons

WHY SHOULD'T YOU, too, enjoy the freedom of Holly-Pax, the tiny tampon with controlled expansion? It's the only tampon spun from uncut surgical cotton. Purposely designed to require no applicator. So comfortable you don't know you're wearing it. Amazingly absorbent! Use Holly-Pax next time—you'll use it every time! 12 for 20¢; purse size, 10¢; economy package, 48 for 59¢. At sanitary goods counters.

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The Fashions Shown on Page 66 Are Available in the Following Stores

1 White Play Dress and Shorts

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neill Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Pickett's
Dayton, Ohio—Eider & Johnston Co.
Hamilton, Ohio—Robinson-Schwein Store
Houston, Texas—Bakowitz Bros.
Lansing, Mich.—T. W. Knapp Co.
Little Rock, Ark.—Heizer Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's-Wilshire Store
Miami, Fla.—Burdine's, Inc.
Nashville, Tenn.—Loveyman, Berger & Teastlebaum
Newark, N. J.—Hahn & Co.
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd.
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Seattle, Wash.—Best's Apparel, Inc.
Waco, Texas—Goldstein-Teitlebaum Co.

II Sheer Black Dress

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris & Co.
Davenport, Colo.—May Co.
Houston, Texas—Palais Royal
Kansas City, Mo.—Adler's
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim, Collins & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Rochester, N. Y.—B. F. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Thomas W. Garland, Inc.
San Francisco, Calif.—H. L.ethnic Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.—The Addis Co.

III Sun Back Pinafore

Peck & Peck Stores in the following cities:

Boston, Mass.
Chicago, Ill.
Clayton, Mo.
Cleveland, Ohio
Detroit, Mich.
East Orange, N. J.
Evantonton, Ill.
Greenwich, Conn.
Groton Point, Mich.
Hartford, Conn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
New York, N. Y.
Northampton, Mass.
Providence, R. I.
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach Co.

"BETTER THAN FINE GOLD" is a good name!

So spoke the wise men of old. And so speak America's most responsible men of business today.

The simple right to use their own names on their own products is the very basis for their pride in their workmanship, in their skill and in their quality materials.

Brand names protect the buyer! Beware of the nameless product!
Can you use extra money for doing special, easy, part-time work? Then write at once for this amazing opportunity. No money is required and you don’t need any experience. Because the demand for Fashion Frocks is constantly increasing, we need more ambitious women for demonstrating and taking orders for these lovely dresses at remarkably low prices. We have thousands of women everywhere enjoying this special work and earning $15, $18, $20 and $25 weekly for just a few hours’ work. In addition they receive their own dresses free. Now, this opportunity is yours. Just mail the coupon for complete details. There is no obligation.

Get the FREE PORTFOLIO of Advanced Fall Dresses $2.98

START AT HOME—All you have to do is to show the attractive and interesting portfolio of gorgeous dresses to friends and neighbors. The smart and exclusive Fashion Frock styles, the beautiful fabrics, and the surprising values will prove so irresistible these women will gladly order. We deliver and collect. You get paid at once.

MILLIONS KNOW FASHION FROCKS
Through our national advertising, Fashion Frocks are known and recognized by millions of women as the finest quality, popular priced dresses. Because of the smart styling and excellent value they have the approval of leading fashion editors and other-style authorities. And many prominent screen actresses—women recognized as good dressers—wear Fashion Frocks. Thus when you represent Fashion Frocks you sell dresses that are not only well known but also eagerly desired.

EVERYTHING FURNISHED FREE!
The elaborate portfolio—together with our special plans to help you make a brilliant success—are sent you without cost. We will show you how other women succeed and how you can, too, and enjoy a regular income for part-time work, as much as $25,00 weekly, and besides get your own stylish dresses and other pretty clothes free of cost. Just mail coupon for all the details. There’s no obligation. FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Desk 82039, Cincinnati, Ohio

Our 36th Year in Business

FASHION FROCKS, Inc.
Desk 82039, Cincinnati, O.
© Yes, I want to earn extra money in my spare time and get my own dresses Free. Send me the details. I am not obligated.

Name

Address

City

Age

Dress Size

JUST MAIL COUPON

* Earn Extra Money—Buy More War Bonds
There's a smoothness about Schlitz that captures the devotion of true beer lovers. For Schlitz is brewed with just the kiss of the hops to bring you rare delicacy of flavor, coupled with that famous Schlitz quality known all over the world.

JUST THE kiss OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
A lovelier you... Skin's Softer, Smoother
with just One Cake of Camay!

Tests by doctors prove
Camay is really mild

A softer, fresher, more captivating complexion for you... with just one cake of Camay... when you change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Yes—doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions... on girls with skin like YOURS! And most complexions simply bloomed. They looked clearer, fresher... with the very first cake of Camay.

...it cleanses without irritation

These tests gave proof of Camay's mildness... proof it can benefit skin. The doctors reported, "Camay is really mild. It cleansed without irritation." No wonder Camay can bring such exciting new beauty to skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

So easy—you simply cream Camay's mild lather over face—forehead, nose. Rinse warm. Add a cold splash for oily skins. Repeat morning and night.

That's all—and with your first cake of Camay, your complexion takes on softer, sweeter appeal!

Mrs. John Louie
OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

"A lovelier complexion may mean romance—so do try my Camay," suggests Mrs. Louie. "I found my first cake brought delicate new softness to my skin."

Your Camay is precious—make it last!

Vital materials go into soap. Be patriotic... use just what you need.

* Whip up a lovely Camay lather... with just a few rubs on your cake. * Return your Camay at once to a dry soap dish. * Tuck your Camay slivers into a bathmit for grand lather!
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

A radiant smile wins admiration!

Let your smile bring new happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

Let your hopes soar, Plain Girl! It doesn’t take beauty to rate special raves.

Watch the girls who score the biggest hits—the girls who invite popularity and romance. See how often their appeal lies in their smiles!

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a smile that hesitates, timid and uncertain—but one that is gay and flashing, bright as dancing sunbeams. Remember that such a smile needs sparkling teeth—bright teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink", see your dentist! He may tell you your gums have become sensitive—denied natural exercise by soft, creamy foods. And he may, as many dentists do, suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage".

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the health of the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation steps up in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Start today to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more radiant smile.

IPANA and MASSAGE
We made lots of promises about what to expect in this year of grace and the Number Twenty anniversary of M-G-M.

One of the promises was "The White Cliffs of Dover". And from the success and the opinions, guess we've got a right to say—promise fulfilled.

Another—and what another!—is the forthcoming "Dragon Seed".

You'll see "Dragon Seed" on the billboards. You'll see "Dragon Seed" on the express trucks. You'll read about "Dragon Seed" in your newspapers. You'll hear about "Dragon Seed" on the "M-G-M Screen Test" radio program.

And all the shouting will be about something that deserves the shouting.

Pearl Buck's best-seller is the story. M-G-M, you may recall, is the producer of her "Good Earth". But "Dragon Seed" makes this former remarkable production pale into whatever things pale into.

Katharine Hepburn as "Jade" gives one of the outstanding performances of this or any year.

But others—Walter Huston in particular—Aline MacMahon, Akim Tamiroff, Henry Travers—are right up there. As is the splendid direction of Jack Conway and Harry Bucquet.

Pandro Berman produced. Misses Roberts and Marfin did the screen play. It's all a wonderful package.

This tremendously dramatic, unquestionably tender personal narrative stands in the foreground of China's magnificent resistance to inhuman aggression.

Other publications are calling "Dragon Seed" the Picture of the Month. Certainly that. It is really the Picture of the Year.

But even more—it is the Picture of the Hour.

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Deanna's in Love
You Wouldn't Know Alice Faye!
Hollywood Men Prefer—
Thank You, Irene Dunne
Naturally—Lena Horne
Perennial Pigeon
That's Hollywood for You!
Scrapbook on Jennifer Jones
Ann-thology on Ann Miller
By Way of Mention—on Dana Andrews
For Love or Money?
Heritage on a Hilltop
The odd but fascinating private life of the Charles Boyers
Hold His Hands!
Photoplay's Command Performance
Cashing In on Richard Crane
Bringing Up Jim Brown
What Should I Do?
Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert
Keys of the Kingdom
Priority on Paradise
The Marriage Story of Alexis Smith and Craig Reynolds

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Potraits in Color

Lon McCallister
Lena Horne
John Payne and Sheila Ryan
Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan

Special Features

Brief Reviews
Cast of Current Pictures
Cutting Some Pretty Figures
Fashions—Tamounova

Cover: Jennifer Jones, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse
Pearl Buck's best seller has become one of the truly fine motion pictures of our time...

The glorious story of a girl with a fighting heart and the man who fought by her side...

Katharine Hepburn as the brave and lovely "Jade" gives THE performance of her career...

For its tremendous drama and great tenderness, a triumph that exceeds even "The Good Earth"!

M-G-M's

DRAGON SEED

KATHARINE HEPBURN
WALTER HUSTON
ALINE MACMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF
TURHAN BEY

Hurd Hatfield • J. Carrol Naish
Agnes Moorehead • Henry Travers
Robert Bice • Jacqueline de Wit
Frances Rafferty • Robert Lewis

Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts
and Jane Murfin • Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck • Directed by Jack Conway and Harold S. Bucquet
Produced by Pandro S. Berman

M-G-M
Twenty Years of Screen Leadership

P. M. M.
HEARTS AND DARTS: Judy Garland finally got her divorce from Sgt. Dave Rose, who was too busy courting pretty little June Allyson to worry about it. And Peter Lawford, who all but ate his heart out for Judy, was so busy courting Lana Turner about he pretended not to notice. But John Hodiak, lurking in the background of Lana's life, knew where Lana's heart really was — so — now, just maybe, mind you, Judy and Peter will get together again.

Cal glimpsed Anna Lee and her handsome big boy aviator, Capt. George Stafford, whom she met overseas. Somehow they seemed incongruously mated. She so smart and English and he so obviously Texan and rawboned.

Friends wouldn't be at all surprised, now that Major Clark Gable has gone back to civilian life, if he and the blonde Kay Williams married. Clark still maintains his Valley ranch and life can be pretty lonely for a man used to companionship.

With a traffic citation clutched in one hot little hand and the beauteous Georgia Carroll in the other Kay Kyser stood before Justice of the Peace Paul O'Malley in Las Vegas, Nevada, and got himself married. After their air show at the Victorville Army Air Base, the couple started out for Nevada without telling a single friend they were going. But two policemen soon found it out when they picked up Kyser for speeding. The law was so entranced with the elopement idea, however, they went right along as escorts — but not till they wrote out that ticket.

Hear tell Kay will take his beauteous bride, who always sings with his band, overseas with him when he sets out to entertain some of the lads.

Odd, but somehow Hollywood refuses to take as serious that engagement between John Conte and Marilyn Maxwell despite the fact John has given her a ring. Friends claim Marilyn's heart belongs to a bigger songster than Mr. Conte — bigger in popularity, that is.

SPEAKING OF WIVES: Mrs. Gary Cooper parts her auburn hair down the middle of her head front and back and ties it in two smoothly shining braids across the top. And, what's more, she has a million freckles.

Lily MacMurray is the best dressed woman in town and husband Fred couldn't be prouder.

Mal Milland with her soft gray hair is the most distinguished-looking of all wives. Husband Ray thinks so, too.

Mrs. Sonny Tufts makes all her own clothes and cooks wonderful dishes in her array of European copper kettles.

When it comes to being downright kind, gentle and thoughtful no one can beat Mrs. Bill Bendix. Incidentally, she thinks Bill is the handsomest man she ever saw anywhere in the U. S. A., which shows you.

One of the best golfers in town and head of the A.W.V.S. of North Hollywood, Mrs. Bob Hope declares she's never had a dull moment since she married.

Mrs. Spencer Tracy started the John Tracy clinic for deaf children and has given hope to thousands of children.

Betty Montgomery, wife of Robert, and Julie (Continued on page 6)
Preston Sturges... your favorite humorist... with LOVE and LAUGHTER gives you the greatest comedy to come out of this war!

"HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO"

Paramount's "Miracle" men are at it again

EDDIE BRACKEN
Ella Raines
William Demarest
The unwilling father of "Morgan's Creek" becomes the unwilling hero of Oak Ridge

Ella Raines
Life's new candidate for a gal who'll go far!

William Demarest
Dad Kockslock becomes a Marine Sergeant—and on him it's booming!

Raymond Walburn • Franklin Pangborn
Elizabeth Patterson • Bill Edwards
Written and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

The story of a man who didn't go to war... but became a hero to his home town!
Stephanie Shakespeare's plate Tommy look flower.

M M DAN GENE country!

miss ment as story His PUBLIC for fiasco.

RAY DURYEA from RAY

WALKER

ANNE MICHAEL his it!

it! is all being entertain-

Don't hailed the roistering

her husband to market each day and shops

faithfully while her husband sits in the
car and cat-naps.

Overheard: Walking past Bette Davis

and an interviewer on a Warner Brothers'

set, Cal heard the interviewer ask,

“What would you consider your best

picture?” And the reply was, “I hope

it hasn’t been made yet.” . . .

When the genial colored forty-six

year-old actress, Hattie McDaniel, was

questioned about the name of her baby,
due in September, Hattie blushed and

replied, “Hattie McDaniel Jr. If Cobina

Wright can do it, so can I.” . . .

When Joan Blondell encountered her

ex-husband at the door of her home

she gasped and asked what he wanted, expecting he’d come for the children. But Dick replied, “I’ve come for my canned goods, what else?” . . .

When Benny, the Brown Derby

waiter, stared at Frankie Sinatra eating

a plate of spaghetti alone except for

his four-months-old son seated in the

booth beside him, Frank said, “The

baby doesn’t like spaghetti yet.” . . .

Mickey Rooney, running madly

among the boys in the Hollywood Can-
teen just before he left for camp,

was stopped by a hostess who asked

Rooney the trouble. He replied, rather

wistfully, “I’m trying to find a soldier

my size so I’ll know how I look in

uniform.” . . .

A photographer tried to persuade

Paulette Goddard to replace a ruby pin

with a flower in her hair, stating he

thought the pin wouldn’t show. “I’m

sorry you think it too small,” Paulette

said, “but I’ve had it seven years and

it was the best I could do at the time.”

This Town, This Town: Charlie Chap-

lin is willing to pay for the support of

the eight-months-old daughter of Joan

Berry, pending trial, of course, but still

claims the baby is not his. Incidentally, Cal hears the Chaplins are staying at the

Connecticut farm of Paulette God-
dard and Burgess Meredith.

Not since United Artists credited

Sam Taylor “with additional dialogue”
on Shakespeare’s “Taming Of The

Shrew” has there been such a howl as

went up when the first cut of “The

Climax” flashed on screen, reading—

“Music by Schubert, Chopin and Eddie

Ward.”

On D-Day a mimeographer sent

out the call sheet on “Bowery To

Broadway” headed with her own title

“Bowery To Berlin,” and turning to a

fellow worker remarked, “If anybody

changes that, I’m quitting.” No one has

and although the story has nothing to

do with Berlin, it’s now called “Bowery

To Berlin” by everyone on the lot.

(Continued on page 8)
NOW YOU CAN SEE IT AT POPULAR PRICES!

If you like ROMANCE with your ADVENTURE - you'll love

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

WARNER BROS!
story of the man who made the Wild West wild with laughter and the girl he crossed a continent to find!

Starring FREDRIC MARCH - ALEXIS SMITH - DONALD CRISP - ALAN HALE - C. AUBREY SMITH - JOHN CARRADINE

BILL HENRY - WALTER HAMPDEN - ROBERT BARRAT - JOYCE REYNOLDS - Screen Play by Alan Ladd - Adaptation by Alan Ladd and Harold M. Sherman - Additional Dialogues by Henry Chandler - All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by Mark Twain Co. and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman - Music by Max Steiner

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer • Produced by Jesse L. Lasky • Directed by IRVING RAPPER
When you discover a good thing like Tampax (for monthly sanitary protection), don’t keep it to yourself! Give your friends the benefit of your experience and they will probably want to put an end to their pin-and-belt troubles too. For Tampax, which is worn internally, requires no supporting harness—no external pads whatever!

This is good news especially for those office girls, nurses, war workers, saleswomen and others who feel they must keep going whenever there is work to be done... Millions have turned to Tampax to help them through “those days of the month” they usually dread so much. No pins or belts. No odor or chafing. Quick to change—easy to dispose of—perfected by a doctor—that’s Tampax.

Tampax consists of pure surgical cotton compressed in one-time-use applicators. Neat, handy and hygienic—your hands needn’t touch the Tampax. Three sizes to suit early days, waning days and different individual needs. Sold at drug and notion counters. Month’s supply will go into your purse. Economy box holds 4 months’ supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Don’t keep it to yourself!

Best wishes to the bride: Joan Fontaine and Ingrid Bergman send out congratulatory beams to Anna Lee and new husband Capt. George Stafford

CAL YORK’S
Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 6)
The Story of Lew Ayres: Lew Ayres is going into the ministry.

A chaplain who works with Lew in New Guinea picked up the story. He wrote to his wife here about Lew: “Ayres still is under contract to M-G-M and may do a few films before entering the ministry. He is the most gracious person I ever met—rates high with the entire personnel at the hospital and knows how to serve men.

“Here he is right in the middle of a combat zone,” continues the chaplain, “while so many of his critics are back home and safe. This boy has learned life the only way a man can—through hardship and suffering. He took a bust from a sergeant’s rank to a private first class to become a chaplain’s assistant.

“He knows his Bible and is a Christian. But the best thing is he’s not a Utopian. He’s wise and smart. He’ll make a fine minister.”

Our Boys in Service: Jimmy Stewart is now a lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Air Corps, a veteran of fourteen combat missions, including flights over Berlin, Brunswick and Frankfurt.

Cesar Romero has been promoted to a coxswain in the Navy, is deep in the heart of the South Pacific fighting and writes he wouldn’t miss it for the world.

At present back in Miami, Florida, after having participated in the invasion of Burma, glider pilot Jackie Coogan is en route to a new destination under sealed orders. Jackie holds the Air Medal for meritorious service.

Lt. (j.g.) Richard Ney now stationed in Florida with a small craft unit has been visited by his wife actress Greer Garson.

Dickie Moore writes friends he just can’t seem to get off K.P. duty at Camp Sibert, Alabama.

Lt. Robert Taylor of the Navy is taking advanced flying courses at Livermore, California.

Almost certain to have been in the invasion are Lt. Col. James Stewart, Lt. Commander Robert Montgomery, Lt. Commander Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Lt. Robert Preston and several others who are in that area.

Pvt. Donald O’Connor has been confined to an Army hospital with complete exhaustion and fatigue. Donald worked day and night at Universal to finish up a flock of pictures before entering the Army. Hear tell he may even be sent back to civilian life.

(Continued on page 10)
Don’t let INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF threaten its charm

This all too common condition, if neglected, can raise hob with the appearance of the hair and scalp. Don’t be one of the thousands who, through ignorance or indifference, foolishly overlook possible warning symptoms... excess flakes and scales... itching and irritation... germs present in millions.

Get After It Now

Fortunately, there is a simple, easy, wholly delightful home treatment to guard against this troublesome condition—Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Countless women and men combine this pleasant treatment with their regular hair-washing.

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow with vigorous, rotary, finger-tip massage for several minutes. That’s all there is to it!

Kills “bottle bacillus”

Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of germs, including the stubborn “bottle bacillus” (Pityrosporum ovale), regarded by many a noted dermatologist as a causative agent of infectious dandruff. As Listerine Antiseptic goes to work those ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching, too, is alleviated. Your scalp tingles and glows, and seems pulsing with life, and your hair feels wonderfully fresh.

If infectious dandruff has started, repeat the Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. This is the method that in tests brought improvement or complete disappearance of symptoms to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
EVEN IF YOU CAN'T
Wear One of These

...YOU CAN STILL DO A
War Job!

If you think you can qualify for enlistment as a WAC, WAVE, MARINE or SPAR, apply now. You are needed! Men must be freed for active service.

But other war jobs need doing, too. So if you can't serve in uniform, don't quit. Less glorious jobs are equally vital to victory!

Find your right war job today. Every woman working will speed the day when our men return victorious. Read the Want Ad section of your newspaper to see what war jobs are now open, and consult your local U. S. Employment Service Office for advice.

Published in co-operation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by the makers of

MIDOL

When you've got the job, keep at it! Avoid absenteeism by remembering Midol. Use it regularly to relieve menstrual discomfort—functional cramps, headache, blues.

A product of General Drug Company

CAL YORK's
Inside Stuff

Standouts in the premiere line: Alan Ladd and Sue Carol take a bow from the autograph group.

Looking at each other at the Ice Capades: Turhan Bey with blonde Louise Allbritton.

Odds and Ends: Ava Gardner is still saying "No" to Mickey Rooney—and even his getting into uniform didn't change her mind, but that doesn't mean she mightn't... Ramsay Ames (did you know she was once the leader of a rhumba band under the name of Rita Phillips?) plays the field more than any gal in town. If there's a loose male around that she hasn't dated, old Cal can't think who it might be... Ilona Massey back in Hollywood looked so radiant after her South American trip and much peppler than she used to be. Laraine Day's championing of the G.I. Joes didn't hurt her one bit. Her fan mail has jumped up to the point where only Lana Turner and Judy Garland top her at the M-G-M studio... Brenda Marshall may quit pictures to be near Bill Holden who is not stationed near Hollywood...

The Bride Didn't Know: Irene Manning was a beautiful bride. She wore a smile of happiness as she walked down the church aisle to marry handsome Keith Kolhoff, a Los Angeles investigator for the police department. Her brother Richard's hand was firm upon her arm as he smiled at her reassuringly. But there was real sorrow behind that smile that Irene knew nothing about. Her father had died the night before in a Los Angeles hospital.

(Continued from page 8)
Pvt. Bobby Jordan of the Dead End Kids spent most of his furlough visiting his best girl Edith Fellows who was playing "Janie" at the Los Angeles Biltmore Theater.

Red Skelton, by the dawn's early light, caught the street car that carried him off to Ft. MacArthur and the Army. The thirty-one-year-old star hoped his top sarge would turn out to be a guy with a good sense of humor.

That wonderful character actor Lee Cobb who played the doctor in "Song Of Bernadette" is securing a leave from camp to appear as a medical officer in "Winged Victory" the big Broadway hit which Fox is bringing to the screen.

Gloomy Sunday?: Strange sight it was, the day that Brian Aherne showed up at the outdoor terrace of La Rue for Sunday brunch, with Mervyn Le Roy for a companion. A few minutes later in walked his just-ex-wife, Joan Fontaine, accompanied by her only sister, Olivia de Havilland. Nobody looked very happy. But it didn't seem to interfere with their appetites! Joan has certainly been doing the town like mad. Never used to step out much, but she seems to be making up for lost time all at once—out with a different escort almost every night.

The Bride Didn't Know: Irene Manning was a beautiful bride. She wore a smile of happiness as she walked down the church aisle to marry handsome Keith Kolhoff, a Los Angeles investigator for the police department. Her brother Richard's hand was firm upon her arm as he smiled at her reassuringly. But there was real sorrow behind that smile that Irene knew nothing about. Her father had died the night before in a Los Angeles hospital.

(Continued on page 12)
If you think Mr. Deeds
Went to town
Keep an eye on
Casanova Brown

INTERNATIONAL PICTURES, INC., PRESENTS

GARY COOPER • TERESA WRIGHT
in
"Casanova Brown"

Directed by SAM WOOD
A NUNNALLY JOHNSON Production

FRANK MORGAN • Anita Louise
PATRICIA COLLINGE • Edmond Breon • Jill Esmond

Produced and written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson • From a play by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell • Presented by International Pictures, Inc. • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
(Continued from page 10)

His last request had been that the wedding go on without Irene’s knowing, his last gift to the daughter he loved.

It wasn’t until after the happy couple had posed for photographers, cut the cake and rejoiced in the congratulations of their friends that the bride was told.

Hollywood and Its Service Men: It’s about time some of our wonderful character actors got some recognition for their unswerving devotion to the boys at the Hollywood Canteen, showing up week after week without fail, doing any and everything that is asked of them. And how our boys love them—Arthur Treacher, S. Z. Sakall and Sig Ruman throw the service lads into stitches. Cupid-faced Ernest Cossart and amiable Walter Brennan can always be counted on to be there and on the job. In fact it’s these men, rather than the more impressive stars the boys feel at home with. And those wonderful women, Helen Broderick, Una O’Connor and Fay Holden (Andy Hardy’s mother) are the idol of the soldiers, Marines and sailors.

Ann Lehr’s Guild Canteen, the most unique of its kind in the world, we’re told, continues to grow and expand beyond even the belief of Cal who was in on its very beginning. In fact, that corner on Crescent Heights Boulevard and Fountain Avenue is always a busy one with civilians constantly driving up to unload their service lad passengers. Here the boys can obtain free meals hot and good, served and cooked by women volunteer workers. Here, too, the boys can find a bed and even be wakened in time to reach bases in time. Almost every night over 700 soldiers, sailors, Marines of every allied nation sleep in the annex of the corner house they call home. Their clothes are mended, their laundry done and even letters home are written for them if they ask it. The boys may stay overnight or spend their furlough at this home.

Mrs. Lehr, the woman with a heart, who began on a small scale with accommodation for some thirty men or so, tells me that only last month the boys at her home canteen consumed 11,500 quarts of milk, 1,850 dozens of eggs, 5,151 pounds of fresh meat and 1,000 pounds of smoked meat, 2,921 loaves of bread, 165 gallons of ice cream, 1,775 pies, 582 pounds of coffee, to say nothing of 340 crates of fresh vegetables.

For this and their beds the boys pay nothing. They are guests who are provided not only with necessities but with music, dancing, pretty girls for partners, games, books and the comforting solace and advice of Mrs. Lehr and her co-workers.

The money for this amazing organization is donated. Sometimes the entire proceeds of the opening night of a film are donated to the Guild. But these donations need not be confined to Hollywood and its citizens. You outside the city who may have a boy passing through here and who wish to contribute to this canteen that is even in need of more and more, may help too. Ask any service boy who has visited out this way about the Guild Canteen; then help the Canteen give some boy a home for a night.

Keeping Up With Jones: Interested in Allan Jones? Then maybe you’d like to belong to an Allan Jones fan club. Cal has news of a new one; if you’re interested, you can write to Dorothy Mayer, 83 Astor St., Newark 5, N. J.

Cal Gets a Letter: From Melvin W. Glover RM3c, of the U.S.S. Drayton comes this tidbit: “I would like to inform you that the crew of the United States Destroyer Drayton No. 366 have chosen Miss Dona Drake as the star we would like most to navigate by.” Miss Drake was sent a letter to this effect. We are going to send her a letter every month and are calling it ‘The monthly sugar report.’ When we return, she will receive an invitation to be the guest of honor at our ship’s party.”

Re Flynn: Errol Flynn has certainly been the quiet wolf—if a wolf at all lately. Oh, sure—you see him night-clubbing once in a while—but the “whiles” get further and further apart. And old Cal has a hunch that the reason for Errol’s change of pace can be found in two words—Nora Edington. The fact that he is seen about with another gal every so often seems to
have most of the gossips fooled. But this department insists that Nora is his one and only for all his “playing around” — just as old Cal insisted that Georgia Carroll was the Sun and the Moon for Kay Kyser — even though he was seen about with plenty of stars.

And why do we think that Errol and Nora are it? Well, maybe you’ve forgotten that the first rumors about them started over a year ago — when that “elopement” to Mexico turned out to be phony. But don’t lose sight of the fact that they were together then — and still are. They’re always together — even though people don’t see them out places. Errol goes out with others as well as Nora, but when Errol entertains at home, Nora is always there — usually acting as hostess for him. She does a million and one little things for him, that most people don’t know about or even suspect.

She is so attractive and she’s had several bona fide picture offers. She has turned them all down. Maybe Errol talks her out of them. Or maybe he doesn’t have to. Maybe she’d rather be doing just what she’s doing — which is devoting herself to Flynn — and nothing else. And maybe she’s already his devoted wife. Wouldn’t be surprised!

Party Note: Certainly were some mix-ups for the photographers when the Frank Morgans gave that big anniversary dinner party at Mocambo. Instead of being with Dave Rose, little Gloria De Haven was with Ted Briskin, a very wealthy businessman, with whom she’s seen about a lot lately. And George Brent, who has been giving a big rush to Dorothy Day (her name used to be Vicki Lester), was back with his old girl friend, Janet Michael, famous for her long blonde hair. But that night it was red — or the lights were very deceiving. Jimmy Cagney was stag that evening, but just to keep the record straight Jane Withers was with her best beau, who is still Johnny Miles. Neither success nor growing up have changed Jane a bit. She’s still the same sweet, unspoiled kid she always was. The Pat O’Briens were along too. And Pat was telling jokes as usual.

Cupid’s Corner: A certain young corporal seems to be getting an awful lot of Bette Davis’s spare time . . . and Bette was very deficient about him the times they dined at La Rue, which has been going great guns since its glamorous opening. . . . Bob Lowery seems to be definitely cutting out Jess Barker with Susan Hayward. And speaking of hair — hers is still the most glorious mop in Hollywood. Greer Garson’s red tresses notwithstanding . . . The night after their elopement, Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll thought they might wrestle with some Italian spaghetti at the Villa Nova without anyone’s catching up with them. But they were spotted . . . Dolores Moran is turning all her blonde charm on for Fred de Cordova, a young director who gets around. But Dolores thinks she

---

TRUSHAY* . . . THE “BEFOREHAND” LOTION

Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously different idea in lotions! Trushay, used before you wash undies — before you do dishes — guards smooth, white hands. Helps prevent soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it’s done. This rich, creamy lotion’s grand for all-over body rubs, too — soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay’s economical, so you can use it all these ways. Ask for it today — at your favorite drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling — but the same wonderful “beforehand” lotion.
Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

Women say this new-texture face powder makes their skin look smoother, years younger!

There's a thrilling new-texture face powder that helps end all these 6 "face powder troubles"!

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's made differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by TWIN HURRICANES. And this patented hurricane method of blending not only makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—it makes the shades richer—it makes your skin look younger!

Lady Esther Face Powder goes on your skin like a film of beauty. It helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror!

Just try Lady Esther Face Powder! Get the smallest size box, if you like—but try it! When you see how much softer, smoother and younger it makes your skin look—it's time enough to get the largest and most economical size. But for living proof in your own mirror that this is the most flattering face powder you have ever used, get the small-size box today!

TUNE IN Lady Esther "Screen Guild Players" Monday nights, CBS.

can make him stay put ... Lana Turner and John Hodiak still duck around corners all over the M-G-M lot to talk to each other—and everyone wonders why! The looks they give each other would warm up Alaska—and if they think they're keeping a secret, they're just kidding themselves. But Peter Lawford isn't kidding about Lana—he's nertz about her. So it looks as though Cupid needs another set of arrows or something.

Dantine Data: Just as you might suspect, when someone plays the "wolf game" as hard as Helmut Dantine does, there must be somethin' eatin' on him. In one single week, old Cal spotted him with Judy Garland, Myrna Loy and K. T. Stevens by turn. But if you ask me, each was just another date in Dantine's life—though any one of these gals would probably spell heaven to most lads. Helmut tried awfully hard to effect a reconciliation with his ex-wife, Gwen Anderson, the original star of the play, "Janie." But he didn't make it. And you don't have to be a mind-reader to realize that he is carrying a torch a mile high!

There's a romance in the making (that's been building steadily for weeks) that really gives Hollywood a giggle—even though it's rather mean to laugh. But you just can't help it when you see them together—Paul Brinkman (the studio has changed his name to Brooks) and Patricia Donnelly. For he is an absolute double for Errol Flynn and she is positively the image of Ann Sheridan. And just to top things off, the Donnelly gal is about to be signed at Warners which already has tabbed Paul. And this is the studio which already has Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn as stars. Well—everybody
“What can you say?”

Yesterday I met her for the first time since we heard that Tom was killed. Poor woman! She looked much smaller... seemed more frail... had a tightness in her face. We stood there talking. Trivialities. What can you say to a mother who has lost her only son?

“If only there was something I could do,” I finally blurted out. Her eyes took in my slacks, my work shoes, the lunch-box in my hand. Her smile was real... like I remembered his. “You’re doing it, my dear,” she said. “God bless you, child, and thank you.”

The more you do to help speed our victory the more lives you’ll help save. Women are needed in war plants... necessary civilian work... the armed forces. Most communities are desperately short of workers. Skilled... or untrained... you’re needed... urgently needed.

There are hundreds of different jobs to be filled... hundreds of jobs in which you will find the satisfaction of speed victory. Make up your mind to join the millions of women at war... today!

See the Help Wanted ads in local newspapers. Visit the nearest U. S. Employment Office. Or apply at Army or Navy Recruiting stations.

The more women at war —the sooner we’ll win

PUBLISHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

MUM
A Product of Bristol-Myers Co.
ents who might recognize them. The Ray Millands and the George Murphys and others were perfectly willing to let Hymie go ahead and snap the children. But it was finally decided that no pictures would be used. Too bad.

Wedding Note: By the time you read this Anna Lee will have married her handsome pilot, Captain George Stafford, who not only guided the airship which carried Anna, Adolphe Menjou and the rest of their troops across Africa, but has been personal pilot for Admiral King as well. The once-blonde Ann was a natural redhead at the ceremony in a Beverly Hills church. A last-minute arrangement—the church, we mean; because the Captain suddenly got a leave and she didn't have to trek to Las Vegas to become his Mrs. after all.

Baby Note: Nancy Coleman may be the proud momma of twins even as you read this. The day the doctor told Nancy and her husband Whitney Bolton, the handsome publicity head, to expect a double blessed-event, the two of them rushed right out and bought two of everything—just in case! Nancy expects to be back before the cameras as soon as recuperation permits. And come to think of it, if Martha Raye really has those triplets (and the doctors have practically promised them!) do you suppose she'll stay out of movies three times as long as other stars usually do?

Coincidence Dept.: Looks like the Kathryn Grayson-John Shelton divorce is definitely off. He just won't permit her to get one for the duration. And speaking of Kathryn, if anything about having a tooth pulled could be funny—then her experience in a dentist's office one day really was amusing. Just as she walked in the door with an awful ache, why, so did Bob Young, with an awful ache. Within a half-hour the same dentist pulled a tooth for each of them, almost at the same time—and in both cases, it was the same tooth!

Musical Note: Believe it or not, but the night that Cobina Wright threw a party for a whole crowd of young folks, Van Johnson phoned five different gals to date them for it and couldn't get a single date! So he came stag! The little house was so crowded that everyone sat around the floor after dinner (buffet) and listened to Judy Garland, sitting on a piano bench beside Hugh Martin (who was at the piano), sing some of the wonderful numbers from her new picture, "Meet Me In St. Louis." Even in that roomful of talented people which included the Gene Kellys, Walter Pidgeon, Alan Curtis, Gene Tierney and her Oleg (who had just arrived on leave), Johnny Green and his bride—Judy held everyone spellbound, as usual. Artur Rubinstein, the world-famous pianist, was there and he said of her, "It is fascinating to watch and listen to that girl. She sings from the heart. She is a great artist!" Praise from a master indeed!
Max Factor * Hollywood Face Powder!

1. It imparts a lovely color to the skin.
2. It creates a satin-smooth make-up.
3. It clings perfectly... really stays on.

Here is the famous face powder created in Color Harmony Shades for each type... blonde, brunette, brunette and redhead... that will give your complexion a lovely, youthful-looking color tone. Try your Color Harmony Shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today... one dollar.

Max Factor Hollywood Color Harmony Make-Up
...Face Powder, Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick
**Special Part Time Work for WOMEN...**

**Earn Extra Money**

- AND IN ADDITION GET ALL YOUR OWN DRESSES FREE

**CAN** you use extra money for doing special, easy, part-time work? Then write at once for this amazing opportunity. No money is required and you don’t need any experience. Because the demand for Fashion Frocks is constantly increasing, we need more ambitious women for demonstrating and taking orders for these lovely dresses at remarkably low prices. We have thousands of women everywhere enjoying this special work and earning $15, $18, $20 and $25 weekly for just a few hours’ work. In addition they receive their own dresses free. Now, this opportunity is yours. Just mail the coupon for complete details. There is no obligation.

**Get the FREE PORTFOLIO of Advanced Fashion Frocks**

**Fall Dresses**

**many as low as $2.98**

**START AT HOME**

You just show this elaborate portfolio of gorgeous dresses to friends, neighbors and all women. They can’t resist the glamorous styles, beautiful fabrics and surprising prices, and will gladly give you their orders, which you send to us. We deliver and collect. And you get paid immediately.

**KNOWN TO MILLIONS**

Through our national advertising. Fashion Frocks are known to millions of women. Because of the smart styling and excellent value they have the approval of leading style authorities and many prominent screen actresses. Thus you sell dresses that are known and desired.

**FASHION FROCKS, INC., Desk 83039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio**

**JUST MAIL THIS COUPON**

FREE TO YOU

The elaborate portfolio, together with plans for a brilliant success are sent you for a mere penny of cost. We will show you how you can enjoy for part time work, as much as $25 weekly, and besides get your own dresses free. Mail coupon for full details.

**A precious all-wool jersey will in-**

**elude a bea-**

**vous, with a bea-

**you, with scarf.**

Style 329

**CAL YORK’S**

**Inside Stuff**

**AT THE NIGHT SPOTS:** There is no place like Hollywood, absolutely no place. Where else in all the world prays tell, would a head waiter stop a customer, Errol Flynn to be exact, and say, “Mr. Flynn, look please, no egg business.” “Go on, search me,” Errol suggested, “I haven’t an egg on me.”

Of course, he had had an egg very much on him—on his head, to be exact. For only the night before Errol, an innocent bystander at a Mocambo quarrel between two girls, stopped a thrown and very raw egg. Spl—ash! it went all over Mr. Flynn’s face.

When Shirley Temple in one party and Jane Withers, with her best beau Johnny Miles, attended the Palladium opening of Jan Garber’s orchestra, the news photographer saw a chance to revive and at the same time end an old feud between the two girls by photographing Shirley and Jane together. But Shirley, who had had strict training under Mama Temple, took no chances and raced to the telephone to call her mother for advice. By this time Jane had gone upstairs with Hymie Fink for special art so special art so special art so downstairs snapped Shirley alone after searching madly for Jane. By the time Hymie had finished with Jane, Shirley had gone home all mixed up because Mrs. Temple had cautioned “no pictures.”

Then the fun really started. In came Lana Turner accompanied by the English Mickey Rooney (only taller)—one Peter Lawford. Lana, looking a dream as usual, spied the photographers en masse at one table and strolled over.

“Please boys, if you love me (no one had said they loved her) don’t photograph me tonight. My divorce you know. Please say you won’t.” The boys, gentlemen always, reluctantly agreed. All but one, who hadn’t heard the plea, or at least claims he hadn’t. At any rate he later attempted to snap Miss Turner and her escort and suddenly it happened. Young Lawford leaped to his feet, made a grab at the camera and the photographer. In a second there was a swirling of actor, photographer, a sailor, a Marine and a middle-aged woman who had it somehow fixed in her mind her husband was being assaulted. He later showed up under a table.

Anyway it was just another quiet evening among the townsfolk with everyone having such a good time.

**Photoplay’s Front Door:** In answer to the queries of several readers who have asked us about Photoplay in Hollywood (where we are in movie city, do we ever see any stars near our office, are we actually in the thic of it all) here goes.
CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

A letter, delivered by mistake to our offices for Jerry Colonna, didn't have to be dropped in the mailbox. We simply took it down one flight of stairs and shoved it under the door of Jerry's office which is directly under ours.

We can look out the window of our penthouse office at the penthouse office of Edgar Bergen just two blocks away. The Cock and Bull, Hollywood's popular restaurant, is two and a half blocks away from our front door. Here the English contingent gather daily for lunch or dinner.

We are within walking distance of Hollywood's newest and swankiest restaurant—LaRue, its bright night clubs, the Tropicana and Mocambo, and the two romantic rendezvous, the Villa Nova and Little Hungary restaurants, are only four doors away on either side of us.

Bing Crosby's building, which houses his multiple business ventures, to say nothing of his brother's offices, is within a stone's throw.

There's even a jujitsu school three doors down the street and Hollywood's popular market The Westside is our neighbor to the west. Here one can glimpse Betty Grable, Harry James, the Nelson Eddys, Mrs. Herbert Marshall (with Herbert asleep in the car outside) and many others doing their daily marketing.

The world of movies passes our door and we never miss a trick. Our address is 8949 Sunset Boulevard. Anything else, please?

Hollywood Knows, But Do You? That Danny Kaye's own name is David Daniel Kuminsky.

That Gloria Jean answers to the name of Miss Schoonover.

That June Haver, just eighteen, has solemnly promised her bosses at Twentieth, where everyone marries and has babies, that she won't wed until she's twenty-one.

That Orson Welles is the father of a six-year-old daughter Christopher and has just been sued by his first wife for more alimony.

That George Raft and Alan Ladd wear lifts in their heels which give them that slightly overbalanced look.

That Jennifer Jones, despite the fact she's an Academy Award winner, remains the most natural and human person in Hollywood.

That Rosalind Russell is fretting because she believes Warners are trying to make her look too old in the picture "Roughly Speaking" in which she plays the mother of several children.

That Gene Kelly's dance in "Cover Girl" resulted in chilly weather on the "Ziegfeld Girl" set where Gene and Fred Astaire are both emoting with Fred no like.
"Life's a mess!" Marge said.

"Last night I met the nicest Navy Lieutenant at the club dance—then some glamour girl danced him away. Gee," Marge said, pointing at me, "if I only had your baby's radiant complexion!" Mommy winked. "That's her Ivory Look," she said. "You can have it, too—ask Doc."

Doctor told her my beauty secret.

He just happened by in time to agree with Mommy. "Stop being careless about skin care," he said. "Change to regular Ivory cleansing! Ivory Soap has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate tender skin. More doctors advise it than all other brands combined!"

Look lovelier with Ivory
— the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

Now she's getting all the breaks!

Yep, regular, gentle cleansings with my mild Ivory gave Marge that smoother, lovelier Ivory Look her Lieutenant loves. (He says every girl ought to know it's easy to have that Ivory Look—with regular, gentle Ivory care.)

99¾% pure

HUMBS DOWN ON WASTE—you help save vital war materials when you make Ivory last and last.
The Shadow Stage

BY SARA HAMILTON

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

Mr. Skeffington (Warners)

THIS runs entirely too long but the fine performances of Bette Davis and Claude Rains keep your interest high throughout its meandering length. Bette portrays superbly the utterly selfish, shallow, vain woman who is interested in only two things—her beauty and the admirers it brings her.

The story begins in 1914 when Bette, an impecunious socialist, marries wealthy Mr. Skeffington, Claude Rains, who adores her though he gets little from her but tolerance. Nevertheless, he remains in love with her throughout her many flirtations until Bette finally divorces him. Incapable of a maternal love for her daughter, she allows him to take the child to Europe.

Continually surrounded by admirers, Bette goes on her merry, selfish way until she's stricken by a severe illness as a result of which her beauty is completely destroyed and she finds herself old and alone. Although her make-up makes her look a good eighty-five, at this point she's only about fifty years old. Neglected by all her former admirers except her cousin, Walter Abel, she finds herself imagining that she sees Mr. Skeffington watching her always. His final return, a victim of Nazi cruelty, provides a moving climax. As her patient, loving, enduring husband, Rains has never been better.

Marjorie Riordan is charming as the daughter grown into a young woman who marries Douglas Drake, one of Bette's suitors. Richard Waring is Bette's weak brother, for whose sake she really marries Rains and Jerome Cowan and Robert Shayne are the most notable of her succession of admirers.

Your Reviewer Says: Women will love it.

Step Lively (RKO)

FRANKIE SINATRA is back on the screen, everybody. And a very pleasing, natural Sinatra he is. In fact, we had the suspicious feeling the "Voice" knew the whole thing was a little bit silly but he'd decided to make the best of it and have as much fun out of it as possible. As a result, the audience is on his side right from the start.

But will you believe it, the story is another rehash of "Room Service," the old tale about the stranded theatrical troupe that takes cover in one room of a hotel and won't be ejected. George Murphy is the theatrical producer, sweet on Gloria De Haven but short on ethics, who guides his little band of hysterical people in and out of more farcical nonsense than the law should really allow.

To Murphy comes Sinatra to ask about the play he'd written and sent along to the producer with $1,500, his life's savings. The troupe makes the discovery Frankie can sing so they try to kid him about his awful play in order to keep him on as a singer. Well the kid proves he can go along with a gag as well as the next one and after Murphy's quarrels and bickerings with the furious hotel efficiency expert Adolph Menjou, Sinatra decides to forget about his play and sing with the gang.

The songs aren't so catchy as the tunes in his former film "Higher And Higher" but the boy knows how to sell them—"As Long As There's Music" and "Some Other Time" are the best.

The dream boy of the story, however, is Walter Slezak as the hassled hotel manager and Murphy's brother-in-law.

Your Reviewer Says: Swoon, croon, moon, June—what do you care?

Love A Soldier (Paramount)

THERE'S a warmth in this story of a girl who kisses the boys good-by but won't marry them. Dunno exactly what it is but something happens when Paulette Goddard and Sonny Tufts get together on the screen. The pair complement each other engagingly, one so alluring and one so unbeautiful, Paulette so vixenish and Sonny such a romp.

They meet when Sonny returns from the front with a few keepsakes of a buddy who believed that he was engaged to Paulette.

But Sonny soon discovers the charmer, who works by day as a shipyard welder and dances her feet off at night with the service lads, never has and never intends to get serious with any of her many admirers lest heartache be her sad and weary lot.

So Mr. Tufts sets out to change all that.

The ensuing fun is enjoyable and while it should be but isn't a "best" picture, it's still one that you'll not regret having seen.

There are good bits by Mary Treeen and Walter Sander that won't be easily forgotten. And Barry Fitzgerald as the cable-car motorman and Beulah Bondi as the wealthy recluse who eventually has a change of heart and opens her home to service men are, as usual, splendid additions to the cast.

The locale is colorful San Francisco with its beautiful hills and harbors, cable-cars and ferry boats, all of which add to the story.

Your Reviewer Says: This is a pleasant way to spend an evening.

(Continued on page 22)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 23
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 121
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 66

Prairie Magazine
smooth,
more beautiful legs
EASY
with Bellin's
WONDERSTOEN
dry hair-remover

Just stroke the rosy disc
over legs and arms. It
removes hair easily, quickly
and leaves no stubble.
Makes legs silkier, smoother.
A perfect start for cosmetic
stockings; ideal for bare legs.
Dainty. Completely odorless.
Nothing wet...nothing to
spill, stain or prepare.
Safe. Accepted for advertising
by publications of American
Medical Association.
Economical. One Wonderstoen
lasts all season.
$3 at department stores.

hair on face?
Ask for Wonderstoen
"Special Face Formula".
Safely removes hair on lip,
chin, cheeks. $1.25


**Bathing Beauty (M-G-M)**

COMBINE beauty, comedy, melody and
aquatic perfection with Red Skelton
and what have you? A great big plummy,
lushy M-G-M musical that will throw you
into stitches when it isn't catapulting you
into the throes of beauty. Every ingredient
that is necessary for a plum-pudding sur-
prise is used with a few extra nuts and
raisins thrown in for good measure.

There's the beauteous Esther Williams,
for instance, whose swimming perfection
is sheer artistry and what's more she's
good to look at. And there's Red, who is
so likably funny, to say nothing of the
music of Harry James and Xavier Cugat
that keeps things tripping along.

The specialties are swell; Ethel Smith at
the pipe organ, Carlos Ramirez warbling
like mad, Lina Romay with her rhumba-
drums, business and Helen Forrest's sing-
ing against a background of Harry James's
music. And speaking of casts, just take a
look at this line-up: Basil Rathbone as
the villain, Jean Porter who sings cutely,
Bill Goodwin as a professor and "wittle"
Donald Meek in a funny "wittle" bit.

The story comes down way here in the
review because everyone else seems like
so many Amazons trampling the poor little
thing to death. And yet the picture really
couldn't do without it as a motivation
highway. It tells us that Red, a song
writer, loves and weds Esther only to have
the marriage end at the altar when Basil,
anxious to have Red continue writing
music as per contract, rings in a phoney
extra wife and three redhead impro-
visos supposed to be Red's progeny. Esther
promptly flounces off to become a swim-
ing instructor at a girl's boarding school
and Red follows, which is where the fun
begins. It's big and bouncy, like an over-
grown baby. The numbers are spectacular
and—well, you'll love every minute of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Bonanza!

**The Mask of Dimitrios**

(Warners)

DIMITRIOS is an insidious, unscrupulous
fig packer who incites hatred wherever
he goes. Murder, treason, betrayal are an
everyday diet in the life of this remark-
able gentleman.

Peter Lorre, writer of mystery stories,
finds himself so fascinated with the un-
oral life of Dimitrios that he decides to
learn more about him. So from Sofia to
Geneva to Paris he travels and enroute
meets up with another fabulous character,
Sydney Greenstreet, also on the trail of
Dimitrios.

From Faye Emerson, former sweetheart
of the former fig packer, from Victor
Francen, employer of spies, and others,
Lorre, step by step, comes closer and
closer to the truth and at last with Green-
street he comes face to face with it.
The result? Well, there it lets down a bit into
hammy melodrama but, brother, you've
seen a good show up till then.
Lorre reminds again what a remarkable
actor he is even in straight roles and of
course Greenstreet is frightening and
awful and hooeyish all at once.

New to Zachary Scott who plays Dimi-
trios. There are times when he takes on
the very breath of evil itself and then
again he seems incongruously cast. And
yet, despite the conflict between the man
and the role he plays, there exists a
definite fascination.

Steven Geray, Florence Bates, Edward
Cianelli and Kurt Katch as well as Miss
Emerson and Victor Francen are so intelli-
gently cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A knockout chiller.
The Canterville Ghost (M-G-M)

The versatility of seven-year-old Margaret O'Brien to sustain the whimsy-fool intent of this charming story of American raiders who find lodgings in an English castle that is haunted by a cowardly ghost. Or at least he proved a coward way back 300 or more years ago and was doomed to his job as a night-watchman spook until some Canterville descendant performed a heroic act. The ghost could then retire to his grave in peace.

The last of the Canterville line, Lady Jessica, played by little Margaret, is living in the castle when the troops move in and it is discovered the American Robert Young is actually a Canterville descendent. The ghost, played by that plump old romp, Charles Laughton, warns Young the Cantervilles are really yellow at heart, so Young, filled with this fear, muffs his first chance—but inspired by little Margaret eventually comes through a hero by saving his entire troop from a terrific blockbuster.

To our notion Young was a little out of focus as far as the casting went. It needed a younger, perhaps more dashing type of fellow, but little O'Brien steals the picture anyway so what does it matter? Laughton, the mischief, is superb and Bill Gargan, Rags Ragland, Reginald Owen, Una O'Connor, Donald Stuart, Elizabeth Rior dan and Peter Lawford form a splendid working crew.

Your Reviewer Says: Everybody needs a good dose of fantasy this time of year.

The Invisible Man's Revenge (Universal)

SHHH, don't look behind you but that scientist is here again, that darling delightful sadistic (Continued on page 112)

Best Pictures of the Month

Mr. Skeffington
The Mask of Dimitrios
Bathing Beauty

Best Performances

Bette Davis in
"Mr. Skeffington"

Claude Rains in
"Mr. Skeffington"

Sydney Greenstreet in
"The Mask of Dimitrios"

Zachary Scott in
"The Mask of Dimitrios"

Peter Lorre in
"The Mask of Dimitrios"

YARDLEY

"BOND STREET"

PERFUME: $13.50, $8.50, $4.50, $2.50
FACE POWDER: 8 "English Complexion" shades, $1
LIPSTICK: in costume-keyed fall colors, $1
DRO SKIN CLEANSING CREAM: $1; large jar, $2

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ADV. BY M. W. AYER
$10.00 PRIZE
Overseas Echo

I HAVE been a movie fan for a long time
and at one time I worked in a theater,
thus giving me a better opportunity
to observe pictures and stars. Movie-star
fan clubs have also been a pastime of mine.
Right now I have been overseas for more
than a year and have seen plenty of
movies, numerous ones several times. But
I have only seen one "big" movie star in
a show over here. But that show was tops.
It was Christmas Eve in— and the
show was two hours late. The star and
her show had a previous engagement
and had to eat before they put on our show.
Even though they were tired from working
all day they put on a swell show for us.
It was very informal with only three
people in the cast, but it was good.
Halfway through the show the star was so
cold from performing in the beaten-up hangar
that she had to don a flying jacket, but still
the show went on. There was an actress
for you—and from someone born outside
of our boundaries but now one of us. It
was a swell informal show—no patriotic
hullabaloo.

My hat's off to Ella Logan!
Pet. Ken H. Seidel,
c/o PM. New York, N. Y.

$5.00 PRIZE
Big Tip on Big Names

HEY, movie aspirant, want to know how
to become a big name in the movies?
Get yourself drafted for the Army. The
cinema article, of course!
A few years ago, Bob Hope's publicity
agents worked long and diligently to put
him across with only mediocre results.
Then Mr. Hope made something called
"Caught In The Draft" and from then on
it was easy sailing.

Abbott and Costello made a rookie film
called "Buck Private" and right away
landed as No. 1 box-office stars. Lon
McCallister got top attention as a shy
draftee in "Stage Door Canteen."

Now Robert Walker, of meagre physical
endowments and meagre acting ability (as
far as I can discern), walks into "See Here,
Private Hargrove" and walks out a full-
flaged top star.

See what I mean, fellers?
Emily Lee Dove,
Jersey City, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
Blessings On a Young Sailor

On this evening of D-Day I came home
from my job at the defense plant and
there in my mailbox was the welcome
sight of "Photoplay." I dropped into a
chair and the magazine fell open to the
picture of a young sailor and his story, "I
Go To War." I read it straight through
before I turned another page.

Farley Granger! Several months ago I
saw him in "The North Star" and thought
to myself, "This boy just must be real—
he can't be only another actor!" I noticed it,
too, in "The Purple Heart." And now, once
again, I find the same qualities in the story,
"I Go To War."

It is necessary to believe that there are
boys like Farley Granger in the world, not just in
fiction! If there is Farley Granger, then
there are others and between them, after
the battle—with their clear-thinking, their
understanding of fellow humans, their
courage—they shall restore the world to
sanity. May God bless and keep them all!
C. L. Parker,
Santa Monica, Calif.

(Continued on page 26)
Snacks at the hamburger hangout are fun! But too many "fries" and double desserts may bring complexion blues. Go easy on rich foods. With sensible diet, daily scrubbing, your face can defy the keenest ogling. You can challenge costume closeups, too, on "those" days. Kotex sanitary napkins outwit telltale lines—for those patented Kotex ends are pressed flat—they don't show, because they're not thick, not stubby like some napkin ends. They're scientifically designed to keep Kotex snug-fitting... smoother!

Which is most likely to get the job?

□ The girl on the left
□ On the right
□ In the center

Want to launch your life career, or land an after-school job? That first interview is important! Be alert, brief, frank. Show the boss you mean business, and look it—like the girl on the right. Then, stick to your job, every working day. You can, with the help of Kotex. Kotex is more comfortable—has endur- ing softness, so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. No bunching, no roping, as flimsy napkins do. You'll find Kotex holds its shape... actually stays soft while wearing!

This is her lucky day for—

□ Honeymoon Bridge
□ Russian Bank
□ Gin Rummy

Too bad, sailor! But a gal can win some of the time, can't she? Today, she's lucky at Gin Rummy. And tomorrow, and at all times, a girl can be a winner at any social doing—when she plays safe about personal daintiness, especially at certain times, a powder deoder- ant is needed. That means Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, for sanitary napkins. Quest is unscented. It's the safe, sure way to avoid offending—to destroy all doubt completely!

Know your napkins—

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

TIPS FOR TEENS. To know how to stay in the fun... to know exactly what and what not to do on difficult days, send now for the free, newly-edited booklet, "As One Girl to Another". Puts you on the beam about grooming, sports, social contacts. Write to P. O. Box 3434, Chicago 54, Illinois.
For All-Out Loveliness try the New Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick

A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn

By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Whatever you’re doing—in or out of uniform—you’re terribly busy these days—and you want a lipstick that really stays! We’ve found that women everywhere are grateful to find a smooth, soft, flattering lipstick that clings to their lips for extra hours.

Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks give your lips that exquisite perfection you’ve always wanted. Not too moist, not too dry, they make your lips glow with a satiny, lineless finish. Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks come in four exciting shades—Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, Tangee Natural. So remember to try a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. And match it with Tangee Petal-Finish Rouge, and the remarkable new Tangee Petal-Finish Face Powder, for all-out loveliness!

Buy That Extra War Bond Today

Speak for Yourself
(Continued from page 24)

$1.00 PRIZE
Trigger-tongued Linguist

ATTENTION! I would like to salute one of the greatest comedians ever to hit Hollywood. This trigger-tongued blitz with a lingo like nobody’s business has really hit Hollywood with a bang!

A superb mimic, this tall, lean blond dynamo is a one-man musical comedy who leaves you exhausted with laughter at his amazing antics. T’is said he can rattle off fifty Russian composers in thirty-eight seconds, which is really going some.

His face is not only constantly in motion, but rather on the handsome side. He sings, too, and dances. There’s hardly anything this fellow can’t do.

Well, you must have guessed by now—this sensation is none other than Danny Kaye of Broadway and Goldwyn’s “Up In Arms” fame. May he continue to keep his audiences limp from laughter.

Virginia Vickery,
Hingham, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE
State-Wise

WE Kansans have a bone to pick with Hollywood studios! It is beginning to get a trifle monotonous to have the heroine or hero in various movies shyly report that he or she comes from Kansas. It isn’t that we mind the fact that movie characters do come from here, but in nearly every movie they keep repeating that if they don’t get married or become a howling success they will have to go back to Kansas.

Gee whiz, this state isn’t actually that bad! Not all of our towns and cities are named Bumpkin Corners or Cactus Falls. It’s true we have plenty of small towns, but I’m willing to bet that there are plenty of other states that are in a similar position. We realize that the characters have to be from some state, but must all of the dissatisfied ones be from Kansas?

Norma Lee Schultz,
Great Bend, Kan.

$1.00 PRIZE
Calling The Plumb Family

MY name is Jimmie Plumb; it was my father’s name and my son in the Army is Jimmie Plumb. One evening my wife and I dropped into a movie in the middle of a picture and we heard from the screen the name “Jimmie Plumb.”

Then we strained our ears and there it was and remained all through the picture. Perhaps the Smiths and the Browns are used to this, but it is a new thrill for the Plumb Family. We sent all our relatives to see the picture. It was Donald O’Connor in “This Is The Life.” It sure is.

James E. Plumb,
Utica, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Drama vs. Musicals

AFTER a steady diet of musicals that aren’t musical, comedies that aren’t funny, and war pictures, straight drama like “Gaslight” with plenty of emotion and suspense is a godsend. The story was gripping and the acting superb. Thinking it over afterward, I realized that Joseph Cotten and Charles Boyer could have exchanged roles and still portrayed believe-
able characters and that is, in my estimation, proof of two really good actors. Ingrid Bergman is, of course, one of the best.

I can't praise "Gaslight" highly enough; I can only say that knowing Hollywood can produce pictures like this makes me even more impatient with low-quality movies.

Elna W. Burchfield, 
Aliceville, Ala.

HONORABLE MENTION

WHY is Hollywood shortchanging the Protestants? Nearly every religious picture that Hollywood is producing is Catholic. Even the news items show only Catholic services in the jungles and other places of war activities. I'm not demanding that the Protestant faith be displayed on the screen any more than the Catholic or Jewish, but I do rightfully say—Protestants go to movies, too, so come on, Hollywood, play fair!

A movie-goer, 
Atlantic City, N. J.

EVEN though it is after twelve o'clock I knew I could not sleep a wink if I did not write to you and express my opinion of "Going My Way." The superb acting and those wonderful catchy songs summed up the entire picture to one word—colossal.

Bing, as usual, was wonderful, but who really stole into our hearts was that ingenious old character Barry Fitzgerald.

H. M. Logue, 
Newark, N. J.

HOW about a decent break for Philip Dorn? After finishing the dynamic "Underground," Metro promptly thanked Mr. Dorn for his spectacular performance by tossing him to the crocodiles in a "Tarzan" series!

Philip Dorn is quite a relief from Hollywood's usual run of "glamour boys," appeals to men and women alike. Hollywood, give Philip a break!

June C. Pumphrey, 
Long Beach, Calif.

FIVE years ago I came from Poland with my mother. We lived in a small village on a farm.

When I went to see "The North Star," I felt as if I were myself, although this picture was about Russia. I told my mother about it, and, that same night, I went again with her. I wanted to see it again but couldn't.

Theresa Fedorczyk, 
Newark, N. J.

I AM a Canadian and I am writing to thank Hollywood for the splendid aid rendered to us in our war effort. We would like to see more pictures about Canada at war. To my knowledge "Captains Of The Clouds" and "Corvette K-225" are the only good movies based on our contribution to the Allied cause. We like to feel we're shoulder-to-shoulder with our American Allies, whom we admire as "good neighbors" and a hard-fighting nation.

Donald McMurchy, 
Huttonville, Canada.

THE motion-picture industry has gone a long way in producing pictures dealing with the common, everyday life of ordinary people and after seeing " Tender Comrade" I am more than ever convinced of this fact. I have never seen a motion picture that was so very true to life as this one.

Gay Eagle, 
Lonoke, Ark.


LOST: One husband's Heart

Another quarrel! Bill was drifting away from Kay. If only she could understand his coldness! Then she went to see Dr. S. Quite frankly, he told her about the "one neglect" most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene.

He advised Lysol, the method so many modern wives use. See what happened!

FOUND: A second Honeymoon

Bill and Kay—happy as newlyweds again! As Dr. S. told Kay, Lysol disinfectant is an effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes. Yet is so gentle used in the douche; won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. Just follow simple directions. Lysol is easy to use, economical—and it works! Try it for feminine hygiene.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains only free alkali. It is not carbochlor acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread, thus virtually search out germs in the deep crevices. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for the douche.

Clearly odor—disappears after use. Deodorizes completely. Lasting—keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

Lysol Disinfecting Liquid

Lysol Disinfecting Wipes

Lysol Disinfecting Tissues

Copp., 1946, by Lysol Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-44, Address: Lysol & Fink, 653 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
OF MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT

THE MOST WARMLY HUMAN STORY . . .
THE MIGHTIEST PANORAMA OF THRILLS EVER FILMED!

Five women in love!
Intrigue in Washington!
Flaming passions at Versailles! Famous stars . . . 12,000 players . . . surging through 200 sets . . .
echoing with 87 beloved songs!

Darryl F. Zanuck's

WILSON

in TECHNICOLOR!

ALEXANDER KNOX • CHARLES COBURN
GERALDINE FITZGERALD • THOMAS MITCHELL
RUTH NELSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
VINCENT PRICE • WILLIAM EYTHE • MARY ANDERSON
AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

HENRY KING

Directed by

LAMAR TROTTI

Written for the Screen by

THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN 50 YEARS OF MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!
Deanna's in love

—with Felix Jackson, forty-three, a man of intelligence and charm. The newest news about a rare romance

DEANNA'S in love again; this time with Felix Jackson. Felix, a European, a musician and writer, currently Deanna's producer, and forty-three years old, is the third or fourth gentleman who has besieged her troubled heart during the past year while she has been divorcing Vaughn Paul. Vaughn, remember, was Deanna's first love. For here lies the motivation of her human and romantic story.

Preceding Felix, unless rumor is false, there was another man, also fortyish, with enough charm to get the birds out of the trees. But he was not free. For a few short weeks Hollywood held its breath lest catastrophe befal the girl it loved and the man it liked. Meanwhile, no doubt, there were heart-breaking talks as the two tried to help each other find the courage to call quits before harm was done. It was a hard pull, but, as a rule, they succeeded, to their great credit.

Then Deanna was seen here and there with her old friend, Henry Willson. Probably she was convinced she couldn't be serious about anyone again for a long, long time. If so, she underestimated the adaptability of youth and the attraction of one.

Possibly not. It is known that Felix is inclined to be possessive. They were not new acquaintances, Deanna and Felix. Ever since she was a little girl they have known each other when Felix worked as a writer on several of her early pictures. He had, however, just become her producer, just been brought back from Metro to replace Bruce Manning who had been sent on an Army mission overseas. "Hers To Hold" was in the middle of production. But Felix picked up the reins so quietly and smoothly that there was no upheaval. Deanna made her recordings, reported on the set and went for wardrobe fittings as meticulously as usual.

Then came a day when Felix had occasion to reprimand her. Without his permission she had ordered the projection room to show some rushes of her picture for her friends. "I'm the producer," Felix told her. "I'll order rushes shown—when I want them shown!"

Deanna conceded his point and promised, (Continued on page 100)
Alice with Alice Jr., who, overcome by her new little sister, politely asks every visitor to please "take the baby home with you."
Know Alice Faye

A different person after the birth of her second daughter, she's now talking about something you were afraid she'd never mention again.

Family foursome: Mr. and Mrs. Phil Harris, daughters Alice Junior and new baby Phyllis

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Alice Faye, who has twice gone down to the very shadow of the valley of death that she might know the joys of motherhood, has emerged the second time with a very different attitude toward her career and her studio.

So, to say I was surprised the day she came in from the Valley to see me, with a new gleam in her eyes, a fresh alertness about her I hadn't seen in three years, is putting it mildly. She was wearing red-and-blue pajamas, her blonde hair beautifully groomed and looking as if she had just come from the hairdresser's. Phyllis, her second baby, was just five weeks old—and Alice had driven into town with Phil, who was rehearsing for a radio program.

I reminded her that five weeks after Alice was born she hadn't raised her head from a pillow, that when she finally had regained her strength she had wanted no interviews, that she had turned down all Fox's pleasant offers to work with "I'm tired—I'm not well enough to work. I want to devote the rest of my life to being with Phil and the baby."

What a different Alice this was—a girl excited over the possibility of her return to the screen and already busy with plans for her first picture. "I know now, Louella," she said, "that I will never give up my work. I told the studio I would make only one picture a year—but if I get another good story—don't be surprised if I make two or three."

Was I hearing right? I could hardly believe my ears. Of course I wanted to know what had brought about this change in her plans.

"The change is in my health—and a change in my mental attitude," she admitted. "When you are ill nothing seems important to you but those who are closest and dearest in your life. When Alice was born I had thought I was going to lose my life. It made me think I wanted to spend every precious moment with her with nothing to divert me from my baby and Phil."

"But after that ordeal—I should think it would have made you more fearful about having a second child. Weren't you frightened to go through it all again in so short a time? And why did you?"

"Both Phil and I adore children and we wanted a family. There were a few bad moments at first when I realized I was going to have a second child. I thought, 'Maybe this is foolish. I am so happy with Phil and little Alice.' Two babies within twenty-four months is really having a family in a short time. But I got over that line of thinking in a hurry. I knew I wanted this baby as much as I had wanted the first one."

"There was only one other bad moment in the whole time of waiting. That was when they wheeled me into surgery. You see, I was completely conscious all the time I was having Phyllis. I took a spinal anesthetic which does not make the mother unconscious but just deadens the pain. I knew all that was going on. The minute I saw little Phyllis I was ashamed of my moment of fear and worry."

"It will never cease to be amazing to me that the little blonde torch singer who used to give swimming parties when she was my next-door neighbor and sometimes sang under my window, has put so much dignity into being a mother. Of all the young actresses I have known, I would have said that Alice was the least likely to risk her life twice because she wanted children."

I KNEW her so well in those early days after Rudy Vallee brought her to Hollywood, one of the first girl singers with a name band. There are many such singers today. But Alice was the first to create interest in the throaty, husky type of feminine cooing that won her not only acclaim from the younger generation, but a motion-picture contract with Twentieth Century-Fox as well.

When I first met her she was making "George White's Scandals" for Winnie Sheehan. Her hair was as silvery white as Jean Harlow's famous platinum locks and her eyebrows were plucked into a thin line à la Dietrich. Alice was painfully self-conscious and she had many mannerisms when she sang. Sometimes she twisted her mouth into such funny shapes that the lovely resonant quality of her voice seemed lost. In those early days she worked too hard at putting over a number. I used to wonder how long she would last. 'It's because she is content to just trail along in Rudy Vallee's wake' I thought—and in that, I couldn't have been more mistaken. Her broken romance with Vallee may have hit Alice hard—but her real improvement did not begin until (Continued on page 101)
IT IS perpetually bewildering, this attraction between the sexes. In Hollywood, for instance, there are girls who are lovely to look at, rich and famous, opulent hostesses who, virtually, have no beaus at all. If I wanted to be unkind—which I do not—I could name half a dozen top-ranking stars who rarely go anywhere because there is a shortage of men for dates. Their escorts at those functions they must attend are young men under contract at their studios, young men only too happy to be seen and photographed with great and “glamorous” stars.

Other girls sometimes equally famous and sometimes less so have a constant stream of men trailing them, whatever they do, wherever they go. . . . One thing I have noticed, however, is that certain women have appeal for certain types of men. Some Hollywood girls, for instance, always attract foreigners, others attract men considerably older than they or younger, and so on.

Olivia de Havilland is one of the exceptions to this rule, with great charm for a variety of men probably because she is a dual personality. For while Livvie is a bachelor girl independent to a degree and entirely oblivious to things that do not interest her at the moment, she is also contrarily, distinctly a one man’s woman who adores, but utterly, one man at a time.

I saw Livvie and Major John Huston at luncheon the other day with Artur Rubinstein, the pianist. And I remembered the days when Livvie and Jimmy Stewart, now a lieutenant colonel in the ' coordinated forces,' would be musicians.
Another appeal question mark: Lana Turner

Men Prefer—

them. Here are their favorites named—

BY ELSA MAXWELL

our Air Force, adored each other. Jimmy, at
dinner parties, used to sit with a starry look in
his eyes and—not playing or singing too well—
erenade Livvie with “Judy.” Livvie would sit
on the floor by the piano and gaze at Jimmy
completely fascinated as one by one my dinner
guests and I would steal from the room, unable
to endure Jimmy’s singing “Judy” once more,
much as we loved him and Livvie.

The day of the Rubinstein luncheon Livvie,
recently returned from the Aleutians, which is a
dangerous trip because the flying conditions are
so bad, talked of Jimmy and the fine brave effort
he has put into this war.

“I have always known he would make any
grade he wanted,” she said. “He is so capable.
Also so charming. He’s billeted now with English
friends of mine in the country. They adore him!”

She talked of Jimmy with warm friendship,
but her eyes were warm upon Major John Hus-
ton, recently returned from Salerno, where he
saw much action. John, by the way, is very much
Jimmy’s type. These two gentlemen, however,
have little or nothing in common with Livvie’s
other admirers; with Jock Whitney, Howard
Hughes, Errol Flynn and George Brent, to name
a few.

Veronica Lake delights foreigners. Andre De
Toth, the Hungarian director, is her big moment
at this writing. Before him, among others, there
were Jean Negulesco and the young Baron Phillip
de Rothschild. Phillip (Continued on page 69)
Thank You, Irene Dunne

... unfolding the gentle mystery of a lovely lady

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

O F COURSE you have all written Thank You notes for gifts, for hospitality and congratulations, for a friend’s sympathy in your sorrows. So you’ll understand when I announce right here that this is a Thank You story.

For a long time I’ve been wanting to say Thank You to Irene Dunne and I have a hunch that when you stop to think about it a good many of you will be glad of the chance to join me.

In a way, I suppose we express a thank you when we go to see her pictures. I never miss a picture she’s in, never have. Her name is to me always a guarantee of some moments of entertainment and beauty even if by chance the picture shouldn’t be good. But when Irene Dunne is concerned it seems to me we have more than just her acting, her personal charm and her voice for which to be grateful. Something goes far beyond that. Something reassuring, comforting, absolutely real, shines through from inside and reaches your heart and spirit, like the sight of the plum tree putting forth its blossoms while the snow is still on the ground, like an airplane fighting its way above a storm or a small boat braving a rough sea.

When she was in New York recently, I decided I’d like to see her again, to talk with her since her great triumph in “A Guy Named Joe” and her personal success in “White Cliffs Of Dover.” Her days in New York were limited and she had a lot to do, so I went up to have breakfast with her one morning.

The suite in the Waldorf Towers was strictly hotel stuff and Miss Dunne, floating in lightly, had left it just as she found it except for pictures of her husband Dr. Frank Griffin and her daughter Mary Frances on the white mantel in the drawing room. She had come East on business and business was being done, as anybody could see, pretty efficiently. The third year of the war found a good many women who hadn’t really shopped for a long time down to their last rags—literally. While Miss Dunne tied up hat boxes to be returned, I told her how shocked and furious I had been when a favorite dress, already three years old in 1942, had suddenly had the impudence to go right through at the elbows—and she laughed and said she knew exactly, it had happened to her, too, and she’d thought, of course, if she was willing to wear them they’d last out the war.

Miss Dunne wore white, a simple housecoat with nothing but good lines to recommend it. Her hair, which is much lighter than you figure from seeing her on the screen, a real autumn red-brown, lay smoothly about her head. Her blue-gray eyes are really gray-green or any of those in-between shades—but a warm, dark gray, with very black lashes and fine black arched brows. She wore a dusting of powder over a skin that had obviously been washed in soap and water not very long before and a hasty bit of lipstick, the kind of make-up you put on when you get up in the morning. But the serenity of her beauty was exactly the same as when I saw her a few nights later at the theater, made up and dressed up and very elegant indeed, as a movie star must be when she goes out in public in New York.

In the morning light she looked some ten years younger than she has to be, since she was starred by Ziegfeld in “Show Boat.” Looking at her then I was aware that she will always be lovely—she is lovely in youth and she will be lovely in all of her life. It’s your utter conviction of that which is one of the things she has to give—one of the things that warms the heart of every woman who looks at her.

HER manners, I noted, have easy grace without fuss and feathers and yet—they are definitely manners. Not exactly old-fashioned, but ever so slightly formal. Gracious as she is you don’t somehow see anybody taking liberties with her or being slipshod about the little things. You imagine that in the big, comfortable house in Holmby Hills, where she lives with her doctor husband and her adopted daughter, the people who serve her love her but—they don’t try to put anything over on her!

The echo of Kentucky, where she was born, is stronger in her off-screen speech than it is on; you find yourself remembering that she’s from Louisville all right.

We talked about a lot of things—the war first, of course, how long it might last, and about how people in these times of pain and extremity are turning back to God for help. About New York, which she loves, and how it has changed and sort of—jellied, settled down at last to a tremendous personality of its own, like London. About the way to bring up children and the juvenile delinquency problem. (And about bringing up children I found Miss Dunne a little old-fashioned, inclined to believe that parents were given authority and responsibility and had better look to them both.) The conversation wasn’t
any different than that of any two women who know each other slightly. They haven't met for years but feel they might have a good deal in common.

All the time, though, I was thinking and remembering and trying to put together what it is that Miss Dunne has that nobody else has.

I thought it might be something you want your daughter to have—something nameless, but I kept on trying.

Years ago when radio was less magnificent than it is now, I used to do occasional unheared interviews with Hollywood stars. One never-to-be-forgotten evening I had Irene Dunne and Jean Harlow on a joint session. Miss Dunne had just scored a terrific hit as that wonderful American pioneer woman in Edna Ferber's "Cimmaron." And Jean was sensational at the time because it was the second of her platinum blonde sex appeal. They seemed, sure enough, an oddly assorted pair and I wondered how things would go. Jean was always inclined to be edgy and a little on the defensive because of the roles she played and Irene Dunne, I thought, might be a wee bit stuffy.

But it was Miss Dunne who put the show over. Her genuine, her warm interest, her un-expected gaiety swept both Jean and me along with her and I realized then that she would always get along with anybody anywhere, if she wanted to. Even if she was really interested, she was really friendly.

When Leo McCarey, my selection for one of the three best directors Hollywood has ever produced and I'll prove it with his latest success, "Going My Way," decided to cast Irene Dunne for one of his maddest comedies, everybody thought he had gone stark raving nuts. Dunne? In comedy? His best friends took him off in corners and argued with him. Fine actress. Beautiful girl. Nice person. But—not comedy. Leo's stubborn Irish answer was the Academy Award winner "The Awful Truth." Leo is a creative genius and a tough, sentimental, piano-playing temperament, with a real heart-understanding of human beings. I once wrote a story for him over long unhappy months when everything went wrong and finally he read it up and Howard Hughes landed in court about it. During those hectic and sometimes grim days, I found that the woman—may be the person—that Leo admired most in the world was Irene Dunne. Not just because of her superlative performances in his "Awful Truth" and the even more spectacular "Love Affair." But because—well, she was great to work with, she was inspirational, she had a crazy sense of humor—sure—but—

He'd talk about her and the days when they were making pictures; he'd underline her patience and her good cheer and how she'd take any kind of a mad joke on the set but always come back at you, you never got the best of her. And still he couldn't quite find the answer either, I thought, remembering all he'd said.

Of course there was music. I have never lose the rest of your life.

Music, in Irene Dunne's early life, was as necessary as breathing and when it turned out that she had a crystal voice with a nightingale quality — of course she went on with it.

For a while, like most girls, she determined to be a nun. You almost always do, in the pomposity and beauty of a convent. But she didn't have a vocation and soon knew it — and so she went out to become a singer—or a teacher. It seems to me there's something I'm reaching for in those two possible professions, the only two she ever considered—teaching and singing. To give something to others. To find her own life in either teaching children or in music which is perhaps the greatest gift you can give to others.

Yet all musicians are by no means on the giving side. They can be difficult. They haven't that special quality which Irene Dunne has, not many of them, her means.

Life has never been harsh or difficult for this girl from the Blue Grass country. Her home was a charming and delightful one. The Dunnes weren't rich, but her father was an important man in the United States Government, a supervisor of steamships. Her school life was pleasant, they belonged to the kind of folks that are the backbone of America. When she was only a kid she won a singing contest in Chicago, and with that under her belt went on to New York and before she hardly got her breath, Ziegfeld had chosen her for "Shuffle Along." In Hollywood, "Cimmaron" made her a star overnight.

In 1927 she met and married Dr. Francis Griffen and she's still married to him, very happily—in spite of the fact that for many years they lived on different sides of the continent, she working in Hollywood, the doctor keeping his offices and practice in New York, so that they met only on their vacations.

Having children of her own. (Continued on page 99)
Seen at Camp Crowder: Lon McCallister of Fox’s “Winged Victory”
Naturally—Lena Horne
Story of an American phenomenon, a great interpreter of great music, a delightful person intriguing to meet

BY

ELLIOT PAUL

Hollywood scenario writer and author of "The Last Time, I Saw Paris"

HAVING seen Lena Horne on the screen, always glowing with animation, her face and movements expressing a song that transformed her into an exotic creature of some half world on the borderlines of jazz, I was pleasantly surprised when, entering a quiet peaceful room, I saw sitting near the window, her slender body relaxed and quiescent, her lovely oval face in repose, the real Lena Horne.

None of us who rub elbows with the screen stars has escaped disappointing experiences on meeting in person an actor who, stripped of the goods he had been taught so well to sell, seemed less than we had expected. Under those conditions we wonder just what it was that thrilled us, how much of it came from the artist, how much from ourselves or from elsewhere. This was the opposite of what happened when I met Lena Horne.

Immediately I realized that her performances, in musicals that were for the most part unworthy of her talents, were like a series of masks that she put on reluctantly and took off with relief. None of this disappointment with the material that had been handed her showed through to mar her acts. Certain things were expected of her, certain showmen had conceived ideas of her, and she always had tried to enter into the spirit of the show and contribute what she could. What saddened and depressed her were the things she wasn’t permitted or encouraged to express.

In spite of its popularity, the hold it has on American generations, its influence on all our shows and our arts, Negro music is little understood by the public and in many cases, an astonishing number, by its practitioners. And of the various kinds of Negro music and musical influence, the purest of all, nicknamed "jazz," is more often misused, misunderstood and badly diluted than any other.

"I never knew what 'blues' were until I got to Cafe Society," Lena said to me frankly. This from an artist who had danced in the chorus and sang in the heyday of the old Cotton Club, who had toured the land with "colored" shows, appeared with "hot" orchestras, made "blues" records and stirred the pulse of our broad land of the free since she had graduated from high school.

That simple statement, if one thinks about it, tells a bookful about music in America. According to Miss Horne, who not only sings but tries to understand what she is doing, the public confusion about jazz, blues, barrel-house, torch songs and just plain corn is not discouraging.

"Ellington, for instance," Miss Horne explained, "gets effects that no white band on earth would be likely to duplicate. I'm not weighing the music or one race or land or time against another. I mean that musical personalities, like Duke Ellington, enrich present-day music with qualities that do not copy the Dixie-land style, which so many jazzmen contend is the beginning and the end of jazz."

Miss Horne looked at me hopefully, with those expressive brown eyes. I tried to convey that she was speaking my language and that she need not hesitate to say whatever was on her mind.

"I like all kinds of music . . . " They hesitated, groping for the exact word.

She smiled. "If it's good," she said.

Miss Horne is the kind of thoughtful conversationalist who does not think talking, especially talking about what is very close to the heart of both parties to the conversation, has to be kept bopping back and forth through the air like a badminton gadget. She is not afraid of a pause, or a moment in which to formulate the next remark or reply.

How rare it is to see a talented young woman, anxious to please, ambitious, earnest, sensitive, who does not fidget in her chair, who makes no unnecessary gestures, whose forehead is not straining to put something over, who doesn't wring her hands, or extend them, palms upward, who once having crossed her exquisite legs feels no momentary impulse to (Continued on page 106)
Symphony in blue: Lena Horne of M-G-M's "Two Girls And A Sailor"
WALTER PIDGEON once had stolen from him by a royal thief credit for starting a worldwide fashion. Credit for a second trend of intercontinental proportions—the business of being nuts about Walter Pidgeon—is solely his. He may be the most undiscovered gent in Hollywood, for no one producer, no one director, no one picture “made” him. He just kept on being himself until he finally crept into the top-billing sector of the cinema ads; and, having arrived there, he should remain practically forever.

The story of the stolen style is a good one. It was in 1920. Pidgeon had just been given a job by one of his early discoverers, Elsie Janis, and had been taken to London to be her leading man in a revue, “At Home,” at the Shaftesbury Theatre. During rehearsals he ate and even took tea in a near-by tea shop, where a waitress was thrilled at serving a real, handsome actor. Pidgeon gave the young woman a gallery ticket for the opening night and her delight and gratitude were boundless. When he arrived in his dressing room across from Miss Janis’s he found a box of home-grown red carnations, with a note of appreciation from the waitress who had raised them in her little back yard.

As he was changing for a scene during the progress of the show—a number requiring full dress—Pidgeon’s eyes lighted on the box. “It will give the girl a thrill if I wear one of these,” he thought. So he put a red carnation in the lapel of his tailcoat.

After the show an old friend of Miss Janis came backstage to congratulate her—the Prince of Wales, the world’s unsurpassed glamour boy. The pin-up Highness met Pidgeon and said, “That flower in your buttonhole was interesting. Have you got any more?” The actor gave him a red carnation and the Prince, putting it in his own lapel, grinned and said, “You have started a new fashion—but I’m afraid you won’t get the credit for it.” H. R. H. Edward was right on both counts.

We know what has happened to Pidgeon since then, and to the Prince of Wales. If I were in London I’d like to find out whatever happened to the waitress.

Pidgeon’s good looks have improved with the years—which now number forty-five—and are the happy kind which men don’t mind yet which give females the beautiful flutters. But, should they fade, the personality will be there, and the ability before the camera—for these are the simple and permanent result of a lifetime spent being Walter
Women sigh over Walter; men admire him. The reaction to this brief-and-better review on him will be quite the same

**BY**

**JOHN CHAPMAN**

Outdoors man—with a flourish: Walter and his wife Ruth Walker in their garden. He's a good cook, an inveterate pipe-smoker, a dignified style-setter for men

Pidgeon, of East St. John, N. B.

Not all male stars are attractive to men, who are violently prejudiced; and women sometimes snort because of male enthusiasm over some likely frail whom her sisters just can't see. When you have a star who is popular with both sexes you can relax on riches; just keep him working for his agent and his manager and you're all set.

Pidgeon has just completed the third film in which he is Greer Garson's husband, and every time the picture was named for her. First she was Mrs. Miniver, next she was Madame Curie and now she has become Louis Bromfield's Mrs. Parkington. Some day somebody should give the other half of the team a break and think up a picture simply titled "Mr. and Mrs."

Pidgeon's career, although it is no saga of rags to riches, does involve some struggle. First was a year-and-a-half fight to live after an injury suffered in World War I. Walter, a Canadian field artilleryman, was crushed between two gun carriages at Camp Petawawa. He served out the rest of the war in a hospital, licking pneumonia, pleurisy and even tuberculosis, and was pronounced cured only a month before the Armistice.

A wounded war veteran who had never got overseas, he went to Boston looking for work. He invented a stage career and lied his way into E. E. Clive's stock company, but after a few months of this decided to become a financier and hired out as a bank clerk. Once he earned $10 singing at a party given by a bank client, and here it was that a discoverer turned up. One of the party guests was Fred Astaire, and Fred said (Continued on page 73)
I wonder if Betty Grable, Alice Faye and Gene Tierney ever pass each other out at Twentieth Century-Fox and say to themselves: “What’s she got that I haven’t got?” ... Although I am supposed to be hep to what’s going on with the movie set, I must admit being always a little amazed when I read someone like Joan Fontaine is announcing her marriage is through, especially when only a few days before this news Joan tells me that she and Brian Aherne are very contented.

Metro must have a Ziegfeld complex, for they made “The Great Ziegfeld,” then “The Ziegfeld Girl,” and now they are making the “Ziegfeld Follies.” With all their star players and new material and songs, they could have started the Metro Follies, but at that, it is nice to introduce “Ziegfeld” to another generation of entertainment shoppers.

I should like to sit in on a story conference for a picture with Sam Goldwyn as the producer, Mike Curtiz, the director and Gregory Ratoff, the author of the original story. That would be “the battle of the accents” ... My favorite view of Hollywood is from the top of Sunset Strip, looking down on a bowl of varied colored electric bulbs. And I couldn’t get excited when I saw Catalina on a clear day. ... Clark Gable looks exactly like what a movie hero should look like. ... Ann Sheridan may be your idea of a sexy actress and that she is, but I must admit that it is Anne Baxter who sends me. Miss
for you!

names that make the best news in town

Baxter, by the way, occasionally forgets to pull down her shades and if it weren't for the OPA, rents would have gone up in her neighborhood.

I do not miss what used to be called vaudeville, for as I cover the Hollywood beat I can see a better vaudeville bill any afternoon than ever played the famous Palace Theater. Curtain going up, and the opening act is Gene Kelly doing a dance routine. From there I wander to a recording stage and listen to Lena Horne singing a song. Then for an act that is different I catch Sonja Henie doing her skating exhibition and I sit there and watch for as long as I desire. Not a bad bill so far, eh?

Then, while they're setting the stage for the dramatic sketch—all good shows at the Palace featured a dramatic sketch—I can drop in and watch a hunk of talent like Mickey Rooney do his imitations. By now the set is staged for the dramatic act and none other than William Powell and Myrna Loy come on and do a scene from the picture they are making. Then, if a novelty act is required, I walk over to where Gypsy Rose Lee is doing her stuff in front of a camera and this is a novelty act, for Gypsy Rose Lee is working with clothes on.

For a hot band number there is Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra which is a sure show-stopper and then to close this Hollywood vaudeville bill there is the line of snappy chatter and wise-cracks from those (Continued on page 104; continued on next page)
Personal History: Originally produced some twenty-five years ago in Tulsa, Oklahoma, as Phyllis Isley, she was later reproduced by Hollywood as Jennifer Jones.

Current Beau: She claims, “No one”; the columnists clamor, “Navy Lt. Bob Taplinger—ex-publicity man.” But the facts are she stays home more evenings than not.

Worst fault: Laziness—she’s the modern Sleeping Beauty. She can sleep anywhere, any time; and she has to drive herself to everything in life, from housekeeping to business appointments.

Pet hates: Low heels on tall girls; the three songs “I Want To Be Happy,” “Trees” and “The Donkey Serenade”; insincere people; and coffee.

Favorite clothes: High-heeled shoes (which alone make this tall girl feel short!), and suits in the three colors, yellow, pale blue and red.

What she can cook the best: Brownies—dewy inside and crunchy outside. Alas, despite years in the kitchen, she can cook nothing else well; which is why she and her former husband ate most of their meals at drugstore counters... until money and a cook entered their home.

Favorite flower: Violets—in bunches she can carry around and sniff. She never wears flowers, fresh or false, at all.

What spells happiness: The games she plays with her two little sons Bobby and Michael.

Best woman friend: Ruth King of Tulsa, Oklahoma—who’s been Jennifer’s closest friend since school days long ago.

What she wants in a husband: This goes under the title, “Mood of the Moment.” For she doesn’t want a husband at all!

Ideal home: It will be French Provincial or early American—with furniture you can curl upon, colorful drapes and a dancing fire. Outside there’ll be a tennis court and flower gardens; but no swimming pool for many years. Not until small Bob and Michael can both vote and swim!

Ex-boy friends: Just one—who is also her estranged husband Robert Walker. They met in school and parted in Hollywood, five years later.

Pet form of entertainment: Dancing, once a month, in night clubs; eating chili or banana pie; and lounging around with her feet on a chair talking to the few people she sees and likes.

Happiest moments: They happen when she has a whole free afternoon—she just relaxes. She plays the piano; or walks for hours alone down country roads; or reads Ben Hecht’s and Thomas Mann’s short stories; or plays games with her two little sons, or sits (for hours) in the sun dreaming and turning a chocolate brown. “I must be,” says she happily, “part Mexican!”

Favorite book: Robert Nathan’s “Portrait of a Jenny.”

What she’d be like as a wife: If all he wanted were Jennifer, she’d be tops. But if he wanted a housekeeper a cook, an ambitious hostess and a brisk companion—he better start courting somebody else! For Jennifer is just Jennifer—lovely, talented, easy-going and full of fun. House dresses don’t become her and vacuum cleaners never come to her hand!

Favorite inanimate object: A sun-deck—where she lies toasting by the hour.
Piecing together the diverse—and delightful—life of one of Hollywood’s newest and nicest names

What she wants to be doing when fifty: Acting, acting, acting—in any kind of role. She’d also like to see often her sons and their sons.

What most gets on her nerves: A dripping faucet. She can hear that “plink-plink” from any place in the house once she’s in bed; she writhes in agony until she finally shoots out of bed to stop the racket.

Bravest moment: Not one the day long—she’s afraid of everything, including the dark! She was determined to be brave over the birth of her two sons, but they each arrived in the world in twenty minutes flat, thus breaking all existing records in New York State!

Cross her fingers—she’s thinking of something nice that might happen to her.

Greatest thrill: She shared it with 2,000 people when, at “The Song Of Bernadette” at the Carthay Circle Theater in Los Angeles, she, and they, saw Jennifer for the first time on the screen.

Most careless habit: Like a pack-rat, she leaves something wherever she goes—a purse, a hat, a handkerchief, or gloves.

Proudest achievement: Her sons, whom she openly adores.

Cook is in the kitchen: She cooks brownies well, but that’s her one culinary achievement.

Habit she’s trying to break herself of: Sleeping. At eight o’clock every night she longs to take the phone off the hook and the coverlet off her bed and turn in for eleven hours straight! “But my goal is six hours’ sleep and no more,” says she sadly, and she’s trying hard to make herself stay upright for eighteen hours a day!

Most frightening moment: When a cruel prankster phoned to tell her that some children were in the Emergency Hospital after a dreadful automobile accident—and for hours of horror she thought that her sons and their nurse had been injured. When they walked through the front door, hale and hearty, she fainted from shock. This was someone’s idea of a gag . . . but whose if not Frankenstein’s?

Greatest virtues: Her quiet dignity about herself, her love for her children, her almost magical quality as an actress and her warm friendliness to anyone, great or small.

What she doesn’t suspect about herself: That, because she played Bernadette breathtakingly after little acting experience and because she smilingly hides every deep detail of her private life, she is regarded as one of the most mysterious women who ever appeared in Hollywood! She’ll do as Hollywood’s Sphinx until the real one comes along.

The End
Radiance: Ann Miller of Columbia's "Battleship Blues"
SHE was sitting in the Brown Derby looking amazingly glamorous, with an unusually fine catch of silver foxes hung like trophies around her slim shoulders, and a pair of eighty-carat topazes glowing like golden ice at her throat. Well dressed, and anyone who didn't know she was a movie star would know she ought to be...

"Hello, Ann,--" said another girl, passing the table. This one was inexpensively dressed, and the moment she had spoken her cheeks turned tomato with embarrassment. "I mean—Miss Miller—" she stammered.

"Why, hello,--" said Ann, and you'd never guess by her voice that she hadn't ever seen the other girl before. As a matter of fact, it was exactly the same voice she'd been using on actors and agents and other friends who'd been stopping at her table all afternoon.

"Gee, Miss Miller, you must think I'm awfully fresh—" The stranger was pitifully distressed. "I never done anything like that before. You see, I've just been across the street seeing 'Jam Session'—and you were so swell in it—and then I was going to see a friend of mine in the kitchen here—and there you were sitting when I came in—and I felt just like I knew you—"

"Why not?" said Ann. "I've done the same thing myself. Just the other night I walked into a restaurant, and there was Gary Cooper. I started to wave and say 'Hello, Gary!' I just stopped myself in time—"

"You mean you don't know Gary Cooper?"

"Oh, there's a lot of them I don't know. Anyhow, from now on you do know me. Be sure and say hello again, sometime."

There can't be a much better way to let you know as quickly, and as positively, what a frank, simple, "everyday" kind of person this Miller girl is.

To begin with, she is lovely in a spectacular sort of way. A cloud-burst of black-brown hair, contrasting a skin like pre-war vanilla ice cream, with red lips that turn up and black-fringe lashes that swoop down. Her features have an almost doll-like perfection and her eyes are so dark a blue they are best described as navy. She is five-feet five-and-a-half and regally sculpted, as befits a Tap Queen. On the set she is usually sheathed in sequins and gold fringe, fitted so close they crowd her skin, and a breathless length of silken stocking. Off the set, her flawless complexion allows her to do unexpected things with dramatic colors like grape and jade, deep pinks and bold reds. On or off, she's a vivid, striking figure, the kind of beauty who, if she wanted to be haughty, has all the equipment for it.

Her career has been equally extraordinary. Ann was born in Houston, Texas, the state which, next to fighting men, exports celluloid charmers. She is French and Irish, with a touch of Cherokee, and Sarah the divine Bernhardt was one of her great-great-great relatives. Almost from birth her time-table of events read like something put together by Ripley: Champ of several Better and Most Beautiful Baby contests before she could walk; winner of a Bathing Beauty cup soon after she could talk. "Most Popular Radio Personality" on the Texas ether at the age of eight, and deluged by fan mail from males who mistook her throaty torching of "My Man" and other sophisticated ballads as something on the more adult side.

At eleven she was playing a leading dramatic role in a Hollywood little theater production; two years later she was dancing in a swank San Francisco night club, reaping orchids and smash notes and turning down invitations from socialites who never guessed she had yet to reach the ripe old age of thirteen. At fourteen and fifteen (although her contract now read "eighteen") she was an RKO featured player, drawing hand-claps from the critics in such screen super as "New Faces," "Radio Revels," "Stage Door," "You Can't Take It With You" and "Room Service." At sixteen as the sensation of George White's "Scandals," she had earned that title dreamed of by every actress in the world—"The Toast of... (Continued on page 74)
By request: Poll winner Dana Andrews of Fox's "Wing And A Prayer" with his Kathy.
Bring up these subjects to Dana Andrews and you'll get action—with these reactions

Texas—a smile.
He lived there as a boy, Preacher Andrews’ son whom the citizens sighed over—and loved.

Milk—pleasure.
He relishes the beverage, drinks at least three quarts daily.

New Year’s Day—a lifted eyebrow.
That’s his birthday, and he wonders how in the world you ever guessed it.

Deer hunt—elation.
It’s one of his deep interests; he’s ever-ready to regale you with some of his “hunt” stories.

David—pride.
His son, ten years old, an avid follower of the “Lone Ranger” and “Ellery Queen.”

Mary—love.
The name of his wife, a happy little person who’s mis-

Chess—attention.
He’s a fair player, enjoys the game, wants to be a good player someday soon.

Thirteen—a grin.
He was one of thirteen children and thinks it’s a lucky number.

Bus-drivers—sympathy.
His first year in Hollywood was spent as a bus-
driver link in the American transportation system.

Carver—a grimace.
It is his first name; he didn’t like it and dropped it as soon as he was old enough to think about it.

Butcher shop—a reminiscent twinkle.
He once worked as a butcher’s boy in his jack-of-
many-trades youth.

Economics—intensity.
He majored in it at Sam Houston College, is still deeply interested in the facts and figures.

Kathy—joy.
That’s the name of his small daughter on whom he looks with the proverbial apple-of-my-eye expression.

Recordings—deep interest.
He loves music, can be found most any night with a book and a glass of beer, listening to his fine collection of records.
FOR LOVE

Naming some names—as to which stars work for the love of acting and which for the pot of gold.

For love or for money—why do they come here, the Smiths and the Joneses from the four corners of the land? Do they want to be great actors and actresses? Or are they looking for a pot of gold? Or is it fame they want? Or just a job? Or all four? And just how much of their heart’s blood are they prepared to give to remain, or become, a star in Hollywood?

Let’s—as the politicians say—look at the record and see which of the filmites are in the business for love of acting, or strictly for the money. Or—and this is not illogical—for both.

The other day on the set of “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo” Virgil Johnson said to Fearless, “I’m very tired. I’ve been working without a break since my accident. That’s all right, too. I want to work. I want to put myself over with some good pictures. But when I go home at night, I’m sometimes too tired to eat, I just drop into bed.”

Girls in my life? Are you kidding? I haven’t time or energy for girls and work both, and I prefer work. Money? That’s okay with me too.” Van’s easy smile and happy-go-lucky brand of acting has made him one of the most serious young actors in Hollywood.

With Lana Turner it’s a non-stop struggle between her ambition as an actress and the problems of her private life. But when Lana said “I do” to Steve Crane it was with the hope of having baby and living a normal home life with pictures in a secondary role. You all know what happened to that little dream. Now Lana is back where she came in—serious about her work. The fortune that goes with it is spent mostly in furs and furbelows for that pretty torso of hers and for her baby.

Ann Sheridan, who arrived at Hollywood fame via the “oomph” label, is the least ambitious actress in Hollywood—with the possible exception of Alice Faye. Annie likes to sleep. She would rather sleep than face the camera or an interviewer. On the last three occasions that Fearless has called on Miss Sheridan at the studio, someone has hissed—“Shh! She’s asleep in her dressing room.” So wideawake girls like Alexis Smith or Jane Wyman get the publicity intended for Ann. It would almost seem that Miss Sheridan is in the business because she is too tired to get out of it and that when she marries...
tain she will probably retire from movie-making—unless the effort filled for is too great.
With Errol Flynn it's money. "I'm in Hollywood strictly for what can take out of it," Errol once said. But what with lawsuits, Lili dima and bad investments, Errol should leave Hollywood as poor when he arrived nine years ago. Errol is frank about his lack of sting prowess. But boasts of his other accomplishments—tennis and thing with the accent on fishing. He has never had an acting lesson in his life. "Why should I?" reasons Errol. "It's not my art they lint." Between pictures, Flynn, with bosom friend and bodyguard sister Wiles, go somewhere, anywhere, Mexico, New York, Catalina, indulge in the major occupation of Errol's life—fun.

Talking of Mr. Flynn reminds us of Bette Davis and the time they played together in "Elizabeth And Essex." What a fright Bette took as the fabulous Virgin Queen. There are no half measures with la Davis when it comes to acting and in order to really feel the role, Bette shaved off the hair above her forehead and every vestige of eyebrow. For three months after the picture was "canned" Bette had to stay home until her eyebrows and hair looked human again. Again, for her art, Bette did horrible things to her face for most of "And Now Voyager." But don't get Bette wrong; she also takes the money that goes with the job. Unlike Miss Garson, however, Bette can joke and laugh on the set, unless she is in one of her predictable moods.

Take Basil Rathbone. The suave villain and Sherlock Holmes of the screen and radio would be just as happy pottering around his idled Hollywood home as on the sound stages. But wife Ouida is the spur urging him on to good parts in good pictures. He once pathetically begged a writer friend of Fearless's, "Don't tell Ouida my role is small, she gets so upset!"

RISHMAN Gene Kelly will tell you he doesn't know anything, or care, about the salary he makes. "I could get more I suppose, it who wants more money—it's having good pictures that counts." He gets peeved if you only mention his (Continued on page 95)
It was approaching the dinner hour—a formal dinner—at the home of the Charles Boyers. An air of high expectancy pervaded the whole household. The lights glowed bounteously in living room, hall, loggia and library. The long table in the intimate, pastel-tinted dining room gleamed with crystal and fine plate and was set with a perfection of each detail.

With the French, dinner is ever and always a function. With the Boyers—with Charles, to be exact—it is a super-personal ceremony.

With extreme care and precision, he had seen to the disposal of the viands and wines himself. He was surveying every item that would make the repast qualify for excellence, even in an era harassed by food rationing. He touched a knife here and a fork there to assure that it was exactly placed, gave final soft-cadenced instructions to the servants. Yet all the while he had an inexplicable look of concern.

Somewhere in the house a telephone rang and Boyer looked up with an expression at once hopeful and questioning as he hesitated in the supervision of the preparations for an instant.

The servant, who answered the phone came into the dining room. "The gentleman from Twentieth Century-Fox is on the telephone," he said in French to Boyer. "He states he has the print of the picture for you."

"Good!" exclaimed Boyer with a kind of quiet elation. "I will speak to him"—and it seemed as if a weight had been lifted off his mind.

"Then you can get it for me this evening," he was heard saying with the French accent warmly coloring the words spoken by the voice that is so familiar to all picture-goers. "Then I shall send for it immediately. No, no. I would not let you use your car at this time, with the gas situation as it is. I will send for it. Thank you—so much."

"Pat," he said a few moments later to his wife Pat Paterson. "Enfin—at last—we have the picture, 'Berkeley Square,' tonight for Heather. It has made me very happy to get it, as you know. I am sending for it now. Henri—will you tell the chauffeur, please..." as he gave the necessary instructions.

Mrs. Boyer said: "I am so happy, Charles. I know how much this means to you."

"Yes—yes," replied Boyer. "So now we will have a nice dinner, a pleasant conversation, and then we will show the picture in which Heather gave that beautiful performance. I am indeed very happy."

And the face of the actor was positively radiant, for with great difficulty he had secured "Berkeley..."
Private life of the Charles Boyers

Square," in which Heather Angel had starred with the late Leslie Howard nearly twelve years previously. He was anxious to show it before her and Captain Robert Sinclair of the Army Air Forces, whom she had lately married. He felt this would be a very special treat for the select group of dinner guests, which included also the Artur Rubinstein, and the crowning touch of the evening.

Such is the Boyer attention to all things, even the socially incidental. Charles Boyer is that way, whether it be in his professional or his domestic life. He wants, and generally manages to have, a well-ordered empire. Actually, it is growing into a veritable realm, far-spreading as time goes on.

Coming to Hollywood as an actor in French film versions about a decade and a half ago, consigned to oblivion in that remote sphere, he has now risen to a state not only of cinematic, but civic importance, too, in the film colony. In fact, when you speak of actors who have "social significance" these days, whose activities range well beyond their miming, Boyer takes a most prominent place.

Even in the days of his first success, Boyer could not be classified as a young, romantic hero. Even then, he had the peculiar, fascinating maturity of the European. It was the essence of his charm and appeal for all womenfolk from sub-debs to dowagers.

Today he is a more mature man in numerous respects—including appearance. Probably the war has tended to emphasize this. He has driven hard in the past few years. He feels deeply the plight of France, the tragedy, especially of the children in that country.

However, the changes wrought by time, and these turbulent days, have seemingly only given greater solidity to Boyer's life, helped him to integrate its fabric, which involves many new elements. In the past year, for instance, he made an impression as a motion-picture producer in collaboration with another Frenchman, Julien Duvivier. Their first exhibit, "Flesh And Fantasy," will probably be followed by others.

Boyer has been one of the most active stars (Continued on page 91)
Hold hands, fair maid, and let who will be clever, witty or beautiful. You don't need to guess about the right line to hand your date for the evening. Learn a little palmistry and study his lines instead.

Everyone will agree that holding hands is thrilling, but how many girls know how to gather valuable information along with the thrills? Here are the clues, girls, to help you with your educated hand-holding.

Although no two hands are exactly alike and the lines, stars, crosses and other signs all add variations to the person's character, you will find that there are seven different types:

1. The square or practical hand
2. The spatulate or inventive hand
3. The conic or artistic hand
4. The psychic or sensitive hand
5. The philosophic or nature hand
6. The mixed or versatile hand
7. The elementary or brutal hand

The elementary or brutal hand has coarse, clumsy palm and fingers poorly developed and denotes a savage brutal nature. I am omitting any clues as to the handling of this variety, because if you make a date with a hand like this—well, it serves you right!

THE SQUARE HAND

The square hand has a square palm with either short or long fingers having square tips. The nails are short and square too. This man will:
1. Be intensely law-abiding. (Safe to go riding with.)
2. Carefully ponder every step before he takes it. (Not the type to rush you off to Reno, so prepare for the long stretch.)

3. Rarely pay you a compliment. (Except to blurt it out awkwardly.)
4. Always be methodical and punctual. (Not the type to cool his heels in the living room while you scurry off to clean your teeth or pluck your eyebrows.)
5. Be fond of home and domestic life. (Put on your prettiest apron and invite him to dinner.)
6. Use trite phrases. (Will probably say, "Where have you been all my life?" and expect you to applaud his cleverness.)
7. Be undemonstrative. (Would really have an etching to show you!)

Short fingers on this type of hand show a person apt to be obstinate (you go to the fights and like it instead of seeing the latest Clark Gable picture); however, he will accumu-
late wealth after a struggle. (Just think of the good bets you might have passed up without this bit of information—that is if "the hard struggle" doesn’t scare you off)

If your square palm man has long tapering fingers then you must know that he lacks energy. He starts well and means well but gives up too soon. (You are all familiar with males who rush you off your feet for a month, then quietly fold their wallets and steal away.)

THE SPATULATE HAND
The spatulate hand is wide at the wrist and narrow at the base indicating a practical nature, or it may be narrow at the wrist and broad at the base of the fingers showing a more adventurous spirit. Spatulate fingers are wider at the tip than at the first joint. This man will:

1. Hate monotony. He loves new ideas, new scenes, new adventures and new girls. (Wear your new red hat one time, your large black one the next and change your line of chatter as often as your nail polish.)

2. Have tremendous energy. (Best to take a nap before this date. You may have to climb a mountain or swim a river before the night is over.)

3. Not be interested in acquiring money or in having luxuries. He would rather be poorly paid at work which allows him to expand rather than to be in the six-figure class and have his spirit cramped. (Perhaps you don’t look well in mink anyway, and he does sound sort of fun.)

When the spatulate hand is hard and firm, then you will find a man full of enthusiasm and pep. Great inventors, explorers and engineers will have this type. (Don’t let a few golf calluses fool you into thinking a hand is hard.)

A soft, flabby spatulate hand indicates a person easily angered, changeable and hard to please. (This man would be a problem to live with as he might eat spinach one week and throw it in the sink the next.)

THE CONIC HAND
The conic hand has small tapering fingers, the palm tapering to the base of the fingers, the skin soft and tender. This is the hand of the dreamer, the singer, the author, and the statesman. This man will:

1. Interfere with other people’s affairs and be fond of criticizing. (Will want to select your clothes and tell you how to cook the roast.)

2. Be very intelligent and a brilliant conversationalist. (Don’t forget the “Good Listener” trick.)

3. Not make much money but will lead an interesting life.

4. Be generous, sympathetic, and kind-hearted. (And who wouldn’t go for that!)?

5. Have a vivid imagination and great love of beauty.

6. Rise from the depths of despair to the heights of rapture.

7. Love luxury, yet will not be much success financially. He will not want to work for material reward unless pleased with everything. (You might have difficulty in getting him to cut the (Continued on page 94)
Command Performance

Six-star pictures with special poses requested by service men and women. Photographer—Hymie Fink

Recovering from North Africa wounds, Pvt. Young wanted a picture of favorite Veronica Lake "in a boat, with room on the seat beside her left for me!"

Jim’s request: "A picture of Bob Hope teeing up on the last hole." Bob takes time off from movie-making, tees off for Jim in top form.

Charles would like "to have Deanna Durbin go fishing with me." Next best thing—a rod-and-reel picture of her.
Jack's wish: "To own a picture of Judy Garland singing my favorite song, 'My Ideal,' seated on top of a piano"

Ervin wanted Joe E. Brown "with a smile as big as he can make it. No one has done so much to entertain servicemen"

In the service? Then Command Performance was created for you! Just write the Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y., telling exactly what you would like to see your favorite star doing.

Cameraman Hymie Fink will take the picture of the star, if available, and it will be reproduced, with your picture, in Photoplay. The original picture, autographed by the star to you, will be forwarded to you.

Give your rank, name and address, name of your home town—and enclose a picture of yourself. We're sorry that we're unable to return your photograph.
A new view of a new hit—Richard Crane, including the answers to all those letters hidden in his closet

BY SARA HAMILTON

IN Hollywood there's an avenue called Laurel Canyon that begins at Schwab's drugstore and twists and climbs way out to the San Fernando Valley. But halfway up its twisting grade there's an iron gate, swung wide to a large estate. Through the gate and up the dirt road past the main house there is in the rear a tiny guest house, looking for all the world like the home of Hansel and Gretel. It is here that lives the most amazing boy in Hollywood.

His name is Richard Crane and only a short time ago no one in Hollywood had ever heard of him. But that, of course, was before "Happy Land" in which Dick played the American lad, son of Don Ameche, who died in service. In the small closet in Dick's eight-by-ten living room are the thousands upon thousands of letters that tell how well you know him now. The majority of those letters ask Dick the same questions—why do you always die in pictures, are you married, what are you like?

Dick doesn't know why he dies so consistently. In "None Shall Escape," "Happy Land" and "Wing And A Prayer" he passes to the great beyond. The truth is he'd rather stay in the greater here in pictures and maybe get the girl.

After all, he's only twenty-six, handsome with a stolid stockiness, has naturally curly brown hair, ears that lie flat to his head and a complexion for which any girl would give a pair of nylons.

He looks the huskiest of all the young newcomers to pictures but a mastoid in one ear that has required nine major operations in his young life and a punctured eardrum in the other ear keep him out of service. He feels a sort of reverent awe that his birthday fell on June 6—D-Day. He celebrated by staying home and thinking about his friends over there.

About a year ago a wire, brief but telling, put him back into circulation after a short year of marriage. The girl he loved devotedly wired him from Reno while he was working in "Happy Land"—"Darling, we were divorced this morning. I'm being married again."

It tore him apart and as a sort of retaliation he, in turn, tore the town apart for nine months. Then one morning he woke up with a great longing to find a nice girl.

He didn't really recognize her as his girl when he was first (Continued on page 68)
HERE are many things you cannot say about Mr. James Edward Brown of Hollywood. Such careless remarks as, "He's dignified," or "He's cultured," or even, "He's adult" would be strictly untrue. For Mr. Brown is a delightful Newfoundland puppy who has clambered up the ladder of stardom and is now barking happily near the top . . . purely because he followed his own recipe of doing anything in life that caught his changing fancy. Naturally, everyone who sees him loves him, for Mr. James Brown is one of the most engaging human puppies who ever appeared in the West.

But enough of this—judge for yourself! He's coming your way now, even though his flap-shuffle method of walking makes him look as if he's heading in four directions at once. There's six feet two of him, plus 190 pounds; his blue eyes are dancing with mischief, his chin wears two fetching (and matching) moles, his nose is turned up to catch the rain and his wavy brown hair bounces in unison with his breezy walk. He looks not a second over nineteen, though he's actually twenty-four years old and a husband and father. He's also one of the busiest actors extant, as you know if you've seen him in his seven pictures, "Young And Willing," "Forest Rangers," "Air Force," "Corvette K25," "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay," "Going My Way" and "Objective, Burma." His next role is the star part in "The Virginian" . . . and all of this success was stumbled into as he has always stumbled into everything. Even marriage.

For his big romance had all the tactics of a puppy chasing a stick . . . and retrieving it! Jim first sighted his future wife over a pair of pork chops and a mob of extras in the Paramount Studio lunchroom. She sat across the room from him, and she was nothing if not a raving beauty, in brunette. Jim, who was then more (Continued on page 97)
What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

War brings strange situations—here is advice on them from an experienced woman.

Stop worrying about that trouble! Write the details to Claudette Colbert and if the problem seems to her to be a universal one she will answer it here. Letters to Miss Colbert should be sent in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Last spring I finished the sophomore year in Central High School. I am sixteen years old. My grades are above average and I like school, but ever since school dismissed I have been working in an ice cream factory for twenty-seven dollars a week.

My parents say I should quit the job and return to school in September, but this is good money and I would like to keep on earning it. I can hold this job during the war and go back and finish high school and get my diploma when the war is over. Don’t you agree with me that this is the best thing to do?

John H.

Dear John:

I am afraid I can’t agree with you. Not long ago Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, famous ace of World War I, made a comment about staying in school which I think you ought to know.

Someone had told him about a large number of boys and girls who had left school “to make good money.”

“Good money?” said the Captain. “I doubt it. I think some of the money those youngsters make may be considered the worst money they could ever make. They have sold their future opportunities for the meager dollars they will receive in a pay envelope.

No matter how much ‘good’ money most of those youngsters make, it is bad money.”

The point is this, John, our country is depending more heavily right now upon boys like you than it ever has before. If the war lasts two more years, you will be called to duty in one of the armed forces. You will need every minute of the training that you can get before that time to become an effective service man. It is your patriotic duty to be ready when your turn comes.

Suppose the war ends soon. There will be competition for jobs in every kind of business and industry. Those who are best trained will be most likely to find employment. Not only your service to your country, but your own future is at stake.

You think you will return to school when the war is over. As a matter of fact, very few students who have quit school for one, two or three years ever return to complete their studies. It is now or never. The decision you have to make is an important one. The war has shown the value of education for the fighting man. More than a million young men have been rejected in the draft because they were not well enough educated to serve. It is even more necessary to be well trained to meet the strong competition which is certain to exist in the days of peace.

If you have an opportunity to go on to school, don’t miss it.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am no longer in love with my husband. We haven’t had trouble—I’m merely bored. I have tried to make myself love him. We have two adorable children and he says he loves me, but I fear he is just being nice.

The little things, private jokes, comradeship, passionate affection, that make up a marriage are missing in ours. I want to be happy with him, but I am not satisfied with just being a housewife. I don’t want to stay at home. I am never content there.

Yet I have tried to keep a commercial job and have failed. Although I have landed many jobs, I have never remained on any of them over five months. I know I have done my work; I’m fastidious and pleasant, yet sooner or later I am always released.

Lately my husband and I have been “party”ing with several other couples a good bit and I have found myself doing things that I formerly
raised my eyebrows over when others did them. I have plenty to think over the next morning and I grow sick of myself.

I want to be a new person. I want to be happy. I should be—I have everything it takes—but for some reason I am not. The only way I can relax and forget myself is by going to a movie. Afterwards I bitterly envy the actresses who seem so serenely happy. I have consulted physicians, who find nothing wrong with my physical condition.

Perhaps you have a philosophy that might help me. I shall be grateful for any assistance you can give.

Mrs. Cynthia A.

Dear Mrs. A.:

It would be very easy for the average woman to fly into a rage at you, my dear, and storm at you in loud tones. You have everything on earth that the normal woman wants: A home, a husband, two lovely children, a social life and the prospect of a secure future.

Yet you say you aren't happy, and I am willing to take your word for it.

You, in turn, must take my word for this: The thing you think you want doesn't exist. You believe that marriage is a state of continual ecstasy and change. Forget it. The life of the average human being is as eventless as a Sunday-afternoon canoe ride on a shallow lake.

The answer? It is, and has always been, this: Get busy. Become a nurse's aid or a Gray Lady. If that is impossible, join a study club. If that doesn't appeal, why not try to paint? Or to do wood-carving? Or to learn Spanish or French? If you live near a university, you should enroll in several classes. A course in Philosophy would be of great help.

You must stir up more energy than you have expended in a long time and go into a new field with all the converted frenzy of your discontent. Once your mind is being fascinated by a wealth of new experiences, you will be astonished at the return of a flood of love for your husband and children.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm twenty-four and this is the first time I've had a problem of this sort. Please advise me.

Two years ago I met a soldier from a near-by state, stationed in our city. I saw him many, many times at parties, always in the company of others. Although we were never alone, I noticed that he singled me out of the crowd to talk to, dance with, and spend his time near.

I'd known him for two months when his outfit was transferred to another state. My girl friend and I had a chance to spend a week end near that camp, so she notified her boy friend, who was the buddy of the chap I mentioned above. I didn't let him know, however.

Well, on Tuesday after we had returned from the week end near camp, I received a very hurt letter from this boy asking why I hadn't let him know I was going to be near by. I wrote back that it hadn't occurred to me that he would be interested. His reply was that he was taking a plane the following week end to come to see me. That he'd been thinking, (Continued on page 108)
Father Francis Chisholm, as interpreted by Gregory Peck
The Keys of the Kingdom

This deals with happiness—and with a man who discovered how to keep it in his heart

From the famous best-seller by A. J. Cronin
Fiction version by Dan Senesney

FATHER CHISHOLM was going to lose his parish.
There was very little doubt of that by the time Monsignor Sleeth said good-night and went upstairs.
For a week he had been Father Chisholm's guest in the ugly stone cottage near Tweedside Church and even on the first day he had seen that the priest was old and given to making very unorthodox statements. Retirement was obviously the best thing for him and the parish and Sleeth said so in his report to Bishop Mealey, which he sat down to write as soon as he had entered the bare, stone-floored little room where he slept—or tried to sleep, for the bed was very hard.
The Monsignor did not look upon himself as Francis Chisholm's judge, yet there was a judicial austerity in his thin, tight-skinned face as he sat at the desk and put down his week's findings in neat handwriting. It was beside the point that personally he considered Father Chisholm a stubborn old fool and entirely too prone to make capital of the fact that he had been a boyhood friend of Bishop Mealey. That small matter would certainly not persuade his Grace to leave him, obviously incompetent as he was, in charge of this Scottish parish. Bishop Mealey was—quite rightly—not a man of sentiment.
Sighing, Monsignor Sleeth completed his report and prepared for bed. In a way, he reflected, it was too bad about Chisholm; there was a sweetness about the old man, in spite of his bluntness (imagine his telling Mrs. Glendenning, who could not help her extreme stoutness, to eat less, for the gates of Paradise were narrow!)
Automatically, the Monsignor reached into a bedside shelf in search of something to read before trying to sleep. His groping hand brought out a battered copybook, the kind of thing schoolboys use for their compositions. It fell open to the first page, blank except for the words "Francis Chisholm—His Journal." For the rest of that night Monsignor Sleeth was busy reading.

* * *

In 1878, Francis Chisholm was nine years old and known to the Tweedside fishermen as "Alex Chisholm's laddie." It was the only name he wanted, because he idolized his father who was so fearless and so good. When Father went to Ettal with the fishing accounts, he would march straight past the roughs who hung about the streets, muttering "Dirty Papist!" and "Roman scum!" under their breaths. But one night he came home with his knuckles skinned and his cheek torn open and Mother said he'd had to fight because the Ettal people were Protestants and hated Catholics. When Francis couldn't understand why it was necessary to hate anyone for being a Catholic, Lisbeth Chisholm's tired eyes looked past him and she said, "That's something I don't know either, Laddie."

Being a Catholic was beautiful and fine, Francis thought—and he went on thinking it, all his life. The feeling of comfort and safety you got when you entered the church—oh, there was nothing like it in the world! He used to try to give his best friend, Willie Tulloch, some idea of how wonderful this feeling was, but Willie only laughed. He'd go on being an atheist, he said, like his father, the Doctor. But even so, Francis liked him better than Angus Mealey, who was a Catholic. This—liking Willie Tulloch and really not caring very much for Angus, although he knew he should—was something else that never changed, throughout the long course of his life.

It was because Francis's father and mother were Catholics that they died. A black, stormy night, with Alex long overdue from his weekly trip to Ettal... They went out to look for him finally, Lisbeth and Francis, and found him on the other side of the bridge, cowering under some bushes to keep out of the rain. The men in Ettal had beaten him and broken his arm.
"Run back and get Doctor Tulloch!" Lisbeth told Francis sharply. "I'll help your father to the house." And as Francis, his heart threatening to burst his breast, turned to obey she saw her help the man to his feet, pulling the good arm over her thin shoulders to support him.
The rain came down in frenzied torrents, flooding the burn so that it rose and washed over the planks of the narrow, swelling footbridge; and it was there, in the middle of the bridge, that it happened. Francis had crossed over and was halfway to the Doctor's house when he heard his mother's scream. He turned and ran back and saw them both struggling in the water. Alex's foot had slipped and he had fallen, trampling his heavy fisherman's boots and pulling him downstream. Lisbeth held him with one hand, the railing with the other. While Francis watched, frozen with horror, the hand on the railing lost its grip.

Hours later, when neighbors had recovered the bodies, he went to the church—finding his way by instinct alone, since tears still blinded his eyes. The heavy doors swung to behind him and he smelled the faint odor of incense on the air, and slowly the tears dried so he could see the flickering candles on the altar.

FRANCIS went after his parents' death to live in Tynecastle with Ned and Polly Bannon, who had been his mother's best friends, and their daughter Nora. Aunt Polly was the one, probably, who saw his love for the Church and read into it the only meaning she could: that he must be ordained. When he was old enough, she and Ned sent him to Holywell College. But Nora's face came between him and his books. Always—Nora, who was merry and gay, and who took her religion as she took every other good thing in life, happily without thought. Two things he loved—the Church and Nora,
and he could not have both. They'll make a priest out of you at that college in spite of yourself" Nora told him angrily, and he shook his head—but he wasn't so soon.

Nora looked at him keenly, and knew he was not sure, and all that term, after he had gone back to Holywell, he scarcely heard from her. He waited eagerly for summer vacation to come, because then he could see her again and make his own decision. He had decided now—he wouldn't be a priest, he wasn't meant to be one. But just at the end of term came a strange, curt note from Polly, asking him not to return to Tynecastle for his holiday. Just that—giving no reason.

Francis tried to obey, but fear that the family was in trouble pulled him back to Tynecastle against his will. Early on a summer morning he jumped down from a cart in front of the Bannons' tavern. Even at first sight, it had an unaccustomed air of shabbiness and Thad Gilfoyle, a shifty-eyed young man he had always disliked, was presiding back of the bar with an air of belonging there.

"Where's Uncle Ned?" Francis demanded, and Thad smiled.

"In th' back room." He brushed past. At first, in the gray-faced man who stared up at him in the back room, he did not recognize hearty, vital Ned Bannon. So his face was wrong; but then there was a trouble here—terrible trouble. Yet it was some time before he could learn what it was. To his questions Ned said only that Polly and Nora had been in Whitley Bay for a six-week holiday and would be back that night.

"And what's that little worm Thad Gilfoyle doing behind your bar?" Francis asked at last. Ned clenched his big hands on his knees. "He—belongs there, lad," he said with difficulty. "You see—he's going to marry Nora.

"It was Father Fitzgerald, the parish priest, who finally gave Francis as much of the story as anyone except Nora knew. "I, for one, consider her highly fortunate," he said coldly. "When she marries Gilfoyle, the child will become legitimized and baptized and she herself will be honored by marriage to as decent a man as you will have her.

Francis wanted to protest—wildly, angrily. Instead, he said, "Is the child Gilfoyle's?"

"No. Only Nora knows whose it is, and she refuses to tell . . . Nora has signed against God, Francis, and only God can forgive her." Yet Father Fitzgerald was a good man, Francis told to himself. He was good, even though now, in condemning Nora to marriage with the despicable Gilfoyle, he seemed heartless and severe.

Nora and her mother returned that evening from Whitley Bay, where the child—a girl—had been born. Until Nora's marriage it was to remain the care of a nurse. This Nora was someone Francis had never seen before—impassive, stony-faced, aloof. She would not speak to him, but hurried past like a fugitive to hide in her own room; and the next morning, when he rose after a sleepless night, she hadn't appeared. Polly said vaguely that she had gone for a walk.

He found her at last, sitting lost in her own dark thoughts on the river bank. She did not look up when he came and sat down beside her, and all she said was, briefly, "Hello, holy man."

He ignored the bitterness in her voice. "Nora," he pleaded. "You can't marry Thad Gilfoyle!"

"The rules say I've got to marry someone. Why not Thad?"

"Because he's not fit for you!" The words were torn from him.

She looked at him then, in irony. "Not fit for me? But I'm Nora, who has sinned! Didn't you know? Or have you come on your own to give me dispensation?"

"Nora!" He put his hands on her arms, holding her in spite of her efforts to wrench herself free. "You know how I feel about you, how I've always felt—"

"No, I don't know, Francis," she interrupted. "How do you love me, have you always loved me? And is that why you're letting them make a priest out of you?"

"I'm not going to be a priest!" he declared. "You know that—I've told you again and again—"

But she was looking at him with that sad knowledge he had seen in her eyes before. "And again and again," she said, "I've known that you would be . . . There's love in you, Francis—a world of love—but it's not for me or any other woman. I fought for it until I knew it wasn't any good to fight any more—and then I wanted to kill whatever I had on your love, by doing the most hateful thing I could. That's why I did what I did—to set your heart free, Francis."

She was crying, her bitterness dissolved in tears. He lifted his arms to take her in them again.

"Will you marry me, Nora?" he said. "Will you—right away?"

She looked at him for a long moment. Then she smiled faintly. "I don't know whether you're a saint or just a little child," she said. "Whichever it is, I think I'm a million years older than you. No, Francis, I won't marry you . . ."

She turned and left him, standing alone by the river, his head bowed.

Before the wedding, which was to take place the next Sunday, Nora said she wanted one day alone at the seashore and on Friday Francis took her to the railroad station in the Bannons' little two-wheeled cart. She was quiet and listless; the fury of their talk by the river had spent itself. As they drew up at the station they heard the whistle of the approaching train and suddenly Nora leaned over and kissed Francis's cheek before jumping to the ground. "Go away, will you?" she said.

"But I'll put you on the train—" he protested miserably.

"No. I want you to go. I want to wave to you. Please."

Puzzled and hurt, he stayed in the cart, watching her walk into the little knot of people on the platform. She looked back once, and threw him a smiling kiss, then disappeared. The train came chugging down the tracks; slowing to a halt—but before it had stopped Francis heard a scream and saw the crowd surge forward. He leaped from the cart and ran, knowing already what he would find when he reached the rails. Nora had chosen the only way to set both him and herself free.
Priority
On
Paradise

A short little story
long on dreams about

Alexis Smith and her
husband Craig Reynolds

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

When she was still a little girl, Alexis Smith dreamed of the wedding she would have someday—just as all little girls do. The tall and oh-so-handsome groom, the white flowers and the candles, the throng of old and dear friends about her, herself radiant in white and silver cutting the high-piled wedding cake. The banks of gleaming packages filled with shining gifts, the music, the sniffles of sentimental relatives—all of it. It would be June, of course! She even dared to dream—that very young Alexis—that she would be famous when that great day came and that she would be marrying a famous man.

Well, not many little girls grow up to have all their starry-eyed dreams come true, especially if they grow up to be movie stars, with all the hectic responsibilities of that position and, still more especially, if they find themselves suddenly grown-up and ready to be married in wartime! But Alexis' youthful plans were fulfilled to the last, flawless detail—unless, of course, you consider that they were just a wee bit marred by a couple of earthquakes and a flat tire! But then, every wedding must have one or two slight mishaps—else what memories would there be to laugh about in the years to come?

Alexis knew that it would be like this from the moment that she met Craig Stevens two years ago when they were both first under contract to Warner Brothers and were cast in the picture, "Steel Against The Sky." The courtship was a quiet one with little dinners at out-of-the-way restaurants, Sunday evenings at Alexis' house in Glendale, electric moments when their eyes met across a crowded studio commissary. Almost like a high-school romance. Then there was the announcement party at Alexis' house on a Sunday, with a little girl in a fluffy dress handing out cards which said, coyly, "Alexis and Craig." And then, suddenly, Craig was in uniform with a funny haircut and Alexis was standing forlornly in the station, trying to say an adequate good-by while a sergeant bawled, "Break it up, soldier! Your visiting days are over!"

And Alexis settled herself to wait, sure somehow that her shining dreams must come true, even though it might not be for years. Then Craig was in an Army hospital with an old back injury which wouldn't heal, fretting because he couldn't get into the fighting. He needed all of Alexis' tenderness and understanding then. Then came the day, six months ago, when the Army gave him his medical discharge and, thirty pounds (Continued on page 103)
Western ranch owner drops dead in New York, presumably from rattle-snake poison, the Indian, played calmly and smoothly as usual by Tom Conway, gets in the case and traces the dead man's family west. The cast includes Barbara Hale, Minor Watson, Carole Gallagher and Joan Barclay.

**FOUR HILLS AND A JEEP—20th Century-Fox:** Because this story is based on the overseas adventures of Fredric March, Carla Landis, Marshall Rare, and Mizzi Mayfair it holds the interest far more than it otherwise would. Phil Silvers, sergeant at the girls throughout their journey, is very good, as is singer Dick Haymes and John Harvey, who provides the romantic interest as a dashing British officer in his role of a ship's bullying cool stocker who meets a ruthless murderer to match his own in the beautiful and wealthy Susan Hayward who goes slumming in the ship's hold. John Loder is the second engineer who also falls for Miss's desolate home so he presides over his general to his heart's delight. Miss is the effect gives this a humanism and sincerity that makes him as true-to-life a character. With Bill Densmore and Ella Raines.

**VITAL ADE—The Juley Levey-U.A.:** Bill Bendix comes into a dashing rich man's role in the setting of a ship's ship's cool stocker which meets a ruthless murderer to match his own in the beautiful and wealthy Susan Hayward who goes slumming in the ship's hold. John Loder is the second engineer who also falls for Miss's desolate home so he presides over his general to his heart's delight. Miss is the effect gives this a humanism and sincerity that makes him as true-to-life a character. With Bill Densmore and Ella Raines.

**SADRESS UNKNOWN—Columbia:** Paul Lukas becomes so imbued with Nazism that he sends the daughter of his former partner in San Francisco to death and then drama and suspense are injected into the story when messages in code, unfavorable to the Nazi cause, pour in upon Lukas in Germany from San Francisco and he is unable to explain them. Lukas is superb; R. T. Stevens, Peter Van Eyke, Mady Christians and Carl Emond are good.

**ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN, THE—Warners:** Mark Twain, the great humorist and writer, comes to life in the superb performance of Fredric March. His experiences on the Mississippi, in the raw frontiers of the West, in his happy marriage to Alexs Smith, in home life in New England and later in his travels around the world are vividly told in this picture that's overly long but always interesting.

**ALLERGIC TO LOVE—Universal:** A lot of nonsense about Martha O'Driscoll's not liking Koch Bery Jr., until after they're married. Then, of all things, she discovers she's allergic to him and sneezes violently every time he comes near her. So violently, in fact, that her husband's friend David Bruce must cart her off to the hospital.

**AND THE ANGELS SING—Paramount:** The singing Angel sisters, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Dianna Lynn and Mimi Chandler, don't like to sing, but reluctantly consent to appear one night with Fred MacMurray's orchestra. But when Fred gets off with Betty's money, the foursome follow him to New York and retrieve it for him and find there's plenty of trouble and songs involved.

**ANDY HARDY'S BLONDE TROUBLE—MGM:** Andy Hardy, Rooney Hardy is on his way to college when he meets twins Lee and Lyn Wilde, who, incidentally, wrap up the picture for themselves. There is too much plot for us to unravel, but you'll enjoy every minute of it. For good measure, Bonnie Gravelle is thrown in as MacKen's Big dream and Herbert Marshall as the professor.

**BETWEEN TWO WORLDS—Warners:** Intriguingly directed, beautifully played, this remake of "Outward Bound" is one of the month's outstanding pictures. Sydney Greenstreet is the Eegom, John Garfield the unhappy newspaper correspondent, Eleanor Parker the girl who commits suicide in her husband's death, and George Tobias and Paule Emerson are also among the passengers on the phantom ship.

**CHINESE CAT, THE—Monogram:** Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, has forty-eight hours in which to solve a murder which the police have given up as hopeless. He does it through the key to the mystery — a Chinese statue of a black cat. Joan Woodbury, Benson Fong, Ian Keith and Weldon Hayward are Chan's cohorts in the story.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY—Universal:** This is Billie Burke's last and great departure for its star, Deanna Durbin, who marries Gene Kelly, a self-conscious, weak, and ignores his philandering and weak excuses until he commits murder. Gene Kelly as the killer is terrible, even walking off with the star that was meant for Deanna. Dean Hare's registers strongly and Gale Sondergaard as Gene's mother is so good.

**COBRA WOMAN—Universal:** Nonsense, but fun, with Maria Montez getting kidnapped on the eve of her wedding to Jon Hall, so Sabu, Hall's rival, voted friend, traces her to Cobra Island where Maria has been taken to replace her wacked twin sister who's the cruel High Priestess.

**COWBOY AND THE SENORITA, THE—Republic:** Too much plot complication dealing with buried treasure messages on a bracelet lost by a girl trying to locate the treasure. Because Roy Rogers and Guinn Williams find the bracelet, villain, John Hubbard accuses them of kidnapping the missing girl. Mary Lee and Dale Evans are the girls.

**DAYS OF GLORY—RKO:** Two new vibrant personalities, Gregory Peck as the commander of a Russian guerrilla band. When her ballet troupe is overrun by the Nazis, Tumorova becomes one of them and, of course, her love soon finds a response in the commander's heart. Every detail of the film is cleverly and beautifully done.

**DETECTIVE KITTY O'DAY—Monogram:** Jean Parker and her beau, Peter Cookson, try to discover who murdered her best friend. At the same time they're trying to prevent detectives Tim Ryan and Ed Gargan from arresting her for the murder. Jean, as Kitty, gives the role plenty of snap and sparkle.

**DOUBLE INDEMNITY—Paramount:** Grime and reality, this psychological crime story holds the onlooker and holds him fascinated and spellbound. Fred MacMurray is a likeable insurance salesman up until the time he meets Barbara Stanwyck who wants to murder her husband and defraud the insurance company. You'll apply the intelligence and brilliant work of the writer, director and the cast.

**EVEN OF ST. MARK, THE—20th Century Fox:** This story of those lads drafted after Pearl Harbor, their life in camp and then the sudden plunge into war on an island in the Pacific is a poignant, beautiful yet incomplete. Bill Eythe, the boy from the farm, Michael O'Shea, a Brooklyn toughie, and Vincent Price, the disillusioned Southerner, are outstanding. Anne Baxter is splendid as the girl Eythe loves.

**FALCON OUT WEST, THE—RKO:** When a
She's Engaged!  
She's Lovely!  
She uses Pond's!

"Such a darling" — "and what a glorious complexion," you think when you see Suzanne Sherwood. She's another engaged girl with that soft-smooth Pond's look.

"Pond's Cold Cream is the only cream in the world for me," she says. "I love everything about it—its softness, its whiteness, and the grand way it cleans my face and makes my skin so smoothed and refreshed."

THIS IS SUZANNE'S BEAUTY CARE

She smooths snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat, and pats briskly to soften and take off dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more Pond's, working her cream-coated fingers round in little whirls to extra-cleanse and soften every bit of her lovely face. Tissues off again.

It's no accident engaged girls like Suzanne, society beauties like Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney and Britain's Lady Morris love Pond's Cold Cream. Ask for your big jar today. Use it night and morning, for daytime clean-ups, too!

This is Suzanne • Eyes, shining grey • Hair, chestnut • Skin, smooth as ivory

Suzanne Sherwood, engaged to Richard Roosevelt Colburn, Air Force Officer

Suzanne's Ring—a handsome square-cut diamond set in platinum. Her romance started with a "chance" Suzanne sold Dick at the Officers' Club in Buffalo.

In training as photographer's assistant, doing special work in industrial photography, Suzanne spends exciting days on location at some of the biggest war plants in the country. Like so many Pond's engaged girls, she is learning a job that plays a real part in America's war program.

All kinds of jobs need women workers—in plants, stores, offices, transportation. Check help wanted ads in your local paper. Consult local U.S. Employment Service about how you can help.

Ask for the Luxury-Size Jar of Pond's—help save glass. You'll love the way the fingers of both your hands can dip into this wide-topped Pond's jar.
(Continued from page 58) introduced to the dark-eyed, dark-haired Kay Morley at Victor’s. Fact is, he didn’t even catch her name. But a week or so later he saw her again in Victor’s cocktail bar and she smiled at him and introduced him to her escort. To his surprise Dick found himself relieved to discover the escort was her brother, so he asked for her phone number. He told her honestly how it was. “My intentions are the best,” he said, “I’m not one of these Hollywood characters. I’d like a nice girl.”

So Kay is his girl now and a couple of times a week she drives up to his tiny Laurel Canyon house and cooks him a good home-cooked meal with wine sauces for the meat and wonderful desserts. Other times they’ll go out to dinner, to a movie or as many plays as they can see, and sometimes they’ll just read scripts and plays at home or Kay will tell him what Bob Hope said that day on the “Girl And The Pirate” set. Kay, a Long Beach girl, is playing a small role in the film. They’ll probably get married when both are more settled in their careers. Dick is under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox.

There’s little vanity about him. Once, after his very first film, “Susan And God,” he deliberately took a job as a night dishwasher from 7 p.m. to 5 a.m. in a drive-in so he’d learn to keep his balance. After all, as Dick said, he’d kissed Joan Crawford in the film, him just a green kid from Bliss-Hayden’s Little Theater at night and a used-car lot worker by day.

He did only small bits and pieces after “Susan And God” and only now and then, for he hadn’t known about agents. Meanwhile he drove a truck, worked as a laborer, listened to complaints of customers for six months in an office at Sears Roebuck and attended a gas station. He met his first wife while he was working at the gas station. She didn’t care for movies so Dick gave them up and went to Lockheed to help build planes. After six months he was transferred out to make a couple of Army training films and found himself back in pictures. He tried Westerns, but the horses sat on him mostly. He played a bit in a “Dr. Gillespie” story, a sailor in “Stage Door Canteen” and Barbara Britton’s brother in “So Proudly We Hail.”

It was a recruiting film in Technicolor (for which he was born and created with those pink cheeks) that brought him to “Happy Land” and his first firm grip or the first rung of the ladder.

He cleans his little home himself—one small bedroom and den and a kitchen of the living room downstairs. In the mornings he makes his own breakfast of grapefruit, cereal, ham and eggs, or on special days he fixes his favorite dish of fried tomatoes with whipped up milk and egg poured over them. Muffin, his white woolly dog, has his own house and two bone-white dishes on the back porch.

Dick grew up without his father’s care. Back in Newcastle, Indiana, where he was born, his father died when Dick was very young, so his mother, a tiny dimpled petite, took an office job and proceeded to bring up a normal healthy boy.

Dick was ten when he and his mother came to California. They didn’t know a soul, but they made a go of it together.

Once, after his high-school days out here, he decided to be a prize fighter and fought four amateur fights out at Jeffrey’s Barn in the Valley. The punctured eardrum was the result. And once he decided to be an artist, studying nights at Chouinard art school while he worked in a car lot by day. Walt Disney, who took a look at his work when Dick applied for a job, told him bluntly to go back to school. So he gave that up.

His passion is now photography and between pictures he practices with his new camera. When he buys his first home, the one he and Kay may live in, he’s going to invest in a darkroom.

Clothes he’s made for and of course, like most actors, wears suede shoes. He has six new tailored suits, wears blue shirts and prefers plain ties. He’s not too heavy for his five ten and a half, he works out three times a week at a local gym, hardening the muscles.

In “None Shall Escape” he was quite
the handsomest young Nazi actor ever to appear on the screen. A naturalness, plus a casual authority in his work, render him one of the most promising newcomers.

His mother, who holds an important executive position with a parachute company, has watched his struggles, his disappointments and has let him alone to work them out. He couldn't be more grateful to her. Nor she prouder of him.

The ring on his finger she gave him just before his first picture and be never takes it off. It's his good-luck charm.

"I've waited for one weakness in Richard," Kay told us. "I'd think to myself, it can't be true, this boy. Someday he'll break down and have a temper. He never has and I can't get over it."

The dimple in Dick's cheek flashes with embarrassment as Kay talks. But there's a funny light in his hazel eyes that says, "I love you for saying that. Fact is, I just love you!"

The End

Hollywood Men Prefer—

(Continued from page 33) came to California with his family who, like so many refugees, adore both California's climate and California's movie stars. Few of them ever would have come to know the movie people, who are very busy, very insular, very sufficient unto themselves, were it not for Lady Mendl and Barbara Hutton Grant, both of whom lived long abroad and had many friends there. What could be more natural, therefore, than for them to entertain these friends when they met them again on this soil?

Lady Mendl is a great friend of Veronica's and it was at one of her delightful parties, where foreigners always cluster about Veronica, that Phillip first saw her. He began taking her out immediately. They danced together each day and often went into the desert, to Palm Springs or La Quinta, for week ends, chaperoned by his family.

Veronica's attraction for men isn't so obvious as it might appear, for off screen she isn't remotely the exotic temptress. She goes about with a face that looks scrubbed, bare legs, sandals, floppy hats and dirndls. She looks incredibly young, incredibly healthy, incredibly tiny and incredibly blonde. Her personality carries a challenge too. For she has an antagonistic curiosity about everything, judging her companions who so obviously find her enchanting.

Gene Tierney, too, always has been admired by men from Europe. She even married one of them. Back in the days of Teddy Roosevelt, Oleg Cassini's father was the ambassador from Russia. Today, consequently, Countess Cassini lives in Washington, where she was once Russian Ambassador, with graciousness and great distinction. Gene was quick to respond to the charm of the Cassini background and this may very well have helped the fervent suit of Oleg who had many rivals.

Nothing could be more natural, of course, than that Marlene Dietrich should bewitch foreigners, for she is herself a European. Marlene's attraction, however, also works very well for Americans. As a young film star, now in service, once put it, "Marlene's attraction is the very opposite of Sweet Young Innocence. She attracts because she is a woman of the world."

Marlene, promising the unusual and the exotic, actually is as domestic as a kitchen apron. Frequently she makes no attempt whatever to be the life of the party but sits silent for hours at a time. It is when the little group with whom she has spent the evening repair to her house and she envelopes her finery in an apron to prepare

"WHITE" — as in Fels-Naptha!

Take it from Junior—'there's nothing like a white shirt. It does something to a guy.' Surveying the immaculate expanse below his Adam's apple, who could say that Junior overstates the case?

Naturally, the washday labor that produces his snowy shirts, doesn't concern Junior. It's only one of the minor miracles that any boy with a doting Mother takes as a matter of course.

But we know a great many women who say that for turning out whiter washing—with less work—'there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap.'

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"
coffee and bacon and eggs which are definitely something to remember that she really comes to life.

Miriarn Hopkins, not beautiful at all, has an overwhelming appeal for the intelligentsia. Her entire life is proof of this, including her husbands, Austin Parker and Anatole Litvak. For a long time, John Gunther was Number One Man in Miriam's romantic scheme of things. John, you know, is the author of numerous authoritative books on Europe, Latin America and Asia and a radio guest star of note. Now Miriam has been cavaliered by the handsome and brilliant former Greek Minister of Interior, André Mircopolous.

Last winter whenever Miriam entertained in her exquisite town house on Sutton Place, where the garden in the rear meets the swift waters of the East River, the intelligentsia turned out in full force. At her last party there were Dorothy Parker, Morris Ernst, Leland Stowe, Walter Winchell, John Vandercook, Vincent Sheehan and his lovely Dinah, Henry Luce and his lovely Clare, Elliot Janeway, author of "The Walsh Girls" and Marcia Davenport, author of "Valley Of Decision."

Once, I confess it, I suspected Miriam's brilliant talk might be only a facade. I doubted she really cared so much about such weighty subjects as the comparative values of canvases by Matise and Picasso, for instance, when she was alone with one of her admirers. But one evening, by chance, I happened upon her and John Gunther when they believed they were alone. They were on the sofa in the library before an open fire. Small Wedgwood coffee cups sat on the low table before them. All was flowers and perfume. And they were arguing violently about Lend Lease!

Don't you believe, even for a minute, that men adore the stupid little women above all others. Only some men do. . . .

Constance Bennett, who has the mind of a man, who has handled her business affairs and her career with an astuteness that has sent many big businessmen spinning, who makes up her mind whom she is going to marry and marries him, has been a femme fatale ever since her adolescent days. Barbara Hutton, now Mrs. Cary Grant, was once too young to hold her romantic own with Philip Plant when Connie appeared on the scene. To-day, however, there might very well be a duel worth watching if Barbara and Constance set their hearts and minds upon the same man. Constance also is reputed to have charmed the young and handsome Marquis de la Falaise and Couedray away from Gloria Swanson, no mean adversary in any game of hearts. And Gilbert Roland, although not wholly heart free when he laid those sloe eyes of his upon Constance, was willing enough to succumb to her honeygold beauty.

To many men Constance's quick, clear mind is an exciting challenge.

There are also girls who attract older men—Joan Fontaine and Annabella, for example. Joan is one of the great beauties, to my mind, and in spite of her reputation in some quarters of being very snooty and difficult to approach, a truly lovely person. She is not, however, at all the femme fatale type. She is intelligent to a degree. She cares little for dancing. Perhaps this is why she isn't too disastrous to young men. Perhaps this is why older men, not flaneurs but the serious and dignified type, find her so devastating. Put Sir Charles Mendl next to Joan at dinner and you make him very happy. And Joan, in turn, is quick to respond to Sir Charles's wise, worldly culture and glowing, seems more beautiful every minute.

Brian Aherne, of course, is older than
Joan. He also is dignified and serious and not one to be seen about much with women. To my mind Brian is completely charming. Why his marriage to Joan didn’t go on forever I never shall understand.

As for Annabella, at a party not long ago I was amused and pleased to watch three Supreme Court justices, to whom she had just been introduced, vie with one another to take her in to supper. When I told Tyrone, home on furlough, about this, he was delighted and proud. Annabella has much of the little girl about her looks. This is her primary appeal to older men, I doubt. But she holds their interest—make no mistake about it!—because mentally she is a wise woman of the world. What more provocative combination?

Judy Garland, who is a darling, attracts young men naturally enough. This probably explains why her marriage to Dave Rose didn’t last. Dave was older than Judy in years and she didn’t have enough maturity of spirit to cope with this seniority. There’s something so warm in Judy’s appearance and something so poignant in her speaking voice as well as in her singing voice that she makes young men feel strong and protective, stronger and more protective than they ever felt before. That, in itself, of course, is enough to make her irresistible to them.

CREER CARSON attracts younger men for another reason. I think they worship Creer romantically as a great lady, almost as their mother cast in a young, contemporary and very, very glamorous mold. Not that they stand in awe of her.... as a letter she wrote me the other day in which she talked of her husband, Richard Ney, younger than she, makes clear.

"It is one of my griefs," she wrote, "that you haven’t met my husband, Richard, who was here on a surprise visit the other day. When you do meet him you will like him—for his simplicity, his youth, his sparkle—which is why I liked him enough to marry him—and the way he bosses me around."

Now if I were a man I would go for Ida Lupino. Not that there would be the least use in it; her husband, Louis Hayward, would be altogether too formidable competition. When Louis was critically ill upon his return from Tarawa Ida made no scenes, but her anxiety for him was so great it showed in her appearance and her health.

She is a most fascinating person, with a deep, abiding passion for music. She adores good music and loves to compose. We spend hours, Ida and I, at the piano. I play and sing to her songs of Brahms, Debussy. She, in turn, plays and sings to me. If the attraction between the sexes were a reasonable thing, Ida, of course, would attract musicians. Never, however, has there been a musician seriously involved in her life!

Some girls are virtually press-agented into attraction for men. Girls like Lana Turner who is, because of publicity, the sweater girl in every man’s mind; and Betty Grable synonymous—again because of publicity—with the world’s most beautiful legs. (I never mention Betty, incidentally, without remembering Walter Winchell’s famous crack at me—‘The fat man’s Betty Grable!’)

All of which, speaking of charmers, as I am, brings to mind Peggy Hopkins Joyce, one of the greatest charmers of them all. Men showered Peggy with rare necklaces, with bracelets which once had been the treasures of queens, with diamonds which rested on her white fingers like glistening tears, with cabachon emeralds and rubies beyond price.... Peggy Hopkins Joyce was—and still is—a beautiful woman. She also was and still is gay and...
She must remain a Mystery!

She might be a sun-browned Californian or pretty Easterner. You'll never know.

For we promised never to reveal the names and faces of thousands of girls who were frank enough to write intimate letters, telling why they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins.

And out of 10,086 letters, 8 out of 10 said "So soft!" or "So safe!"

Mrs. M. E. wrote, "Modess' downy softness and remarkable fit make it indispensable."

And thousands of letters from young marrieds, business women, and high school girls echoed hearty agreement. Users of all types of napkins—they voted Modess first place! There's extra-gentle comfort in Modess' special softspun filler. (So different from close-packed layers!) Extra, full-way protection, too, with Modess' triple, full-length shield at the back.

So get this wonderful luxury napkin—and discover, as thousands have, the difference it makes. It costs no more!

Discover the Difference—Switch to Modess

Modess SANITARY NAPKINS

Modess Regular is for the great majority of women. So absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes oversize pads unnecessary.

In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. Modess Junior is a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.

Charming. But once she gained her reputation as an international siren it was neither her beauty nor her charm that pulled men to her. It was her reputation. Being seen with Peggy acted as a boon to a man's ego. It became, consequently, impossible to judge how attractive to men Peggy was in her own right.

I think the same rule applies to Lana and Betty. Lana is undoubtedly a beautiful creature. What she must have done for the sweater trade passes comprehension. Betty, too, is unquestionably provocative. But how much of the mummery and eye-raising that goes on whenever the name of either of these girls is mentioned is due to their personality and beauty and how much is due to their press-agented reputations is, in my mind, unanswerable.

Creta Garbo, on the other hand, has always been far more of a femme fatale than she ever was known to be. Don't forget Garbo became a great star because Maurice Stiller, the Swedish director who had worked with her in Stockholm, loved her so well he begged to bring her to the United States unless she, then virtually an unknown, came too. Soon after her arrival in Hollywood she had Jack Gilbert, the volatile idol of women the world over, including Hollywood, on his knees. The great Stokowski carried her off to his villa on an Italian hillside several years ago. And we know, of course, about her attraction for Doctor Gaylord Hauser and now for Harry Croucher, columnist and bon vivant who escorted her to dinner at the Mendis the other evening.

It is, however, only exceptional men, men with definite achievement to their credit, who seek Garbo. For it is only these men who ever dare to break down her strange remoteness. Noel Coward is one who adores her and who isn't impressed or fooled by her for one minute. Several years ago, Noel, nervous and tired, went on a tour of the Scandinavian countries. Arriving in Stockholm he discovered that two of his plays were running in two of the principal theaters and a movie of his was being shown everywhere. A gala performance in his honor was promptly, planned at the Grand Opera.

Noel decided to ask Garbo, who was visiting her home city, to attend this gala performance with him. He could find no one, however, who knew her except as "the Great Garbo" and no one who would even consider approaching her.

"Twiddle, push, bush, nonsense!" Noel exclaimed. He called her hotel. When she heard who it was she rushed to the telephone. She protested, though, that she couldn't possibly sit with Noel in his box at the opera. She never, she explained, went about like that.

Noel went to Garbo's house, made her dress up to the tent of him —took her to the opera on his arm and seated her in the front of his box for all to see. It was this evening, in fact, that Garbo began calling Noel by the name of William and he began calling her Harriet—which names they use to this day.

It takes Noel to bring Garbo out of herself. I always ask her to dinner I give for him. And she always arrives beautifully dressed and lovely to behold. Furthermore, with Noel about she is so gay and full of vim and pep that the other men present forget to be awed and rapidly become her slaves.

In the perpetually bewildering attraction between the sexes only one thing remains certain—that is, you can't always tell. For in Hollywood, as elsewhere, it isn't always the girls that might be expected to have the greatest appeal for men who prove the greatest charmers—away from the cameras.

The End

REGULAR
Perennial Pidgeon
(Continued from page 41) nobody as good as Pidgeon should be a banker. He spent an hour arguing the young man into trying show business again and gave him a letter to C. B. Dillingham.

Nothing came of this, but Pidgeon hit Elsie Janis for a job (he'd met her when he was in the Canadian army) and she took him to England and the box of red carnations.

Montage, now, showing twenty-two years. Singing at the Palace and being panned by a Variety critic, even though Irving Berlin had given him a little number called "What'll I Do" to try out. Broadway shows ... being hired for Hollywood in the Great Sound Rush ... banging around in various studios ... being regarded by some as a character man with no real talent ... back to Broadway for a couple of years, in four plays, the only memorable one being "The Night Of January 16th" ... back to Hollywood ... Warners ... Universal ... Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1937. Deanna Durbin's "It's A Date" was the turning point in Pidgeon's career, which up to then had been routine.

To most friends—and to many who like him even though they haven't met him—the actor is Pidge.

To a few co-workers he is Joe, so called because once, to escape a woman fan who swarmed up to him and inquired if he weren't Walter Pidgeon, he said, "No, I'm his brother Joe."

PIDGE will be forty-six next September 3. He became a U. S. citizen last December. He's six feet two, thinks he has the biggest feet in Hollywood. At the beginning of his stage career he married a Canadian girl, Ruth Pickles, by whom he had a daughter, Edna, whom he calls Pidge. Mrs. Pidgeon died two years after the marriage and in 1931 the actor married Ruth Walker. They and Edna live in a Beverly Hills house—Spanish, of course, complete with barbecue—and Edna, who prefers art to acting, works for a small salary in the M-G-M art department. Pidge is something of an authority on painting, himself, but personally he does not touch the stuff.

His wartime illness and a bout with tummy trouble ten years ago have made Pidgeon careful of his health, which is good. One day a week he goes on a liquid diet, and eats carefully the other six. He's a good cook and would broil steaks soaked in olive oil if he could get any oil and steaks. He's a pipe-smoker and has one cigar after dinner. He owns about fifty pipes and a lot of quietly handsome clothes.

When he goes to Hollywood for his weekly broadcast Pidgeon always parks his car in the same lot. For a long time, each time he returned to get it he found the front seat littered with letters and scraps of paper asking for autographs, old clothing or a couple of bucks. Any kind of attention from fans is comforting to an actor—particularly to one who likes people as Pidge does—and he liked these mementos. One afternoon he found the car unencumbered by the usual fan mail. He drove off, brooding about a loss of popularity, when at the lot gate the attendant yelled, "What do you think of my invention?"

Pidge stopped and said, "What invention?"

The attendant beamed and from the car door opposite the driver's seat he lifted a wooden box. On it was printed, "Leave fan mail here."

Let's leave Walter Pidgeon here.

THE END

Why Lucille Ball wears Woodbury Rachel

Lucille Ball, starring in "Meet The People" A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

✓ it gives an exquisite ivory tone ... brings a heavenly clear, fresh look ... and such smoothness!

Girls! Want to be loved? Be lovelier. Wear your Woodbury shade ... Hollywood directors helped Woodbury create the perfect shade for EACH skin type. And the Color Control process blends Woodbury Powder color-even ... makes it stay color-fresh on your skin... creates clinging, velvet texture that veils tiny blemishes. Choose your shade now from the 8 enchanting Woodbury Powder shades.

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED POWDER

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP ... Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost ... All 3 for only 5c.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢

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ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢
At seventeen, on tour with the "Scandals," she was considering juicy offers from every major studio in Hollywood; at eighteen she was signed and sealed with Columbia.

Currently, at twenty-one, the fast-stepping little Texan is beginning what she calls her "Fourth Career." Beginning with "Battleship Blues," which co-stars Kay Kyser, her pictures will be strictly grade-A, with ornate production and top-notch supporting cast.

"I LOVE pretty things," Ann says seriously. "Maybe I love them more than most girls—because life never handed me any of them on a silver platter. But I also love knowing that if I had to, I could do without them.

"If something happened tomorrow to take away everything Mother and I have today—we, we could still get by. We still know the cheapest can of food on any grocery shelf—and how to eat it slowly, to make one can do for two meals. We know how to patch and mend, and wash out the same dress and underwear every night—without rubbing too hard on the thin spots—and we haven't forgotten the address of a place where you can buy secondhand shoes.

"In fact, almost anything could happen to Mother and me, and we'd never be lost, like some people are. You see, we have Someone to fall back on—"

Ann met the Someone in her life when she was twelve years old, and they've been close friends ever since. She was cleaning the littered hallway of the not-too-proud quarters on which she and her mother hoped to be able to pay rent, when she picked up a discarded booklet. It dealt with the science of God in daily living and she accepted its tenets with a child's practicality. Today, she includes Him in her conversations as simply, unashamedly, and fondly as if He were a big brother.

The present Miller residence is one no unprepossessing landlady can put out of, a lovely big home of their own, perched high up in Laurel Canyon.

"I like it in the hills," she explains, "because looking down, I can see all Hollywood. Then, too, I always feel that up there I'm a little closer to the Big Fellow. Ann has a fresh, unspoiled way of speaking—as if all the truths she has learned, whether on matters blithe or bitter, are all rather wonderful. This combination of fun and seriousness was an innate one with the girl who was born a Better and Most Beautiful Baby, and has never quite escaped the responsibilities her gifts brought with them.

Ann was eleven when the two-year battle of the Millers vs. Hollywood began.

"It was pretty gruesome," says Ann. "The money we'd brought from Texas had all given out. Mother hadn't any business experience and she wasn't strong enough at the time to hold a job. Once in a while we'd manage to land a hoofing date for me at an Elks Club or Rotary banquet, but two or three dollars was all they'd pay a child—and nobody ever guessed what it meant to us when they'd invite us to eat, too—"

"Then, in the midst of this terrible time, I met Mr. Morgan, who still owns the Morgan Shoe Store in Hollywood. I went in and asked him if there was any work I could do for him to earn a pair of tap shoes. He took down a pair and gave them to me. 'Til you trust you until your engagement begins,' he said, just as if I were a grown-up and established artist.

"Mr. Morgan had a small practice mat in his store, where people who bought tap
shoes could try them out. I 'tried mine out' so many times he soon caught on that I didn't have any place to rehearse my dancing. After that he got ready to close up shop at night, he'd take the mat out back. Week after week I rehearsed my routines in the back room of the darkened store, and most nights Mr. Morgan and his kindly little old wife would sit and watch me.

"Then one night in the shoe store I found a definite style for my dancing—they call it my 'machine gun taps' today. Well, that was it. They were holding amateur nights at the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles then, with a $5 prize. I took my mother, my new routine and my new friend God and between us we tore down the house."

The tune the orchestra faked for Ann's dance that night was 'Bye Bye Blues' and by any other title it couldn't have been more prophetic. Two years later, she was playing with Ginger Rogers in "Stage Door."

"Gosh, I thought that was the greatest deal of my life. Ginger was my dream of everything—honest, I used to get her autograph three and four times a day!"

Then came "Room Service" and after that she headed for Broadway and the "Scandals."

"It seemed too wonderful to be true. George White had a lot to do with my success. He gave me a new personality, made my skin whiter and my hair blacker, dressed me in lovely Frenchy things and gave me beautiful settings."

One of the most vibrant things about this Miller girl is that eagerness for what may be next-around-the-corner which is never quite absent from her manner. She is one of the most "dated" belles in the movietown and never knows to whom the columnists will have her "engaged" next, but with that wholesome frankness of hers admits the happiest day of her life will be when she finds a real, true, "knock-out" love.

Among her favorite current dates are New York producer Al Bloomingdale and Jim Cassidy, producer of "Green Mansions."

"I don't care whether I marry a professional man or not. To really be happy together, however, he'd have to be able to enjoy Hollywood—to love its people, its aims, and even its faults as I do. I think one of the grandest marriages was that of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. They were both real people. They could put on their zoot clothes and their glamour manners and go out and be Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star—and after the show was over they could go home and settle down to being honest-to-goodness human beings."

And while she's waiting for that "real happiness—a home with a husband, and children if I'm lucky,” Ann has one other unfulfilled ambition. She'd like to play the life of Marilyn Miller when Warners bring it to the screen.

"It's the one role I've ever really wanted—and I've been wanting it all the while Ginger Rogers, Joan Leslie, Judy Garland and practically everyone in Hollywood but me has been rumored for the part. But I can wait—I've talked it over with the Big Fellow and if it's right that I should have it, I'll get the part. If not, well then, I guess I'll just start hoping for a picture with Gene Kelly someday—he's my idea of not only the finest dancer, but one of the finest actors on the screen. And after that, I'm going to start concentrating on something with Cary Grant."

We can't add anything to that last statement, except to tell Warner Brothers, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Grant to prepare themselves—we wouldn't be surprised if, sooner or later, they're in for a swell experience!

**The End**
Baby Ruth candy makes delicious cookies

IF HE'S IN AMERICA SEND A BOX TO THE BOY IN CAMP

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TAMARA TOUMANOVA

TAMARA TOUMANOVA, star ballerina before Hollywood acclaimed her star of the screen, wears a Claire McCardell sportswear design inspired by the ballet. The green-striped beige tweed jumper wraps around a leotard (just like a ballerina's tights) of forest green wool jersey. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis.
Clean-carved, sculptured lines tell you at a glance this classic is a McKettrick. Tailored in a whisper soft mixture of 55% rayon and 45% wool. About $11 in the McKettrick department of your favorite store.
McKettrick-Williams, Inc.
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PHOTOPLAY CONDUCTS A FASHION POLL
— casts a fashion-wise eye at the new Fall candidates and picks a ballot of suits, coats and casuals bound to win your favor now as well as in November.

...AND YOU'LL REGISTER in these wonderfully wearable fashions. Left, a Personality Twosome in plain and pencil-stripe wool and rayon flannel — about $15 at B. Altman, N. Y. 10 to 18. The Lynbrook classic (center) gives you checks to balance your wardrobe, printed on spun rayon that looks and feels like flannel. 10 to 16. About $10 at Rhode's, Seattle. And, right, a color double-upper to double your loveliness . . . it's a Rambling Jr. in green rayon gabardine with natural cashmere jersey (wool and rabbit's hair), about $16 at Halliburton's, Oklahoma City. 7 to 15.
There have been no other stores from coast to coast.

You've long cherished a dream of someday possessing a glamorous fur coat ... now you can buy a superbly beautiful and youthful QUEENS LAND SEAL-DYED CONEY or BEAVER-DYED CONEY at a modest price, and enjoy it for years to come. Made of the finest quality of Australian and New Zealand pelt, and that means they're full furred and of lasting quality. Every QUEENS LAND COAT bears the "Guarantee Seal" of Good Housekeeping Magazine. In sizes for Juniors, Misses, Women, and Men's.

For store in your city write either

LEWMAC FURS, INC., 130 W. 30th St., N.Y.C. GLOBE FUR & NOVELTY CO., 320 W. Adams St., Chicago.
JUST THE TICKET for running (or walking)
to office or for fun . . . this made-for-each-other pair.

Both suit and companion coat are Gaynes Originals of pure
Virgin wool with matching braid and buttons. Both 9 to 17,
10 to 16. Each, about $40, at Bonwit Teller, New York;
The Blum Store, Philadelphia; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas.

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159 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.
LONG TERM'S predicted for this favorite button-in lining coat fashion. It's the Leeds' new short version, taut-belted, in Duvdown wool suede—perfect day or night over everything you own. 10 to 20. About $50 at Maurice L. Rothchild, Chicago; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh.

Destined for popularity...

and the buttons go marching on... over shoulder and down the front of the short and snappy velveteen jacket. You'll out-maneuver all competition and capture his heart on sight. Evelyn Alden designs the ideal junior datable... adds a piquant bow for pixie prettiness. In lollipop pastel plaid with luxurious velveteen. Junior sizes 9 to 15. About $14.95... at your favorite store or write us for your nearest dealer.
Judy Nell adds drama, warmth, and extra wear to the cherished Chesterfield...slims your waist and broadens your shoulders...making magic with lines! In "Nel-Bloom," a confined Judy Nell fabric...soft, luxurious glamour fabric. Warmly lined and interlined. Choose it in plum, rust, blue, brown, black, fuchsia, or moss green—sizes 9 to 17, 10 to 20. About $29.75 at your favorite store.
Keys of the Kingdom

(Continued from page 64) could visit Tynecastle, where Judy, Nora's orphaned little girl, lived with the Bannons.

He was convinced that he was a failure, and it was like beginning a new life to be sent as a missionary to the village of Pai- Tan, China, where he could start over...

China was a land of poverty and exploitation. A few rich men held power, while millions struggled for a bare existence—without hope, without even a dream. A crowd was assembled to greet him: banners were waving and firecrackers exploding.

Then he realized that the celebration was not for him; a fat Chinese mandarin waddled from the junk to the jetty and into a waiting sedan chair and the crowd followed him away. The only persons left behind were two neat, small Chinese, a man and a woman.

"Father, I am Hosannah Wang, your beloved catechist," the man said. "And this is my wife, Philomena.

Francis smiled his thanks. He would go straight to the mission, he said. He found the mission only a collection of ruins on sun-baked, rain-eroded earth.

Hosannah shrugged. "It was a beautiful mission, Father, and cost much. But the good Father—who-is-gone placed it too near the river. And the Devil sent much wicked rain."

"But where are the people of the congregation?" Francis demanded.

"Many went away," Hosannah told him. His wife broke in. "Those who stayed behind are without true belief. And Father must realize that for almost one year now we have not received any cash."

Francis felt his mouth drop open in amazement. "Cash? Do you mean the Father gave you money? But why?"

Innocently, Philomena said, "To buy rice. Father. How else could we bring you members? And the faith of many left them when the rice gave out."

"And you?" Francis asked. Hosannah drew himself up proudly. "As soon as Father restores our lawful stipend of fifteen taels per month, he will find us as useful as ever."

"Then," said Francis, "I think I should tell you that I cannot give you any money. Also, I know what rice-Christians are and I have no interest in them whatever."

Hosannah shot an unpleasant look from his slant eyes. "It would be wise," he said, "for Father to have two friends of influence."

Watching the two small figures go back down the dusty road toward town, Francis reflected grimly that he had been in Pai- Tan only one hour—and already he had made two enemies.

And they were powerful enemies. He learned that in the days that followed. Clouds of mud were thrown at him in the streets of Pai- Tan, and no one answered the chimes of the bell he rang to announce that mass was being celebrated in the tiny room he rented for a chapel.

But he was not alone after the coming of Joseph.

Joseph appeared at the stable one cold winter night, his arms full of bundles. He was seventeen and his family had left with the other Christians when the mission was ruined, he explained, but as soon as word had reached him that a new Father had come he had asked his parents' permission to return.

"And you'll see, Father," he said eagerly. "Together we will build the chapel again, and the house. I can make bricks and cook and help with the school. I am a most useful man—"

"I cannot pay you any money," Francis interrupted heavily.

"I have not asked for money," Joseph said. "I want to serve you because there is work to be done and I am a Christian."

"I am sorry, Joseph," Francis said shakily. "I have been alone so long—perhaps, without my knowing it, my faith and trust have become shaken. Forgive me."

That embarrassed Joseph and he took refuge in unpacking the bundles he'd brought—eggs, melons and even some tea.

Joseph's arrival did seem to mark a turning point in the fortunes of the Pai-
Tan mission. It was soon afterward that a packing case full of medicines and surgical instruments arrived, together with a note which ran:

"Your Holiness: It's amazing how religious you can make a man feel by fixing his bellyache. I'm sending you all of my secrets and a book of instructions. Cure what you can, and kill what you can't." It was signed, Willie Tulochn, M.D. and Heather.

Joseph, excitedly exploring the contents of the case, exclaimed, "Such a treasure, Father. Surely an angel in Heaven must have sent it."

Francis smiled. "Just what I was thinking too," he said.

They put up a sign outside the mission door—"Public Dispensary, Sick Treated Free," but for a long time no patients came.

Then, one day, Francis had a visitor—Mr. Pao, who was a cousin of Mr. Chia, the mandarin who had been Francis's fellow-passenger on the junk coming up-river. Mr. Chia's only son, Mr. Pao explained, was on the point of death. Would the Father come to Mr. Chia's house and bring all his remedies?

"You must understand," Francis said uncomfortably, "I am not a trained physician. I treat only the most simple disturbances—"

"The Father has come here to do good?" Mr. Pao inquired blandly.

"Why—yes."

"My cousin asks only that you bring whatever blessings and do whatever good you can."

It was an argument Francis could not answer. Silently, he packed his bag and followed Mr. Pao, although he knew that to the Taoist priests who were attending the sick boy he would be only a "foreign devil," an object of hatred. And if he failed...

CHIA-YU, the five-year-old boy who lay unconscious in one of the rooms of the mandarin's big house, had a badly infected arm. Under the outraged eyes of the priests, Francis called for hot water and bandages, took a lancet from his bag. They gasped in horror when he plunged the keen blade into the arm but they did not interfere. The interference. Francis reflected unhappily, would come later—if his treatment did not save the child's life.

But the next day, when he returned, he found to his relief that the fever had gone and the infection had subsided. "It looks just fine," he said to Mr. Pao, who only nodded, his face impassive.

"I have been instructed to thank you," Mr. Pao said, "and to say that it will not be necessary for you to come here again. Good day, Father."

A priest must be patient and forebearing, Francis reminded himself. All the same, he was angry. He had saved the boy, and now he was being dismissed with a perfunctory word of thanks. Mr. Chia, the father, hadn't even thought it worth while to appear and thank him in person.

Mr. Chia rectified that omission two weeks later. Precise and calm, he appeared at the mission on a Sunday afternoon, bringing word that his son was entirely recovered. "For myself," he added, "there have been some business matters to attend. But now—" he inclined his head—"I am here."

"Why are you here, Mr. Chia?" Francis asked curiously.

Mr. Chia looked mildly surprised. "Naturally," he said, "to become a Christian."

"But—have you come to believe in Christianity?" Francis asked.

Mr. Chia said, "In time I will no doubt accustom myself to it."

Francis realized he had been holding his breath, and let it out. "Then you don't
believe," he said sadly. "Why are you willing to become a Christian, then?"

"You have done the greatest good for me," Mr. Chia told him. "I must now do the greatest good I can for you. If I accept your Christian belief, all of Pai-Tan will follow me, as inevitably as the day follows the sun."

Francis knew a brief, strong temptation. To have all of Pai-Tan as a congregation—to see the mission rebuilt and busy....

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sure you mean well, but you would not be doing good for me. Mr. Chia, my acceptance of your work would be a forgery for God."

Mr. Chia did not even try to hide his relief. He bowed formally and departed. But in a minute he was back, pointing to a beautiful green hill that rose back of the ruined mission. It was his property, he said; perhaps the Father would care to accept it as a gift, together with the use of twenty workmen and the materials for any buildings he might wish to construct.

So Francis had, after a time, his new mission. With it—slowly but surely—God's work to do: the sick to heal, the poor to help, a congregation to hear Mass. And finally—crowning happiness—three Sisters arrived from home to teach and help.

Mother Maria-Veronica, who was in charge of the little party of nuns, did not like him. She made that plain from the moment she arrived. She would do her work, serve well and faithfully—but she would not be his friend. When she turned her cool gaze upon him he was reminded that he came from a poor home in Tynecastle, where she belonged to a rich and aristocratic Austrian family. It made no difference that she had taken the vow of poverty; with the veil, the distinction, somehow, was still there. She was able to make him feel like a muddy-booted farm-hand.

Well... there were other, much more important, things to think of. The region around Pai-Tan was about to become a battleground. Some troops of the Imperial Manchu Army had moved into the hills back of the mission, while Republican troops had occupied the village itself.

"There will be no doubt a battle," Mother Maria-Veronica said calmly when Francis told her the news. "But certainly no one here will be frightened by the prospect."

He marveled at her bravery and sighed over the coolness of her manner toward him.

Joseph interrupted their conversation by running in, wide-eyed. "Father," he cried, "there is a most peculiar man at the gates! He gives no name, but says to tell you he was the Devil's number-one boy!"

Francis's pulse stopped, then raced furiously. "There's only one person who would say that," he murmured. And the caller was that one person—Willie Tulloch, dropping in from Scotland as casually as once he had dropped in from next-door. He'd seen enough of Tynecastle in forty years of Lievin, he explained, and had decided to do some traveling. "And I'm still a heathen," he added with a grin.

Heathen or not, Francis was more glad to see him than he could show. Mother Maria-Veronica looked on Willie with disdain and displeasure, but for once Francis didn't care what she was thinking.

The Imperial Army had a field gun at its headquarters in the hills, and the second night after Willie's arrival it began to shell the village—with an impersonal disregard for the fact that in the village were helpless civilians as well as Republican soldiers. The mission went into a state of semi-siege. Refugees were brought from Pai-Tan and housed wherever there was room, and Francis ran the flag of St. An-
15 Year Old Girl LOSES 52 POUNDS

Long left out of school fun, Betty Parker of Tuckahoe, N. Y. is now slim, smart, popular.

“When you weigh 187 pounds and wear size 42,” explains Betty Parker, “you can’t take part in high school sports—dance, skate, bike, ride. I thought everyone was laughing at me, and probably they were!”

“Then I read of the DuBarry Success Course, and my mother said I could take it if I earned the money myself. So I did—taking care of neighbors’ children. I actually lost 52 pounds in four months. But that’s only part of the change. I’m full of pep and ready to ‘go places’. And I am asked to go to them! I dress like the other girls—wear lovely pullover sweaters and plaid skirts and bright frocks...cute young styles instead of women’s dresses. My skin is creamy smooth. I know how to do my hair. And is my family proud of me!”

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After

Before

drews up on the mast, hoping both armies would understand and respect it as a symbol of neutrality.

“I ought to be down in the village,” he fretted to Willie. “I’m a priest, and I have no right to quarantine myself here.”

Willie looked at him gloomily. “I’m a doctor,” he said. “We’ll go down there together, Francis.”

Picking their way over the rubble of devastated streets, where shells still fell at regular intervals, they found no lack of wounded. With the help of Major Shen, the leader of the Republican army, they commandeered a house, better built than the rest, to serve as a hospital. For six days and nights the shelling went on, and no matter how many wounds they dressed, there were always more. A detachment of troops had tried to take the gun by storm, but had been mowed down by machine-gun fire.

It was on the sixth day that Joseph came running with the news that the mission had been fired on. Mother Maria-Veronica had admitted some wounded Republican soldiers to her dispensary and the Imperial General had taken this as an excuse to stop respecting the mission’s neutrality. “I’ll go back with you,” Francis said quickly. Not until he and Joseph were halfway to the mission did he realize that Willie had heard and was following.

They ran along a dry irrigation ditch. Suddenly they heard a cry, almost a whimper, from a wounded soldier lying in the center of the road. Before Francis could stop him, Willie had leaped out of the ditch and was carrying the injured man back to shelter. A bullet whined through the air and Willie, with a look of surprise on his face, fell headlong.

He grinned when Francis bent over him. “It seems,” he said weakly, “the time has come—to send for the priest—”

Perhaps it was Willie’s death that told Francis it was not enough to care for the wounded and homeless, that he must fight for them as well. Or perhaps it was only the insolence of General Wai, leader of the Imperial Army, who sent one of his captains to the half-ravaged mission that afternoon. General Wai’s demands were simple. He wanted eight hundred pounds of rice and all the canned goods the mission possessed; in addition, Francis was to send food to all the wounded Republican soldiers. Otherwise, the emissary said, the mission would be pounded to pieces by General Wai’s gun.

“You must realize,” Francis said slowly, “it will take a while to comply with these demands. How much time will General Wai permit me?”

The captain’s sideways glance was significant. “Possibly until tomorrow—provided you deliver to me, tonight, at my gun position, a personal offering of tinned goods together with sufficient valuables to constitute a suitable present.”

A bribe, Francis thought. But the captain was in charge of the gun—the gun which had done so much evil. “Very well,” he said. “You may expect me tonight.”

Major Shen, the leader of the Republican Army, was young and fatalistic and he had accustomed himself to the realization that sooner or later General Wai’s gun would defeat him and all his men. But he was not stupid. Francis went to him with the information that he had access to the gun, and without a three minutes Shen had supplied the plan they would use.

THEY set out that night from the mission, the two of them. Francis went empty-handed, while Shen, dressed in collage rags which effectively concealed a revolver, carried a sack which supposedly held canned goods and actually contained explosive and a can of gasoline. Behind
them, in the shadows of the church's blasted walls, they left a detachment of soldiers with instructions to attack the gun emplacement as soon as they heard an explosion.

Sentries met them and took them to the gun, where the captain was waiting.

"Have you brought me a present?" the captain demanded, flicking a quick glance at Shen.

Truthfully, Francis replied, "I have brought tinned goods which I hope will impress you—also," he added hastily as the captain reached for the sack, "I have brought money." Taking out his purse, he moved closer to the campfire, as if for better light. Behind him, unobserved, Shen moved the sack nearer to the gunbreech.

"First," Francis said, "I want your assurance that the mission will not be molested."

The captain laughed. "Not only will it be unmolested, Father—but I will see personally that it is put under my troops' protection. Particularly the women."

Francis flushed angrily, pretended to fumble with the catch of his purse. He couldn't keep the captain's attention centered on himself much longer—if Shen didn't do something soon.

Then he heard a shot behind him. But there was no explosion. Another shot—and still no explosion. The captain had whirled and was shouting orders, and soldiers were scrambling for their rifles. He heard Shen's voice, "Run, Father! Save yourself!"

Still he did not move. As if in a dream, he saw Shen raise his revolver again and shoot the captain in the chest, then run to the fire, seize a blazing log and throw it at the sack. There was a violent explosion, and Francis felt himself falling.

He awoke in the mission, with Shen leaning over him. A piece of wood had struck him, knocking him unconscious as Shen had tried to drag him away from the gun before the explosion. "Thanks to you, Father," Shen said happily, "the gun is finished. And thirty-two Manchu bandits have been blown into little pieces. Never have I seen a more lovely killing. One, more like that and you will force me to endure Christianity."

Francis smiled weakly. "The question is—how long will Christianity be forced to endure killings like that?" And it should

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THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT
be on his own conscience, he thought. He had helped to destroy thirty-two human souls, and murder was a sin. Yet he knew this murder had not been a sin.

The Republican army had been victorious and it moved on. The mission church was completely ruined, but the other buildings had been only slightly damaged. And Francis said he would find a way to rebuild the church, Monsignor Mealey—now Monsignor Sleeth—to visit Pai-Tan on an inspection tour for the Society. Perhaps he—

ANGUS, grown plump and rosy with the years, was not pleased when he saw the ruined church. He intimated that Francis could have found a way of saving it. He thought that perhaps if Francis tried a little harder to convert Mr. Chia, he might find a solution for the problem of how to rebuild the church.

In the morning, when Angus had gone, Francis went slowly into the church. Angus was right—he must be right, because he was a Monsignor while Francis had failed even with a small, unimportant mission in the heart of China. Angus was right, but he was wrong, wrong! "And I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven," Christ had said that. Angus, with all his pride, had only the keys to the kingdom of Earth.

He heard a faint step behind him, and turned. It was Mother Maria-Veronica.

"I—I have come to tell you something," she said hurriedly. "From our first meeting I have behaved shamefully and sinfully toward you. I want you to know that I am most bitterly sorry... I was born into arrogance, Father, and taught contempt for those who were not. From the beginning, your presence tortured me. I knew that yours was a true humility and that mine was only a duty."

She was crying. "Last night I intended to ask Father Mealey to send me away. But as I sat and listened to him humble you—Father forgive me."

Francis smiled. "There is nothing for which I have to forgive you," he said. "I am only glad you no longer dislike me."

It was dawn when Monsignor Sleeth finished reading the journal which told the story of Father Chisholm's years in China. He got out of bed wearily and dressed. He was tired—yet strangely happy. Quickly, he finished packing and was ready when the taxi came to take him to the station for the early train. Father Chisholm was ready, too, with his good-bys.

In the early sunlight, he looked wan and pale, showing every day of his seventy-odd years. Timidly, he asked, "I hope you slept well?"

Monsignor Sleeth stood by the door, ready to leave. "No," he said, "As a matter of fact, I didn't sleep at all. Your journal was on the bookshelf and I must confess I read it through. I hope you don't mind." The mission ended.

"Not at all," Francis said uneasily. "But I should have imagined that the memories of a life as ineffectual as mine would guarantee sleep."

Monsignor Sleeth smiled. "Ineffectual?"

He held out his hand. "It has been an honor to know you, Father. And—I want you to know, there is nothing I shall say to the Bishop that will in any way alter your position here, or your hopes for the future."

Francis took the hand. His eyes were misted with tears. "Thank you," he whispered. "Thank you."

For a long while, after the taxi had driven away, he stood in the doorway of his little cottage. And Tweeside parish—his parish—sparkled in the sunlight, like a promise of happiness.

The End

MOTHER, CAN PERSPIRATION SPOIL THIS DRESS?

Yes!... Underarm perspiration ruins many a beautiful dress, and underarm odors ruin many a girl's happiness, too. The action of perspiration will deteriorate and discolor even the finest fabrics. And the damage is permanent, because no amount of dry cleaning ever completely restores a fabric ruined by underarm odors. These odors spoil the gown and, socially, they make life wretched besides.

NONSPI freshness and freedom last from one to three days. This liquid anti-perspirant does more than conceal odors. It prevents them. Stops them before they start. NONSPI protects your charm, your social assurance and your clothes. Feel free, feel fresh, this safe, swift, certain way.

Use NONSPI... 35g = 60g Sizes (plus tax)
Heritage on a Hilltop

(Continued from page 53) in connection with War Bond sales, visits to camps, et cetera, but then that is a routine with most Hollywood stars. Above all, he has dedicated himself to the remarkable institute he created which has its own building, and contains a comprehensive collection of books, art works and historical documents. Here Boyer is seeking zealously to preserve the spirit of France as it has prevailed through the ages. He doesn't want the France that he knew and loves to die out under the crushing heel of Nazism.

BOYER'S home, naturally, is the most striking expression of himself. One glances that it is set up on firm foundations, and that it will endure. That he is happily married seems to have been taken as a matter of course in the movie town ever given to seeing the possibilities of a breakdown in so-called happy marriages. The first child of the Boyers, a son, born so many years after their marriage, has become the new keystone of their life together. Even the baby's arrival seemed to be timed as part of a well-ordered plan. Regardless of the war, Charles and Pat Paterson have a more settled outlook than at any previous time. It is only during the past few years that they have made up their minds that America was to be their home for the future.

"America," Boyer said recently, "has not only been good and very generous to me but a high inspiration. A Frenchman at the present time feels a deep, natural sympathy for your country—I should also say now, my country—because out of the oppression in the beginning you gained your freedom. You hold up a shining light to any nation like France who is the victim of tyrants. I have always had a definite feeling that anyone who lived in America for any prolonged period of time and received therefrom the benefits of work and friendship and happiness should repay the debt of gratitude by becoming a citizen and assuming the responsibilities of that citizenship."

"When America entered the war I decided that I owed to her my services and devotion as a grateful, adopted son—and that I could also at the same time aid the Allied cause and the land of my birth."

Boyer has recently met the challenge of an entirely new sort of film character in the picture "Gaslight" which has marked one of the biggest turning points for him in the Hollywood studios. He depicts as sinister and compelling a villain as has been seen at any time on the screen. Boyer himself enjoyed this opportunity. "I found 'Gaslight' stimulating and a very amusing experience, as well," he said, "because it was a change from the parts I have played heretofore. Unless there is variety to the characters one assumes in pictures, work can become a dreadful bore!"

His next role will be yet another change—he plays opposite Deanna Durbin in "Strangers."

The most idealistic occupation of Boyer is his Research Institute. Yet that, too, has its practical motif. He wants whatever is French on the screen to be authentic. Also—and this is more on the idealistic side—he feels that students can benefit by the data he has collected.

"The Library represents the fulfillment of a dream to me and I want to share it with those who have a mutual interest. The war has momentarily interrupted plans for a theater as part of the project but these will reach fruition in the not far distant future, I hope."

"Here we expect to present plays, con-

---

Ever hear the 3 secrets of daintiness?

Summer still has many a sultry day in store; many a stuffy, sticky night. So it's good to know these 3 secrets of keeping cool, fresh and fragrant.

1. **How to Keep Cool**—First, your bath! Then dry yourself gently. Next shower your body generously with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. It quickly dries up lingering moisture; makes your skin smooth as new satin; sets the stage for cool comfort.

2. **How to Look Fresh**—Next, before you dress, smooth some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum over the trouble spots. You know, those places that chafe easily. You slip into your girdle slick as a wink... no chafing or rubbing.

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And your leaves and furloughs together!

Why be just "the girl he left behind?" Join the WAC... and you join him in service to your country, you talk the same language—husbands and wives can spend glorious leaves and furloughs together, subject to service needs.

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1. Your army job (from 239 types of work being done by Wacs)
2. Your branch of service (with Army Air Forces, Army Ground Forces or Army Service Forces)
3. The Army Post where you'll be assigned. Today get full information at any U. S. Army Recruiting Station or mail this coupon.

JOIN THE WAC NOW! YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU

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The yellow package... with the red oval

certs and lectures from time to time by the illustrious who may be visiting Hollywood.

Once the door of the Foundation is opened one enters a long library room and salon whose walls are lined with shelves of books, imposing-looking tomes and ancient manuscripts.

The furnishings are spacious reading tables, beautiful straight-back chairs out of another century of living, specially built lounge chairs and modern club divans. . . . fine drawings, engravings and vignettes. An air of serenity pervades the room. In the center on a mantel rests a large pair of brass scales, holding in equal balance the flag of the United States and the Tricolor of France.

Andre David, one of Boyer's life-long friends from the Paris of other times and brilliant critic and novelist, devotes many hours each day as curator of the library. The Boyer hilltop residence with its vista spreading out to the sea, is in the expanding state. There is a large victory garden on the estate. Here a wide variety of vegetables grow in abundance. And a touch of rural France is added to the pastoral scene with chickens, ducks and hissing and honking geese.

Boyer's love of his traditions is also borne out in the fact that he has his mother with him on his estate. Mme. Boyer has a separate menage, of English type of architecture—doubtless a graceful gesture on the part of the Frenchman to his British-born wife. And it is here that Mme. Boyer spends happy hours with her cherished grandson, Michael Charles, age eight months, and dedicates much of her time to Allied war relief.

She is a very beautiful woman in her early sixties and is completely devoted to her daughter-in-law, who has done much to dispel the loneliness she first felt on her return from Paris by a visit from France.

Pat Paterson, Mrs. Boyer, leads virtually the same sort of energized life as her husband. Everything that she does is linked with her love for her native country—her husband, her child, her home and her war activities. She has given up her acting career entirely.

She has found that being a wife is a full-time job and that motherhood is another. My husband, I am sure, would not want me to pursue a career except under ideal auspices and I concur with him.

"In this viewpoint, you have the keynote to Charles's philosophy and character. He believes that which is worth doing should be accomplished with the ultimate degree of perfection. And while he has a deep respect for art and the artist, he also has an infinite love for the human values—home and family—and believes it is well worth dedicating one's life to the integration of those elements."

"This fundamental quality makes him a man of great steadfastness, kindness and thoughtfulness. In fact, he is the kindest man I have ever known."

Young Michael Charles is the top inspiration these days, and if his papa applies a schedule of work and accomplishment to other issues, here indeed it sees the fullest fruition.

Pat is fully dedicated to the schedule, too, has perhaps intensified it, because her own program of work and service is broad and far-reaching. She allows nothing to interfere with the time that she feels belong to her young son.

Charles Boyer was born in France—Pat Paterson is a native of England—and their son, Michael, virtually per design, came into the world in America. Veritably theirs is a tricolor of the red, white and blue of three nations and might well be classified as a Decisive Allied Victory!
Cherish that natural vitality which underlies youthful charm... Read how this special balanced-blend of certain indispensable vitamins, with iron — protective elements every woman must have — can benefit you.

It's great to feel vibrantly alive... to be as vitally youthful as you should, for your years. But you may easily lose the charm of natural youthfulness if you fail to live sensibly and get full protective amounts of certain indispensable vitamins and iron... Be sure you replenish these elements each day — take "VITAMINS Plus."

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THOUSANDS of fond mothers have besieged John Robert Powers to allow their lovely little daughters to join his selected group of “Powers Models.”

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Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of dirt and loose dandruff. Notice how it leaves your child’s hair so much softer, silkier—how it gleams with natural sparkling beauty.

There are positively no harsh caustics or chemicals in Kreml Shampoo. Instead it has a beneficial oil base, which makes it so excellent for shampooing children’s hair to help soften dry, brittle ends.

Little sister will adore the fragrant, billowy suds of Kreml Shampoo— you’ll be delighted with results.

Buy The Large Size—Let Your Whole Family Enjoy The Benefits Of:

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Hold His Hands

(Continued from page 55) lawn and fix the leaky faucet.)

When the comic hand has a hard palm it denotes great power of self-discipline. Many famous actors have this type of hand. Knotted fingers along with the firm palm show a person who has keen insight. This type of hand is often found among authors and men in positions requiring diplomacy.

THE PSYCHIC HAND

The psychic hand has long delicate, tapering fingers with almond-shaped nails. This is considered a handsome hand. Your psychic man will:

1. Be impractical, lacking courage and strength. He will not be able to hold his own with other people or to cope with everyday problems. (If you want to wear the pants, coat and vest—here’s your chance.)

2. Have a tendency toward melancholy and be easily offended. He will lack self-confidence. (Praise and lots of it for this man.)

3. Possess a calm disposition and often care little for women. (If you turn on all your charm and it doesn’t work, you will know that he just can’t be had.)

4. Have a fondness for gambling. (And won’t always pick a winner or hold that royal flush—so beware!)

THE PHILOSOPHICAL HAND

The philosophical hand has long narrow palm, thin fingers, developed joints and thin almond-shaped nails. This man will:

1. Love to study human nature. (Best not to try to fool this one. If he asks about your braid, tell him if it is false.)

2. Think before acting. (It will take more than moonlight to get a proposal.)

3. Be quiet and sedate. (Not so good for parties or that new dance step.)

4. Rarely forget an insult. (If you break a date and get caught all will be over.)

5. Be patient. (Would be willing to teach you contract bridge or ice skating if you prefer.)

6. Love beautiful and artistic things. (You had better keep your house and yourself all shined up.)

7. Seek fame instead of money.

THE MIXED HAND

The mixed hand has a rather oval shaped palm with mixed fingers such as the comic, spatulate, square, or even psychic. These are the men who are jacks of all trades and masters of none. This man will:

1. Make a good living, but never become rich or famous. (Love in a cottage can be very nice.)

2. Be able to converse on many subjects. (You won’t have to wrack your brain to keep this conversation going.)

3. Be fond of good times, travel and excitement. (Here’s a date that will never bore you.)

You now have enough information to give you at least five dates head start on your nearest competitor.

Even charmers like Heddy Lamarr, Myrna Loy and Ann Sheridan were probably not born with the sure technique with which they now get results. So practice your hand-holding, follow your clues and before long Prince Charming will be telling you that you understand him better than anyone he has ever known.
For Love or Money?

Continued from page 51) dancing. He
likes to dance all right, but—"I didn't
dance in "Cross Of Lorraine" and I think
that's my best picture," he said. Like Alan
Ladd, Gene is never quite satisfied with
his performance. "I could have done it
better" is his theme song. He is easily
upset by adverse criticism, although he
listens to it and profits. There have been
two vacations for Gene since he hit the
Hollywood trail two and a half years ago.
He recently managed a long week end at
Lake Arrowhead but took along the songs
and script of his then current picture
Anchors Aweigh.

To Orson Welles, the business of acting
and directing is the business of living. He
manages to spend every cent and more of
the money he earns and would act or
direct for nothing, just so they spelled his
same right on the billboards. Orson
thinks nothing of telling twenty hours a
day in the medium he loves.

When you see Ann Sothern in a Maisie
picture it is hard to realize how much pre-
thought goes into each and every one of
her movies. Ann is dead serious about her
job as an actress. In one of her Maisies,
Ann had to act a little pickled. In private
she Annie is not a drinking gal but she
exuded in a beautiful binge one evening
—with pencil in hand making notes for as
long as she was able to—all for her art.
I had to know how to get high so I
could act realistically," she said.

A FEW years ago, Paulette Goddard was
the center of an ugly whispering cam-
aign. The reputed incident at a night club
rew and grew with each telling until a
major scandal seemed imminent with
women all over the country threatening
to boycott Miss Goddard's films.

"But you know me," Paulette said on
the set to Fearless. "You know I wouldn't
throw away in a few minutes all the years
of work I've put in to get where I am." Fearless believed her and said so in
print.

Paulette has worked, in spite of the
strong opposition of Charlie Chaplin when
they were married, to be the star she is
today. She wasn't a particularly good
actress at the beginning of her time here.
She has now made good as a grade A
comedienne, as witness her work in "So
Proudly We Hail." Today, established as

**** Bulletin on Farley Granger!

You'll not only have a
full page natural color
portrait of him in the
October Photoplay but you'll
have a story all about the
lad and his life!

****

An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company

"... boy oh boy ... when our lips meet again."
Money means little to Greer, although she spends it carefully with the exception of clothes. She would act for nothing—for the fun—and the fame—of it.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is very particular about the pictures she makes—cito for the dollars. Claudette takes as much time choosing her pictures as some people spend in the making of them. She insists on picking the story, the director, the make-up men, the cameraman, the still man and her fellow actors. She is a demon with a blue pencil with publicity material and still photographs. But she is always punctual, always knows her lines and always gives a good performance.

If Maria Montez really wants to be the star she says she does, she would do a lot worse than copy Claudette in the matter of punctuality. Maria is driving her studio crazy by being late for appointments. When you ask Maria if she is serious about her work she laughs and says, “But of course. My pecautures they make five million dollars last year. What, I ask, is more serious than five million dollars?”

“I want to work, work, work,” Joan Crawford told Fearless dramatically a year ago when she quit Metro after nineteen years for a contract with Warners. To date Joan has not made a single picture for her new bosses—which is the longest period of time that Joan has been idle since coming to Hollywood. It’s a shame because Joan can’t breathe properly unless working at high pressure. Her film philosophy is summed up in the two words spoken by Joan to the scripter of one of her films—“Write hard!” Joan does everything hard. You’d think that the number—one box-office draw, Betty Grable, would be oozing with ambition. Taint so. The blonde pin-up gal—in her own words—is “the family type. I’m not a career girl. I don’t care who writes my pictures or who directs them or who acts in them. I never read the script until I’m on the set, made up and ready to work. I like making pictures because I like being with the gang at the studio.” Well, that’s one reason!

You don’t find Rosalind Russell, or Joseph Cotten, or Ginger Rogers or William Powell or Jennifer Jones or Fred Astaire going into a picture without inspecting all the angles. Sometimes they are overanxious and accept Dud pictures—you should hear William Powell on the subject of “The Heavenly Body!” Even the wisest make mistakes, but it’s better to be overcareful than overcareless.

The most serious of the lot are perhaps the newcomers and the comics. They have a world to gain and are ready to pay for it in hard work. The comics—well, have you ever met a funny man in private life who wasn’t worried to death about everything, but mostly whether his gags are funny or flops? Abbott and Costello go over every gag until sure it is laughproof. Even Bob Hope, one of the clatter of the comics, tries out his laugh lines on his pals to get the reaction.

A funny man who once—upon—a-time forgot to be serious about his job is Jack Oakie. He played himself eight years ago, right out of a Paramount contract. But Jack is now more and less serious about his movie material. He may tell you sometimes, “This is a stinkeroo.” And it usually is when he says so. But that’s better than no interest at all.

And talking about lack of interest. There is a group here in Hollywood who do not give two cents for acting, fame or money. And yet they steal every picture in which they appear. Babies and dogs.
Bringing up Brown

(Continued from page 59) bashful than anything else, saw her, choked on his chops and demanded of his lunch-mate Jack Beutel, "Who is she?"

"Verna Knopf," said Jack placidly. "She's a contract actress for Howard Hughes. Used to be a model—you've seen her on the covers of magazines."

"Introduce me!" demanded Jim, tossing shyness to the winds. But when he looked back for her she had gone, and then he grabbed Jack Beutel's arm and added, "Tomorrow?"

Jack informed Jim that the beautiful Verna would be out at his home the next day, helping the Beutels pack to move to a new home. "I shall come out and help you pack at dawn," Jim announced. He was there. He had a four-hour wait before Verna came, but when she finally did, Jim stared at her, mumbled "How do you do?" and (to his own bewilderment) took her in his arms and kissed her profusely, among the packing cases in the kitchen. The minute he realized what he was doing, he let go of her and apologized. "Gee, I go with girls for six months before I even try to hold their hands," he blushed. "I don't know what got into me!"

Verna, who had started to lose her temper, smiled instead at his agonized embarrassment—whereupon lightning struck Jim once more and he grabbed her into his arms. As the briefest story briefer, he proposed thirty minutes after meeting her; he enlarged on his proposals for two weeks, nightly, at Bublichki's night club. Hollywood—and then they were married.

That was on March 1, 1942, and they have been blissfully happy ever after. Since then a small mirror of Verna has appeared, too. Beverly Jean Brown, titled Wendy for short and currently aged a year and a half. Another Browning is due any minute and there will doubtless be a third. Verna and Jim like a big family. Meanwhile, they are doing very well in the happiness line, in a small ranch house in San Fernando Valley. But Verna still never knows what her husband is likely to do next—and neither does anyone else, including Jim!

This is obviously because his life has been a series of gay adventures, with nary a plan in the lot of them. Down in Waco, Texas, the Brown family flourished like the green bay tree—Father Floyd E. Brown as an oil salesman, and his wife and three children as a typical family.

At eight Jim was trumpet-playing in school bands and singing with school orchestras. At twelve he took up football, thus making himself 4-F fodder by breaking an eardrum. At fifteen he took up tennis, which accomplishment led him straight to the 1941 Pacific South West Tennis Tournament. Since it was in Hollywood, California, therefore so was Jim. Hollywood distracted him completely.

He decided to make California his home and start his profession. His tennis pal Joe Adams finally decided to stick with him; and they took together a small attic room so low-roofed that neither of them could stand up in it. Here they began quietly to starve to death until Joe found a job at Lockheed.

Then one night during a canned-fish dinner in the attic the telephone downstairs rang for Jim. It was agent Henry Willson. He had picked up a paper and found a belated picture of Jim left over from the tennis tournaments—and had

---

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STERLING SILVER

NEW Yes, this beautiful "True-Love" Bracelet is delightfully new, rich and lovely. Everyone who sees this precious, solid Sterling Silver, seven-inch Bracelet in the exquisite True-Love, Heart-link design, immediately wants one. Each link has floral design suitable for engraving initials of loved ones and friends. Safety clasp. Ten links. The bracelet of love and romance. The newest style from New York to Hollywood. Be first to wear one.

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Wear on 10 Days money-back guarantee. Just send us your name and address. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $2.90 plus a few cent mailing cost and 25% Federal tax, on arrival. When you try on this Bracelet, exquisitely wrought in solid Sterling Silver, you won't part with it because of its novelty and sparkling beauty. The supply is limited. Write today.

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THIS SUPERIORITY OF PHILIP MORRIS RECOGNIZED
by medical authorities

Here's what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers...

PROVED far less irritating to the nose and throat

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF Irritation of NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

These findings—reported in an authoritative medical journal—do prove PHILIP MORRIS far less irritating to nose and throat.

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY MORE WAR BONDS!
Speaking of CALF LOVE

What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's... well, eyes... turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry... and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're "smooth" calves, free from glamour-staining hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give your legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed... are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today!" This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arms, pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when new-falling NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent store.

traced down his address via a wire to Texas. "What I'm trying to tell you is this," he said into Jim's astounded ear: "you look like acting material to me—and I'd like to try you out on Paramount Studios tomorrow.

"Yee-ow!" yelled his newest client.

KNOWING what you now know about his record, his confusing private life will come as no shock to you. Home via motorcycle every evening, he usually strolls into a quietly filling living room. The fillers are generally Bill Edwards, Agent Wilson, Craig Stevens and Alexis Smith, Steve Richards and a writer named Dick Mook.

But evenings when only the Browns are home, Jim plunges happily into three newspapers—thumb-marking, however, only the sports and funny pages. He roars delightfully over the comic strips, "Dick Tracy" and "Napoleon" in particular. After the newspapers he will peruse any magazine with pictures. Then he spends an hour answering fan mail and an hour on the latest book on flying (he yearns to be a pursuit pilot). But always he winds up vegan on the cardboard model of the house he wants to build after the war.

Meanwhile, the Browns hold forth contentedly in their war-rented home, with Jim's personality all over it—his sports clothes hanging hither and yon on chairs, his empty coffee cup left from breakfast on any handy table or window sill, and only his collection of shoes left in neat rows where they belong, in the closet. Food interests him little and desserts not at all; but tennis has its old fascination for him on Sundays, during which day he has practiced enough to capture the 1944 championship of the Motion Picture Tournament.

As for future years, he wants eventually to leave the screen and become a radio singer. He has not yet been a professional singer. In the far, far, distant future, however, he has a most un-puppylike dream: He wants to give away all the money he and his family won't need to people who do need it. "That's because I've had such trouble trying to get loans out of people, myself," he says now, and somehow we think his promise will hold good.

The End

LOOK WHO'S HERE!

Dana Andrews

winner of Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll, appears on page 48, voted there by readers

Second favorite

Don McCallister

on page 37.

Whom would you like to see pictured in color in Photoplay? Send in the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St. New York 17, N.Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of

in Photoplay

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

Buy it from your druggist today

Wool Foam

Perfect Wool Wash

Leaves sweaters, blankets, woollens soft, fluffy—really clean. Made by a wool farm.

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Get More Comfort For Standing Feet

With A Daily Ice-Mint Treat

Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal your energy and make the hours seem longer. Just two pints from the ice box, let on your feet and ankles before work to help keep them cool and comfortable... and after work to help perk them up for an evening of fun. No greasy feeling—won't stain socks or stockings. Grand, too, to help soften corns and callouses. Get Ice-Mint from your druggist today and get foot happy this easy way.

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many suffers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 5 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, itching up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning some times always there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 12 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.
Thank You, Irene Dunne

(Continued from page 36) was a disappointment, but Missy, her adopted child, is so very dear to her—you should hear her talk about Missy.

As we talked that morning at the Waldorf, I became conscious of several things, and the record bore them out. You can see high, hot temper in her, oh yes, she'd really go to town, the serene and lovely Miss Dunne, if you got her good and mad. And a degree of steel-cut ruthlessness. An admirable sort of ruthlessness, which manifests itself, for all her wit and humor, all her graciousness, in a finely tempered self-control.

Nobody would ever be allowed to mess up Miss Dunne's life or drag her from what she believed to be right. Very few really successful people, continued successes, are without some touch of that ruthlessness or good.

TOLD her I had liked “A Guy Named Joe” as much as any picture I had seen a long time. And she seemed unusually pleased about that. She had, she said, wanted people to like it because it had such a heartwarming thought behind it, in all her roles she'd tried to be and to understand the woman she was playing, but she had wanted particularly to be Dorinda, she had particularly to make people understand about Pete and Dorinda.

Other engagements came up and I went home.

WHILE I walked along 50th Street toward the river, I was still absentmindedly pursuing my quest about Irene Dunne, trying to find out why I had so much wanted to say Thank You, Miss Dunne, to her in my brief visit and somehow had felt sort of silly about doing it, because I didn't now just what I wanted to say. At the end of my street is the East River and I went and stood watching the water and the ships going up and down.

All of a sudden, I knew.

Though I know myself, it's still not very easy to put into words, but I think it's important, so you must hear it, and probably add some of your own.

Irene Dunne makes being good more in. More dramatic. More beautiful. So many people don't. But when you sit and watch her as Dorinda, or as the American girl in “White Cliffs,” you get from her a feeling of real goodness, inner goodness.

And then… something else.

There isn't anything dull or sanctimonious about her. You begin to think with all your heart that being really good, is gay and right and glorious.

When she is being funny, which she can do so very well, you know she is good all the way through, the way a woman ought to be, and when she is being good you now she can be funny any time she wants to.

Her goodness is full of laughter.

Not many actresses, if you stop to think about it, have been able to have Miss Dunne's record on the screen and off and still hit the top and stay there. But when you see her you are sure that a sense of humor is an essential part of the spirit and that probably there will be plenty of laughter in heaven and maybe fewer harps than we have been led to believe.

For that, and all that I now know it's meant to me for a long time when I've always rushed to see Irene Dunne pictures, and particularly what it has meant to many of us, in the strengthening of our faith and the warming of our hearts in these last years of war—thank you very much, Miss Dunne.

THE END

You get

Face Powder facts in your "Compact Close-up"

Yes, your compact mirror will tell you
Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder keeps
you fresh and young-looking because its
color stays true in all kinds of light.

HOW young and dreamy-smooth your skin looks under soft-shaded lights.
But does your compact tell a different story in pitiless sunlight or harsh electric glare? Does it then say your skin seems drab and oldish? Then you need Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder.

See how it enhances the natural beauty of your skin. And the shades! They're luscious. They lend your skin fresh, delicate, enchanting young color in any kind of light.

It's because Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is made by the famous Color-True process. There's one particular color-true shade made especially for you. See how smooth, how young... how appealing it helps make your skin look... how serenely it says "Yours truly" in your compact close-up.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all 6 exciting "Color-True" Shades, 10¢ and larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere.

Cashmere Bouquet
Face Powder

P M M

99
Deanna's in Love

(Continued from page 29) quietly, to give no orders in the future. Whereupon Felix, who undoubtedly had expected her to be haughty and rebellious and very much the big star, was overwhelmed completely. It is not handsomeness that makes Felix Jackson attractive to women. However behind his thick glasses his eyes are truly beautiful. He has an abundance of Continental charm. He lives most graciously. Recently he moved into a furnished house in Brentwood. It instantly became his own. As if by magic fragrant eucalyptus logs blazed in the fireplace; there were fresh flowers in the vases; records were going or the Casphart. And Felix's quiet efficient houseboy was fetching tea with no visible effort. Naturally enough, Deanna, who never has had a home like this, is quite taken by it.

Felix, with his soft voice, beguiling accent and subtle wit, would like to be really American. When he became a citizen and his friends gave him a terrific party with flag-bedecked cakes and loads of presents he cried sentimentally.

Deanna also has reason to be grateful to Felix for her wider scope as an actress. For it is under his guidance that she has played a defense worker, a housewife, a roadhouse torch singer and soon will be seen in a Western murder mystery by Leslie Charteris.

The gang at the studio was first aware that the Durbin-Jackson relationship has swerved to personal channels when Deanna began lunching in her dressing room. Always she has lunched in the studio commissary with all the people engaged on her picture. She was, she explained, eating too much in the commissary and wanted to stay away from temptation. But the lunchmen's chef sent to her dressing room were discovered, to include anything but a reducing diet and also, obviously, to be planned for two.

They did not go about publicly but saw only intimate friends up to the time Felix's first divorce decree was granted. Now days, however, they are seen everywhere.

These are the facts. But they are misleading. They make Deanna appear young divorcee intent upon being th

For years and years Deanna did nothing—literally—but work and study. She go

BATHASWEET

Your bath should be a luxurious experience: Three things will make it just that: 1. Before bathing, add Bathasweet to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power; soothes nerves. 2. While bathing, use Bathasweet Soap. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don't get from ordinary soaps. 3. After the bath, use Bathasweet Talc Mitt. It's the final touch of refreshment and daintiness. Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam and Bathasweet Shower Mitt.
almost as if she were hungry to discover what life is all about.

Formerly there were soft drinks in the icebox in Deanna's dressing-room suite. Now she enjoys an occasional spiritif cocktail. Slowly she is learning the art of small talk which she never knew before. She is, consequently, more often asked to join the little groups that run over to the commissary for a cup of tea. Heretofore she often was sensitive over the fact that people, translating her shy manner as uprightness, did not include her in these excursions.

When as a very little girl Deanna tottered around in high heels, her father used to worry that she would break her neck. Somehow—perhaps through the offices of the ever-alert providence which watches over children—her neck was saved. But now, grown-up, coming to a late youth at twenty-one, she is completely unaccustomed to the romantic episodes she attracts and the independence she has newly found, it is to be wondered how she will be saved from breaking her heart.

She protests she will not marry Felix Jackson. Only time will tell. He will not have his final decree until March, 1945. Many things can happen in that time. Deanna might meet a man about thirty—neither too young nor too old—who would sweep her off her feet and teach her how to laugh and love too. That would seem to be her greatest chance for happiness.

The End

You Wouldn't Know Alice Faye

(Continued from page 31) he returned to New York—and she remained here.

She was on her own—at last—and suddenly her individuality began to assert itself. The first thing she corrected was her appearance. A clever make-up man advised her to let her hair go back to its own natural blonde color and to stop shaving her eyebrows until they were almost invisible. The change was startling. No longer was Alice just another rubber-stamp blonde. The lovely, serious expression came out in her eyes. She overcame the disconcerting mouth-twisting routine.

Then Darryl Zanuck took her over and gave her marvelous musicals. After "Alexander's Ragtime Band" she could have written her own ticket at any studio.

But even with fame Alice remained excessively shy. She talks with me because she knows me and I think she likes me. I knew her all the time during her unhappy marriage to Tony Martin and before that when people said she was wearing her heart out for Rudy.

Personally, I've always felt that Alice was more homesick for her family and New York than for Rudy. The Fays are a devoted clan—the mother and brothers—and Alice was miserable without them. Her father is dead—but I know that in spite of things that were said that Alice contributed to his support until the time of his death. She is that kind of a girl—generous, open-handed and sympathetic to those who are in need.

Alice's lack of confidence in herself has been her greatest drawback. She hasn't an ounce of conceit. She doesn't think she has a particularly good voice.

"I'm always surprised when I open my mouth—and out comes a song," she laughed, "I never really expect to reach any kind of a note—and so when I hear my records and they are not half-bad, I am delighted. I'm not the kind of singer who works hard on my voice. I don't study or practice every day. I never sing for amuse-
ment or for my friends. Once in a while I hum a lullaby to my babies—and that is about the extent of my vocal workouts until I get ready to make a picture."

WHERE you and Phil disappointed that little Phyllis wasn’t a boy? I asked.

"Phil was glad," she answered. "He adores little girls and he knew that if we had a boy I would have taken him right over and that he would have belonged to me."

There was a twinkle in Alice’s eye as she spoke—a sort of inner laughter that didn’t come easily in the old days. Then she pulled out a picture of little Alice.

"Isn’t she a darling?" she asked proudly.

"Phyllis is so tiny we aren’t having pictures made of her until she is a little older. She has dark hair—just like Phil’s. Every body loves her—but her sister! Every time we have guests at the house, little Alice says, ‘Take the baby home with you.’ She’s jealous, Alice explained, ‘so we never praise Phyllis too much or make too much fuss when Alice is around.’"

The doorbell rang and it was Phil stopping by to pick up Alice. You have only to see them together to realize how happy they are.

"We’ll have an early dinner,” Phil said. “I haven’t eaten anything. I don’t want to get fat—but Alice doesn’t have to diet.

"Yes, I do!” she corrected. “Look how much more I weigh than I did when Alice was born."

The Harries have cows and chickens and live like typical farmers. "There’s something about that Valley,” said Alice. "When we get home we just stay there.

"Why—even the baby was surprised when we left today,” laughed Phil. "Seriously,” he added, "little Alice said her longest sentence to her mother was ready to come into town. She said: ‘Mommy go into town to tell lady story,’ That was you,” explained the proud father.

Before they left we talked about the movies the way all good Hollywooders do when they get together. Alice and Phil had just seen "Cover Girl" at the little neighborhood house in the Valley—the picture show that Clark Gable and Carole Lombard used to attend so often.

"I think 'Cover Girl' is just about the very best kind of its kind I have ever seen,” Alice said. “Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly and Phil Silvers were wonderful. That is the type of musical I want to make."

There is one thing I do know—and that is that you fans need never expect to see "The Dolly Sisters" with Betty Grable and Alice Faye. Neither Betty nor Alice believe it would make a picture together.

"I think Betty should have her own pictures and I should have mine. We can do much better that way,” Alice expressed interest in Betty’s baby and asked me if I had seen little Victoria James.

She laughed. "I guess I started something—having babies. After I had mine every actress on the Twentieth Century lot had a baby—Gene Tierney, Betty—and Maureen O’Hara is expecting. The Stork has visited everyone but Lynd Fari. Says she chuckled, "she’s been married six months—and I’ll have to speak to her about letting the rest of us down!"

As for Alice herself, she says she has had her quota of children—a nice family to raise. "From here on in I hope to make some good pictures—raise the family I have acquired and look after Phil.” She didn’t need to tell me that she will be just about the happiest girl in Hollywood sticking to that schedule!

THE END

Want a new thrill? Get HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. Notice that satiny surface—those safely rounded ends. Enjoy a smooth hair-do with HOLD-BOBS. Then be on your merry way and don’t worry—HOLD-BOBS are really solid!

That hidden power is built right into the HOLD-BOB design. It’s patented. It’s exclusive. So make sure you get genuine HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. Your dealer sold out? Keep asking. He will have some very soon.

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Ovaltine supplies food elements frequently deficient in ordinary diets. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child’s full minimum requirement of appetite Vitamin B,_ Vitamins A, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron—also supply niacin, panthothenic acid, pyridoxine. In addition it provides the basic food substances—complete proteins to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard appetite and normal growth.

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DECREASE SCALY SKIN TROUBLE

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PSORIASIS: stubborn rash, itching, scaling, soreness

APPLY Dermoil every morning and night

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Free Trial Size

Send for Generous Trial

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

A Great New Skin Healing Salve

Don’t mistake normal flakes for your skin condition. This is a harmless, healthy condition of your skin. To be sure, if you have tried other lotions, salves, pastes, etc., you have probably been misled. Our questionnaire on your skin condition will help us send you the Dermoil best suited to your skin. Address envelope to:

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Dermoil is used by many doctors and by a positive agreement of patients. This powerful formula is the result of years of research and development. Many people have tried weaker, cheaper products on the market. Dermoil is 100% pure. It is backed by the most thorough and complete scientific and laboratory tests. There is no question about its effectiveness.

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Once the news was out, Julie Bishop led off the festivities with a "breakfast shower" at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, with thirty of Hollywood's most famous girls contributing luncheon sets, hand-embroidered guest towels, crystal perfume bottles and luscious lingerie around a flower-decked table, swarming with tiny dolls dressed as brides. After that, the two weeks flew by with fittings, parties, more presents, photographs...just as brides' days always do and just as Alexis had dreamed it.

The wedding dress! Church decorations must be curtailed because of war. The men would wear dark business suits instead of formal attire. The bride would carry one orchid, instead of a huge bouquet. But the wedding dress must be the one she had dreamed. And so it was ivory, off-white brocade, with silver-shot appliqued panels. Underneath were a full hundred yards of white silk net petticoats to make the skirt bouffant without the use of hoops. Back of her high-piled blonde hair was a misty wisp of veil.

It was an old-fashioned, "family" wedding. Mrs. Virginia Aghello, with whom Alexis went to grammar school, was her only attendant. Henry Willson and Dick Hogan were ushers...and Bob Sterling would have been, too, if hurry-up orders hadn't sent him dashing back to camp just before the ceremony. The Reverend Stuart P. McLennan, at whose church Alexis first attended Sunday School, officiated at the ceremony at the Church of the Recessional...and three hundred of her dearest friends and old friends of her family gathered to see her walk down the white-carpeted aisle on the arm of her father, Mr. Alexander Smith.

While the wedding party was waiting for the strains of the wedding march, listening to John Schafer singing "My Lady Walks In Loveliness," the building swayed. "Earthquake! Earthquake!" exclaimed Usher Henry Willson. "I said, 'Earthquake!'" Not a soul paid the slightest attention to him. After all, what was an earthquake at such a moment?

There was another an hour later, as the guests were assembling for the reception. A wide crack appeared in the ceiling and chandeliers swayed dangerously. But there was champagne for toasts and there was the lofty wedding cake for Alexis to cut while Robert Schafer sang tender songs from "The Desert Song." And Alexis' little grandchild, ill these many months, sat on the balcony and held high court while her only grandchild tossed a bouquet from the staircase and rushed to her...
8 minute ‘BEAUTY-LIFT’
helps give your skin

DAZZLING NEW CHARM

Complete Home Facial Works Wonders
For Tired Faded Faces and Neck!

Here's a remarkable ‘beauty-lift’ that any girl can help give her face and neck right at home. It's a complete facial and takes only 8 minutes with that justly famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream.

And the devastatingly lovely results — after even the first facial — should convince you that at any price — you simply can’t beat Hopper's Facial Cream to lubricate dry, fading skin and to make skin appear firmer, smoother and fresher. Faithful use will help you maintain exquisitely lovely face and neck beauty through the years.

Here's What To Do —

Just pat Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream over your face and neck, always using upward, outward strokes (follow direction of arrows in diagram). Then gently press an extra amount of this amazing beauty cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes so that your skin can properly benefit by the homogenized beauty oils in Hopper's.

Notice how caressingly soft, marble smooth and glowing your skin appears.

The reason Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream is so active and lubricates the skin so expertly and evenly is because it's homogenized.

Get a jar today! Treat your face and neck every night to this thrilling 'beauty-lift'. At all cosmetic counters.

That's Hollywood for You!

(Continued from page 49) comedians, Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, who are on the set on the road to somewhere. Others may yearn for their old-time vaudeville, but I ask you, where could you get a vaudeville bill that you get on the movie sets? And as I stroll about the studio, I am always very careful to be polite to everyone, even producers. For you can never tell when a producer will be a gentleman and wouldn’t let you into the studio.

There is glamour, too, to Hollywood after dark, and so I also become part of the night shift, and stroll into the clubs and restaurants to see the latest combinations. At LaRue, the snaky eating place, there is Helmut Dantine and Myrna Loy being a thing, and I wonder if by now he knows Myrna well enough to call her Minnie, which is what those intimate with her call her. And whenever Private John Payne comes to town on a furlough, it is Sheila Ryan who plays USO to him. And you must admit that Miss Ryan is a very good-looking USO. There is the wolves' corner at the Mocambo and Fran's Tone, who is staggering it, has gone over to see what the wolves are howling at before going home to his pretty wife, Jean Wallace. Captain Ronald Reagan has been home and collected his pretty wife, Jane Wyman, and is now treating her to a good dinner — and a good time. It is not always “boy meets girl” in Hollywood, for even the boys get together and do the girls. Here are Joan Fontaine and Maria Montez spending an evening together. Joan and Maria are the best of friends and what is more glamorous than two best friends in the world's best dining-out clothes having dinner — especially in Hollywood?

I always like to visit Marlene Dietrich in her dressing room, for a glance at the wall will reveal the phone numbers of Marlene's latest romance and friends. Marlene makes memos on her wall, putting the role of the darling wife on the screen but that I wish I could see her when she wakes
up in the morning... When I want to amuse myself, I think that Martha Raye is really a quiet, shy little girl who is putting on an act in order to make a living... I would like to spend an evening in Lana Turner's apartment, unobserved, and see what she does to amuse herself. She tells me she plays gin rummy.

* * *

I would rather watch and listen to Charles Laughton, sitting at a table in a restaurant, than in some of the pictures he has made recently... I wonder what Paul Henreid would do in a love scene without a cigarette... I never expect to find Carole Landis in a book store, but regardless of this I am always running into Carole Landis in a book store. And I must admit that a book looks better when Carole hugs it... Isn't it about time for Errol Flynn to appear in a picture in which he isn't so brave... I never see a photograph of Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton without recalling that clever caption that appeared with a photograph of them which read, "Cash and Cary."

* * *

There is no one in this country who attends the movies in the royal manner of Prince Mike Romanoff. Mike is a movie fan, but since he became a restaurant owner he hasn't so much time as he used to have to go to the movies. Mike has to be at his tavern to greet his customers. Therefore, when there is a picture that Romanoff really wants to see, he has worked out a method to see the picture and still tend to business.

Prince Mike waits for the picture to play the Beverly Theater, which is just around the corner from his place. He calls up, finds out what time the picture goes on, buys a ticket and goes in. Mike stays for half an hour, notes the time that he leaves and hurries back to his restaurant. He hasn't been away too long. The next night he returns to the Beverly Theater at exactly the time he departed the night before and, without buying another ticket, he enters the theater and picks up the picture where he left it before. Mike stays for about half an hour, then leaves. The next night he returns, says hello to the ticket-taker, who is expecting him, and sees the rest of the picture.

* * *

I would rather hear Harold Arlen, the songwriter, sing his own songs than listen to Frank Sinatra sing them, and if that be treason make the most of it... Maria Montez will tell you that her entire day and night are devoted to the proposition that she'll be famous... If I had my choice of a neighbor I would prefer to reside next door to Betty Hutton for she is a very friendly person and I am certain that she would invite me in.

* * *

I have often wondered why people refer to Hollywood as "The Coast" but they never say, "I'm going to The Coast" when they're on their way to New York... I realize that Veronica Lake isn't so sexy when you meet her in person as she is on the screen, but whenever I'm with her in person I manage to look upon her as she is in celluloid... Adolphe Menjou has a cigarette case that typifies the true actor, for it has this inscription: "To Adolphe Menjou from his most ardent admirer—Adolphe Menjou"... I have seen Garbo several times and I know that Gee Gee's desire to be alone is no pose. Yet I happen to know that she means alone with the correct person. And that's Hollywood for you.

THE END
What makes Mary so Toothsome?

The man isn't born who could resist Mary's bright, seductive smile. And that's the way, it's been ever since the day she discovered how much better super-fine Pebeco cleans her teeth. As she says, "Pebeco Powder doesn't wash right away when you start to brush. It stays on the job and polishes!"

The trick is the way Pebeco's micro-fine particles hold onto your brush, cling to your teeth while you work. It's this special penetrating polishing agent, so fine it does a super job of gentle cleaning, that makes Mary's teeth so sweet and shining.

Never a dull molar for you either, dear Reader, if you leave it to Pebeco. Taste its bright, fresh flavor. Revel in that grand "polished" feel as you run your tongue over your teeth. Exclaim, as you admire their special sparkle—"Who? Me?"

Naturally—Lena Horne

(Continued from page 38) switch them around and thus befuddle a reporter.

"Dixie-land jazz was good," she began. "It is good," I corrected.

She agreed. "That's why it can lead to other refinements," she said.

There are certain communities in every country and streets in every community that are like whirlpools in the stream of life. Life is not necessarily more enjoyable in these places, but is more intense. There are more heartbreaks, more suffering, more squalor, but also more zest.

Conspicuous among these "live spots" in the United States is Brooklyn. It was there that Lena Horne first saw the light of day and that may account for her gorgeous animation in the spotlight and her remarkable poise and calm off scene.

There is an influence in her early life which accounts for her feeling of hospitality and good fellowship. Her father and mother, before she was in her teens, ran a small hotel in Pittsburgh, so Lena was accustomed to seeing people come and go, to be nice to them, not expecting all contacts to be permanent and to reserve to herself the thoughts she did not tell to transients.

She gave no thought to the theater until, after her high-school courses were completed, it was time to look for a job. Her mother had, with the old Lafayette Stock Company in Harlem and thus Lena was brought into contact with her mother's theatrical friends who got her into the chorus in the Cotton Club. She danced well within a few days, and outstandingly within a few weeks. When she tells about it, it is as if she had learned to cook or sew.

So far as her singing is concerned, Lena has hardly ever given it a thought. She has studied music, thought about it, tried to understand its past and guess about its future, but her own voice is as much a part of her as her eyes, and she uses it as naturally.

Her schooling was good and she has supplemented it by reading constantly. Among American writers, her choice was excellent. E. E. Cummings, Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, Caldwell, Faulkner and Maritza Wolfe were among those she mentioned as favorites. She is far better informed about current events and understands the implications and effects of the war more clearly than most producers. All this, for tactful reasons, she does not emphasize. She has formed the habit of listening attentively and avoiding subjects on which differences of opinion are likely to arise.

No girl in Hollywood is more grateful for her good fortune and the fine reception she has had than is Lena Horne. She does not close her eyes to the difficulties which make her career quite different in its character and development than those of other girls whose race does not enter into every consideration.

"I wonder what it would be like, just to be able to sing and act and live my life," she said. Again there was no note of complaint. She is a realist—a hopeful and progressive one.

Hazel (Hazel Scott) and I and the few others here—there ought to be more—can never forget that we represent millions of our people. Everything we do and say is watched and weighed, not as if it were merely Hazel and Lena, but in the light of race feelings," she said. I knew that all too well. My unspoken comment was that, if my race ever has minority representation, the representatives should be as well chosen.
Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

Her amber-eyed beauty and natural charm have made this young Navy wife an outstanding favorite with New York society. Her unerring taste is reflected in the smooth, casual perfection of her make-up. "When my skin seems the least bit rough or dull, I give my face a quick beauty 'pick-up' with a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Whitney says.

"Right away my skin feels smoother—and looks so much clearer and brighter. Good make-up then is no problem at all!"

How to
"re-style" your complexion with the
1-Minute Mask

Your re-styled complexion looks lighter . . . fresher! Feels so heavenly . . . softer to touch, with a perfect finish for make-up!

Note for split-second make-up . . .
Just smooth on a very, very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . and leave it on. A wonderful, un-greasy powder base!

IMPORTANT! Conserve glass, manpower—buy one large jar of Pond's instead of several smaller ones.

The More Women at Work—The Sooner We Win!
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 61) since he had left our state, that I meant a lot to him.

Now this was rather sudden and it frightened me. So I wrote and told him I was afraid of how I was handled of him and that he should know this before he got serious.

Well...it was almost a year before I heard from him again. This time from overseas. Seemed he left a few days after he wrote me saying he was coming down. In this overseas letter he mentioned nothing of what I’d written to him. He tried to tell me how he felt, but it seems he can’t express himself well in writing. I did gather that he always thought of me and still thought we were meant for each other.

The shock of hearing from him again put me in such a state I couldn’t think clearly. On impulse I sat down and wrote a very sarcastic answer to his well-meaning letter. Soon, very soon, I realized what I had done. It’s now five months since this occurs and of course I haven’t heard from him.

Here is my problem—I took a great liking to the boy from the first meeting. I guess I knew then, as I know now, that he’s the type of person I could love with all my heart.

So what to do? Write him? I’m rather afraid of being ignored.

Doris van K.

Dear Miss van K. :

Why don’t you write this boy much the same as you have written to me? Why be coy? Try to be frank and genuine. If he is really a fine person and still feels interested in you, he will answer promptly. If he hears nothing, continue for a time to write nice friendly letters.

Remember he is far away and facing danger on the time and interest account. Friendly and friendly letters will be very helpful to him. You should be frank with him and admit you made a mistake and that you want to be a friend.

Let him take the lead in his letters to you about his affection for you. Then answer in kind if you really feel it in your heart, or drop him on and drop him again. Make sure you really mean it. Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am writing to you for my sister and me. I am fifteen; my sister is sixteen. We are both in high school and we are lucky enough to be popular. We are invited to all kinds of dances and parties but have to refuse because we are ashamed to bring a boy into our home.

You see, we chum around with a group from the West Side and they all have beautiful homes. We live in a town where there is a dirty mine; the West Side is fifteen or twenty years, but we both are quite near and the mine ruins everything.

My sister and I have talked this over with our parents many times and begged them to move to the West Side, but they tell us they have to try to bring them. All us girls, Miss Col bert, do you know of any way in which we could make them understand?

La Rue and Patsy K.
the other dozens of little expenses that your family budget must meet?

Aren't you lucky to have both your father and your mother? To have a home in these times when there are thousands of girls your own age—all over the world—whose homes have been destroyed?

You say that you are popular at school. That is a bit of good fortune for which many girls from wealthy and privileged families, who write to me, would gladly exchange all their advantages.

If your school friends, who currently like you so much, knew that you were ashamed of those who work so hard for you, and that you were making their lives miserable by making demands which they would like to satisfy but which they can't, do you think those friends would continue to think highly of you?

Remember that no one admires a snob.

Remember, too, that everyone admires a girl who is proud of her parents and her home, a girl who tries to help her parents to maintain that home at its best.

Another thought: Why don't you and your sister take part-time jobs and then contribute to those home improvements you want so much?

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I married when I was very young, raised a family of five who are all on their own now. Due to very unfortunate circumstances I am a widow by divorce.

I just seem to be grasping for something that I have never had in my life: To love and be loved. I hope you won't think I am foolish when I say that even though I am very busy, I am extremely lonely and I want to marry again.

I am staying with my daughter at present, helping with her work as she and her husband are Government workers. We are in a suburban community not within walking distance of a church, store or theater, hence I have little opportunity to meet people. I have tried joining clubs to meet a man, but always with the same result: Everyone has a husband or a partner. I am the third party.

I am in my early forties. I have a jolly disposition, I am affectionate, dress well and love homemaking and cooking. If you have any suggestion, please tell me.

Mrs. Harriet M.

Even kept in a tight walnut shell, baby wouldn't be safe from harmful germs. These germs are everywhere, often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More anti-septic! Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, germs thrive; but in dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

New differences in baby powders!

Reaching for a toy, see how arms and legs move, shown by speed camera. And each motion rubs baby's skin. That's why it's important to use the smoothest baby powder—Mennen. Round photos above show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the best protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby lovelier.

Want the best for your baby?

3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder should be anti-septic. It is if it's Mennen.

TUNE IN

"My True Story"

10:00 A.M. E.W.T.

EVERY MORNING
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

A new and different story every day, from the lives of real men and women, revealing their troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures. If you like the stories in True Story magazine, you'll enjoy these broadcasts.

ON ALL BLUE-NETWORK STATIONS

See your newspaper for exact time and station.
Dear Mrs. M.:

Your is the universal hunger: To love and to be loved.

To a problem like yours, we have to apply the coolest of reasoning. In the first place, your tastes are likely to be somewhat specific, since you have already been married. Retain your ideals, no matter how you may be tempted to say, “This man will be a better person after we are married.” The first rule for a woman in your position is to apply the silver yardstick of your twenties to any man who pays you attentions. Don’t compromise because of your year. Don’t marry the first man who comes along, simply to be married.

Now, having considered the greatest danger to the happiness or permanence of any marriage you might contract, let us consider a way for you to meet a number of men from whom to choose.

The gypsies have a realistic proverb: To catch a horse, you must go where there are horses. Texas, Montana and the Northwest should offer greatest opportunities if you are in a position to go there.

If you will keep yourself beautifully groomed and young in spirit; if you will be “good company”; but never a compromisor with the established codes, regardless of the temptations, you will soon be happily married, I hope.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Mr. D.:

You say that you feel that your father’s voice was given him to be made good use of. Do you mind very much if I say that I think you are quite wrong about that? I am certain that there are all over the world, gifted people who will never become what we choose to call “famous.” These people paint pictures that are never exhibited, they write plays that are produced in kindergartens or grade schools—not more widely.

The point is that the genuinely good things of life are usually contributed to us by obscure people.

So it is with your father: In his way, he is bringing gladness to everyone who enjoys the sound of his voice.

Incidentally, have you ever told your father— as you told me in your letter—how very much you admire him? If you haven’t, you should. Your praise would be more precious to him and ring more sweetly in his ears than the applause of a mob in Madison Square Garden.

Claudette Colbert.
Dear Miss Colbert:
I am twenty-two years old and have a daughter ten months old. My husband is in the Air Corps and is serving overseas. I have been living with my mother-in-law until two months ago when I became very nervous. My doctor said I should go home to my own mother for a while. My mother-in-law couldn’t understand this and said if I left her, I would have to stay away forever.

In spite of this, I came home to my own family. I wrote to my husband explaining the situation. He answered my letter by saying that if I didn’t go back to his mother at once, our marriage is called off.

I can never go back to her, remembering the things she said about me. My husband means everything to me, but he won’t listen to my side of this misunderstanding. He has stopped writing and doesn’t answer my heartbroken letters.

Paula McT.

Dear Mrs. McT.:
Your case is one in which I don’t feel that I can give advice. But I can point out the alternatives that you face: You can face the possibility of giving up your husband and making a life for yourself without him or his family; you can return to your mother in the hope that your husband will begin to write to you and will be more happy by the thought of his women folk being together.

One thing you must do: Continue to write long, affectionate, many letters to him, assuring him of your love and devotion. Send frequent snapshots of yourself and the baby. No matter if he never answers, your duty is to write.

You should also write friendly, newsy letters to his mother, never mailing them until you have reread them twice to be sure that nothing you have said could be misunderstood or criticized.

Clandette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am a girl fourteen and I have a very dear girl friend with whom I went through grade school. This school was in a very small town and we were or less “de-pended” upon each other.

When we graduated, we went to a large high school and last January we met a girl whom we both liked very much, but my girl friend went around with this girl exclusively the rest of the year.

I tried to make new friends, but certainly didn’t get as “absorbed” in them as my friend was in this girl. I realize I am jealous of this new girl, although she is really a swell person, but I don’t seem to be able to adjust myself.

Liza Ann J.

Dear Miss J.:
I suppose there are a great many persons who would tell you that the loss of your friend was not important, but that wouldn’t be precisely the truth, Change is always painful, but it is an essential part of living. You will find that each year will remove some person or even group of persons from your life, but new ones will be supplied.

The only way to be happy is to rush forward to meet new experiences. If you will earnestly look around, you will find a new friend with fresh viewpoints to offer. And don’t cling to one friend alone—make dozens.

Many girls write to me about the breaking up of their girlhood friendships, sometimes from the interference of another girl, but more commonly from the advent of a boy friend. This is all a process of growth, like shedding your baby teeth for a more beautiful set.

Clandette Colbert.

To tell...and keep telling...of the love you share...to be forever in her thoughts...give her the traditional symbol of the engagement—a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is your assurance of high standards in color, cut and clarity. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake jeweler...

...$100 to $3500.

To Keep Distant Hearts Together

Keeptake

Genuine Registered Keepsake Diamond Engagement Ring

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement Ring" free, with supplement on "Wartime Engagement and Weddings," Illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name...
Street and No.
City...

PMM 9-44

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PROTECT YOUR POLISH WITH SEAL-COTE

Avoid the ugliness of chipped polish—make your manicures last and last with SEAL-COTE Liquid Nail Protector. You don’t have much time these days for manicures—yet well-groomed hands are important to morale. "SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day."

SEAL-COTE
25c at Cosmetic Counters

Make Big Profits Every Day

SELL THESE GORGEOUS CHRISTMAS CARDS
It’s easy to take orders for these delightful Hand Processed Christmas Assortment, Religions and Everyday Cards. No experience needed. You just show them to friends, relatives, business people in your spare time...or in full time. Make splendid profits. Also show 25 for $1 Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards. Make space-time cash, special for sampleход.

COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC., Dept. 24-A, Holyoke, Mass.
The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 23) maniac that Hollywood just loves to death, especially Universal Studios, with whom they couldn't do business.

He's John Carradine this time who renders Jon Hall invisible (yeah, how come we 'seen' him in the pitcher?) in order that Mr. Hall may wreak his vengeance upon an aristocratic couple, Lester Mathews and Gale Sondergaard whom he believes have abandoned him after a search for an African mine. Hall returns to London, accosts the couple and for his pains gets himself drugged, robbed of his identification papers and cast into the night. Stumbling upon Carradine the odd-now-you-see-me—now-you-don't profes-
sor, Hall subjects himself to the scientist's invisible experiments and haunts the couple through some really neat tricks; his main object being to make off with the couple's daughter Evelyn Ankers. Alan Curtis is the reporter-fiance of Eve-

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NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is answering the call to arms...the arms of thousands of war-active women who need more than ever the effective protection to daintiness that only a fine deodorant such as NEET can assure.

New NEET Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This fluffy, transparent, greaseless cosmetic-type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

Try New NEET Cream Deodorant today! Won't dry in Jan. 10¢ and 20¢ sizes, plus tax.

Stay Sweet...Get NEET!

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Today no man needs pointed feathers or any other antique implement for writing. Because in Inkograph he has an indomitable pen to pace his swiftest thought... with a point that pressure will not injure... fast acting, reliable, adapted to any hand—dependable for years.

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INK-O-GRAPH*2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., New York City 13

background of a minstrel show Fields is superb and we hope he's here to stay.

The story has the wife of Fields, a minstrel man, dying in childbirth. Griefstricken over her loss, the actor leaves his newly born daughter in the care of Roscoe Karns and Gladys George. When he returns five years later he finds the pair bitter over his parental neglect so again he sets out on tour and years later is reported lost on the ill-fated Morro Castle. In the meantime the daughter, played by Judy Clark, has grown to young womanhood and, learning of her real father's profession, is seized with a desire to don blackface and become a minstrel woman. Her father, deserted and alone, is found in time to rejoice in the success of his daughter. The reunion, you promise you, is most touching and may even bring a tear or two to your eye. The music is good, too, and you'll remember Mr. Fields' singing of "Melancholy Baby" for a long time.

Your Reviewer Says: A simple tale told with sincerity.

Secrets Of Scotland Yard (Republic)

This story concerns the men of Britain who decode German secret messages and bring about their eventual downfall. Remember Germany's threat to Britain after the last war that one of her own men would be among England's decoder's during the next war, the men work in the knowledge that a spy is among them. When Edgar Barrier, the best of the code busters, is killed his twin brother is called from Scotland Yard to take his place and after suspicion fastens itself on everyone in the picture, the culprit is eventually found. C. Aubrey Smith, Stephanie Bachelor, Henry Stephenson and Lionel Atwill are all suspects. But guess who dunnit?

Your Reviewer Says: What is the code message for "oh for gosh sakes?"

Goodnight, Sweetheart (Republic)

Now listen, sit down quietly in a chair before we tell you about this little number, for otherwise you'll never be able to take it standing up.

It seems there's a scandalmongering newspaper reporter Robert Livingstone who buys half-interest in a small-town paper and proceeds to rip apart with a vengeance, on fact, the honest people of the community. When Ruth Terry, the "girl in the case," turns out to be the niece of Judge Thurston Hall, an able and decent man whom our reporter decides to besmirch, our reporter (we share the burden of him with you, you'll please note) invents a blonde dame. And who is said tamale? None other than the reporter in disguise who promptly gets himself arrested for having killed said blonde tamale, who is really the reporter in disguise or, no we said that, didn't we? Now you see what we mean?

Your Reviewer Says: Gee, look at all the pretty puds on our cell.

Secret Command (Columbia)

NAZI spies, Nazi spies, Nazi spies, how sick and tired we are of them! If Hollywood doesn't think up something else in a hurry we'll soon be a gibbering idiot cutting out Nazi-spy paper dolls. Here, for instance, we have an American shipyard reeking with them. It's a wonder any ships get launched at all. There's Pat O'Brien, for instance, ex-foreign correspondent and former prisoner in a Nazi
concentration camp who becomes a Federal agent and pretends he's broke and jobless in order to obtain a job in the shipyard's crew of his brother Chester Morris. To lend credibility to his story, O'Brien has Carole Landis and two refugee children pose as his wife and family. Despite all this prying and sleuthing, darned if O'Brien doesn't let the real spy all but blow up the place. There you have it, friends. It's your shipyard from now on and you run it.

Ruth Warrick, Barton MacLane and Tom Tully worked in the "pitcher" too.

Your Reviewer Says: Shoot if you must this old gray head, but we still don't like it.

Marine Raiders (RKO)

HERE'S a little action story all about Marines in camp, in combat and in love. Unless you're too worn out with this type film you'll enjoy the action and the love-making. The battle scenes are terrific, but how Pat O'Brien survives all these service films we'll never know. And from the way he plays the role of the Colonel one would think he was still coach of a varsity eleven.

Burt Houser is the girl and Robert Ryan the Marine who wins her. But Frank McHugh, Barton MacLane and Richard Martin have too little to do. Or maybe that's the way they wanted it.

Your Reviewer Says: Good, but the Leather-necks deserve better.

Gildersleeve's Ghost (RKO)

IF you love Gildersleeve on the air as we do, don't see this picture, don't be a witness to the horrible thing they do to plump, ingratiating Hal Peary as Gildersleeve. For instance, they take him out of the homey, everyday incidents that mark his radio life and send him into the arms of that crazy scientist that movies can't live without, the one who renders people invisible. Does Universal know about this, we wonder. After all, they started this Invisible Man gag and now look who has it—RKO and Gildersleeve.

Anyway, Gidy is running for police commissioner and two ghosts (family relations and all that you know) decide to plunge him into a mystery in order that he may solve it and prove his marked ability. As if the scientist weren't enough, they've got that silly gorilla running around again.

Marion Martin, Margie Stewart, Richard LeGrande and Freddie Mercer (Leroy of
The Great Moment (Paramount)

Every time Preston Sturges takes over the reins of a picture, for some frightening reason we have a feeling he's somehow how dropped them and the horse is tearing off like mad with us, the story and Sturges flying in all directions at once. The feeling, oddly enough, steals over us even before our credit sheet tells us it's a Sturges picture, so we can't be prejudiced.

In this last written and directed Sturges story we have the same old runaway gallop over the cornfields in a story that tells us how Joel McCrea invented a practicable anesthetic and what he eventually did with it. The purpose in eulogizing Dr. William Thomas Green Morton, the real inventor, is commendable. He deserves it.

But the method of commemoration is lamentable, with Joel McCrea as Dr. Morton wandering on the outer edges of the story and never quite getting into it. Betty Fields as his wife and Harry Carey are other dream-world characters who seem to have wandered in by mistake from another picture and never knew the difference. William Demarest is as violent as always in Sturges pictures. We should think he'd be tired by now. The abrupt ending, the background music of "Ave Maria," the sunlight framing the lone child on the operating table are—well, my friends, maybe we're all wrong. If such should prove to be the case, please send all the War Bonds you can, for we'll need them in our jobless old age.

Your Reviewer Says: You may like it, but—

Song Of Nevada (Republic)

This is a rather involved story of a ranch owner, Thurnton Hall, whose daughter, Dale Evans, is about to marry a wealthy playboy. Roy Rogers thwarted the villain playboy John Eldredge as the villain almost succeeds in getting Dale's ranch for his own when her father is reported killed in a plane crash.

Mary Lee, Bob Nolan and Sons of the Pioneers are in the cast, too. It's a good story film, a one-checker that will get cheers from Rogers followers and a pleasant little smile from the rest of the audience.

Your Reviewer Says: Good Western; good Rogers.

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You may not be able to give the reasons right now—but you will after you read the facts presented by "Fearless" in October Photoplay.
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Brief Reviews (Continued from page 66)

HI, GOOD LOOKIN' — Universal. The people in this one are not very nice people, such as: Harriet Hilliard, Eddie Quinn, Betty Keen, Fuzzy Knight and Roscoe Karns, but the story is that silly one about a girl who comes to Hollywood to crash the movies, ends up on a late radio broadcast and clicks. Mixed up in it are a lot of specialty numbers and Ozzie Nelson's band.

WHITLER GANG, THE — Paramount. The rise and fall of the Harry Hill and the weakness and the pain and the heart appeal of the story make this a must see. Newcomers James Haver and Jeanne Crain show great promise.

JOHNNY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE — Monogram. When William Terry goes off to join the boys in the army, his sweetheart persuades him to rent him her apartment. But Terry forgets to tell her he's also given keys to various of his friends who keep dropping in on Simone unexpectedly.1

LADIES COURAGEOUS — Universal. Glorifying the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron, this picture has done all it can by the WAC's. Loretta Young is pretty and confident as the leader of the women flyers, Ann Gwynne is happily cast as the superstitious one, Geraldine Fitzgerald is the publicity seeker, and Evelyn Ankers, Diana Barrymore, Lois Collier and June Vincent are all good.

LADIES OF WASHINGTON — 20th Century-Fox. A parade of young talent, with Sheila Ryan best as a headstrong young doctor. Robert Bailey, to help another of the victims, Anthony Quinn, who has been shot in the very act of spying. Trudy Marshall and Ronald Graham carry the romantic lead with the best character of all being John Philber, who is the proprietor of a boarding house.

LADY AND THE MONSTER — Republic. A motor accident has provided a scientist Erich Von Str重任 with a woman whom he keeps alive in his laboratory. This proves very upsetting to Richard Arlen who is under the brain's spell and to Vera Hrask Ralston who almost loses her life on account of the brain. It's a pretty good chiller-diller.

LUMBERJACK — Harry Sherman-UA: Hoping Canada really has time this year in a galloping little number that generates plenty of fast action. Things really happen when Hoppie and his pals fail to save an eloping bride, when the groom is shot almost immediately and the villains set in to do the usual kinds of plot results. Ellen Hall is the purdy gal.

MAKE YOUR OWN BED — Warners: This corny story deals with that old problem again. Alan Hale and his wife, Irene Manning, don't have any. So they decide to get married and hire their friend Jane Wyman to act as butler and maids by pretending his life is endangered by Nazis. Carson is much too good for his craft.

MAN FROM FRISCO — Republic: Michael O'Shea plays a shipbuilder who is opposed to every turn in his plan to speed up ship production, but he plunges ahead anyhow in his methods. Anne Shirley plays the girl who first opposes and then encourages him. Gene Lockhart, Tommy Bond and Dan Duryea contribute some nice moments, but on the whole it's pretty dull.

MEMPHIS BELLE — War Department—Paramount. The dainty Memphis Belle, on her twenty-sixth mission flew from England to bomb Hitler's Germany. This is the story of that mission, of men at grim work, the exciting and heart-touching job being done by our 8th Army Air Force. and picture for us all to see.

MONSTER MAKER, THE — R.C.S.: Another musty scientist, this time played by J. Carrol Naish who can make people grow as big as their hands and feet. He inflicts this horror on Ralph Morgan, a plasterer, in order to force his consent to the marriage, and his daughter, Kay, to Naish.

MOON OVER LAS VEGAS — Universal: Ann Gwynne and David Bruce are married but obtain a legal separation despite the fact they are still in love. One of them, played by several reels, they finally end up in a Las Vegas hotel room and still unable to settle the matter. Vivian Austin is cute as an innocent comedienne.

MUMMYS' GHOST, THE — Universal: This is another of those silly, dead-as-a-doorail Egyptian stories, cast with Lon Chaney, Jr. in the ridiculous mummy wrappings and pretty Ramay, Myrna Loy, John Carradine and Robert Lowery all involved in the thing.

MY BEST GAL — Republic: The routine formula tale of the man who tries to hit Broadway, with most of the action taking place in a drugstore where

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Mary T. Goldman's new scientific color control you can transform gray, bleached or faded hair to the natural-looking shade you desire—quickly, or so gradually your closest friends won't guess. Pronounced harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed). Mary T. Goldman's will not harm your wave or change the smooth, soft texture of your hair. Inexpensive, easy to apply—comb on in just a few minutes. Forever, MARY T. GOLDMAN'S has found new hair beauty by using Mary T. Goldman's in the privacy of their homes. Buy a bottle with MARY T. GOLDMAN'S shampoo at your drug or department store on money-back guarantee. Or, if you'd rather try it first, send for a free test kit. Mail coupon below.


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Jane Withers solo-jerks. When her boy friend Jimmy Lydon is about to go into army, she at tempts to sell the musical he’s written and actually puts on a preview of the show in the drugstore.

\[\text{NINE GIRLS—Columbia: Nine lovely girls decide to vacation at a mountain lodge with Ann Harding as chaperone. One of the girls, Andi Louise, is murdered, and then comes the fun with detectives William Demarest and Walter Brennan trying to discover which of the girls murdered Andi. The girls include Evelyn Keyes, Jinx Falkenburg, Leslie Brooks and Jeff Donnell.}\]

\[\text{ONCE UPON A TIME—Columbia: Fantasy that messily fails to turn into a fairy tale; as always, you never see it actually dance. But Cary Grant, theatrical producer, does and sees his chance to make a fortune out of the repulsive creature, but Ted Donaldson, the caterpillar’s owner, is heartbroken by this. Janet Blair, as his sister, has very little to do.}\]

\[\text{ARDON MY RHYTHM—Universal: Gloria Jean is quite a young lady now, and very pretty, too. The story she sheaves is about a be-bop drummer, Mel Torne, whom Marjorie Weaver tries to lure away from a juvenile band so he can play with Bob Crosby’s orchestra. Patrice Knowles and Evelyn Ankers are easy on the eyes and Gloria Jean’s singing is mighty fine listening.}\]

\[\text{PIN-UP GIRL—20th Century-Fox: Not worthy of Betty Grable is this story that tells of her becoming a stenographer in Washington, stops in New York where she works a nightclub, meeting with up hero John Harvey, who doesn’t recognize her because she’s wearing glasses, and the silky stuff goes on from there. Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye are wasted, the Condos Brothers dance well and the Technicolor is very pretty.}\]

\[\text{ROGER TOUGH—GANGSTER—20th Century-Fox: This is the life story of Tony Martin, an ex-Capone mobster who was sent to prison for kidnapping, escaped and was finally caught by the FBI. Pres. Fostey has a lot of punch as Tony, Victor McLaglen is his henchman, and on the other side is Horace MacMahon, Frank Jenks, Anthony Quinn and George E. Stone. Trudy Marshall and Lois Andrews are in it too.}\]

\[\text{ROSTE THE RIVETER—Republic: Jane Frazer and Vera Vague, defense workers, are, in their off night, with Frank Albertson and Frank Jenks of the gray underwear shift taking over in the room in the day-time. But Jane’s fiance, Frank, doesn’t like the idea at all and finally suspects the worst and then Albertson attempts to patch up the quarrel. It’s amusing in spots.}\]

\[\text{SEVEN DAYS ASHORE—RKO: An unpretentiously good little picture that will give you a pleasant evening’s entertainment. Wally Brown and Alan Carney are sweet, and George Meeker.}\]

\[\text{SHINE ON HARVEST MOON—Warner: Preposterous to be the story of vaudeville's popular Nora Hayes, Anne Sheridan comes to the screen in a story that’s no more Hayes than you are, though that’s an amusing little yarn. Stan Laurel plays her husband; Magician Jack Carson, Marie Wilson and S. E. Caster are in it all, and Irene Manning and Robert Shayne are the heels.}\]

\[\text{SHOW BUSINESS—RKO: Eddie Canton wins the woman of his dreams and teams up with star George Murphy. Later they join up with sister act Constables, made up of Jean Davis and Murphy and their Constance only to break up over Nancy Kelly, Jean Davis is a riot in her attempts to win Canton and you’ll enjoy every minute of her adventures.}\]

\[\text{TIGHT ALONG—Universal: Leon Errol is a double roller, and Eddie Acuff and Anna Rooney are busily engaged in trying to stage a big new revue of one of the oldest gags in pictures. The musical numbers are straight from the vaudeville.}\]

\[\text{SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD—Charles Rogers, U.A.: A bright new star comes into view in the person of little Jane Powell, and indeed in this unbelievable little story of traveling nomads, Edgar Bergen with his ubiquitous Charlie McCarthy and W. C. Fields put the Comedy Brothers dance and Bonita Granville and Jackie Moran carry the story all the way.}\]

\[\text{SOUTH OF DIXIE—Universal: David Bruce is a Brooklyn-born writer of Dixie songs so his press agent, Jerome Cowin, who wants to make him a member of an old Southern family in order to get him connected. Of course, when he goes all South where David meets up with Pilla Mae Morse, joke singer, and daughter of a real Southern Colonel, there’s a romance.}\]

\[\text{STORY OF DR. WASSELL, THE—Paramount: A fitting tribute to a great and simple man is this story of Dr. Wassell, played by the likable Gary Cooper. The story of how, when the Japs took Java, Wassell disobeyed orders and continued to nurse his handful of wounded soldiers and how he managed to get them all the way back to the states moving one. Laraine Day is the nurse he meets in China and learns of.}\]

\[\text{SUMMER STORM—Angelus U.A.: Odd, fascinating and different, with Linda Darnell giving the performance of her career as a seductive, seductive temptress who takes what she wants. George Sanders is magnificent as the judge who succeeds to the big man’s position. He has his lady, but his patient husband holds his own; and Anna Lee as}\]

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This remarkable cake discovery, Tints Hair Coloring, now economical and safe. Deepens hair, gives it a new color. Permanent. A most wonderful product. Write for your new, free half page ad. Why not try one of these pages and see how easy and cheap it is to get the same effect with Tints Hair Coloring. The picture shows how attractive it is! Price $1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00. In the drug stores. Ask for Sayman Shampoo. See the new Sayman Shampoo advertisement. Try it and you’ll be delighted. Watch it — and get it now! It is not a soap, but a real beauty product. rosebud perfume company box 322, saratoga springs, new york.
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Dr. Siegert's Angustora Bitters bring blessed relief from periodic pains. Just 1 to 4 table- 
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Be Appetizing
As Fresh White Organy With
5-Day Underarm Pads
When you feel as fresh as that you look that fresh too... 
thensay reallybe "appetizing." You can achieve that wonderful 
daintiness by keeping your underarms pure, free from 
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...and that's what makes Touch one of these magic pads to your skin and prevent 
underarm perspiration and odor are thwarted from 1 to 5 days, 
depending upon you. A jar of 5-day 
Underarm Pads (a long time supply) at drug and department store.

Sander's fiancee and Edward Everett Horton as the 
deadly nobleman are excellent.

TAMPICO—20th-Century-Fox: Edward G. Robinson 
is a tough old sea dog who rescues shipwrecked 
Lynn Bari and marries her. But when his ship is 
torpedoed shortly after he leaves her ashore he 
suspects his bride of espionage. Victor McLaglen, 
his pal and second officer aids and abets his belief, 
so he denounces his bride. From then on things take 
an unexpected turn.

This is the Life—Universal: Susanna Foster 
decided she's too young for husband Donald O'Connor, 
she brushes him off in favor of Patrik Knowles. 
When Donald discovers Louise Allbritton, ex-wife of 
Knowles, still loves him and he her, Donald 
manages to get the estranged pair reunited and Susie 
back in his heart. Peggy Ryan is around with 
her usual animal.

Trocadero—Republic: When Rosemary Lane 
and her brother, Johnny Downs, inherit a night club. 
Rosemary forges college to run the club, who 
Johnny goes on to college and falls in love with a 
society girl. Dick Powell is the head tender with 
whom Rosemary romances. It's packed with musical 
numbers, with everybody in it singing and dancing 
all over the place.

Two Girls and a Sailor—MG-M: What 
refresher for weary minds and soul- 
leeching is this gay and entertaining movie! Olga 
Joan Allen and lovely Gloria De Haven are a team 
M-G-M can well be proud of and Van Johnson is per- 
fected as the sailor both girls fall for. Harry James 
and his orchestra, Joe Im Url, Marjorie Allen, Jimmy Dur- 
ante, Xavier Cugat and Tom Drake are all in there 
to please.

Uncertain Gloire—Warner Bros: There are sev- 
eral good moments in this story of a French criminal, 
played unconventionally by Errol Flynn, who is per- 
mittted by his relentless captor, Paul Lukas, to offer 
himself as a substitute in a kidnapping to save the 
lives of a hundred hostages held by the Nazis, but 
there are an awful lot of very weak moments in between.

Up in Mabel's Barn—UA: A gay, sense- 
less little comedy all about how Dennis O'Keefe 
has given Gail Patrick a job with his signautural 
act on it. This press on his mind, and, at a week-end 
party, he induces Minka Auer to get back that slip. 
Dennis brings Marjorie Allen and Gail's fan's 
Lee Bowman, get all involved with the peculiar 
goings on. At times it's too funny for words.

Weird Woman—Universal: Well, it seems 
Lon Chaney is a college professor who returns from 
the South Seas with his bride, who has been 
reared in native superstition by a single tribe, 
where upon the librarians Evans and Allynu let go with a 
mess of poison jealousy that drives everyone half silly. 
With Rajah Moraza, Elizabeth Russell and 
Elisabeth Risdon.

Whistler's—the—Darmport-Columbia: Richard 
Dix, who is believing he has to die, decides 
to get his money. So, through a go-between, he hires 
the nephews, and as the nephews, and as the 
Edgar Rice Naish to rub his out. Then Dix discovers 
that she is alive but he can't get to Naish to tell 
him he's changed his mind about dying, so he's 
on a very hot spon. Both Dix and Naish are very good.

White Cliffs of Dover—MG-M: 
Joan Fontaine has Irene Dunne gives a finer performance 
then as the American girl who goes to England for 
two weeks' visit and remains a lifetime, nor has 
Alan Marshall ever been better than as the English 
man who marries Irene, and loses his life in World 
War I and Roddy McDowall in the role which grew 
up to enter World War II. The picture has charm, 
dignity and great moments, though not a lot of 
waterfront—P-C: Napes says are all over the 
place again, one of whom is that elongated string 
bean John Carradine. Carradine makes recovery 
from stolen code book. J. Carroll Naish is all mixed up in 
the mess and Peggy Ryan is their lady. There's a lot 
of shooting going on almost all of the time.

Yellow Rose of Texas—Republic: Roy 
Roberts plays a cowboy who joins a showboat troupe 
and courts the leading lady, Dale Evans, with the 
idea that she may lead him to the man who 
father who's escaped jail. Both Rogers and Miss Evans sing 
well, Roy's work has improved enormously and it's 
afraid little show.

Don't dance with 
your lips!
Don't ask military questions of the service man your dance 
with.
Don't let them tell you military 
raps.
Don't repeat anything you're told — ever.

If— 
You want your boys to be safe!

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Gives a Tiny Tint and... 
Removes this dull stuff

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3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious 
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      2. Dark Copper 
      3. Golden Blonde 
      4. Sable Blonde 
      5. Red Brown 
      6. Auburn 
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      8. Silver 
      9. Dark Blonde 
     10. Light Blonde 
     11. Reddish Brown 
     12. Lightest Blonde

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This special shampoo helps keep light hair from 
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hair. Called Blondex, it makes a rich cleansing 
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film that makes hair dark. Takes 11 
minutes at home. Gives hair new lustre and 
highlights. Safe for children's hair. Get 
Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.
Where does a job come from, pop?

A job, little sister, comes from a pocketbook. The bigger the pocketbook—the bigger the number of jobs.

Take right now, for example. There are more jobs than there ever have been in the history of our nation. Everybody who wants one can have one.

The pocketbook belongs to WAR ... the biggest, most cruel war in history. War opens its pocketbook ten thousand times a day—to buy planes and ships, bombs and tanks.

War wants what millions of men can make. And in return for making, war pays well—that is in money.

"Is war the only pocketbook big enough to make jobs enough?"

No. What one big pocketbook can do—millions of small pocketbooks can do . . . without the hell of missing husbands and missing sons.

They can if the millions of people who own those pocketbooks make up their minds that part of what they earn today belongs to tomorrow—and live that way.

They can if the millions of working people who represent the great American majority make up their minds never again to leave America's prosperity up to anyone else but themselves.

They can if they realize that Uncle Sam's pocketbook cannot keep right on spilling out jobs after the war is won. We—you, me, the neighbor next door—are the only ones who can provide those jobs, by buying Bonds which we can trade in after the war, for the things we want.

WAR BONDS today are JOB BONDS tomorrow

Every time you open your pocketbook, take out money and buy something, you make a job . . . or a hundred jobs. When—later on—your Bonds buy a washing machine, car, or refrigerator—you put men on the job.


Buying Bonds—more than before—may not be the easiest job in the world. For it's tough to get along on what you need—when it's easy to have what you want.

Yes, it's tough, but your postwar job is worth it.
**Before—SELF-CONSCIOUS! Now—SELF-CONFIDENT!**

Diane’s "Photo-Revise" (above) was just one of 60 individual features of Powers training. See how it helped her to achieve new loveliness.

↓ Admire Diane's alluring new "mold" figure (left). Thrilled, she says: "In the first 4 weeks I gained 12 lbs.—and in the right places, too!"

Diane Parker's personalized Photo-Revise showed her a new hair arrangement, little make-up tricks that gave her real glamour!

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**For YOU—in 7 SHORT WEEKS—new loveliness, new confidence in your charm!**

"GUESS I'm like every other girl," says Diane. "I'm happier now because I'm added to, and I'm sure of myself. If you think good looks, a stunning figure, a new personality are out of your reach, you owe it to yourself to discover the thrill with your Powers training program to bring you. At the famous Powers School on Park Avenue, "just average" girls are transformed into beauties. Now right at home you can realize your own lovely possibilities! You'll enjoy the simple daily assignments in figure control, make-up and grooming that make every moment of the 7-week course fascinating and profitable. The cost? So little you'll be amazed!

Exclusive advantages of personalized "POWERS GIRL" training—right in your own home!

Mr. Powers believes no two women are alike in their beauty problem. His instruction is planned individually—for you. A few of the Powers beauty secrets you learn:

**Your Figure**—How to streamline it. Simple, easy ways to make you trim, fit, vital. Your FACE—Photo-Revise, drawn by an expert over your own picture, shows you make-up secrets to bring out your beauty highlights. Your STYLE—Shows you how to be "best-dressed" yet save dollars on your wardrobe. Your GROOMING—Complete and saving beauty schedule. Your VOICE—Exercises to make your speech more attractive. You—the man's viewpoint. Mr. Powers' formula for charm and magnetism. Begin your Powers training now!


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Clip the Coupon NOW

Write John Robert Powers today. He will send you his free confidential questionnaire, his illustrated booklet "The Powers Way," and full details of the famous Powers style and beauty training.

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John Robert Powers
Just imagine! A sparkling procession of twenty new and different nail lacquer shades to choose from...the entire CHEN YU range of originals. Right here, on this page, in this complete collection, you’re sure to find the color that brings your nails exquisite, new and steadfast beauty...so right with lovely clothes. At the same time it’s your chance to try two shades! Send the coupon from this announcement and you’ll receive two chip-repellent CHEN YU lacquer shades. Each trial bottle gives you many “luxury” manicures...months and months of startling new beauty.

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Send me two sample size flacons of CHEN YU Nail Lacquer, shades checked below. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

[Checkboxes for different colors]

CHINA DOLL  BLUE MOSS  WEEPING WILLOW  MANDARIN RED
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FLOWERING PLUM  BURMA RED  CANYON RED  BLACK LUSTER
COOLIE  MING YELLOW  OPTIMUS DRAGAN

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Bing Crosby

For my Friends and Guests...

IT'S CHESTERFIELD

Yes Sir... Millions know Chesterfields always satisfy... They're Cooler, Milder and Better-Tasting. More smokers are finding this out every day... so next time, do justice to your taste... ask for Chesterfield's RIGHT COMBINATION WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS
WE ARE STILL THE WEAKER SEX

by CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee

Many of us may be serving shoulder to shoulder with America’s fighting men—but we’re still the weaker sex... It’s still up to us to appear as alluring and lovely as possible.

So remember, ask for the aids to beauty made by THE HOUSE OF TANGEE—TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder and Rouge and Satin-Finish Lipstick. You’ll find you were never lovelier!

Whether you’re in or out of uniform, you’ll want to be completely appealing and feminine—you’ll want delightful satin-smooth lips and all the glamour of a silky, petal-smooth complexion.

THE HOUSE OF TANGEE has created just what you need to keep you as lovely as you should be. For your lips, we have world-famous TANGEE Satin-Finish Lipsticks to give your lips long-lasting satiny smoothness. And with TANGEE Petal-Finish Rouge and the extraordinary new TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder, your complexion will take on a silky, radiant petal-smoothness that clings for many extra hours!

SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANGEE SERENADE... Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. (EWT) Coast-to-Coast... Blue Network

Satin-Finish Your Lips
Petal-Finish Your Complexion

TANGEE
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

Romance can begin with a lovely smile!

Let your smile bring new happiness! Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

More power to you, Plain Girl! You don’t need to have real beauty to make you click.

Learn from the girls who have the most fun—girls who find happiness, romance. Yes, learn that you can cast a spell with a smile.

So smile, plain girl, smile. But be sure your smile is radiant, heart-warming in its charm. Remember, though, that such a smile needs sparkling teeth. And teeth that are sound and bright depend so much upon firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”!

If you see “pink” on your tooth brush, see your dentist at once! He may tell you your gums are sensitive—that modern soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And as thousands of dentists do, he may very likely suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of the gums as well. So massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more appealing.

Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with Ipana and Massage

It’s a Great Life for the girl with a bright, flashing smile. Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile radiant!
Two great films await your attentive eyes and ears—"An American Romance" and "Mrs. Parkington".

Of "An American Romance," King Vidor's great epic of our soil, we have heard great praise. Watch it for while you pause to impress you with a current triumph.

"Mrs. Parkington".

Or, rather, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Parkington".

This excellent film is a superb adaptation of Louis Bromfield's best-selling novel and gives that talented pair a vehicle that is more than a vehicle.

Many of our screen artists have looks, many can act, many have personality. Greer Garson is a triple threat. And "Mrs. P." gives her the chance to prove it again.

Her deft transition from the naive daughter of a mining-camp boarding-house proprietor to a dynamic cosmopolite is one for the book. Or better still, one for the screen.

Greer's "Susie" finds an excellent dovetail in the "Major Augustus Parkington" as played by Walter Pidgeon. Ruthless, dashing and with a roving-eye.

The dream-like cast includes such stars as Edward Arnold, Agnes Moorehead, Gladys Cooper, Frances Rafferty, Tom Drake, Selena Royle.

Tay Garnett, director of "Bataan", has also performed brilliantly—with the megaphone.

We suggest you park yourself in a seat at "Mrs. Parkington".

Lee

Cover: Lana Turner, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse
Costume designed by Irene, Executive Designer of M-G-M Studios

Story Highlights

The Man Who Tried to End War.................. Adela Rogers St. Johns 29
Heartbreak Story................................. Elsa Maxwell 30
Grant and Barbara Hutton's fight for her son "Miss Christmas Price"—Iugiud Borgman............. Louella O. Parsons 32
What's Wrong with Veronica Lake?................ Ruth Waterbury 34
To Judy Garland................................ Robert Nathan 36
Finding out about Farley Granger................ Sandra Shea 38
Can't They Be Friends?.......................... "Fearless" 44
A. B. Complex—Anne Baxter...................... Elliot Paul 47
Just Because—it's Dennis Morgan................. Marlan Quinn 49
It's A Party!.................................... 50
Scrap Book on Lana Turner........................ 52
"These Men Are Dangerous"....................... 54
Sweet and Lively—June Allyson.................... Kate Holland 56
It's like This—to be Mrs. Danny Kaye.............. Sylvia Fine Kaye 58
Right Dress!...................................... Edith Head 60
Portrait of a Restless Soul—Errol Flynn............. Joseph Henry Steele 62
Photoplay's Command Performance.................. 64
What Should I Do?................................. 65

Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Portraits in Color

Judy Garland................................. 37 Carole Landis 43
Farley Granger................................. 39 Ida Lupino 43
Spencer Tracy................................. 42 George Murphy 43
Hedy Lamarr................................. 42 Anne Baxter 46
Cary Grant................................. 42 Dennis Morgan 48

Special Features

Brief Reviews.................................. 70 Photoplay's First Run Fashions 75
Cast of Current Pictures......................... 128 Speak for Yourself 26
Inside Stuff—Cal York.......................... 4 The Shadow Stage 21

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Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.
GREER GARSON is Great! as the boom-town beauty who knew what she wanted...and got it!

WALTER PIDGEON is Perfect! as the rich romantic two-fisted rogue!

Mrs. Parkington

EDWARD ARNOLD • AGNES MOOREHEAD • CECIL KELWAY
GLADYS COOPER • FRANCES RAFFERTY • TOM DRAKE • PETER LAWFORD • DAN DURYEa • HUGH MARLOWE and the Saint Luke's Choristers

Screen Play by Robert Thoeren and Polly James • Based on the Novel by Louis Bromfield • Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by LEON GORDON • An M-G-M Picture
Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

IN THE CUMMINGS CORNER:
A lot of people were surprised to see Bob Cummings and K. T. Stevens being a dinner twosome in a cozy corner. Of course, Hollywood fashion, the gossips tried to fashion a new "romance" out of the combination. But they must have short memories—or no faith in friendship at all. For Bob, though rumored "engaged" to Faye McKenzie, still has his heart in the safe-keeping of Mary Constant, attractive widow of the famous flier, Max Constant—and it's Cal's guess they'll marry. Then how come K.T.? Well, it just so happens that she has directly and indirectly played a big part in Bob's life from the very moment he started his picture career—and they are very close friends—and that's all. Not only is K.T. a pal of Bob's ex-wife's, but it was she who got her dad, the big director Sam Wood, to give Bob his first real break in pictures at Universal—and then again when Wood took up the megaphone for "King's Row."

Style Note: Lana Turner probably started a new fad or something—by walking into the Trocadero wearing a low-necked black dinner dress, with a scarlet red chiffon handkerchief (an enormous one) knotted tightly around her neck Apache fashion. The effect was startling—and the copycats promptly started making mental notes.

Married—and Happy: Harry James and Betty Grable came back to Hollywood from Harry's band-playing jaunt back East absolutely exhausted—and with plenty (Continued on page 6)
Just in Case you've wondered why so many people are going around with large, happy SMILES and their hearts going bumpety-BOOM... it's because they've just seen the HAPPIEST picture ever!! It's the National JOY Show (why, even the star is named JOYce Reynolds!)... it's from WARNER BROS.... it's...

Special prints of JANIE have already been delivered — gratis to the Army, for showing to men in combat zones, isolated outposts and Red Cross hospitals.

JOYCE REYNOLDS • ROBERT HUTTON • EDWARD ARNOLD • ANN HARDING • ROBERT BENCHLEY • ALAN HALE
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ • Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston & Charles Hoffman • From the Play Produced by Brock Pemberton

JOEY L. WARNE, Executive Producer

Produced by ALEX GOTTLIEB
Thrills
that electrify
the nation!
Crowds and critics call it one of the
screen's most unusual dramas...
The strange story
of a brilliant
scientist lured by a
woman's beauty
to trespass on the
secrets of life and
love!

(Continued from page 4) of work
looming ahead for both of them. Betty
made her first public professional ap-
pearance since becoming a momma at a
Brooklyn Bond rally with Harry when
she cleaned up for her Uncle Sam. And
of all the unromantic things! They had
to spend their first wedding anni-
versary doing a one-night stand in
Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. But they're
so romantic about each other it really
wouldn't matter where they were
spending the evening. They wouldn't
know!

Crosby Corner: Just to show you how
un-hammy some actors can be, here's
a cute and true story about the one
and only Bing. In all the years that he's
been famous (and it's a good many)
Crosby has never clipped or saved a
single line that ever appeared about
him in print. Most stars have scrap
books a foot thick—but not Bing. But
at last he's impressed enough by some-
thing (notice we said something—and
not himself) to want to keep some of the
swell things that are being written
about him. It's the reviews and reams
of comment that have been written not
only about the picture "Going My
Way" which is one of the all-time best,
but about the Bing too. After all these
years as a singing star, it's so swell that
he should now be gaining recognition
as a fine actor for the first time—and
evidently he thinks so too. Because the
other day he called up his pal, Leo Mc-
Carey, who directed the film, and after
clearing his throat in a rather embar-
rassed way, Bing asked, "Say—Leo,
how do you go about keeping a scrap
book?" (!)

Cheer for Rita: People were talking
about how hard it must have been for
Rita Hayworth to keep all of a certain
week's troubles to herself—but she
managed it. She is a very quiet gal
anyway, but there was one week of
shooting on "Tonight And Every Night"
when nobody would have been sur-
prised if she had unburdened herself—
in fact, they would have welcomed her
confidence. But she didn't open her
mouth about the fact that she had re-
ceived word that her brother Vernon
Cansino had been wounded on the
Italian front. She didn't want to say
a word until she found out how badly
—and after a few days she was notified
that he wasn't too terribly injured and
had won a Purple Heart. And during
these same few days, she had been
notified that her husband Orson Welles
had collapsed (during a Bond Tour)
from overwork and exhaustion and that
he was a very sick man again. But
Rita didn't open her mouth to anyone
about this either until it was all over
and Orson was well again.

Private War Fronts: Paulette God-
dard and her bridgroom of only a few
weeks had a slight tiff one Sunday night
in the Clover Club—and you should
have heard the gab that went all over
Hollywood the next day. You'd have
thought that Buzz Meredith had hauled
(Continued on page 8)
The boys went "ga-ga" over glamorous Polly... broke their necks to get a date... then regretted it. Plainer Molly on the other hand, dated them not once but again and again. Why? Both the girls had charm and wit and wore their clothes well. Unfortunately Polly had a little trouble* that repelled men instantly but which Polly herself didn't even suspect.

Between a girl with halitosis (bad breath)* and one without it, the choice is obvious! Off-color breath can bar friendships, good times and romance... just a whisper that you're guilty and down go your chances.

Don't Gamble
Don't foolishly assume that your breath is always beyond reproach. There may be times when it isn't... without your knowing it. The wise thing is to be always on guard. That means Listerine Antiseptic, with its delightful freshening effect. Simply rinse the mouth and gargle with it before social or business engagements. Almost immediately your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of medical authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

If you would be pleasing to others never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic as a part of your daily toilette.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
The most Toothsome Ensign at Headquarters

As pretty a wave as ever released a fighting man for action. That’s Ensign KL Brainy, too. So naturally she noticed right away how much better super-fine Pebeco cleans her teeth. She was definitely impressed by the way Pebeco Powder keeps on polishing—doesn’t wash right away when you start to brush.

How come Pebeco doesn’t wash right away? Because its particles are micro-fine ... stay on your brush, cling to your teeth while you work. Pebeco’s special combination of polishing agents cleans teeth gently but efficiently—leaves them gleaming!

Pebeco Peps says:

60% MORE POWDER FOR YOUR MONEY, FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE OF 6 OTHER LEADING BRANDS

PEBECO TOOTH POWDER

Super-fine for Super Shine

Copyright 1944, by Lake & Pick Products Corp.

Also Pebeco Toothpaste—Clean, Refreshing Flavor—10¢, 25¢ and 50¢

(Continued from page 6)

off and hit her over the head—to hear people talk. And all the time it was probably no more than the kind of argument that any two people are liable to have whether they’re married or not. Anyway, Buzz quieted a lot of rumors by saying that if their romance were any hotter they’d “both go up in smoke.”

Another pair who are being gabbed (and worried) about are Jane Wyman and Capt. Ronnie Reagan. This, old Gal-knows, may come as a bit of a shock to you—but it looks like a different kind of “smoke” here. A case of “where there’s smoke—there must be fire”—sort of thing. Hope it isn’t true—but even their close friends suspect that all is not hunky-dory in the Reagan household at this writing.

How Do They Do It: Where they get the energy, heavens knows—because Joan Crawford (best working hard in “Hollywood Canteen”) and Phil Terry have been doing all their housework and some of the laundry for months. To the point where you’d think both of ’em would be having housemaid’s knee. But they were at Mocambo, on the dance floor for so long at a time people wondered if they were going to try for a Marathon contest.

June Romance: Dick Powell is getting plenty of consolation (if he needs any) from June Allyson—and even though the studio keeps sending out reams of publicity linking June romantically with this and that beau you can take word that it’s the Dick Powell dating that counts. Dick is a very domestic type too and it wouldn’t surprise us if he has such a yen to get back in harness that he up and proposes any minute. And neither would we be surprised if she said “Yes.”

Pretty Thoughts: Must tell you about Betty Hutton’s new dressing room—a gift from Paramount, where the blonde bombshell is rapidly making herself one of their biggest box-office bets. The room was done by Raoul du Bois (who did a great deal of designing for “Lady In The Dark”) and it’s mostly shell-pink and antiqued silver. Its walls are shell-pink and there are two quilted pink satin Victorian chairs and a large high-backed satin couch. It has an antiqued mirrored fireplace and a small grand piano that is pale green and silver, rubbed down to a smoky hue. And there’s a perfume bar, gals, that is something to drool over! What a place to lounge around in and greet your friends! Isn’t it too bad that movie stars almost never have any time to lounge around???

Surprise: Maybe you’ll be awfully surprised—and maybe you won’t—when Ginny Simms’ future plans are announced. But take our tip—she’s

(Continued on page 10)
Cary Grant IN "None but the Lonely Heart" WITH Ethel Barrymore
BARRY FITZGERALD - JUNE DUPREZ - JANE WYATT
Produced by David Hempstead Directed by Clifford Odets
Screen Play by Clifford Odets
From the novel by Richard Llewellyn, author of "How Green Was My Valley"
New Kind of Face Powder Makes Her Look Years Younger!

Once this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people thought she was approaching middle age.

For she was the innocent victim of an unflattering face powder! It showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of her pores.

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 20-30-35?

So far she has found a face powder that flatters her skin—makes it look younger, more enchanting!

Why Lady Esther Face Powder Is So Flattering

Lady Esther Face Powder is extra flattering because it’s made differently. It isn’t just mixed, just sifted, in the usual way. It’s blown by Twin Hurricanes—blended with the speed and power of hurricanes—to look clearer, smoother and more flattering on your skin!

Because of this patented, exclusive method of hurricane blending, the texture of Lady Esther Face Powder is much smoother and finer than ordinary powder. The first touch of your puff spreads a delicate film of beauty on your skin, hiding little lines, little blemishes. And Lady Esther Face Powder clings longer, too—clings four long hours!

But the most exciting difference is in the shades. Lady Esther shades have a subtle new quality—because the color is blown in by hurricanes. Many women say that the Lady Esther shades are so fresh and alive that ordinary powder shades seem dull and drab by comparison.

Try Lady Esther Face Powder! See for yourself, in your own mirror, how much smoother and younger it makes your skin look. Get the small-size box and try it today!

TUNE IN Lady Esther “Screen Guild Players”—Monday nights, CBS

(Continued from page 8)

liable to become the bride of one of the top movie magnates before very long. And when she does, she’ll have the most amazing set of inlaws you could possibly imagine!

Odds and Ends: Jackie Coogan sure got himself a hero’s welcome every place he went during the few days’ leave he spent in cinema-town. His last date here was with Ramsay Ames. Ramsay has managed to date every possible eligible male within a radius of a hundred miles! . . . Edith Fellows and Hal Chester, one of the original Dead End Kids, are setting their wedding date . . . Maureen O’Hara has a beautiful pair of ruby and diamond earrings. Given to her as a “baby present” by her husband Will Price . . . Helmut Dantine is still playing the feminine field with no one in particular leading . . . Don’t pay any attention to those silly rumors about Linda Darnell and Pev Marley. So far—so happy! Rudy Vallee bought his wife, Bette Jane Greer, a brand-new automobile just a few days before she went into court to divorce him. They’re still good friends and he tells everybody that it was all his fault.

Item-izing: Before Carole Landis left for that South Pacific tour, she and her husband Major Tom Wallace visited an orphanage and they’re thinking about adopting a child . . . Both the little twin girls born to Nancy Coleman and Whitney Bolton have bright red hair! . . . Marie Wilson is one of the most consistent Red Cross Blood Donors in Hollywood—just made her fifth trip

(Continued on page 12)
TO THE IMPATIENT GIRLS AND SOLDIERS
WHO RUSH INTO MARRIAGE:
For the first time, the screen brings you the story of marriage before combat...and combat after marriage!

Columbia Pictures
PRESENTS
JEAN
ARTHUR
CHARLES
BOWMAN
COBBURN

in
Irving Cummings'
The Impatient Years

with EDGAR BUCHANAN • CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • JANE DARWELL

Original Screen Play by VIRGINIA VAN UPP
Associate Producer
Produced and Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS
You can expect to see Felix Jackson’s engagement ring on Deanna Durbin’s finger—but any minute! Ken Murray, genial master of ceremonies and man behind the famous stage play “Blackouts” which is now a Hollywood institution, gave a back-stage party at the conclusion of its second year run. Alan Ladd and his faithful Sue were on hand. Alan looks fit again, but after the horrible workout given him by director John Farrow in “Two Years Before The Mast” (there is no love lost between these two, believe us) Alan would either have to be in trim or dead. Seems to old Cal that Alan lately has grown cagey in his answers and conversation. Someone must have crossed him up or betrayed a confidence to prompt Alan to deliver such a set of cut-and-dried answers, all given with that enigmatic half-smile that helped skyrocket him to fame. Nevertheless, he’s one of our favorite persons and we’re for him. Sue is too.

Jackie Oakie slipped up behind and almost knocked old Cal through the wings with a hearty clap on the back. Cute Marie Wilson was running all over the place showing off the bracelet Ken Murray had given her for never missing a performance. Carole Landis done to the teeth was all excitement because her husband, Major Tom Wallace, was due in town in a few days. (This marriage keeps going despite rumors.) W. C. Fields who kept wandering on and off the stage during the performance, to the delight of the audience, finally connected with the—er—liquid refreshments.

Donna Reed and her husband Bill Tuttle and Chester Morris and his cute wife Lily were a happy have-fun foursome.

If every star in town had the well-wishers this Ken Murray has what a world this would be.

The Things We Hear and See: It happened at Mocambo. Across the way we were eyeing the luscious Lana Turner and her escort Peter Lawford. Suddenly, in the midst of their steaks a waiter brought word Miss Turner was wanted on the telephone and oddly enough old Cal, nebbishy as usual, had a feeling he should pass and repass that phone.

But all we could hear was, “Yes, John. All right, John.”

Back at her table Lana and Peter brushed the food aside (know how much food costs at this place?) and rushed out with Cal (how can we be so nosey?) right behind. But instead of climbing into a taxi or car, the pair strode off down Sunset Strip with Sherlock Rathbone York right behind and on to the Trocadero. Once inside this club Lana glanced anxiously about and then made straight for a table occupied by her agent (whose name is not John), his girl friend and Hodiak whose name most cer-

(Continued from page 10)
Soft as a whisper... your hands thrill him as they touch his face.

You vow to keep them lovely, even through these do-mo re days. And you can ... with Trushay to help you!

Trushay's the new "beforehand" then in lotions. Smooth it on before everyday tasks... before you turn milks or do dishes.

It helps guard soft hands, even in hot, soapy water. Dry lush, creamy Trushay today.
Sends your mood skylarking with every skittish breeze!
Wonderful, isn't it, that a scent that seems made for frosty-clear mornings could be so demure at a matinee date? But that's Yardley English Lavender . . . unpredictable as autumn, and just as magic!

YARDLEY ENGLISH LAVENDER

YARDLEY
ENGLISH LAVENDER
the loveable fragrance,
$7.75, $2.50, $1.50

ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP
box of 3 tablets, $1

Add 20% Federal Tax to All Prices

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.
Scenario for every girl with designs on a man!

Ardent thumbs-up conversationalist: Fast-talking Donna Reed

An Experience for Jeanette: It was almost eleven o'clock when Jeanette MacDonald entered her bungalow of the El Encanto Hotel at Santa Barbara to retire for the night. It was still and quiet outside and the silence oppressing. Methodically, Jeanette closed the clothes-closet door, undressed and went to bed. Always a light sleeper, she was awakened fifteen minutes later by a sound somewhere in the room. Switching on the light, she looked about. The clothes-closet door had come open. She arose, closed it and went back to bed. It was the feeling of a presence in the room rather than sound that had her sitting bolt upright a few minutes later. Her hand went to the night lamp and her eyes swept the room. The closet door was open. She knew the truth then. Someone was in there, waiting.

Fearfully she got out of bed and took a step or two toward that door. In a flash someone leaped at her with a blanket outspread as if to smother her. She fought and kicked. Heavy blows rained on her face, hitting her repeatedly in the eye. The assailant finally fled with Jeanette screaming behind him.

“My shower sure makes me feel 'sweet and lovely'—and a quick touch of Mum will keep me that way for hours!”

A bath removes past perspiration—Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor!

“See—Jim's telegram! He's got leave. It says SATURDAY, GORGEOUS, WE'LL FLASH MY NEW WINGS ON THE TOWN... GORGEOUS! That's ME! Saturday—that's TODAY! Oh, what a beautiful morn-ing!”

“Speed's the word for Mum—and Mum's the word for charm—if a girl wants daintiness to last. And I mean ME!” Takes only 30 seconds to use Mum—guards charm for hours!

(Private thoughts of a happy girl.) “He's my dream come true—only more so! Already, he's hinting I'm the girl to wear his wings. Thank goodness I can depend on Mum to keep me fresh as a daisy all my date long.”

Mum works—fast, yet gently—won't harm skin or injure the fabrics of your daintiest dresses. Use Mum anytime, every day—always before dates! Ask your druggist for Mum—today!
The attacker was a boy fourteen years old who was even then on probation from reform school. Because of a California law that prohibits using the name of any minor in such an offense, his name was not given out to the public.

Bruised and horribly beaten about the face, Jeanette returned to her Hollywood home and next day from Santa Barbara where she had gone to study operatic roles under the direction of Lottie Lehman. Upon learning the boy's mother was blind and earned her living by operating a tobacco concession in Santa Barbara, Jeanette refused to press charges.

Jeanette's husband, Capt. Gene Raymond, stationed at Yuma, Arizona, was on the phone the minute the word was flashed to him.

Cal Observes: Bunny Waters is about a foot taller than her orchestra-leader husband Johnny Green.

Ollivia de Havilland wears her hair the pluest of any girl in town—parted in the middle and drawn back with no wave or curl and held down with a black velvet band. She looks beautiful.

The friendship between photographer Paul Hesse and Joan Fontaine has progressed to the point where Joan now accompanies him on his photographic assignments. Next thing she'll be setting up the camera.

Orson Welles always seeks out Chester Morris at Romanoff's or private parties to talk magic, Chester being the better performer of the two.

The Voice Accused: It was bound to happen, for even a nice guy like Frank Sinatra can get in a huff and a jam in Hollywood. Seems it all happened when Frank snubbed certain radio and newspaper columnists on the set of "Anchors Aweigh" by saying, "If you want to speak to me, get in touch with my agent."

Now Frankie claims he had plenty of provocation and we believe him. Seems he had done a couple of favors for the writer and radio commentator, who later took a few verbal potshots at The Voice, which made Frankie sore.

Anyway after a blast on the air and in his column about Frankie's growing bighedged, the entire cast and crew down to the last carpenter, electrician and prop boy—heaved by such names as Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly and Rags Ragland—drew up a statement, had it typed and pasted on Frank's dressing-room door.

Cal took a peek at it a few minutes after it had gone up and here's what it says as nearly as we can remember:

"We, the undersigned and those who know him well, know Frank's head size normal and his hat will continue to fit."

Then come all those names which is a swell testimonial for The Voice and a pretty good indication of how good friends in Hollywood rally round a guy they feel is unjustifiably wronged.
NEWS! To Get More Good from Vitamins try this DELICIOUS WAY!

Look what you get in 2 Glasses of OVALTINE

MORE VITAMIN A THAN 8 SERVINGS OF PEAS
MORE CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS THAN 2 1/2 SERVINGS OF AMERICAN CHEESE
MORE VITAMIN B1 THAN 3 SERVINGS OF OATMEAL
MORE PROTEIN THAN 3 EGGS
MORE IRON THAN 3 SERVINGS OF SPINACH
MORE FOOD-ENERGY THAN 2 DISHES OF ICE CREAM
MORE VITAMIN D THAN 10 OUNCES OF BUTTER
MORE NIACIN THAN 5 SLICES OF ENRICHED BREAD

Take them in combination with other food elements which authorities agree are necessary for best results!

All the world knows today that many people need extra vitamins for better health and keen vitality. It is also known today that vitamins do not work alone. They work as a team with certain other food elements. Hence, more and more, authorities are insisting, "Take your vitamins in food!"

One of the reasons vitamins are so effective in Ovaltine is that Ovaltine is a concentrated all-round building food. It contains other food elements that enable vitamins and minerals to work together effectively as a team.

For example, Vitamin D can't do its complete job unless you have plenty of calcium and phosphorus, as found in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A can't function fully unless you also have plenty of high-quality protein, such as Ovaltine supplies. Vitamin D₁ can't spark food into energy unless it has fuel-food to work on. To get this important "team-work", doctors urge "Take your vitamins in food!"

Ovaltine also is the most delicious way to take your vitamins! And it costs very little for all it gives you! So why not turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy, more delicious way to get the extra vitamins and minerals you need, for better health and all-round vitality!

3 out of every 4 people need extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing, and cooking.

Ovaltine
PLAIN & CHOCOLATE FLAVORED
This is a Victory Gardener... Shouldn't she be proud?

She should indeed! And Uncle Sam is proud of her too for making food fight for freedom. She'll be prouder still when she sees her garden in sparkling Pyrex Ware!

This is Pyrex Ware... Shouldn't we be proud?

You bet we are proud to offer such lovely Pyrex Ware at such low prices. (You can buy all 7 dishes shown here for only $1.95.) Won't they look nice on your shelf?

This is a Victory Gardener doing herself proud with PYREX WARE. Isn't it grand?

IT sure is grand!... just watch your family's eyes when your Victory Garden comes piping hot to the table in gleaming Pyrex Ware! You won't have to waste a single hard-won carrot, because leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again in the same Pyrex dish. You'll save dishwashing... and you'll save precious time, because food bakes as much as one-third faster in Pyrex brand glass.

AND LOOK AT THIS FLAVOR SAVER... the first Pyrex Pie Plate with glass handles to make serving easier. You never saw a lovelier dish! Fluted edge and extra depth keep all the flavor and juices inside the pie and out of your oven. 10-inch... only 45¢

Hey, Gardeners! This Pyrex Double Duty Casserole is fun dishes in one! Bottom is an open baking dish, just right for baked apples, scalloped potatoes, and tomatoes. Top comes in handy as an extra pie plate. Three sizes. 1½ quart... only 65¢

This is the Pyrex Trade-Mark

You can find the little one pressed into the bottom of every PYREX dish. It and the orange label both mean "A Product of Corning Research in Glass." Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

SWING AROUND TOWN: People are chuckling over the power of Hedy Lamarr's beauty. Emerging from a night club recently, Hedy came upon two customers fighting it out on the sidewalk. "Break it up," commanded Hedy and, after taking one look at the lovely one, they did... After that quarrel (and you shouldn't ask us what quarrel) Pat Dane followed her husband Tommy Dorsey to the West Coast and so far all seems well. Understand Pat wants another go at movies... Fans of Gene Krupa seem delighted that the famous drummer is going to have his own band again. How that boy can chop sticks...

Steve Crane, whose troubles with Lana Turner have made headlines, is somewhat consoled by that very good role he gets in Rita Hayworth's new picture "Tonight And Every Night"... Ray Milland's conversation completely nautical since he bought that fifty-six-foot yawl. Buying a boat is merely another milestone in every actor's career. The next step i, usually the yen to produce pictures à la Bing Crosby, Jimmy Cagney, Gary Cooper, Charles Boyer, Don Ameche, Mary Pickford... What do you think of John Wayne's playing Will Rogers in a movie eulogizing the humorist? Hear tell he's all signed up for it...

No two ways about it, that John Hodiak is the Clark Gable of 1945. Just to be seen with him is an event, according to the youngsters he beaus about... And here's something for you bobby sockers to boil about. Hear Warners are going to poke fun at your Frankie in a short "Swooner Crooner." Going to stand for that, kids...?

IT Can Happen Here: He was a lone soldier with a few hours' time between trains. He'd never been to Hollywood before but from his pals he'd heard about the town's famous Canteen and decided to pay it a visit. Believing the boy meant the picture "Hollywood Canteen" then in progress at Warner Brothers (the real Canteen is not opened until late afternoon) he was directed to the studio. A member of the publicity department who ran into the lad in an outer office heard his story and decided to play straight. Taking the boy through the labyrinth of hall and gates, he escorted him onto the sound stage where an exact duplicate of the Canteen had been built. And here he met Joan Crawford, Dane Clark, Bette Davis, John Garfield and so many others, all of whom exerted themselves to make him feel at home.

He left an hour later none the wiser. So far as he was concerned he had attended the Hollywood Canteen and his heart was full of happiness.

In a way, you know, Hollywood can be an awfully kind place.
Inside the Gates: Andrea Leeds who has been off the screen being happy as Mrs. Bob Howard is coming back in "Lost Weekend." We'd call it "Lost Four Years" only Andrea has apparently been so contented they couldn’t be lost. Confidently, her Goldwyn contract has had time to expire, for which event she may have been waiting. That Sam really throws them!

The pretty blonde struggling with lines and situations with the amateur players at Bliss-Hayden theater caught the attention of a casting director who discovered, to his astonishment, the young lady learning to act the hard way was Jean Wallace, wife of Franchot Tone.

When eighty-four-year-old C. Aubrey Smith was notified he’d been knighted by King George VI, he puckered his brow and said, "Well I suppose I'll have to drop that C. from my name now." Congratulations, Sir Aubrey.

When Captain Bruce Cabot returned from overseas and landed in Hollywood he took one look around and remarked he didn't think the present group of actors offered "too tough competition." Maybe he didn't take a good look at Gregory Peck, John Hodiak, Bill Eythe, Turhan Bey, Alexander Knox and several others.

It Happened in Hollywood: M-G-M is puzzled. Letters by the dozens have poured in to the studio protesting the fact Peter Lawford will be starred in "Flat-top." Fans seem to think Peter will play the cartoon menace. Flat-top, the weary studio will have you know, is a plane carrier.

Walter Winchell's pretty daughter Wanda has changed her name to Tony Eden and has been signed to a Twentieth Century-Fox contract. What's more, Daddy has to be a good sport and take her to Mocambo when he's in town.

Barbara Stanwyck's adopted son Dion hates his name. Says the kids at school make sport of it. So Barbara now calls him by the name of his choice—Tony.

That little two-by-four art gallery opened by Vincent Price in Beverly Hills is the sensation of the town. The night Richard Whorf's paintings were shown Cal glimpsed Spencer Tracy and that old maestro of art himself, Edward G. Robinson, prowling around.

Smart people are lunching at Romanoff's and the swanky new LaRue, but at dinner time they all seem to rush to Tiffany's, a little Italian restaurant, on Melrose Avenue. In one evening alone Cal glimpsed Al Jolson, artist John Dekker, Richard Arlen, Errol Flynn with his lovely Nora Eddington, Ella Kazan, the director of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," Charles Russell, John Hodiak and John Garfield.

"Rosy Powders Flatter
and Dreamflower 'Rose Cream' most of all!

"Never doubt the flattery of a rose-tinted powder shade!" advises charming Antonia Drexel Earle, shown in the portrait above wearing her favorite powder—Pond's Dreamflower Rose Cream. "Rosy tones in a powder are sure to give a clearer, brighter look to the skin—and I want my rosy shade to have creamy tones, too, for smooth blending. That's why I think Pond's Dreamflower 'Rose Cream' is so exceptionally flattering—because it brings out my freshest, clearest skin tones in such a soft, natural way."

Pond's Dreamflower Powder
Six sweet shades to choose from—flatters all!

BRUNETTE  ROSE CREAM
NATURAL  DARK ROSE
RACHEL  DARK RACHEL
49¢, 25¢ and 10¢ (plus tax)

Pond's "LIPS"

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer! Five warm, exciting shades. Dainty Dreamflower cases—
49¢, 10¢ (plus tax)

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK THE SOONER WE WIN!
She: "Why can't I be Lovely instead of Lonely?"

Me: "Why not try my beauty secret."

WHEE! Now she's got that Ivory Look...

YOU can have a Lovelier Complexion, too...

You can have softer, smoother skin... that Ivory Look that makes a man's heart march double-time. How? Just change from on-and-off skin care to regular, gentle cleansings with baby-gentle Ivory Soap. You can't buy a purer soap—a surer way to a clearer, naturally radiant complexion. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate even babies' tender skin. No wonder more doctors advise it for them—and you—than all other brands put together. 99.999% Pure

More doctors advise Ivory—than all other brands put together!

Soap conservation is important... because soap is a necessity and it's made of vital war materials. Don't waste your Ivory. Make it last—use it up.
Since You Went Away (Selznick)

David O. Selznick who gave us "Gone With The Wind" has delivered another epic of heart appeal, less forceful than GWTW but no less emotionally moving. The story, over-long and repetitious in spots, is not so much a story, building to one definite climax, but is rather the episodic experiences of one family in the year the husband and father is at war.

Claudette Colbert is the wife of the absent husband and mother to their two daughters, Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple. Hardships befall the family forced to live on the Army pay of an officer, so a lodger, Monty Woolley, is taken in. Love comes to Jennifer and heartbreak, too, in Robert Walker, grandson of Woolley.

The thing that sets "Since You Went Away" apart from most pictures is the tremendous amount of incidental detail and material injected into the telling of the story. The sailor, played so well by Guy Madison; the bulldog's reaction to a shower bath from the hose; Nazimova's speech as the shipyard worker; Agnes Moorehead as a busybody; Lionel Barrymore as the minister and Keenan Wynn as Cotten's pal (both playing mere bits) add nothing to the meat but contribute mightily to the trimmings of this three-hour banquet.

Every actor is a standout. Jennifer Jones proves her true merit as the older daughter. Cotten has never before radiated such charm nor Robert Walker such convincing boyishness. Miss Colbert is touching and sincere and Woolley a complete story in himself.

The peak of heart appeal.

An American Romance (M-G-M)

Stop, look and listen well to what we say concerning "An American Romance" before you buy your ticket, for here are the plain, bare facts—it's a picture which will appeal to those whose little cry is not limited to "fun, girls and frolic" on the screen but who crave solidity and stability even in their movies. Men, we feel, will like it better than women—especially in the spots that switch from romance to industry.

"An American Romance" is a rare combination of romance and beautifully presented information. One travels romantically from the iron ore industry to the making of steel, on to the creation of specially built automobiles, to the war production of planes. As a connecting link we have our character of Steve, the immigrant who marries his American schoolteacher, raises his American family and progresses a free man in a free land from the lowest rung of the ladder to the peak of success.

Some sequences mar the flow of the story but nothing fails to mar the performance of Brian Donlevy as Steve. Here is really a sterling performance. John Qualen as Steve's cousin, Ann Richards as his lovely wife and Walter Abel as the bungler, partner are just about the best people that could have been chosen for their roles. Horace McNally is the youngest son who opposes his father in the labor struggle and Mary McLeod the grown daughter.

Your Reviewer Says: A truly American epic.

Janie (Warner Bros.)

It's young, it's gay, it's heart-warming and it's Janie. Chuckles and giggles romp over the screen like a couple of puppy dogs and everyone but the actors, who suffer through Janie and the pain-in-the-neck sister, Clare Foley, have a wonderful time.

The story, slim as a movie star's hips, revolves around sixteen-year-old Janie, daughter of newspaper publisher Edward Arnold and lovely Ann Harding. The house is in a constant uproar due to Janie's beau and tattling. But when a whole company of soldiers move into town and eventually into Janie's home, the uproar becomes a furor and the fun that results shoots up like a temperature.

Joyce Reynolds makes a delightful Janie. Never too exuberant, but always as a bundle of charming animation little Reynolds makes of Janie a real treat. Her seven-year-old sister, Clare Foley, with her astute observations adds to the fun if not to cause of Better Manners.

Robert Benchley and Barbara Brown are splendid and Robert Hutton as the private-first-class in Janie's life and his rival Dick Erdman are perfectly cast. You'll love it, that we promise, so treat yourself to a spirit lift that will keep you happy for a week.

(Continued on page 22)
I married for love... and at first George did love me. Then—I can’t explain when or how it began—George became more and more indifferent. Our marriage happiness began to fade away like a mirage.

I brooded so that I actually became ill. When I went to see my doctor, I started to cry and told him everything. It was then I learned how “one neglect”—carelessness or ignorance about feminine hygiene—so often wrecks romance!

My doctor advised me to use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. “Thousands of modern wives use it,” he said, explaining how Lysol makes an effective germ-killing douche that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. “And Lysol won’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues... just follow the directions,” he added. “How right he was! I’ve found Lysol so pleasant to use—so easy and economical, too. It’s been working wonderfully!

Oh, yes—the happy ending! It’s about US, of course! George is mine again, with lots of love. That’s all... that’s everything!

Listen to this wife’s story of marriage happiness rediscovered

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE Lysol Disinfectant

*** Wilson (20th Century-Fox) ***

ONE of the outstanding pictures of the year and one of the best biographies ever to hit the screen, “Wilson” is a gripping, intelligently conceived motion picture bound to create controversy even while it unites a people in the Cause Americana.

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck, a Republican by party affiliation, the story of this great Democrat is as truthfully and as honestly told as any man’s story can be told. And for the failure of the League of Nations conceived by Wilson as a preventive against future wars, the blame is clearly laid at our own door, that of the American people.

All the six-boom-bah of the era, the tough political fights, the bosses and cliques, the tunes, the thinking, the slow build-up to a useless war are brilliantly set forth.

And let no one think of these facts as dull or historical recordings, for they emerge as entertaining and engrossing as if Wilson were indeed a man of fiction.

Alexander Knox is Wilson. He plays him with a conviction that seems to spring from the core of his being. It will be interesting to see what lies ahead for an actor who achieved the peak in a single characterization, for it’s our notion he will, unfortunately, be remembered and

Best Pictures of the Month

Wilson

Dragon Seed

Wing And A Prayer

An American Romance

Since You Went Away

Janie

The Seventh Cross

Our Hearts Were Young And Gay

Best Performances

Katharine Hepburn in

"Dragon Seed"

Turhan Bey in

"Dragon Seed"

Brian Donlevy in

"An American Romance"

Jennifer Jones in

"Since You Went Away"

Robert Walker in

"Since You Went Away"

Claudette Colbert in

"Since You Went Away"

Joseph Cotten in

"Since You Went Away"

Diana Lynn in

"Our Hearts Were Young And Gay"

Gail Russell in

"Our Hearts Were Young And Gay"

Joyce Reynolds in

"Janie"

Hume Cronyn in

"The Seventh Cross"

Spencer Tracy in

"The Seventh Cross"

Alexander Knox in

"Wilson"
identified in the minds of the fans as Wilson.

The cast is long and impressive as various statesmen of that day areParade before us. Charles Coburn as Henry Holmes, Ruth Nelson as the first Mrs. Wilson, and Geraldine Fitzgerald as the second wife, Thomas Mitchell as Tumulty the secretary. Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, William Eythe as a Princeton student, Mary Anderson, Ruth Ford, Madeleine Forbes as the daughters, and Eddie Foy Jr. as Eddie Foy Sr., Vincent Price as William G. McAdoo are just a few of the many familiar characters of this era. But it's Knox-you'll remember, for over it all he seems to cast the strength, and yes the weaknesses, of the man himself.

Your Reviewer Says: A living portrait.

**Drum Seed (M-G-M)**

A MASTERPIECE, no less, dealing with China and its little people, the peasants and farmers who grow from simple kindly people through stages of bewildered subservience to their Jap conquerors, to a united people of strength and purpose.

Through the younger generation old China is brought to see the futility of holding one's land cherished by one's ancestors, so that a newer, greater and freer China might be born.

Katharine Hepburn as Jade gives a fine performance, brilliant in spots and cloudy in others as if she were unsure at moments but, despite this, arresting in its interpretation. But it remains for Turhan Bey the young Turkish actor to walk away with the picture. Poetic in voice, inflection, gesture, carrying into his role of Hepburn's husband all his understanding of the Asiatics, young Bey emerges as one of those stars who will occupy an important place on the screen. What can this actor be doing in those fantastic B's of Universal?

Walter Huston and Aline MacMahon as parents of young Bey, Hurd Hatfield and Robert Bice take us into the very heart of China, permitting us to understand these our Allies as we never have before. And Frances Rafferty as the victim of Jap cruelty is most appealing. Others in the cast contribute to a story that reaches to the very roots of China itself—a story for which every American craving a better understanding of all people should give thanks.

Your Reviewer Says: Magnificent.

**Mr. Winkle Goes To War (Columbia)**

There are two kinds of wars and Eddie Robinson fights both in this curiously appealing little movie. What's more, he emerges victor in each struggle, the physical war of hatred and force and the spiritual one of character and soul. Timid, henpecked, shy, but determined as the Rock of Gibraltar, Eddie quits his job of keeping books at a bank to open a Fixit Shop and even the prospect of losing the wife he loves won't budge him from his intention. The only thing that does deter him is his induction into the Army—this when men up to forty-five were accepted.

In the Army Eddie displays the same determination to do the thing for which he feels best fitted and so he enlists himself to be relieved of bookkeeping and get into the combat mechanic unit.

Ted Donaldson, the young hero of "Once Upon A Time," is Eddie's workshop pal, Ruth Warrick his wife, Bob Haymes (who sings even as brother Dick), Richard Lane and Robert Armstrong, his Army pals.

"**This One Complete Cream is all I need!**"

... says Deanna Durbin

Long hours of war work and film-making never dim her dawn-fresh loveliness. Adorable Deanna Durbin explains, "With satiny Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, I give my skin complete care—in seconds."

**All-you-need** is this one cream—to help make your skin film-star lovely. Cleanses. Softens. Smooths. Holds powder. Helps erase tiny dry-skin lines. And Stericin, exclusive ingredient, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

**Take** Hollywood's Beauty Night Cap: Every night cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, then use as a night cream for extra beautifying. Use also for freshening daytime clean-ups. 10¢ to $1.25.

Woodbury COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY—DOES SO MUCH MORE besides!
Those who read the book by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough will rejoice in the charm and deliciousness of the amusing adventures of two young girls who set out for Europe alone and practically throw the entire continent into an uproar. They will love it, that is, as long as the picture adheres to the book. But halfway through the story, Hollywood has been unable to resist its habit of gilding the lily and the second half takes on a slapstick quality entirely foreign to the chuckly charm of the first half. But even so it's a delightful event and one we heartily advise you not to miss.

Diana Lynn as Emily Kimbrough and Gail Russell as Cornelia Otis Skinner are perfect choices for our innocents abroad. Gail has improved in poise and assurance since her appearance in "The Uninvited" and Diana Lynn is just about the cutest trick we've seen on the screen in ages. Here is a feminine star of tomorrow or we miss our guess.

James Brown and Bill Edwards as the young men involved couldn't be better. They are temperamentally suited to their roles and form a perfect background for the emotional outbursts of the girls.

Charlie Ruggles plays the actor Otis Skinner and father of Cornelia with nice restraint and understanding. Dorothy Gish as Mrs. Skinner fits into the story beautifully and delightful bits are furnished by Alma Kruger and Beulah Bondi and the incident of their lost pocketbook.

Your Reviewer Says: "Those endearing charms—"

\[\text{The Seventh Cross (M-G-M)}\]

A POWERFULLY moving story this, that starts right out to clutch the nervous system and never leaves off until the very last second of time. There is really no slow building to a climax, for the action is climactic from start to finish. The story intends to show that kindness and some spark of human friendliness burned in the hearts of some Germans prior to the war and during the early Nazi purges and tells of the efforts of seven men to escape a concentration camp.

Spencer Tracy, the seventh mind-tormented escapee, is eventually heated through with the knowledge that there are men left in Germany willing to risk all to help. One of the seven men is Hume Cronyn, a simple factory worker. His work is brilliant, deep in sincerity and imbued with an aura of humility. Tracy is wonderful and Signe Hasso, Jessica Tandy (Mrs. Cronyn in real life), Agnes Moorehead, Herbert Rudley, Ray Collins and Felix Bressart are excellent, each and every one.

Your Reviewer Says: It will leave you limp.

\[\text{Take It Or Leave It (20th Century-Fox)}\]

We'd take it. There isn't much plot to carry, it has a pleasant scent and besides it offers a lot of fun guessing who is what.

Judging from the construction of the story we'd say it cost about $84 to make. for the bulk of the picture is made up of scenes from old Twentieth Century-Fox films to which contestant Eddie Ryan must guess the right answers. And, of course, Phil Baker, from whose radio show the picture was taken, is there in person to hand out the usual caution of "Now prompting from the audience, please," while practically telling the contestant the right answer himself.
Young Eddie Ryan (the youngest of "The Sullivan" boys), who again plays a sailor whose wife is going to have a baby, has such an air of sincerity in everything he does or says it instantly dominates every scene. There's a nice wholesome quality about the lad, too, that is bound to soothe him into bigger and better roles.

Marjorie Messow is pleasing as his young wife and Stanley Prager good as his pal. You'll enjoy seeing whole screen sequences of Shirley Temple at the age of four, Alice Faye and Betty Grable in Billie Gilbert's harem and many other such scenes from various films.

Your Reviewer Says: You won't be sorry.

**Music in Manhattan** (RKO)

NOW here's an example of how less lavish musical farces should be made. Instead of a tired old Grade B vaudeville acts thrown at bewildered audiences who can't make head or tail of it, we have a cute, snappy little yarn, not original in idea we admit, but all shiny with smart polishing, glib with humor and enhanced with good acting.

In the latter department we have Anne Shirley looking lovely and proving herself a right snappy little comedienne. Phillip Terry, the decorated war hero from overseas who moves in on Anne to her embarrassment and our delight, has the nicest sense of humor imaginable; nice in that it is so unexpected.

Dennis Day, now of the Navy, is a plain old riot as Anne's suitor and as comic as a cage full of brass monkeys. Very definitely Dennis establishes himself as a light comedien destined to be very much in demand after the war.

Jane Darwell and Raymond Walburn fit cozily into the story and Day's warbling is worth the price of admission alone.

Your Reviewer Says: Yes, we're pretty happy about this.

**Abroad With Two Yanks**

(Edward Small-U.A.)

BILL BENDIX and Dennis O'Keefe are two Marines who come to Australia for a little fun after the fury of the battle in the Pacific and we can tell you right now they'd have been better off among the Jap snipers.

The trouble starts when Bill, a poetry-loving soul who has a mean right, and Dennis, brash and sassy, fall for an Australian beauty, played by Helen Walker, and prove to break every law known to military regulations and a few that weren't even known, in their effort to outirival each other. We won't spoil the story by telling who finally wins out, but the picture's real punch is in its comical and surprising climax. It's a lot of fun, corny as all get out, but just the kind of thing our boys in service will appreciate because it's so unlikely to happen, we hope.

John Loder as the regular kind of guy is so charming. Bendix and O'Keefe are a perfect pair and Miss Walker is just the side of a dream girl. George Cleveland, her father, and James Flavin as the servant do nice jobs, too.

Your Reviewer Says: What will the Aussies think of us? Really!

**Jungle Woman** (Universal)

A QUANEETTA is an ape girl (continued over from the "Captive Wild Woman" movie) who is transformed into a beautiful girl by the simple expedient of a magic drug (and we wish someone would pass it our way). Unfortunately, while she is in the ape stage (do you feel as

(Continued on page 124)
YOU watch the calendar, of course, but nature doesn’t. Plans are often upset by menstrual pain and discomfort. So look ahead now and get Midol before your next period. Have relief handy!

Take one of these triple-acting tablets at the first sign of suffering. See how speedily Midol cures your functional distress. One ingredient relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. And a third stimulates mildly, brightening you when you’re “blue”.

Millions of girls and women rely on Midol every month because they find it so effective and know it is not narcotic. Get Midol at your nearest drugstore today.

John Garfield
in the overseas swing
of things. For more
details, see Pvt. Edwards’ letter

$10.00 PRIZE
To Action!

I DON’T think I really knew what air war was actually like until I saw the official government short, “The Memphis Belle,” at my neighborhood theater. Then I knew the feeling of fear, of anger, of anxiety. This was the war our boys know, deposited in our laps through the daring of cameramen with our air forces.

The motion-picture industry is to be commended for bringing such realistic films to 80,000,000 fans. If our boys can take it, so can we—victoriously! The manager of the theater where I saw this short told me afterward:

“I sold 175% more Bonds and War Stamps this week than at any other time, thanks to the ‘Memphis Belle’ film”

I think that is sufficient testimony as to the power of such shorts to move Americans to action. They’re not pleasant to see and hear, but they enable us, if only in spirit, to be with our sons and brothers on their hazardous missions.

Mrs. Hazel Lobelson Chicago, Ill.

$5.00 PRIZE
Game Guys

EVEN though I am not from Brooklyn, I’m still a keen baseball fan. It and the movies being my two favorite means of entertainment, I decided to combine them, putting top male stars into a game of baseball. This is the way Manager Kyle would do it.


4. First baseman—Dennis Morgan. Always first with the fans.
5. Second baseman—Gene Kelly. Dances around on second (and I second every movement he makes).
6. Third baseman—Frank Sinatra. Puts them out cold.
7. Short stop—look and listen to boy—Van Johnson.
8. Outside fielders—Lon McCallister, Farley Granger and Robert Ryan who are fast moving up.
9. Umpire—Lou Costello. He’s such a square fellow—5 by 5.
10. Water boy—Johnny Weissmuller. ‘Cause most of the time he’s all wet anyway.

What a game this would be! All hits, no errors!

Virginia Kyle, New Orleans, La.

(Continued on page 118)
No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

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

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

Maybe it's just because you're washing it with soap or soap shampoos...letting soap film hide the glorious natural lustre and color brilliance. Change to Drene with Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

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

Sssssshhhhh!

But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled by frequent and correct shampooing. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Hats off to the gallant women who wear the distinguished uniform of the Women's Army Corps! This very trim, yet feminine hair-do was designed to go with the jaunty WAC cap. Equally smart with feminine "civvies." Credit for that shining-smooth hair goes to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.

Make a Date with Glamour

Tonight...don't put it off...shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! Extra lustre...up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! Manageable hair...easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of flaky dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. 
SURE, AND IT WILL STEAL YOUR HEART AWAY!!!

... with the love songs always at the top of America’s hit parade!

... with the romance of two hot-headed sweethearts who love as only the Irish can!

... with the laughter and fun that’s shamrocking the nation!

MONTY WOOLLEY
JUNE HAVER
DICK HAYMES

Damon Runyon’s
Irish Eyes are Smiling
in TECHNICOLOR

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF
Produced by DAMON RUNYON
Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and John Tucker Battle
Based on a story by E. A. Ellington
The Man Who Tried To End War

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Photoplay's editorial page is devoted this month to a challenging discussion of a challenging picture.

Let's get right down to this in the first paragraph. The man or woman past forty-five who does not go to see a motion picture called "Wilson" is a coward. The man or woman under forty-five who does not go to see it is a fool.

At least that's the way I feel about it.

If you are an American with any sense of fair play (and we pride ourselves, don't we, upon our sense of fair play?) you have no choice in this matter. You're very lucky that it's fine entertainment, with all the stops out. Afterwards you will probably realize that it's a big picture, with love stories and comedy and brass bands and beauty of all kinds, and without a single battle scene. But, actually, that has nothing to do with it. The truth is that you have no right not to see it, because it is an honest, authentic, unbiased and yet burning historical document which flings an unspoken challenge straight at the head of every citizen of these United States.

The whole motion-picture industry has a right to be very proud of "Wilson." Because, for the first time, the screen in all its might and beauty has presented a story which has vital significance to questions facing every American heart and mind and soul. That story ends over twenty years ago. But as the drama leaves your pulses and the color fades from your eyes and the music from your ears, you are face to face with your own decisions and choices and problems of this hour and minute.

I am not a motion-picture critic and this in no way pretends to be a review of "Wilson." It is quite simply the record of my own experience in seeing a film about which there has been so much said, around which so much interest has centered.

Seeing this picture is an experience. I would do it grave injustice if I conveyed the impression that you couldn't just go to see it as you would see any other picture and have a swell time. Only fair to say that you will, for instance, see an old-fashioned Yale-Princeton football game which is a howl—that you will see two moving love stories—the intimate inside of the White House and how a family lives there—two or three favorite newspaper classic moments—a top-kick who was just as tough in 1917 as top-kicks are today—the brilliance of a diplomatic reception—a fight at the Peace Table between Clemenceau and Wilson that has the violence of Joe Louis and Max Baer for the heavyweight championship—and Wilson struck down and laid upon that same bed where once they laid the martyred Lincoln.

All this you will see and enjoy for its drama. On the other hand it would be idiotic to duck its deeper and inescapable import.

I dare you to write and tell me that you were able to see this picture without saying to yourself, "And now—today—1944—what am I going to do with this second chance? Where do I stand in this matter that faces me and which has so vital an effect upon my own life and that of my sons and my grandsons?"

For "Wilson" is the story of a fight. Of Woodrow Wilson's fight to the very death for a League of Nations which would prevent another war. Of his fight and his defeat—and for me, at least, the tragedy of that defeat was almost too terrible to be borne since all the time I kept hearing the guns roar once more in France, seeing the planes fall once more from the skies of France, carrying another generation of (Continued on page 116)
BARBARA HUTTON and Cary Grant have announced that their marriage is over. Those of us who are closest to them have long expected this announcement. Only the fact that they were madly in love preserved their marriage beyond the first months which showed them they had no meeting grounds for everyday living: that they gravitated towards different friends and approached life from different points of view.

Cary has an unquenchable zest for living. Barbara hasn’t. She’s happy with the European set. He’s stimulated by friends who are an integral part of the motion-picture colony.

Actually they planned to separate last June. But when Barbara’s former husband, Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, filed suit charging her with being unfit to have the custody of their nine-year-old Lance and later spirited the child away to Canada, their parting was postponed.

Two months later, however, Cary moved out of the house he and Barbara had shared. But two days later he was back, eager to discuss a reconciliation. Barbara, long unhappy watching his unhappiness, tried to show him it was useless. When Cary, unpersuaded, moved his belongings back to the house she, in turn, packed her things and went to live with a friend.

“There is no chance of a reconciliation,” she announced firmly and sadly. “It would be unfair and dishonest of me to take advantage of my husband’s name and protection because I am fighting to hold my child.”

Cary makes it clear he is still deeply fond of Barbara. He asked the press in reporting the separation to be kind to her. And when Barbara goes to court to fight for her son, Cary will be beside her.

There is pathetic irony in this story of a man and a woman who most certainly were not made for each other but who are, equally certainly, in love. And it may very well be because both knew their marriage was doomed and Barbara’s happiness would, more than ever, depend upon her boy that Cary was finally able to prevail upon her to have the legal showdown which will
Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton have separated in a moment filled with pathos and high courage. The story of their personal tragedy is told here by a famous and intimate friend.

Son Lance (with his stepsister) plays a vital role. Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, snapped in London.

prove her right to her son's custody for all time.

As a friend of Barbara's and Cary's I know this whole brave story and I think told now, against the backdrop of their separation, it will have as deep drama and pathos as any you have ever heard.

According to the divorce agreement granted Barbara and Reventlow, Lance spent six months with each parent.

Early this summer when Lance was expected home after six months with his father, there was great rejoicing in the Grant household.

At this time I met Cary shopping. "Every year when Lance comes home we have some things for him," he grinned.

Barbara's plan was to welcome Lance with a gay children's party. It was at the eleventh hour that she faced the crushing news Lance would not be home. Reventlow's attorney sent her a note, saying in effect that the Count had taken Lance to Canada. Barbara might make demand for him. Should Reventlow refuse, she could resort to the Canadian courts.

Barbara broke down. This climaxed all the strain of the previous months when Reventlow had brought suit asking control of the rearing of Lance, asserting that Barbara used coarse and vulgar language in the boy's presence and sought to undermine the boy's affection for him.

When the suit broke Barbara and Cary postponed their separation. He had known that her dread of the kind of trouble Reventlow might make would keep her paying off for the rest of her days if she didn't call a halt. So ever since their marriage he had been imbuing her with courage against this inevitable day.

Now, to everyone's surprise, Barbara made no effort to end this suit with financial compromise as she had done in previous instances. She had settled one and a half million dollars on the Count when they were married and another million and a half when they were divorced.

Cary was counting upon Lance to comfort Barbara and help her find her way to happiness again after he and Barbara separated. He knew Barbara almost never had gone to (Continued on page 85)
“Miss Christmas Tree”
The Story of the Ingrid Bergman No One Sees

There is another Ingrid, known only to a few people, among them the author of this unusual piece

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

THIS is the sixth time I have started this story on Ingrid Bergman. The wastebasket by my desk is filled with crumpled "beginnings" that somehow seemed all wrong. They were too "sweet"—too hearts-and-flowers.

For the first time in my life I found myself writing about a movie star like a press agent.

But what can you do about Bergman?

Here is a woman with charm so deep that she seems to be illuminated by some inner glow. "Mike" Curtiz, the director, once tried to explain this iridescent quality of Bergman's by calling her "Miss Christmas Tree." "That's because she not only gives out her own light," said Mike, "but because everybody else lights up just looking at her!"

Here is an actress more than "admired" by her co-workers. They love her. And they love her with an added quality of rare respect.

Here is an artist-wife who puts her doctor-husband's career far above her own in importance. When Dr. Lindstrom's work took him to San Francisco, Ingrid established her real home there and "commuted" to Hollywood to make pictures.

Here is an artist-mother so close to her five-year-old daughter, Pia, that the little girl even shares that career with her. "I bring her often on the set," Ingrid told me,

Taking part in the War Chest Drive with Ida Lupino

With her husband, Dr. Lindstrom. Is she "spoilng" him?

“and she sees how hard I work. She knows that I get up before daylight when I am making a picture. If she wants to be an actress she must realize that she cannot step into success without study and effort on her part.”

I give up. All right, this is a hearts-and-flowers story on Bergman—but it is Ingrid as I know her. . . .

We met about four years ago when she came out to Marsons Farm one Sunday afternoon. She had not been long in Hollywood and her Swedish accent was far more marked than it is today. She had not yet acquired the easy graciousness of her present manner. She was a foreigner in a strange country and the ways of her own country still clung to her.

Her handshake, for instance: She extended her own hand firmly and high—and shook your hand with a polite little jerk and a slight bow. It was obvious that she was ill at ease, at first. She was not only in the midst of strangers—but also of the terrifying "press."

But the slight self-consciousness that brought a tinge of pink into her face, completely devoid of make-up, did not last long. She was delighted with the farm, the cows and chickens and horses and, best of all, the orange trees.

"Please," she said, "may I pick a live orange to send to my husband? (Dr. Lindstrom was then still in Stockholm.) He has never seen an orange growing in its own leaves!"

(Continued on page 89)
What's wrong with

A frank explanation of Ronnie's unorthodox actions that have Hollywood — and her friends — wondering

Then there are the things you read. Remember how in her official biography, she said her real name was Constance Keane and that she was born in Lake Placid, New York? So what did she do? She gave a story to Life Magazine in which she calmly announced that neither of these personally related facts was remotely true.

The most annoying part of that to the section of moviedom that likes to regard itself an industry and feels everything should run like clockwork (even if nothing in moviedom ever does) is that, by one of those miraculous twists, when the story was printed it made Miss Lake, the beautiful dreamer, look like Hollywood's most honest soul.

The riotous part of it is that, in some ways, she is Hollywood's most honest soul.

In her totally unconventional, violently individual way, she has the courage of her own convictions. That's what causes the trouble.

She's young. She's beautiful. She's box-office. There's the rub. No matter how Hollywood tries to slice her, she's still Veronica, the personality.

For instance, I sought her out personally to get the story behind these stories. If you asked most stars if they were prone to do a bit of embroidery regarding some facts in their lives, you would meet with such horror as Karloff never conceived of in his most scary film.

Miss Lake wasn't a bit horrified. I wish you could have seen her as she sat there, on the golden living-room couch in the quiet small house,
Veronica Lake?

By

RUTH WATERBURY

on a shady canyon street, which she shares with Rita Beery, Wally's ex-wife. She wore a very tailored beige tweed suit with a tailored shirt fastened tight around her smooth young throat by a neatly knotted man's tie. Her spectacular hair was tucked back without so much as a wisp of it straying from a coarse yellow snood. She had little brown moccasins on her feet and no stockings and her only make-up was her very scarlet lip rouge. It was a get-up that would have rendered most females back into the category of repellent spinsterliness. But on Ronnie, it made her more beautiful. I couldn't imagine any man's seeing her in this mocking parody of his own garb who wouldn't have wanted either to slap her or kiss her, a fact with which she was, I'm sure, perfectly prepared to grapple.

For that kind of sly awareness is the outstanding quality about her that gets you. There she sits, so young, so beautiful. She says she is just twenty-one, and she doesn't look even that old, but she subtly outsmarts you. She does everything exactly as she pleases, in manners impossibly inconvenient to everyone else concerned, but it works out right for Ronnie, who is the person she is interested in.

"Yes, I left the set of a picture," she admits, "I came to Paramount, four years ago, when I was seventeen. It was my first contract and I knew from nothing. I was a bride in love. You know that no girl in love ever thinks clearly about anything. John Detlie was the finest man I had ever known. We are no longer in love but I'll always admire him."

"Well, everybody now knows that yarn about my walking off the set of my first picture, 'I Wanted Wings,' and driving to where Johnnie was staying. I did do that—I know now it was silly. I ran away because I was bawled out.

"I thought my feelings had been trampled on that time, but a real blow taught me how gentle life had been on me up till then. The blow hit on Thanksgiving Day when during my first dinner party in our first home we heard a radio commentator announcing that I was flirting with another man and that I was, right that moment, dining in his home.

"Today it is easy to say that I should have laughed. But I couldn't take it that easy.

"That's why I hope my daughter never wants to take up acting. Acting itself I love. It's in my blood, but I hope (Continued on page 100)
To Judy

BY ROBERT NATHAN

Birthday present from a famous poet to a famous star—this poem specially written by Robert Nathan for Judy Garland and read aloud by Clark Gable at Judy’s birthday party. In answer, Judy sang her song, “Dear Mr. Gable,” dedicated years ago to Clark... the guests cried a little... smiled... and cheered a dark-eyed little trouper.

What shall we bring our Judy on her birthday?
The weather being fair, the summer set,
And we here met,
Being her friends, to help her celebrate?
A little Garland is appropriate.
Weave it of song. She will not mind too much
The slight, the friendly biographic touch,
Or care because the rhymes are old and worn.
So let us simply say that she was born
OVER THE RAINBOW, just a little tardy
For Valentino, but in time for HARDY.
NOBODY’S BABY SINGING IN THE RAIN,
Or CHASING RAINBOWS up the counterpane,
A child, a little girl on flying feet,
And when she sang, as sweet
And artless as a mocker on a hill,
Even the grips were still.
Today her freckled features light the air
For me and Mr. Mayer,
And smooth the path of rubble and of weed
For Mr. Mannix and for Mr. Freed—
For every boy in every far-off corner—
But not for Mr. Zanuck, Mr. Warner,
And not for Selznick or for Mr. Cohn;
They go their way alone.
Judy, the years pile up upon your head;
Youth’s golden, light, delicious moments fly;
It would be pleasant to grow young instead,
But LISTEN DARLING—THOROUGHBREDS DON’T CRY.
And this your birthday, for which THOUSANDS CHEER,
Is still the dewy morning of the year.
So here I end my verse. STRIKE UP THE BAND.
These are my birthday wishes: May you land
A golden Oscar, shiny as Miss Garson’s,
And every Sunday in Louella Parsons.
And may no planet ever rise above you—
Because this day, and every day, we love you.
Finding out about Farley

Look out! He'll completely beguile you, this kid in the bell-bottom pants

BY SANDRA SHEA

In the briny deep, Hollywood style: The sailor of today when he signed with Goldwyn

Center of attraction in a charming Granger home: Farley at the age of one

"Free and Easy Granger" growing up: He liked to spend money on presents for his mother

He came home on his first leave with a haircut that made his mother cry. Short and stubby, it was, after the usual G.I. fashion, Navy barbers having no more eye for glamour than Army scissors artists. He looked kind of funny in his bell-bottom pants and square-collared blouse that showed his undershirt around the neck. Different, anyway. His mother thought, too, that he looked a little peaked and even after she was assured he had gained weight during the four months he'd been boarding with Uncle Sam, she was not quite sure he'd been fed right. Mothers are often that way.

Anyway, those first couple of hours were a little strained. This tall, level-eyed individual in Navy blues seemed almost a stranger. His talk about boot camp at Farragut, Idaho, might have been spoken in Greek, so different was it from the careless, youthful lingo he used to carry on his tongue.

He sort of scared Eva Granger. He was her only son. They'd been, during his eighteen years of life, as close as a mother and son could be. Now—well . . . he was almost a stranger. As she stirred the spaghetti sauce that Farley had always been so crazy about, a tear rolled down her cheek and sizzled on the hot stove.

Seaman Granger was on the back porch, now, greeting Boots, the family dog. His mother could hear Boots' ecstatic tail-a-thump on the linoleum-covered floor; could hear Farley saying, "Well, well, and how's the old girl?" She thought probably the hairs from Boots' shaggy, gray-white coat would play havoc with that immaculate sailor's uniform, but she didn't say anything. She just listened. Farley used to talk to Boots in a sort of human-to-human fashion. It wasn't very adult or very erudite, maybe. But—if he did it again he'd still be the old Farley, artless, boyish and not mind ing if he revealed his boyishness. And after a couple more "Good old Boots-ev," she breathed a sigh of thanksgiving. Because he was saying, matter-of-factly:

"Boots, your eyes are as beautiful and brown as ever; your teeth are as white . . . Boots, if I ever find a girl with eyes and teeth like yours, I'll marry her."

He was the same Farley, Navy and war notwithstanding. And Eva Granger was pretty sure, suddenly, he always would be.

After all, a boy like Farley doesn't change overnight or in four months or in four years. A boy like Farley learns to roll with the punches, to adapt himself to anything he has to. He grows up, but he stays the same, inside.

Farley Granger, almost since babyhood, has wanted to be an actor, a good actor. He is working for Uncle Sam now, and will be until the war is over. But after that he will come (Continued on page 40)
Finding out about Farley

(Continued from page 38) back to the small, pretty white house in California's San Fernando Valley and take up where he left off. He is grateful to have had such wonderful picture "breaks"—Samuel Goldwyn's "The North Star" and Twentieth Century-Fox's "The Purple Heart"—before he left Hollywood.

He points out that lots of boys graduate out of high school smack into the armed forces and then, when they come back from war, a lot of them may have a tough time finding a job. He, Farley, has a job waiting for him when peace graces the world again. His contract at present is merely in suspension. The way he looks at things, he is very lucky. . . . Well, he is . . . Yet it wasn't mere luck that gave young Farley the place he has in motion pictures today. Of course, his six-feet-two inches, his broad shoulders, his ingratiating, white toothed smile (and he never had to wear braces on his teeth, either), his voice—all of the components of a personality which seems to be born to mate with motion-picture film—helped. But—"wishing made it so." It was the wishing and the hoping, the faith that he could and would someday be an actor, that really made him one, he says.

The praying, too. Farley doesn't belong to a church. When he was a youngster, he went to various Sunday schools. But he believes that if you pray for something worth while and are deserving, perhaps some All-Seeing Power will somehow arrange that you get it. You have to deserve it, though.

Maybe that is the reason he kept pinching a hard-muscled arm when he was finally given the role of Damien in "The North Star." Humbly, he couldn't believe he rated such good fortune. Heavens knows he had wanted the role so hard, though, that he just about had to get it. . . . As perhaps you are aware, he had been acting in a play called "The Wookie" in a little theater in Hollywood. A very little theater. The production wasn't so very good, but Farley was. A Samuel Goldwyn talent scout saw him and he was called into the studio to "read" for the powers—that-be. That was a great day. When Farley got the call he rushed over to Ventura Boulevard where his mother was working in a five-and-ten store (the Grangers were having it rather hard, financially, about that time).

"I've been seen! I've been seen!" he yelled. Maybe customers didn't know what he was yelling about, but Eva Granger did. She pulled his dark, rumpled head down and kissed him.

"I knew you would be, son," she said.

So the two of them, the next day, drove over to Formosa Avenue and Santa Monica Boulevard, both of them green as anything, not even knowing, exactly, what you did when you "read" for a role. And Farley, barely seventeen, as unworliday as a boy can be, scarcely ever having kissed a girl, "read" a tender love scene between Damian and Marina. Teresa Wright, at that time cast as Marina, was wonderful, Farley
thought. He said so when they'd finished. Bob McGuire, Goldwyn's casting director, looked at him queerly and said, quietly, "You weren't so bad, yourself, son. We'll probably be calling you...."

They did call him. Farley, who until the "reading" had never been inside a picture studio, was given the role of Damian and signed to a contract. A hundred dollars a week. When it was done he sighed, blissfully. "Now Mom can quit the five-and-dime," he said.

Almost everybody else said, "What a break for a green kid. What a break...."

Well, in a way, Farley had been preparing for this break for a long time. He had been, as his mother expresses it, "acting all over the place" even since one day on a sandy beach in California, when he was three. The Grangers—Dad, Mom and Farley—had been in the water. Now they were sunning themselves. Dad and Mom were almost asleep when they noticed Farley was up to (Continued on page 104)
Conversation: Intent diner-out Spencer Tracy

Pantomime: Cary Grant uses his own hand-sign talk

Attention: The very fair Hedy Lamarr
Look—who's-here look: Good fellow George Murphy

Dress-up scene: A smiling Carole Landis

Cracker-crumbler: Ida Lupino waits to be served
AS SCARCE as a movie star's friends...

"Why?" Fearless demanded of the little Hollywood group in which this bitter cliche was heard the other day. "Why is it the stars have such trouble making friends and keeping them?"

The answers varied, but they all made sense.

Someone said: "Rivalry makes friendships between the stars themselves pretty difficult. And immediately anyone from the outside tries to get near a star the boot-lickers have their knives out!"

Another member of that group, who had several fizzled friendships with Hollywood celebrities behind her, added, "Also no one with any personal ego could endure to spend much time with a star. Even if the star had managed to maintain balance enough to be interested in anyone else the attention a star receives on every hand makes anyone who is around him feel a complete nincompoop!"

Often, of course, it isn't the stars' fault that they lack friends. Those who might be their friends get inferiority complexes because of their wealth and fame and become defensive toward them.

Robert Taylor is a case in point.

"I keep hoping," says Bob, now Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N., "when this fight is over and I get out of the Navy that it won't be the way it was when I got out of college. After I went into pictures the gang at Pomona changed toward me; and robbed me of something I needed and valued.

"At Pomona we had a dutch treat club. We met once a month for lunch or dinner at some place we could all afford. And had fun. Well, after I began making a little money I wanted to say, 'Hi, gang! Let's go some place on me!' But I was afraid they would resent this and say to one another, 'Get a load of Brugh, showing off!' So I left it the way it was, with all of us going dutch at some modest place.

"I found out, after a while, that they were having meetings without notifying me. That hurt. But I swallowed hard and asked to hear about the next get-together. It didn't work, however. Someone got the idea I no longer relished modest restaurants and I was out.

"I hadn't changed. But the attitude toward me had.

"That's why I keep hoping there'll be no repetition on this score—no interruption of friendship with the guys I'm meeting now—when we all go back to civilian life. For it's a cinch our lives won't be as identical as they are here."

Frequently enough the stars' wealth and fame isolate them from potential friends too. As Bette Davis pointed out not long
ago when Fearless lunched with her in the Green Room at the Warner Studios.

Bette was bursting with talk. About a new scientific discovery. About Seeing Eye dogs. About all the things her wide interests and enthusiasm embrace. Suddenly she stopped short.

"Listen to me," she said, with a Davis guffaw. "Talking my head off!"

There was amusement in her eyes. Fortunately she has a strong sense of irony. "Believe it or not," she went on, "I get hungry for someone to talk to sometimes when I'm between pictures. It's that simple. Days pass and the only time my telephone rings is when the studio is calling. Which is another less glamorous side of being a movie star . . . The nice people you meet—those whom you'd give plenty to have for friends—are shy with you because of your star status. The others, the sycophants, you remove from your scheme of things with dispatch!"

When Bette Davis says she removes the sycophants with dispatch it is rank understatement. Sycophants run, quick like bunnies, from anyone as honest and straight-shooting as she is. The very fact that she admits she isn't perpetually overwhelmed with dates proves her directness, of course. Most girls—in Hollywood or anywhere else—wouldn't say they were hungry for someone to talk to; never in a million years.

The Stars also become wary about making friends because people so often use them as stepping stones to professional or social eminence.

Joan Crawford, not long ago, befriended a young woman whom she met on a trip to New York. She shared her flowers with this girl, autographed photographs for her and her aunts and her cousins and advised her about her problems. All went well until the girl followed Joan back to Hollywood, hung around her doorstep and finally tried to force her way into the studios and into Joan's home.

"What is it you want?" Joan pleaded. "Is it money—clothes—help in getting a job? Tell me!"

"I just want to be with you and meet other stars and go to big Hollywood parties," the girl admitted.

Experiences like this, multiplied hundreds of times, naturally make the stars timid about offering any semblance of friendship unless they're reasonably sure of the recipients.

There is a girl, fairly well off, with some entree in Hollywood, who embarrasses the stars with her favors. If she hears a star she knows, even slightly, is having a dinner party she will surfeit her with flowers. If she learns (Continued on page 108)
"A person, not a child": Anne Baxter of "Guest In The House"
A. B. Complex

By Elliot Paul

Delightfully intricate are the ideas of Anne Baxter. Delightfully different is this straightforward visit with her.

Neatly the dark, sleek roadster veered left across the sidewalk and stopped exactly alongside the brick walk of the dusty parking lot. The smoked attendant stepped up, the low-slung door came open and out stepped a young woman, too self-possessed to be a schoolgirl, too cleanly and marvelously young to be a woman of the world.

I was conscious of a lithe, trim figure, an outstretched hand, hair, shoulders, the cut of gray fabric but, above all, clear, youthful hazel eyes, the exact suggestion of perfume for California spring sunshine, and a voice, a low, well-modulated voice just on the mezzo side. Then a flash of recognition. And Anne Baxter’s cordial smile.

The recognition, from her point of view, was easy. I wear a beard, which has been variously described, and could get by as Mr. Five by Five. But the pressure of her hand took away any awareness I might have had of being mildly comical or of small consequence in a chaotic scheme of things.

Anne Baxter’s approach, in the flesh (crude word), has just the right balance between the athletic rush of the over-energetic and the studied hesitation which actresses assume when appearing in the doorway of a producer’s office. Her manner is cordial, sincere, her interest is easily quickened, her gaze frank but in no way coquettish. There are moments when she looks—not exactly tired or weighed down with responsibility—but as though in the depths of her eyes there is a share of today’s overwhelming human burden of longing and trying memories. Wistful, is it? Not exactly sad. Not serious in any ponderous way. Merely that here is a person, not a child; that no one had better underestimate her intelligence or bruise her sensitivity.

Such is the actress of whom so many of us have high hopes. Indeed, that she will continue and enrich the tradition of Garbo, Papinou, Bergman, the few extremely great ones in an industry which still is in its infancy. She has made a promising start as the drudge in “Swamp Water,” the far-seeing heroine in “The Magnificent Ambersons,” the French girl in “The Pied Piper,” the farm girl in “The Eve Of St. Mark,” and now her greatest chance of all, the frustrated, vengeful little “guest” of “Guest In The House,” produced by Hunt Stromberg.

Miss Baxter prefers a table in a quiet room, where it is quiet enough for conversation and obscure enough so that she will not be the object of attention, however discerning. She defers to her escort in an easy, most complimentary way. The day being hot, we ate something cold; a jellied madrilene, some cold cuts with a green but not frivolous salad; a little cheese and coffee.

First of all, I must confess that I was not thinking, ever, about her being only twenty years old, not even when she showed herself at ease with a multitude of random subjects. We talked little shop, except to say that we love motion pictures, as a medium and an expression of the present and the future; also that we often deplore what gets on the screen. Very often. (Continued on page 93)
A "first" on the Portrait Poll: Dennis Morgan of "The Very Thought Of You"
JUST BECAUSE—

It's Dennis Morgan

BY MARIAN QUINN

This is the picture of a man happy with his wife, a man who lives simply in a fabulous Hollywood, who enjoys his wife's gay companionship, is proud of her competence as mistress of his home. He thinks night clubs are a waste of time, spends his free hours with his family in the Valley hills.

This is the picture of a father who likes to play cowboy and Indians with his three children; a sensitive sort of fellow who is a romanticist at heart, a six-footer with a capacity for kindness that makes him the most beloved Daddy on the block.

This is a picture of the outdoors and of a man who likes it, who knows the value of a steak he cooks himself on a charcoal burner in his own back yard, a golfer of distinction, a calisthenics expert, a hospitable host who likes friends and can therefore gather plenty of them about him.

This is a man who still knows how to be a little boy—to enjoy the funnies and eating chocolate candy and shooting his .22. It shows a man who has learned how to be a man, too; little "Toughy" Morgan grown up into an adult who can manage his life sanely—Dennis Morgan, who has what is to be envied—a normal, complete, happy American way of life.
It's a

Cocktail dance in Hollywood time—given by internationally famous party-thrower Elsa Maxwell for

Photoplay's editorial director

Fred Sammis

PHOTOGRAPHS
The place: The spacious Beverly Hills home of Countess Di Frasso which Evalyn Walsh McLean, friend of Elsa Maxwell, rented for the summer. In the formal living room, where the rug was taken up and the floor cleared for dancing to the music of a five-piece band recommended by Errol Flynn, was guest of honor Fred Sammis, receiving the guests with Miss Maxwell. In the dining room—tables laden with turkeys and hams; a busy bar; a just-for-fun slot machine. In the beautiful garden—groups of fast-talking big names of Hollywood—(Continued on page 92)
Real name: There’s plenty of it: Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner. Lana was her own invention for the films.

Case history: Lovely Lana was born in a mining town in Idaho (Wallace by name) and idled through Sacramento and San Francisco before she wound up in a Hollywood drugstore, being discovered for the movies.

Song she hums the most: “Embraceable You”... which will be her favorite piece in the shower, on a dance floor or anywhere else until the day she dies.

Man she sees the most: Peter Lawford—Sunday, Monday and always (for the nonce!).

The thing you most notice looking at Lana: Skipping That Figure and That Face, it’s her spick-and-span neatness—from her shining shoes to her shining hair she’s clean, pressed, soaped and scented. Beginning with her dawn appointments at the studio and ending with her near-dawn returns home from a date.

The thing you most notice listening to Lana: Her chameleon-like change-of-mind. Today she says one thing, tomorrow it’s the direct opposite.

Her partner’s slightly amazed—she’s humming that song on the dance floor once again.

Favorite way of wasting time: Visiting fortunetellers—whom she loves but never believes.

Dating Peter Lawford, which she does—for the nonce—almost every night.
lady—and bit by bit you know her better and better

What she can cook the best: Nary a thing, except for macaroni and grated rat-trap cheese until a greased baking dish is full. Spread four strips of bacon on top, bake—and you're on your own with a fork and an appetite!

Pet posy: Buvardia.

"Must" magazines: All movie magazines, which she reads avidly from cover to cover.

The funnies she reads over her oatmeal: "Mary Worth's Family," "Dick Tracy" and "Blondie."

Most startling costume she ever wore in a picture: It's startling only for Lana—it's a complete G.I. uniform from WAC headquarters, for her role in "Women In Uniform." She also introduces the new WAC date dress and she looks just like Lana throughout—which means oomph terrific!

Favorite role: Her part in "Ziegfeld Girl"—her first chance for drama instead of sweaters.

What most hurts her feelings: Any unfair attack on her, either verbal or printed. She'll cry for two hours over a mean story about her in the newspapers, asking her friends, "Why do people want to hurt me? I can't understand it." The reason she can't understand it is that she goes out of her way not to injure others; even going so far as to change from her costume at lunchtime so as to save a wardrobe girl from pressing it later.

What's more important to her than food: Her radios and phonographs, which pour music over her from the time she gets out of bed until she falls back into it again. She dresses and breakfasts to Capehart; she drives her gray phaeton to the studio with the radio blasting; she plays a portable phonograph on the set between scenes; and she studies her scripts at night cuddled up next to the radio. Yes, as long as Lana's blue eyes are open, so is a loudspeaker.

Habits that most annoy her in other people: Women who swear continually; and men who keep their hands in their pockets.

Pet superstition: Not lighting three cigarettes on a match—she'll do some open-field running at a party to stop three people from inflicting such bad luck on themselves.

Favorite clothes: "Luscious ones," says she—in blue to match her eyes, in white and in all shades of flame-to-pink. Her closet is crammed with suits and evening gowns. Her decision on slacks: Fine in the house, dreadful outside.

Violent dislikes: First and foremost comes cold water—she despises a cold shower or swimming pool; after that she loathes fishing, polka-dot dresses, parsnips and heavy make-up.

Most depressing duty: Eating oatmeal every morning for breakfast. But she chokes it down because of her mother's orders—and because little Cheryl won't eat hers unless Lana does too.

Worst fault: Being two to three hours late for social engagements. For business appointments she's right on the dot; but leave her alone in her boudoir to get ready for a date and she shifts dresses and hair-dos for hours while the Man of the Hour paces downstairs.

What gives her the most happiness: Her small Cheryl, of course

(Continued on page 74)
"THE man I'll always remember," says Jean Sullivan of "Strangers In Our Midst," "was a young chap who was a brilliant conversationalist. I must admit he used to talk mostly about himself. I didn't mind, however, as he was stimulating and his great ambitions were worthy ones... or seemed to be at the time. He was very attractive, too, so all in all I found him quite personable. He used to tell me how much he was indebted to me. How grateful he was for my advice, my encouragement and guidance. He made me feel so important to his life, I was sure I was beginning to care for him. Then one day I introduced him to a wealthy girl friend of mine. A month later they became engaged. He announced he was going into her father's business. To cap it all, he came to me and asked if I would help him select a wedding present for his fiancée!"

"THERE is one name in my date book," says Anne Shirley of "Farewell, My Lovely," "that still makes me stop and wonder every time I come across it. He was a young architect, fine in every way. We had fun together and he almost became 'the man' in my life. Except for one thing. My affection for him came close to ruining everything I had struggled for all my life. Hollywood is my life. But my architect would not understand my world. He didn’t understand my friends; he thought people in 'show business' were a little on the 'freak' side. He didn’t understand why sometimes I was too tired to go out. 'But I've been at the studio since six this morning because I had to have my make-up put on then.' 'But that's silly,' he'd say. So I'd go out with him anyway, and then be too tired to do justice to my work the next day. In every other way he was wonderful and friendly. If only he could have learned to understand my world and so saved me a lot of grief."

Four Hollywood girls found that out! Consulting psychologist Lawrence Gould

NEARLY every girl, whether she be in Hollywood or any other community, sooner or later meets a man who could mean heartbreak or disaster to her if she let him play the game the way he wants to play it. Such men are a minority—and there’s no bigger mistake you could make than to imagine every man you meet is out to "take advantage of you." But because there are more mushrooms in a field than there are toadstools, you can’t safely feel it doesn’t matter whether you can tell them apart—being wrong just once will be enough for you. There are several types of "dangerous men" you are likely to meet, especially if you’re working for a living and so are thrown with a lot of people about whom you cannot really know much. You’re all the more likely to fall for one of these men if the war has broken up your normal circle of friends and left you dependent for dates on relative strangers, or even on men you wouldn’t think of going out with under ordinary circumstances.

One quality all these men share is that they’re self-centered. A girl to them is a person to get something from, not to share happiness, or life, or even love with. Often they’re the spoiled sons of adoring mothers and can’t see why any woman shouldn’t be equally willing to be "used" for their convenience or advantage. Such men are naturally on the lookout for a girl who’s talented or beautiful because she will have more to give them.

For example, there’s the male gold-digger, like the chap that Grace McDonald was so nearly fooled by.
"SEVERAL years ago in New York," says Grace McDonald of "See My Lawyer," "when I was first starting my career in show business, I met a very charming man who immediately took an intense interest in me. He told me he was going to see that I had an important break in a musical that was about to be cast in Hollywood, and of course I was very thrilled. He told me he had been sent out as an agent to help find new talent for the show. He was handsome and quite a few years older than I and before I knew it I had developed a young girl's romantic crush for an older man, as so often happens. It was a sad day for me later when I happened to overhear an enlightening conversation between two men. They were talking about the man I considered my ideal. It seems he had never been an agent at all and was using his friendship with me to try and get a job for himself."

"THE man I'll always remember," says Marjorie Riordan of "Mr. Skeffington," "is a man I met when I was still in my 'teens. He was intelligent, attractive, charming, and of course his worldliness made a great impression on one of my inexperienced years. During our conversation, he'd casually refer to getting married. However, he never actually asked me, nor did he ever try to pin me down to a time and place. At the time I was much too impressed to think this was strange. Quite by accident, I learned that he was already married. When I confronted him with my great discovery he was, or seemed to be, very upset. He said he didn't want to hurt his wife. Not did he want to hurt me by telling me that he was married. His entire attitude was that he was being very kind and considerate and really being quite magnanimous and long-suffering. Personally, I think he was a first-class heel. What do you think?"

ARE DANGEROUS

now shows them—and you—how to handle such "gay deceivers"

He uses his manly charms to line his pockets as coldbloodedly as the most "calculating" girl could, and with much less risk of suffering unpleasant consequences.

There's the fellow of the type Jean Sullivan describes, who mainly wants an audience—someone to appreciate his brilliant conversation and believe his stories of the great man he is "going to be someday." He's sure any girl will find him interesting (even when he talks about someone else) but if he can find one who will pay as well as listen, all the better. For he never doubts the show that he puts on is worth the money.

Not so obviously selfish but just as self-centered at heart is the chap who feels that any girl who loves him should "live only for him." Like the man Anne Shirley is well rid of, he can't bear the idea of her having any interests—still less, a career—of her own.

Again, there's the man who wants as much as he can get of a girl's love and admiration, but can't understand why she should worry about making their relation real and permanent by getting married. Often, like the "heel" Marjorie Riordan describes, he's already married anyhow, but can't see why he should mention it to the girl and "spoil things."

An even more subtly dangerous type is what I call a "two-way man"—a man with a double-track mind, in which one set of emotions pulls him one way and another set, another. As a rule, this man is married, and admits it, but his home life is unhappy (Continued on page 71)
June Allyson is an unusual girl. She sneaks up on you. When you see her first in a picture (that could be "Girl Crazy" or "Two Girls And A Sailor") you think, "Just another blonde." Fifteen minutes later you are raising an eyebrow and muttering, "Hmmm." And, by the end of three reels, you are tossing your chapeau toward the ceiling and being restrained by the ushers.

In person, she is a strange combination of pixie and philosopher. In the pixie department, first there is her looks. Despite the fact that she claims she is no glamour girl and that the best thing M-G-M can do for her is to let her alone as to face and hair and allow her to be a "type" instead of a beauty, she does all right. She is small, to begin with, only five feet one, and built like a Ziegfeld Girl's little sister. Her hair is a peculiar shade of natural blonde. The studio calls it "silver blonde"; June herself says it's "just a funny color." She wears it comparatively short for Hollywood, just to the chin line, and it is so curly to start with that every morning she comes in and is de-fuzzed by the hair-dressing department.

Below this mop, she sports a pair of gentle blue eyes. Then there is a straight nose and a rather wide mouth which seems to beam most of the time. Her teeth are white but don't look like an ad for an orthodontist. They look—astoundingly for her profession—like the teeth she was born with.

The pixie part of June is brought out even more when she comes into the commissary. Outside of perhaps Judy Garland and Esther Williams, no one on the M-G-M lot seems to love as many people and be loved by so many people as June. Her progress from the door to her table is halted twenty times by men looking up and saying, "How-do" and girls actually smiling at her. And June smiles back, her nose wrinkling, her whole face delighted and delightful.

Lucille Ball gave June an engagement book for Christmas of such fabulous proportions that it seemed that every department of June's life should be under complete control. There is a six-inch shopping list in it, a pad for dates, another for telephone messages and a fourth that she can merely scribble notes on. Now Miss Pixie brings that book to the studio every day. She carries it with her on the set, to lunch, everywhere. But she never looks at anything she happens to write in it!

Then there's the thing about the coffee cup. June has the peculiar phobia that she cannot drink the contents of a full-sized cup. Instead, she orders the stuff, drinks half of it and leaves the rest. Then she orders another cup, downs half of that, and so forth.

This naturally caused the waitresses to tear their hair violently. But finally the problem was solved by someone's giving June a quaint cup and saucer painted with blue flowers—in demitasse size.

She has no idea why or where she got this quirk, or why her voice is different from most people's. When she first came to M-G-M they tested her, gave her a role and then told her to "go home and get rid of that cold." June felt terrified. She couldn't go home and get rid of anything. She didn't have a cold. Her voice just (Continued on page 83)
For years, people have been saying to me, "Aren't you lucky to be married to a comedian. He must be a riot around the house!"

Now, Danny at home is at least as funny as the next man and, to my prejudiced way of thinking, a good deal funnier. But he doesn't tickle my ribs twenty-four hours a day. He doesn't try to. He's very easy to live with, for the most part, because basically he's a very sweet, unpretentious guy. But there are times when, like everyone else, he gets moody and depressed. Then he will sit in his room for hours on end, just staring into space.

However, when I'm the one who's feeling low, he really puts on an act to try to cheer me up. At such times, he can be hilarious. He has a wonderful eating routine he goes
"An extravagance we share
is long-distance telephoning—
fortunately after midnight when
the Army boys don’t need the wires!"

"He must be a riot around
the house!" Danny is, in more ways than
two, according to his delightfully distracted wife

LIKE THIS—
to be Mrs. Danny Kaye

BY SYLVIA FINE KAYE

can be quite a problem for a wife
who’s trying to show off her Big Boy.
But once the barriers are down, he
can be more exhilarating company
than anyone I know. Then he is at
his entertaining best.

Usually parlor comedians are not
funny on the stage, and vice versa.
But as funny as Danny has been in
the theater and on the screen, he is
much, much funnier in a living room
when he is surrounded by his
friends. He is an inspired mimic, but
he doesn’t use this at all in a pro-
fessional performance because there
are so many mimics in the world
and he doesn’t want to become
known as just another one. He also
has an incredible ear for dialect. He
can do any existing dialect, even if
he has heard it only once.

Another favorite stunt of his is
singing off-key, flat or sharp, just
an eighth of a tone. One night, when
Danny had finished making "Up in
Arms," we had a party with Jack
and Mary Benny, Van Johnson,
Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland
there, also an operetta tenor a little
past his prime. Judy coaxed Danny
to sing some numbers from "The
Student Prince" with the tenor. It
was a warm night and the windows
were open. Everyone was laughing
so riotously that soon the police
came to the door. They said the
neighbors had been complaining.
But the complaint wasn’t about the
noise we were making—the neigh-
bors didn’t mind that so much. What
they couldn’t (Continued on page 96)
Here's where you find out your clothes faults, learn how

THERE isn't anyone who can't look better. It's simply a matter of taking the time and trouble to choose the right clothes and have them fitted properly to your figure.

I speak as a designer who, by virtue of long experience, knows the camouflage value of clothes; how the right lines will conceal the most flagrant figure faults, even make thin people look fat and fat people look thin.

Make clothes a business! Never shop simply because you have nothing else to do. Never buy anything as a whim. Instead, make very sure that any item you are about to purchase—whether it's as trifling as a pair of gloves or as important as a winter coat—will help build the impression you want to give, serve you upon a number of occasions and be friendly with other items already in your wardrobe.

Also, see to it that everything you buy suits your:
- Income and Environment: We can't all live in a penthouse. So let's not try to look as if we did!
- Age: Clothes that are too young or too old subtract from our attraction. For a fourteen-year-old to attempt to look sophisticated or for a forty-year-old to attempt to look young and innocent is nonsense.
- Chassis: Above all, divorce yourself from those styles which do not suit you, even though your soul yearns for them. Marry those styles which are your friends. In other words, irrespective of your devotion to pink peplums or the popularity of pink peplums be honest enough to say, "They're not for me!"

Clothes are so simple these days, because of Government regulations, that it takes positive genius not to be well-dressed. There are, however, a great many geniuses. Women, apparently sensitive and intelligent, who would not dream of putting whipped cream and onions together, go right on wearing pink chiffon flowers with tweed. Also, we American women act as though we—like the Indians who were here before us—believed the more we had on the more important we would be. We invariably decide if one clip is smart two clips would be smarter and six clips would be divine. At the drop of a hat we put flowers in our hair, attach feathers to our lapels and fasten dead clams on our wrist. We have yet to discover the value of moderation, the drama of a simple black dress with one large clip, or a nunlike gray chiffon with brilliant fuchsia slippers.

However, what we do not know we can learn—and be lovelier for it. Every day studio youngsters come...
Dress!

to look smart—and get your chance to be personally advised by a famous designer

into my office and announce very simply, "I want to learn how to be well-groomed!" That's the first step, of course—knowing that you're not but that you can be. Many women never approach it.

When Betty Hutton first came to the Paramount studios she went in for long blonde curls and a lot of color. But because she had an open mind it wasn't long before she was dressing beautifully.

It was the same with Veronica Lake. She used to wear dirndls and dirndl and dirndl. But suddenly she caught on and emerged from just a pretty girl with one eye into a very smart clothes-conscious young woman.

The younger we are the more rapidly and easily we learn. That is worth remembering. For in the matter of appearance no one stands still. Grooming is never static. We either get much worse or we get better.

Fitting is all important! It doesn't matter how rich a fabric or how smart a design—if a dress doesn't fit properly it doesn't serve you properly. The most perfect figure in the world cannot stand badly fitted clothes. It is a hundred times wiser to have a few clothes and to spend as much as need be to have them fitted properly to your figure than it is to have twice as many clothes which have not been fitted to you at all.

Claudette Colbert knows the value of having her clothes meticulously fitted. She will stand endlessly before the fitters' mirror, uncomplaining, interested, aware. That's why she looks the way she does.

**GENERALLY** speaking, clothes should not be overfitted, but casual. Seams should follow the contour of the body. Hemlines and waistlines should be arrived at by the trial and error method. They should, in other words, appear where they are most flattering to you.

If you have a large bust do not have your clothes so tight you suggest a sausage. The larger a bust the lower it will fall. This means that your waistline should be lowered, that you should favor a V-neckline rather than a round or oval cut, that you should invest in a good brassiere and that you must avoid fabrics which catch the light or cling too tightly.

If you are flatter than you wish you were raise your waistline and nip in your clothes at this point. Wear soft fullness. Wear fichus. And remember there is nothing wrong with bust pads. It is very stupid to pretend there are no such things.

Which brings me to the matter of shoulder pads. You naturally want to look as if you had nice broad shoulders. Therefore, if your shoulders are sloping or narrow, pads become the thing. Make sure, however, they aren't too evident. They should appear to belong to you and not to the dress.

If you have more hips than you wish you had—and most women do have since a woman's hips are important from a functional point of view—favor the two-piece dress, dressmaker suits or a jumper dress which doesn't accent the waistline. Remember in choosing these clothes that fitted jackets are only for those with slim tapering figures. Cast your eyes towards box jackets and the hip camouflage they afford. See to it that your shoulder line is broad—to balance your hip line. Avoid tight skirts and hip-line trimming or pockets.

Many women are highwaisted with round watermelon hips. They should drop their waistline.

If you would like to appear smaller than you are keep an unbroken line in your clothes, do not wear colored belts, bustles or anything of the sort. Remember always that wide belts are for sixteen-year-olds who are definitely slim. Stay away from anything that sparkles. And break (Continued on page 73)
Looking over race horses, part of the Flynn devil-may-care sportsman life

He started out at nineteen as the skipper of a schooner, has always loved the sea.
Of a Restless Soul

Fabulous facts about a fabulous man—Errol Flynn, bad speller, good fellow, lazy adventurer who wins your heart

By Joseph Henry Steele

Errol Flynn once worked in a soft-drink plant in Australia as a bottle smeller. If he was supposed to smell every bottle that was returned to the plant. The idea was to detect any foul odors, such as kerosene, turpentine, gasoline, and to put those bottles aside for special cleaning treatment.

He prefers traveling by plane. He is not allergic and at the age of seventeen accompanied his father on an expedition into Tasmania to hunt the duck-billed platypus.

He dislikes parlor games, experiences stage fright on every opening night in the theater, and visited Spain during its civil war, impelled by the desire to know the truth about it at first hand. He came back with a violent loathing for fascism.

He never wears a hat.

He is very fond of beer but refrains from it due to an aversion for large stomachs. His smile is easy and slightly crooked, the left side of his mouth lifting higher than his right.

His aversion to regimentation invariably makes him late for appointments. He has a keen sense of the ridiculous and firmly believes that in the long run American culture profits by our whole college system.

He was nineteen when he served in the South Pacific as the skipper of a two-masted schooner engaged in fishing, pearl-diving and freighting. His favorite radio programs are symphonic.

He has no superstitions.

His waist (Continued on page 110)
Says Pvt. Palmer, who hasn’t seen his twin brother in seven months, “I’d like to see my two favorite sister actresses, Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine, in arms.”
For the girl who questions "the old rules" about love—a straight-from-the-shoulder answer

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Although I am very much in love with a boy who is now in the Navy and have promised to marry him when the war is over, I am now suffering from doubts over the wisdom of marrying him.

This boy has very high ideals; he doesn't smoke or drink, he is courteous and handsome. Yet my family doesn't approve of him for me. You see, he quit school in the seventh grade and has earned his own living ever since. I am now a freshman in college and I am going to secure a very good education.

At first, after this boy went off to war, I decided that I would forget him, but I don't seem to be able to do this. Do you think I should lower myself to his standards of living, or should I live up to the ideal my parents expect of their daughter?

Margaret Betty H.

Dear Margaret:

There is one big thought that you must bear in mind: That is, that this young man has earned his living since he was a small boy, thereby proving himself an ambitious, worthwhile person. Women set their own standards and you must make your decision in this case by yourself without any parental influence.

Our country is full of men with little educational background, remember, who have made great business success and are great leaders. If you really love this boy, you will be willing to take a chance with him since you will have no doubts of his sincerity and integrity. There should be no question of "lowering" yourself; rather it should be a decision to try to make yourself worthy of a man who has already proved himself, during a time when you yourself have still been only a student.

If there are any doubts in your mind at all about the advisability of marrying
Dear Miss Colbert:

I really don't know how to go about explaining my problem, but I'll try my best. First of all, I'm only sixteen years old and a little young to have such a problem.

I'm in love with a twenty-one-year-old lieutenant and he is very much in love with me. He is already married with a nine-months-old piness in his second marriage.

One side of me says I am very young and will love again. The other side says I am a mature girl for my age and that this is the real thing. I know that love, to be real, must deepen after marriage. It hasn't in his case, yet our companionship means more to both of us all the time. I've never enjoyed anyone's company as much as his. I have great admiration for his intelligence. We have exactly the same tastes and think the same things important and we laugh at the same type of humor.

I want to marry him, but I love him enough to let him go if it is best for him.

Elaine C.

---

Dear Miss Colbert:

I do wish that I could tell you of my appreciation to you in person. I had a problem, but I guess I was too shy, or perhaps afraid, to ask your advice. Well, I read in the July issue the letter from Francine D. about things to do in a small town. My problem was something like that.

You see, the kids in my town had things to do but not the right things. After the movies one night my girl friend and I went into a root beer drive. Kids not over sixteen were drinking spiked cokes and some were even drunk. My girl friend and I were shocked, but we didn't know what to do.

Then I read your column. We immediately got to work, had parents sign a paper asking for recreation for the kids of our town. Then we took it to the City Board and they gave us an old storage building to start a recreation center.

That was only three weeks ago; now we have it all fixed up and kids are coming to it. They like it a lot better than drinking. We're even helping in the Fifth War Loan drive by selling Bonds. We also make bandages for the hospital.

And so you see, Miss Colbert, we'll never be able to thank you enough.

Phyllis Cotter,
Marion, Indiana

---

Dear Pfc. J.:

I chose your letter to answer because it was so similar to a number I have received on the same subject. I was in a worse predicament even than you are. To please the girl in the case, he had already made up his mind. We met and wrote frequent love letters. He knew he was going overseas and that he wouldn't be back for at least two years, so the burning letter seemed to be good fun.

Unfortunately the young lady's mother changed upon reading the letter, didn't understand the background and created plenty of trouble.

I don't want you to continue to write friendly letters to this girl, simply ignoring her proposal that you get serious. It's barely possible that she has a girl friend who is engaged to her and this would make her feel equally important. I hate to be a traitor to my sex, but for a moment I must admit that we are sometimes tempted to show off in front of our friends if they show off before us. You've seen some men do the same thing, I imagine.

To be serious for a moment, I don't believe that it is possible for two persons to fall in marriageable love simply by corresponding. I do think it entirely possible for two persons to fall in love by correspondence. Claudette Colbert.
Miriam's complexion makes you think of a Romney portrait—her skin has such soft delicacy. She's another bride-to-be with that soft-smooth "Pond's look."

"I really do adore Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so fluffy-light when you smooth it on—and it certainly makes your face feel gorgeously clean and soft as can be."

**This is Miriam's Daily Pond's Beauty Creaming...**

She smooths on Pond's luscious Cold Cream and pats briskly over face and throat to soften and remove dirt, makeup. Then she tissues off.

She rinses with more soft-smooth Pond's—sending her white-covered finger tips over her face in little whirls. Tissues off again. "It's this double creaming that makes my face feel extra special—so beautifully clean and soft," she says.

**Use Pond's Cold Cream Miriam's way—every night and every morning, for your in-between beauty clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.**

Ask for the big, luxurious jar—large sizes save glass. And, you'll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.

**Miriam's exquisite skin has a white-flower texture—a dewy-soft freshness**

**She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!**
A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for people who want utmost brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Calox offers you:

1. SCRAPULOUS CLEANING. Calox is a multiple-action powder. It contains fire cleansing and polishing ingredients.
2. LUSTROUS POLISHING. Calox brings out all the high natural luster of teeth.
3. CALOX IS GENTLE. Double-sifted through 100 mesh silk.
4. NO MOUTH PUCKERING MEDICINE TASTE. Children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. MADE BY A FAMOUS LABORATORY. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

THIS IS

MRS. RICHARD BROWN

of whom you should be ashamed!

MRS. RICHARD BROWN did not attend the memorial funeral services which were recently held for Sergeant Abbott. She's never even heard of Sergeant Abbott. But she should have been there, should have heard the whole service—should have listened to the sobbing of Sergeant Abbott's mother. Because Mrs. Brown helped kill the sergeant.

She has almost forgotten the beautiful sight she saw in New York Harbor recently. One morning Mrs. Brown stood on the deck of a ferry and gazed in delight as twenty-five PT boats shot out of the Hudson and headed across the bay. She saw the first of those graceful PT boats loaded by crane into a huge, gray-painted cargo ship.

"You should have seen them," Mrs. Brown said to her sister, later. "Twenty-five—I counted them!" Her sister told her husband about it. And her husband mentioned it that night to the boys on his team at the bowling alley. Doubtless they mentioned it too, somewhere else, saying, "Someone who knows me..." But somewhere in that chain—no one will ever know where or when—an enemy agent learned about those PT boats.

Two days before, near Des Moines, Iowa, David Redstone had a thrill. His car was stopped at a railroad crossing, and as the train passed, he saw it was filled—every car—with paratroopers. "Over twenty cars!" he said at work. Some of the men told friends about it that evening. And somewhere in the chain of talk David Redstone started and his friends kept up, the news reached the ears of an Axis sympathizer.

In Phoenix, Ariz, Frank Berry was feeling proud—and tired. And with good reason. He'd just finished working on a rush job for the Navy—a huge order for special night binoculars. The order was finished on time, shipped to Bastian, and Frank Berry was proud of his part in the job. Not unnaturally, he bragged a little. And presently, somewhere in the chain he started—and which others kept up—the enemy learned of those glasses.

A great many specialized things are needed for an invasion. PT boats, night binoculars, paratroopers.

And so, because of Mrs. Brown who has a service star in her window, and David Redstone who pays fifteen percent of his pay into war bonds, and Frank Berry who wears a Navy "E" in his lapel, and a lot of other people like them, the enemy learned enough facts to spell "invasion."

The invasion succeeded, but the cost was terrible. Many memorial services were held here. Sergeant Abbott's, among others at which Mrs. Brown, David Redstone and Frank Berry were not present. Because they'd never even heard of the sergeant. Never knew they'd killed him and the others. And they still don't at this day.
• Free to work with all your heart. Or play hard as a five-year-old. Free to live every day to the hilt.

Sound good to you? Then listen . . .

Out of 10,086 typical American girls who wrote why they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins—8 out of 10 said, "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!" . . .

For gentle Modess is so much softer—with its downy, softspun filler! So much safer—with a triple, full-length, safety shield at the back that gives real full-way protection!

As Mrs. M. D. sums it up, "Now I have real peace of mind, no worry about accidents—real comfort, too!"

So be in on the secret of wonderful freedom—try Modess. It costs no more!

FREE! Send for New Booklet

"Growing Up and Liking It!" Tells the "why" of menstruation. Bright, lively, picture-packed.

Mail name and address to Martha Steele, Box 343-C, Milltown, N. J.

Discover the Difference—Switch to Modess
“How mother clings to habits already formed”

HER mother is a marvelous mother, but a little inclined to cling to habits already formed. If her mind were just a shade younger, how much better she could understand her daughter’s modern point of view ... Take the subject of monthly sanitary protection, for instance, and the use of Tampax. Here the mother might well learn from the daughter, both being of “Tampax age.”

Isn’t it worth a good deal to you to be free from the harness of belts, pins and pads? Then try Tampax, which is worn internally. No odor, no chafing, no bulges, no sanitary deodorant. Quick changing. Easy disposal. Originated and perfected by a doctor, the wearer does not even feel it ... Pure surgical cotton ... Dainty patented applicator for quick and easy insertion.

Tampax comes in 3 different absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. It is neat and convenient. May be worn in tub or shower. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. A month’s supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months’ supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

BRIEF REVIEWS

Love scene par excellence: Experts
Hedy Lamarr and Paul Henreid in Warners’ “Give Me This Woman”

AAA INDICATES PICTURE RATED “OUTSTANDING” WHEN REVIEWED
AA INDICATES PICTURE RATED “VERY GOOD” WHEN REVIEWED
A INDICATES PICTURE RATED “GOOD” WHEN REVIEWED

ADDRESS UNKNOWN — Columbia: Paul Lukas becomes so imbued with Nazism that he sends the daughter of his former partner in San Francisco to death and then drama and suspense are injected into the story when messages in code, unfavorable to the Nazi cause, are found. Lukas is superb; R. T. Stevens, Peter Van Eyck, Mady Christians and Carl Esmond are good.

ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN, THE — Warners: Mark Twain, the great humorist and writer, comes to life in the superb performance of Fredric March. His experiences on the Mississippi, in the raw frontiers of the West, in his happy marriage to Alexis Smith, in home life in New England and later in his travels around the world are vividly told in this picture that’s overlong but always engaging.

ALLERGIC TO LOVE — Universal: A lot of nonsense about Martha O’Driscoll’s not kissing Noah Beery Jr., until after they’re married. Then, of all things, she discovers she’s allergic to him and sneezes violently every time he comes near her. So violent, in fact, that their mutual friend David Bruce must cart her off to the hospital.

AND THE ANGELS SING — Paramount: The singing Angel sisters, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chandler, don’t like to sing, but reluctantly consent to appear one night with Fred MacMurray’s orchestra. But when Fred skips off with Betty’s money, the foursome follow him to New York to try and retrieve it and from then on there’s plenty of trouble and songs involved.

ANDY HARDY’S BLONDE TROUBLE — MGM: Andy Mickey Rooney Hardy is on his way to college when he meets twins Lee and Lyn Wilde, who, incidentally, wrap up the picture for themselves. There is too much plot for us to unravel, but you’ll enjoy every minute of it. For good measure Bonnie Blair is thrown in as Mickey’s big dream and Herbert Marshall as the professor.

ARE THESE OUR PARENTS? — Monogram: This attacks the juvenile delinquency problem from the angle of delinquent parents and as such takes on importance, although the story of a girl who is denied the love of her mother when she needs her most and so plunges into trouble is rather poorly developed. Helen Vincent is outstanding as the mother and Noel Neill and Richard Byron are the neglected offspring.

SHADOW STAGE

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

Abroad With Two Yanks 12!
American Romance, An 21
Bride By Mistake 12
Cosanova Brown 12
Dixie Jamboree 12
Dragon Seed 12
Falcon In Mexico 12
Janie 2
Jungle Woman 2
Modemaiselle FSR 2
Merry Monahans, The 12
Mr. Winkle Goes To War 21
Music In Manhattan 2
Our Hearts Were Young And Gay 21
Seventh Cross, The 12
Since You Went Away 2
Stars On Parade 12
Take It Or Leave It 12
Three Little Sisters 12
Wave, A Wac And A Marine, A 12
Wilson 12
Wing And A Prayer 21

12 RATED A
21 RATED AAA
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Lenora B. Huggins

Produced by

City of Industry

SHADOW STAGE

FOR TOWN & COUNTRY
Well, Miss Inquisitive, we weren’t talking to you, really. We were telling your Mother about Fels-Naptha Soap… but you can listen too.

We were just reminding Mother that you’ll soon be big enough to toddle around and ‘get into things’. You’ll need a complete change of costume often—on short notice. And that’s when she’ll need Fels-Naptha Soap!

She’ll need it to get your washing done in a jiffy. To get all the dirt out without rubbing your little dresses into rags. To get them so white you look ‘sweet enough to eat’.

Does she have to use Fels-Naptha Soap? No, but if she takes the advice of a lot of Mothers we know—she will!

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes “Tattle-Tale Gray”
Yes—

YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND HERE’S THE SECRET—a make-up miracle awaits you in the new duo-tone Rouge by Princess Pat. As you apply it, mysteriously and amazingly the color seems to come from within the skin—bringing out new hidden beauty. Your color looks so real, no one could believe that you use rouge at all!

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There’s an amazing lift to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—bids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you are!

THE RIGHT WAY TO ROUGE

For the most lasting and natural effect:

1. Apply rouge before powdering.
2. Smile into mirror. Note that the cheek raises. Apply rouge to the raised area in the form of a > pointing toward the nose.
3. Blend with finger tips outward in all directions. Notice that Princess Pat Rouge leaves no edges.
4. Put a touch of rouge to each ear lobe and point of chin.
5. Now, apply Princess Pat Face Powder.

ONLY PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the duo-tone secret—an undertone and overtone are blended in each shade. See it perform its beauty miracle on YOU! Until you do, you’ll never know how lovely you really can be.

And Lips to Match—

Key your lips perfectly to your cheeks—the effect is stunning! You’ll love the smoothness of Princess Pat Lipstick and its amazing power to stay on. The shades are simply heavenly! Whenever you buy cosmetics you’ll find Princess Pat Rouge, Lipstick and Powder. Get yours today.

$1, 25c, 10c

PRINCESS PAT

conditions are a bit more favorable, but never quite willing to take the plunge. In the end, the hopelessness of the whole thing will be too much for him—or for you. You will quarrel, each of you will blame the other and all you will have to show will be a lot of wasted years, if not a reputation damaged beyond repair.

I have seen this sort of thing happen so often, I can almost predict in advance when the “break” will come.

No less dangerous in a very different way is the playboy—sometimes called the “Good-time Charlie.” At heart, this chap is a little boy who never grew up and a rather badly spoiled boy at that. But he can be very charming, all the more because he shrugs off the worries which occasionally spoil the disposition of a man who has a normal feeling of responsibility. Being with this lad is the perfect escape from your own worries and annoyances. When he’s in the money, he will take you to the very nicest places and make you feel that you “can have anything your little heart desires.” And when he’s broke—as he’s likely to be, periodically—he’ll be so amusing and ingenious that it will still be the best fun in the world to be with him.

This sort of man will not “mean” to hurt you. If he finds that he has ruined your life, he’ll be genuinely sorry for as long as he can bring his mind to dwell on an unpleasant subject. He just closes his eyes to the painful fact that girls can’t get away with the things men do: That while, for example, if he gets himself talked about, it won’t interfere with the sort of life he enjoys leading but a girl whose name has been linked with scandal—even falsely—is more or less at a disadvantage ever after. Of course, I’m not saying that this is fair, or the way things should be; but it’s how they usually are.

The most dangerous type of all to get involved with is the true “wolf,” as the name was used before people began to make fun of it. Fortunately, true wolves are rare—perhaps one man in a thousand—but they are as mercilessly savage as the animal they’re named for, and much cleverer at hiding their true nature. If you meet a man of this type, he will call you by name but in his heart, you’ll be just a number. The wolf’s ruling passion isn’t hunger for love—of which he has never known the meaning. Deep inside him, though he seldom will admit it, he is in agonizing doubt of himself. As the only drug that will dull his pain to prove, over and over, that he can “get any woman he wants.” But if you one day let him prove this where you are concerned, you’ll mean as little to him as the stubs of last night’s theater ticket.

Even if he knows that he has hurt you, he will be more pleased than sorry, for that will be one more indication of his “power over women.”

But hate can and does make people monotonically clever. Where a man who truly is in love is apt to be awkward and to put his worst foot forward, the wolf plans each “campaign” as a general war on an invasion. Pleasing women is his business, and he knows his business the way Harry James knows the trumpet, Frank Sinatra his own type of singing.

If you’re vain, he’ll flatter you on just the points on which you want most to be flattered, and if you’re ambitious, he’ll grow the right promises to make—and how to dodge keeping them when the time comes. Outside of the fact that he’s a little too smooth it’s almost impossible to spot his exception by one thing which you can find out if you take the trouble. Do a bit of sleuthing, and you’ll find how many other girls have gone before you. Ask don’t get the idea that you’re different because that isn’t what matters. The way a man treats a girl depends upon who sort of person he is, and few really change radically once they’ve grown up.

But with all I have said about “dar- gerous men,” the real danger is still you. Apart from the force and willpower, no man can do any more harm than you let him. It’s your iner- pience, your hunger for admiration, your need for someone—no matter whom—to love you that makes it so pernicious to the men I have been talking about. Watch your step, but watch yourself still more closely. And remember one thing: The further you go with any man, whether he’s safe or unsafe, the harder it will be to stop.

Look out for the danger signals in your self that I have listed and “proceed with caution” when you see them. There’s good man waiting for you, even though you may never have seen him and he may thousands of miles away. Don’t let either your impatience or another man’s false glamour ruin your big moment for you.

The End

IT’S VICTORY—

For Farley Granger

Highest number of votes in this month’s Color Portrait Poll went to Farley. His portrait in color therefore appears on page 39

Second Winner—Dennis Morgan

Pictured on page 48.

Who would you like to see pictured in color in Photoplay? Send in this blank to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of __________________ in Photoplay
Right, Dress!

(Continued from page 61) your bust fullness by some vertical line, either through dressmaking detail or color.

There used to be a lot of talk about stripes as camouflage—horizontal stripes to cut off the height of tall girls, vertical stripes to emphasize the height of little girls. As far as I am concerned this is sheer poppycock.

Hillary Brooke, whom I am dressing now, is five feet, eight inches. Not for the world would I attempt to make her look a fraction of an inch shorter. Veronica Lake, on the other hand, is barely five feet. Not for the world would I attempt to make her look a fraction of an inch taller. Tall girls give clothes importance. Little girls can be trim or dainty. Color is another item for consideration.

For, as I see it, color is either friend or foe. It depends upon how we use it. Most people are afraid of color. They say they can't wear gray. Which is ridiculous. They simply cannot wear certain shades of gray. Or, even worse, they say smugly, "I always wear blue. It is my favorite color." Such an attitude is too likely to prompt you to dress dully.

Perhaps the worst thing of all is to go overboard on color. I consider a woman goes overboard on color when she wears, with a black dress, say, a magenta hat, magenta shoes, magenta gloves, magenta jewelry and carries a magenta bag. Such endless dabs of color are confusing and give a very "busy" appearance. Better, by far, to wear one large lump of magenta costume jewelry and keep all other accessories the color of the dress itself.

It isn't those who spend the most money on clothes who are the most smartly dressed. It is those who spend the most time and thought on clothes. Like Loretta Young, who dresses very simply indeed but is always meticulously and immaculately turned out. Which is very important. For if you when you go out you know you are neatly and securely and smartly put together you do not feel you have to hike your girdle, adjust your slip straps, pull your stockinette seams straight.

You have physical poise, as well as mental poise. And so you walk with grace and pride.

Remember, there isn't anyone who can't look better. And now is the time for it. Just because we are at war doesn't mean we have to go around looking grim and drab. Drabness has no place in our modern life. In that national scene. Taking the time and trouble to choose the right clothes and have them fitted properly to your figure is not only vital to your personal improvement but to improvement in home-front morale.

The End.
Scrap Book on Lana Turner

(Continued from page 53) Favorite Food: Home-made bread—and after that, macaroons, and after that, Irish stew.

What she could have been instead of Lana Turner: She could have been Julia Turner the dress designer, with a big income tax to pay! She designs many of her own dresses and has since cradle days. The most copied Turner-special was a fluffy white piqué pinafore, with small red hearts marching along the hem and shoulder frills—and with deep white lace lining the inside of the skirt.

Pet pick-me-up between meals: Milk with ice-cubes in it.

Pet beauty secret: Why tell it?—most of us can’t profit by it anyway! It’s her magic knock with her hair, which she can arrange in a long page-boy; or braided in a coronet; or in shining buns over her ears; or in a sleek knot in back—or any other way at all! All of her hairdresses she designs herself; give her a comb and mirror and she could put Charles of the Ritz to blushing shame!

What makes her yawn the most: Anything businesslike, from income-tax blanks to bank reports.

Favorite Book: “The Lady In The Lake,” by Raymond Chandler—a chilling murder mystery. She reads nothing else but who-dun-its, and devours them at the rate of five a week.

Best women friends: Among others are Betty Grable and Eve Wynn, wife of Keenan.

Ex-boy friends: Too numerous to mention.

What she wants in a husband: More than looks or anything else she asks two things: That he be considerate, that he be thoughtful.

What she’d be like as a wife: She wouldn’t be a good cook, a bustling housekeeper or a hostess catering to the “right” people. She would be an immaculately groomed companion, a loving mother, a perfect supervisor of a cozy home . . . and a gay personality.

Amount of sleep she gets a night: Nine hours, without fail.

What gives her the biggest kick in life: Baby daughter Cheryl. Beautiful clothes of all kinds. Music, bowling, dancing—and friends collected for an evening of laughter.

Most frightening moment: When little Cheryl was taken away from her right after birth—to receive a dozen blood transfusions.

What she doesn’t suspect about herself: That the public will always be as loyal to her as her friends—because she’s never malicious, scheming or coldblooded. Everyone knows that whatever her antiles in private life, they are only the results of her impulsiveness, her amazing beauty, and her joy of living—nothing more.

The End
Star light, star bright,
    First star I see tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might
     have the wish I wish tonight.

...and JOYCE REYNOLDS' "Star Wish"
It's autumn—time for October's bright, blue weather. Pegasus, the flying horse of the heavens, is directly overhead in the night sky... the sun is in the sign of Virgo. In fashion time, you're thinking of new dresses, new twinkling touches to make old dresses new. Photoplay has studied the galaxy of new fashions and picked a few of the brightest ones... all youthful and gay, yet dependable and constant as the Pole star.


*Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia*
Bewitching blouse with a stand up ruffle lovely as a necklace ... demure as downcast eyes ... gentle as a whisper ... and anything but innocent. Made of a fine rayon crepe by Colonial Mills with the fine tailoring touches that mark all Betty Barnes creations. About $5. At stores listed or write to BETTY BARNES BLOUSES, 1375 Broadway, N.Y.C.
You, too, will love these exquisite stockings that give your legs that long and lissome look!

MORNING and EVENING STARS Like Venus, the first star you see in the morning and the last star to shine at night, these bright little dresses play the double role of daytime work and datetime play fashions. (Right) Rich twill-back velveteen in prism colors for junior figures. Sizes 7-15. $14.95 at The Emporium, San Francisco; Marshall Field, Chicago; Lord & Taylor, New York. (Left) Smart shirt 'n' waist fashion in a one-piece L'Aiglon dress of rayon crepe. Raspberry, aqua or sand printed top with black skirt. 12 to 40. Under $13 at R. H. Stearns Co., Boston; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

Photographed at the Hayden Planetarium, N. Y.
Reaching for the Moon?
If you're 5' 3½" or 5' 4" and want to look taller and slimmer, you can thank your lucky star because now there's a young-looking fashion designed just for you. It's the new Korell dress scientifically styled for the junior woman your height—sized to fit without alterations. Photoplay is proud to be the first magazine to point to this new fashion star. Illustrated in smooth rayon gabardine, lovely pastel colors. Sizes 12+ to 22+. $10.95 at Davison, Paxon Co., Atlanta; Franklin Simon, New York; Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.

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* BUY WAR BONDS!

STARSHINE AT NIGHT Dazzling as the milky way... dramatic as the Northern Lights, this telescope-trim black dress with detachable peplum banded with light-catching angel skin braid. A Sheila Lynn fashion of rayon crepe. Black only. Sizes 8-18. About $2 at Russek's, New York; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Thomas Kilpatrick Co., Omaha.
Timely Twinklers

A. Slub-jac for over skirts, over slacks. Copied from your best beau's wool skirt, but cut to your proportions. All wool clax plaid. 12-20. $10.95 at Saks-34th St., New York.

B. New two-way blouse by Koret Knits of California. Wear it buttoned down the hack or front. 100% wool jersey in new colors. About $5.

C. A bright-striped Glenex scarf of sheer rayon that feels like tissue wool. $2.25 at B. Altman Co., N. Y.


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Wear this jersey* elegantly . . . bedecked with gold nailheads for that broad shoulder, smooth hipline illusion . . . cowl collared . . . softly draped to flatter you in colors that compliment . . . fire red, iced aqua, autumn brown. In sizes 9-15, about $14.95.

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Color

Size

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Color

Size

Name

Address

City & State

(Please print name and address carefully)

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Sweet and Lively
(Continued from page 57) broke and sounded "slightly as if I were going to die" by itself.
But the preview cards of her first picture made her a hit. And now the bosses on the lot go about telling each other that they always knew her speaking voice was unusual and that was one reason why they signed her in the first place.
June claims, incidentally, that she can't sing.
"All I do is holler," she says. "I'm loud, anyway, even if I'm not good."

FOR the afore-muttered serious side and the circumstances which fostered it, you must go back into Miss Allyson's personal history.
Up to the age of eight, June's existence was more or less normal. She had been born in Westchester County, New York, and her mother and father had been divorced when she was six months old. For this reason, and because there was a tearing need for money, her mother had gone to work and June had been left in the care of certain aunts in the neighborhood.
At eight, the blow fell, literally and figuratively. For, while playing outdoors, a dead and rotten tree suddenly gave up the ghost and descended on June. When the medics rallied 'round, it was discovered that she had suffered a fractured skull, two broken legs, a broken right arm and injuries to her back which necessitated her wearing a brace for the next five years.
Thus, for twenty-four months, June lay in a hospital bed and wondered if she would ever walk again. The medics wondered, too, and it is only because of their skill and her desire to be like other little girls that she became whole once more. By the time she was in high school she was well. Amazing as it may seem, she was also an athlete of no mean proportions.
But, outside of school, she was a pretty lonely little girl. For, after her release from the hospital, there was a three-year period before her high-school career in which she still needed special care. Her aunts could not give her this and her mother was unable to because of finances, so she was sent to a place which was a combined hospital and boarding school. During this time, June seldom saw her mother and it was only after the latter married a second time when her daughter was fourteen that the relationship was really taken up again. Then, sadly, the girl went home to find that she almost didn't know her parent. They both regretted it, but the damage had been done through the unhappy and precarious preceding years.
The result was that June asked permission to live alone in a woman's club in New York City, to go to school there and to remain as much on her own as she had been ever since her accident.
This "on her own" spirit is one of the things which makes her, at twenty, really remarkable. For it is not only indepen-

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for
VAN JOHNSON
and for November Photoplay's striking color portrait of him
Dressmaking facilities—far beyond the times—make a reality of exquisite clothes with meticulous detailing at a price that permits any woman to have all the lovely clothes she wants. Leading stores are featuring Kay Whitney Dresses.

Reliance Kay Whitney DRESSES

AS BEAUTIFUL INSIDE AS OUT

(above) Slimming Classic, front-button dress of colorful, versatile Verney rayon faille, Reliance Manufacturing Company, 212 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois, 200 Fifth Avenue and 1350 Broadway, New York City.

dence of a sort not commonly found in girls as young as she, but a knowledge of what she intends to do with her life and a calm intelligence. In words of one syllable, Jane is no dope.

At fourteen, she wanted to be a doctor, an ambition no doubt inspired by her lengthy sojourns in hospitals. But then, one day, she went to see a movie called "The Gay Divorcee." That did it. June took a look at Fred Astaire, did a quiet nip-up or two and decided that the only way she could ever come into his august presence was to get onto the stage.

Things rode along in this fashion for a few months until one of her few intimate friends dared her to try out for a Broadway show. June went—and suddenly found herself a member of the line of "Sing Out The News."

At the end of two months, her mother insisted that she finish high school. June went back to the books and graduated in time to answer another chorus call for "Very Warm For May." Then came "Panama Hattie," and "Best Foot Forward," in which she not only danced but sang three songs. The agents began to congregate in her dressing room. One of them was from M-G-M; next stop, Hollywood.

To MEET June casually is to encounter a small blonde elf, a girl with enough energy for several people, tremendous ambition and numerous talents.

Underneath all that, however, there is a sane, mature woman who has spent much of her life lying quietly and thoughtfully in bed, who has been on her own, fighting against pain and loneliness and fear, since she was eight—a woman that had to learn how to laugh when she was in high school, yet at the same time a woman who glories constantly in the mere fact that she is alive. This is the person who still manages her own career, who lives alone in a five-room apartment, who suddenly looks straight at you with eyes that have momentarily lost their twinkle and says solemnly, "I hope I will be good enough to be a star."

She buzzes about nightly with Van Johnson and John Hodiak and the other local lads in a gay and charming manner that is a delight to watch. Even more consistently has she been seen with the recently freed Dick Powell. These dates by the way, are really on the friendship side. June claims she isn't serious at present, thank you.

"All the really pretty ones are in the Army," she says, mocking the allure of even Messrs. Johnson, Hodiak and Powell. "Except Clark Gable, of course. He's out now. But I don't think he's honestly interested in me!"

What about her first idol, Fred Astaire? Yes, she finally met him. It was awful.

"I was covered with grease and had on old slacks and no make-up," she said, sorrowfully, "My ear had broken down and I'd been trying to fix it. And, at last, I barreled around the corner to the lot and there was someone I knew and Mr. Astaire. After all the years of plan-

ing how beautiful I'd be. It was tragic!"

She shook her head. "But that's life, I guess," she finished.

See. We told you she was a philosopher.
Heartbreak Story

(Continued from page 31) parties, preferring to stay with Lance at home until his bedtime and then go to bed herself, secure in the knowledge that he was there with her. When the child had been taken ill during the previous year, she had almost worried herself into a hospital.

Cary talked to Barbara now, urging her to let neither the shame of those charges nor her dread of going through the ordeal of a court trial induce her to so much as suggest a compromise. He also cancelled every engagement on his crowded calendar, including pictures, so he might constantly be at her side. By virtue of his understanding devotion he fortified Barbara with fine determination and the courage to face a showdown.

"Make no mistake, Elsa," she told me at dinner one night shortly afterwards, "this time I'm going through with it!"

Her eyes flashed and her lovely little pale face was set and determined. "Good girl, Barbara!" I said. "The evidence in the British papers during your divorce should alone be enough to uphold you."

But the Count's case never came to trial.

On June 29 he filed for a dismissal of that suit.

He must have known he had little chance of proving his charge that Barbara used obscene and indecent language in front of their son. There would have been so many character witnesses to testify for her. I myself would have been one of the first. For Barbara detests vulgarity or coarseness in either action or language. Her prudish streak is actually incredible in one born and bred in such sophisticated surroundings.

However, even though the Count's charges would not have stood up in a court trial they had very definite nuisance value.

Since that unhappy day when Lance didn't come home, Barbara, divert and said, has gone scarcely anywhere. And she was none of her jewels any more, where she used to take delight sometimes in putting on various pieces of the fine jewelry she possesses, her historical and famous emeralds especially.

Back to Cary, however, she still holds firm to her resolution to offer no settlement, but to fight back.

She has good reason to be distraught, I think. Though this is not generally known, Count Haugwitz-Reventlow is a Prussian who, with his brother, Heinrich, fought against us in the last World War. For the record he was born in Charlottenburg, that part of Berlin which corresponds to our social register section in New York known as the East 70's.

It was in 1924 that he and his brother changed their nationalities to Danish in order to inherit a large estate, Saxkoebing, in Denmark, where they subsequently lived. The name of this estate was Hardenburg Castle, but most entailments of the money that went with it were inherited by Heinrich. Kurt, eventually and unfortunately for Barbara, succeeded in marrying her after a whirlwind courtship.

It wasn't until after her marriage to Reventlow that Barbara learned he had been born in Germany and fought in the last war. Perhaps he thought to lessen the blow this was to her when he added,

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Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more, so much faster! Extra protection for you!

Meds' fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped in sorber expands gently and comfortably—adapting itself instantly to individual requirements.

in effect: "Of course, I never actually fought the Americans. I only took photographs of the battles."

Good old Frank Woolworth, founder of the five and ten cent stores, would, in doubt, be sickened to know a "gentleman" of Berlin, who belonged to the Guard Corps of Kaiser Wilhelm and fought against democracy in 1914, had married his granddaughter, Barbara, and pocketed over three million dollars of the Woolworth fortune.

HOLD no brief, though I have real affection for my little friend, Barbara Hutton Grant. In the beginning she certainly was a bad "picker." Many rich American girls, for reasons not clear in the mind of your curious, happy, though unreflecting, reader, have to go through the hair and dready process of buying themselves titled Europeans.

Barbara, however, is very quick to acknowledge her mistakes. And it is so easy to judge others.

As a child Barbara knew very little happiness. She lost her mother, who was supposed to have committed suicide, when she was only four. Her father never was close to her. A governess brought her up. In early childhood her greatest treat was to be taken by her governess to the Woman's Exchange or some tearoom for luncheon.

She was a sensitive, shy, lonely child. And as she grew older, with the shadow of one of the world's largest fortunes hanging over her head, she was no doubt unconsciously imbued with the idea that she would be the victim of unscrupulous persons. All of which is most detriments to a normal or a happy adjustment.

I thought Barbara, when she was eleven years old, was the sweetest little thing in the world. I knew her well. She was quite plump then, full of vitality, and longing to be friends with anyone who cared enough about her to penetrate her shy exterior. She loved music and had a very high pretty voice which she has still; although she never sings any more now.

Her love of music, however, is deep and sincere. Oddly enough, her first two...
husbands, Alexis Mdivani and Count Haugwitz-Reventlow cared little for music. Cary, on the other hand, plays the piano very well and has a charming, natural singing voice. With him Barbara enjoys the symphony season at the Hollywood Bowl where they take a box and attend regularly.

I used to wonder if Barbara would go through with her marriage to Cary. Failing completely to judge the characters of her two former husbands, she had made two drastic mistakes. I knew Cary had brought more joy into her life than anyone ever had. I knew she was fond of him. But I wondered, frankly, if she would have the courage to try it a third time.

Back in 1940 when Cary began to court Barbara she lived in a big house formerly owned by Buster Keaton, a film comedian of the old days. About the grounds of this house guards always were posted. For Barbara then received many threatening letters from supposed kidnappers telling her that death for her son would be the penalty unless she paid ransom. How strange it is that the boy's own father should be the one who, in the end, spirited him away.

Barbara and Cary have, since their marriage at Arrowhead Springs, lived in Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s house on the Pacific Palisades in Santa Monica. There in an atmosphere of quiet and peace, Lance has been brought up with the utmost care. I have never known a healthier or happier child. Cary has been more than a father to him and has taught him the normal, manly sports of swimming, bicycling and horseback riding. In short, Lance soon came to adore Cary because he found him such a happy, splendid person. And that made Barbara's happiness complete.

Last winter when Barbara visited New York we couldn't prevail upon her to remain longer than the few days she originally planned. She was, every minute of her stay, eager to return to Cary and her son. Dining informally with her and her aunt, Jessie Donahue, one evening I asked again why she didn't stay on, for a few more days at least. Before she could answer she was called to take a long-distance telephone call.

"That's why I can't stay on," she said, returning to the table. "That was Cary. He wants me back right away, definitely refuses to allow me to remain longer . . ."

She wasn't complaining about any part of this, however. She was, in a way, boasting. Her face was wreathed in smiles.

They have always lived quietly, Barbara and Cary. They've never given large parties but have confined their entertaining to a few friends and intimates. During the happier summer of 1943 they held a picnic on Sunday, Friends came for a buffet supper and stayed to play The Game, then very much the vogue. Guessing games Barbara adores. And she always wins.

In the film colony Barbara is much loved. And her generosity persists, in spite of the fact that she often must have been victimized. She has helped many musicians gratify their wish for careers. Last year, for instance, there was a young harpist in the army, Cpl. Bassa Pearson. He was, without question, the most wonderful harpist I have ever heard. He was only twenty-two and looked forward to a concert career when the war was over. I remember with what pleasure I heard Barbara say to him:

"The moment you are demobilized communicate with me. I will arrange a concert in Carnegie Hall in New York or in any other city you wish."

All Barbara can do now, of course, is...
what fun at the canteen since Johnny cut in and said, "I had to dance with you. Glamorous—how could anyone resist your bright, sparkling hair?" Yet not so long ago Canteen dances were as dull as my own drab-looking hair.

"Boys naturally go for girls with lustrous hair," Mary, the girl at the beauty shop told me. "Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? You'll be thrilled with the beautiful highlights—the glorious sheen it gives your hair." It sounded wonderful—and it certainly was!

Last night Johnny said, "I'll always love your bright, sparkling hair." I smiled as I thought how Colorinse started him sailing my way.

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INK-O-GRAPH $2

Inkograph Co., Inc. 200 Hudson St., New York City
Miss Christmas Tree

Continued from page 33) So she picked the orange and sent it to the doctor across the ocean. We have since laughed many times over what hapened to the “live” orange. By the time it reached its destination it had withered into a small gourd—but Dr. Lindstrom was so impressed he took a picture of it!

Since that day I have liked to feel that Ingrid was my friend. We have often discussed being “career women” married to doctors, but I have never had as long an uninterrupted talk with her as I did the day I went to visit Ingrid in her little “white house” on the Selznick lot.

She does not like to entertain at her apartment because, as she says, “It is so small an apartment. It does not look one bit like a movie actress’s home.”

But she loves her dressing room on the lot and particularly the little white picket fence that surrounds the bungalow.

She speaks English much better, almost perfectly, and makes no pretense of hanging onto an attractive little accent—a practice unfortunately indulged in by several other of our best “imports.” With the loss of her accent, several other mannerisms have also gone overboard. She still has the same firm handclasp, but it is more American. It would be foolish to say that her American success has not given Ingrid a new poise and surety.

Yet that same becoming shyness clings to her personality. Her smile comes more often—but it comes slowly and softly.

I HAD BEEN on the set with her for a half-hour or more while she finished a scene for “The House of Dr. Edwardes.” Ingrid plays a woman psychiatrist and she was wearing a doctor’s apron and of all things—glasses. As soon as she finished she put on a much more becoming pink gingham dress.

Before director Alfred Hitchcock could call her again, she said, “Come on. We can’t talk here. Shall we go over to my little house?”

The bungalow consists of four rooms, living room, dressing room, kitchen and bedroom, and is furnished in Ingrid’s favorite color combination of blue and beige. The living room was filled with flowers, there were books and magazines and boxes of candy about—and if she wanted to she could live in her dressing room in great comfort.

I had stipulated that I wanted no one present at our talk, because I wanted to talk to Ingrid about her marriage and her private life. So avidly is she revered and admired by her studio “protectors” I was afraid, out of deference to their idol, the boys might try to switch me off the subject.

She has never liked to discuss her husband or her marriage for two very good reasons: She feels her private life is her own and she even more thoroughly believes that Dr. Peter Lindstrom’s is his! Like most doctors’ wives, she knows that medical men shy from publicity like a fractious steed from a rattlesnake.

But I am a girl not long in getting to the uniform. Safe in the “little house,” I asked: “Ingrid, how do you and Dr. Lindstrom solve the problem of two careers?”

“We are happy,” she said simply and not at all abashed. “When you are happy there are no problems. We were unhappy only when we were separated for so long. “I am so glad those days of working and studying alone are over for both of us. My husband is now working every day at the General Hospital in Los Angeles. He is a brain surgeon. As you know, there is such a shortage of doctors and there is

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much need for men in his line of work.

"Did you have trouble adjusting your lives after your long separation?" I went on, remembering a party I had attended recently at which both Ingrid and her husband were present.

Every woman in the place was wearing her best finery. Ingrid, only, remained "underdressed" in a simple dinner gown. Her healthy hair brushed back from her face, her whole being shining with that scrubbed look that makes other women seem too artificially groomed. Within five minutes every man in the room was surrounding her.

Dr. Lindstrom sat quietly on a divan talking with his hostess. But Ingrid's eyes continually sought his. She was constantly leaving little groups of admirers to join him and to ask if he were enjoying himself. "Is everything all right?" she would ask like a mothering hen, if such a prosaic expression can be used about a woman as lovely as Bergman.

She's spoiling that nice man, I thought. Finally, the tall, attractive Dr. Lindstrom threw back his head and laughed.

"Everything is perfect," he assured his wife. "I am having a very good time."

Ingrid laughed when I recalled the evening to her. "Yes, that is right," she admitted. "He goes out so seldom I want very much for him to have a nice time. If I seemed to be catering to him—it is not because he is jealous. He is not in the least jealous of me. He is far prouder of any success I have achieved than I am. He is never disgruntled or unhappy over attentions paid me. But," she observed, "I can see why some marriages break up when there is a woman's career involved and when the husband does not have the innate sweetness of the man I was lucky enough to marry.

"Perhaps we are fortunate in being Swedes. Our people have a wonderful sense of homemaking. They are sensible people and to us divorce is almost unknown. Once we are in love and married—we stay that way."
I asked Ingrid how she spent her days when she is not working.  
"I must have my exercise," she answered, "plenty of it, I swim a great deal with my husband, we play tennis and ride horseback. Swimming I like best. It is so completely relaxing for both of us."

"What about Pia?"
Ingrid replied, "She is five now and has just had her tonsils out so she is not swimming this summer. That makes her very unhappy—but she goes with us to the beach or to the home of some friend who has a swimming pool."

"Do you know," she laughed, "when we find our home I do not wish for a big elaborate house? But I must have a swimming pool and a tennis court. My husband jokes about this. He says, 'Ingrid wants just a simple little place with a swimming pool and a tennis court—but soon we will find it and I do not care where it is located except that it be near the hospital. His work is so necessary and so vital. I can live anywhere. Pia doesn't mind where we live just so it is California.'"

The little girl looks more like her mother than like Dr. Lindstrom and while Ingrid indulges in little "doting mother" talk, it is obvious that the child is the apple of her eye.

Pia likes best the days when her mother is not at the studio. Usually on these occasions the two of them cook. Ingrid cooks marvelous Swedish dishes but the Lindstrom family likes American, Mexican and Spanish dishes, too.

"I am not a great cook," she protests, "but anyone who can read a cook book should be able to put dishes together. The point is—discipline. Do as the directions say—and don't depend too much on your feminine intuition!"

When she speaks of her work Bergman has almost the detached viewpoint of an outsider. She enjoyed "Gaslight" and "Saratoga Trunk" particularly, because they were costume pictures and she likes to "dress up." But in her heart I think she believes her best screen work was in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde."

"But I had less response from that than any picture I have made. People seemed to forget it so soon," she said, but there was no criticism or complaint in her voice.

"I am enjoying making The House Of Dr. Edwardes," she went on, "because the psychiatry angle is so interesting."

I asked her if Dr. Lindstrom was helping her with the medical scenes.

"Oh, no," she replied, "his specialty is brain and nerve surgery. But I read every book on psychiatry I could get my hands on. But I had never read Freud, or other books on psychoanalysis, so I delved into them trying to learn something about the way the treatment affects the patient and what it is doing to restore unbalanced minds. You see, I did not want to play the scenes with a blank mind and a blank face."

I said it sounded like a lot of hard work.

"Perhaps," she agreed with the soft curve of her smile. "But I have found that an actress can make only one bad picture in America. After that—she is forgotten. So it is good for a player to have to study and work hard. I do not want to be forgotten."

I could have told her that the fans love Ingrid Bergman enough to permit her more than one bad picture. But I didn’t.

Behind that sweetness of hers are a fineness and an adherence to principles that will keep her feet planted on the ground as well as on that pedestal on which Hollywood and the public have enthroned her.

The End
In wartime as in peace

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It's a Party!

(Continued from page 51) L. B. Mayer, head of M-G-M; Frances Goldwyn, wife of Sam; Mrs. Zanuck, who was hostess Maxwell's right hand; her husband Darryl, vice-president in charge of production at Twentieth Century-Fox; George Sanders, Errol Flynn, Ronald Colman, George Brent and—

Lana Turner with Peter Lawford: They came late and stayed together through the whole party in a tiny corner of the foyer, with Lana doing most of the talking for the two.

Van Johnson: He came alone, but went to Mocambo afterwards with Lana and Lawford and the Keenan Wynn's.


Joan Fontaine: She arrived with columnist Harry Cocker, her constant current escort, entertained the guests with an impromptu song.

Joe Cotten: Everybody had a gay "hello" for an affable fellow who's one of the best liked men in Hollywood.

Clark Gable: Handsome in civilian tweeds, he brought Kay Williams, looking cool and blonde and reserved.

Judy Garland: She entered alone but had a fine time talking shop-talk with Editor Sammis and dancing with Van Johnson.

Livvie de Havilland: Came with current love-of-her-life Major John Huston.

Jeanne Crain: Newcomer who plays opposite Lon McCallister in "Home In Indiana," she brought all male guests to sharp and flattering attention.

Mike Romanoff: Life-of-the-party figure whose wit—and whose restaurant—have established him as a party-list personality.

Ann Warner: Wife of Jack, she is one of the best liked women and a socialite name in Hollywood.

Cary Grant: Good friend of the Warners, he chatted a long while with Ann. This was just the day before the former husband of his wife, Barbara Hutton, spirited her son away to Canada.

Gene Tierney: One of Hollywood's most beautiful, she came proudly with husband Oleg Cassini in his Army uniform. He is one of the best dancers on the Coast; they rambled while half of the town's famous stood by and admired.

Carole Landis: Bright and on her toes, she was the center of political-argument groups without which no party is ever complete.

The arriving time—6. The leaving time—11—with memories of a party that goes down on the gold-star list of Hollywood party history.

The End

What Could You Expect?

Just This:

A collection of eyebrow-raising anecdotes in

"That's Hollywood For You"

by Sidney Skolsky

November Photoplay
And then, dear, 
You Kissed Me!

"Exciting," you said. "Your little face feels smooth as satin."
And my skin really tends to be dry!
One new cream—Jergens Face Cream—gives me such complete beauty care, it's like a daily treatment. I use it—

For Cleansing...Softening...a Perfecting Foundation...a Smoothing Night Cream

My One-Cream Beauty Treatment. Dry-skin lines soon disappear; helps prevent the aging effect of dry skin. A skin scientists' cream—by the makers of Jergens Lotion. Plenty of girls thank this new cream for their kissable skin. Do use Jergens Face Cream, yourself.

JERGENS
FACE CREAM

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM, FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
Furthermore, she likes good jive, along with her Debussy and Borodin and Grieg. I definitely had the impression that Anne Baxter had health and common sense as well as an amazing aptitude for acting. Here is a balanced personality. She is in tune with the best of her epoch and seems to know its place in the historical pageant, the best of which she hopes is to come.

"There are bad men and women," she said, carefully. "I think those who assume that all their fellow men are good, at heart, are dangerously mistaken. Vipers are few, but they exist."

"Do you think most people are good, that great numbers of the good oppose a small, vicious minority?" I asked.

"The great majority seems to be inert. The ones I feel sorriest for are those who don't seem to know what to do with themselves. Many women, particularly, are at loose ends. They have no place in life that pleases them or gives them a sense of usefulness. That's not a question of class, or of natural gifts," she said.

"Luck?" I suggested.

Very gravely she said, "That also exists."

She was grateful for her own good luck, as well as her talents, her fine up-bringing, her liberal education, her quick reflexes, her height, weight, complexion and early success. She knows she is just getting started in an art form that is still in its childhood, in a country which still is groping, a world emerging from the mists of barbarism. Nearly everything lies ahead.

I looked at her across the table and the poet's words, "where brook and river meet," came perversely to mind. "Some brook!" was my unspoken comment and I thought of the river with awe. I think Anne Baxter does, too, sometimes. She feels a sense of true responsibility as a member of a struggling human family. I could not help wondering how far, really, the influence of such an actress is projected, what really such a personality means, displayed on the screen. In each part she is different, another facet of Anne Baxter is turned outward. And there are many more. And they bind and contain a shape and a pattern.

I think it would be almost impossible not to love her, to wish her well, to be eager to serve her as she serves or comfort her or encourage her. That is an artist's function. To be loved, and to serve.

THE END

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It's Called A "Floor Furnace" Because It Is Set In The Floor. It is one of a whole group of advanced, but proved, heating plants developed by Coleman engineering genius. Coleman will bring it to you at a much lower price than you may have paid in the past for less efficient, less comfortable heating. Gas, oil, butane models will be available.

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It's Like This to be Mrs. Kaye

(Continued from page 59) stand, the police said, was the person who kept spoiling the beautiful music by singing off-key. We decided later that the complaint must have come from a musician who lived across the street.

When Danny and I were married, we had $70 between us and a bench in the park. He was then completely unknown, having appeared on Broadway in one small musical show, for which I had helped write the material. By great good luck he was booked into La Martinique, the New York night club, at a salary of $250 a week. I had written seven or eight numbers for him and was to be his accompanist. That $250 was the biggest salary Danny had ever made and we were quite excited about it. The Friday of that week I don't think I shall ever forget. I wasn't feeling well, and hadn't been able to appear at the club. After he finished work, Danny came home loaded with flowers for me. Then he took a thick envelope out of his pocket and covered the bed with $5 bills—50 of them. He had asked to be paid in small bills to make the amount seem more impressive.

Next to his craze for baseball, Danny is passionate about medicine and Friday night at La Martinique soon became known as Doctors' and Dentists' Night. The club is in the Medical Arts Building on 57th Street and Danny knows a great many physicians. Frequently, when they had an interesting operation to perform, they would telephone down to the club and he'd run to the operating room between shows. Sometimes he'd become so intrigued with the operation that he'd be late for his act. I remember the first time this happened he came panting on the stage to apologize to the audience. He said he was sorry to have kept them waiting but he'd been watching someone's left kidney being removed. He got a big laugh on that; the audience thought it was a gag. Whenever he fails to come home in time, I know he's either at a baseball game or watching an operation. Through the years I've learned that both I and his favorite dish may be burning in the kitchen, but neither of us can hope to compete with a good, juicy appendectomy.

Danny's great extravagance is buying gifts. He spends very little on himself—he never owns more than the few suits and shirts and ties he wears continually. Our lawyer, Louis Mandel, gives us each a limited allowance for day-to-day expenses; all other bills are paid through his office. When Danny was appearing in "Lady In The Dark," he was always broke. This was a mystery to me, for even his restaurant and night-club checks were signed for and I knew he seldom spent money on anything else. The mystery was solved one day when he proudly handed me a jeweler's box containing a garnet ring and a necklace I had admired weeks before. He had saved $250 in an old shoe in his closet so he could surprise me with the gift.

He could easily have got me the present and had the bill sent to Mandel, but then it wouldn't have seemed to him that he was buying it himself. He is under the childish delusion that if he doesn't pay for something out of his pocket, he isn't spending his own money. Even now he comes home with gifts for me—novelty pins, pajamas, sweaters—which he has scrupulously bought out of his allowance.

Danny's mother died when he was very young and he never felt any strong home ties. The first four years of
our married life were spent in hotels and sub-leased apartments. He never wanted a place of his own until we came to Hollywood for "Up In Arms" and got a house. Then he realized how pleasant home life could be. There was a sense of permanence about it that he thoroughly enjoyed.

When we lived in temporary quarters, we used to go out almost every night. Since we've been in Hollywood, we've spent most of our evenings at home. If Danny is working on a picture and has to get up early, he goes to bed at ten, leaving me to entertain our friends.

It's been said we run the best Lindy's in Beverly Hills. We have an excellent cook and Danny now prefers to eat at home. We entertain a lot, because, with Danny on the Goldwyn lot all day long, that's the easiest way for him to see the people he likes. About the only time he went out during the filming of "Up In Arms" was when a Brooklyn gangster's brother, now in the Army, came to visit us. Danny took him all over town.

His biggest sacrifice when we first got married was to get home to dinner on time (he never quite made it). Now there's no keeping him away. He's a fiend for Chinese and Italian dishes and must have them at least twice a week. Me, I used to be able to take them or leave them alone. Through the years I've also cultivated a taste for them, although I'll confess I still prefer a big, thick steak.

I'm TOLD that I'm a good cook, but I seldom get a chance to perform in the kitchen. Occasionally, however, when we've been up until three a.m., Danny loves to have me make biscuits and scrambled eggs or a souffle. He says it gives him a thrill, which in turn thrills me; I'm certainly not the girl to duck when her husband is throwing a hunk of flat-terry her way. Occasionally Danny messes around with innumerable pots and pans, making a concepcion he calls spaghetti. It's usually terrible.

An extravagance we share is long-distance telephoning. Danny is gregarious and likes to keep in constant touch with all his friends. We're both good correspondents, so that, when we're in Hollywood, the telephone seems the easiest means of communicating with the people we know in New York. By now they've got used to having us call any time from three to six in the morning — fortunately, too, that's the hour when the Army boys don't need the wires! We will sometimes phone because we must get a recipe for a dish Danny enjoyed at a friend's house months before. Or at least that's the excuse we make to ourselves, to justify the extravagance.

All my adult life I've liked to work at night and sleep late into the morning. Danny, fortunately, also prefers to keep the same hours. By now he's used to having me wake him up at four or five a.m. to start work on an idea, after which I go back to bed. When Danny isn't making a picture, we generally rise about noon and lounge around the house until evening.

He had no definite ideas about women's clothes! He excepted that I've learned from bitter experience not to wear earrings and under no circumstances to bring home a hat with a veil on it. In turn, he's almost given up wearing bow ties, about which I do have definite ideas, none of them flattering.

He's called me the head on his shoulders, by which he means not only that I write his material but that I help keep him together. I know of no set of shoulders I'd rather decorate.

The End.
Ever since her daughter was a little kindergartner—her devoted mother has endeavored to be her confidant and guide to see that she gets the right start.

As “her baby” grows older—mother helps select that thrilling “first party dress”, the new wall paper for that “very own” bedroom—she consoles about braces on teeth, runs in stockings—lost hockey games. And then comes an eventful day—a day when mother explains how many girls and women on “certain days” of the month often suffer distress from female functional monthly disturbances and how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so effective to help relieve monthly pain and accompanying tired, nervous, restless feelings—due to this cause.

She tells her daughter to try Pinkham’s Compound to relieve such symptoms. Taken regularly it helps build up resistance against such distress. A wonderful suggestion which daughters everywhere should pass on to their daughters.

Buy Lydia Pinkham’s Compound today. Follow label directions. It’s well worth trying.
Behind Barbed Wire!

Those letters were written by Americans in prison camps in Germany. Read them—and then you will want to read the rest.

U.S. Merchant Marine Unit
Marlag U Milag Nord
Germany

Dear Peg,

Well looks as if winter is finding me here again, I don’t mind tho’ so much. Have been here 13 months now but the time has gone fast. I’m always busy. I’m in show business among other things and have another show coming up, in January, called “On the Spot,” a gangster play. I’m also librarian and a member of the camp entertainment committee and busier than the cat on the tin roof.

Please write and thank the War Prisoners Aid for their many kindnesses.

“Hello” to all.

Wayne

Stalag Luft III
Germany

Darling—

Our theater is almost completed and many of us have found in working thereon an opportunity to forget our local situation. The YMCA (War Prisoners Aid) have been a godsend in helping us to keep these camps full of active young men busy. We have classes, libraries, orchestras, dramatic organizations, dialectic organizations, church services and religious education, athletics of all sorts and even two newspapers. None of these things are like home, but they suffice and there is something for everyone to do. The Red Cross on the other hand has done magnificent work also. Bill K. tells me you and the kids are well. God bless you all, Bub.

To Americans in prison camps over there War Prisoners Aid, agency of the National War Fund, has

Sent walls, glue, paints for theater
sets built on prison grounds,
Provided 1,259 make-up kits and
3,283 wigs for dramatic shows.
Established universities in camps
where prisoners can complete
high-school and college courses.
Shipped thousands of books to
prisoners.

Help those men behind barbed wire
remember there is an America.

GIVE to the
NATIONAL WAR FUND
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HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW
USE Overglo
BY WESTMORE

NEW MAKE-UP FOR A LOVELIER YOU!

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TONIGHT... today... in just one minute... look your loveliest. Apply one drop of Westmore’s new liquid-cream Overglo before you powder and rouge. See how it camouflages large pores and little lines. Never gives a mask-like appearance. Watch it add youthful radiance. Enjoy a smooth well-groomed, flawless-looking face-do all day... or night. Non-drying, definitely! Overglo has an emollient lanolin and oil base. Protects against dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts for months. Six
skin-flattering shades. $1.50, plus tax.

WESTMORE (the original and best-selling) FOUNDATION CREAM offers perfection in a heavier cream-type base. Fifty cents, plus tax.

Complete your make-up with
Westmore’s famous Lipstick,
Rouge, Face Powder and Creams.
What's Wrong with Veronica Lake?

(Continued from page 35) It isn't in Elaine's, for I never want her to have to face situations like that. I didn't want to have to face and talk them either, and I honestly believe that if John hadn't gone into the Army I would have quit the screen altogether. But when he did go in (and I am very proud of him for that) there was our baby to look after, and our small investments to try to protect. I only made a small salary then. After deducting taxes and agents' commissions out of that, it went a very little way toward supporting a house and a child. So I had to go on.

"Speaking of children," I said, "you are accused of having two gone into production on a picture without admitting that you were about to become a mother."

The alluring Lake eyes met mine evenly. "That's true," she said, "I did. The studio was angry because they were trying to protect their investment. But I was trying to protect mine, too. The first time was on 'Sullivan's Travels'—the last time on 'The Hour Before The Dawn.' I wanted both babies, though I lost my second one through premature birth. Everyone knew I was very much a mother, and birth costs and I just couldn't afford to take the six months off that I would have to have if I admitted expecting them. So I worked. I was supposed to work right up until a week before Elaine was born. The final thing I did was to take a portrait sitting, which doesn't have much to do with acting, admittedly, but I wanted to co-operate as far as I could right up to the last minute."

W ith a great sense of timing, possibly inherited, little Elaine Detlie trotted into the room at that exact moment and let me go flatey on record as saying she is the most enchanting three-year-old I've ever seen. She has her mother's pert nose, but otherwise doesn't resemble her greatly, being dark-haired and very dark blue-eyed. She beamed with laughter and for the rest of the interview, when she wasn't actively crawling over her mother, she sat in the middle of the floor, making us home-made bus tickets, which she solemnly presented to us at intervals, in baby imitations of the real article with which she has become acquainted since gas rationing.

Veronica's battling young face relaxed at sight of her. "Believe it or not," she said, "but I discipline her. I know how important the first five years of a child's life are for her life-long character and I want to give Elaine the happiest kind of adult existence. Most people have happy children. I didn't, but that gives me all the more reason for wanting one for my baby. Laxity of obedience early seems to me most important."

She caught my look and laughed. "Oh,

**Great Story**
* "Dragon Seed"

**Great Author**
* Pearl Buck

**Great Portrait**
Katharine Hepburn in color
November Photoplay

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes
Flush Out Poisonous Waste
If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up early, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so soak your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.
"I could learn to be obedient, too. But as a matter of fact I am, until somebody begins playing rough with me and makes me fight back."

"Take the case of my not wanting to make another picture with Alan Ladd or disliking being in 'Bring On The Girls' or being late on the set.

"Let me make it clear that I don't worry over the size of my roles. Certainly the part I played in 'So Proudly We Hail' was little more than a bit. But I didn't mind that. It was a good part and that is what matters. On the other hand, I didn't like becoming a team, Ladd and Lake, like MacDonald and Eddy, or Powell and Loy. I believe if once you get established that way, it seems to work out that the members of the team, broken up, are never as successful as individuals. So, after I'd made two pictures in succession with Alan, and they suggested casting me in a third, I objected. It was nothing against Alan, whom I consider a very fine actor and of whom I'm very fond as a person.

"At first I didn't want to play in 'Bring On The Girls.' It's a musical, and whatever talents I have I think lie in dramatic lines. I can't sing. I don't dance particularly. I was cast for a cigarette girl, straight part, while around me Sonny Tufts sings and Marjorie Reynolds dances. "You're licked on that score," I said. "I saw the preview and you made the cutest cigarette girl yet."

"Well, all right," grinned Lake, "but I didn't just walk right through it. I did try to make it stand out."

"When it comes to my having been late, and even running out for two days, I stand accused. I admit I am a complete moron about hours and that I literally never know what time it is. I have watches and clocks all around me and never see them. When I get doing one thing, whether it's eating, or fitting clothes, or discussing politics, I never can seem to remember that I must go on, at some particular hour, and do something else. But honestly, I'm trying to reform. Now if you check up regarding my newest production, 'Out Of This World,' you'll see I haven't been late once."

"That leads back to that portrait sitting with Freddie March, a sweet guy. I'd been called for it for a certain day— and, well, time got away from me if Freddie, however, was on time. So was the photographer. There they sat and waited for me. Finally they notified the front office and the front office called me. I tore down to the studio and found Freddie ready to slit my throat, for which I can't blame him, but at the moment it made me mad, too. The crazy part of the whole affair was that we had to take love scenes and, when I saw the finished results, I roared with laughter. Such pure loathing you've never seen on any two faces, particularly when they were lying so alluringly cheek-to-jowl. So I went to the studio and apologized. Then I went to Freddie and apologized. He was a dear and agreed to make the sitting over, and that time the results were slick."

"ALL RIGHT," I said. "You can't blame it on a watch that you—well, altered your birthplace and your real name? What's your excuse for that?"

Veronica grinned in her impish fashion. "None," she admitted, cheerfully. "I was wrong. I know it now, but somehow Lake Placid, N. Y., sounded to me like so much more romantic place to be born than Brooklyn. My mother's husband's name was Kesner. I didn't want to go into all the explanation that this was her second husband, so I just used his name."

"Which brings us to those night club..."
Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

"More than glamour needed," says exquisite BETTY RIBBLE

"Posing is hard, hot work, under blinding studio lights," insists beautiful blonde Betty Ribble. "Yet I can't risk unglamorous 'wilting' — and I can't damage the high-priced gowns I model. I have to have a deodorant I can rely on for both clothes and charm protection.

"The answer for me is cool, fragrant Odorono Cream!

"Odorono Cream is so wonderfully effective because it contains a perspiration stopper that simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed up to 3 days. It controls perspiration and odor at the same time. And it's entirely safe for lovely delicate fabrics — I just follow directions.

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"No fastidious girl today has to have an underarm problem! Just try my Cover Girl way of guarding daintiness and glamour with Odorono Cream. See if you aren't simply delighted!"

(Price 39¢ plus 5¢ Federal Tax)
It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L.A.S.T.S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it
Finding out about Farley

(Continued from page 41) something.

They nudged each other. "Look at him," they whispered. . . . He had tied a long piece of seaweed around his waist, letting it trail behind, and was imitating the walk and manner of one of the local bathing beauties—one of those who never go near the water—as she promenaded across the sand, her robe blowing out behind her. He was imitating her so exactly that even as "Mom" told him it wasn't nice to mock people, she was chuckling inwardly at the perfect caricature.

After that, Farley was always "dressing up" and staging theatricals. Sometimes he would wear his father's clothes and his "productions" would be lustily masculine. Sometimes he put on something of his mother's and would be the finest of fine ladies. Everything he read—and he could and did read many a book before he was six years old—he dramatized.

In those days, when the family lived in San Jose and his father was a very prosperous automobile distributor, he went to private school and was producer, director and star of many a school theatrical venture. The Grangers, who had waited thirteen years for Farley's appearance, idolized him and gave him just about anything he wanted. Most of his wants, though, were simple enough—cast-off clothes and a few props for his inevitable "plays." As for these "plays" . . . it didn't seem to matter whether he had an audience or not, although he usually grew more dramatic if he caught anyone watching him.

He still does. He'll be acting around the house by himself when perhaps, out of the corner of his eye, he'll catch his parents taking it in. Then he'll pull out all the stops; wind up, usually, with a hug for his mother and laughter, wonderful laughter. They've always had fun, the three Grangers. When they lived "up North" and had a lot of money, Mrs. Granger was a well-known golf champion and sometimes Farley went around the course with her, during matches. One time he had his picture taken putting and it ran in the paper.

They had fun, too, when the depression came, their money went, and they moved to Southern California and ultimately to their San Fernando Valley home. They called it, then, "the little house with the big mortgage" and they all worked to preserve the one and destroy the other. Farley got jobs running errands, selling papers, mowing lawns. He was proud of his "income," although he wasn't expert at handling it. If he didn't give the money to his mother outright, he would spend it all on presents. "F. E. Granger—Free-and-Easy Granger," she used to call him. And he would grin that beguiling grin of his and admit it.

Of course, sometimes, there were tears. There was Stubby, for instance, and the memory of Farley and Stubby and what happened to them both tears at Eva Granger's heart to this day. Stubby was the family bull terrier, a lovable, clownish fellow whose world consisted of Farley. But it happened that, for a bad debt, Mr. Granger was forced to accept a very valuable Pekinese named Valentine. It wasn't a bad deal. He figured if he could raise some of Valentine's puppies, he could make some money. The only thing was—Stubby. Stubby was wonderful with human beings, but bull terriers don't like other dogs. It is in the breed and they can't help it. Stubby hated Valentine, lady dog or no, the minute she set foot on the place. It was obvious that the two of them couldn't live under the same roof. So the Grangers,
Mrs. John A. Roosevelt

The youngest daughter-in-law of America's first family is gifted with a lovely complexion and exquisite taste. She likes her make-up to look very soft . . . very casual . . . but perfect. "I believe that the best possible base for make-up is a smoother, fresher skin," Mrs. Roosevelt says. "So—three or four times a week—I give myself a 1-Minute Mask."

How to "pretty up" your complexion with the 1-Minute Mask

Cover your whole face—except eyes—with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Leave the Mask on just one minute—for "Keratolytic" action to take place. Tiny skin roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles are loosened . . . dissolved! Now, tissue off the mask.

Look at your skin. See how much clearer it seems. How much lighter . . . smoother. Your entire face has the supple, silky finish that takes and keeps make-up superbly!

For quick-as-a-wink powder base . . .

a very thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—left on. Not greasy . . . not drying—a genius at holding powder!

IMPORTANT! Conserve glass, manpower—buy one large jar of Pond's instead of several smaller ones.
Motley, but good, including as it does Gershwin, Verdi, Bach, Sibelius, Friml as well as the "hot" bands. "Of course, he can cut an excellent rug, or however you say it," his mother adds.

"Farley is a normal boy."

Girl friends? Nice kids, like Jane Withers, whom he met on the Goldwyn lot during the filming of "The North Star"; June Haver and Virginia McDowall whom he went to school with on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot while "The Purple Heart" was in production. He took June to the premiere of "The Song Of Bernadette" and writes to her regularly. For her high-school graduation present he sent her an exquisite nautical pin and matching earrings and for her birthday a gold Navy bracelet. And on seaman second class pay. Apparently, it is still "Free-and-Easy Granger."

Roddy McDowall, although two or three years younger, is a bosom pal of Farley's, as is Mrs. McDowall, for that matter. It is Roddy and Farley who have organized the fabulous "Imperial Eagle Studios," complete with an 8x10-foot blue print of the lot, glittering star and story "properties." The works, in fact. Roddy started the idea; Farley moved in in an advisory capacity. They cast this and that story, "borrowing" stars at will from Hollywood studios. They have their own stars, too—fleish and blood ones such as Ty Power and Anna Neagle, the beautiful British actress, as well as make-believe stars who embody the best points of several of filmdom's big shots. As it happens, Roddy seldom aspires to be a star in "Imperial" productions; he'd rather produce. Farley seldom refuses.

Of course, like everything else in and of Hollywood, "Imperial!" has little place in Farley's present scheme of things. The U. S. Navy seems to that. In other words, he's working like a so-and-so, as he mentioned to his mother last time he was home on leave. If he had wanted to enlist about the time "The Purple Heart" went into production, he could have perhaps selected some special branch of Naval training which interested him. But he chose to be in "The Purple Heart," even though he knew this would mean that with the arrival of his eighteenth birthday, about the time the picture was scheduled to finish, he would be inducted, thus losing his opportunity to make a choice. Obviously, this was a tough decision for a kid who knows that sooner or later he must be in the armed forces, but Farley never hesitated. "The Purple Heart" meant a further—and a great—chance to act. He took it—and was inducted a few days after production finished. He went to Farragut, "cont." No one knew he'd ever been in pictures until "The Purple Heart" finally got up that way. But he's doing all right, his superiors say. He works hard, drills, swims, "keeps up with the best of the boot camp" gripes about the food because he wouldn't be even a potential American fighting man if he didn't, but not about anything else. As his mother reveals, he was never one to complain. All he said when he came home on leave was, "Don't ask me a lot of questions, Mom; it's good to skip the whole business for a while. . . ."

He'll get by all right. And if he's gone a long time and his fans forget him, he can start all over again. A good many American boys will start all over again after the fighting is done. Maybe, though, people won't forget Farley, no matter how long he's gone. Maybe a lot of people will be like the woman at the vegetable stall in the North Hollywood market Mrs. Granger tells about. It happened two years ago. As Mrs. Granger was making her selection she noticed nearly a "real sight!" You know . . . a huge, wobbling woman of the type who adores sleeveless dresses, skirts to the knees, bare legs, inadequate underwear. People were staring at her and Mrs. Granger stared, too. Finally, she turned to the customer next to her.

"Will you look at that!" she ejaculated.

The other woman smiled. "I know . . ." she said. "But what I am really looking at is that handsome boy over at the packing counter. That tall, dark boy there. Watch him. If I do you good just to see him smile. . . ."

Mrs. Granger turned her eyes away from the "sight" . . . saw Farley, who had a job at the market that summer, wrestling with a carton of groceries. He smiled at her and waved. Of course she wouldn't have been human if she hadn't said to the other woman: "That's my boy . . ."

Eva Granger ran into that same woman at the same market just the other day and the woman asked after Farley. Evidently, she hadn't seen "The North Star" or "The Purple Heart," because she never mentioned his being in the movies. She just said, "How is that boy of yours, with the wonderful smile?" And—after Eva Granger had told her—"I'll never forget him. . . ."

Nor, we think—we hope—will very many others.

THE END

Sketch of Farley by Fred Sprague sent to his mother who says, "It looks so much like Farley when he is deep in thought or dreaming."
She's even prettier awake! Because she really rests while she sleeps—on her Beautyrest mattress! A rest she's earned, with a full day at the office, plus some after-hours as nurses' aide. (Our country needs after-hours war effort from all of us.) If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those busy little ventilators that keep it clean and fresh! Simmons Company is deep in war production and don't know when they will be able to make Beautyrest again. Meanwhile, if you need a new mattress see about WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! Tops in wartime buys at $39.50! And here's NEWS—Beautyrest Box Springs are available in limited quantities at $39.50 each!

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P. S. DID YOU BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS WEEK?
Can't They Be Friends?

(Continued from page 45) another star is arriving in New York or California on a certain train she will wire that star on the train announcing she will be waiting at some junction to pick her up and he or she won't be mobbed by fans—with her car. She wants nothing in return for all she insists on doing—oftentimes to the extreme annoyance of the stars—but a chance to shine in their reflected glory.

In more ways than one this girl proves a great nuisance. Through her wish to be interesting and exciting she has carried stories that have made trouble or at least friction. Also, through her wish to be important, she asks countless and sundry people to telephone her whenever she is at a star's home. The last time she left Hollywood two stars who had entertained her had to change their private, unlisted telephone numbers. They were private no longer. Anyone and everyone who had anything at all to sell was deluging them morning, noon and night with telephone calls.

A NOOTHER thing which might be called a stumbling block in the path of friendship with stars is the stellar temperament. Stars are inclined to Tell All at the drop of a cocktail cherry. Few people like to be the recipient of confidences which no one but a father-confessor should receive. More than once Fearless himself has tried to prevent emotional actors and actresses from confiding too much, aware they would, in turn, talk to someone else and if the story leaked out he, Fearless, might be blamed.

All stars are not so courageous and direct as Basil Rathbone was upon the occasion when a very unpleasant story appeared in a column, a false story which was damaging to Basil personally and might have been damaging to his career. Basil promptly telephoned a close friend who often had been entertained at his home. "Did you give out that story?" he asked, point blank.

The friend was appalled. However, his convincing denial brought a handsome apology from Basil and, because both men were intelligent adults, the matter was smoothed over in no time. That sort of thing, however, is one of the penalties of visiting too intimately in any home upon which the limelight shines.

By all odds the most difficult type of Hollywood friendship is that between two stars. As Anne Baxter said with her refreshing honesty:

"I'd love to have a woman friend in my own profession. But how can I and still be sincere? In a one-industry town like Hollywood it's inevitable that we'd both be up for the same part and then the rivalry would be on. Rather than be a two-faced friend, I stay to myself so far as my own sex is concerned."

Her point was well illustrated in the case of Maureen O'Hara and Martha O'Driscoll who had been good friends until they were both cast in "The Fallen Sparrow" with John Garfield. Maureen, who had had a run of pictures that didn't do too much for her, was fearful of Martha's more spectacular part. The arguments waxed warm in the front office Maureen won the contest but she lost a friend.

There was also the beginning and end of a friendship between two top-ranking girl stars. They lived fairly close to each other and meeting one day decided it would be fun to go bicycling together. Several days later the stars...
whom we'll call Mary returned home from her day's work at the studio to find a gleaming, custom-built bike standing in her hallway. A card attached to the handle bars read: "Here's to our Sunday rides," and was signed with the name of the other star, whom we'll call Gloria.

Everyone loves surprise presents. But probably stars are more childlike about them than most people. Because—except for lavish gifts from people who want a return—stars usually are the givers.

The following Sunday Mary rode over to pick up Gloria. She wore simple dark blue slacks and a white T-shirt. If she took a tumble it wouldn't matter. She found Gloria in white shorts, a white silk shirt and a white silk bandanna waiting beside a white bike which sparkled in the sunshine. To Mary's horror Gloria promptly headed for Sunset Boulevard. It was before the days of gas rationing so, of course, the boulevard was crowded with Sunday motorists who just knew the girl in white on the white bike must be a movie star and soon recognized Gloria looking as glamorous as a star is supposed to look and then, alas, recognized Mary, looking the way a star is not supposed to look.

That, need we say, was the end of the beautiful friendship.

REMEMBER when all Hollywood was agog over the friendship between Ann Sothern and Hedy Lamarr? Hedy even went so far as to plan to live with her when Ann was divorcing Roger Pryor. That friendship has almost reached the ice age. Hedy, charming though she is, is a little slap-happy about keeping engagements. She is likely to arrive on the wrong night or not to arrive at all when you invite her to a formal dinner party at which the seating arrangements are planned ahead of time. Ann, on the other hand, almost makes a fetish of punctuality and conscientious regard for appointments with not too much patience with the social lapses. And in the delicate mechanism of a two-star friendship, such lapses can so readily take on a who-does-she-think-she-is interpretation.

All of which undoubtedly explains why Hedy didn't go to the phone one day when Ann called; why Hedy since has been explaining and explaining to everyone that she can't bear to talk on the telephone even when it is—almost—necessary.

No doubt about it, friendships between stars and people who are close to the Hollywood scene, but not in any sense competitive, work out much better than friendships between the players themselves.

There's the long-standing friendship, for instance, of Barbara Stanwyck and her hairdresser, Hollis Barnes; of Ray Milland and Jerry Asher, a studio press agent; of Victor Mature and a Hollywood editor, the latter being perhaps the most outstanding example of how to make—and keep—friends in Hollywood.

To this rule, however, there is one notable exception. . . . Anne Shirley and Deanna Durbin have been friends for years. Anne was matron of honor when Deanna married Vaughn Paul. During the past three years she and Deanna have even lived across the road from each other, an intimacy which even nonprofessional friendships often do not survive. Anne and Deanna, however, make a point of not being too intimate. Frequently they do not meet for several weeks at a time. Then there's a grand reunion; with so much to talk about.

Real friendships in Hollywood are rare. And they probably require more tact, more tolerance, more diplomacy—more careful tending—than they do in any other spot in the world.

The End

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**Portrait of a Restless Soul**

(Continued from page 63) is slim, his shoulders wide and his first professional appearance before a motion-picture camera, long before he turned to the stage after years of adventuring in the Antipodes, was in the role of his maternal ancestor, famed Fletcher Christian of Bounty fame.

He speaks French and two New Guinea dialects.

He never attends his own previews and thinks few important Hollywood people are truly happy.

He is stubborn about taking advice.

He joined the New Guinea constabulary as a youth and went on a hunt for native headhunters who had killed three white men. He helped capture eight of the ring-leaders. "The governor, thinking to make an example of the eight, invited every native chief within summoning distance to the hangings. The native chiefs came, expressed their gratitude to the governor for inviting them, enjoyed the hangings and returned to their villages to continue their pet hobby of hunting white and native heads."" His weight varies between 185 and 195. He dotes on California's perpetual sunshine and despises the quick temper that has gotten him into some undesirable scrapes. He rebels against routine.

He was taught the fundamentals of self-defense by a tutor who felt that, since the boy could not be taught the usual subjects, he should learn something. He is very fond of highly seasoned dishes.

He was divorced from beauteous French Lili Damita about three years ago. He has attended school in Australia, England, France and Ireland.

He is very fond of caviar and has slept on park benches and washed dishes in cheap restaurants.

He never collects souvenirs.

He prefers belts to suspenders, has a fatalistic outlook and was ranked second only to Frank Shields by Hollywood's tennis colony.

ERROL FLYNN never plans ahead, never gets seasick and dislikes hunting chiefly because at one time he had to live by it.

He is a very bad cook but, at the age of seventeen, he shipped as second cook on a dirty three-masted schooner. His favorite wine is Chateau Lafite-Rothschild.

Sailing is his dominant passion. He has read James Joyce's "Ulysses" and confesses he doesn't understand it. He was a member of the British Boxing Team at the 1928 Olympic Games and experienced his first sensation of being knocked-out when contesting with the American amateur, Eddie Egan, in Amsterdam.

He once worked on a copra plantation in New Guinea.

He plays golf badly.

He sleeps heavily, enjoys Turkish baths and believes life has been more than generous to him.

He is an expert horseman. He fought to have Olivia de Havilland's role built up in "They Died With Their Boots On." He has a quick and incisive wit.

He is a strong believer in matrimonial vacations and is not interested in the architecture of a house so long as it is low and warmly informal. He never uses a cigarette holder.

He first went to Australia at the age of seventeen with his father, who had tired of seeing him expelled from schools and
He is an exceptionally fine swimmer, has no particular ambitions beyond a lust for living and rich life. He has a grimly realistic attitude towards life.

He enjoys food with the zest of a growing boy.

He thinks the most exciting places he has ever visited were Shanghai, before the Japs got it, and Abyssinia, before Mussolini conquered it. His human contacts are marked with patience and tolerance.

He has a passion for deep-sea fishing and once played a corpse in "The Case Of The Curious Bride." He could flay, had he desired, made a mark for himself in the prize-ring.

He is very fond of all kinds of seafood. He knows nothing about the graphic arts and is of the opinion that women generally are not so happy today as they were before their so-called suffrage.

Errol Flynn would achieve happiness anywhere, under any circumstances. He studies dialogue very easily and nurtures a fervent hope that eventually some form of socialistic democracy will prevail throughout the world. His first important role was in Warners' "Captain Blood."

He wrote and has had published a novel, "Beam Ends," in which he describes a 3000-mile voyage he and an equally adventurous-minded group made in a battered old forty-foot sailboat from Sydney to New Guinea.

He likes quiet evenings at home.

He insisted that Ronald Reagan get equal billing in "Desperate Journey" and he likes motion pictures for a lazy reason—because of the long periods of leisure between pictures.

His quest for gold in New Guinea resulted in an unforgettable experience for him. He found a priest dying in the jungles. He administered to the victim of the dreaded black fever but the priest finally died. But before dying he gave Flynn a slender gold chain to which was attached a medallion of St. Christopher, patron saint of travelers. The star of "Uncertain Glory" still wears the chain and medallion whenever he travels.

Errol Flynn is determined that he shall quit Hollywood before Hollywood quits him. "I just can't picture myself a broken-down actor running around Hollywood begging for jobs. No sir, when I feel I'm through I'll be on my way, without regrets. I'm not sure what I'll do if that time comes. Maybe I'll just sail around for the rest of my life, stopping whenever and wherever the mood strikes me. It's a big world and there are lots of parts of it I haven't seen yet."

THE END
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The name Conklin has symbolized fine, unexcelled pen performance to generations of discriminating users. Many Conklin pens, ten—twenty—thirty years old, are still delivering the same reliable service as when they were new.

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EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—

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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 66) holidays. The third year, my sister wanted to spend Christmas with us but my husband threw a fit and said nothing doing.

Right after Christmas, my husband's bachelor uncle moved in for two weeks! Also, during our first two years of marriage, my father-in-law (divorced from my mother-in-law) always spent two or three week-ends per month with us. Yet, when my father—who lived in the next state—stayed with us two weeks while he found a job (and paid me $10.00, whereas rate of my in-laws had ever given me a red cent), my husband asked him to move.

His work nowadays takes him out of town a great deal and I have heard talk about him. Yet he is always quibbling about what I do when he is away. I feel like it takes a very low woman to step out when she’s married and has innocent children to care for.

It's the one-sidedness of our marriage that is driving me crazy. He never takes me anywhere. He goes out alone, or reads the paper, then goes to sleep. There was a skating rink in our town last summer and a young married girl friend of mine was learning to skate. I mentioned it to my husband and he got furious. "You just keep up the good work around the house," he said, "and you won't feel like skating." Even my mother-in-law says I take more than anyone but a saint could stand. He's very hard to work for and sometimes all four of his employees have walked out on him because they couldn't stand him. When I mention something him he has said or done, he raves and rants and says I can leave. Then he says he'll kill me if I do. He has two guns and every time he gets mad he's going to shoot someone.

He swears that he can take the children away from me if I leave. He says he will tell stories in court that will make me the laughing stock and the scandal of the state. When I said that if I had never done one bad thing in my life, he said he knew I hadn't because he would have killed me if I had, but that he would make up things that will fix me.

I'm sorry to bother you with this mess, but I really need help.

Mrs. Yvette X.

Dear Mrs. X:

I agree with you when you state that you need help.

In general, I would say that your husband was born five hundred years too late, and in the wrong country. He belongs in the dark ages when men looked upon women as nothing more than property. In particular, I hope that every mother of a son who reads this magazine will turn her attention to the young gentleman in her home and make certain that he learns fair play. Your husband is the most perfectly selfish human being of whom I have heard in a long time and I fear that the trait is ingrained.

One of your difficulties—due entirely
A Song that Thrills the Stars

CAN CHEER YOUR HOME, TOO

FRANCES LANGFORD
Singing Star of Bob Hope's Radio Program

Wherever the "great" of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear a golden-voiced canary lifting spirits high with his enchanting song. A canary takes but little care, gives matchless hours of loving companionship. Take a "tip" from Hollywood's stars. Let a canary keep your heart buoyant amid the worries of these trying times.

And when you adopt one of these perky, little songsters, be sure to feed him the balanced diet—French's Bird Seed and Biscuit. French's is a "time-tried" aid for your canary's health and song—the largest selling bird seed in the United States.

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Dear Miss T:

Don't feel that your problem is unique or a latter-day development in civilization. Every woman who ever watched a column of soldiers march down a street toward eventual battle has, out of intense generosity of spirit, asked herself much the same question.

The entire subject is much too huge to compress into the narrow space of this modest column; furthermore, I have no intention of getting myself into the Battle of the Century by giving a blank answer.

However, I will be glad to comment on your specific case. First of all, I do feel that love, romance and emotion have been given far too much space and time in our culture. I think it is high time we turned an intellectual viewpoint upon our responsibilities—that we return to the early-day respect for duty.

You are training men in a knowledge which, if properly used at a given time, may well save their lives. In order for any human being to teach successfully, one must be able to command the undivided, unswerving attention and the clear respect of one's students.

If you are tempted to lend a doubtful and temporary comfort to one of your students, you will find that after he is gone, there may well be another and another. These things are never secret. The word will pass around. Suddenly your value as a member of the military forces will have ceased entirely; the men, in viewing you as a possible conqueror, will be giving you abstracted attention.

Regardless of the problems of others, you have a clear responsibility, a duty to perform. You can do it splendidly, only if you maintain a fineness of character which will allow your students to see something of their mothers, their original teachers, in you.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I left home when I was eighteen and started singing in night clubs. During this time I met a fellow with whom I fell very much in love.

It was about a year and a half later that I found I was to have his child. When I told him, he was very happy, but there was nothing he could do as he was married and had two children, but he and his wife had been separated for two years before I met him.

The baby is now seven months old and the sweetest little guy in the world.

Yes, you've guessed it: I have been seeing the baby's father again. I know it isn't doing me any good and I keep telling myself that, and I promise myself that I'll never see him again, but when he calls I simply go to pieces.

I know he loves me. His wife knows about us. As a matter of fact, Roy took me over to her house to talk things over with her and told her he loved me and wanted a divorce, but she just laughed and said he really loved her and she wouldn't give him a divorce under any circumstance.

I have never taken one penny from him.
for my baby or myself. I worked until two weeks before the baby was born so I could pay for all necessary expenses. I don’t want pity, Miss Colbert, I just want advice. Sometimes I think it would be better to leave this city, but I don’t have the strength to walk out on this man. Some people think I’m a bad girl, but I’m really not. I am now twenty-two.

Dear Miss C:

You are at a crossroads in your life. Either you can continue on the path you have chosen, or you can make a clean break and a new life for yourself and your baby. You asked my advice, and this is it. Perhaps you might not like it, but it is the only way I can see it.

Your duty now is to give a background as much like that of other children as possible. You should leave your town, work in another and distant city. You should establish, while your child is still young, a firm, solid and substantial home background. This will be an impossibility in the town where you are now living.

You may think me ultra frank, but it is my opinion that, if a man really wants a divorce, he will get it and this gentleman seems not so inclined. It is time for you to wake up and face the facts that there is no conventional future for you with this man.

In making your new life, you may meet some other man whom you could love and marry. If this is so, perhaps he will adopt your baby, after you have explained the facts fully to him, and you can give the baby a normal background.

I am heartily sorry for you; however, I do not feel that you have faced facts squarely. I hope I have helped you and wish you success and happiness, if you choose to venture into a new life.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a woman fifty-three years of age. One would think I ought to know all the answers instead of writing to a lady young enough to be my daughter. But it because you are in a position to understand the situation I am in, I write to you.

First of all, I’ve been in show business for twenty-two years. I played in every branch of the game, except burlesque. I started in doing leads. I mention this so you will know that I understand the theater and its requirements.

I have written a play especially designed for the screen. It is a modern drama, the title of which is “The Man Who Died Twice.” Not too big a cast, very picturesque scenes, good “meaty” parts for the main characters. I have written to several people but have not received a reply. I have read about the good luck of some writers who have sold an original story to the powers in Hollywood and I’d like to do the same.

Marguerite O’B.

Dear Mrs. O’B:

Your letter appealed to me a great deal and I’m sorry I couldn’t reproduce all of it in this column, as you have had a very interesting life.

The reason you have heard nothing from any of the studios to whom you have written is this: No studio reads or agrees to review an unsolicited manuscript from an unknown writer because of the danger of litigation. There are many suits filed each year by well-meaning but deluded persons who think some notion of theirs has been plagiarized.

I would suggest that you submit your play to a story agent in New York, or have the work handled by some capable literary agent.

The best of luck to you.

Claudette Colbert.
Many a modest LOVELY
Wayward Skin

If your skin shows wayward tendencies at times, don’t fret. Even the loveliest, the freshest, may stray...roughen a bit with wind and weather...give way to minor blemishes. What really matters is knowing how to curb such waywardness by special daily care.

Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream provides this special care with special ingredients. Oils that smooth and soften and supple, Cholesterol, for its help in retaining vital moisture in the skin. And something more...something no other cream offers...friendly, familiar Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia.

At night and by day, trust this cream to help your skin resist its wayward leanings—to neutralize excess acid accumulations that may be present in outer pore openings. Use it at night, when beneficial beautifying can continue while you sleep. Use it again by day. With Phillips’ Skin Cream as a foundation, see how smoothly rouge goes on...and how your powder clings.

PHILLIPS’ MILK OF MAGNESIA

PHILLIPS’ MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM not only removes surface dirt from the skin but acts upon outer pore openings to neutralize excess acid accumulations possibly present. That’s why your skin feels softer...dearl-fresh and clean. 60c.

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GIRLS! LADIES!

BOYS! LOOK!
I was ashamed to ask other women—

these intimate physical facts!

There was so much about intimate feminine hygiene I wanted to know but didn’t. And I was ashamed to let other women find out how ignorant I was.

How glad I am now I didn’t ask them because I’ve learned since so many women know only “half-truths”—or misinformation as out-dated as that of their mothers and grandmothers.

I visited my Doctor. He told me about a newer, modern, scientific method of douching with Zonite—the discovery of a world-famous surgeon and renowned chemist. He explained how feminine hygiene is important to a woman’s health, beauty and health. And how Zonite helps solve one of woman’s most serious problems.

Smart Women No Longer Use Week Or Harmful Preparations—

Old-fashioned mixtures of soap, soda or vinegar do not and cannot give the germicidal and deodorant action of Zonite. And don’t let anyone tell you they do!

On the other hand don’t use old-time over-strong solutions of harmful poisons (many with warning on label) which can actually burn, severely irritate and damage tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. Untold misery may come from this. But with modern Zonite you take no such risky chance.

So Powerful Yet So Harmless

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues as Zonite.

Zonite actually destroys and removes offending odor-causing waste substances and helps guard against infection by instantly killing all germs and bacteria it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it’s not always possible to contact all germs in the tract, but you can be sure of this! No other germicide kills germs any faster or more thoroughly than Zonite! Zonite kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet Zonite is so harmless, positively non-poisons, non-caustic, non-burning. Use Zonite as often as needed without the slightest danger. Follow directions.

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117
Speak for Yourself
(Continued from page 26)

$1.00 PRIZE
Reporting on Garfield

THE patients who saw John Garfield's show at the hospital area's Little Theater said it was the best show they had seen in Italy or Africa. No other performer to date can rightfully boast of having carried away Italy the way he did. I asked him for an interview and he gladly gave it to me. From talking to him, I know he does not want any credit. They worked through an air raid with no mention of it. Eddie Foy, the girls in the show, were all good. Eddie Foy is as funny as his dad.

There were so many patients at the theater who could not get in to see the show that he came back a few days later on his own time and put on a show out in an open-air theater. It was strictly off the record and he brought his whole show. Needless to say, it was tops. Yes sir, Warners have quite a star in that fellow named Garfield.

Pvt. Eugene R. Edwards,
APO 464, c/o PM, N. Y. C.

$1.00 PRIZE
Singular Sinatra

I've never been able to find a single statement about the plain, everyday, undemonstrative Frank Sinatra fan. Since I happen to be of this type, perhaps then I'm justified in taking this opportunity to express our views. It seems that no matter how marvelous we think Frankie to be, we've never thrown ourselves prone on a theater floor with unbearable ecstasy or screamed with delight when the last note is rocked in the Sinatra style, nor have we trampled innocent women and children in our efforts to be near "The Voice."

Although we've not indulged in this sort of thing, we're still fans and I honestly think we're the best kind because long after the novelty of exhibitionism has worn off, we'll still be backing Frank Sinatra with the same old support and loyalty we've always given him.

Rosalyn Wang,
Cincinnati, O.

$1.00 PRIZE
Relaxation, Plus!

I WOULD like to offer Betty Hutton an extra-large bouquet. When singing, she really lets herself go. She throws herself around and screams out like someone gone mad, but it is amazing how many of us have the desire to lay aside our dignity, forget our inhibitions and break loose as she does in her songs.

Conventions will not permit us to explode as often as we should to relieve our tense nerves and heavy hearts. They are present in all of us these difficult days. But Betty Hutton acts as a medium for us and I for one felt a grand sense of release while watching her on the screen. I came out of the theater completely relaxed, ready to resume my duties on the home front.

Mrs. Sam Regano,
Youngstown, O.

$1.00 PRIZE
Hepcats' Victory

A T LONG last, M-G-M has finally taken the lead in a little item that has been troubling "cats" and "gators" amongst movie-goers for a long time. Kids from high-school teens to college twentys began to see names of their favorite bands

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A NEW KIND of
Skin Care

to keep your complexion
smooth, fresh, romantic!

Not a liquid—not a solid cream! It's like bottled velvet—this creamy pure white skin balm! Just dab it on, rub it in. Dry, rough skin feels softer, smoother instantly! Balm Barr contains anhydrous lanolin, nature's own skin care! Use Balm Barr for hands, face, arms—for all-over complexion care! Give your skin that thrilling touch of romance! At drug and dept. stores, beauty shops. G. Barr & Co., 1150 W. 37th St., Chicago 9, Ill.

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Inspired by The Diamond-Clear Voice of Lovely
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COLUMBIA DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS
PRODUCT OF AXEL ANDREWS, DIAMOND RING STYLISTS SINCE 1919

ON SALE AT AMERICA'S
OTHER JEWELRY STORES
go up in lights... then came the disappointment! Many of them—and that includes plenty of us blue- and khaki-clad service men—have lined up before ticket windows anxious for a glimpse of Basie, Goodman, Herman and the rest. And that's all we saw—a glimpse!

Usually a 4-F plot accompanied by even worse acting sent us away mumbling. The ads had read "With Charlie Barnet and Band," so we went. When they got around to showing Barnet, he played a rhumba, or tango or sumthin'. And so it went with other bands and other pictures. They were featured—but not for long or in their specialties. But now congratz to M-G-M for showing the way. They started with T. Dorsey and Dorsey played "Dorsey Stuff." Young fans left theaters aglow! Then came Harry James and for us movie mental jitterbugs" our battle was won.

Sgt. Bob Karolevitz, Camp Wolters, Texas.

$1.00 PRIZE

Neat but not Gaudy

I n the realm of the motion picture I see a direct perversion of progress—said perversion being the renaissance of the "flash-back" that theatrical device which now seems to be the chief means of wheeling in the plot. Very convenient, or neat but not gaudy, as the monkey said when he painted the cat's tail green. That's a big thing, the flash-back. Better it should get paid weekly wages, too, like a pension.

I've just flash-backed through "Tender Comrade," "Lady In The Dark," "Passage To Marseille," "Cover Girl" and assorted time-killers billed as entertainment. I'll be patient, I'll wait while the characters dance today from year to the last; I'll even let it happen to Wacky Rabbit and Donald Duck. But, brother, don't let 'em louse up my newseeds that way. That would be the revolution.

Pvt. Frank Wemhoff Jr., Fort Dix, N. J.

HONORABLE MENTION

F or a long time movie-goers have been looking for an all-round leading man. It's true that Charles Boyer is good at acting and memorable scenes. Shuq and can really sing and Astaire is a swell dancer. But who in Hollywood can do all of that? I found the answer in Gene Kelly. His love songs are superb. He sings and dances like nobody's business. Gene is a truly great actor.

Henrietta Reznick, Detroit, Mich.

I WOULD like to compliment M-G-M on one of the best pictures they ever produced. Of course I'm talking about "Two Girls And A Sailor." I think June Allyson was wonderful. She walked away with the whole picture. Hollywood, wake up! You've got one of the best actresses you ever discovered.

Sally F., Atlanta, Ga.

N E V E R before has a motion picture stirred up more fighting spirit in me than "The North Star." The following day I put on my old Stamp book. When I came home to our own farm I wanted to kiss the ground I stood on. When we work in our fields we do not have to look toward the sky for enemy planes or run to the ditched shelter from German bombs. And as in the film. "The North Star" gave me a feeling of gladness that I live in America.

Irma Jean Ingle, Charleston, Ill.
Brief Reviews
(Continued from page 70)

ing pictures, Sydney Greenstreet is the Examiner, John Carradine the unscrupulous advertiser, Elencor Parker the girl who commits suicide to join her husband, Sydney Toler and Irene Emerson are also among the passengers on the phantom ship.

CANTERVILLE GHOST, TH—M.G.M.: The charm and astounding versatility of little Margaret O'Brien sustain this fantasy of a group of American raiders who find lodgings in an English castle that is haunted by a cowardly ghost, Charles Laughton. Margarett is the last of the Cantervilles until it's discovered that American Robert Young is actually a descendant of the ghost. Laughton is superb.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY—Universal: This is a strange story and a great departure for its star, Deanna Durbin, who marries Gene Kelly, a self-confessed weakling, and ignores his philandering and weak excuses until he commits murder. Gene Kelly as the killer is terrific, even walking off with the story that was meant for Deanna. Dean J. Herst registers strongly and Gale Sondergaard as Gene's mother is so good.

COBRA WOMAN—Universal: Nonsense, but fun, with Maria Montez getting kidnapped on the eve of her wedding to John Hall, so Sahni, Hall's devoted friend, traces her to Cobra Isle where Maria has been taken to replace her wicked twin sister who's the cruel High Priestess.

DOUBLE INDEMNITY—Paramount: Grim and realistic, this psychological crime story takes hold of the spectator. He's fascinated and spell-bound. Fred MacMurray is a likable insurance salesman and the story is a study in evil by the writer,director, and the cast.

EYE OF ST. MARK, THE—20th Century-Fox: This story of those last days before Pearl Harbor, their life in camp and then the sudden plunge into war on an island in the Pacific is a poignant and complete. Bill Eythe, the boy from the farm, Michael O'Shea, a Brooklyn toughie, and Miss Ann Sheridan, Southerner, are outstanding. Anne Baxter is splendid as the girl Eythe loves.

GASLIGHT—M.G.M: A treat for those who appreciate intelligent, subtle entertainment, with superb performances by Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer in this fine psychological thriller. The gradual disintegration of soul, mind and spirit of Bergman under the subtle and calculated scheming of Boyer is something to behold. Joseph Cotten is given too little to do and Angela Lansbury makes a gem of her role as a cowardly maid.

GHOST CATCHERS—Universal: It's fun and laughter and nonsense when Olsen and Johnson are called in from their night club to a house next door which Martha O'Driscoll, Gloria Jean and Walter Callie have rented, so it has stood empty for ten years. Andy Devine and Lilian Harvey are the heavies; there's plenty of singing and it's all a lot of laughs.

GILDBERSLEVE'S GHOST—RKO: Hal Perry, as Gildberslave, is running for police commissioner and two ghosts who are supposed to be his family relatives decide to plunge him into a mystery in order that he may solve it and prove his marked ability. Besides this, there's a crypto-psychiatrist in it, a gorilla running around. It's all very silly, but it has some laughs.

GOOD NIGHT, SWEETHEART—Republic: A scandalmongering newspaper reporter, Robert Livingston, buys a small-town paper and rips apart all the honest people of the community, including Judge Thurston Hall. Livingston invents a blonde on whom to lay all the blame and then finds himself suspected on suspicion of murder of the fictitious blonde. Ruth Terry helps complicate matters still more.

GREAT MOMENT, THE—Paramount: Written and directed by Preston Sturges, this is a perturbing story of how Joel McCrea, as Dr. William Thomas Green Morton, invented a practical anesthetic and what he eventually did with it. Betty Field, as his wife, and Harry Carey in the outer edges of the story and William Demarest is as violent as always in Sturges pictures.

HAIL, THE CONQUERING HERO—Paramount: Full of arm and hokey story about a boy who joins the Marines only to be discharged because of laxity of officers. Garry Madison gets home to an unexpected welcome from his mother who tenders to his mother that he's fighting overseas instead of working in a defense plant. Eddie Bracken gives this role humor and sincerity that makes it a true-life character. With Bill Demarest and Elia Raines.

HARRY APE, THE—Jules Levey-U.A.: Bill Bendix comes into his own as a dramatic actor in his role of a ship's bullying coal stoker who meets a ruthlessness to match his own in the beautiful and wealthy Susan Hayward who goes slumming in the ship's hold. John Loder is the second engineer who also falls for Susan and Dorothy Compton plays her friend. A picture that grips the imagination.
**Whitler Gang, The**—Paramount: The rise and fall of Adolf Hitler and the man who forced and kept him in power as their Fuhrer is told with such conviction and straightforwardness that the film takes on authority from its start, the inescapable nature of Nazi hoodlumism. RobertWatson walks off with honors in his role of Hitler, but the entire cast deserves praise.

**Home in Indiana**—20th Century-Fox: Lon McCallister comes to the home of Walter Brennan, former successful horse breeder, trains a colt to sulky racing and eventually brings Brennan back to prosperity and happiness. Lon's fine performance, the Technicolor beauty and the heart appeal of the story make this a must see. Newcomers June Haver and Jeanne Crain show great promise.

**I Love a Soldier**—Paramount: Paulette Goddard's shipyard welder who works by day and dances every night with servicemen but refuses to get serious with any of them. Then Sonny Tufts, just lost from the Pacific, sets out to change Paulette's ideas about marriage and the ensuing fun is enjoyable. Mary Treen, Walter Sande, Barry Fitzgerald and Redh Bond contribute some very good stuff.

**Invisible Man's Revenge, The**—Universal: Jon Hall wants revenge on Lester Matthews and Gail Sonderegger, so scientist John Carradine refashions an invisible and he haunts the couple through some really swell camera tricks. Evelyn Ankers is their daughter and Alan Curtis her fiance. Leon Errol as Hall's friend gives a very interesting performance and John Hall is very credible.

**Johnny Doesn't Live Here Any More**—Monogram: When William Terry goes off to join the Marines, defense worker Simone Simon persuades him to rent her his apartment. But Terry forgets to tell her he's also given keys to various of his friends who keep dropping in on Simone unexpectedly. The most attractive is sailor James Ellison. Minna Gombel, Chick Chandler and Alan Dinehart are also in the cast.

**Ladies of Washington**—20th Century-Fox: A parade of young talent, with Sheila Ryan best as a sable adventuress who uses a young doctor, Robert Bailey, to help another of the victims, Anthony Quinn, who has been shot in the very act of wiping Trudy Marshall and Ronald Graham carry the romantic leads, but the best character of all is John Barry, who's the proprietor of a boardinghouse.

**Lumberjack—Ladies**—Paramount: Hopalong Cassidy really hops along in this gallop little story that gets plenty of room for fast action. Things really happen when Hoppy and his pals have to stave off an einging couple, but when the groom is shot immediately and the villains set in to defraud the young widow lots of action results. Ellen Hall is the party gal.

**Make Your Own Bed**—Warners: This syrupy story deals with that old servant problem again. Alan Hale and his wife, Irene Manning, don't have any; so Hale hires detective Jack Carson and his friend Jane Wyman to act as butler and maid by pretending his life is endangered by Nazi Carson is much too good for his silly role.

**Man from Frisco**—Republic: Michael O'Shea plays a shipbuilder who meets opposition at every turn in his plan to ship production, but he plunges ahead anyhow in his methods. Anne Shirley portrays the girl who first opposes and then encourages him. Gene Lockhart, Tommy Bond and Dan Duryea contribute some nice moments, but on the whole it's pretty dull.

**Marine Raiders**—RKO: Lots of action, all about the Marines in camp, in combat and in love. The romantic scenes are terrific, but the Leathernecks deserve a better picture. Pat O'Brien plays the role of the colonel as though he were coach of a varsity eleven, Ruth Hussey's the girl with whom Robert Ryan is in love and Frank McHugh, Burton MacLauren and Richard Martin have too little to do.

**Mask of Dimitrios**—Warner's: A screen chiller with Peter Lorre, mystery story writer, setting out to unravel the life story of the evil, unscrupulous Dimitrios, played by Zachary Scott. In his travels encounters some likable characters, among them Sydney Greenstreet, Victor Francen, the employer of both, and Faye Emerson, Dimitrios' former sweetheart.

**Memphis Belle, The**—Warner Department: The flying fortress "The Memphis Belle," on her twenty-sixth mission flew from England to drop her bomb load over Germany. This is the story of that mission, of men at war, the exciting and heart-breaking story of the job being done by our 8th Army Air Force and a picture for us all to see.

**Minstrel Man**—RKO: A simple, tender, nosy story, this has minimized man Bing Fiedl losing his newly-born daughter in the care of Roscoe Karns and Gladys George. When the girl, played by Judy Clark, grows up and learns of her real father's profession she wants to den blackface and becomes a minstrel woman. The music is good and Fiedl is superb.

**Moon Over Las Vegas**—Universal: Anne Gwynne and David Bruce are married but obtain a legal separation despite the fact they are still in love. After both of them play hard to get for several years, they finally end up at the Las Vegas hotel still mad and still unreconciled until a gorilla settles the matter. Vivian Austin is cute as an innocent coquette.

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Try Countess Lydia Gray—The facial tissue with the "skin" feeling! Real luxury—no pasteless feel than other brands!
Treat weak night-club Brown Full quite SKEFFINGTON juvenile prison 1

MUMMY'S GHOST, THE—Universal: This is another one of those silly, dead-as-a-door-nail Egyptian things with Lon Chaney all wrapped up in those ridiculous mummy wrappings and pretties, Richard Arlen, John Carradine and Robert Lowery all involved in the thing.

WIGHT OF ADVENTURE—RKO: Plenty of drama with Tom Conway defending a man for murder when he has facts and evidence that easily points to Tom himself as a suspect, for he was there when his wife's lover was killed. Nancy Gates, Addison Richards, Jean Brooks and Edward Brophy are thru and Audrey Long as the wife is a most pleasing newcomer.

ONCE UPON A TIME—Columbia: Fantasy that misses very badly, all about a caterpillar that dances, although you never see it actually dance. But Cary Grant, theatrical producer, does and sees his chance to make a fortune out of the repulsive creature, but Ted Donaldson, the caterpillar's owner, is heartbroken by this. Janet Blair, as his sister, has very little to do.

VAPORO MY RHYTHM—Universal: Gloria Jean is quite a young lady now and very pretty, too. The story is that of a bequest drummer, Mel Torme, who leaves his best friend away from a juvenile band so he can play with Bob Crosby's orchestra. Patric Knowles and Evelyn Ankers are easy on the eyes and Gloria Jean's singing is mighty fine listening.

PIN-UP GIRL—20th Century-Fox: Not worthy of Betty Grable, the story tells of a photographer who is the victim of a stargazer in Washington, stopping off in New York where the woman of a night-club audience, meeting up with hero John Harvey, who doesn't recognize her because she's wearing glasses, and the silly stuff goes on from there. Joe E. Brown, Martha Raye are wasted, the Condos Brothers dance well and the Technicolor is very pretty.

ROGER TOUHY—GANGSTER—20th Century-Fox: This is the life story of Touhy, the ex-Capone mobster who was sent to prison for kidnaping escaped and was finally trapped by the F.B.I. Preston Foster has a lot of punch as Touhy, Victor McLaglen as his henchman, and others of the gang include Horace MacMahon, Frank Jenks, Anthony Quinn and George Macready. Trudy Marshall and Lois Andrews are in it too.

ROSE THE RIVETER—Republic: Jane Frazee and Vera Vagner, share a room at night, with Frankie Albertson and Frank Jenks of the grayday shift taking over the room in the daytime. But Jane's friend, George Forman, doesn't like the idea at all and finally suspects the worst, and Sophie Tucker plants to catch up the quarrel. It's amusing in spots.

SECRET COMMAND—Columbia: Nazi spies again, this time in the Philippines. So this time an American, Pat O'Brien, a Federal agent, pretends he's broke in order to land a job in the office of a black marketeer, Otto Ford, played by Crab Orson. To make his story more credible, Pat has Carole Landis and two refugee children pose as his wife and family. Ruth Warrick and Barton MacLane are in it too.

SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD—Republic: The son of Bronco is dead, copper secret occurs, and people are aware that a German spy is among them; and when Edgar Barrier, the best of the code busters, is killed, his twin brother from Scotland Yard takes his place. Suspicion falls on everyone in the picture, including C. Aubrey Smith, Stephanie Bachelor, Henry Stephenson and Lionel Atwill.

SENSATIONS OF 1945—U.A: Andrew Stone: Another terrific entertainment is based on a weak little story in which stage dancers Eleanor Powell over as head of a publicity office job just to show her partner Dennis O'Keefe how to run his. W. C. Fields, Eugene Pallette, Sophie Tucker and Dorothy Donegan and several good bands including Woody Herman and Callaway really liven it up.

SEVEN DAYS IN SHORE—RKO: An unexpectedly good little picture that you will enjoy to get a pleasant evening's entertainment. Wally Brown and Alan Carney are shipmates. Gordon Oliver is the romance, Marcy McGuire, Virginia Mayo, Dooley Wilson and Elaine Shepard add to the fun and the songs are very pleasing.

SHOW BUSINESS—RKO: Eddie Cantor wins an amateur night contest and teams up with star George Murphy. Later they join up with the spectacular Constance Moore and Joan Davis and Murphy marries Constance only to have her up over Nancy Slaton. Joan Davis is a riot in her attempts to win Cantor and you'll enjoy the footage of 'Em out, from its burlesque beginning to Ziegfeld finish.

SLIGHTLY TERRIFIC—Universal: Leon Errol's in a double role again as Chris Paul Quinn and Anne Rooney are easily engaged in trying to stage a big time revue, just as though that weren't one of the oldest gags in pictures. The musical numbers are strictly from the Broadway despite the efforts of Richard Lane, Betty Kean, Ray Malone and Lilian Cornell.

MR. SKEFFINGTON—Warner: Although this film remains entirely too long, the fine performances of Jean Davis and Claude Rains keeps your interest high. Bette is the vain, selfish woman who marries for his money only to divorce him later. Surrounded by admirers, Bette goes on her merry way until an illness destroys her beauty and she finds herself lonely and helpless.

When Walter Abel, Marjorie Riorian and Douglas Draper join in, you'll laugh! 

HAIRTAINER TIMES 

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Damen, Leominster, Mass. 

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Diana, Home, Mass. 

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This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. One application makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes hair dark, oil-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights. Safe for children's hair. Get Blondes at 10c, drap and dept. stores.
**SONG OF NEVADA**—Republic: Dale Evans, daughter of ranch owner Thurston Hall, is about to marry a wealthy playboy, John Eldredge, when Roy Rogers works out his plan to get the ranch for himself. It’s a good Western with Mary Lee, Bob Nolan and Sons of the Pioneers in the cast, too.

**SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD**—Charles Rogers, U.S.A. A bright new star comes into view in the person of little Jane Powell, who sings charmingly in this unforgettable little story of harvesting moonlit Edgar Bergen with his ubiquitous Charlie McCarthy and W.C. Fields put over some laughs; the London Brothers dance and Bonita Granville and Jackie Moran carry the romantic leads.

**SOUTH OF DIXIE**—Universal: David Bruce is a Brooklyn-born writer of Dixie songs so his press agent, Jerome Cowan, has him pretend to be a member of an old Southern family in order to profit through movies. So, with Anne Gwynne, they all go South where David meets up with Ella Mae Morse, joke uncle, and directs a real Southern Colonel. There’s lot of singing.

**STEP LIVELY**—RKO: Frank Sinatra is very much a part of this remake of “Room Service,” the oldie about a stranded theatrical troupe that refuses to be ejected from their one hotel room. George Murphy is the manager who tries to persuade them to stage with the troupe. Gloria De Haven is the girl, Adolph Menjou the hotel efficiency expert, and Walter Slezak is the harassed hotel manager.

**STORY OF DR. WASSELL, THE**—Paramount: A hitting tribute to a great and simple man is this story of Dr. Wassell played so well by Gary Cooper. The story of how, when the Japs took Java, Wassell disobeyed orders and remained behind to save his handful of wounded sailors and how he managed to get them off the island is a thrilling and moving one. Laraine Day is the nurse he meets in China and loves.

**SUMMER STORM**—Angelus-U.A.: Odd, fascinating and different, with Linda Darnell giving the performance of her career as a selfish, seductive temptress who takes what she wants. George Sanders is magnificent as the judge who succumbs to the little love offered by Daryll Hickman. His patient husband holds his own and Anna Lee as Sander’s fiancée and Edward Everett Horton as the decadent noblemen are excellent.

**TAMPICO**—20th Century-Fox: Edward G. Robinson is a tough old sea dog who rescues shipwrecked Lynn Bari and marries her. But when his ship is torpedoed shortly after he leaves her ashore he suspects his bride of espionage. Victor McLaglen, his first second officer, and Regis Toomey, as a skipper, so he denounces his wife. Fernon from then on take an unexpected turn.

**THIS IS THE LIFE**—Universal: Susanna Foster deems she’s too grown up for Donald O’Connor, so she brushes him off in favor of Patric Knowles. When Donald discovers Louise Albritton, his first fiancée and second officer, and makes a bet to see if she’ll marry him, he not only wins the bet but also wins the girl. Peggy Ryan is around with her usual animation.

**TROCADERO**—Republic: When Rosemary Lane and her brother, Golden Downs, inherit a night club, Rosemary foregoes college to run the cafe, while Johnny goes on to college and falls in love with a society girl. Dick Purcell is the band leader who romances Rosemary and romances with musically inclined numbers, with everybody in it singing and dancing all over the place.

**TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR—M-G-M:** What a refreshing for weary minds and pepless bodies is this gay and entertaining movie! Cute-pie June Allyson and lovely Gloria de Haven are a team. M-G-M can well be proud of and Van Johnson is perfect as the sailor both girls fall for. Harry James and his orchestra, José Iturbi, Glenn Allen, Jimmy Durante, Xavier Cugat and Tom Drake are all in there pitching too.

**UNCERTAIN GLORY**—Warner’s: There are several good moments in this story of a French criminal, passed unconvincingly by Edward Flanders. He is permitted by his relentless captor, Paul Lukas, to offer himself up as a saboteur in order to save the lives of a hundred hostages held by the Nazis, but there are an awful lot of very weak moments in between.

**WATERFRONT**—PRC: Nazi spies are all over the place again, one of whom is that elongated bean, John Carradine, who’s trying to rescue a stolen code book. J. Carrol Naish is all mixed up in the mess and Terry Moran is a man of shooting going on almost all of the time.

**WEIRD WOMAN**—Universal: Well, it seems Lon Chaney is a college professor who returns from the South Seas with his bride who has been reared in native superstition by a jungle tribe, whereupon he isibanized by the professors of a school of poison jealousy that drives everybody half silly. With Ralph Morgan, Elizabeth Russell and Elizabeth Risdon.

**YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS**—Republic: Roy Rogers plays a cowboy who joins in a showboat troupe and discovers the leading lady, Dale Evans, with the idea that she may lead him to her father who’s supposed to be dead. Both Rogers and Miss Evans sing well, Roy’s work has improved enormously and it’s a pretty good show.

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Star Beauty Aid, Rap-i-Del's sparkling, highlighted color will match your hair and give you a NATURAL looking appearance... Rap-i-Del is quickly applied—can't rub off—will not alter your "natural" color.**
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 25)
silly as we do?) she escapes and returns to her kindly doctor as a beautiful girl this time and falls head-over-heels in love with the boy friend of the doctor's daughter.

Pur flies in all directions as the enraged ape girl kills off people who block her will. Luckily for us she gets an overdose of this magic what-do-you-call-it and dies before the screen explodes right in front of our very eyes.

J. Carroll Naish, Evelyn Ankers, Lois Collier and Samuel S. Hinds monkey around with the monkey business.

Your Reviewer Says: Acquanetta could really sue for libel.

✓ Three Little Sisters (Republic)
SEEMS to us from where we sat, and in a very good seat, too, the Three Little Sisters of this tale could have found something more profitable and less strenuous to do than laundry work. But evidently Republic Studios thought not and maybe they've got something, too, for the picture is cute and pleasing and, what's more, it's restful in its own little way.

Mary Lee, Ruth Terry and Cheryl Walker are the sisters who pretend to be what they aren't for the sake of a Viking soldier. Their boy friends are Bill Terry, Jackie Moran and Frank Jenkins, none of whom will replace Valentino, you understand, but all of them nice boys regardless.

The tunes are fair and well delivered and the girls—and, yes, the boys, too—turn in swell jobs.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing here to jar the tired nerves.

✓ The Merry Monahans (Universal)
N a month less crowded with top-notchers, "The Merry Monahans" would have rated at least a jingle bell. As it stands it's a mighty entertaining movie over half-way through and then the old corn moves in for a repetitious finish of two loyal kids carrying on while papa drinks his way into the hoosegow. Everything is here but the song. Father, dear Father, come home with me now. The clock in the steeple strikes ten.

The kids, who turn out to be Donald O'Connor with Peggy Ryan as his sister, have never been so delightful or seemed to work in closer understanding. And with Jack Oakie as their father, the trio becomes a vaudeville riot.

We like, too, the way the back-stage setting is handled. It brings the audience right down to and beyond the footlights with a sort of intimate, cozy feeling.

Rosemary De Camp is charming and gracious, Isabel Jewell good in her role of the meanie and Ann Blyth as Donald's sweetheart just a honeybunch of cuteness. Oakie is so sincere. We just loved him. O'Connor has lost most of his smart-alecky brashness in a rather straight role, and on him it's most becoming. Peggy, too, improves with less rowdiness and what a pleasant surprise is our old friend John Miljan as the passe actor. The film fairly flounders in music, incidentally.

Your Reviewer Says: A good family picture.

Dixie Jamboree (PRC)
TWO gentlemen who lean about ninety degrees to the shady side, as far as character goes, board Guy Kibbee's showboat to escape detection of the St. Louis police and before the trip to New Orleans is

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completed, they hold up the boat in the mistaken belief 10,000 gallons of liquor is aboard and who can blame them?

These above-mentioned characters are thwarted in their efforts by a trombone player, Eddie Quillian, slightly on the thick-skulled side and mad—just mad, my dears—about Frances Langford who is Kibbee's niece and chief songstress on the boat.

The scalawags are Lyle Talbot and that raving beauty Frank Jenks who goes to town as a lumberjack.

Charles Butterworth is Kibbee's cohort in their little business of selling patent medicine on the side, while the boat slips down the Mississippi and is soon singing divinely. Fill D'Orsay, Ben Carter and Louise Beavers go along for the ride.

Your Reviewer Says: We used to go to showboats little dreaming—

A Wave, A Wac And A Marine (Monogram)

D'ONT let this fool you—it's not a film about the service despite the title and, just so there's no chance of your being fooled on any score, it's not a film about much of anything.

Strictly speaking, it tells the story of two Broadway stars and their understudies (as near as we could make out by celestial navigation) who are signed by rival Holly-wood producers to act in all sorts of mixups and mixups that never, just, despite the swell cast, including Elyse Knox, Anne Gillis, Sally Elters, Marjorie Woodworth, Ramsay Ames and the late Alan Dinehart among others.

Your Reviewer Says: You're on your own.

Bride By Mistake (RKO)

WELL look who's here as big as you please, the cutest little movie you ever clapped an eye on and is sitting right along with a new red hat and everything, so fresh, so smart it is.

And the people in it! Are they ever nice? There's Laurel and Hardy, for instance, who fairly bloom under the magic of much money, said money belonging to Laraine Day who has Marsha Hunt impersonating her, and in order that she (Laraine) may be sure the man who marries the real heiress will marry for love. But you know how those things work out, Laraine, misunderstandings and whatever.

Allyson Joslyn, Edgar Buchanan and Slim Summerville, of all people, add more fun and frolic than an Elk's picnic. If you've got the time to sit down and have a wonderful way to forget them for a while.

Your Reviewer Says: Sissy

V Casanova Brown (International RKO)

THESE professors of literature! If they can't get into more trouble thereby throwing more audiences into hysterics, then you tell me. But, of course, this one couldn't miss, for look at the combination —story by Nunnally Johnson, direction by Sam Wood, and songwriting by Leigh Cooper and Terence Wright. Come to think of it, it should have been much better with that quartet of experts, but even so, it's a smoothie, full of clever lines, ridiculous situations and Frank Morgan at his best. If ever there was a versatile old doll, it's this Morgan and in this kind of role he's absolutely tops.

Of course, it stands to reason when Cooper, that professor who spoke of, dis-
covers he's a father on the eve of his wedding, things are bound to happen and they do, friends from the lowlands, they do. Both Gary and Teresa are expert farceurs and Patricia Collinge as Teresa's screwy mother and Edmund Breon (isn't he new to movies) as her droll pater add a laugh a minute to go with the antics.

Anita Louise is the bride left waiting at the church, Isabel Elsom her mother, Mary Travon the hotel maid, and Emory Parnell the bell captain. If we only knew the baby's name we'd give it a best performance, such a doll it is.

Your Reviewer Says: We think you'll enjoy this.

Falcon In Mexico (RKO)

CARRAMBA, September, Octob, November! The Falcon goes to Mexico to solve a mystery, people get killed, the Mexican police come running, more people get killed and everybody in the cast is suspected including the lady in the screwy hat in the front row of the preview audience.

Eventually, of course, the murderers are solved, but not to our satisfaction, let us tell you. RKO will have a lot of explaining to do when next we see them.

Tom Conway is the same old smoothie as the Falcon and Martha MacViear as the artist's daughter (we forget to mention that a painting brought on this whole fracas) is so cute you'll be asking about her.

Nestor Paiva is clever as the Mexican detective and Mona Maris couldn't be nastier if she tried with both hands.

Your Reviewer Says: We suspect somebody ate too many chili beans.

✓ Mademoiselle Fifi (RKO)

THIS is a story of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 and let us state right off it's a mighty good little story revealing that Germans of that day were as ruthlessly cruel and just as bravely defied.

Simone Simon as the French peasant who suffers humiliations and scorn from the Prussian officers with whom she has been forced to live against her will, proves herself a fine little actress when given the proper roles.

Kurt Krueger is really the most loathsome villain in appearance, in polish, in characterization we have ever met up with on the screen. All we can say is he must be a nice guy in real life to be so fraught with horror.

John Emery, Alan Napier, Jason Roberts and Helen Freeman are good people and, by the way, Simon is not Mlle. Fifi. Guess who is?

Your Reviewer Says: Très interesting.

Stars On Parade (Columbia)

HERE we have a couple of stand-ins again, this time an ambitious pair, namely Larry Parks and Lynn Merrick, who decide to put on a show to prove they're as good as the stars for whom they stand-in—meaning to take their places before the camera for focus and lighting, etc.

Well, what happens is that Parks misinterprets a conversation he overhears and imagines Lynn is giving him the brush-off for Ray Walker and so we go into one of those “but you don't understand” routines until the very end of the film when everything becomes clear except why Columbia bothered to include any of this in the first place.

Jeff Donnell is a cutie but has too little to do. The musical numbers, for our dough, are something to be suffered through.

Your Reviewer Says: What stars? What parade?
OUT OF THE MAILBAG

To Photoplay from "somewhere in the South Pacific"—a newsy letter written by Capt. Henry Childress

Fellows who are doing it: The Marine Corps motion-picture crew on the job in the South Pacific

SOMEWHERE in the South Pacific—(Delayed)—A full-length, Marine-motion picture of Marine pilots and planes operating in the islands of the South Pacific is in the making; now well toward completion.

Not on a Hollywood set is this film being prepared; rather on the em-battled tropic islands where the real show is being enacted. The picture has been given the title, "The Fightin'st Wings," by Major General Ralph J. Mitchell, U.S.M.C., former director of Marine aviation and currently commander of Marine aircraft in the South Pacific. Nine cameramen, including some with previous professional experience and others who were trained at a special photographic school at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under the auspices of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, complete the crew producing this official work.

All activities of Marine Aviation in the area will be shown in the completed film. Pilots and planes arriving from the States, the process of acclimating the pilots and their advanced combat training maneuvers are included. Shown, too, is what the same pilots do during rest hours; so is what the unsung ground crewmen do in the way of upkeep of the all-important planes while the pilots rest.

Pictures of the construction of tropic airfields, from the first charge of explosive for the leveling work to the use by our planes of the completed strip, are included in the film.

The picture is being made with a cast of actual fighting Marines. Every scene is true to life and shots are being made on practically every Allied airstrip in the South Pacific.

For the shooting, there has been no plot, though a written continuity is being used as a guide to make certain the picture is all-inclusive of Marine aviation activities in the area.

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AMERICAN ROMANCE, AL—M-G-M: Steve Dan- goz, Brian Donlevy; Anna, Ann Richards; Howard Clunet, Walter Abel; Anthony Sheehan, John Quinlan; Teddy Danos, Horace McNally.

BRIDE BY MISTAKE—RKO: Tony Travis, Alan Marshal; Norah Hunter, Laraine Day; Sylvia, Martha Hunt; Philip, Alyn Jackson; Conner, Edgar Buchanan; Corey, Michael St. Angel; Jane, Nancy Lake; Ross, Marc Crawford; Donald, William Post; Jr., Major Harvey, John Miljan; Lieut. Wilson, Robert Andersen.

CASANOVA BROWN—International-RKO: Casa- nova Brown, Gary Cooper; Isabel Drury, Teresa Wright; Mr. Ferris, Frank Morgan; Mrs. Ferris, Isabel Elson; Madame Ferris, Anita Louise; Mr. Drury, Edmond Breon; Mrs. Drury, Patricia Col- lings; Monica, chamber maid; Mary Treen, the bell captain, Emory Parnell; Dr. Zermeke, Jull Esmo; Drury Butler, Halliwell Hobbes.

DINX JAMBOREE—P-C: Susan Jackson; Frances Laneford; Capt. Jackson; Gay Elkins; Jeff Cof- hon; Eddie Quillin; The Professor, Charles But- scbor; Frais, Fesler; Tony Stavell; Ted Talbot; Curley, Frank Jenkins; Elizabette Jackson; Almira Sessions; Sergeant Peck, Joe Derrin; Opal, Louise Beavers; Christie, Josephine Walker; Dame, Anthony Wardle; Nothing, Angel Cruz; Mrs. Shokes, Ethel Shuck; Mr. Draper, Edward Shart- tuck; and the Ben Carter Choir.

DRAGON SEED—M-G-M: Jade, Katharine Hep- burn; Long Tash, Water Hussein; Lady’s Wife, Alme MacMillan; Wu Lie, Untermensch; Lao En, Tari- ban Bey; Lao Su, Harid Hatfield; Jap Kitchen Overseer; Jap, hard Consul’s wife, Agnes Moorehead; Third Consul, Henry Travers; Tso Ta, Robert Rice; Captain Sato, Robert I- rick; Orchid, Frances Rafferty; Wife of Wu Lie, Jacqueline de Wolmark; Clarence Long; Caretaker, Arthur Shen, Paul E. Burns; Wu Su, Anna Demetres.

FALCON IN MEXICO—RKO: Falcon, Tom Conway; Roguel, Mona Mara; Barbara, Martha Mac- kray; Maris; Blue, Paula Dudley; Fausto, Cur- dotere; Dolores, Cecilia Calleja; Winthrop Hughes, Emory Parnell; Dr. Sam, Emory Vee; Pedro De Cordoba, Pancho, Fernando Alvarado; Huffybele Wray, Bryant Washburn; Mexican Detec- tive, George, James D’Allesandro; Julius Rivera; Singers, Juanita and Ruth Alvarez.

JANIE—Warner: Janie, Joyce Reynolds; Pet, Dick Lanevare; Robert Joe; Harry Charity Conway, Eddie Arnold; Lucile Conway, Ann Harding; John Von Breed, Robert Benchley; Reardon, Alan Hale; Eliz- abeth Conway, Mae Busch; Michael Con- way, Barbara Brown; April, Hattie McCand; Wilber Groep, Noah; Nola, Ginger, Moe; Moorin, Paula Rainey, Anna Gillio; Bernadine Dodd, Ruth Taylor; Tom, Margaret; Virginia Prince, Terrence Bennett, Colleen Townsend; "Dead Pan" Hacket, William Franke; Susan Wyle, Georgia Lee. Selle, Perry Grace; "Dead Pan" Hackett, Sue Stalwaukee; Michael Harrison; Colonel Lucas, Russell Hicks.

JUNGLE WOMAN—Universal: Beth, Evelyn An- ders; Dr. Fletcher, J. Carrol Naish; The Naish, Samuel S. Hinds; Joan Fletcher, Lois Collie; Fred Bacon, Milt Reiner; Martin Stoker, District Attorney; Doris Dunhille; Bo Whitney, Richard Davis; Miss Gray, Nana Bryant; Dr. Meredith, Pierre Watkin; George, Christian Rub; Caretaker, Alec Craig; William, Ed- ward M. Hyams, Jr.; Joe, William Fawcett; Expert, Richard Power; and Acquaintance as Peta.

MADEMOISELLE FIFI—RKO: Elisabeth, Simone Simon; "Mile, Fifi," Kurt Kreuger; Cornedot, John Emery; M. Lamond, Emaude Collier; Mme. Lamond, Paul Hosum; Count de Breville, Alan Napier; Countess de Breville, Constance Berenj; M. Lamond, Jaston Roberts; Mme. Latouse, Norma Verdon; Abe Chaouzavant, Edmund Glover; Coach Driver, Alan Ward.

MERRY MONAHANS, THE—Universal: Jimmy Monahan, Donald O'Connor; Patty Monahan, Peggy Ryan; Bruce Monahan, Jack Oakie; Shea, Ann Bow, Elliott, Rosamonde De Camp; Kate, Isabel Jewell; Pembroke, John Miljan; Weldon Logdon, Gavin Muir.

MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR—Columbia: Wil- bert Winkle, Edward G. Robinson; Amy Winkle, Ruth Warrick; Barry, Ted Donaldson; Jack Bet- tigien, Bob Haymer; Sergeant "Alphabet," Richard Lane; Sally, Frances Dee; Ralph Wink, Richard Gaines; Plummer, Walter Belden; Mc- Donald, Art Smith; Martha Pettengoll, Ann Shoe- pike; "Wink," R. W. Foster; Jack Stancken, Johnson, Buddy Yaras; Captain, William Forrest; Gladys, Bernadine Hayes.

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JANUARY

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Additional stores where you can buy Photoplay's First Run Fashions on pages 75 to 82.

Margot suit worn by Joyce Reynolds, young star of Warner's "Janie..." About $25 at:
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Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann Dept. Stores, Inc.

(Joan Miller Jr. two-piece pastel check)
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Baltimore, Md.—Gorton Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam & Co.
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Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
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GLEN-TEX HALF-HAT AND SNOOD:
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Forth Worth, Texas—The Fairs
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium

JUST WAIT—
until you see the outfit
Judy Garland wears on the November cover of Photoplay!

Don't be disappointed—
Reserve your copy now. It will be at your newsstand October 11 or as soon thereafter as wartime transportation can get it to you.
Maybelline light the way to new eye beauty — Always
Elyse Knox
FOR MILDNESS ... FOR BETTER TASTE

And as sure as night follows day ... Chesterfield’s definitely Milder Better Taste is the result of their ... RIGHT COMBINATION WORLD’S BEST TOBACCOS

Make these 5 Key-words the key to your Smoking Pleasure, as they are for millions everywhere.

ASK FOR - CHESTERFIELD
No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

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

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

Maybe it's just because you're washing it with soap or soap shampoo... letting soap film hide the glorious natural lustre and color brilliance. Change to Drene with Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

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

Sssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

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

The gaily colored wooden "wee kit" is new and smart. Wear it with an equally gay shirt, in contrasting color! And try this smart new hair-do, with the very low side part which starts "way out at the end of the eyebrow. For glamorous, shining-smooth hair—use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

MAKE A DATE WITH Glamour

Tonight... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! Extra lustre... up to 33% more with than with soap or soap shampoo! Manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of flaky dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.
You're clicking like clock-work, helping to speed Victory on. Hard work, yes—and you love it. But after hours belong to you. For laughter. For dancing. Romancing.

So step up to your mirror and start primping. Garnish with a smile and—hold it! Is it bright and appealing, that smile? Dazzling enough to capture hearts?

Remember, a radiant smile holds more magic than mere beauty. You know plenty of popular girls who aren't beautiful at all. But we'll bet their smiles are lovely!

So let your smile be sparkling, irresistible. And don't forget how much a smile like that depends on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush" is a warning!

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist. He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the health of your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more appealing smile.

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are war jobs now. What can you do? More than you think!

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

Start today with Ipana and massage
Story Highlights

Bob Walker Talks about Jennifer Jones ........... Louella O. Parsons 30
If My Daughter Were Seventeen .................. Frank Sinatra 32
Crime on My Hands ................................ George Sanders 34
Visit from Van Johnson .......................... Elsie Janis 38
That's Hollywood for You! ......................... Sidney Skolsky 40
What Kind of Woman Will Your Man Come Home to? Ann Sothern 44
Cowboy in the Velvet—Roy Rogers .............. Thornton Delehanty 47
Impressions ........................................ Pearl S. Buck 49
If You Were Alan Ladd's House Guest ........... Eleanor Harris 50
Growing Pains ...................................... "Fearless" 52
Glorious De Haven ................................ Ruth Waterbury 54
"Why I'm Still Single" ............................. Rosemary West 58
Photoplay's Command Performance ............... 60
The Tired Admiral—Richard Jaeckel .............. Fredda Dudley 62

What Should I Do? ................................ 64
Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Portraits in Color

June Allyson ..................................... 37 Gloria De Haven 43
Van Johnson ...................................... 39 Joyce Reynolds 43
Laraine Day ....................................... 42 Roy Rogers 46
Jeanne Crain ..................................... 42 Katharine Hepburn 48

Special Features

Beauty ............................................. 134 Inside Stuff—Cal York 6
Brief Reviews .................................... 26 Photoplay's First Run Fashions 75
Casts of Current Pictures ......................... 131 Speak for Yourself 4
The Shadow Stage ................................ 21

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Cover: Judy Garland, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse
Costume designed by Irene, Executive Director of M-G-M Studios

NOVEMBER, 1944

PHOTOPLAY is copyrighted and published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Dunellen, N. J. ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS to General Manager, Advertising and Editorial Offices, 50 Rock Street, New York 14, N. Y., U. S. A.; Railway Post Office, New York 14, N. Y., A. M. A.; cheerful editorials, Copyright notice and trademark 1944, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Copyright also in Canada, Registered at Stationary Hall, Great Britain. Registered No. de la Propiedad Intelectual, Titularidad registrada en U. S. Patent Office, Member of Macfadden Woman's Group

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Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.
M-G-M’s glorious story
Of two lovers—
Steve who had great dreams—
Anna who believed in them!
He fought his way
Across the breadth of America
To power and riches!
She followed his star
With a woman’s tender courage!
Their is a romance
That you will remember forever!

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE

Starring
Brian Donlevy

with
Ann Richards • Walter Abel • John Qualen • Horace McNally

Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig • Produced and Directed by King Vidor • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
"Regular trouper and wonderful person" is the Army's size-up of Carole Landis

AFTER reading a paragraph in a letter from my brother in the Southwest Pacific regarding film star Carole Landis I just had the urge to have others read it. So here goes:

"Several days ago Jack Benny, Martha Tilton and Carole Landis paid our patients a visit. Benny is much older looking than pictures of him would indicate—very grayish but still very funny even without Mary. He said that he would have liked to bring her along but that one of them had to stay home and have the baby. Carole Landis was the one, though. A regular trouper and a wonderful person. She spent all of her time with the wounded speaking to each patient individually. Not just saying hello and passing on, but stopping and sitting on the edge of each patient's bed and chatting for some time. This was on a Saturday afternoon and as she hadn't the time to see each and every one of the battle casualties, before leaving she promised she would be back 'tomorrow afternoon."

"Sure enough, Sunday noon she came—not with Benny and Tilton, but alone—and stayed until four o'clock talking, joking and doing all that she could, which was a great deal, to cheer up the blind, the limbless and the sick. To come overseas to entertain the soldiers is doing a lot. To do what Miss Landis did is doing infinitely more."

Pauline Landry, Franklin, N. H.

$10.00 PRIZE
"A Regular Trouper"

While Bing to his thoroughbreds croons,
And Disney sprawls out in the sun on a stone
And sketches away on cartoons!

Where brown becomes red hair and gray becomes gold,
And life is tres gay, so it seems,
Where spotlights entrance both the young and the old,
"A playhouse of dollars and dreams!"
Mary Elizabeth Shirley, Merchantville, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
Cheer For Crosby

THOUSANDS and thousands of moviegoers have seen and enjoyed Bing Crosby's latest picture, "Going My Way," but to me it was more than just a picture. It symbolized all the hours of happiness he brought, not only to our fighting men, but the folks here at home. He has a way of singing that touches the hearts of his vast audience. It is my sincere wish that one of Bing's children will have the gift of bringing as much happiness to the next generation as his father brought to me and thousands like me.

God Bless Bing Crosby!

L. Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Continued on page 95)
"Paramount's 'TILL WE MEET AGAIN'
is a lovely romantic story that is so realistic it could be happening to yoursoldier boy in France this very minute!"—says MELISSE

Meet Barbara Brittonin "Till We Meet Again"

"Well, Paramount does it again!This time they picked a buddingyoung star out of the Pasadenatournament of roses, and blossomedher into a 'beautiful leading lady... Some people have all the luck—but not so quick! Barbara waitedover two years for the Big Break.

"This young lady is something to write about... Remember the pretty girl in'So Proudly We Hail' who tries on the big straw hat with thecherries?... Well, that's HER!

"She starts out in this picturewearing a nun's robe, from then onwears nothing but a plain blouseand skirt, but still looks like anangel! For hers is a natural sort ofbeauty... soft blond hair, babyblue eyes, with the longest eyelashes—and they're real!

"It's no wonder that in this pastyear she's been the cover girl oneight issues of the greatest women'smagazines!"

"A fascinating picture of what happens when a beautifulyoung French girl leaves the nunnery and faces earthlytemptations and dangers... risking her lifeto save the life of an American soldier by posing as his wife."

"Till we meet again"
starring
RAY MILLAND and
BARBARA BRITTON
with WALTER SLEZAK • LUCILE WATSON
A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
Screen Play by LENORE COFFEE
MOVIE DATE: When Claudette Colbert attended the pre-premiere showing of "Since You Went Away," she practically relived the role of Anne Hilton, the woman she portrays in the picture. She was very unhappy that night and, though she'd made plans to go to the event with some friends, had almost called it off at the last moment. She hadn't heard from her husband Lt. Com. Joel Pressman for weeks—and she knew he was somewhere in the S. Pacific on an aircraft carrier. Then, just as she was dragging herself out of the door, the phone rang. It was Joel—who had just that moment arrived in this country after months at sea! Guess who had the best time at the movies that night!

Question Mark: Hollywood has a tidbit to wonder about and gab about—though you haven't yet and probably won't see a thing about it in the papers: Why were Barbara Stanwyck and Mary Livingstone a little on the cool side to Ginger Rogers at a large and lavish party at the Jack Warners? Though these three have never been particularly friendly or unfriendly nobody could figure out a reason for the good-natured "ride" Mary and Barbara gave Ginger.

Romance: Anne Shirley, out of the hospital after a long siege there, is far from well. She says she's not even thinking about marriage until she's really on her feet again—but don't be surprised if she marries Adrian Scott even before she's really herself again. This romance flowered on the sets of the studio where Anne toils. Adrian is a producer there. (Continued on page 8)
No matter where you start to read, the answer is the same

All the facts of life but one. Too bad Pat's Mother didn't tell her that one, too. It might have made her first party a wonder instead of a washout with all the boys giving her the "go by". We hope Pat is wise to herself by this time.

She'd rather lose her right eye than pass up those almost daily bridge parties with the gals. But that was just what was happening. Perhaps some of the gals should have told her but, after all, the subject is too delicate even for a bridge player.

"He certainly gave us the 'brush-off.'" After trying for weeks to get in to the big boss, their meeting was far from satisfactory. Every time they'd lean over to explain a point the big boss would back away. Every minute they talked they affronted him, but they didn't know why.*

It puts the frost on his furlough. HOLY JOE! How he'd counted on those wonderful ten days...those swell gals...those nifty places...the fun he would have. And here he was—the forgotten soldier getting the silent thumbs-down. All his own fault,* too. Better smarten up, Soldier!

Heaven won't protect the Working Girl. Gert's off for the week-end with the cream of Camp Grogan to pick from...so she thinks. She doesn't know it, but she's going to be the dame the doughboys duck. Gert's not very bright about some things.*

*This was their trouble

There's nothing like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) to put you in wrong. Don't make the silly mistake of taking your breath for granted; everyone can offend some time or other without realizing it. Rather than gamble, so many clever people, popular people, use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It is a delightful, simple precaution that makes your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are of systemic origin, many noted medical authorities say the principal cause is the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic hails such fermentation...quickly overcomes the odors it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

They had to be nice to him in the office, but outside, on his own, he got the "works." Baby has seen enough of him already—good for Baby!—and the big lug doesn't even suspect the reason.*

Let LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC look after your breath
Make a date with
Mary Lee
Ruth Terry
and
Cheryl Walker
as
Three Little Sisters
and have the time of your life as they take you on a gay, romantic, musical escapade

with
WILLIAM TERRY
JACKIE MORAN
CHARLES ARNT
FRANK JENKS
and
WILLIAM SHIRLEY

SONG HITS!
"Three Little Sisters" • "Khaki Wacky Sue"
"Little Old-Fashioned Looking Glass"
"Don't Forget the Girls Back Home"
"Sweet Dreams Sweethearts"

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

(Continued from page 6) and from the moment they first met some months ago, it's been serious with both of them.

LINGUIST: Everyone knows how Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini jabber away in French to each other when he's around the house. But Gene really did herself proud in the language department when, as guest-of-honor at the Los Angeles Breakfast Club, she addressed a Committee for French Liberation and about fifteen hundred guests. She made her entire fifteen-minute speech in French!

ODDS AND ENDS: The marriage bark of the Dan Dailey Jrs. is rock-bound... When Jackie Coogan was in town he said that the boys in Burma had named their first glider-plane there the "Darnell Dart"—after Linda because she's so booful... Martha O'Driscoll may not be able to get her divorce until the war is over because her Navy husband is refusing to sign the waiver which would make it possible. He is angry about all the publicity about their troubles...

The radio gag writers are tearing their hair—Frankie-boy is putting on weight!... Has anyone noticed that Ida Lupino has positively the cuttest shape in all Hollywood?... John Hodiak, who took Anne Baxter to the "Wilson" premiere, is telling everyone he's crazy about her.

OUR BOYS IN SERVICE: Farley Granger has been transferred from Camp Farragut, Idaho, to a point of embarkation. Sabu, an aerial gunner, refused a sinus operation lest it ruin his chances of going overseas with his outfit.

Robert Stack was in Hollywood several weeks making a training film and looking a dress boy in his uniform.

Pvt. Red Skelton does double duty at Camp Roberts. He not only goes through boot camp duties but puts on shows for the fellows, in which he acts himself. On his tent, as a gag, Red has a sign that reads, "Nominal Fee to See the Home of a Movie Star."

Lt. Richard Ney spent a farewell leave with his wife Greer Garson before taking off on submarine duty.

Coast Guardsman Cesar Romero took an active part in the invasion of the Marianas and dished it out like the man he is.

Capt. Gene Raymond is stationed in Yuma, Arizona, as instructor in navigating those flying fortresses.

Pvt. Mickey Rooney completed his (Continued on page 10)
with
SYDNEY GREENSTREET • PETER LORRE VICTOR FRANCEN • JOSEPH CALLEIA
CAROL THURSTON • Directed by JEAN NEGULESCO

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Screen Play by Vladimir Pozner & Leo Rosten • Additional Dialogue by Jack Moffitt • From the novel by Frederic Prokosch • Music by Max Steiner

Produced by JACK CHER TOK
In a minute...
MINIT-RUB begins 3-way action on cold distress

SPEED, MOTHER! Minit-Rub hurries relief from cold distress three fast ways! Rub it on chest and back.

1. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub stimulates circulation, brings a sensation of heat. That swiftly helps relieve surface aches!

2. QUICKLY Minit-Rub’s pain-relieving action soothes raspy local irritation.

3. IMMEDIATELY Minit-Rub’s active menthol vapor eases that nasal-stuffiness feeling. Mother, it’s amazingly quick relief for both children and grown-ups! Greaseless! Stainless! Won’t harm linens! Get it now—at your druggist’s.

MINIT-RUB
FAST 3-WAY RELIEF FROM COLD DISTRESS

Triple Thrill
bathing

with
Bathasweet

Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:
1. Before bathing, add Bathasweet to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power; soothes nerves.
2. While bathing, use Bathasweet Soap. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don’t get from ordinary soaps.
3. After the bath, use Bathasweet Talc Mitt. It’s the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam and Bathasweet Shower Mitt.

From hand to mouth: Grow up Shirley Temple helps bolster service man’s morale at Joan Crawford’s home

(Continued from page 8)

basic training at Fort Riley, Kansas, and after a ten-day furlough in Hollywood headed toward another camp for further training.

Navy Captain Gene Markey has been appointed assistant to Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal and all Hollywood rejoices at the honor.

Captain Burgess Meredith of the Air Corps is stationed at Indianapolis. His wife Paulette Goddard is off again to the fighting fronts.

Actor Alan Ladd’s scheduled re-induction into the Army delayed, Army officials report.

Lt. (j.g.) John Shepperd of the Navy took part in the invasion of Southern France.

Pvt. Peter Van Eyck is a member of the counter-espionage division, stationed at Ft. Bliss, Texas.

When his 340 flying hours are completed at Cherry Point, Va., Lt. Tyrone Power expects to be shipped overseas.

Yeoman second class Richard Denning received his shipping orders the very week his baby was born to his wife Evelyn Ankers.

Around Town: Think back over Cal’s column for the past month or two and you’ll recall we hinted strongly of Cary Grant’s unhappiness that has now developed into a marital separation from Barbara Hutton. Hollywood, who loves Cary, was hoping they’d be able to save their marriage.

It’s sad really to see that young star guzzling champagne at lunch time in her dressing room and having a large bottle of it brought to her set every day at four.

We think Clark Gable’s statement about not making any more movies was a little confused or misunderstood, for his studio, who has him under contract, has never been notified of such a decision.

(Continued on page 12)
Laughs HO on the Horizon
Tropical islands, treasure, Adventure, and Pirates too, beautiful Goldwyn girls, and Hope with a cargo of roaring comedy!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
BOB HOPE
in
PRINCESS and the PIRATE

with
VIRGINIA MAYO
WALTER SLEZAK
WALTER BRENNAN
VICTOR MCCLAGLEN

Directed by DAVE BUTLER

Screen Play by DON HARTMAN
MELVILLE SHAVELSON and EVETTI FREEMAN

Released thru
R.K.O. RADIO PICTURES, INC.
In your own interest, remember—there is only one Kleenex® and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

Because only Kleenex has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you’ve come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that saves as it serves up just one double tissue at a time.

That’s why it’s to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is “just like Kleenex”.

In these days of shortages—we can’t promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we’ll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

There is only one KLEENEX®


Famous faces in a now-famous picture: Geraldine Fitzgerald (Mrs. Wilson) and Alexander Knox (Wilson) line up for the photographer at the premiere.

CAL YORK’S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 10)

Ginny Simms now announces she won’t marry seaman Pat Nearney after all. As if Hollywood didn’t know that all along, despite the many wedding rumors that have been floating around town during these past months.

It was win and lose for Esther Williams. Her work in “Bathing Beauty” was so excellent the studio decided to star her, but she shed her husband, Dr. Leonard Kovner, through divorce. Cal hopes the gain compensates for the loss, for Esther is a really grand girl who has already made a host of friends in Hollywood.

Dietrich’s dance in “Kismet” will do much to lose her that most-beautiful-gams title. They look positively care-worn.

Bill Eythe’s voice over the phone has that same almost-out-of-breath quality it sometimes achieves on the screen. Cal knows, for Bill always telephones to say thanks for the kind-words department.

Swing Around the Studios: We considered well our gas coupons, figured out the number of miles to be covered and finding everything came out about even, we set off blithely on a gay jaunt to the motion-picture studios.

First we scooted down Motor Avenue to M-G-M, had lunch and set forth for the “Music For Millions” set. “If you don’t visit my set first I’ll pout,” Junie Allyson had warned us at lunch, so over we went . . . We found June in her dressing room all done up in her red band uniform (it’s one of those girl orchestra things) and looking cuter than a cupcake. Several other girls in uniform and an awe-stricken lad from another set were crowded inside cueing.

(Continued on page 14)
In your heart... a love song.
In your hands... smooth feminine beauty.

Keep them lovely, all through these busier days. Before every household task, smooth on Trushay.

It's a new-idea lotion. The "beforehand" lotion. So lush...so creamy-rich it guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.

You'll love Trushay...its fragrance. ...the way it helps keep your hands romantic. Try it today.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS
BEAUTY IS A VELVET RIBBON...

It's the path of sunlight on calm, shining hair . . . the crook of a smile, the pitch of a laugh. It's a scent, in memory's album, carrying your image to the outposts of the earth. Beauty is the sum of many small perfections. And, to sum them all up, "Bond Street" by Yardley . . . a great perfume whose own perfection inspired this famous series of accessories-to-charm.

Looking at a lovely: Margaret Sullavan goes to a movie, gets caught by the Fink camera

(Continued from page 12)

Junie on her lines.

"Have you gone out of your mind?"

June recited.

"Well, she was probing into my things," another girl read from the script.

June then went on to the next line.

"Did you get hurt, darling? By the way, do you know Nils Auster?"

"Is that in the script?" we demanded.

"No," June laughed, those twinkly eyes alive with fun, "I asked you that on the side. He asked me for a date and I just wondered if you knew him."

"Robert Walker is ill," they warned us as we stepped onto "The Clock" set. But we weren't prepared for the fact that a doctor was necessary on the set because Bob, who is afraid of missing out on his first co-starring film, wouldn't remain in bed. We watched Bob and Judy Garland start a long walk down a tree-lined path beside a lake built right on the stage. They rehearsed their lines in soft tones and looked mighty cute together. But we realized Judy's spare time is right now given to Alexander Knox, that serious-minded lad who plays "Wilson," and Bob has his mind set on little Diana Lynn over at Paramount.

Van Johnson was lolling in his dressing room on the "Dr. Red Adams" set. We were almost to Van's door when we realized we'd been urging you fans to try to let Van kind of find himself and decided we'd better practice what we preached. So we tiptoed off and waved a hand to Gloria De Haven combing and recombining her golden hair, getting ready for the camera. She waved at us with her comb and, not quite knowing how she meant it, we fled. We'd caught a glimpse of Gloria the night before at the Hollywood Bowl with that cute kid from Boston, Russ Randall, who looks enough like Lon McCallister to be his brother. Quite a
Catching up with a comer: Jeanne Crain, star of "Home In Indiana," sight-sees at Ciro's.

"I'm a crack steno—why bury me in the file room?"

Claire: "I don't get it, Nan! I start off as a stenographer—a darned good one, too! Then—they do this to me! I certainly don't belong in this file room!"

Nan: "Look, Cherub, you're too smart to stay in the background. Light up that cover-girl face—maybe I know what's got you cooped up. Listen, honey ..."

Claire: "Underarm odor? Can't be, Nan! I bathe every day—and you know it!"

Nan: "But baths fade, honey! Be smart, Claire. Use Mum—and keep dainty!"

Claire: "Nan's tip hit home all right. I should have known a bath removes only past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor!"

News About Carroll: Captain John Carroll invited us to lunch. His usual gusty greeting bade us be at his mother's home in Beverly Hills by twelve, and noon it was when John, an old friend, opened the door for us.

The thirty pounds he has shed since that plane accident in the Mediterranean area invalided him home gives him that ten-year-younger look; a mere juvenile; a slim, tall, dark, St. Elmoish Carroll just as volatile and explosive as ever.

Thousands of popular girls prefer Mum because:
It's quick—Half a minute with Mum prevents underarm odor all day or evening.
It's safe—Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.
It's sure—Mum works instantly! Keeps you bath-fresh for hours. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.
He never stopped talking in the two hours we were there and never failed to say, "This is off the record." What a show—and what a front seat we had with John pacing, scowling, gesturing, predicting—and loving it.

John went into the Army two and a half years ago as a private and in that time has held every rank except warrant officer up to his present captaincy. From Utah, to Denver and Miami, from gunnery to armory school, he covered them all and finally ended up a general's aide overseas, and a good one from all reports.

When his plane crashed in the Mediterranean theater area (and the Captain isn't giving forth any details) his back was so badly injured he was sent from an overseas hospital to Birmingham Hospital in Van Nuys, but has sufficiently recovered to report only for treatments, spending his spare time with his mother.

He enlisted under his screen name John Carroll because he feels it more emphatic than his own name, Julian Lafayette. The things he has seen, heard, and listened to in this horror have added to the confusion of his soul and are reflected in his eyes—though he rants on in the same old swaggering manner.

After his convalescence he expects to return either to Burma or India and, at the war's close, back to Hollywood, a writer as well as actor. And if his promises hold true, what a homecoming that will be for some unfortunate people. Fact is, Cal wouldn't miss it for the world.

Glamour Girl's Birthplace: Over the doorway of Macy's, New York department store, about the middle of 34th Street, is a tablet. On this tablet is the answer to the question, "Where and when did the motion picture begin?"

The tablet reads thus:

Here the Moving Picture began.

On the night of April 23, 1896, on this site, Koster & Bial's Music Hall, THOMAS A. EDISON with the Vitascope first projected the moving picture. In commemoration of this event this tablet is here affixed by the Motion Picture Industry.

October 4, 1938.

Now—does anyone know the name of that picture?

Post-Marriage Item: Susie Hayward and Jess Barker tied the knot in spite of her ma's objections to the match. Even though at this writing each is still keeping his own apartment, it's only because they haven't yet found the house they want to live in together. There really isn't room in either Susie's or Jess's apartment for all the personal belongings of both. While they're looking like mad for a dream cottage, Susie has a cookbook on her mind. Swears she's going to call it, "Thirty Ways to Prepare A Wolf." She says she doubts if anyone will publish it but is determined to write it anyway. How in the world can a bride have a cookbook on her mind—especially when she doesn't even have to cook?
On the set for "THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO" at M-G-M Studio

A Wac* gets an intimate glimpse of this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motion picture production and visits with Van Johnson and Phyllis Thaxter, who play Capt. and Mrs. Ted W. Lawson, Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and Hal Rosson, the director of photography.

*Women's Army Corps urgently needs you. Join the WAC now!

PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP originated by MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD

Remember, there is only one "Pan-Cake", the original, created by Max Factor Hollywood for Technicolor Pictures and the Hollywood screen stars, and now the make-up fashion with millions of girls and women.
VERONICA LAKE
Star of the new Paramount picture, "Bring on the Girls"

"INTRIGUE" for the sultry sophisticate with the knowing glance.

"LIVELY LADY" for the little lady with the heart-stirring twinkle.

"BLACK MAGIC" for the spell-binder, the girl who causes constant hearts to falter.

Just a little thing...
LIKE A COMPACT... TELLS WHAT YOU'RE REALLY LIKE"...says Veronica Lake

The quiet elegance, the depth of design, the powdertight construction of Wadsworth compacts have made them the choice of fastidious women everywhere. Each style is a symphony in skillfully wrought metal and is as exquisitely made as a fine watch case. Sold at department and jewelry stores, priced from two dollars to three hundred dollars.

THE WADSWORTH
MATCH CASE COMPANY INC. • DAYTON, KENTUCKY

"Black Magic" $7.50..."Lively Lady" $5.00..."Intrigue" $3.00...Others up to $30.00

Makers of fine compacts... fine watch cases... small precious parts

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

"Ex" Equals the Known Quantity: Lana Turner, her blonde hair reaching halfway to her waist, strolled into MGM on the arm of her friend and escort, Peter Lawford. The waiter seated the handsome couple who looked about inquiringly to the right and stared straight into the eyes of a former Turner husband, Artie Shaw. Quickly they looked the other way and found themselves staring at an even more recent ex, Steve Crane.

Lana and Peter took to the dance floor while customers watched, intrigued at the situation.

Next day columnists made a great to-do over the situation and even radio gossipers took it up, stressing the romance between Lana and Peter.

But what they didn't know or forgot to mention was that the man Lana really cares for more than any other wasn't with her and therefore the triangle meant little to Lana, for the man of her heart seldom attends night clubs, cares nothing for them and was at that moment with his mother at the Bowl listening to a symphony.

His name—Turhan Bey

Here and There: Hear tell Steve Crane is now telling anew he's not turning over custody of their child to its mother, Lana Turner, without a battle. Claims something new has come up. Not all producers can be so nonchalant as Bing Crosby who, before he left for overseas, advised his unit shooting "The Great John L." to take all the time they needed. On the persistence of his friend John Wayne saved Ward Bond's leg from amputation at an emergency hospital after Bond had been struck late at night by an automobile. Wayne forbade doctors to remove the almost severed limb until the best bone specialist could be summoned. And then it was nip and tuck for several days. Hollywood is cheered to learn the actor's leg has been saved through the use of penicillin. Those famous Allbright twins have departed M-G-M studios, leaving behind their painting of Dorian Gray—and is it gruesome!—but taking with them their other works of pure art. And now guess who occupies their old studio? None other than Petey, creator of those famous Petty girls that adorn Esquire pages. No matter what you read you can take our word for it, Alice Faye and Betty Grable will not appear in another picture together. Both girls feel it's best that way. Turhan Bey is one lad who is terrifically loyal to his own country—Turkey. Most of Turhan's friends in Hollywood are young Turks who are attending school here, so it wouldn't surprise Cal, if Turkey throws in her lot with the Allies, to have Turhan go back to his own country and join the army, or join the American Army. In fact, over the telephone recently, Turhan informed Cal that this was his intention.
To Keep You Posted: Two nights after Mrs. Artie Shaw, daughter of composer Jerome Kern, announced her separation, the musician appeared at Romeo’s, Hollywood’s famous Italian restaurant, with a beautiful Vogue model. Now that musicians are supplanting male movie stars in popularity, they seem to reap all the unpopular publicity.

The Charles Chaplins have named their baby Geraldine.

Twentieth Century-Fox studios are pleased to discover that Richard Greene, Tyrone Power and John Payne are still tops in the fan-mail department.

At the premier of “Wilson,” Lana Turner appeared with her mother, and Steve Crane came alone after dating June Allyson for the event. But June switched to Dave Rose at the last minute.

Martha Raye and Nick Condos have named their baby girl Melodye after Martha’s sister who died last year.

Now It's Frankie's Turn: It’s been told around town but we want to make sure you’ve heard it, too, for it certainly throws a revealing light on that Sinatra and proves he’s a guy with a sense of humor. It seems a friend took “The Voice” to a studio preview of “Janie” and suddenly a crowd of bobby-sockers came onto the screen whereupon Frankie let out a loud squeal and pretended to swoon.

It threw the audience into such a panic of laughter no one could hear the dialogue on the screen.

Good Times—Hollywood Style: Peggy Ryan who is not quite twenty at this writing, goes nightclubbing with Charles Martin, one-time suitor of Joan Crawford and fiancée of Betty Hutton (as announced from Madison Square Garden). Sometimes and just for a change Peggy goes to the ball games with Maxie Rosenbloom.

Van Johnson arrived at Mocambo one evening for dinner with his constant companion, Eve Wynn, wife of his best friend Keenan Wynn, and had to eat in the owner’s office, so rabid were his fans. So where’s the fun? What’s more, when Van and Evie decided to take in the beach concessions one evening, the fans practically tore him off the merry-go-round and he had to go home without once riding on the roller coaster. Like Andy on the radio, he was regusted.

“But it was a wonderful feeling just the same,” he grinned.

Lon McCallister thinks Nancy Walker, the plain little comic of “Best Foot Forward,” the cutest thing in town. Lon goes over to Nancy’s house for dinner (she can cook too) and then the two take off to the beach pier and the shoot-the-chutes—with popcorn, of course. Cal has a feeling that Lon, deep down, is a little hurt at Jeannie Crain’s sudden popularity with older men—Paul Brook, for one. Anyway, his eyes always seek her out in the Fox dining room, we notice.

Portrait of a Famous Beauty
—in Dreamflower “Natural”

Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart is one of those rare women beautiful enough to be able to ignore the changing whims of fashion. Ever since her debutante days she has worn her honey-gold hair softly knotted at the nape of her neck.

Always she dramatizes the fragile charm of her fair skin with a Natural powder shade. “Never have I tried a powder that I loved as well as Pond’s Dreamflower ‘Natural,’” Mrs. Stewart says. “The color is simply perfect—just enough soft pink to make a blonde complexion look very blonde, very clear, but never powdery. And the Dreamflower texture is soft as mist!”

If you wear a “Natural” powder, be sure to try beautiful Mrs. Stewart’s favorite—Pond’s Dreamflower “Natural.”

Ponds "LIPS"—stays on longer!

6 heart-stirring shades.
(Mrs. Stewart’s pet is “Natural” which changes to a sweet, soft rose on her lips.)

Two sizes—
49¢, 10¢ (plus tax)

Which is your Dreamflower shade?

NATURAL—soft shell-pink
BRUNETTE—rosy beige
RACHEL—creamy ivory
ROSE CREAM—delicate peach
DUSK ROSE—warm, glowing
DARK RACHEL—rich, golden

49¢, 25¢, 10¢ (plus tax)

THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN! TAKE A JOB!
“Hooray! My Beauty Secret worked for Betsy!”

Cousin Betsy was bored ‘n’ blue!
Always selling wedding presents—never getting any. Then one day ’Mommy ’n’ me stopped in at the shop. “That baby’s luscious, satiny skin puts a bee in my bonnet,” spurred Cousin Betsy. “Who can I see about getting her beauty secret?” Mommy winked at me. “Try our doctor. He’ll put you wise!”

So she saw the nice man who thumps my chest—my doctor. He told her to switch to regular, gentle cleansings with my pure, mild Ivory Soap. “You see,” he went on, “Ivory has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. That’s why it’s so safe even for baby’s tender skin!”

Now see who’s getting gifts...
Wedding gifts! Yes, Betsy has that “Ivory Look” now—that satiny, radiant skin that makes a lieutenant’s heart skip a beat. They got lots of presents, but Cousin Betsy says my beauty tip is still the best gift she’s had. Bet she’ll always think so—if she always sticks to Ivory! 99.5% pure... It floats

A HILARIOUS screenplay that starts off at high tension and maintains a pace that catapults audiences from shrieks of laughter to screams of fright. There's no middle ground, so buy your ticket and prepare for a riot.

Cary Grant plays the nephew who makes an awful discovery about his beloved old aunts on the eve of his honeymoon with Priscilla Lane. The bride is forgotten in his desperate wild-eyed attempts to extricate his relatives from their peculiar predicament.

And there's Peter Lorre as the intimidated little doctor-friend of Ray-}

Your Reviewer Says: Promise you'll see it!

BOB HOPE attempts to establish a bleached named Virginia Mayo and is counterattacked by the most amazing strategy this side of Gen. Patton. If you don't roll on the floor, brother, it's because you can't get down, that's all. However, it's a climax we promised not to reveal and it comes at the very end of a pretty silly and not too comical picture, but it's Hope, so who cares about that?

Miss Mayo is a whistle-getter. What a beauty and what a future for this golden-haired dream girl! But Bob, who plays a friendly enough coward back in the days of the pirates, really doesn't seem to notice her charms until—but there we go, almost spilling the beans. Vic McLaglen plays the leader of the pirates, Walter Brennan the nitwit pirate who steals the map to the hidden treasure and then tattoos it on Hope's bosom. Marc Lawrence is one of the pirates and Walter Slezak is the villain. Everybody seemed to think it a scream, but for our money it could have been much funnier.

It's Hope: Fabulous Bob and Virginia Mayo in "The Princess And The Pirate"

A LIGHT treatment of a serious subject—marriage among our young and indifferent moderns—emerges mighty entrancing entertainment due mainly to Lana Turner who can act rings around most of the younger group. There's an authority and certain sincerity about the kid's work, plus plain old sex appeal, that gives the picture an importance.

John Hodiak to our notion is hopelessly miscast as the Boston blueblood whose roots grow deep in tradition. If ever there was a guy cut out for robust Gableish roles it's this one. As it is, he throws the picture off balance through shortsighted casting. James Craig's performance, as the suitor-friend who almost succeeds in shattering Lana's may be this—will—work—and—maybe—will—marriage to Hodiak, is solid in its delineation.

Frances Gifford gives a fine performance as the out-of-bounds wife and Hugh Marlowe is a newcomer worth noting. Natalie Schafer as the mother and Paul Cavanagh, the husband, registers strongly, but it's Miss Turner who lifts the picture into the hit class for our money.

Your Reviewer Says: Sophistication with a moral.
Now I know why they say
Evening in Paris is made for Romance

Evening in Paris face powder, touching the skin with silken bloom...faint flush of feather-light Evening in Paris rouge...a sweet mouth glorified by the satin flame of Evening in Paris lipstick. Yes, truly Evening in Paris is the make-up for Romance...the reason why it is said "to make a lovely lady even lovelier, Evening in Paris."

Tune in "Here's to Romance," with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra, featuring Larry Douglas with guest stars, —Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

Evening in Paris
DISTRIBUTED BY BOURJOIS NEW YORK

Kismet (M-G-M)

A FANCIFUL fairy tale so wondrously beautiful it wins a Best of the Month. Ronald Colman plays the King of the Beggars who keeps his lovely daughter, Joy Ann Page, behind stone walls so that only a prince may win her. And only a prince does when James Craig, the Caliph of all Bagdad, disguised as a gardener's son, wins her love unknown to her father who promises to kill the Caliph if Edward Arnold, the grand Vizier, will wed the daughter.

Great is her grief when Joy Ann learns the awful truth but all ends well as Colman and Dietrich ride off together. Now as to Dietrich. It seems she was a little something loaned to Arnold by Macedonia, a country hard by old Bagdad's back door, but Arnold tires of the tempestuous beauty. Anyway Dietrich prefers Colman and that's how she comes in and how she goes out, too.

Craig with his Frogjump Tennessee accent isn't our idea of an oriental caliph but he surely looks glamorous in Technicolor. The color really steals the show.

Your Reviewer Says: Lovely to look at, delightful to see.

The Impatient Years
(Columbia)

COMEDY built around a vital problem of today and enacted by that duo of favorites, Jean Arthur and Charles Coburn, with Lee Bowman initiated into the magic circle, emerges important and vitalizing entertainment. One is aware of a little straining to be funny, but in spite of this shortcoming it's still a socko picture.

On a convalescent furlough after eighteen months overseas, Sgt. Lee Bowman

Best Pictures of the Month

Kismet
Arsenic And Old Lace
Marriage Is A Private Affair
The Impatient Years

Best Performances

Cary Grant in
"Arsenic And Old Lace"
Peter Lorre in
"Arsenic And Old Lace"
Josephine Hull in
"Arsenic And Old Lace"
Lana Turner in
"Marriage Is A Private Affair"
Jean Arthur in
"The Impatient Years"
Lee Bowman in
"The Impatient Years"
returns to find his wife he has known only four days too embroiled in household duties and the care of their child to re-capture a single spark of their romance. So the two fly to the divorce courts. Jean’s father, Charles Coburn, begs the judge not to grant the divorce but instead to order the pair to relive, moment by moment, their meeting and courtship.

Downright comical is the idea of the boarder. Phil Brown, who considers the husband a rank outsider. Miss Arthur is still the best farceur in the business and Lee Bowman leaps right into big time with his swell performance as the Sgt. husband.

Your Reviewer Says: Something to think about while laughing.

Atlantic City (Republic)

So many, many people crowd their way into this story it’s hard to tell which is who—story or people. But one feels at the conclusion it’s been a pretty satisfying little dish.

Constance Moore does a swell job as the girl whom Brad Taylor loves. Miss Moore certainly knows how to put those old tunes over.

Music is provided by Paul Whiteman and Louis Armstrong. Belle Baker, Al Shean, Gus Van and Joe Frisco bring back fond memories of old days at vaudeville's peak. Personally we like old favorites in new settings. How about you?

Your Reviewer Says: A new dress for an old timer.

Greenwich Village (20th Century-Fox)

This has a cast as big as Miranda’s fruit-salad hat and production numbers bigger than Sidney Greenstreet. There’s Bill Bendix in a tuxedo yet, as operator of a Greenwich Village cafe, speak-easy style. And there’s Don Ameche as a midwest professor of music who comes to New York to sell the concerto he’s composed and who wanders into Bendix’s cafe to meet beautiful Vivian Blaine who sings a very nice ditty. A huge costume ball, put on by Bendix, raises sufficient funds to finance a show in which Miss Blaine stars and Ameche with his music achieves fame.

Talented people such as Carmen Miranda, Felix Bressart, Tony and Sally DeMarco and many others take the spotlight for your enjoyment. It’s tuneful and gayful.

Your Reviewer Says: Such to-do!

Maisie Goes To Reno (M-G-M)

Here are three good reasons for seeing this latest Maisie yarn—one is Ann Sothern at her Maisiest best, one is John Hodiak as her he-man beau, and the other is young Tom Drake who is bound to be next year’s heart-throb.

The story has Maisie, overtired from a double shift of war plant duties, ordered to take a rest. She joins a band which opens in Reno for a fortnight, but before she leaves for Reno Maisie undertakes a mission for a soldier, Tom Drake, whose wife Ava Gardner is about to divorce him.

In Reno, Maisie becomes suspicious when Marta Linden passes herself off as the soldier’s wife and enlists the aid of card-dealer John Hodiak in getting to the bottom of the affair, and you know Maisie when she attempts to get to the bottom of anything—it’s more fun and more people get killed!

Your Reviewer Says: Coziest kind of fun.

Kissing You is a lovely habit,” you said

"Your little face is so excitingly smooth," you said.

Why! My skin really tends to be dry.

But one new cream—Jergens Face Cream—gives me such all-round expert skin care, it’s like a daily "treatment." My lovely "One-Cream" Beauty Treatment. I use Jergens Face Cream:

For Cleansing...Softening...a Heavenly Foundation...a Night Cream

Dry-skin lines soon smooth out! Helps prevent that old look of dry skin. A skin scientists' cream, by the makers of Jergens Lotion. Already popular! Do use Jergens Face Cream yourself.

JERGENS FACE CREAM

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
The Climax (Universal)

We don't care how elaborately they dressed the sets, lighted the affair with Technicolor, or cast the leading roles, it's still a B picture.

Turhan Bey in a tight collar loses a little of his sex appeal and as for Thomas Gomez in red sideburns—we had nightmares with those sideburns chasing us all over Hollywood. Susanna Foster looks beautiful; her singing is as pleasing as ever.

Most of it takes place in an old opera house with one of those mad doctors running around hypnotizing people and hoarding beautiful corpses in his spare bedrooms. Gale Sondergaard was swell; Boris Karloff (who is a doll, just a doll in Technicolor) plays the ever-loving madman.

Your Reviewer Says: Boo, you big bad old picture!

Oh, What A Night (Monogram)

Here are those jewel thieves back again and all ready to snatch the "gawjus" hunk of ice belonging to Marjorie Rambeau, burlesque queen.

Edmund Lowe is the most charming of the thieves, with Ivan Lebedeff, George Lewis, Claire DuBrey and Olaf Hyttten, rival crooks. Jean Parker is cute as the girl Lowe loves but gives up.

Your Reviewer Says: Anybody want to steal me?

When Strangers Marry (Monogram)

A "B" murder mystery that sends Kim Hunter off with the husband she has met only a few times, on a chase from the police. The husband, Dean Jagger, is suspected of murdering his hotel roommate.

A former suitor, Robert Mitchum, tips off the police but it's Kim who finally discovers the real murderer. Neil Hamilton is excellent as the chief of the homicide squad and both Kim and Jagger override the inadequacies of the material.

Your Reviewer Says: Not a bad little who-dunit.

Barbary Coast Gent (M-G-M)

In this one Wally Beery's an old buckaroo of the 90's who skinflints one and all out of their dough while promising to go straight for Binnie Barnes, the dance-hall gal who loves him.

Finally a shooting scrape precipitates him out of town and into a Nevada boom town, where he poses as Donald Meek, a railroad president, after usurping Meek's private car. Well, this time Wally really

For IRRESISTIBLE LIPS

Wear the season's most exciting shade, deep luscious FUCHSIA PLUM

Velvet enchantment for your lips when you wear Irresistible's most fascinating Lipstick shade FUCHSIA PLUM... a deep, rich plum tone, to lend that look of tender fullness that is so inviting to romance. The secret WHIP-TEXT process gives your IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK luxurious, creamy smoothness, making your lips so much lovelier longer. Try this exquisite lipstick today. Complete your make-up with Irresistible Rouge and Face Powder.

10c - 25c SIZES
strikes gold and when John Carradine, who follows him, swipes his backing, Wally reverts to his old profession of stagecoach robbing to get the necessary funds together.

Binnie Barnes is swell as the gal who loves Beery. Frances Rafferty and Bruce Kellogg carry on the brief romantic interludes.

Your Reviewer Says: This one is strictly for Beery fans.

Seven Doors To Death (PRC)

JUNE CLYDE, perl, cute and pretty, inherits a busy little shopping center with a stray corpse or two thrown in to make the whole thing a mystery chiller. It doesn't, of course, but Chic Chandler is the solver of the crime steps in and wins June, which isn't bad.

George Meeker and Casey MacGregor do neat bits of helping out.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, as we were saying—

Gypsy Wildcat (Universal)

Those two Technicolor tomboys are back again, Maria Montez and Jon Hall, romping around in one of those whizzy-wooz things all about a gypsy girl who turns out to be the missing heirress to lands and fortune held by Baron Douglas Dumbrille, a villain who is foiled by Jon Hall, messenger of the king.

The fight that eventually ensues never even touched the Jon Hall-Tommy Dorsey brawl. No reason you customers should pay for something we can see out here for nothing, and see on a bigger and better scale at that.

Peter Coe, Nigel Bruce, Leo Carrillo and Gale Sondergaard go around for a couple of bouts.

Your Reviewer Says: You say you stepped in what?

Moonlight And Cactus (Universal)

When the crew of a merchant marine ship loses all its dough to one of their men, Chic Officer Leo Carrillo takes the gang to his ranch which, to Carrillo's dumbfoundment, has been taken over by women.

Beautiful Elise Knox is the foreman with the Andrew D. Cassons running in and out singing like mad.

Naturally, in a setting like this, the boys have a wonderful time, but do you? That's what we want to know.

Your Reviewer Says: We're the one that sat on the cactus.

Storm Over Lisbon (Republic)

VERA HRUBA RALSTON is that inevitable beautiful spy who poses as a dancer and turns out to be a heroine. Richard Arlen is the American secret agent carrying secret films coveted by Eric von Stroheim in whose cafe Miss Ralston dances and Mr. Arlen is held captive.

Of course, she eventually helps Dick to escape to America while she stays behind to complete the work.

Miss Ralston is beautifully photographed and gives an outstanding performance. Otto Kruger, Eduardo Ciannelli, Mona Barrie and Robert Livingston add intrigue to the story.

Your Reviewer Says: This kind of story will soon be new.

(Continued on page 125)
BRIEF REVIEWS

Romance over a coffee cup: Lee Bowman, Jean Arthur in "The Impatient Years"

**INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED**

**INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED**

**SHADOW STAGE**

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

- Arsenic And Old Lace
- Atlantic City
- Barbary Coast Gent
- Climax
- Enemy Of Women
- Greenwich Village
- Gypsy Wildcat
- Impatient Years
- In Society
- Kismet
- Lost In A Harem
- Moisie Goes To Reno
- Marriage Is A Private Affair
- Moonlight And Coctails
- Oh, What A Night
- Princess And The Pirate
- Sea Fernando Valley
- Seven Doors To Death
- Storm Over Lisbon
- Sweet And Low-Down
- Till We Meet Again
- When Strangers Marry

**Outstanding**

- M-G-M
- Warners
- Universal:

**Very Good**

- Cugat
- M-G-M
- RKO
- Universal:

**Good**

- RKO
- Universal:

**Note:** The ratings are based on the reviewer's opinion of the film's quality, not on its educational value or appropriateness for children.
Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.

19
Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand...sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorvent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.

19
Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios...crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene—disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 60¢ per dozen.

19
Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a 

clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.

19
Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines...began to cling more closely. Could sanitary

napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered...perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.

19
Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting...increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together!

20th Century Fox...
The company that has everything in entertainment!

THE MOST ACCLAIMED PICTURE IN 50 YEARS OF SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT!
Directed by HENRY KING
Written by LAMAR TROTTI

Darryl F. Zanuck's
WILSON
in Technicolor

"GREENWICH VILLAGE" in Technicolor
"Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in Technicolor
A. J. CRONIN'S
"The Keys of the Kingdom"
"WINGED VICTORY" by MOSS HART
BETTY SMITH'S
"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"
In Hollywood, an institution can be anything from the Grable legs to an Academy Award "Oscar."

As you walk toward the massive, iron-wrought main gates of the Paramount Studios, you pass by a half-block-long section of buildings labeled De Mille Productions.

It is visible evidence of another Hollywood institution, the institution known as Cecil Blount De Mille. Bald, far past those young years so essential to ordinary Hollywood success, he has an income that would automatically make him a J. P. Morgan partner, for his movie epics, never heralded as "the year's best," are attended by long queues of movie-goers who build up the gross of each De Mille picture into the stratosphere of millions.

The De Mille label since 1913, when he directed his first film, has been puttees, production on such vast scale that his corps of assistants has been said to equal the entire Swiss Army and a common touch that guarantees for his films an instantaneous reaction of pleasure from audiences.

The De Mille label has also become affixed to another medium of entertainment. Since 1936, radio audiences each Monday night have been told, "This is Cecil B. De Mille speaking to you from Hollywood," with a flourish on the last word that has made the speaker the butt of every radio comedian in search of a gag.

His Radio Theater, like himself, is now an institution. On October 16 De Mille's weekly radio presentation celebrates its tenth anniversary. By then it will have presented four hundred different movie stars to radio audiences, from Alan Ladd, when he was so little known he played a role for the Guild rate of $59, to Cary Grant and Bette Davis, whose fame and popularity earn them the top salary of $5000 for appearing on this program.

Dealer in film cliches on a scale so huge that movie-goers are content to believe they are watching genuine drama, De Mille is a shrewd, polished businessman, confident enough to answer direct questions directly. I asked him point-blank what young actress he thinks has the greatest potentiality for becoming a top star.

"Margaret O'Brien," he replied.

What young actor?

"Van Johnson."

Asked what was the most moving event that ever happened to him in his career of picture-making, he said:

"We were filming King Of Kings' years ago. It was at twilight on Christmas Eve in Hollywood and the outdoor set was filled with more than a thousand extras. The scene was the Crucifixion. The figures of Christ and the two thieves on the three crosses were illuminated by the set lights, all else was in gloom. It was such an impressive scene that before I gave the order to begin filming, I asked the crowd of extras to gaze at the scene and to take five minutes to think of anything they wished to think about. An organ began to play softly. Most of the extras were hard-bitten characters who had seen the rough side of the picture business. At the end of this silent period of meditation, not only the extras were sobbing, but I myself was so overcome by emotion that I called it a day for everyone making the picture. It was the greatest emotional impact of my life."

Ask him about the effect of his fame on his personal life and he might tell you this amusing incident: "Recently my granddaughter Cecilia celebrated her seventh birthday. Wonderfully stuffed with her birthday cake, Cecilia refused to say her prayers before getting into bed. Her mother insisted, but Cecilia wasn't to be budged. I listened to the argument for a few moments and then spoke as the director of sixty-seven pictures: 'Let me handle this situation.'"

"Cecilia was in her bed, quiet and serious.

"Why won't you say your prayer tonight?' I asked.

"I just don't feel like it, Grandfather," she replied.

"Then I shall say them for you:

"'Our Father who art in Heaven... ' I began.

"'This is Cecil B. De Mille saying good night to you from Hollywood,' Cecilia concluded."
Camera scoop: Bob and Jennifer meet at a party after their separation.
Does Bob hope to get his wife Jennifer back? Everyone in Hollywood has been asking that question, but this famous reporter dared to put it to Bob directly. This is his answer.

BY LOVELLA C. PARSONS

I SAID, "Bob, do you want Jennifer Jones back as your wife?"

Somewhere in my house a clock struck ten. Dinner was long since finished and the others had wandered away to gin rummy games.

Across from me, in the candlelight, sat young Robert Walker. He was in "civvies" but he still looked ridiculously like "Private Hargrove." He looked even more like the sensitive young soldier in "Since You Went Away."

Even as I asked the question I was amazed at my own audacity. Everyone in Hollywood, of course, had been wondering the same thing, but so far, to my knowledge, no one had dared put it in words to Bob. If I could get a frank answer from Bob tonight, it would certainly be a scoop—plus!

Ever since he and Jennifer played those poignant love scenes together in "Since You Went Away" Hollywood has been sold that they are still in love—that, at least, the flame still burns in Bob's heart and that he is carrying a torch that any number of other "dates" cannot put out. I had even heard that after the preview he went to pieces.

"Is it true," I asked him, "that after the premiere you went back of the theater by yourself and wept?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake," exclaimed Bob, "are people saying that? It's ridiculous. I was standing back of the theater, very upset—but for an entirely different reason. I was waiting for my manager who also handles Ward Bond. We had just learned of the terrible accident that befell Ward when his leg was almost torn off in a auto accident after he left the theater. I suppose I was doing a lot of nervous pacing back and forth. But as for being overcome by seeing myself with Jennifer—"

He hesitated a moment. His face looked very boyish and very serious. It was as though he had taken a mental sigh and decided to plunge into something he had not heretofore talked about. When he spoke he looked at me very straight and very honestly.

"I won't deny I felt pretty upset at first," he said, "when we broke up. We had had such a happy marriage. And there were the kids. But you can't go on forever being sad and unhappy even where children are involved. After the indefinite break came between us it was something of a relief—like knowing that an axe hanging over your head has finally fallen."

"And are you happy now?" I asked...

Bob's young eyes crinkled. "I would say that I am content—or I would be if I could get a cook! It's no fun to live in a house all alone and do your own housework. You see, I stayed at Jennifer's house with the two boys while she was in the East on a Bond tour and, believe me, it was wonderful having my meals prepared!"

I smiled, as I suspected my young guest of getting me slightly sidetracked. But I'm not a girl to be put off. "There was a very special quality about those love scenes, Bob," I persisted. "Even to my professional critic's eye they seemed to be played with a great deal of heart."

He said, "Perhaps that is because I would rather act with Jennifer than any other actress. I think that she is a great artist—and she thinks I am good, too," he said with that shy, little-boy manner that has captivated so many women and made them want to mother him.

"After Jennifer and I have had our success in motion pictures we want to go back to Broadway and appear in important plays just as Lunt and Fontanne have done. I want to be her director and to see her become the greatest dramatic actress on the stage."

"Oh, then," I said quickly, "you plan to reconcile?"

"Not necessarily," he was as quick as I to reply. "We are still the best of (Continued on page 83)
Sinatra with Nancy, his "Little Miss Moonbeam," 
about whose future he has some pretty definite plans.
WERE SEVENTEEN....

Idol of today's teen-agers, Frank

Sinatra now draws a deftly sharp picture of
his ideal of the average American girl

BY

(As told to Maxine Arnold)

WHEN I look all around me at teen-age kids today, I wonder what Little Nancy will be like when she is their age; what she'll want to do, and I find myself hoping I'll be able in some way to help her do it. I think about it quite a bit: What my own daughter will be like when she is seventeen.

Although she's only four there are times when she looks a little grown up—some quick turn of her head, some look in her eyes. Then she jumps up and reaches for a doll, or starts looking for her favorite pink barrette, and I settle back...relieved that she's just a baby again.

I never settle long...for I know it's always going to come. "Daddy...come help me find my pink barrette."

Little Miss Moonbeam, I've always called her. I guess because she's always so bright and shiny-looking. Mothers do have priority, but dads have their share of responsibility, too. That's why I keep watching Nancy when I'm with her. Wondering what I'd want for Little Miss Moonbeam...if she were seventeen.

If my daughter were seventeen now, I think more than anything else I would want her to realize how young that is. That she's seventeen. That the twenties come soon enough, show her how wonderful it is to be seventeen—hamburgers at midnight...last row seats in the balcony...swapping the latest steps in jive. I would try to make her realize that those are the happiest years of her life.

It has always been a disappointment to me to see girls fifteen and sixteen years old trying to grow old so fast in their make-up and manner of dress. I sometimes blame their parents for letting the kids grow old in such a hurry. This happy carefree period lasts five, six years, at the most. They should live every year of it—and with none of the responsibilities of marriage.

I know that the subject of love is a pretty touchy one at this age, but I honestly think seventeen is away too young to really be in love, or to even think of marriage.

Nancy's mother and I went together for five years before we were married. By that time we knew each other very well—our real sides and our "Sunday best" sides. I would want Little Nancy to remember that at seventeen, when fellows and girls are first falling for each other, they're both putting on the best show of their young lives to impress each other. I would ask her to wait a few more years until the main feature came on.

I've always admired very much the teen-age girls who keep their wide-eyed, clean-scrubbed, innocent look. I've never liked young girls who are blasé.

There's a little girl named Diane whom I see at the broadcast every week now. She's about fifteen, and usually wears a starched pink pinafore with one of those white peasant blouses. She always has such a fresh

scrubbed look. I've been watching her for some time now and usually try to see that a seat is saved for her each week backstage at the show. She reminds me an awful lot, somehow, of little Nancy. I catch myself watching her there in the wings and hoping that little Nancy will be like her at her age.

Talking with Diane one day, I was surprised to learn that she is just getting over infantile paralysis. She has had three operations and until a year ago she couldn't walk.

I said, "Gee, that's too bad. I'm so sorry to hear about it."

"You shouldn't feel sorry, Mr. Sinatra," she said, leveling those candid clear eyes at me. "I don't mind. Lots of people suffering from it will never get well. Lots of them can't be fixed. And they take it so wonderfully. You should see them. Don't feel sorry for me. I'm a very lucky girl."

Teen-agers like Diane give you an awful lot of faith in the American girls of today. More and more I have the feeling that I wouldn't be afraid for my own daughter to be seventeen. They're that in a speeded-up wartime world, where everything is happening "on the double," some of our American kids are naturally upset emotionally. But talking to them gives you reason to believe that their own good common sense will pull them through.

I admire most of these girls of today a lot. They're pretty intelligent kids. When they talk to you it usually makes sense. A lot more sense than many people give them credit for. They usually talk to me about music and from these discussions you can tell they know whereof they speak. I find that nine out of every ten of them are studying some kind of musical instrument and it makes me extremely happy.

I'll admit that a few of them at the broadcasts are a little overenthusiastic and should ration their long power more. But mostly they're such fresh sweet kids, so loyal and sincere that it gives you a big bang just to watch and to talk with them.

RIDICULE them as some people will, I'll never get over being grateful for what they've done for me. They were the medium that brought me to the attention of the world and it's their plugging that's brought me a long way up on the hit parade. I realize, too, that those who yell think in their own innocent way that they're helping me. When I tell them they aren't and show them why they shouldn't, they always calm down a lot.

As one of the "older" girls (sixteen) said to me the other day. "Gee, Frank, we don't squeal any more at all. It's the new converts who do it now. And when they know you like we do and become (Continued on page 66)
ON MY HANDS

A reading surprise: The insouciant George Sanders turns author to write an amusing—and amazing—mystery about a Hollywood happening in which he is the hero—or is it the villain? Photoplay gives you in this two-part condensation a first chance at a hit!

By George Sanders

My agent's green eyes had a gleam. She leaned back so the sunlight through the Venetian blind slatted her green blouse with gold.

"Why don't you take a whirl at acting, Melva?" I asked.

"My nose is too snub," she said. "I'd never be able to look down it."

"I don't look down my nose at people," I objected. "It's your most valuable asset, George. Tell me about 'Die by Night.'"

I lighted a cigarette. "This will be a shock to you. I have played my last role as a detective."

"Why?" she asked.

"Here is why. The vogue is for the light-hearted playboy with an iridium brain to become involved in a murder situation. Now the audience knows that I, as that amateur detective, am going to triumph in the end. So I'd rather sit home and work on my inventions."*

"But you're not going to quit acting," she said.

"No." You can't. I propose to see that you get paid for doing something you'd do anyway. In fact I want you to play Hilary Weston."

"Fat chance," I scoffed. "Fat contract," she substituted. She was serious. I'd have given my right profile to play Hilary Weston, and here she was dropping it in my lap. I had no idea I had ever been considered for the star part in "Seven Dreams."

"Baby, you're wonderful."

She brushed off the tribute. "You leave Monday on location. Riegleman wants to get the desert shots out of the way first."

"I'll do it for nothing, if necessary."

She was horrified. "Shut your big mouth!"

If there are Fates watching us, I must have given my particular Fate an inspiration. For less than a week later I was bending over a corpse again. But that bloody figure never got up. It was dead.

It was the sequence in the picture where the wagon train was attacked by white tigers in Indian costume. I, as Hilary Weston, had carried on my flirtation with Betsy Collins, screen wife of huge Hank Collins, my wagon boss.

Carla Folsom, who was playing Betsy, could wear her mother Hubbard as if it were a black-net nightgown. Riegleman, our director, was happy. "It has life," he told me, as we sat under umbrellas while the technical crew set up for the battle scene.

Carla gave me a dark-eyed look. "We played that scene, she drewled. "like boy scouts rubbing sticks together, knowing that a flame would break out any moment."

"We're ready, chief," Sammy, the head prop man, said.

We went into action. I rode back and forth before a camera, shouting orders and gave Carla a long, calculating look. The marauders poured over a sand dune. The air was scrambled with shots and shouts.

Then, signal whistles broke through the din. The battle was over. We knocked off for lunch.

Prop men gathered up the guns. Sammy himself took mine, as they were museum pieces. Corpses, scattered around, got to their feet and ambled over to the commissary. I washed my hands under a pressure tap and started for my chair, where somebody would bring me some lunch. That was when I saw the body, sprawled harmlessly behind a wagon wheel, carbine beside it.

The figure didn't move. I nudged him. He didn't move, and the reason was there in plain sight: a small, blackened hole in his right temple.

It had to be accidental homicide. The carbines had been loaded with blank cartridges. Responsibility for this devolved finally on Sammy, but it was quite conceivable that, somehow, one of the carbines had not been blank.

That it had found its way so exactly to a vital spot in one of the actors, rather than having been shot harmlessly over the head of balked bandits, was a long coincidence, but possible.

I went for Riegleman. It would have been a good stage setting for murder. An enemy could have drawn a bead on his victim and let him have it, with a good chance to escape reckoning with the law.

But if that was the way it had happened, it was possible that the murderer had been photographed in the act. A battery of cameras had recorded the scene from various angles.

"We have a corpse to contend with," I said to Riegleman.

"Too much sun, I suppose," he muttered. "For some guy with a hangover."

"A bad combination," I agreed, steering him toward the fatal spot. "But it seldom shoots a man through the right temple."

Inventions are my hobby.—George Sanders

An Inner Sanctum Mystery published by Simon and Schuster
Riegleman halted. "You're kidding."

"I wish I were."

"How in the hell," he demanded, "will we ever find who fired the shot?"

"Someone in that mob of beards probably fired it," I suggested. "But I'm not sure that determining who did it will be necessary, provided that we can prove it was accidental. First of all, however, we'll have to get the authorities out here."

"There goes my shooting schedule!" Riegleman scowled in accusation at the corpse. "Just a young fellow," he said.

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"Never saw him before. Maybe Sammy knew him." He beckoned to Sammy.

Sammy said, "George, about your pistols—but fell quiet as the director waved a hand.

"Oh, Lord!" Sammy moaned. "He's dead!"

"Who is he?" Riegleman snapped.

"I don't know. Maybe Paul will."

"Get him!"

Sammy turned white.

"I'll go," I said. "Who is Paul?"

"He's the casting director."

Paul came out of his trailer-office. "What does that slave driver want now? I'm busier'n a tick at a horse show."

"One of the extras got himself killed," I told him. "We thought you might be able to identify him. Did you find anyone missing?"

"Yeah. Guy named Herman Smith. What'd he do, get a horse hoof in his face?"

"He got a bullet in his head."

We walked over to Riegleman, who nodded shortly. "Will you take a look, Paul?"

"I'll be a son of a gun," Paul said. "That ain't Herman Smith. I never saw this guy before."

I became aware that Riegleman, Paul and Sammy were looking at me. I tapped a cigarette against my thumbnail and looked as disinterested as I could under the circumstances.

"It's a mystery," Paul said. "That's your dish."

"I was under the impression," I said casually, "that the casting director was expected to be familiar with the extras."

Paul flushed as Riegleman's gaze swung to him. "It's the beards," he said. "You can't expect anybody to tell 'em apart. This guy's supposed to be Herman Smith, according to my records. Everybody else was checked off at lunch. If he's somebody else, can I help it?"

Riegleman didn't answer and Paul flashed me a venomous glance and turned away.

"Hey," Sammy called from under his wagon refuge, "how about a social security card?"

"Of course," Riegleman knelt by the body.

"Uh-uh," I said. "Mustn't touch. Clues, you know."

Not that there were any clues. How different this was from my screen plays. There were no dropped collar buttons, no cartridges of an odd caliber, no telltale footprint with "What can I say?" Sammy replied. "One wasn't blank evidently. Am I supposed to examine thousands of cartridges, one at a time?"

"It seems strange," Riegleman muttered, "that a bullet should have gone so exactly to a vital spot. There's an almost geometrical precision in that wound."

A siren heralded the approach of lawful authority. This was Gerald Callahan, sheriff, and his deputy, Lamar James. Their sedan swirled up to us in a cloud of dust and a man rolled out like a barrel of beer.

"Name's Callahan," he said, with a bull-like friendliness. "Call me Jerry, Sheriff in these parts."

Riegleman said, "We seem to have had an accident here and, since it was fatal, we thought you should know."

Callahan looked at the corpse. "Shot, hey?" Then he yelled at his deputy. "Lamar!"

The deputy came out of the car like brown paint from a tube.

"Who's going to tell it?" Callahan said pleasantly.

Riegleman pictured the scene that was to look like the real thing on the screen and, we hoped, bring from the critics such phrases as "realistic drama," "a thriller." And I related how I had found the body.

"Looks open and shut," Callahan said. "The guy got in the way of a slug. One of the shells wasn't blank, Hey, Lamar?"

The deputy's tight mouth cracked. "What size shells in the carbines?"

"Forty-fives," Sammy said.

James knelt beside the corpse and looked at the blackened hole in the temple. "Thirty-eight," he said.

He sounded like me, in one of those Falcon roles. He didn't have the polished manner, of course; he wasn't supposed to be a lighthearted Briton. But he tossed in the surprise twist with the same aplomb.

"I don't see how you can tell," I objected.

The sheriff bristled. "If Lamar says it was a .38, it was a .38. He don't make mistakes."

James said thoughtfully, "If all the carbines were .45s, somebody shot him with some other kind of a gun. Anybody carry .38s?"

Sammy shook his fat face from side to side.

Sammy knew that somebody had carried .38s. I had. The two Colt revolvers with which I had popped away were .38 caliber Colts, on .45 frames. (Continued on page 70)
Laurel-winner: June Allyson of M-G-M's "Music For Millions," Portrait Poll leader
VISIT FROM VAN

He walks in the door—Johnson of the freckled face,
the surprised eyebrows, the
definite views on marriage

BY
ELSIE JANIS

I DON'T go to pictures much these
days, between the lack of gas and the
fact that the film I want to see invariably is shown too early to suit my dinner hour or too late for me to enjoy walking home through the dimmed delight that back Beverly Hills of an evening. Without complaint and quite cosily, I have become "Elise—sit-by-the-radio" until the guy "that I don't want to walk without" comes home from Over There.

The motion-picture industry is out to get gala like me and they are now all over the air, broadcasting alluring descriptions of what's playing at the moment and where. Well, they landed me all right. The third time I heard them announce the cast of "Two Girls And A Sailor" and noted that a name I had never heard before headed it, interest stirred.

"Who and what is Van Johnson?" says me to me. Something new and different, I bet myself, because lately all public pets seem to be cut on new lines . . . new and somewhat odd ones. It started back with Jimmy Stewart, a guy you might have picked to play "Lem, her brother," a few years ago. Then came Mickey, the Rooney, and I'm sure you are ahead of me and on your way back when I mention "The Sinatra."

Anyway, I like the trend toward new and different idols.

But about this Johnson rage—as I sat in a theater waiting for enlightenment, I was not only from Missouri . . . I was the original Missouri Mule, just sittin' and daring anything to move me from my seat of judgment between a couple of bobby sock-ers. Well! He came—I saw—and was conquered . . . but definitely! What I enjoyed most in falling was that he didn't remind me of any other established star.

It was a swell picture and I enjoyed everything in it but, for days, when I tried to revitalize the pleasing sequences, I found myself seeing that sailor with the surprised eyebrows, the freckles and the quick smile . . . that "flash in the pan"—and what a nice pan!

The result of this was a phone call to Van, inviting him to come over and dunk in my glorified bathtub that thinks it's a swimming pool.

So it happened that at four o'clock one nice afternoon I was pretending to play my piano, which sits by the window in a look-out position in my small living room. I was there at ten to four, waiting. Van arrived at ten past, having gone too far up the street. I met him at the door and it was as if we were welcoming home a pal of years' standing—sitting—or what have you. Right through the house to the back yard. He seemed to know the way.

"Want to swim?" I said.

"Gosh (he flashed the grin), yes, I'd like to. But I'd like to talk to you, too. I'm a great admirer of yours, Miss Janis."

"Come now, Johnson, this is truth—till it hurts—Janis! How could a kid like you know anything about me?"

I was waiting for the dear old—"My father saw you in France in 1918"—but, instead, I heard: "I'm no kid. I'm twenty-seven, twenty-eight next month; and I mean I admire your writing."

"Oh!" I was relieved not to hear that his mother had taken him to see me on the stage and checked his pram outside.

I talked much more than he did during the two hours and I only asked him one direct question, "What kind of parts do you like to play?" (Continued on page 71)
On the likable list: Van Johnson of M-G-M's "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"
LIKE Harry James and his horn, but I do think Metro is having him toot it too often, not only in too many pictures, but in every picture too often . . . . Glad I am that Deanna Durbin is being allowed to act her age in pictures, for I knew all the time that she knew what it was all about . . . . I insist that Diana Lewis is a great bet for pictures, despite the fact that she is in pictures, for nothing is happening with her. She's a sweater girl who doesn't need a sweater . . . . Education may be a wonderful thing, but I ask you: Where would Jimmy Durante be with it? . . . . Whenever I wander about the studios, I always stop to look at the various "sayings" that producers, directors and writers have posted in their offices. Orson Welles has this sign in his: "Every ambitious employee should work and worry every minute of the day, so he can get to the top and work and worry days, nights, Sundays and holidays."

I am a character who doesn't drive a car, am always thumbing a ride and, someday, I intend to write an article about the celebrities who have been my chauffeurs. But now, all I want to say is that little does Cole Porter know that his chauffeur, Jonathan, is always my chauffeur and drives me about while he is waiting for Porter to leave a dinner party . . . . I remember once, seeing Errol Flynn without a girl, but it was far away and long ago . . . . Motion-picture executives amuse me, often without meaning to, and one of the best comments on their importance was made by executive William Goetz, who described a conference as follows: "He realized who I was and then I leaned back and he leaned forward."

I believe Ingrid Bergman looks less like a motion-picture actress when you meet her than any other actress, especially the Katharine Hepburn type who try so hard to be unlike actresses that you can spot them immediately . . . . Jennifer Jones, I will admit, is an excellent actress, but I must declare that she doesn't send me as she sends others . . . . I wish they would put Irene Dunne in a good musical soon and let her sing, it certainly would be much better than plenty of those musicals in which actresses who can't sing do . . . . I never see Adolphe Menjou and I think of that engraved watch he gave himself for a present. The inscription reads: "To Adolphe Menjou from his greatest admirer—Adolphe Menjou." . . . Gary Cooper is one of my favorite actors, but I do think it is about time that he stopped trying to be so coy and bashful . . . . I would like to be around in the morning when Betty Hutton gets up and prepares herself to be peppy all day . . . . I like Robert Hopkins' description of a producer he dislikes. Hoppy calls him the asbestos curtain between the audience and entertainment. . . . .

I have met many characters in Hollywood, but a character among characters is Richard Connell. Connell is a scenario writer at Metro, but what makes him a character is the fact that he likes to walk along the back alleys of Beverly Hills and pick up articles that celebrities have discarded. Connell then sends these articles, with a tag attached explaining the object, to his various friends, signed "Alley Baba." for that is what he calls himself.

You would be surprised at some of the things that once belonged to noted actors and actresses. Alley Baba, for example, sent me a glove once owned and worn by Rosalind Russell.

Then there is a paper-covered book which was once the proper...
of Mickey Rooney. "M. Rooney" is written on a corner of the book in Mickey's own handwriting and the book is titled, "Dr. Bates' True Marriage Guide. A Treatise For The Married And Marriageable." I presume this was sort of a text book for Mickey and Ava Gardner. Alley Baba also sent me a pair of mocassins that once graced the feet of "Legs" Dietrich. A nude hula dancer doll was found on the estate of Wallace Beery. And a napkin ring that was discarded by Spencer Tracy. There is no telling what Alley Baba will discover, for he sent me a pair of pink panties and the tag declares, "Found in rear of house once occupied by Garbo." I really have no proof that they were worn by Gee Gee, or that they fit her.

The prize of the collection, however, is a sweater that was worn by Lana Turner. And looking at the sweater it is easy to imagine its being filled by Lana. The card on the sweater reads, "Lana Turner's, slightly worn out in the spots where you would expect a Lana Turner sweater to be worn out." I told you that Richard Connell, or Alley Baba if you prefer, is a character.

June Allyson and Gloria De Haven are about the sweetest combination in pictures these days, but little do folks realize that these gals are feuding, which goes to prove that they are good actresses. . . . Of course you know by now that I prefer Crosby to Sinatra, not that Frankie-boy isn't good and, therefore, in all fairness, I must tell you that Bing's wife, Dixie, is a Sinatra fan and keeps playing his records. . . . I would like to see a picture in which the Sergeant enters the barracks and our hero, whether he be Robert Walker or Danny Kaye, isn't making fun of the Sergeant and so isn't the last person in the place to know that the Sarge is watching him . . . I often wonder if Greer Garson isn't very tired of being a lady and wouldn't like to let her hair down and act uninhibited for a change, say like Betty Hutton.

I don't know whether you know it or not, but Alan Ladd is much shorter when you meet him than he appears on the screen, and with Peter Lorre it's just the reverse. Peter appears taller off the screen. Of all the bewildering offices, the most perplexing to me is the one at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with this sign on the door: "Janitors and Typewriters." I am a Myrna Loy fan and I think it is to her credit that she is known as "The Perfect Wife," despite the fact that she has been divorced twice.

I guess it all started when Clara Bow was dubbed the "It" girl, for now practically every personality has a label. Frank Sinatra is "The Voice" and Bing Crosby is "The Groover" and Anita Colby is "The Face" and Esther Williams is "The Body." It was not so long ago that Ann Sheridan was the "Oomph Girl," and how she fought to get rid of that title. Lana Turner got started as "The Sweater Girl," but she, too, rebelled, and even went so far as to discard the sweater for a blouse. . . . Marlene Dietrich and Betty Grable are both known as "Legs," Rita Hayworth is affectionately known as "The Reet" and Monty Woolley is "The Beard." These descriptive titles are even spreading to politicians, and a man known as "The Mustache" is running for President.

I'm still waiting to get a laugh out of Wally Brown and Allan Carney. To me they aren't so funny as Laurel and Hardy, whom I never regarded as funny. . . . When he was in town on leave I saw Lt. Robert Taylor walking about the streets of Beverly with Barbara Stanwyck and I recalled other days when they both strolled about Beverly wearing riding habits and looking alike. . . . I'm not a fellow who can be listed as a gourmet, but when I want the best fried shrimp in the country I go to the Beachcomber, and for a steak there's Chasen's, and then late at night, but just in time for the eleven o'clock floor show, I'll take a soda at the Schwabadero. . . . When an actor does something foolish, I am reminded of Frank Morgan's remark that an actor can do nothing to surprise him for it was an actor who shot Lincoln. . . . And that's Hollywood for you!
It isn’t over yet!

ATTEN-

Photoplay readers-

Laraine Day, M-G-M star, posing as a Marine

Jeanne Crain, Fox star, posing as a Spar
TION!
Choose your uniform and win the war!

Gloria De Haven, M-G-M star, posing as a Wac

Joyce Reynolds, Warners star, posing as a Wave
Will Your Man Come Home To?

He'll expect a "different you" on that great day. A war wife tells you how to prepare for it

BY ANN SOTHERN

Rare moment in Ann Sothern's war life: She celebrates a short leave with husband Robert Sterling at Mocombo

NOTHING will ever be the same again. When you tell your man-in-uniform good-by and he picks up his kit and sets off for those far places, he carries with him a mental picture of you wearing your perkiest hat and your bravest smile...a picture of the girl he fell in love with and perhaps married, a picture he'll be seeing in his mind's eye for all the months and months to come.

Right then is the moment for you to begin to think, "What kind of woman will he come back to?" Because when he returns, he will have changed; you will have changed; the whole world in which we live will be different. His job and yours may be different ones. Your entire relation to work and life, even to one another, may have altered.

In my own case, of course, these great changes have already begun—because we know now that Bob will be coming back to two of us instead of just to me. Already our marriage is enriched, our love is more important, our appreciation of the problems ahead is sharpened...because of the child we are going to have.

I can't tell you how joyful we are about this. We had hoped for it for so long. Even after I knew, I was afraid to tell my closest friends. Suppose it shouldn't happen, after all.

Now I am more and more vividly conscious that not only I but every intelligent modern girl who wants more than anything else to preserve the delicate relationship of marriage must begin now to recognize the inevitability of change—right now—and to respond to it. I don't mean that any of us can plan or prepare ourselves for definite personal or general post-war changes. I mean merely that there will be changes and there will be problems and we must keep abreast, as nearly as we can, with what is going on around us as well as in our intimate lives.

I've thought about these things since Bob went into training and I think that the smart girl will want to devise for herself a pattern of living which will assure her that her man will come back, if not to the identical woman he left, to the sort of woman who will be fitted to go hand in hand with him into whatever strange new world will be emerging. She can't foresee what it will be like any more than he can. So the best thing she can do is to live as fully and as usefully...and with as much awareness...as she can in the world she sees now.

She must keep herself out of mental ruts.

Bob has been in the service a year and a half now and he is certainly a different man in more ways than I can count. He has matured. His mind has sharpened, his interests have widened, he is more aware than he ever was of the world outside his own experience, his own job, his own horizons. Things which he took for granted before have become vital and dear to him.

Bob has begun, for instance, to care—and care deeply—about how his country is run and to feel a personal responsibility about it. This is especially true of Bob since he has begun to feel that he has a rather solemn stake in his country's future.

Millions of boys—and men who are too old to be called "boys"—are learning to be serious about things they scarcely thought of before the war. They're beginning to realize what it is to die, to recognize the flat, dull fact of the possibility of ceasing to be. They're becoming aware of dangers that are greater than personal dangers; they're learning the nature of the people they will have to fight. They're learning the meaning of righteous hate.

But I don't know a single man who has gone into the service who hasn't benefited by it—from the one who was too (Continued on page 85)

Waiting—and getting herself ready: Ann at home today
Little girl, big admirer: Cheryl Darlene and her father Roy Rogers
OU LD you like to see my pig- eons?” Roy Rogers said.
I said I would and his face brightened. “That’s my hobby!” he said.
He led me out through the drawing room and to the back of the house. Cheryl, his five-year-old daughter, trudged after us.
We went through a gate past the rear of the garage and then turned sharply up a steep road past a grove of lemon, avocado, peach and nectarine trees. We stopped and picked some nectarines from a branch that was loaded to the ground.
From this elevation we could look down on the house and beyond it to the hazy distance of the mountains on the other side of the San Fernando Valley. Roy was proud of his land, proud of his fruit trees and of the expansive view. But he wouldn’t let us stop long.
A hundred feet or so further up the steep incline we came to a macadam platform which had been cut into the side of the hill and on which the cotes had been built.
“This used to be a badminton court,” Roy explained. The cotes were built along one side of it. We peered through the wire netting where the birds were nesting.
“Did you build all these yourself?” I asked.
Roy grinned. “I sure did,” he replied. “That’s what I do with my Sundays. I like carpenter work and tinkering around with things. It keeps you in shape and it’s a nice way to relax, especially after a long stretch of pictures.”
He went into one of the cotes and gently shooed the birds out. About one hundred and fifty of them formed into a flock and swooped and whirled overhead in great circles.
“I have to do this a couple of times a day,” he said, “to exercise them. We’ll be racing them in a couple of months. Andy Devine and a lot of others of us have a club and we race against each other. It’s good sport. But I’ll miss it this year,” he added sadly. “I’ll be off on that rodeo tour just when the season opens.”
We watched the birds until having had enough exercise, they swooped down and returned to their cotes. “That’s part of their training,” Roy said. “When you race them they’ve got to be trained to return to their own cote, otherwise it’s no go.”
We went back to the house, Cheryl romping behind us with her Dalmatian carriage dog.
Arlene, Roy’s wife, met us at the door with their fifteen-months-old baby in her arms.
Roy led the procession into the den where he keeps his trophies and souvenirs. “This is my room,” he said.
On the mantelpiece and on shelves against the wall were cups of various shapes and sizes. Roy pointed them out.
“That one I won last year in the pigeon race,” he said. “That one over there was for deep-sea fishing—a two-hundred-and-forty-three-pound shark I landed off Catalina. I saw his fin in the water and I stuck a piece of mackerel on a hook and, bang, he grabbed it. What a battle that was, but I finally landed him.”
A beautiful painting of Trigger hung on the wall over the fireplace. Roy told me it was painted by an artist who used to hang around Madison Square Garden last year when Roy was there with the rodeo show.
“It sure does look like Trigger,” Roy said admiringly.
Above the portrait there was a pair of (Continued on page 92)
Dramatic force: Katharine Hepburn of M-G-M’s “Dragon Seed”
The world-famous author of "Dragon Seed" and "The Good Earth" returns from Hollywood with these fascinating and provocative IMPRESSIONS...

By Pearl S. Buck

...of Katharine Hepburn

I had watched Katharine Hepburn on the set of "Dragon Seed" for only a few minutes when I began to realize what a difficult task it is to portray someone outside of one's own skin, so to speak. The whole world is the same at heart—a girl like Jade can be found anywhere in the American countryside, and a girl like Katharine Hepburn, excepting her genius, can be found in China, too. But hearts are hidden inside of skeletons and skins and behind traditions and customs and differing civilizations.

I felt, as I watched her, that Katharine Hepburn was too intelligent not to know this, too, and that she was straining to get outside of herself and into the Chinese girl she had to portray.

It was only a visit of a few minutes—I saw her in one shot only—and then I went on my one day's tour of Hollywood to watch other actors and other sets, in other stories. But I think I saw no one more deeply engaged in her work, or more conscious of all its demands.

...of patience

The thing that impressed me most about Hollywood, perhaps, aside from the miraculous technology of the whole thing, the perfection of the machine, was the seriousness with which everybody took his work and the polished patience that everybody had with every other body. I remarked on this patience to one of the directors and he said—rather grimly I thought—"We've learned that patience pays. If somebody flies off his handle, it gums up the whole works. You can't co-operate without patience."

It was one of those large simple truths, struck off from the fires of experience, which would be of use in solving world problems if it could be applied on a world scale. There will be no co-operation anywhere unless we have patience with one another. But it is odd, perhaps, that Hollywood should learn it first so thoroughly.

...of the machine that is Hollywood

Or so it seemed to me, at first. Then toward the end of the day I saw that it was not odd at all, and that Hollywood was exactly the place where it should be learned first. Perfected machines demand perfect coordination of the people behind them, because machines are relentless in their requirements. Set to do a certain job, they do it regardless of human temperaments or they don't do it at all. When those great cameras swung into focus, when the lighting was exact, when every part of the machine was ready to function, the human being had to function, too, or the wastage was enormous.

...of prima donna temperament

The famous prima donna temperament cannot be very welcome in Hollywood, I imagine. Every second of it costs delay and delay costs money. The machines are inexorable and actors and actresses must meet their terms. Men and women learn the grimness of those terms. There is something as grim as the laws of heaven and earth about those huge machines. Indeed I had a curious feeling when I was watching them at work, that the whole business was like the grinding mills of the gods. The human beings seemed small and compelled to act by forces beyond them.

...of working together

Out of this compulsion they learned co-operation. Hundreds of people moved at a signal. A call, a hand raised, and the mills began to grind and the people to move, to speak. Each had his job and each did it. A single failure and the whole work failed. The co-operation had to be of the closest and most refined sort. I could see that people would come out of it either better or worse than they had been before they went into it, but they could not be unchanged.

...of the lovers' kiss

Of course there was not much opportunity for individual creative effort. Everything was blue-printed, everything directed. It was rather horrifying to see a kiss between lovers as carefully plotted and planned and carried out as (Continued on page 100)
If you were a house guest of the Alan Ladds, you'd visit one of the most bustling human beehives in Hollywood—with a strictly original label, and that label is "Ladd." Only the Ladds have so much traffic through their house; and only the Ladds have decorated their home with such unique and yet comfortable ideas. But wait! Let's get you there first!

It's Friday around noontime when you drive up the quiet residential street in Los Feliz Hills where the Ladds live—a section of hillside homes between Hollywood and Griffith Park and only five minutes' drive from Alan's studio. Across the street live the Bill Bendixes in a small white bungalow and up the block is Cecil De Mille's home. But you have eyes only for the Ladd house—which looks neither bustling nor particularly original from the outside. Standing on a small knoll about fifty feet back from the sidewalk, with a lawn sloping before it.
it's an ivy-covered square Normandy-style house. Only the brown shingled roof holding the gabled bedroom windows of the second floor is free of ivy...but now you're walking up the red brick walk to the door and ringing the bell.

A smiling, neat and gracious colored maid opens the door to you. She is Georgia, the Ladds' only servant and superb cook. But you hardly notice her now—because from somewhere inside comes pandemonium! It sounds like an army of people, all shouting and laughing at once—but here is Georgia ushering you right into the midst of it, which is the Ladd dining room. Seated at the luncheon table are nine people: Alan himself, who is having a rare day off from work; Sue; their two ex-actress secretaries, Miss Ada Clark and Miss Diane Marlowe; the Polish gardener from next door, who is a young man named Raymond; and four girl autograph-hounds. (Later, you discover that The Four are welcome visitors at the Ladd house—ever since the midnight a year ago when Sue and Alan came home from a party and found them shivering on the front doorstep, determined to get Alan's signature. The Ladds not only gave them autographs, but hot chocolate and cake and a ride home. Ever since then The Four have been worshipfully around making themselves useful! You also discover, later, that the gardener Raymond is Alan's partner in any fence-building or repair work around the house; and that they are fast friends as well.)

But right now, you're just bewildered by the uproar. Alan and Sue both leap up, introduce you, pull up a chair for you and then the pandemonium starts again. It's not until you've downed some of Georgia's mouth-melting cheese soufflé and hot biscuits that you can focus your attention on your host and hostess—who are as serene as if this were a normal home luncheon! Alan's green-yellow eyes and slow smile keep lighting on you while he talks fence-building with Raymond; and your eyes keep lighting covetously on his dark brown leather-and-cloth sports jacket and tan gabardine slacks. You note that Sue's face wouldn't be familiar without her gay smile which seems to be permanent—and you like her simple Kelly green hostess gown which brings out her dark brown eyes and hair.

It's hopeless trying to outshout the others, though, so you give up all idea of talking until later; and meanwhile you look around the dining room and find it everything a dining room should be—sunlight streams in through floor-length glass curtains to the dark green carpeting, and dances on the gray wallpaper flecked with pale yellow, leaves above delicate (Cont'd on page 97)
"Be nice to the young," said wily old George Bernard Shaw recently. His theory was that among the young of today are the big shots of tomorrow. Mr. Shaw may have had Hollywood in mind, because never before in the history of picture-making has there been so much promising material among our younger set. There's Diana Lynn, Van (what-a-smile) Johnson, June Allyson, John Hodiak, Gail Russell, Turhan Bey, Esther Williams, Susanna Foster and William Eythe, to mention just a few of them.

But whether these kids develop into a Gable, a Garbo, a Davis, a Cagney, a Dunne or a Boyer depends greatly on how they come through the dangerous malady known as "growing pains." Too frequently they do not survive the first symptom of the disease—a swelled head—and are buried with the epitaph, "I wonder what became of so-and-so. He (or she) seemed such a promising youngster."

When the news came out that Esther Williams was divorcing her dentist husband, Doctor Leo Kovner, Hollywood began to be worried.

Esther had kept this marriage on the quiet side during the period when she was comparatively unknown in Hollywood. Then, immediately after her success in "Bathing Beauty," she ups and announces plans for a divorce. The man was good enough for her until she was a star. Was it fame or friction behind the discord? Knowing Esther, Fearless, however, is sure now that the divorce would have come with or without her Hollywood success.

Esther is the first swimming star since Johnny Weissmuller and Annette Kellerman to make good in pictures. She takes her career seriously now, but at the beginning she regarded her Hollywood contract as a moderately amusing joke. Here is a girl with no inhibitions at all. Her motto in life is, "Everything works out for the best." Even now, when she wants to be a smash success in pictures, she is relaxed about everything in the way that a long-distance swimmer is relaxed during the first half of the race.

An instance of how she takes things in her easy stride: Esther has never been to New York. She
They'd better watch out or they'll stub
their toes on the way to stardom! Looking
over the foibles of the young white hopes

was promised a trip to the magic
city by her Metro bosses as a reward
for “Bathing Beauty.” To make the
jaunt, Esther cheerfully worked day
and night to complete her swimming
sequences in “The Ziegfeld Follies.”
She bought herself a stunning new
wardrobe; she was going to show
them in New York that she looked
as good in clothes as she did without
them! They gave her a farewell
luncheon at the studio here. Then at
five-thirty on the evening of the day
before she was due to depart, the
trip had to be cancelled because the
prop girl had forgotten to order
something vital for Esther’s last ap-
pearance before the camera in the
morning.

Most girls of twenty-two would
have cried their eyes out with dis-
appointment. But not Esther. “It’s
all for the best,” she said calmly. “I
can go another time.” And it was
all for the best. Because three weeks
later, the train on which Esther
would have returned to Hollywood
was wrecked!

With a girl of that reasonable
caliber, growing pains probably
won't be too serious.

From the way Van Johnson talks,
it’s hard to believe that he was
ever in love with anything except
his acting career. But way back, be-
fore Van came to Hollywood, there
was a girl in the East. She used to
send him ties before he hit the jack-
pot of fame. But like the stars in
Hollywood who have pursued Van,
she, too, came to realize that Van
is concentrating on his career and that
girls, for the present, are a second-
best to the likable young actor.

Van is as tense about his job as
Miss Williams is relaxed about hers.
“I’m never contented with what I’ve
done,” he recently told Fearless. “I
feel that I’ll never achieve my am-
bition.” Which is nonsense, because
Van has already reached a spot in a
couple of years that should, if he
does not overdo things, sweep him
to the front rank of box-office fa-
vorites.

All work and no play makes Jack
—and Van—a dull boy. There’s such
a thing as being too ambitious. The
girls of Hollywood naturally resent
Van’s preoccupation with his work.
So take a tip, Van: Take it easier.

June Allyson is one of the nicest
young actresses of Hollywood. That
she is also one of the best actresses
in the younger set, with a huge
amount of sex appeal, was discov-
ered by producer Joe Pasternak just
six months ago, when he co-starred
her with Van Johnson and Gloria De
Haven in “Two Girls And A Sailor.”

“They tried at first to make me a
glamour girl,” June told Fearless
with a slight shudder. “They plas-
tered my face with make-up and you
couldn’t tell where my eyes or lips
began or ended. I looked a very
wicked woman!” The result—movie
producers were distinctly not in-
terested. Some of these tests are now
shown at Hollywood parties when
guests want a real laugh. June
laughs with them. The kid has a
sense of humor. She can even laugh
when columnists link her name in
matrimony with men she does not
know, as, for instance, Van Johnson.
“T’ve never even been out with him!”
June told Fearless.

June lives alone in an apartment
with a housekeeper. The praise that
pleases her most is when people refer
to her as “the Margaret Sullivan of
musical” (Continued on page 103)
HER MOTHER calls her “the finest daughter any mother ever had.” M-G-M calls her “baby dynamite,” Frank Sinatra calls her “the comb” because she can’t let her hair alone. The radio people call her “potentially the greatest radio personality we’ve come across this year.” Me, I call her the great star of five years hence. You, and I, and M-G-M, and Frankie, the Voice, and the radio people and some six dozen adoring swains know her as Gloria De Haven.

She was nineteen the third Sunday in this past July and with merely four major pictures tucked under her tidy belt, “Best Foot Forward,” “Broadway Rhythm,” “Two Girls And A Sailor,” and “Step Lively,” small Miss De Haven is definitely set.

While M-G-M is currently stressing the co-starring angle on her and June Allyson and while the girls have a couple more productions slated to make together, you may expect their paths to diverge widely any day now. This is not alone the fundamental difference in their personalities but the fundamental difference in the executive attitude toward them. Watch Gloria. She has the true star temperament.

She has the quality of emotional steel hidden, in her case, behind a passion-flower face and cased in an impudently voluptuous body.

Many a star has risen to prominence without the De Haven physical beauty, but no star has lasted in the business without this steely quality in her character.

That’s why the producers whistle
De Haven

She's yours here—for the reading.
Gloria, "baby dynamite" who's busy
time-stepping to Hollywood stardom

BY RUTH WATERBURY

grudgingly as Gloria time-steps along. They'd so much rather promote a gentle lamb of a girl, these producers. They so often have. The only trouble is that laimlike personalities do not become million-dollar ones. They lack something that the public demands—strength.

Gloria is a professional. There's an old theatrical wisecrack that says that the difference between the amateur and the professional is that the professional knows how tough it is.

Gloria knows, deeply and terribly, how tough it is. Do not be deceived by her languorous air of being a young debutante just awakened from a lace-edged pillow. For seventeen of her nineteen years it has been tough all the way. That air of luxury she conveys is her bit of acting. Instead of having lived in luxury, she has spent nearly all her life, until two years ago, coming home to find the wolf moved off the doorstep and into the living room, all set to snap at her when she told her mother that, once again, she hadn't got some part, which valiantly and all by herself, she had tried out for.

The saga of Gloria and her mother fighting it out alone in Hollywood (since Gloria's brother Carter, married and with a family of his own, and sister Marjorie away in New York, couldn't help) is one of those brave ones forever being enacted in the side streets just off Hollywood Boulevard, or off Broadway in Manhattan. However, the story of the De Havens is more heroic than most of them. The really brave don't cry, you know. The really brave don't complain. They just fight, and fight, and fight, against the most overwhelming odds, and once in a blue moon they win, as Gloria is winning today—for which let us give the kid all credit.

You listen fast to the story of her background and it sounds just dandy, as it is meant to sound. Gloria's parents were Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven of stage, musical comedy, vaudeville and early movie fame. Gloria was the youngest of their three children, her brother, Carter De Haven Jr., now an assistant director at Columbia, and her sister, Marjorie, who has been in Broadway musicals, and is now starting in pictures, being the other two. This makes it sound as though Gloria, arriving several years after the other kids, was born with a silver key to Hollywood in her mouth.

She wasn't. She was born in Hollywood, all right, but born to heartbreak and hardship and what was sometimes perilously close to hunger. But she was also born to the greatest of all things—to love; the selfless, complete love of a good mother for her child. And because her mother's love for her was so great, Gloria, too, learned how to love like that, completely, and unselfishly.

WHAT had happened was that when she was fourteen months old, her parents separated. The children stayed with their mother in Hollywood, where Gloria had been born, because Mrs. De Haven loved the town. (Continued on page 68)
“Why I’m Still Single”

Turhan Bey says: “Why am I still single? Because no girl has asked me yet! And that’s no lie. You see, I’m sure I’ll never have the nerve to propose for fear of being turned down—which would humiliate me completely. I’d never recover from it; for, after all, asking a girl to be your wife is asking her to share your life and what more is there to offer in this world? However, even though I want the girl to do the proposing, I don’t want her to chase me. I want to do all the preliminary footwork and then have her pop the question. I can’t bear the dogged type of girl who is always calling men on the telephone. Nor can I bear sophisticated girls, even though I am supposed to be sophisticated myself (mainly, I have this reputation because I still follow the Continental custom of kissing ladies’ hands). Also, I don’t care much for blondes. What I’d like to marry is a brunette who’s what you call “a good Joe”—someone who would ride horseback a lot with me and who’s a friendly companion. After we’re married, unless my views change a lot, I don’t care particularly whether we have children or not. Right now, then, my plans are like this: I’d like to wait another two or three years; then I’d like to chase a hard-to-get brunette; then I’d like her to propose to me so I could yell ‘Yes!”

Helmut Dantine claims: “Luckily I don’t believe in the old saw that ‘There is just one right person in the world for each of us’—because if that were true, my romantic life would be dead and buried already. You see, I not only met a girl who was right for me, I married her; and then I was foolish enough to let her go. Gwen Anderson and I have been separated two years now, and divorced one year . . . and it wasn’t until our marriage was ended that I realized how much she meant to me. But I also realized what the trouble was—she had a career, an acting career. I learned that much toward a happier second marriage. Now, I am sure there are hundreds of other girls in the world who are just as perfect for me as Gwen was; and I shall marry one the minute I meet her—provided she isn’t a career woman in any sense of the word. I want her to be intelligent, good, kind, attractive; but definitely minus a career. Yet I’m not the sort of husband who wants her to be a ‘yes-yesing’ reflection of himself. I want her to retain a personality of her own; I want our marriage to be a partnership—not a relationship in which I dominate everything. And I don’t care what kind of a cook or bed-maker she is; I’d like her merely to supervise a gracious home. But at this very moment I just want to meet her—for being a gay bachelor has become a little dull. I want a wife and a home right now.”
Eddie Ryan declares: "I'm not married because I have a Marriage Plan—which will take place in fifteen years, when I'm thirty-five. Besides, I'm not in love with anyone, and haven't been since I was fourteen . . . and it'll probably be fifteen more years before I fall in love again, since I don't want to marry anyone in the entertainment world, and that's all I ever seem to meet. I want someone completely un-phony—and boy! do I know my female phonies, on account of being in show business ever since I was a baby, I want someone who's sincere, unaffected, simple and in love with me, and I don't even care if I'm homely. But the biggest item is—this marriage is going to last. I don't believe in divorce at all and, since a lifetime can be a long time, I want to look this girl over during a long courtship before we get spliced. And, frankly, I'm afraid some smart girl might take advantage of me if it's a short courtship—I'm such a simple guy, in fact you might say old-fashioned. You see, I don't drink or smoke, and I hate night clubs and parties and swing music. What I love is baseball, badminton, miniature golf, Ping-pong, and movies—and Al Jolson's singing and Dixieland. When you think about it, do you think a finicky guy like me has a chance to marry, even at thirty-five? What've I got to lure 'em with?"

Richard Crane asserts: "I have the girl, I have her agreement to marry me—but I'm still going to be single for some time because what I don't have is financial security. I was married and it floundered because of insecurity; so I won't marry Kay Morley until I'm definitely sure of my future—or else until the day when we both feel we either have to marry or break up. Right now I'm perfectly satisfied, just planning ahead, and seeing Kay every evening for dinner. She's an actress now, but she isn't very keen on a career and after we're married I think she'll give it up entirely. Maybe you think I'm not very dashing, waiting for security like this when I've already met the girl I want to marry; but I know what the long acting struggle is like—I've been everything between acting roles, from a service station attendant to an aircraft worker, to a dishwasher, to a Sears Roebuck customer's service man. So right now I'm saving money to buy a duplex and then Kay and I will get married and live in one half and rent out the other half. Because Kay is everything I want—a very pretty brunette, who is bright who understands the entertainment business and who is not the least bit affected by Hollywood. So I know our marriage will last if only I can get a bit of security under my belt first. Please wish Kay and me luck!"

William Eythe maintains: "The sordid truth is, I've met plenty of girls I could have married—I've even asked a lot of them to marry me—but we both thought better of it later. I truly believe that you should either get married very, very young, or wait until you're thirty—when you're intellectually, spiritually and sexually mature. Since I am now neatly in between, I think I'll wait until I'm thirty, and then I'll marry a girl the same age. Definitely, she won't be an actress; I'm pretty self-centered and if she were self-centered too we'd fight like pigs. I wouldn't mind if she were a writer or painter, but no public performer for me. I don't care whether she's a raving beauty or not, beauty's a dime a dozen. I hope she enjoys what I enjoy, which is good talk, mainly . . . and she's better at love my sons, as I do. I don't wait until after the war before I even look seriously for this girl, because I want to see what the war does to women—I want neither a military disciplinarian nor a frilly doll. I know that wife-hunting is tough these days because we're still looking for romance—and there isn't any in this scientific age. Well, there are my views ... and I sincerely trust I won't rush out and do the opposite tomorrow!"
Measure of a Man

This is how John Wayne adds up—to a total guaranteed to catch the female fancy

BY ROSEMARY WEST

The booths in the RKO commissary were apparently first designed for midgets, and the six feet four of John “The Duke” Wayne was coiled over and under the booth like a wandering telephone cord. But it wasn’t the cramped booth that was making us wretched. It was the fact that we wanted to tell the truth about the Duke. He was all against it. “You can’t,” he kept arguing, with that lopsided smile of his, his eyes deeply troubled. “Let me stay the heavy. What the heck!”

Anyone would go for this Wayne guy. It isn’t all based on that tall, male handsomeness of his, either. T. M. handsomeness comes like glamour in Hollywood, a dime the well-known dozen.

Rare and blessed qualities anywhere, however, are brains that express themselves in a dogged honesty; sensitiveness that registers as personal shyness; human dignity that will permit misunderstanding rather than resort to self-praising and self-justifying. Yes, rare indeed anywhere; but in Hollywood, a show-off and a blow-hard, such qualities exist in John Wayne, and mighty few others.

Take, by way of introduction to his true character, the event that happened when his best friend, John Ford, the director, got him the lead in “Stagecoach.” Ford fought and bled for Wayne in that role. To the actor himself it meant not alone fame and fortune but something that to him, and to Ford, was more important. It meant getting into “A” pictures and proving that he was something more than a second-rate Western star, which was all he had been up to that date.

So what did the big goof do, with so much at stake, when Ford told him he had the role? He sat and argued. He said, “Jack, you’re all wrong. You’re crazy. The man for the part is Lloyd Nolan.”

The only way they got out of the stymie was Ford’s refusal to do the picture without him. The Duke couldn’t block his pal like that, so he made the film and it made him in return. Not that the Duke’s ever told this story personally.

He didn’t tell this one, either, but a certain producer did. The producer sent the script of a very important picture to Wayne recently. No other player had yet seen it. The male lead was one with a lot of comedy and his being offered it came as a result of his playing “A Lady Takes A Chance.” The Duke wanted to play the role just as all actors do, when roles are full of variety and color. But while he was reading the script he heard that a close pal yearned for the same part.

Yes, that’s what happened. The Duke turned the script back. “It’s not for me,” he said. The producer is no dope. He retorted, “Listen, that other actor is a fine performer, none better, but this is definitely not for him. I won’t even have him tested for it. I am casting him for another picture over here, but never this one.”

It did no good. The Duke stuck to his refusal. He wouldn’t, even by inference, be put in a position to hurt a friend.

As for “A Lady Takes A Chance,” that is where the Frank Rosses mixed themselves into the Wayne destiny. The script was not manufactured, as you may have thought, for that saucy, warm-hearted Mrs. Ross, whom you know as Jean Arthur. No. The Rosses had it expressly tailored to fit John Wayne. They even had its central character called “The Duke” so that no Hollywood producer could possibly miss the identification. The Rosses did just that, and made a hit, because they knew if they didn’t take things into their own hands the Duke would never tootle his own horn loud enough to get the comedy setting they were persuaded he deserved.

It’s been ever thus with this fellow. He knows what he wants and he has the qualities to back up every opportunity offered, but he can’t push himself, if that self-pushing means a lot of great “I Am” shouting. However, his friends worship him so that they stay at a continual boiling point to do the pushing.

That’s even how he got nicknamed “Duke” (Continued on page 37)
"Lou Costello is my favorite comedian; the main reason is for his gallant fight of rheumatic fever. I had it, too, about the same time as he, only not so bad. I'd like to see Costello playing a joke on Abbott. Since he is usually the recipient of Abbott's jokes, I'd like a picture of Costello giving Abbott a hot foot!" Above is Mr. Abbott with a plotting Mr. Costello underfoot.
"I have been away from American beauties for quite a few months now; as you can imagine, all I see is men! Men in little trucks, big trucks and jeeps. It would be a wonderful treat for all the other Marines and myself if Marjorie Reynolds would consent to pose in a jeep for us. I assure you that such a picture would shorten the war by at least three full months!"

"Stogie Bill" writes: "My favorite actress and dream girl is Ann Rutherford. I would like most to see her supposedly writing her sweetheart if he were a sailor in the service. I have read of the lucky guys who have received photos of their favorite stars. I don't feel lucky, just blue, so I thought I'd try anyway."

On these pages each month the stars pose at the command of our service men and women, who then receive the original picture autographed by the star. Photoplay invites you boys and girls in service to try your luck. Tell us what you'd like to see your favorite star doing and why and our photographer Hymie Fink will do his best to fill your request. Address your requests to: Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.—give the name of your home town and enclose a snapshot of yourself. We're sorry we can't return your picture.

"I am one of Susanna Foster's many fans and I would like to see Miss Foster sitting at a piano singing 'Santa Lucia,' and I would be the happiest man in the world. I wouldn't be able to hear her singing it but looking at her picture that way would be just as good. I picked the song because it is a song my mother used to sing to me long ago when I was just a kid."
THE TIRED ADMIRAL

Sailing along with a salt-water sailor—towheaded Richard Jaeckel

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

On the Sunset Strip there is a gracious hotel allowing a spectacular view of Hollywood, Los Angeles and any other terrain you may care to view on a clear day; in this spacious and comfortable hotel there are a series of charmingly appointed apartments; in one of these apartments there is a vast, airy bedroom distinguished by a deep inner-spring mattress. And in this bed, like a seed in the center of a watermelon, there once was a character who should have been enjoying his last civilian sleep for a long, long time.

Instead of snoozing, he was sitting bolt upright in the gray dawn, saying some very nasty things about the dog downstairs. The dog had started a series of alternate barkings and howlings at midnight and was still going strong at 4 A.M.

"You're a dastardly fellow," muttered R. Hanley Jaeckel, "and it gives me joy to know that tomorrow night at this time I will be in the Merchant Marine and my sleep will not be ruined by a low-life canine."

And the following night, true to prediction, Dick was a novice boot in the U. S. Maritime Service Training Camp on Catalina Island. The island paper, "Maritime Murmurs," likes to call the island "Guadal-catalina."

Apropos of practically nothing, Dick's selection of the Maritime Service was the direct result of his experiences in Twentieth Century-Fox's picture, "Guadalcanal Diary." Much of this picture was shot on an American battle wagon; during the location period on the high seas Dick had a chance to talk to the seamen aboard and learned that, if he chose the Navy, he would have to undergo prolonged training, then might be assigned to making training films or steering a course through a desk job.

Being strictly a salt-water sailor and harboring no interest in the sailing potential of a file cabinet, or fog conditions around a mahogany swivel chair, Dick decided that the thirteen-week training period in the Merchant Marine to be followed positively by sea duty was the dish for Jaeckel.

He talked it over with smart, sleek, handsome Millicent Jaeckel, who looks and thinks much more like an older sister than like a mother. Dick's method of talking it over was to say, "Look, Mom, you'll have to sign a flock of papers before they'll take me."

Like any mother, Mrs. Jaeckel was in no hurry to have her seven-teen-year-old towhead slugging it with the enemy toe-to-toe. "Why not take it easy?" she wanted to know, speaking his language with an authority that makes her the honey of all Dick's friends. "Why not wait another year and go into the Air Corps?"

"Time's a-wasting, Mom. Gotta go. Gotta get on the ball. You want them to up and finish this war before I get a chance? Well, then, how about some penmanship?"

So Mrs. Jaeckel practically signed her life away, and Dick was bound for blues. (Speaking of uniforms, Dick had taken even this routine matter into consideration: When a merchant seaman is off duty, he is allowed to wear civilian clothing, an arrangement that appealed to Dick. In his closet he had a resplendent collection of plaid sport coats and compatible slacks; being thrifty, he couldn't see the sense of abandoning them to the moths. By returning them to wear from time to time he figured that he would eke full value from his purchases.)

Also there was the matter of a suntan. Anyone who knows anything about pre-war Catalina Island knows that the deepest cafe-au-lait suntans on the West Coast were to be obtained in the salt air and soaking sunshine (Continued on page 89)
The mariner poses in uniform with the grin that's reminiscent of his last picture before entering the Merchant Marine—"Wing And A Prayer."

"Like an older sister": Sleek and handsome mother Millicent.
DEAR Miss Colbert:

Here's my story—an unusually funny one:

I am twenty-five and in the Army. I entered service in November, 1942. At the time of my induction I was planning to marry a girl I love more than anything else in the world. She had been married before and had a lovely little girl. I thought as much of that child as her mother did.

I had bought a new car just before I entered service, so I left it with this girl. As her job was not a high-paying one, I was saving some money each month, out of my $52 check, and sending it to her. I was really faithful to her in all respects and wrote every day; she wrote pretty regularly. My folks liked her a lot and helped her when they could, as they had known her for two years while we had been keeping company.

My first furlough was wonderful. She was sweet to me and seemed anxious to have me home for good so we could be married. Just last month I managed to get my second leave. I telephoned her that I was on my way home, but two hours before I was leaving I received a telegram reading, "Leaving town." This put a blanket on things for me.

When I reached home I found that she had quit her job and gone to live with her sister in the next town. I did manage to talk to her on the telephone, but even when she promised to come right over to see me and my family, she broke her word.

Now that I am back at camp I have had one letter from her saying that she didn't want to get married until after the war was over and that she would write at a later date. I have tried to go out with other girls and enjoy myself, but it seems impossible. No matter how well kind-hearted girls treat me, I still keep hope of regaining my girl's love.

What do you make of it? What would you advise?

Forward to Victory, from Corporal W. P. O.

Dear Corporal O:

It would seem to me that you have been extremely generous and kind, as your family has, too, to the girl! Surely you deserve better treatment.

Your letter is like a bit of picture puzzle that needs added portions to show a full panorama. Have you tried to fit the puzzle together by imagining what sort of letter this girl would write to me? Would she say she had met someone else whom she loved, or that she didn't want to hurt you by telling the truth? Could some misunderstanding have occurred between her and your family, the story of which neither is telling you?

It would appear that the only way for you to get this straightened out would be to write a straightforward letter, assuring her that you want the truth. Tell her you won't be hurt or angry, nor will you blame her, because you know that human beings and life itself are subject to change. Simply explain that you cannot endure the suspense and that you would rather know the true state of affairs in preference to being kept dangling.

Claudette Colbert

(Continued on page 105)

You can talk over whatever is troubling you with Claudette Colbert simply by writing to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 46, California, and if your problem seems to her to be a universal one she will answer it on these pages
Engaged to West Point Cadet

Mary Alice Maxwell of Columbus, Ohio fiancée of Cadet Robert Northup Ives of the prominent Army family

BUY ANOTHER BOND—Mary Alice has been active in every one of Uncle Sam’s War Bond Drives. The soft-smooth look of her Pond’s complexion proves a magnet to sales! Selling bonds is a war service many girls are proudly giving.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

She has a rare sculptured beauty—this auburn-haired girl with breathtaking eyes and a complexion smooth, cool and fine as alabaster.

Mary Alice is still another engaged girl with that delightful "Pond’s look."

"I’m certainly keen about Pond’s Cold Cream," she says, "it’s so exactly right for me—and it leaves my face with such a clean smooth feeling."

She slips the soft, snowy cream over her face and throat and pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more Pond’s Cold Cream—with little spiral whirls of her white-coated fingers—for extra cleansing—extra softening. Tissues off again.

Give your face Pond’s beauty care, every night, every morning—for in-between clean-ups too! It’s no accident so many more girls and women use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for the big luxury jar—it helps save glass. And, it’s so pleasant to be able to dip the fingers of both your hands in this wide-topped Pond’s jar.

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Alexander W. Biddle—Lady Kinross Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton—Mrs. Allen P. Ryan—Viscountess Milton
If My Daughter Were Seventeen...

(Continued from page 33) friends with you, they'll stop too.

But, personally, I've always admired girls who have a certain amount of reservation. Calm, intelligent, conservative girls with an air of easy dignity and restraint.

It was that quality about Big Nancy that first intrigued and attracted me to her. She kids me now a lot about playing 'hard to get.' But actually she was hard to get. And it was her conservativeness that first made me fall for her.

I'll never forget the first time I ever saw her. It was down on the beach at Long Branch, New Jersey. I was visiting my aunt who had a house right across the street from the summer home of Nancy's folks. I played a pretty mean ukulele then and always took it down to the beach with me where, by playing it loud enough and singing a little louder, I usually attracted quite an audience. But never Nancy.

Then one day I finally got to talk to her. She was sitting on the porch of her house giving somebody a manicure. I was going to the beach and just "happened" to walk by on her side of the street.

"Why don't you fix mine?" I said.

"Well, come on in," she agreed.

It was an unfortunate approach at the time, even though it did turn out so well later on. For the first time in my life I was going with boys, I'd like to meet the kid. I've always respected very much any girl who asked me home to meet her folks. As a matter of fact, when Nancy did, I fell in love with her parents even before I fell for her!

I WOULD try to be sure, too, that little Nancy at seventeen was prepared to shoulder any responsibilities that she might have later. Cooking, sewing, driving a car. To be prepared so that if later on, like her mother, she should happen to fall in love with a fellow making $18 a week, she'd manage and be just as happy as her mother and this—or—uh—other fellow were.

Big Nancy's practical knowledge came in handy for a long time. The first trip to Hollywood, for instance, I was singing with Harry James' band then. His salary had been attached and there was a while there when he couldn't pay us anything. We rented an apartment in Beverly Hills and pooled our money for that first month's rent. Then for two weeks we had practically nothing to eat but onion sandwiches. Ugh . . . I can taste 'em now.

Yes, if my daughter were seventeen I'd want her to be able to take anything—even those blamed onion sandwiches.

It makes me very proud now when I hear kids who can discuss current topics had my nails manicured. I went around for the next four days with band-aids on all my fingers!

If my daughter were seventeen I'd want her to be as reserved as her mother was. A certain amount of unattainability makes for sweet womanliness and charm.

If Little Miss Moonbeam were seventeen today I'd want her to have the utmost confidence in me.

I think an honor system is always the best bet, with everything on a fifty-fifty basis between the parents and the girl. But this is something that parents have to work at too. We have to get a little groovier with our children, jingle up the old joints.

I'd want to keep our home gay and friendly so that Nancy would feel free to bring all her boy friends and girl friends there. If she were seventeen and

Business in the back yard at the Sinatras': Frank gets a candid close-up of Big Nancy and an intrigued Little Nancy and have a working knowledge of what's happening around them. If Little Nancy were seventeen I would want her to realize her share of this responsibility and the importance a good education plays in helping prepare one for it.

I don't think kids realize what they're missing when they decide not to go to college. It's especially important to girls, for it gives them a chance to choose social friends from classmates that will mean much to them later on. I sincerely believe all kids should go on to college if they can. It makes you feel so left out of things later on if all your other pals go and you don't. I have many buddies and friends I went to high school with and we sit around often and rehash things that happened. But when they get through high school I automatically drop out of the conversation. I get off there.

I've always admired intelligent girls you could talk to about good music, good books, or the latest happening in world affairs. If my daughter were seventeen, I'd certainly want her to be able to "carry the ball" in any intelligent discussions going on around her.

I would want my teen-age daughter to know good music. Her mother and I have been dreaming for years of Nancy's becoming a great musician. She has a great ear for music. But she's never conscious of it, I'm training it all I can. I'm wearing out my record collection of classics on her now.

If my daughter were seventeen, I would want her instinctively to have those qualities that are most important—honesty, generosity and loyalty—and honesty above the rest. I would emphasize the desirability of being helpful to others whenever she can.

By the time my daughter is seventeen I hope she will be self-disciplined, will be able to analyze for herself, to be able to think independently at all times.

I've always had great admiration for girls who set high standards for themselves. And I would hope that with the right foundation and training Little Nancy would set hers up there plenty high. I would not only give her a common sense enough to realize that some friends have pleasures that she sees other kids her age taking liberties with don't last. That they never amount to anything in the long run.

I want Nancy to set up high standards that recognize the importance of a good Christian environment and all the better things in life. To have a respect for everything, to feel nothing but compassion for those less fortunate than she has been. Never to be snobbish, but to be tolerant of everyone, regardless of class, color, race or creed.

If my daughter were seventeen I would want her to resent, as bitterly as I do, the oppression of anybody. I'm a guy who loves people and whenever anybody is opressed I feel it as if it were in the dumps. I would want Nancy to feel the same way and to do all she could in her own way to change this. To find ways of helping the less fortunate in the matter of better housing accommodations and good medical care. This is my own primary object in wanting to stay successful as far as I am. I'm not going to help my own family. I only wish I could do something to help all the other kids too.

Another important thing I'd want for my seventeen-year-old daughter is laughter. A lot of laughter. We Americans as a race have the most wonderful sense of humor in the world and I want that carried down in my own family. Little Nancy would have that same wonderful sense of humor now and I want it developed as she goes along. I want her to realize that if you don't laugh you don't live.

And, finally, I want my daughter's life is probably no Quiz Kid. And if, at seventeen, she would be all these things I've mentioned, I would be greatly surprised—and I certainly don't want any three-layered hats running around her little head. But if she chalks up a pretty high batting average on most of that, I'll be satisfied.

If her mother is listening in, this is to say that, as Miss Moonbeam grows up, if she becomes more and more all the things you are, Lisa's not going to happen to my Nancy's daddy will be a very happy guy.

THE END
"My Beauty Facials really make skin lovelier"

IDA LUPINO

In recent tests of Hollywood's beauty care, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

"Here's how I take my daily Active-Lather Facial," says Ida Lupino. "I cover my face generously with the rich Lux Soap lather, work it in thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold—then pat to dry. Now my skin feels smoother!"

You want the loveliness that wins romance! See what this gentle care can do for your skin!

** FIGHT WASTE **

Use your Lux Toilet Soap wisely, for soap contains material vital to the war effort. Never waste it.

I NEVER NEGLECT MY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS WITH LUX SOAP—THEY'RE A WONDERFUL BEAUTY AID!

(Continued from page 55) They won't tell, either of these De Havens, why the separation came about. They have too much dignity to discuss it. They are, true to the Hollywood tradition, "very good friends."

But Carter Jr. went to work in the theater, and then Marjorie, but Mrs. De Haven kept hoping Gloria wouldn't, not at least until she was eighteen. She did want her to have a real childhood.

"She didn't get pretty until she was nearly two," her mother says, "but from the very moment she could toddle, she was acting. There never was such a good child as Gloria. There simply never was. She was always obedient. You could make her do anything, if you told her that would make you happy. But always she wanted to put on my shoes and my dresses to 'dress up' and act in front of a mirror. She was mad for hats. She would go trotting about in high-heeled slippers and a plume-trimmed hat and sing and dance all day long."

She went to a professional children's school, since there was never a moment's doubt in her mind what she wanted to do in life. She went to the Lawler Professional School, where Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney had gone before her, and all around her were kids learning tap-dancing and hot songs, but Gloria went home nights and studied classical music, with good classical singing teachers, when they could afford them, and from the best classical records plus her mother's coaching at other times.

By way of entertainment, she went to the movies every night they had the price of them. She still does that, but at no time were they merely entertainment to Gloria. She was studying. Today she says, "Jean Arthur is an absolute lesson in comedy timing. I go see every picture she ever does, time after time. Just as a personal sentiment, Ingrid Bergman is my favorite actress; but I learn most from Jean. I like Cary Grant and Ray Milland and I used to like Robert Montgomery, too, for that reason. I think my greatest future will be in light comedy, so I study every trick that group has. When it comes to glamour, I don't think anyone on the screen is in the class with Lana Turner. If I could learn to combine that comedy timing of Jean's with Bergman's brooding quality and Lana's glamour..." Her eyes beam and her dreamy face glows and you think all this may be possible to her, and very soon, too.

She was eight, just as her mother had been, when she got her first screen role. Her mother didn't want her to be in the picture, but it was a matter of necessity. You can see how severe the necessity was by the way they both can't talk of it, when you bring the subject up. They are very gallant now when they tell you Gloria did not get a contract.

After that one break Gloria would come home and tell her mother about some role she was about to try out for. Old-timer and small star-to-be, they would go over the scene, or the song, or the dance.

But a little girl of nine, and ten, and eleven just isn't anything in the casting world. She was forever being just too tall, or too old, or too short or too young. Mother and daughter, they made a great joke out of her being turned down for things. Someday would those silly old casting directors be sorry!

Things looked excitingly wonderful when Gloria was signed to be Becky Thatcher in the Selznick production of "Tom Sawyer."

She waited nine months while the studio looked for Tom, growing like a precious climbing rose during that time. When they finally found Tommy Kelly and sent for her, she topped him by a good two

REQUEST GRANTED!

By vote count
more Photoplay readers wanted to see a color portrait of June Allyson
You will find the picture on page 37
Van Johnson a close second in the Color Portrait Poll is presented on page 39

Whom would you like to see in color in Photoplay?
Send in this ballot to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of . . . . . . . . . . . . in Photoplay
inches. So Ann Gillis got the part. Gloria went home that night and prayed; prayed she wouldn't be guilty of the sin of envy, prayed, if it was right, that her luck might change.

For she was, by then, a deeply religious child, and she still is. She didn't lose her faith, though sometimes it wore thin. She began to be known as "that De Haven kid who tries out for everything." Her silky bob, her lusciously made-up mouth, her chic clothes, her cute shoes were all weapons, carefully thought out, carefully used. She got brief engagements with Bob Crosby's band, and later with Jan Savitt's. Her mother didn't like them for her. Gloria knew they weren't her goal, but they kept her going, and she learned poise, working before audiences, putting across songs. When, two years ago, M-G-M actually talked contract she proved her wisdom of things theatrical by telling a lie about her age. No, she didn't say she was younger than she was. She said she was older, two years older. "I said I was eighteen," she tells you now. "I knew it was a musical they wanted me for, and because it was being made from a stage play and they were behind schedule on it, I figured they might have to shoot nights. If I'd told them I was sixteen, I couldn't have worked nights. I would have had to have a teacher with me on the set during the day. So I just said 'eighteen' in a firm voice and I got away with it. They sighed and said, 'Thank heavens' and I was in, and they did actually shoot many of the big numbers at night.'

Actually, she never told M-G-M of her deception until a week before her nineteenth birthday, this summer, when she knew she was safe.

TODAY she is definitely a career girl and so far, no date disturbs her. She is terrifically popular with the males, and naturally is pleased by same, but the career comes first with her. "When you've grown up in Hollywood," Gloria says, "handsomeness in men or their being famous doesn't make you swoon. I am honestly much more interested in a man's character than I am in his name; his mannerisms. I like to know in this town. Everyone you meet is 'someone.' That's the only thing I worry about sometimes: I've never known anyone who wasn't out of the ordinary. What will happen to me when I meet 'just a nice guy'? I'll probably fall flat on my face—he'll impress me so. But at least I know that looks, fame and money can all disappear, and only character remains. It's character you have to live with. The boys I meet in the course of my work are really too young to have their characters formed as yet. Maybe that's why I've never yet fallen in love. Maybe my character isn't formed yet, either. I'm not sure on that score. But when I marry, I'll marry only for love. You can count on that."

"Best Foot Forward" meant the turning of the tide for Gloria and her mother, but they did not change their mode of living. They moved only recently into the apartment Robert Walker had vacated, and it's nothing opulent. But at least it has two bedrooms, which is strictly new luxury to them. Because of the housing shortage, right up until July Mamma, Gloria and Marjorie were sharing one bedroom, which meant the girls had to alternate nights in sleeping on the living-room couch.

The next thing they aspire to is a car in which Gloria can drive to work. As it is now, she has to get up at 5:30 when she's working in order to get to work on time, the Los Angeles bus system being what it is.

"So What?"

This curious character isn't any one you know. It certainly isn't any one we know. In fact we don't believe the man exists who wouldn't prefer a crisp, white shirt to one that looks dingy and gray.

But we have known women who acted as though their husbands couldn't tell the difference. Not deliberately, mind you! They just didn't know how to get all the dirt out of shirts—or any badly soiled garment.

We get to know these women because a lot of them write to us—when they try Fels-Naptha Soap. They say this mild, golden soap, blended with naptha, makes washing quicker and easier. That it gets things sweeter and cleaner. They say they'll never use anything else.

These women are housekeepers—just like you. So we're passing the tip along.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"
Hating to get up in the morning is the bane of her existence. Her mother has to wake her about six times before she finally stirs.

She thinks an actress should be a style-setter. She studies all fashion publications and is meticulous about her grooming. Every time she gets a raise at the studio, she steps up the price she pays for her clothes. She thinks this is a matter of good business. She hates hats.

Her mother hopes that she will be allowed to do more serious singing in her future pictures. She sees Gloria as a young Jeanette MacDonald, with perhaps greater dramatic possibilities, but she does wish she'd let Gloria go back to her dark hair. She feels she was more beautiful that way.

Personally we think the only thing that may stop her is her losing her head.

Her adoring mother, who is so contrary to the usual stage mother that she never goes near the studio and has never gone on one interview for a part or anything else with Gloria, shook her head at this suggestion. "That doesn't worry me," she said. "What worries me more is her losing her heart. I know her capacity for love. I want her to marry and have children, for she adores them, any child, any age. But I fear that her first love might hurt her. With her temperament, that would be so hard for her to get over. If she's very lucky, she'll find the right man. This much I know. She deserves a great love."

What kind of man will he be?

Gloria thought about it very seriously. "I don't know," she said. "I really don't. Somebody I've not met so far." Then she laughed. "Somebody like Gable," she said, "and I mean the Gable character, not the Gable looks or fame or money!"

P. S. She hasn't met Gable yet. But imagine having all she's got—and Gable, too!

THE END

Skeletons in Your Closet

(Continued from page 36)

large lapels or your shoulder pads are too heavy or your hat is too big. Short-legged? Perhaps your jacket's too long, or maybe you shouldn't be wearing shoes with ankle straps. Learn to look at yourself full-length; to achieve proportion in your clothes to your face and figure.

Plenty of Skeletons If You—

... Have too many clothes.

You'll never have enough accessories to go around nor will you have the time to care for your wardrobe if you buy too many dresses. Better less dresses, more time to check your wardrobe, plan for your accessories before each wearing.

... Are afraid of wearing the same old thing.

The best-dressed women are the women who have found their clothes types and stick to them. If you look best in suits, wear suits any time, anywhere. If ruffles dress you right, dress up with them. Find your type and stick to it, with seasonal variances in materials.

... Look around your closet only occasionally.

You don't let months go by without a thorough examination and weeding-out of your wardrobe. Go over your clothes constantly, repair the run-down articles. Then try on everything; your figure changes and that dress may have to be altered to match your new clothes line.
Visit from Van

(Continued from page 38) “Just the guy next door with a sense of humor,” he replied, and tee’d up those eyebrows, as if he hadn’t given the key answer to success in the hearts of the public.

NOW I’ll tell you some of the things I found out, just gabbing with my friend, Van Johnson. He is much better looking off the screen. He’s big. His hair is golden, tinged with the red that goes with freckles. He is modest and grateful. He has scars across the forehead that was so badly cracked in the motor crash. In another year they will be light lines, but under them will remain the thoughts which come to anyone who has missed a rendezvous with death.

We compared notes, for my accident in 1935 was the turning point in my life and his brush with death may have been his. He resents not being in the war but is making no false gestures by doing some half-time war job to placate any criticism. His conscience is as clear as his point of view. He became more religious after the accident though he had always gone to church. I told him of how I had regained my courage after my crash; how I had asked “The Great Management” above to show me what I was to do with the life so miraculously spared and had found great happiness.

He looked serious for a moment—most of the time he twinkles. “They said I wouldn’t be able to do anything for a year. When I heard that Metro was going to hold production on ‘A Guy Named Joe’ until I was able to finish the part I had started, I was so proud and really inspired that I just had to get well. Between prayers and the belief that I was meant to do it, I made the grade.” He smiled again. “I’m such a lucky guy. When I was in the chorus in New York . . .”

“In the chorus?” I cut in. “You mean you’ve been on the stage?”

“And how!” he said. “Yeah, I’ve done most all kinds of jobs and that’s why I’m grateful. You’re not apt to be if it comes too easy.”

WE compared likes. We ignored dislikes. Personally, I have none. I can’t be bothered—and Van is sort of “so whatish” about anything but “likes.” On those, he is very definite. Gala mentioned and agreed on were Greta Garbo, Irene Dunne, Ingrid Bergman, Carmen Miranda . . . and when I told him the latter had bought the house next door and often came over to talk quietly with me, the eyebrows registered a double take. “I’ve only just met her and danced a rhumba with her, but I think she’s swell! I’d like to talk to her some time myself.”

“I’ll fix it,” I said—and I will.

“Twenty-seven,” I mused, “and you haven’t married.” (A statement, not a question.) Would I have been shocked if I had been wrong about that too? “I’d love to be married,” he said. “But not yet,” he added, “I wouldn’t marry during the war. I may still get into it.”

“You don’t marry until you are thirty! That’s an order!” I said—and meant it. “Success does strange things to one’s tastes in everything. When you are well established and out of the skyrocket class, you will know better what’s what and who’s who. Meanwhile, be that rare bird with no strings attached that all of us can love without any thought of a lurking ‘little woman’ getting lines on the sidelines.”

I was gabbing away about a summer I had spent at Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island, before he was born. “I come from Newport, across the Bay,” he said. He knew the Summer Park I had played in...
Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

"My career is glamour" says enchanting DANA JENNEY

"Being a Cover Girl is a dream job" — says alluring, successful Dana Jenney. "But I have to be right down to earth about keeping exquisite under the torrid heat of photographers' 1000-watt lamps.

"So I was thrilled when I found a deodorant that really did keep my underarms dry — Odo-ro-no Cream! I can trust it under the most trying conditions. It's a wonderful way to keep freshness from wilting — and a perfect safeguard for the expensive dresses and furs I model.

"Every girl will like the things I like about Odo-ro-no Cream. First, it contains a really effective perspiration stopper that closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed up to 3 days! That's why it ends perspiration nuisance so satisfactorily.

"It's safe for fabrics too — just follow directions. And you can tell it contains soothing emollients because it's non-irritating even after shaving.

"Another thing — each jar gives you up to 21 more applications for 9¼ than other leading deodorants — a war stamp saving.

"Won't you try velvety, fragrant Odo-ro-no Cream, too? If you don't agree with me and other Cover Girls that it's a marvelous help in guarding precious glamour!"

(Price 35c plus 20% Federal Tax)

Odo-ro-no Cream — petal-soft to the last application because it's packed in new air-tight jars!

Treasure Chests of Romance!

No. 9393 (left): Colonial lowboy in mahogany. Drawer in base, simulated drawers above.
No. 4903 (below): Early American chest in maple — plain or with Pennsylvania Dutch painted decorations (shown).

"The Present with a Future", a West Branch Cedar Hope Chest... is treasured for the memories it keeps alive... for the prized possessions it protects... as well as for its own beauty. Styled for women who appreciate fine design, it's the gift of sentiment and good taste. West Branch Chests, Milton, Pa.

as Little Elsie. Did I know so-an-so's Hoster Place? I broke the news to him gently that I didn't care much about food. He was strangely silent as he glanced at a plate on the table that had been replete with small sandwiches when the iced tea arrived. There were two left and Freckle Puss had casually snaffled the rest. He laughed sheepishly. "I guess it's a good thing you don't care much about food.

pushed the plate toward him, saying: "I would rather talk than eat, any time," I seem to be able to do both," he said.

"You don't mind my talking about how lucky I am, do you?" (He shot a homemade cookie.)

"Mind? I should say not. You will keep right on going strong as long as you like to talk about your blessings.

"WELL, listen to this for a touch of magic," he said. "When I was in the hospital, folks brought me books, of course, and among them was 'Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.' As I read it, I used to just lie back and wonder who would get that swell role of Ted. I knew Spencer Tracy would do the role of Doolittle if Metro made it, but I was honestly so busy casting the part of Ted, it used to keep me awake. Of course, 'A Guy Named Joe' wasn't even finished, so I left myself out of the plan entirely, lying there reading and wondering:"

"And who got it?" I asked, as if playing straight for him.

"Why, I did! I thought you knew." He was quite sincere in his surprise.

"Listen, Johnson," I said, being equally sincere, "I never even knew you existed until two weeks ago— but be careful what you do from now on 'cause I'll be watching like I'd watch my own young man if he wasn't over in Italy with the Fifth Army."

"I hope you will," he said. "Have you got a picture of your husband?" he added.

"Sure! Taken in boot camp a week after he enlisted." I rushed into the house and grabbed the likeness of my much better half (and incidentally my years younger half). A sudden light flashed in my subconscious as I handed it to Van.

"Why, we look alike," he said. "Say, he might be my brother."

"Yes," I said, gazing from him to the picture and back, "I didn't even realize why you seemed so right in this back yard."

"He's better looking," Van said. "That's a real face. Mine's sort of a leftover."

"Yes," I agreed. "But what's left over is just enough off the beaten track of perfection to be different and being different makes you — you. Don't let anything change you. Ride the beam. Keep on being grateful and you'll reach the heights. Personally, I think you rate everything you've got so far."

It sounded like an exit cue. Van rose. "You mean that? Honestly?" he said.

"I retired from public life so I could always say that I think honestly," I answered, looking up into that nice face, which was reminding me more of my own lad every moment.

After he left, I wondered if perhaps I had been influenced unconsciously—but I think not.

You have the facts as collected. He is a nice guy and a good actor. If you look up the word "van," you will see that the definition reads: "Out in front" or "ahead of." I think he is well named and I don't think he'll lose his head. It was badly cracked up but it's sitting very steadily on his broad shoulders now—and those laughing looks at the corners of the hazel eyes under the permanently surprised eyebrows are going to help Van live up to his name.

The End
YANKY CLOVER... meadowsweet scent of the countryside... is one of America's best-loved fragrances. Now this haunting, nostalgic breath of all outdoors is dressed up in packages as romantic and gay and expressive of American country life as Yanky Clover itself!

Here are packages with the lilt and color and sunny warmth of the era that inspired the Broadway hit, "Oklahoma!" Perfume... toilet water... dusting powder... $1 each, plus tax... singly or combined for giving... all fresh and fragrant with Yanky Clover.

If you have difficulty in finding these new packages, remember that Yanky Clover in old or new wrappings smells as sweet.

Richard Hudnut
Another first for Revlon

Two different shadings — in the same color family to sparkle with your daring, two-tone high-voltage clothes this Fall!

It's Revlon's wonderful color idea . . . to give you an utterly new look. "Pink Lightning" lipstick . . . and more intense "Pink Lightning" nail enamel!

Both members of the frankly daring fuchsia color family . . . to charge your lips and fingertips with that same startling play of electric color you'll see in all the important new two-tone coutourier designs.

Both perfect proof of Revlon's never-to-be-disputed fashion leadership . . . Revlon's never-to-be-equalled linger-longer quality!

(And with them, Revlon's new "Pink Lightning" Face Powder.)
Exotic American star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Laura" selects Kiviette's bright-by-night dinner jacket of black and flaring gold sequins. With it she wears a long black rayon crepe skirt, slim as a pen stroke, graceful as a folded fan.

Burnished Brown

is Gene Tierney's choice for day-time, date-time hours. She poses for Photoplay in Kiviette's slim cocktail suit of gleaming satin, done with soft dressmaker touches. Walter Irving, Detroit. The Fair, Fort Worth. Roy Bnorkman, Minneapolis. Her cockade hat by Sally Victor.
YOU HAD THE BLUEST EYES, the softest checks, the most enchanting smile. I loved you the minute I saw you.

And like all fathers, I wanted to give you everything in the world... the stars to play with, the moon on a silver platter, a beautiful dream every night.

Something interfered with a lot of my plans, baby; there were too many birthdays made up of makeshifts before things started breaking my way. But maybe this birthday, the fur coat I saw you admire will make up for all the other times you pressed your little nose against shop windows... looking wide-eyed at treasures beyond our reach.

Maybe that very becoming Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat is saying it all for me, my darling — saying that I always wanted to give you beautiful things.

You were such a very pretty baby!

...next to WAR BONDS, the best-loved gift... FURS

HOLLANDER
KEEP THEIR BEAUTY... LONGER

YOUR FAVORITE FUR RETAILER HAS THEM
Glamour goes natural

Time was when Theda Bara hair-tearing was the fashion... when the world's most glamorous stars postured and posed, sobbed and sighed. And all the while, the clothes that enchanted the public were designed to conceal, not reveal, their allure.

But today's white collar girl heroine looks sleek and streamlined in clean cut, clean whittled clothes. Photoplay plays up the two modes... shows you (as though you needed telling) what a lucky girl you are to be alive and young and lovely now... today!

Modern drama

... Not a whisper of a Lillian Gish bustle or a Lillian rustle in this Kane-Weill dress with gold bead embroidery sparkling under your chin. 85% wool, 15% rabbit hair jersey. Gold, light blue, coral, slate blue, aqua, moss green, lilac, toast. 10 to 20. About $35.00 at all I. Magnin stores in California and Neiman-Marcus. Dallas

Dressed perfection

This sheath of a Rosébrooke dress slashed with black satin. 100% Miron wool in black, patriot green, fuchsia, casanova brown, cocoa brown, gray, tangerine. 8 to 20. About $35.00 at Arnold Constable, New York; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh
Fun, functional and fashion-right

A trio of triumphs that reflect modern design, the tempo of the times. (Left) Dorothy Hubbs casual in Frostpoint rayon with gun-metal trim belt. Gray or brown. 10 to 20. About $11 at Davison, Paxon, Atlanta. (Center) Sliver-slim Henry Rosenfeld original with fly-front and contrasting saddle-stitched belt. 100% wool flannel. Fuchsia, antique gold, royal blue, rust, men's wear gray, moss green, fireman red. 12 to 20. About $17 at B. Altman, N. Y. (Right) Noisy, newsy plaid Peerless classic—gray and black accented with red or purple. 50% wool, 50% rayon. 12 to 20. About $13.00 at Lasalle & Koch, Toledo.
Suggestion for Strategy

Black sorcery draped with skill, sparkling with sequins... frankly femme fatale with an objective: furlough dancing and dining. Rich rayon crepe with flattering folds and tie-back sash assure perfect figure-fit. Pretty provocative... but provocatively pretty.

Sizes 9 to 15, about $14.95.
WHEN IT'S NEW AND NOTEWORTHY

IT'S A BETTY BARNES

Want a blouse that's lovely and lasting? Want a blouse that's tailored with expensive touches but is budget-low in price? Then this new, up-to-the-minute Betty Barnes is just your dish!

Flattering with its face framing lace, fashion-right with its sweet bow tie ... it's a lovely companion to skirts or suits. And wait till you see the wear-and-washability of the Riordan rayon crepe it's made of.

About $5.00 at stores listed below, or write directly to Betty Barnes,

1375 Broadway, N. Y. C.
Hosiery "As You Like It" is exquisitely full-fashioned, to hug every subtle curve of your leg and ankle. It is made of top-quality yarn, and is strategically reinforced. Choose "As You Like It" for the most in flattery and service! Your dealer is receiving regular supplies; if he happens to be out of your size, try again soon.

HOSIERY
"As You Like It"
READING, PA.

Additional stores where you can buy Photoplay First Run Fashions on pages 78 to 80:

Kane-Weill embroidered dress
Boston, Mass.—Freedley's Inc.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer Bros.
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Bros.

Rosebrooke all-wool dress
Baltimore, Md.—Sylvia Wilner
Norfolk, Va.—Nicholson & Marx
Portland, Ore.—Unger, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.—Lockhart's, Inc.

Henry Rosenfeld original
Baltimore, Md.—O'Neill & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam & Co.
Dallas, Texas—Trite, Goettinger Co.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Kerr's
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller

Dorothy Hubbs casual
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris & Co.
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Hardy's
Louisville, Ky.—The Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson Inc.

Peerless plaid dress
Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Broadway Department Store
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon
Portland, Ore.—Lipman, Wolfe & Co.

Sweaters
Helen Harper
Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Norfolk, Va.—Miller & Rhodes
Philadelphia, Penna.—Gimbels Bros.
Providence, R. I.—Shepard Company

Tish-U-Knit
Atlanta, Ga.—Davidson, Paxson Co.
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Halliburton's

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Daintiness Girdle
What a boon to fastidious women... the Diana Panty Girdle with a detachable catch that can be removed and washed after wearing! What's more, a Diana girdle moulds your figure firmly and smoothly into natural, graceful lines.

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For free booklet P2 and for store nearest you, write:

DIANA Corset Company, Inc.
1 EAST 33rd ST., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
Bob Walker Talks about Jennifer Jones

(Continued from page 31) friends, you know. And there hasn’t been any legal action taken yet. She is still my wife."

That paradoxical statement made me look closely at young Bob. I wondered why he was so eager to say that they weren’t divorced yet if he didn’t care any more? Why does he speak so glowingly on their future together on the stage if his personal plans no longer include Jennifer?

As a reporter, I believed his words. But as a woman I couldn’t help but sense the undertone that lay so close to the surface. When a man is as young as Bob it is very, very hard to put a first, and perhaps more important, love out of your life.

He was only nineteen when he married Jennifer. They were both poor at the time—but not in the dire straits that have been hinted and printed. Their families were in comfortable and even affluent circumstances. Bob’s aunt is Mrs. Floyd Odlum who is married to one of the richest men in the country. She, herself, was for many years president of Bonwit Teller. Aunt Hortense, said Bob, “is my mother’s sister and paid my tuition through military school. Later, when I was bitten by the acting bug, she sent me to the American Academy.

“You know, that’s where Phyllis and I met,” he said. (He still calls Jennifer ‘Phyllis,’ her real name.) “We were terribly ambitious and not at allawy by appearing in such shows as ‘The Barretts Of Wimpole Street’ and all the other dramatic plays young students take on.

“But I’ve always been restless and when I failed to get big breaks on Broadway immediately—I thought there was no future for me on the stage. So I decided to take a trip around the world—and hopped a banana freighter. By this time, my aunt was pretty fed up with my whims. She said if I took that trip she hoped I would have character enough to stay out for the whole two years I had planned. When I returned to New York after just a few months, she was no longer interested in my dramatic ambitions.”

“IT wasn’t a girl named Phyllis who brought you back, was it?” I suggested.

“It might have been,” laughed Bob. “Anyway, I lived on $10 a week given me by my brother and Phyllis was being supported by her family who was living in Tulsa. She really got the first important break in our careers. She was offered a job on the radio in Tulsa and took me along as her ‘leading man.’

“We were married,” Bob went on, “in the Catholic Church in Tulsa. Her mother is a convert—and our two boys are being raised Catholics although I am not one.”

Bob laughed at the memory of their first visit to Hollywood. “Phyllis had a $75 a week job at Republic. She played in ‘New Frontier’ and in ‘Dick Tracy’ serial. I managed to land a job as a reader—but things weren’t too bright for us. We finally asked ‘clowney’ to the movies and went back to New York.

“We lived in an apartment in Greenwich Village until Bobby was on the way—then we thought better. We couldn’t afford it because we were both doing pretty well in radio by that time. ‘After that,” he said, “things happened very suddenly. Phyllis changed her name to Jennifer Jones; she was given a contract to come West for pictures; and on the same day I made a test in the East for M-G-M which Louis B. Mayer okayed.

“I was here just a day when I was put into ‘Bataan.’ She had thought she was going to Nora in ‘The Keys Of The Kingdom’ but when that was delayed she
was given 'The Song Of Bernadette.' It was an extremely difficult and nerve-racking role for an actress who had not had much camera experience.

"Do you think the strain she was under is what caused your break?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said honestly. "I do know that if we had met any trouble or any words until we came to Hollywood. I also know that I have made an agreement with Jennifer (he had slipped back from her old familiar Phyllis to her screen name again) never to discuss what caused our separation.

"Remember this—it always takes two to break up a marriage. She is a grand girl. We are both nervous and high-strung and somehow I can't help feeling that we are closer together—apart—than we were together in the last year of our marriage.

"We talk every day about the children. I can see them whenever I want to go to her house." He is extremely grateful to his boss, Louis B. Mayer, for the fine breaks he has had. "He upped my salary after 'Bataan,'" Bob relayed proudly, and again after 'See Here, Private Hargrove.' He is enough of an actor to rejoice in the fame that has come to him and for that reason it is silly to think of him as sad or moping.

In Bob's own words: "It isn't possible for Jennifer and me ever to feel bitterness toward each other. We had too much happiness together. We were both very young when we married." Nineteen is very young for a man to marry and while Jennifer might have been older in her actions she was still only a girl. When I asked him if Jennifer was older in years he said: "No gentleman ever discusses a lady's age—and it served me right!"

He told me that he considers Judy Garland the nearest thing to Jennifer as an actress. "She is such an exciting person to work with. 'The Clock' which we were making together is almost like a poem—Judy puts so much into it."

But he swears his interest in Judy is only as a friend, that there is no romance. "I don't expect to marry again," he said flatly. "My two boys need me—although I know they are better off in Phyllis's care. She is a wonderful mother, and I thought of an interview I had had with Jennifer just a few weeks ago and she sounded just as idealistic about Bob as he does about her. If it is true that at twenty-five they do not love as they did at nineteen, they have found, in place of the young passion, a beautiful understanding and a mutual respect for one another. The clock chimed eleven—and the others were calling for us to join them.

Does Bob Walker want Jennifer back as his wife? What do you think?

The End

TUNE IN
"MY TRUE STORY"
10:00 A.M. E.W.T.
EVERY MORNING
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

A new and different story every day, from the lives of real men and women, reveals their troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures. If you like the stories in True Story magazine, you'll enjoy these broadcasts.

ON ALL BLUE NETWORK STATIONS
See your newspaper for exact time and station.
What Kind of Woman Will Your Man Come Home To?

(Continued from page 45) fat or the one who stood all wrong, on through the ones who had never been on time in their lives, who had known hardship, the ones who had never had to learn to live on equal terms with other people.

We have to keep up with them. We can’t afford to sit in the middle of our tight little circles and stay in our tidy little circles while they are expanding and learning and growing so fast.

I had flown in passenger planes before the war—but because I had to. Not because I wanted to. I hadn’t the slightest interest in flying for its own sake or in planes for any reason at all until Bob began to prepare to go into the service and became so enthusiastic about flying. Anything that interests him that much must interest me, too. I began deliberately to try to learn a little of this thing which absorbed him so and my interest began to grow of itself.

The cap to this came after Bob got his wings. There is an unwritten rule in the Air Corps which says that a lieutenant may take his wife up in a plane for thirty minutes. Bob and I had our thirty minutes and that really did it!

Now we’re planning about the plane we shall have and the trips we shall take together after the war. It’s just one more thing for us to share with one another.

One of the best ways I know for a woman to keep up with her soldier is to read and read and read—everything she can get her hands on which has anything to do with what he is doing, with what we are fighting for and with what will come afterward. Begin with the morning paper and go through every book and magazine you can find which has bearing on anything that interests him.

Your plans for your life together afterward are important. Bob and I began planning our house—our “perfect house”—soon after we were married. We studied books and magazines, clipped suggestions and pictures. Bob sent his on to me from camp and I pasted all of them into a huge scrap book.

Then we began to think about the nursery . . . and that became the most important thing in the house-to-be, the most important thing in our plans for the future, and it made us feel our responsibility to that future.

There may be even more serious things to consider than the kind of home you will have. One woman I know, whose husband was in the last war, tells me that when he came it took him two or three years to “find himself.”

But she was his haven. He clung to her because, in some strange way, he felt safe with her. He began to see more clearly when he was with her. She realized that she would have to be a sort of mental balance wheel for him for a time. That she succeeded is proved by the happy and successful life they’ve had together since.

Whatever happens to her man, the woman who loves him must be ready to help him solve it and defeat it.

And always she has to come back to the realization that she will be different, too. It’s her job—not his—to see that the changes in both of them do not affect the fundamental bonds between them.

So she watches her own mental attitude—today and tomorrow and next week. I won’t bother with the obvious necessity for her to keep up her interest in her grooming, her clothes, her way of living, when she finds herself lonely and work-
"Compact Close-up"
tells the truth about
your face powder!

Rapturous moment . . . when you peek in
your compact and find Cashmere Bouquet
Face Powder flatters your skin with fresh
young color in any kind of light.

Of course soft light is kind to your skin.
But—as you well know—daylight and
electric glare are cruel to everyone's com-
plexion. That's when tiny faults and little
lines look terrible. That's when you'll give
heartfelt thanks for Cashmere Bouquet
Face Powder—for the way it keeps its
smooth, flower-fresh color in all kinds
of light. It's because Cashmere Bouquet
Face Powder is made Color-True.
Yes, Color-True in six exquisite shades.
There's one particular shade for you . . .
one to lend your skin soft, subtle color at
high noon or midnight. Your compact
close-up will tell you it's ever smooth,
ever fresh, ever Color-True.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all 6 Exci-
ting "Color-True" Shades, 10¢ and larger sizes.

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close-up will tell you it's ever smooth,
ever fresh, ever Color-True.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all 6 Exci-
ting "Color-True" Shades, 10¢ and larger sizes.

Wart work will help to keep you from
gaining into a mental rut, too. Not just
any old war work which you do mechan-
ically because "everyone else is doing it."
Try to find out what you do best, some-
thing that interests you, and then give
it something of yourself so that you feel
that you are really a part of this tremen-
dous thing which has absorbed your man
so completely.

When Bob is away I try to see our close
mutual friends as often as is practical.
It is fun for me and it gives us all a sense
of contact. I have news and bits of gos-
sip and intimate jokes to pass on to him
in letters and it gives him, I think, a feel-
-ing that the nucleus of his old group is
waiting for him.

There are other things I am trying to
learn to share with Bob. I've never
cared for many outdoor sports, but he
does, so I am trying to learn to care about
them, too. Then there are the prize fights.
I've always detested them. But Bob likes
them and I've made up my mind that
I'm going to like them too. I'm seeing
some while he is away so that I can learn
a little bit about what those two men in
the ring are trying to do to each other.

I want him to like my favorite sport,
too. That's fishing. When I won a prize
at Catalina a year or two ago for the
biggest marlin of the season, Bob was
as bewildered over my triumph as I
would have been over some of his sports
exploits. So I want him to learn how
much fun it is to fish. When I was on
a camp tour not long ago, I made careful
notes of some wonderful fishing spots in
Oregon—and that's one more plan we
can have for things to do together later.

Your morale is important, you know—
to him, as well as to yourself. Sometimes
if you feel like brooding or slumping
mentally, an energetic burst of almost
any sort of activity will clear the atmos-
phere. I don't mean necessarily rushing	off to walk five miles or play hard ten-
nis—although that will help. But do
something with your hands. Some women
like to trim a hat or recover a chair or
make a pie. I don't happen to like those
things. But I sew or knit like mad. I
make pinadores for my friends or I knit
for Bob. I've knitted him lots of army
socks and I've already made him three
post-war sweaters.

But most of all I've listened and listened
to what Bob has told me and written me
about what men in the service are think-
ing and what they will want and expect of
the women they come back to. And the
least we can do as women is try to live up
to some of those expectations.

The END
Measure of a Man

(Continued from page 58) and no intimate of his ever calls him anything else.

You probably already know that he was born Marion Michael Morrison on April 26, 1908, in Winterset, Iowa, and came out at an early age, along with his mother and druggist father, to California. He grew up in Glendale, California, which is within preview distance of Hollywood. And there, as you probably also know, he got called "Duke" when he played a character so-named in a Glendale high-school play. But what's so indicative to me is that he wasn't even in the class that was giving the play. The cast was supposed to come from the group graduating, and the Duke was still a year away from that. But the drama teacher wanted him, and not a kid begrudged this importance to him, so in he went. Somebody else pushing him, you see.

It didn't stop there, though. At that time, the papers were full of the fame of a real Duke Team, a member of the so-called "Wonder Team" of athletes. So the kids called our Mr. Morrison that forever after and that's how he's known to all but the theater marquées to this day.

It's an old rule, but it's truer today than ever: A man is known by the friends he keeps. The Duke is sort of one-track. He doesn't make mobs of palsy-walsies. But, as you observe, he makes real friends.

That Glendale debut gave him the acting bug, and into college and playing outstanding football. When he graduated from USC he went into the old Fox studios, but not as an actor. He was a juicer and a prop boy.

"The reason I didn't try for acting right away," he now confesses, "was because I didn't think I could stand the public reaction toward actors, that general idea that they are all hams or dunderheads or worse." He stuck around studios until he saw that that belief was wrong. Sure, there were hams and fools among the actors. But there were more who were intelligent, sincere and artistic. He went into acting then, or at least he tried. The public attitude was unchanged, but he had seen the truth for himself, and that is all that is ever important to this gentleman.

Despite his looks, it wasn't easy, probably because of his lack of high-pressure salesmanship. Even though he scored in "The Big Trail" as far back as 1928, the pickings were mighty thin until 1935, when he got his first contract and that was only with little Monogram, which means no bed of gold or roses. He had fallen in love in 1928. She was Miss Josephine Saenz, the daughter of the Peruvian consul to Los Angeles, and he courted her till 1933, when they got married.

Michae1, their first-born, came along in 1935 with the Monogram contract. Next year, there was baby sister, Toni. Then there was Pat and finally Miss Melinda.

Quickie producers don't fool around. Their budgets for their pictures won't permit it. Their actors shoot every minute of every working day. The Duke did just that throughout the Monogram contract, and even more so when he signed with Republic in 1938. To complicate it, after "Stagecoach" and "The Long Voyage Home" he was really getting ahead in "A's." The Westerns were hard physical work. The "A's" were exhausting work.

For almost ten straight years, then, he had not more than two free days at a time in which to relax, and even those only rarely. His pictures weren't all satisfactory to him. For instance, he disliked "Reunion" for which he was loaned to M-G-M in exchange for John Carroll and a direc-

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**ACROSS THE EQUATOR WITH ROMA WINES**

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**Hotel METROPOLITANO**

GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR, S.A.

Here, too ROMA California Sherry adds to a happy occasion

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**Their "special occasion" import—**

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For their uncommon fine quality, other lands import ROMA California Wines . . . prizing them for the extra enjoyment they bring to special occasions.

But—for these same fine ROMA Wines, made in ROMA wineries in the heart of California's famed wine-grape districts, you pay no high import duty, no long-voyage shipping cost. Thus, ROMA, costs you only pennies a glass!

Today, try these internationally-esteemed ROMA Wines. Here's an inexpensive addition to daily living delights—a delicious, satisfying beverage any time... an easy way to brighten any meal. You'll know then, why ROMA Wines are America's largest selling wines!

ROMA WINES COMPANY, Fresno, Lodi, Healdsburg, Cal.

ROMA California Wines include: Port, Sherry, Muscatel, Sauvetea, Charet, Burgundy, Zinfandel. Champagne, Sparkling Burgundy. KEEP BACKING THE Attack—Buy War Bonds and Stamps

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**ROMA Wines**

America's Largest Selling Wines

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See your newspaper for time and station

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87
High road to ease...  

- Discover a new freedom ... step along with lighthearted ease any day of the mouth.
  
  It's simple—when others show you the way ...

  Look! 49,701 women who recently switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins gave as their reasons "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!"
  
  What's true for them will be equally true for you.

  Modess is far, far softer—with its gentle, softspun filler. Far, far safer—with its triple, full-length safety shield at the back, giving full-way protection.

  Says Mrs. P. C. D., "Modess' extra protection gives me the peace of mind I've dreamed of"—and you'll feel the same way.
  
  Now—more than ever— you should try Modess! It costs no more.

Discover the Difference—Switch to

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS
The Tired Admiral

(Continued from page 62) of Avalon, "Oh boy. I'm going to look like a chocolate bar."

"With marshmallow topping," she added, "when your hair gets completely bleached out by that Catalina sunshine."

SO DICK went off to the wars. Three days later Mrs. Jaeckel received a hurried letter, written with blue pencil. He said in part:

"Thanks for your letters—it sure is a pleasure to hear from you."

"So you have been driving around in the Cannon Ball" (The C.B. is Dick's '36 vintage Ilver with hopped motor, three horns and much chromium.)

"Starting classes this week: Life Boat Drill, Safety At Sea, Parts Of Ships are all included. Keep writing, Mom. I'll write every chance I get but I am working pretty hard. If I can't write, I'll phone. Have a good time—"

"All my love,

Your son, The Tired Admiral."

His mother was somewhat puzzled by this note. He had said that he was starting classes, but he had said nothing of his present duties for the current week.

When he telephoned the following night, she asked how his sun tan was progressing. "There was a perceptible pause, "Eer... well, it's slightly on the anemic side," he admitted. "You see, I've been working in the laundry."

That went on for a week. Then recruits for the band were needed. Every man was asked if he could wield a musical instrument of any kind and when Dick admitted that he was a scat man on the skins, he became official drummer for the outfit. This position improved his social opportunities, including swimming, sunning and mingling with fellow boots. It also inspired a telephone call to his mother, followed by a letter saying, "Sorry when I called you that I had to ask for a brief loan, but expenses here have proved disastrously for me.

"Our classes daily are going great. Now we are jumping off a twenty-five-foot pier into flaming oil! Really fun. Scuttle—but is that we will be leaving this station pretty soon—I hope for Wilmington, but you never know—then I can come home to see you."

"So that accursed dog is still barking! He is the chief reason I was glad to leave. Such a horrid animal, as the boys say."

"I ate so much for dinner today that I'm not going to supper. Will just stay in bunks and go to the Canteen later for a few mints, sandwiches, cookies, etc., etc., etc. Anything light will do because over here you don't have much appetite."

"All my love.

The Ancient Mariner."

Two days later a delighted Mrs. Jaeckel received a communication, to wit:

"Had two shots tonight and my arms hurt pretty much but not enough to keep me from writing to you."

"We are going over the obstacle course daily and, boy, it is killing me, along with most of the other guys. We are getting very rugged. Have six classes daily of one hour each: Receiving, Seamanship, First Aid, Lifeboat Study and Knots are some of them.

"You should see me beating on the old drum in our Drum and Bugle Corp over here. You'd sure get a laugh out of my Gene Krupa act."

"Did I tell you about Leo's scientific experiment? Remind me to give you the gruesome details the next time I see you. Well, it's almost time for lights-out, so I'll sign off until later."

"All my love,

The Actor."

Bonita Granville

Famous Hollywood Star says:

No toilet article is so important to a girl's peace of mind as a deodorant. And for my money, Arrid is by far the best deodorant. It's the tops! I use it regularly and recommend it highly to every man and woman.

Bonita Granville

NEW...acute CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps

STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

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

39¢ a jar
(Plus Tax)
Also 59¢ jars
At any store which sells toilet goods

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID

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The Actor."
Leo Ross, Dick's best friend, is the son of a prosperous market owner. Dick got acquainted with Leo under the auspices of the red and blue point system, and a shared distaste for the bother necessary to buy a man a decent steak converted their friendship. When Dick was given a swanky '41 Ford for his birthday, Leo shared the ride with his own cupcake when Dick also had a date. They agreed, after several nervous trips, that the worries inherent in bringing an unsullied surrey were too great to allow an evening to be a success.

So when Dick sold his chariot and bought a '36 flivver, Leo helped him simulate it and accompanied him on forays to local motor replacement yards to get equipment for sporting the engine.

Leo joined the Merchant Marine a day before Dick, so he was on hand to welcome Boot Jaeckel when Dick arrived on The Rock, as students also call Catalina.

At the end of their first three weeks of training, both boots were given shore leave. They reached Wilmingto early on a Saturday morning and hitch-hiked to Hollywood, arriving in record time. Dick had snatched a few moments before leaving Catalina to telephone his mother (collect) with the request that she make a daily dinner reservations at a good restaurant.

"Don't they feed you?" she laughed. "Absolutely, but there is something about this outdoor life... Don't quibble, my good woman. I'll be seeing you."

As he and Leo came up the apartment walk on the double, the first thing Dick heard was that old familiar bark.

This yapping was Disagreeable Surprise No. 1 for the returned mariner. Disagreeable Surprise No. 2 was the presence, in the Jaeckel apartment, of two photographers from Twentieth Century-Fox.

If Dick's pretty mother weren't such a solid number with her son, she would never have gotten away with it. She explained lightheartedly, "I knew you wouldn't mind. Hanley. You see. Twentieth is getting ready to release 'Wing And A Prayer' and they needed some shots in color and some black and whites too."

Then she enclosed this bitter pill in sugar coating: "I promised them just an hour, then we have a reservation at La Rue for steaks—nice, thick, juicy ones."

"Okay, men, let's get going," said Dick grimly. "Time's a-wasting." He stopped for the merest moment to check on the contents of the corner cupboard in the dinette in which he has stored his keepsakes: There is a tired deck of pinochle cards, a sign swiped from a roadside stand, a manual of seamanship and a framed picture of his father—a magnificent specimen of manhood posed in the wrestling tights and the gymnastic costume of Mr. Jaeckel's youth.

Emmett, Twentieth's crack photographer (who has known the reluctant Jaeckel actor since he first went to work under protest in "Guadalcanal Diary") suggested that the first shot be made showing Dick in front of the refrigerator, foraging for oranges. Dick jumped at the suggestion, found an apple—which he ate—and two tomatoes which followed the apple.

Then, while he changed slides, Emmett suggested that—were it necessary to change the set-up—Dick could be excused to make any local telephone call he might have on his mind.

Dick vanished in the bedroom and closed the door. Obviously he was a sailor home from the sea, eager to have a date, and his abandoned career in pictures was comforting his style. He didn't like it.

But he returned eventually in a happy frame of mind and posed for more pictures. "Make 'em sally, boys," he cautioned. "I'm in the Merchant Marine now."

The End.
TRY THIS **Delicious Way to Get More Good from Vitamins!**

Count all the Things You Get in 2 Glasses of OVALTINE

- **More Vitamin A** than 2 servings of peas
- **More Vitamin D** than 10 ounces of butter
- **More Calcium & Phosphorus** than 2½ servings of American cheese
- **More Niacin** than 5 slices of enriched bread
- **More Protein** than 3 eggs
- **More Food-Energy** than 2 dishes of ice cream
- **More Iron** than 3 servings of spinach

**Ovaltine**
Plain & Chocolate Flavored

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"Vitamins do not work alone. They work as a team with certain other food elements." That's why authorities more and more are urging, "take them in food for best results." In ordinary food, or fortified food.

For this reason, thousands are turning to Ovavlne. For it is a specially fortified food. Not just a "vitamin carrier," Ovaltine contains almost all of the precious food elements necessary for health and top vitality. And especially those elements needed for vitamin teamwork.

For example, Vitamin D can't do its complete job unless you have plenty of calcium and phosphorus, as found in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A can't function fully unless you also have plenty of high-quality protein, such as Ovaltine supplies. Vitamin B can't spark food into quick-energy unless it has fuel-food to work on.

There is another advantage you should not lose sight of. The elements found in Ovaltine do not vary. They are accurately measured in every ounce. Ordinary foods sometimes vary sharply, but you can count on the vitamins and minerals in Ovaltine, day in and day out.

So why not turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy, delicious way to get the extra vitamins and minerals you need, for better health and all-round vitality!

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3 out of every 4 people need extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also losses due to shipping, storing and cooking.
Leaves Hair Sparkling With Its Natural Glossy Beauty That Lasts For Days!

Those devastatingly lovely Powers Models have to be up on every beauty trick. And just leave it to these gorgeous "million dollar" Powers Models to discover the remarkably beautifying action of Kreml Shampoo.

The Beauty-Benefits Of Kreml Shampoo

Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp scrupulously clean of dirt and loose dandruff. You'll be thrilled the way it brings out the natural sparkling beauty—the shining highlights that lie concealed in your and every girl's hair.

Notice how much softer, silker and easier to set your hair is after you glamour-bathe it with Kreml Shampoo.

It leaves hair gleaming with its natural silken-sheen beauty, which is dynamic date-bait!

Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry or Brittle

There are no harsh chemicals or caustics in Kreml Shampoo. Instead it's a mild gentle shampoo with a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. It rinses out so easily and never leaves any excess dull, soapy film.

Kreml Shampoo is excellent for every color of hair and for every type whether oily or dry. At all drug or dept. stores.

Cowboy in the Velvet

(Continued from page 47) steer horns, mounted and handsomely polished. Roy pressed a button and the horns lit up inside. The effect was dazzling.

"Fixed that up myself," he said proudly.

On the floor by the bookshelves there was a stuffed fox, looking real as life.

"Know how I got that one?" he asked.

"Shot it?" I asked.

"Noppe. Ran into it with the car. I was coming up the driveway one night and it jumped right into the headlights. Thought it was a cat. Next morning I found it lying by the road so I sent it to a taxidermist. Some hunting, eh?"

ROY doesn't take himself too seriously, and that is one of his chief charms. There is a boyishness about him, an enthusiasm for all kinds of things, that shows in everything he does. He's an outdoor man and at the same time he's a homebody. He gets a tremendous kick out of his children and he is especially proud of Linda who was sitting on the sofa next to me, looking at a picture book with her older sister.

"She can talk already," said Roy. "She's only fifteen months. A friend of mine has a kid that age and she can't say a word."

Spending an hour with Roy in his home, it is easy to understand the tremendous appeal he has for all kinds of people. There is a fundamental honesty about him and a refreshing lack of pretense. He is easy to talk to and easy to get along with.

His fan mail is enormous, probably larger than that received by any other star today. Yet this popularity has its drawbacks. It sometimes subjects him to being manhandled and even mobbed by his well-meaning admirers. Last year Roy attended one of the World Series games at the Yankee Stadium in New York. A few minutes before the game started Roy and his manager, Art Ruhs, walked into the stands. Wearing a ten-gallon hat and a leather coat over his cowboy suit, Roy was well spotted by the crowd. Men, women and children stood up on their seats and yelled. The players in the field hauled their practice and looked on.

A police cordon cleared a path through the stadium aisle and Roy was conducted onto the field to be photographed along with Governor Dewey, James A. Farley and members of the ball teams. When the battery of photographers got through Roy stepped into a box. Instantly the mob around him broke loose. Men, boys and women tried to clamber into the enclosure and, despite the efforts of the police, some of them actually succeeded. Roy wasn't mugged, but a middle-aged quiet gentleman who occupied a rear seat in the box had his hat mashed down and his cigar crushed. Roy turned to apologize to the gentleman for having caused so much trouble and to his astonishment discovered it was Herbert Hoover. The crowd had paid no attention to the ex-president of the United States.

At another time Roy was on tour with the rodeo show. They were headed for Cheyenne and someone connected with the party had inadvertently wired ahead that Roy was due there at a certain time. The cowboy star was not informed about the message and his astonishment was great when he arrived at the station to be greeted by a crowd of ten thousand people. The mob overflowed into the streets, blocking traffic, and even the trains were halted while the gathering was regaling itself with a good firsthand look at its idol.

Roy receives all this adulation with shy good humor. He appreciates it not only as a symbol of what he stands for in the
eyes of his admirers but as a personal responsibility. Of all the movie stars in Hollywood he is rated among the top when it comes to obliging with his autograph. This was demonstrated at one of the annual baseball games which are held in Hollywood between the Comedians and the Leading Men. Roy played first base on the latter team. When the game ended the crowd swarmed down on the field for autographs. Most of the players scribbled a few hasty signatures and ducked for the locker room. But Roy stayed on the field for an hour and a half signing his name right and left.

Though Roy makes himself easily accessible when he is on public appearance, he is, like most other stars, strictly guarded when working in a picture. Republic Studio, where he is under contract, of necessity keeps outsiders away from the set because interruptions are costly and distracting. Nevertheless, a more than usually resourceful fan has been known to penetrate these barriers. One of the oddest of these maneuvers concerns a desperate lady who, after being turned away by the police officer at the gate, returned later in the day with a five-year-old child. "My little boy will be heartbroken if he doesn’t see Roy Rogers," she told the gateman. "I have brought him all the way from Ohio just so he could say hello. Won’t you please let us in?" The hard-boiled officer looked into the upturned face of the lad and melted. In person he accompanied the mother and son to the set.

The mother’s delight was immeasurable when Roy himself greeted them. Her expression, however, changed to alarm when Roy, addressing the boy by name, asked him where his mother was. It developed that the lad’s real mother worked at the studio and was known to Roy. The lady had picked him up outside the gate and had used him as a decoy to get inside.

Roy is the first to admit that all this adulation is not directed at him alone. His famous Palomino, Trigger, comes in for a large share of it. In fact, sometimes Trigger gets it all, as on the occasion when a large department store in Pittsburgh sent a request for Trigger to appear at a War Bond rally and omitted Roy’s name from the invitation. Trigger showed up with his trainer, took the appropriate bows and proved himself a huge success.

Trigger travels in a specially built trailer. His name used to be painted in large letters on the outside but that has now been removed because it attracted too much attention. The kids would no sooner spot the trailer than they would mob it. It was a cute custom for them to reach in through the slats and pull the hairs out of the horse’s tail for souvenirs. Once they got away with every hair on his tail. Now he travels incognito.

In a place like Hollywood where odd sights are run-of-the-mill stuff there is something arresting in the spectacle of Roy Rogers, dressed in full cowboy regalia, including spurs, tearing along Ventura Boulevard every morning on an Indian motorcycle. Roy took up this form of transportation when gasoline rationing went into effect, much to the distress of the studio executives who feared he would mistake his vehicle for a cow pony and start jumping ditches or leaping it across ravines. Nothing like that has happened to date and though the motorcycle experiment was undertaken from necessity Roy has now become an addict.

"Ride that Indian," the kids yell at him as he shoots through Hollywood traffic and Roy grins back at them in boyish delight. His machine looks like any other of its type except that Roy has equipped it with...
Women say this new-texture face powder makes their skin look smoother, years younger!

There's a thrilling new-texture face powder that helps end all these 6 "face powder troubles!"

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's made differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by TWIN HURRICANES. And this patented hurricane method of blending not only makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—it makes the shades richer—it makes your skin look younger!

Lady Esther Face Powder goes on your skin like a film of beauty. It helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror!

Just try Lady Esther Face Powder! Get the smallest size box, if you like—but try it! When you see how much softer, smoother and younger it makes your skin look—it's time enough to get the largest and most economical size. But for living proof in your own mirror that this is the most flattering face powder you have ever used, get the small-size box today!

TUNE IN Lady Esther "Screen Guild Players"
Monday nights, CBS.
Speak for Yourself
(Continued from page 4)

$1.00 PRIZE
"The Story Of Elsa Maxwell"

I AM beginning to think that actresses are also authoresses—and after reading various articles by Davis, Crawford, Goddard and many others—I think that some of these famous writers can look to their laurels—all except Elsa Maxwell, of course! She is tops, I think!

To me, Elsa Maxwell's name alone spells enchantment. When one thinks of this famous woman-writer, the darling of the world (you might say), this Marie Dressler of writers, this sophisticate of continents—well! Why hasn't the idea come to someone to have her life portrayed in pictures? Piano playing in a third-rate cafe in Africa, entertaining princess and grand dames—wouldn't it make a wonderful movie?

Thanks, Photoplay, for giving us such swell articles by such splendid writers with all their wealth of experience behind them. May they continue to fill our dull existences with their spellbinding words.

Alys M. Kent, Westfield, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
A Different Deanna

I HAVE just seen "Christmas Holiday," and I could not help wondering throughout the picture what had become of the Deanna Durbin of other days. Certainly this world-worn, exotically made-up, husky-voiced woman could not be the sweet-faced, smiling girl that had made millions happy with her beautiful songs and talent for romantic comedy. If Miss Durbin is trying to prove she can act ... we know she can ... does she have to emote in sorrow all over the screen? Hollywood has plenty of emotional actresses—Bette Davis, Ingrid Bergman, Ida Lupino, Joan Fontaine and so on down the line. Anyone could have played that part; anyone could have sung in a torchy voice that way. Let Deanna play the roles that only she can play and leave the dramatics to others.

Mrs. L. M. Ingram, San Francisco, Cal.

$1.00 PRIZE
Teen-age Ideal

In the August issue of Photoplay I read in Cal York's "Inside Stuff" that Van Johnson's M-G-M bosses can't understand why he has the Sinatra effect on his teen-age public. Well I guess you have to be teen-age and a girl to understand. Having the two requirements I may be able to solve the mystery. First, the way he smiles (Yum-yum). Next, the way he talks (Mrmr mMmm). Then, there's the way he pouts (ohhh-ohhh). He's practically every American girl's ideal.

Miss L. Papalia, Bridgeport, Conn.

$1.00 PRIZE
For the Record

No one could sing "You'll Never Know" as Alice Faye did in "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Nor could anyone ever think of equaling Dooley Wilson's "As Time Goes By" from the hit picture "Casablanca." Why don't studios make the recordings of these songs by the stars available to the public? It would bring great satisfaction to record collectors who aren't willing to accept a poor rendition of songs they enjoy in pictures.

Paula McDonald, Ridgewood, N. J.
“It tastes best
In every way;
Royal Crown Cola’s
Tops, I say!”
says

ANNE BAXTER

“I have proof that Royal Crown Cola does taste best,” says Anne. “I took the famous cola taste-test. After sampling leading colas in paper cups, I picked the best-tasting one. Royal Crown Cola rated far ahead!”

HONORABLE MENTION

JUST lately American and British stars have visited India and I think perhaps your readers would like to know about them. Capt. Melvyn Douglas visited Bombay in December, 1943, and stayed at the Taj Mahal Hotel. He was first recognized at the local Canteen and then two of the ladies invited him to go to the Cricket Club of India’s weekly dance. He was a sensation!

Delhi was in the news next when it was visited by Joe E. Brown. Interviewed at the microphone Joe amused and interested all his listeners with his ready wit.

Paulette Goddard was adored wherever she went and became a great favorite of the Chinese boys who erected tents for her. They told her that it would give them great pleasure, if she gave them a little more time, to put up a tent for her in Tokyo. Paulette’s visit in a land where famine rages has acted as a great tonic to the Indian and European civilians and troops.

An Indian Reader,
Bombay, India

I HAVE just had the thrilling experience of seeing Paramount’s “Double Indemnity.” It made me feel as though I wanted Barbara and Fred to escape with the almost-perfect crime, and yet I was sure they would be caught.

Why can’t the picture studios turn out more of these high-class murder movies? They are a refreshing change.

Mary Ella Manville,
Hollywood, Fla.

I’m plenty mad! Please tell me why Lee Bowman never gets the girl. Of course he comes in about the middle of the picture and captures the leading lady’s heart, but he always has to give her up. I say, give this fellow a break and let him be the one to carry off the beautiful lady, at least once.

Norma Lee Rimmer,
Burlington, N. C.

ALL the girls around here thought of Gary Cooper as another wolf to swoon over. Then we saw “The Story Of Dr. Wassell” and changed our minds. Now we think of him as a real American. Gary showed us what a real American soldier is.

He was an inspiration to the people to buy Bonds and Stamps, too, so let’s have some more of Gary Cooper.

Nell Jackson,
Bowling Green, Ky.

Just Look
at the way

Betty Grable
looks on the December cover
of Photoplay

Reserve your copy now. It will be at your newstand November 10 or as soon thereafter as wartime transportation permits
If You Were Allan Ladd’s House Guest

(Continued from page 51) yellow wainscoting. The dining set is in bleached walnut, with the chairs upholstered in green. The yellow monks-cloth drapes at the windows complete this pale yellow and green room... except for the lovely old silver Sue has put wherever she could.

But now, suddenly, lunch is over and the group breaks up—the secretaries disperse back to work, Raymond returns to the neighbor’s lawn and The Four go off into their own world. Peace descends like the calm after the storm and Sue and Alan happily herd you across the green-carpeted entrance hall into the living room for a talk.

In this room you find every sign of the Ladds’ charming originality—beginning with their lamps, which are the most unusual lamps in Hollywood. On the antiqued-green piano, for instance, stands a lamp Alan himself designed—a great oblong white bowl with green finials on its sides and white chrysanthemums clustered in it.

Grinning, the Ladds watch while you stare around the room at the other rare lamps—the two on either side of the fireplace, made out of silver champagne buckets with dark green leatherette shades above them; and the enormous silver lamp, against one end wall, with a base made of two matching silver bowls filled with growing ivy and a shade sheltering them both done in green chintz with a red floral pattern.

But now you really see the room in which these lamps live—as dignified and gracious a room as if it were in New Orleans or Philadelphia. It’s long and carpeted in the same dark green as the front hall and dining room, with French windows framed in cream-background drapes with a brownish pink and green floral pattern. The walls are tinted dark green too and before the delicate marble fireplace stands Sue’s pride and joy—her famous square coffee table whose top is made of antique mirror. “Originally,” she tells you crowingly, “it was a dirty-brown old dining table. I had its legs sawed off, antiqued it in pale green and put the mirror top on it.” Also, a square hole is cut in the center of the table top, and from this grow ivy vines two feet into the air supported by a monocovered stick.

Two wide green couches face each other across the coffee table; and then there’s a dainty English cabinet filled with Dresden figures; and on an old leather writing table you see three green leather-bound books. One, marked “Alana Ladd,” is filled with pictures of the Ladd heiress; aged a year and a half, one, marked “The Ladd,” is a dictionary; and the third, marked “Sue and Alan Ladd,” is a huge and glossy guest book presented to them by the Bill Bendixes two years ago—with three guests’ names written in it and all else blank!

But what moves you the most in the room is a framed picture of Alan, with the inscription written on it. “For my wife, from whom I will never be apart—come what way. I love you terribly, Susie! Me!”

But here there’s an interruption from the hallway—and you’re meeting the final members of the Ladd household: Tiny Alana herself, and her pretty nurse Miss O’Connor. Alana, in bare feet and a fluffy white pinafore, looks like a miniature ballerina—until she totters drunkenly over to the floor and mother, making a brave attempt to

Mrs. Alexander Williams Biddle

Two distinguished American families dating back to Colonial times were united when Elizabeth Onderdonck Simms married Alexander W. Biddle. There is aristocracy about Mrs. Biddle’s looks, too—her complexion is so delicate, her care of it so fastidious, “I have a 1-Minute Mask with Pond’s Vanishing Cream regularly—three or four times a week,” she says. “The Mask has a genius for making my skin look clearer, fresher—and even lighter!”

Mrs. Biddle is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask with Pond’s Vanishing Cream

How to make your skin look fresher and smoother

First—Cover your face generously—except near the eyes—with cool, silky Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

Time this Mask—leaving on one minute for the cream’s “keratolytic” action to work. Then tissue off.

Unflattering, powder-catching little roughnesses and stubborn dirt particles are loosened and dissolved!

You can’t help being impressed with this quick-time complexion re-styling! The “most perfect” skin looks even clearer, feels softer. And make-up goes on so smoothly!

Of course, you know Mrs. Biddle and other society beauties use Pond’s Vanishing Cream as a make-up base, too! Just smooth a very light film over your skin—and leave it on.

IMPORTANT! Conserve glass, manpower—buy one large jar of Pond’s instead of several smaller ones.

THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!
"The White Wonder of dear Juliet's hand"
—"Romeo and Juliet," Shakespeare

A lovely quotation, but did "dear Juliet" ever wrestle a nice Black Pot?

Is housework making your hands look "OLDER" than you?

Nobody argues that romance and white, smooth, "young-looking" hands go together like Cupid and arrows. But...

But what's the best way to be sure they stay white and "young-looking" in spite of abuse?

Well, try Pacquins Hand Cream. See for yourself if it doesn't make your hands smooth out faster and feel smoother longer.

It's creamy... non-greasy... fragrant... delightful. Let your hands be your age—with Pacquins.

Pacquins Hand Cream

Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scratchings a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

show how well she walks! She has a golden fluff of soft hair around her face and big blue eyes; but you have hardly been introduced before Miss O'Connor has whisked her out to the back yard for her afternoon sunshine (in an unusual screened-in playpen with a peaked room of screening—made, of course, by Alan and Raymon the gardener!).

She has hardly vanished before Alan has to go too—and takes you along with him, to his radio broadcast rehearsal, and afterwards to see the Victory Committee about doing some Army shows. Later, you discover that Sue (who spends as vital a life as her husband) put in an afternoon dropping in at her actors' agency to see how things were going; and rushing over to Paramount Studios to supervise the moving of Alan's dressing-room suite to a new site; and ordering groceries for a long stay at Malibu Beach; and getting her hair set.

It's six o'clock that night before you (exhausted) and Alan (fresh as ever) pull up before the Ladd house again in his black convertible. Sue's blue sedan is already parked outside and so is a long black limousine—"That's Kay Kyser's," Alan explains as you both alight and go into the house.

Kay and his bride Georgia Carroll are among the Ladd's closest friends; and by the time you and Alan reach the tiny den at the end of the entrance hall you find Kay, Gorgeous Georgia and Sue deep in pre-dinner cheese crackers and tomato juice. All four of you are soon locked in a gin rummy game—but, between blows, you manage to view with approval the den.

There's oatmeal-colored rag carpeting on its long, narrow floor, and a small red leather bar, and a built-in couch that stretches down one wall and around the corner of another, interrupted by built-in table cabinets.

Old English prints hang on the walls and over the little corner fireplace is a bronze plaque of Alan's face—made by Sue after a make-up artist had cast his face in plaster.

Books are in built-in cases at either end of the room and the walls between them are natural wood; and on either side of the little bar are two more of Sue's Ivy inventions: two old English brass water-cookers, with Ivy dripping from all openings.

"Sue has Ivy everywhere," Alan says, watching you. "What we really need is a gardener for inside the house!"

Dinner is as delicious as lunch, centering around Alan's favorite food, which is roast pork; and the minute it's over friends begin to arrive for a party in your honor—the Delmer Davises, the Sonny Tufts, the Joel McCrea. Then, to your surprise, you're all led outdoors into the back yard, where you're greeted by the friendly boxer given the Ladd's by Y. Frank Freeman.

With her wagging at your side, you arrive at the famous Ladd playhouse, which was once the garage. It has been added to and developed into a two-story brick house, with the maid's room upstairs and what looks like a big English tavern downstairs, and here you all collect for an evening of acting games and good conversation.

It's been a busy day with the endlessly energetic Ladds and you're ready for bed when it finally is suggested to you.

Back in the main house, Alan shows you upstairs to a pleasant room with a light blue rug, and red, white and blue wall-paper in featherly stripes. The twin beds have white spreads and red headboards and red quilts—and the two easy chairs are white with red trimming, and the big...
The next day Alan is up and gone to work on “Two Years Before The Mast” long before you awake, and you find out from Sue their personal morning schedule: At six-thirty she gets up and goes down to the kitchen to make coffee—since the cook sleeps until nine o’clock. At seven she awakens Alan and together they drink coffee in their easy chairs before their bedroom fireplace, while both of them are buried in the newspapers. Then he goes into the big white bathroom and shaves while she sits on a white chair and watches him—and they have their only unhurried talk of the day. Once he’s gone to work, Sue goes in to play with Alana and by 8:30 another hectic Ladd day has started, with no holds barred!

After breakfast, Sue shows you the parts of the house that you haven’t seen—the cheerful white and blue tiled kitchen, with tiny old-fashioned transfers on occasional white tiles over the sink; and, upstairs, Alana’s little-girl room with a pale blue rug, a white wallpaper sprigged with rosebuds and her white crib with cut-outs in the wooden slats silhouetting animals and fruit.

Then you cross the hall into the master bedroom shared by Sue and Alan—which is a big square room with a dark brown rug, and a yellow spread on the enormous custom-built bed. The flounces on the bed, the headboard, the side tables, the window drapes and the walls are all done in the same Chinese linen block print—a cream background with birds and bats dotting it in brown, yellow, and blue tones bringing the room in close about you. Before the little marble fireplace stands a low coffee table staggering under magazines, since Alan reads steadily before he sleeps every night.

You can easily see which side of the bed is Alan’s by its nightstand—with an ashtray, some pipes and a radio. Sue’s has a box of kleenex and a picture of Alan, with the inscription, “Susie, may we never know what it is to be apart. Love—Laddie.”

But by this time you know many more items about the Ladds. You know that they’ve been married three years, and that Sue owned this house for several years before that—and that Alan completely redecorated it when he married Sue, but eventually they want a ranch somewhere near the ocean. You know that every night he comes straight home from the studio, walks into the house, peels off his shirt and spends a half-hour on the little brick terrace at the den buffeting his punching bag around—it’s his sole exercise, and his steady one. You know that right now Alan is up for re-induction into the Army and that although he would, like any other husband and father, hate to leave his Susie and Alana, he is only too eager to be a part of the fighting forces once more.

You know that all his clothes are in tan, brown, yellow and light blue; and that he likes Sue in bright colors and particularly in hostess gowns—so she has several of them! You know that Alan

A fresh, young fragrance that will lift your spirits...and his...right up to the stratosphere! A head-spinning, heart-winning perfume that’s alluring as moonlight...fun to wear, and lasting too.

Perfume 6.50—3.50—debutante size, 1.10. Dusting powder, 1.00. Other Frolic Kacinators—Toilet water, 1.75. Talcum powder, 50¢ (plus tax)

...by CHERANY, perfumer
Even if jive isn’t your dish—even if you don’t dance at all—you still have to worry about underarm perspiration and odor! If you’ve found that ordinary deodorant creams let you down—switch to Fresh! Sets your mind at ease about moisture and odor—completely! Harmlessly! And Fresh is pleasant—not gritty, greasy, or sticky. Won’t dry out in the jar!

**Fresh** stops perspiration worries completely!

- Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science—in a gentle cream that won’t irritate any normal skin!
- Using Fresh, you avoid stains and odor in your dresses, too.
- Smooth and creamy. Doesn’t dry out in the jar. Never gets gritty. Won’t rot delicate fabrics.
- “Year’s-Supply-Free” Guarantee! If you don’t agree Fresh is the best underarm cream you’ve ever used, we’ll give you, free, a year’s supply of any other deodorant you name! The Pharma-Craft Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N.Y.

Californians—to put a swing in your step!

Action-packed California styling does the trick! Soft, resilient platforms that cushion your foot with every step; unlined...no annoying inner wrinkles. All hand-stitched to sturdy, genuine leather soles. Brown or black in soft, pliable elkskin or white pressed kid; Rationed...about $5.95 at your favorite store. Write for name of nearest dealer.

never eats any breakfast but black coffee, and then has a breakfasty lunch of ham and eggs and toast.

You know that Sue hails from Chicago—and that Alan is from Arkansas. You know that he arrived in North Hollywood as a child after migrating through Denver and Oklahoma—and that when he saw “The Grapes Of Wrath” it reminded him of his own arrival in California, with his father (a house painter) driving a rusty jalopy that broke down every few miles. You know that Alan’s life was so hard and so hungry that he deserves every break he’s gotten—and that Sue, knowing this, indulges his every passion, including his love of Sulka ties and jewelry. You know that her birthday gift to him was a square ruby quartz ring, and that Alan is mad about it.

You know that the Laddys seldom go night-clubbing; and that they entertain three or four nights a week at small dinners; and that they go constantly to movies alone after a tête-a-tête dinner at Chasen’s, La Rue or the Brown Derby. You know that they always intend to come right home after the show to get a long night’s sleep—but that somehow they always stop to give some soldiers a lift and wind up bringing them home for a snack and an untill-dawn discussion!

You know that both Alan and Sue own bicycles and that occasionally they pedal off on them for twosome exercise before dinner—and that they were married twice, once in Mexico and once in Santa Ana, California—and that Sundays he likes to spend tanning on the sun deck they’ve fixed up on the garage roof, with gay umbrellas and outdoor furniture. You know that he reads the comic strips with fascination. And you know that the Laddys love and enjoy their home every moment they’re in it.

And you? Well, frankly, you’d like to move in and enjoy it permanently! What about it, Sue and Alan?

**The End**

Impressions...

(Continued from page 49) the dynamiting of a bridge. I suppose this is the effect of machinery. Those who live in its huge presence become mechanized in spite of themselves and without knowing it. It explains to me something of the clockwork of the portrayal of emotions on the screen. Emotion, if it is real, is unpredictable, and that is its excitement. But in the mill of the machines I can see there must not be anything unpredictable.

Well, it was all fascinating and interesting and not for the reasons I had been told Hollywood was fascinating and interesting. Somebody ought to write a novel about what those big machines are doing to people.

**The End**

TO A BRAVE ALLY...

Congratulations from America to China

On the Chinese “Fourth of July,” October 10, the day on which the Chinese republic entered its thirty-fourth year.
One whiff of a Karo breakfast is better'n an alarm clock at our house. Mom knows every day should start with a real energizin' breakfast. So she whips up wheateakes or waffles or hot biscuits...and serves them with hot buttered Karo. That saves butter, 'cause she doesn't have to serve it at the table. And hot buttered Karo helps keep food hot, the way you like it. Take it from an expert...that's me...you never tasted such rich flavor. Try it, won't you?

the Karo Kid

**Hot Buttered Karo**

Heat Karo (about one cup for four people). Melt a small amount of butter or margarine in it (1 or 2 tablespoons or pats—as your supply allows). Serve piping hot on pancakes, waffles, French toast, hot biscuits or fried mush. For flavor variations add a strip or two of fried and chopped bacon, or a little cooked, chopped ham (leftover if you like). Karo is rich in dextrose, food-energy sugar.
Wherever smart accessories are seen...

Remember always to ask for 
"ELGIN AMERICAN" when you want the finest 
in compacts, cigarette cases, dresser 
sets. Featured by leading department 
and jewelry stores everywhere. 

ELGIN AMERICAN . . . ELGIN, ILLINOIS
Growing Pains

(Continued from page 53) comedy." She is frank, with no illusions about herself as a beauty, which she is not. After her first disastrous experience with the make-up experts, she has refused to allow anyone but herself to dress her hair and "do" her face for the camera. Her fan mail, particularly from boys in the service, has leaped to the thousands per week. The keynote of all the service letters sums up June's personality—"You're the sort of girl I'd like to come home to!" If June says that way, she'll do all right on the proverbial fame ladder.

John Hodiak is rather old to come under the category of "growing pains." The handsome green-eyed Ukrainian is thirty. But, like Miss Williams, Van Johnson and June Allyson, he is now going through the same experience of career-pains that might see him emerge one of the big stars of tomorrow. Greer Garson put in a special plea for John as her leading man in "Valley Of Decision."

When Hodiak was first brought to Hollywood from his radio job in Chicago, the Metro biggies wanted him to change his name. "It's a bad name for a leading man," they told him. "I'm not a leading man yet," replied John, "and when I am, the name won't matter." The chief reason for his refusal was explained recently. "My family lives in Detroit," John said. "Imagine, every time my mother or father saw me on the screen under some such name as Cary Bogart, they'd have to explain, That's my Johnny." The people in that neighborhood are tough. They'd say "Oh yeah?"

Johnny is dead serious about his work. He had eleven months in '38 before Hitchcock picked him for "Lifeboat." He does not go out with girls on working days. And when he is interested in a picture, as he was in "Lifeboat" and "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier," he stays on the set whether called for work or not. His best training for speaking dialogue he believes was gained when he worked in a bank and had to read aloud columns of figures. He reads those numerals in the manner of Hamlet's "To be or not to be!"

But the Hodiak feet seem to be firmly on the star ground; if he goes on as carefully as he's started out, he should end up all right.

Diana Lynn and Susanna Foster started their movie careers at Paramount at the same time five years ago. But blonde Susanna and brunette Diana are just about as different as two girls can be. Diana is weathering the storm of fame in more shipshape fashion than Susie, who, when they started, was the more famous of the two. In fact, Diana's chief chore in their early days was to trot meekly along when Susie sang at benefits and played the piano for her. Susie was brash. Diana was shy. Her nickname at the studio was "Mouse." Susie had the disadvantage of an unhappy home life. Diana, whose real name is Dolly Lehr, is an only child of loving parents who could afford to give her a good musical education.

Today, Diana is a star in her own right at Paramount. Susie is ditto at Universal. But Diana is popular. Susie's temperamental sometimes makes people leery of her. Fearless saw Diana just before she left for New York to attend the premiere of "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay." As always, she was sweet and friendly. In her picture, "Out Of This World," Diana wins the boy, Eddie Bracken, from Veronica Lake. "They must be out of their minds," said Diana, "Eddie Bracken would choose Veronica," Fearless was right to be sure.

Miss Foster lives on one of the highest hills in Hollywood in a duplex apartment that is practically all glass. People who

The Word for the Sergeant is "Toothsome"!

One look at that dazzling grin and the girls are putty in his hands. And don't think the Sarge doesn't know why! He writes poetry about it:

"O Pebeco, to thee I owe—my standing as a Romeo.
Wash right away? Not Pebeco. It's super-fine to make teeth glow!"

What he means is: Pebeco cleans teeth better because its micro-fine particles stick with your brush, cling to your teeth while you polish. Contains a special combination of polishing agents—cleans teeth thoroughly but gently, leaves them gleaming.

So any Romeo (or Juliet) can have a brighter, fresher smile with super-fine Pebeco. See how super its flavor is, too. See what a kick you get out of that extra clean, polished feeling. How popular you are with that delectable Pebeco smile!

Pebeco Pete says:

60% more powder for your money, folks, than average of 6 other leading brands

Pebeco Super-fine for Super Shine

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Who'll Be the Next Victim in Your Family?

Ugly Skin Irritations* are so embarrassing! Relieve, help heal them the modern way—
with Noxzema Medicated Cream. Try it for just 10 days!

Rough, Red Hands. Medicated Noxzema not only brings quick relief, but soothes and helps heal the tiny "cracks" of rough, chapped hands.

Chafed Skin. Soothing Noxzema quickly relieves the sting and smart, helps heal baby's "diaper rash," chafing, and similar irritations.

Nurses Discovered it!
Nurses were among the first to discover the many ways Noxzema helps. Try it for minor burns, minor insect stings, too! Get a jar for your family today—EXTERNALLY-CAUSED.

GUARANTEED

a lovelier make-up...

Hampden Cream Make-up gives you a glamorous new complexion immediately. Never causes dry skin. (Not a cake; applied without water or sponge.) Helps conceal skin flaws. Keeps powder on for hours.

Try Hampden; if it does not give you a lovelier make-up, return to 251 Fifth Ave., N.Y., for full refund.

POW'D'R-BASE hampden

Never dries your skin!

know her well are convinced that her temperament is the result of an inferior complex that is very high. She is afraid the other guy won't like her, so she always gets in the first crack. But if you are kind to Susie, she reacts like a friendly puppy.

Turhan Bey, the handsome Turk, a boy who oozes with "sex," was born in Vienna of Turkish descent. He is twenty-four years old and was raised in the capitals of Europe. He is intelligent and quite cynical—about himself, about Hollywood, about his work—and about females. Which may be the explanation for the way he has avoided the major growing pains of success.

You all know the story of how a Paramount talent scout picked up a couple of hitch-hikers who told him, "We know someone who is more beautiful than Hedy Lamarr." And how it turned out to be Grace, who was signed to a Paramount contract without benefit of any acting training.

At first no one thought the "Hedy Lamarr of Santa Monica" would amount to much that is great. She was too tense and too shy. In her first important picture, "Lady in the Dark," her hands were cold all the time, with nerves; she kept rushing into her dressing room for a good cry and she didn't care two hoots whether she made good or not.

But with Gall's success in "The Uninvited," she lost that painful shyness and now she talks sensibly with visitors who come to see her emote (before, the set was always closed). She is acquiring poise and is now really interested in being a star. She lives with her mother and father in a Beverly Hills apartment and wants to make lots of money so she can own a ranch and keep horses. She is nineteen but minus a serious romance. So far, so good; she has overcome the shyness and seems to be on the way to a well-balanced stardom.

WILLIAM EYTHE seems to be a normal "boy next door" type who can take most anything in his stride. Underneath he carries a driving ambition to attain his goal of being a fine actor but he doesn't let it upset the surface of his everyday life. He loves to cook—and to eat. He's a good friend of Anne Baxter's and invited her to lunch one day. He was cooking a ham for the meal and left the kitchen for a swim in the pool. When Bill returned the ham was on the floor providing a swell meal for his dog. He snatched what was left of it and served it to Anne. "It was a wonderful idea," says Bill. "Of course I told Anne about the dog— afterwards!"

Bill, a graduate of Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, has a sense of humor. He says he received his first "E" at the premiere of "Since You Went Away," when some fans in the bleachers shouted, "Look, there's William Eytheree!" He came to Hollywood two years ago, from the stage version of "The Moon Is Down." He is ambitious and knows the value of publicity. He makes a point of visiting the publicity department at Twentieth Century-Fox—where he works—once every day.

He is twenty-five and punctured ear-drums prevent Army service. Recently, a woman in a theater said to him, "Why aren't you in the Army?" To which the young man replied, "Madam, for the same reason that you're not in the Folies physical deficiency!"

If Bill can keep on laughing at himself, he'll not have any growing pains. Let's hope that the majority of all of Hollywood's "near stars" can accomplish the same thing! 

THE END
What Should I Do?
(Continued from page 64).

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen years old; I graduated when I was sixteen and since then I have been working.

I have a good home and two of the nicest parents in the world. This is my problem: Ever since I can remember, anything I ever wanted done was done by my mother. I never had a chance to learn to sew or cook or anything that a girl should learn.

Right now I am going steady with a boy and in time I hope to marry him. But because of all this, I am not ready to meet the qualifications of a wife.

What I want to do now is break away from both Father and Mother. I want to live with a girl friend of mine who is the same age as I and is out of school. I believe that if I get away for a while I would learn how to take some responsibility.

Do you think I am wrong?
Frona M.

Dear Frona:

Yes, I think you're wrong, and I'll tell you why. You have gone to a great deal of trouble to represent your desire to move in with a girl friend as the result of your ambition to become an adult, self-reliant human being.

What you really want is to leave home for the "adventure" of living with a girl friend and the freedom from parental restraint.

What I think you should do is to remain with your mother and father, and—

if you are really so anxious to become domestic—ask your mother to impose domestic responsibilities upon you.

If you are really sincere in your eagerness to become a homemaker, your mother will be the first to assist you.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a telephone operator and have been working here for several years. Now I am sick and tired of my job. I am thinking seriously of quitting regardless of the fact that the chief operator says it is almost impossible to get good people.

I reason that if good people are that important right now, the smart thing for me to do is to quit, come to Hollywood for a vacation, then settle down in a city where I can have an interesting life.

Could you supply me with the names of some studios that need operators?

Dear Miss T:

Offhand, I can think of three major reasons why you should remain where you are.

Your job as a telephone operator is a direct contribution to the war effort. I can't begin to tell you what it has meant to me when I have answered the telephone and the operator has told me that my husband was calling from some distant point. At that moment, the operator was one of the most important women on earth to me.

Two additional major reasons why you shouldn't come to Hollywood are these: The Government is begging those whose trips are not vitally essential to stay at home. Millions of men and tons of equipment must be moved to hasten victory; we must not impede this transportation. Furthermore, Hollywood is, according to latest authentic statistics, over-populated by 33⅓%. It would be impossible for you to find a place to live.

I'm sorry to be so discouraging, but I think it is better for you to know.

Claudette Colbert.

Bracelets and Pretty Hands are being worn this season!

Use a BRIGHT IDEA to show off your CAMPANA LOVELY HANDS

It's fun to be tied in velvet when your hands are Campana-lovely. For Campana Cream Balm is the creamy, lanolin-rich lotion that helps keep your hands so silken-surfaced you'll be proud to show them off!

Dermatologists say lanolin duplicates the functions of the natural oils of your skin—better than anything else! No wonder Campana Cream Balm benefits as it beautifies. No wonder it protects your skin against raw winds and winter's cold, guards against dryness and roughness.

This winter—be bright about your hands. Use Campana Cream Balm to keep them lovely.

In the yellow and white package. 25¢, 50¢ and $1

Campana Cream Balm
RICH IN LANOLIN

Hands badly CHAPPED? Use ORIGINAL CAMPANA BALM for instant relief!

Original Campana Balm is the richer, heavier Campana lotion that thousands change to in chapped-skin weather. Ask for Original Campana Balm in the green and white package. 25¢, 50¢ and $1.
Dear Miss Colbert:
I am a girl of sixteen; I have two sisters, one fifteen and the other seventeen. Our mother owns a restaurant in this town, which is an Army town. Lately, because of the help shortage, we have had to work in the restaurant, so naturally we get acquainted with the Army boys.

We were always the three most popular girls in school. We have always been invited everywhere until lately. Gradually the parties grew fewer and the town dates got to be nearly none. A couple of weeks ago there was a very large party, but we weren't invited.

Our father has been dead for two years and our mother knows nothing of this. She is very nervous from working so hard so we thought we should take this matter up with someone else.

Jennie Lee R.

Dear Miss Colbert:
Several months ago I met a young officer in the Army. The very first date I learned from his actions that he was a wolf. However, I liked him and hoped he would change. Several times he took me dancing, but because I wouldn't go to his apartment afterward or let him maul me, he quit taking me out.

I think I could perhaps forget him if he would quit calling me up and asking me if I have changed my mind. When I tell him "No," he calls me a drip and a country hick.

Lucia D.

Dear Miss Colbert:
When this man calls and asks if you have changed your mind, simply hang
Dear Miss Colbert:
I have strong convictions about people—either I like them tremendously or can't stand them. I get along very well with most men and am sorry to admit most girls don't care for me. I have several very close girl friends and don't give a hang for the rest.

Three years ago I met and married a boy of twenty-one. I was nineteen at the time. We had three brief dates and he was so likable and open it seemed that getting married was the logical thing.

Now he has been overseas two years and shortly after he left I started going out on dates. I don't believe in keeping secrets from your husband, so told him about it. We both agreed to go out as he was dating American nurses where he was. Then he was sent into the jungle and started to write long "love" letters.

He's a perfect husband, cute and lovable. I know any number of girls who'd love to have him. Yet, I'm bored, really. He seems childish. The only men that ever interest me are between twenty-five and thirty-five.

I was relieved when he went overseas and I could go with my crowd of smoothies and never had to endure any of his teensters. There's no one else I want, either. I don't understand why it seems such a necessity to divorce Ray when I don't believe in divorce, but I can't bear the idea of taking up life with him when he comes home—even on furlough.

Mrs. Riva O.

Dear Mrs. O.:
In the first paragraph of your letter there was a sentence that interested me: "I get along very well with most men and am sorry to admit most girls don't care for me." This is tantamount to the corny phrase, "I'm a man's girl." It is a statement for which I have never much cared. The girl who makes it is trying, in a roundabout way, to say that she is horribly, horribly popular—a very sharp number with men. But if a girl ever had all the attention she wanted from one man, or from a group of men, she suddenly discovers what comfortable, interesting and likable people members of her own sex are.

Your husband is now in a very difficult spot—one not of his own choosing. If you are at all aware of your woman's heritage you will write to this man as tenderly and as repeatedly and as unselfishly as is possible.

You write, "He seems childish." Yet he has been overseas for two years and much of that time has been spent in the jungle. When your husband returns, you will find that he has grown up considerably. In the meantime, why don't you make an honest effort to develop—by letter—mutual interests with your husband?

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
My husband and I have been married for three years. We have an adorable baby twenty months old and I really love my husband dearly.

He had been married three times before he and I married and he had been married twice before. I have two children by my first husband, a girl fourteen, and a boy seventeen. My husband has a girl thirteen by his first wife.

My husband had never been with his daughter from the time she was three up. Don't take one word of abuse from him.

Heartiest congratulations on being a "drip" and a "country hick." Those epithets, coming from the man you describe, are medals of honor.

Claudette Colbert.

BUSY -- BUT BEAUTIFUL

by CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN—HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANTEE

Women everywhere these days are rushed for time—they've taken on war-activities in addition to their usual duties...and they just haven't got hours to spend on make-up anymore. That is why our new TANTEE Satin-Finish Lipstick is such a boon...at least busy women have found a lipstick that smooths and flatters their lips for extra hours.

Neither too moist nor too dry, TANTEE Satin-Finish Lipsticks give your lips that well-groomed loveliness you've always wanted. In four exciting shades—TANTEE Red-Red, TANTEE Theatrical Red, TANTEE Medium-Red, and TANTEE Natural. Remember, try one of the new TANTEE Satin-Finish Lipsticks. For complete beauty while you're on duty, match your new lipstick with TANTEE Rouge and Petal-Finish Face Powder, the powder that stays and stays and stays.

A Portrait of Constance Luft Huhn

TANTEE Lipsticks with the new Satin-Finish

TANTEE Face Powder with the new Petal-Finish

Buy That Extra War Bond Today

SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANTEE SERENADE...Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P.M. (EWT) Coast-to-Coast...Blue Network
8 minute 'BEAUTY-LIFT' works wonders for FACE AND NECK

Helps Produce More Baby-Fresh, Smoother Firmer Skin With Each Application

Girls! You, too, can now enjoy a complete home facial which helps give a dazzling new beauty look to face and neck. It takes only 8 minutes with Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream—a real lubricating cream de luxe.

And the breathtakingly lovely result—after even your first facial—should convince you beyond any doubt that you simply can't beat Hopper's Facial Cream to lubricate the skin—tomake skin appear firmer, smoother—soft as drifting peach blossoms.

The Simple Easy Treatment

Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over your face and neck—always using upward, outward strokes (follow direction of arrows in diagram). Gently press an extra amount of Hopper's over any wrinkles or lines. Leave on about 8 minutes. Then tissue off.

Notice how invitingly soft, satiny smooth your skin appears—so dynamically alive, glowing and delicately textured looking.

The reason Hopper's Facial Cream is so active and lubricates the skin so expertly and evenly is because it's homogenized.

Get a jar today. Use Hopper's nightly to help maintain exquisitely lovely face and neck beauty through the years. At all cosmetic counters.

BULLETIN FROM OVERSEAS

The Army men say:

We Want

Wrist watches, photographs, pocket-size books, stationery, cigars and cigarettes, razor blades, dried fruit, vacuum-packed nuts, games, cards, pipes, shaving kits (small), hard candy, soap, automatic pencils, wallets.

The Navy men say:

Send us:

Sneakers, mocassins bedroom slippers, pocket knives (the more attachments the better), pocket-size books (no war stories), pocket-size dictionaries, bibles, insect repellants, alarm clocks, snapshots, cards, toilet kits, stationery, tinned foods, fruit cake, fountain pens, sun glasses, steel mirrors, coat hangers, wash cloths, dehydrated fruit juices, foot powder, cigars and cigarettes and photographs.
Crime On My Hands

(Continued from page 36) Sammy beetled his brows.
I said nothing.
Lamar James narrowed his dark eyes.  
"Better look at the guns, Where?"
Sammy waved at a cluster of trucks.
James looked at the corpse.  "Blanket."
I went to one of the wagons and started to 
pull out a Navajo pattern.
Underneath was a gun.
The gun was a .38 Colt on a .45 frame, 
one of the pair Sammy had issued to me.
I let the blanket fall back over the gun 
and picked up another blanket.
Here I was again, back in the pattern.  A 
nameless corpse, and the only clue to the 
killer was my gun, planted by a nameless 
旺的 whose thoughts could match wits 
with me. Only, this time the lines weren't 
written for me.
James placed the blanket over the 
corpse, asked Paul to remain on guard, 
and led the way across the sand toward the 
trucks. Sammy and I lagged behind.
"Why did you do it, George?" Sammy 
whispered.
"Do you think I killed him?" I asked.  
"Why? And why did you say that every- 
boby carried .45's?"
"Well, about your guns, George, sure. I 
know they're .38's but I gave you a 
matched pair, very valuable. What I got 
back was not a matched pair. One of 'em 
was a modern .38 police special, Smith & 
Wesson side ejector. I wanted to ask 
you how come. He hesitated. "And 
where's the other gun?"
"That's idiotic," I said. "The guns I used 
in the scene were the guns you gave me. 
When the scene was over, I shoved them 
back in my holsters. They stayed there 
until you took them up."
"One of 'em didn't."
After all, I had only Sammy's word for 
this. I decided to let him do the talking, 
and to stay close to him. Also I didn't 
mention the gun in the wagon.
"What did you do with the guns, Sam- 
my?"
"I put 'em in a safe place. I wanted to 
talk to you before I turned 'em in."
"Then somebody is going to ask what 
happened to my guns."
"We can handle that. There's a pair of 
.45's in the arsenal. We can say you 
carried them."
I stopped. "Sammy, I don't want any 
part of this. You're hiding evidence, and 
you're making me an accessory. I have 
nothing to hide, so let's turn in the guns."
"Now, wait, George. Let me ask you 
something. Suppose that odd gun was 
used to kill the poor egg. Suppose you 
didn't do it. Somebody did, and somebody 
switched guns on you. You're in for trouble 
if you can't find out who switched 'em."
"You're the obvious choice."
"I know that," he said earnestly, "but I 
didn't do it. So here's what I figured. 
Maybe you'd like to do some snooping 
before we mention this to the cops."

His suggestion had merit. If the odd 
gun should prove to be the murder 
weapon—for it was murdered beyond any 
doubt now—and someone stumbled on 
the fact that I had carried it, the police might 
assume that I had fired it. And my own 
thought was that my confidence had no 
part in the outcome of the shooting, could be turned neatly against 
me.
I knew that I hadn't fired any but the 
two pistols originally issued to me. And, 
looking back over the battle scene in 
my mind, I knew that I hadn't even pointed 
a gun in the direction of the dead man.
This latter point I might be able to prove. 
So far as I knew, I had been under the 
eyes of one or more cameras during the 

Dura-Gloss nail polish has a way about it—it's such a beautiful, brilliant 
polish. Keep yourself charming and glamorous with this nail lacquer 
that contains a special ingredient—"Chrystallyne"—which makes it hold 
well to the fingernails, and resist chipping and peeling. Dura-Gloss 
goes on so smoothly and easily, and dries so quickly, you'll like it 
better than anything. You'll find Dura-Gloss at cosmetic 
counters, 10¢ plus tax. Get it today.
entire scene. Though there was a possibility that I was out of camera range at one time or another and I would have no alibi for that time.

This brought up the question of who had switched guns on me. When the scene had ended, a man came up to take my horse. He could have done it. Then I had joined a group of principals and executives discussing the scene. There were Carla, Wanda Waite, Riegelman, the script girl, the head cameraman and the sound man. The switch could have taken place then.

Assuming, of course, that somebody had switched guns on me. Sammy could have done it when he took them up.

If Sammy had switched the guns what could he gain by denying that I had carried .38's? It seemed to me that his best play was to admit that I had carried them, and let the law have its way. Maybe he really was trying to help me.

"O.K. I'll go along with you, Sammy."

"Then let's get over to the truck."

The guns had been packed away in cases.

There were no .38's.

I wondered why anyone should have tried to involve me in the killing. Of course, I was the only one in the cast with side arms. What better place to hide a murder weapon than in my holster, assuming that the killing had been done with a .38?

James turned to Riegelman. "You the boss here?"

Riegelman nodded.

James said, "Send 'em down one at a time. Got to find out who the guy is."

Riegelman flicked a hand at Sammy.

Sammy waddled away. I could do nothing but keep an eye on the wagon where the gun was hidden.

I was worried. At one time or another, if I could believe Sammy, the fatal gun had been in my possession.

I made up my mind to take Sammy at his word. Sammy had something naive in his make-up which caused me to believe him.

Finally he came over.

"The body's got a name now," he said.

"Severance Flynn."

"I want to see that fellow who identified him," I said.

"He can't help you, George. He never saw the guy before. He was doing Wanda Waite a favor. She didn't want to make the identification. She told him who the dead guy was, and no more."

"Let's go see Wanda then," I said grimly.

"Aw, George," Sammy objected. "It's kind of obvious why Wanda wouldn't want to identify him. You know Wanda."

"All I know is she's a hard-working actress."

"Well, she made her name as the missionary's wife in 'China Will Wait.' She's been playing the earnest, honest, kindly, courageous girl ever since. You can see what it would do to her career if her public knew she'd identified a murder victim."

"If she knew Flynn," I said, "she might know who'd want to murder him."

Wanda was in her trailer. She always had been a good kid, not caring who saw her with her hair in curling pins. Suddenly she acted like a composite of all the sirens from Lilith to Theda Bara.

"Can I do something for you?" She sounded like a one-woman wolf pack.

She was disturbingly like an actor unsure of his lines. What was eating her? I said, "Tell me about Severance Flynn."

"I barely knew him," she said. "Met him on the train yesterday. We talked."

"What about?"

"Hi. What else? He came from Nebraska, played enough extra roles to keep him. He got into this rat race because of a hangover. Herman Smith was hired, but
he went on a bender and asked Severance to take his place. Severance had a beard, and that was all that was necessary. So—"

"Did he mention knowing anyone in this company?" I asked.

"He said he didn’t know anybody. He knew you, of course, by reputation."

Out in that furious sun once more, I said to Sammy, "Let’s turn in the guns and tell the sheriff the truth."

"Maybe you’re right, George. I hope you don’t get caught in the middle. Come on. They’re in my office."

A messenger caught up with us. "The cops want to see you guys," he said. "They found the gun hidden in a wagon."

"We’ll be right along," I said. He went away, and I looked at Sammy. "We’re a little late, but all we have to do is tell the truth."

"I hope so," Sammy muttered.

We went into his trailer office. He opened a drawer. He peered into it.

The guns were gone!

When we arrived at the scene of the crime the authorities were shooting questions at a white-faced Carla. My gun had been in her wagon, only a few feet from the corpse.

The gun itself was inside a box so that it could be transported without disturbing fingerprints. My fingerprints must be all over that gun. And our story was that I had carried .45’s.

"If you didn’t know the deceased," Sheriff Callahan said doggedly, "how come you shot him?"

"But I tell you I didn’t shoot him!" Carla was saying hysterically.

"Are you disputing the lady’s word?" I asked.

Sheriff Callahan whipped on me. "Yep!"

"That is not the murder weapon," I said.

Sheriff Callahan asked, "You’re George Sanders?"

I bowed, slightly.

"Saw you in a picture once," he went on. "You got what was coming to you."

Then he frowned at me. "I’ve heard of you, you’re a kind of shady character. Where you from? You got a funny accent."

"If you mean where was I born—Russia."

It was easy to see what he thought of Russia.

LAMAR JAMES pushed him aside. "How do you know that wasn’t the murder weapon, Mr. Sanders?"

I smiled with a confidence I didn’t feel. I began to improvise, and directed my remarks at Callahan. He was the man in authority and I wanted him to clear out, so that Sammy and I could go to work on the problem of the missing gun. If Lamar James stayed here he might turn up a few facts that would be embarrassing.

"Suppose you shot the man, Sheriff?" I began.

I wasn’t even here," he bristled.

"But suppose. The next act would be to put the gun where nobody could fiind it. And you’d create the opportunity by planting another gun where it could be found, to divert attention from your act. This gun that you have found is a false clue.

The sheriff simulated thoughtfulness.

"And you will find, when your ballistics expert examines the slug," I said impressively, "that it was not fired from this gun. It came from a different make. This gun is a Colt 38, and the bullet was fired from a Smith & Wesson special."

"Baloney," Callahan said. "You can’t tell that by lookin’ at the hole."

"Why not? Our friend Mr. James can tell at a glance that the slug is not a .45. Is it any more unbelievable that I should be able to name the make of gun?"

Lamar James cut in. "You could tell—only if you fired the shot!"
“And I can see what your hobby is—”

HURRY MOTHER!

Do This When Children Catch Colds

Here’s one modern easy way to promptly help relieve muscular soreness or tightness, coughing spasms, congestion and irritation in upper breathing passages... Rub Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Results are so good because VapoRub...

But I have an unbreakable alibi.”

“Let’s hear it!” he snapped.

“I was—” I began. I broke off as an embarrassing thought suddenly came into my mind. It was true that I was in camera range most of the time, but it was also true that I was carrying 38’s. That fact would not escape James, for in the close-ups anyone could see that the gun which he had in custody was one of the guns I had fired in the scene. This would not necessarily indicate that I had shot Flynn, but it would certainly impair my claim that I had carried 45’s.

“Are you charging me with murder?” I demanded.

“Not yet,” Lamar James said. “Let’s hear your alibi.”

“I’ll produce it when the time comes.”

“Where do you think the gun is hidden?” James asked darkly.

“I think we’ll never find it,” I said.

“Then how,” Callahan wailed, “are we gonna find the murderer?”

“We don’t need the gun to find the murderer,” I said coldly. “We find him by psychological detection. The one we’re looking for is courageous and shrewd. He is certain that he has covered his tracks. He won’t run away. You might as well go check on that bullet. When you find that I’m correct, start looking for motives.”

Callahan said, “Is that right, Lamar?”

“Yes,” James answered. He turned to me. “I’m gonna want to see you later.”

“Come over to my trailer,” I invited.
other side of that big pile of sand."

"Will you run along now and let me and Sammy do some talking?"

Dabbing at tears, she went out.

"GEORGE," Sammy said tentatively, "you’ve been kind of dopey on this so far, and maybe we just ought to tell that deputy sheriff what we know."

"Sammy," I told him, "you don’t know how hick policemen jump at conclusions. If we told them how we’d lied about the guns, they’d toss us both in jail, as accessories if nothing worse. My private opinion is that they’d charge me with murder and give me the privilege of disproving it."

"All right, then, why don’t we just clam up? If we don’t know from nothing, what could they do? They’d never find the gun, and it would go down as an unsolved crime. How about that?"

"But, Sammy!" I protested. "We just can’t let a killer wander about."

Sammy interrupted. "We’re about to have company."

Our company was McGuire, head of props.

"I’d like to put those guns away," he said to Sammy. "We won’t need ’em before tomorrow."

"I’ll bring ’em over after a while," Sammy stalled. McGuire went away.

"What am I going to tell him?" Sammy asked. "They were his responsibility."

"He’ll pass the buck to you in case of trouble."

"What’ll I tell the cops, then?" Sammy wailed. "Am I gonna say I gave you the guns, and I only got one back? That the other was in Caplin’s wagon, and you had a strange gun on you, a Smith & Wesson 38, just like the gun you claim is the murderer weapon? My God, look where that puts you. You had this strange gun, and now it’s gone."

"That," I said gently, "is what I pointed out to you. The inference is so obvious that they’d take their minds off the actual murderer. We must keep quiet, if we expect to find the killer."

"George, I don’t want to be mixed up in it."

"You are mixed up in it, though," I said reasonably. "It was you who gave me the signal to say nothing when you lied about the 38. Besides, Sammy, I need you."

"Oh, hell!" Sammy growled. "Why do people have to make friends?"

"I want you to do something, Sammy," I said. "I want you to get the film that was being shot while Flynn was being murdered and bring it over to my trailer."

"The master film! I can’t do that."

"Look, Sammy. The cameras recorded all the action. That film will furnish all his for several hundred persons. If we give out the news that we have it and know that it contains a very important clue, the murderer will have to get the film."

"But George—if anything happened to that film and those scenes had to be shot again . . . And when Riegleman spends a nickel, he’s got to have an aspirin."

"That’s what’s made him a success as a producer," I reminded Sammy. "A successful producer gets to be a rich man, and Riegleman—"

"A modest little home in the country," Sammy said softly, and grinned. "Two swimming pools. A private shooting gallery where he can show off his fancy marksmanship."

"All right, he’s ambitious," I retorted. "But about this film—as a matter of fact, you might say I was doing this for Riegleman."

Sammy blinked. "How?"

"If we clean up the case tonight, we can hand over the murderer and go on with the picture, lose no time."

"Well—" Sammy heaved to his feet. "I
I wish it would rain Beech-Nut!

So do a great many people. But of course our fighters need the refreshment of Beech-Nut Gum more than we do. They get it first.

Meanwhile, don't wait for final peace. Work for it. We're climbing the last hill. Let's get to the top fast.

With the peace will come plenty...plenty of the pleasant things of daily living...and, of course, plenty of fine-flavored Beech-Nut Gum.

The yellow package...with the red oval

I

Women vitally needed in Army hospitals

The wounded are coming home. Army hospitals need 22,000 female technicians immediately. This is women's work...important work.

The Surgeon General asks you to join the Women's Army Corps today. You will receive thorough training in a new career. Remember the motto of the Army Medical Dept...."Service Above Self."

For additional information, call or write today to U. S. Army Recruiting Station, 444 Munitions Bldg., Washington 25, D. C.

Brass-button escort: Norma Shearer goes premièring with Navy husband Marty Arrouge
is believed that he was hurrying to his father's bedside."

The clipping, from an English newspaper, continued with a history of the family. It was all very dull.

A knock on the door sent the clipping into my pocket and me into the clothes closet. Wanda Waite came into the room.

She looked about with frightened eyes, and went swiftly to the bed table. She seemed to be handling and examining everything on the table.

Then she turned and almost ran from the room. Had she put something in her purse? What had she been searching for?

A mong the gadgets I had installed in my trailer was a photoelectric cell which threw a beam across the door. It was connected to the lights, so that when the beam was broken across the threshold the lights snapped on.

I plugged a 300-watt daylight bulb, with a reflector behind it, into the light circuit and unscrewed all the wall lamps. I focused this searchlight on the door. If anyone came through the door at night, he should be instantly blinded.

Presently Sammy arrived with the precious film.

"That film probably contains a fine collection of clues," I mused. "Perhaps if we could see it, we wouldn't have to set a trap."

Sammy squinted at me. "I'll prove you didn't shoot him. I remember. You were facing the camera in that scene. Flynn was behind you, in the crowd."

"If the murderer was in the scene," I went on, "he'd know that the camera would record his every action. He couldn't take such a chance. It must have been someone behind the camera."

Sammy sighed. "So that leaves the sound man, cameramen, grips, props, the boom crew, Paul, Riegelman, me, the script girl and the wardrobe people. Maybe it was an accident, George."

"Then where did the extra gun come from, the Smith & Wesson? And why did somebody conk me on the conk?"

"Yeah."

"I've thought of something," I said, "You remembered that when Flynn was shot, I was facing the camera. If the shot came from behind the camera, it had to come from the front of me. Therefore, I must have been looking in the direction of the murderer. Maybe he—or she—thinks I saw him."

Sammy faced blithely. "Say, maybe you've got something there."

"Well, don't be so cheerful about it. Now you go out and say that I have the film because I know it contains a vital clue to the murder. Everybody ought to hear about it inside an hour. Then we'll see what happens."

"How about your protection? Sammy said, "Paul, Riegelman, he doesn't provide a bodyguard for you, I'll be in the soup."

"I am prepared to defend myself. I have a gun."

Sammy hunched his shoulders and left.

I cut in the photoelectric-searchlight circuit and sat down to wait. Very soon now, the killer would have heard Sammy's fiction. So, inevitably, the killer would come through my door.

My ears caught a sound. I took my pistol from the window seat. The door opened. The searchlight snapped on. My agent, Melva Loningan, blinked in the glare.

I flicked the switch and plunged us into darkness. "Come over here, I hissed. "Don't move!

"Why?" she demanded.

"I'm waiting for a murderer. Let's hope he didn't see that light."

"I hope my Fred saw it. George He
wouldn't like our being unchaperoned in the dark.

"Lord," I groaned. "Did you have to bring your boy friend with you?"

I fixed up some lights and glared at her.

Shoes crunched on the sand outside, and Fred Forbes came in. "The lights go out, the lights come on, the lights go dim. What goes?"

"George has another invention," Melva said.

Fred grinned. "I never have been able to decide whether he's trying to be a poor man's Edison, or just Don Ameche."

"Don't scoff," Melva admonished.

"How's that telephone gadget coming on," Fred asked, "the one with a loudspeaker and mike in every room?"

Melva waved Fred to silence. "We heard that somebody had got himself killed. So we came—I to protect you; Fred, to ruin you!"

"If you'd switch roles, I'd have more fun," I said.

"Where did you get that bandage?"

Melva demanded. "What's under it?"

"A lumpy head, darling. The murderer bopped me."

Melva gave a stricken moan.

"You stay out of this murder, you hear? I can't afford it."

Fred said, "But..."

Melva cut him off with a savage gesture. She directed slit-eyed suspicion at me. "Are you playing detective on this?"

"I'm not playing," I said bitterly.

"Then I'm going to stay right here and see that you keep hands off," she said grimly.

"What have you found out so far, George?" Fred asked.

"Look, Georgie," Melva broke in, "you came to me only a few days ago saying you'd never take another role as a gumshoe. But I knew different. It's in your blood, and I knew you'd be in it!"

Fred took her by the shoulders and pushed her onto the window seat. He turned to me, ignoring her. "You're on the track of the killer?"

"Or vice versa," I said, touching the bandage.

"George's got to get out of this thing," Melva screamed angrily.

"I can't," I said. "I'm a suspect."

"Oh, Lord!" Melva moaned.

I went to the door. "I'm going out. I'm hungry."

"We accept with pleasure," Melva said.

"Shall we go in your car or ours?"

"Going out?" asked a voice from the door. It was Lamar James. "I'm glad I caught you," he said to me.

" Caught him?" Melva echoed.

James ran an appreciative eye over her. I made the introductions. "My agent, and press agent," I explained.

"Will you talk in front of 'em?" he asked. I sighed. "Show me an alternative."

"How," James asked me, "do you know Miss Folsom couldn't have shot Flynn?"

"She isn't the type," I said.

James shook his head.

"That girl is scared. You knew it, and you rushed in to defend her. You'd have kept out of it if you didn't have some concrete reason to believe she didn't fire the shot. What is it?"

"My faith in her," I said gravely.

"All right. You said the slug came out of a Smith & Wesson 38. What made you think it was a Smith & Wesson?"

He had me there. "It's very simple," I said. "The characteristics of small arms are definite."

James snorted. "Look, you're going to have to tell all this to a coroner's jury tomorrow. So you'll better make a better story of it than that. I'm the coroner, too."

"If I so choose," I said, unfairly, "I can order you out. I'm not under arrest."

He sighed. "Yes, you are too under arrest. I hoped I wouldn't have to do this. But I'm trying to nab the person who killed Flynn. I hoped you'd tell me what you know. But since you're so troublesome, you're under arrest."

"On what charge?" I asked quietly.

"Illegal parking," he said. "We got a city ordinance that says nobody can establish living quarters on our beach. Sure, you can be bailed out or pay a fine, but not before tomorrow. Come on!"

I LOOKED at Lamar James. "Look here," I said, "if you—all of you—hadn't come charging in here like the Light Brigade, I'd have had your murderer all wrapped up by now. If you'll be quiet for a few minutes, we'll test the trap I laid for the murderer again."

"What kind of a trap?" James asked.

I explained that Sammy was out spreading a story that was designed to draw the murderer here. "It's possible, of course," I said, "that he has been scared off by the convention we've been holding, but it's also possible that he hasn't started yet."

Without waiting for permission, I brought darkness again and cut the searchlight back into the circuit.

"I'm between you and the doors, Sanders," James said evenly, "Don't make any break."

I tried to put myself in the murderer's place. He had shot Flynn and planted the gun on me. The next development was almost inevitable: The gun would be found on me, I would be arrested, and the issue so confused that the killer might escape notice. But Sammy had taken the gun and the investigation shot off on an unforeseen tangent. What had the murderer done then? As nearly as I could see he hadn't done anything. But
his interest had revived when I was driving in that stake. Why?

Unless the killer was Sammy, he couldn't have known what I was doing.

The question now was whether he had been scared away by the lights and voices, or whether he would arrive in search of the film.

I heard footsteps beyond the door. The door softly swung outward. I held my breath. Silhouetted against the moonlighted sand outside was a tall, slim figure. Her foot intercepted the photoelectric beam and the daylight bulb gave us a vision—Wanda Waite. She wore a shining black satin sheath and a black fur. Her hair was sleeved back over her ears.

I fixed the lights. Wanda examined us with defiant, if frightened, blue eyes.

James said, "What are you doing here?"

"Must I explain?" she asked, feigning embarrassment.

James' envy showed near the surface.

"I'd like to have your fingerprints," he said to Wanda.

Wanda was frightened. Her lipstick fell from her hands.

James retrieved the lipstick and put it in his pocket.

Wanda's hand began to shake. "I'll have that."

"Later," James said. "Maybe."

He went out.

"What have I done now?" Wanda whispered.

She turned and ran from the trailer. "We may as well go," I said. "The killer must have been scared off by this time."

Melva took up a position between me and the door. "George, you run along and tell that cop what he wants to know."

"He'll arrest me if I did."

"Why? You said you didn't kill him!"

"I didn't kill him," I said patiently. "But the very proof which I can offer will incriminate me to some extent."

"All right then, keep quiet."

"But I can't sit idly by and let the killer escape. You may as well save your breath, Melva. I'm in this and I'm staying in. How about some food?"

"I'll fix up a series of releases," Fred said. "Police baffled, but Sanders promises developments."

"I don't want the story in print," I said.

Fred was incredulous. "You must want publicity; that's what you hired me for. And this thing is a natural. Every editor on the Coast would go for it."

"But I'm not doing this for publicity, and wouldn't I look silly if in the end I didn't solve it? I'm not Superman. I'm not even the Saint. I'm just Sanders."

We went to the hotel, so that Fred and Melva could register.

Almost everybody was in the bar. Everybody except Sammy. There were Paul, Riegleman, Curtis, the boss cameraman. I stopped at Riegleman's table.

"Is there a decent eating place around here?"

I asked.

"I tried that counter joint down the street," Paul answered. "I ordered a filet. When I stuck a fork in it, it whinnied."

"I say," Riegleman objected, "you didn't really get horse-meat?"

"Then why did it flinch when I rattled my spurs?"

Riegleman stared for a moment. "You're having me on."

I thought that now was as good a time as any, I gave Riegleman an apologetic smile. I'd removed the reel of film that was being shot at the time of the murder and put it in a safe place. But don't worry about it, it's hidden in my trailer."

"But why?" Paul demanded.

"It points out the murderer," I said. "As soon as I get that film into Hollywood and get it developed and a print made, I'll be able to call in the police and say, 'There's the man.'"

"Who do you think it is?" Riegleman asked idly.

"It must have been someone behind the cameras. I have it narrowed down to two. You're both allibied, I suppose.

"Riegleman smiled. "You're guessing, you know."

"Maybe. But I don't think that reel will point out the murderer."

"Where is your bodyguard?" Riegleman demanded.


As Fred, Melva and I went out, we met Sammy coming in.

"I had carburetor trouble," he said, "and I've been in a garage since I left you. I haven't told anybody."

"I told Riegleman and Paul, Sammy. You get the others."

When we were at Fred's car, I staggered a little. Melva was at my side in something less than a second.

"Sorry," I gasped. "I'm desperately tired. Not much sleep last night, and now—all this. And I must be made up by eight tomorrow."

She fell for it. "Never mind about dinner, George. We'll take you back to the trailer."

Melva and Fred helped me into the car. I pulled myself together as the trailer door, looked at my watch and said, "I'll be able to get six hours sleep. Just don't disturb me in the meantime."

I watched them drive away. Then I went inside, put the searchlight back into the photo-electric circuit. Made sure the film can was still there, got my gun and sat in the dark. Since Sammy hadn't spread the story, it was not yet too late.

---

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Why had Wanda come, then? Her implied explanation just didn't make sense. In fact, I couldn't see Wanda in this at all. Why was she suddenly out of character? She didn't fit into this new siren role at all. Because it was definitely a role, and she was proving to be a definitely bad off-stage actress.

Why? Why was she deliberately taking on that role?

What had she been doing in Severance Flynn's room? What was the business of the fingerprints?

Why had she showed up here, slipping through the dark to my door?

I had to shrug off the questions, for somebody else was coming through the dark to my door.

The light switched on. Listless Nelson shielded her eyes with a furred arm.

I fixed the lights. "Come in," I said wearily.

"I've got to talk to somebody," she whispered. "Sammy stood me up! He was supposed to see me tonight and it's almost ten o'clock."

"Did you come over here just for that? Slipping into my trailer when it looked empty? Really?"

"I got so worried," she said tearfully. "I thought he might be here. And when I saw it was dark, I was just going to come in out of the cold. I wasn't even going to turn on your lights."

I looked at her until she dropped her eyes. Was she telling the truth? If so, she was a liability here. All I could do was accept her story and give fatherly advice.

"The moon won't peek," I said. "It'll be around tomorrow night. Sammy has been working with me tonight. But he should be finished by now. He may be waiting at your place." She turned and ran.

I sighed and began fusing with the searchlight again.

MY next visitor was Riegleman.

"Turn that bloody thing off!" he yelled. I suddenly felt as if my heart had been panned in shaved ice. This was the first time I had ever faced a murderer and it wasn't like in the movies at all.

"What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you," he shouted. I did things about lights. I held the gun in my jacket pocket, though.

"People don't usually come slipping into dark houses," I pointed out. "To talk to absent occupants. You knew I was intending to eat dinner.

"Does that gun mean that I must elevate my hands?" he demanded.

I took my hand out of my pocket. I said, "Did you kill Severance Flynn?"

He stared at me.

"I just wanted to know," I told him. "You see, I have construed a ruse to trap a murderer. You know it, for I told you myself. When I saw you come in that door, I felt that you could be after only one thing—proof of guilt."

Riegleman's gloomy eyes were accusing.

"I'm here to ask you—again—to give up this detective nonsense. You're too valuable."

"Let me clarify my place in this situation, Riegleman," I said. "I am in a position to learn who killed a man. I must do what I can."

"Go on. . . ."

Could I tell him that I had had the murder gun in my possession, had lied to the police, had withheld evidence? "Very well," he said calmly. "I should imagine your contract has a clause covering such an impasse. We can invite you to give up your professional career and starve as a private detective."

"I suppose," I said, lightly, "that you could dismiss me if I jeopardized the picture against orders."

"Quite right!"
"I promise you I won’t jeopardize the performance affected by my activity in this matter, I will give up my investigations."

"A fair compromise, George. Righto?"

We parted friends once more. But when I turned off the light again, I puzzled over Riegleman. Had he told the truth? It was likely that his first consideration would be my welfare—because of the picture. On the other hand, had he come in to wait in the dark for me, to kill me when I came in from dinner? I couldn’t fit any of the persons who had been apparently caught in my trap into the role of murderer. Listless had the opportunity, perhaps, but she was miscast as a killer. Wanda hadn’t known it was a trap. Melva was an almost impossible choice, and Riegleman, if he hadn’t lied about not knowing Fynn, had no motive.

Again I heard my door begin to open cautiously. But I was becoming inured to facing murderers. I was not even amazed at my steady voice when I said to Paul:

"I have you covered."

"What is this, a police line-up?" he replied.

"Breaking and entering might lead to one."

"Who’s breaking and entering?" he demanded. "I came over here to wait for you. I want to talk to you."

"One would think I was the producer on this job," I said, "the way people seek me out. Did you kill Severance Fynn?"

His black eyes were a trifle insolent. I said, "Sit down, Paul."

"Yeah," he said. "I just had a thought. It’s funny that the only guy who wasn’t hired on this picture, the only guy who had a phony work slip, was killed."

"It seems strange that you would come out here and slip into a dark trailer only for that. And why not tell the sheriff?"

"Hell, you’re the great detective. I wanted to see if you’d thought of that angle. He vanished into the darkness.

Even before I could rearrange the lights, I had another visitor, Curtis, the head cameraman.

"I hope I’m not intruding," he said apologetically.

"You’re the first person who has given the matter a thought, Mr. Curtis."

"I came about the film," he said.

I offered him a cigarette. "I’d like to keep it a while longer."

"It would be all right with me, Mr. Sanders. But you know Mr. Riegleman."

"He was here only a few minutes ago," I said. "He knows I have it."

Curtis looked unhappy. "But it’s got to be expressed to the studio by midnight."

"I’ll bring it over by then," I promised.

He thanked me, grinned, and went away. I went back to my vigil, which was beginning to seem useless. It was unreasonable to suppose that the murderer, if he hadn’t already been here, wouldn’t have seen my lights blinking on and off like signals. And if he had intended to steal the film, he’d have given up by now.

I ran over the list. All who had been behind the cameras and were accordingly the principal suspects had wandered in except Carla and Sammy.

I considered the point raised by Paul. It did seem odd that Fynn, out of three hundred accredited persons, should have been in the way of that one shot. The fact admitted several interpretations, however. The death of Fynn, as such, could have been an accident. The murderer could have aimed at someone else and missed. Not daring to risk another shot, he could have got rid of the gun. In that case, he was biding his time, and we would have another killing.

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I dozed off.

The lights brought me awake, blinking in unison with my caller. Covering a yawn, I said, "Carla. Tell me—what kind of a guy was Flynn?"

It caught her off guard. "He was full of dreams," she said reminiscently. "He wanted to be a great engineer once. After that, a great financier, a star salesman and, last, a great actor. He was never a great anything."

She realized that she had told me that she had known him well.

"Let me tell you how it is with me," she said slowly. "I was clerking in a dime store and one day a talent scout came up and asked me if I wanted to go to Hollywood. I didn't even go home to mend the run in my best pair of stockings."

She grinned wryly. "That's how sick I was of everything. I looked like a siren. But I had to learn to act like one, I did! And it's the thing I'm most proud of. And I can't stand to have it taken away from me."

"Who would try to take it from you?"

"Everybody, if I'm connected with poor Sev's killing."

"I love beautiful women, baby," I said. "Every time I see one, I want to battle a windmill. But this is serious."

I wanted a cigarette. I wanted a drink, and I was hungry as a flame. I dared not move. Maybe she'd tell, and we could wind this up in a few moments.

"George." Her voice was a hoarse whisper. "Why can't it be forgotten?"

"A man is dead," I reminded her. "And you knew him well enough to refer to him as Sev." In a spot like this, The Falcon tapped a cigarette against his thumbnail. I tried it. Half the tobacco spilled out.

"Why shouldn't I call him Sev?" she demanded, almost desperately. "He was—"

There was a soft, gentle tap on the door. I thought "Damn!" and said, "Come in."

Carla rose, smooth and poised. "Hello, Sammy." She turned to me. "Thanks so much, George," she said warmly. "We'll see how the scene plays tomorrow."

---

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Sammy looked after her. "Well?" he said.

"This trailer," he said wryly, "had all the aspects of a drugstore telephone booth this evening. Everybody came, for one good-sounding reason or another." I told him in detail. He shook his head and left.

I cut all the lights but one and sat thinking.

I wasted no time on guessing at Carla's relationship to Flynn. I tried to deduce from her attitude the facts that would tag the killer. I was convinced again that I had all the facts necessary to point out the killer, and deduction alone could do it. I was tired, and all those thoughts wandered. I found myself concentrated on my own telephone problem.

One of the necessary evils of our civilization is that instrument invented by Don Amache and Alexander Bell. You may be in the middle of your bath, but if the phone rings you drag out to answer it. You've had your share of such invasions, and I had installed a loudspeaker and microphone in each room of my Hollywood apartment, connected respectively to the receiver and transmitter of my phone, through an amplifier. When my phone rang, a relay was set in motion that, in effect, lifted the receiver. All I needed to do was answer in a clear voice. The microphone in the room ran it through the amplifier to the telephone to the caller. When the caller answered, his voice came through the loudspeakers.

But I couldn't hang up.

"I wasn't a sound that woke me, some time later, it was a presence. Someone was in the trailer.

"Hey," I said angrily. Wanda Waite stared at me and turned white. She was dressed in stout walking shoes, a sheer nightgown and a massive fur coat.

"George—I came in to talk to you, and you were asleep." "Twice tonight you've sneaked in here. Why?" "It wasn't important," she said nervously. "Good night."

A new voice came out of the darkness outside. "Do you live here?" Lamar James asked.

Wanda went into her act again. "Please, Mr. James, don't use your charger," she said.

"You're under arrest," James said.

"What's the charge?" I demanded. "She didn't kill Flynn, and I can prove it."

"You'll have your chance," James said.

"She isn't to be charged—yet. She's to be held for questioning in connection with the killing of Severance Flynn. Her fingerprints were all over his room."

Wanda glanced down at her costume.

"May I go to my room and change?"

James said, "All right. Come on."

"I'll get you out, Wanda," I said.

"Thank you, George," she said. "Dream of me—a little."

I sat there in a numb state until I thought of the time I stacked my watch and leaned up. I had about ten minutes to return the film, under the deadline. I looked in the window seat that opens into a bed when you press the right button. The reel of film I'd counted on to prove my innocence was gone.

I had an uneasy feeling that it had left the trailer under Wanda's fur coat:

The next morning, J. Brewster Wallingford, our producer, came sorrowfully into my trailer.

"It ain't enough," he said sorrowfully, "to get a poor extra killed and pay off his relatives. We got to lose a scene.

"I'm sorry, Wally," I said. "I looked where I thought the can of film had to be, and it wasn't."
I thought of my search for Wanda's room. I'd done everything but take off the wallpaper. The film had been there, "What do you want to do about it?"

"You made a deal with Riegleman," he said, "so you got to drop whatever you're doing about this murder."

The loss of that can of film certainly had jeopardized the picture. I'd have to stick to my word. What then, of the two guns on the sand dune? What of my fingerprints on the gun found in Carla's wagon? What of my lie about having carried 45s?

We couldn't shoot the scene over with me carrying 45s, for in the earlier sequence I had been shown clearly with pearl-handled guns. It wouldn't matter to James what I carried in the retake, but it would to the script girl. Peggy Whittier never missed a trick. She would point out the oversight and everybody would remember that the gun found in Carla's wagon had a pearl handle.

"All right," I said, "I made my agreement. I'll stick to it."

A knock on the door caused me to reflect that somebody was being amazingly polite. I opened it to a messenger.

The telegram read:

"CAN YOU VERIFY WANDA WAITE ARRESTED IMMORAL CONDUCT IN MALE ACTOR'S ROOM? TELEPHONE REVERSE CHARGES."

It was signed "Smith." If the situation had been otherwise, I would have grinned. "Smith" was the city's Los Angeles newspaper and his name wasn't Smith. He happened to be a friend of mine.

I put the telegram into my pocket. "Can we visit Wanda in jail?" I asked.

"She ain't in jail," Wallingford said. "I told that sheriff I would see personally to his losing the next election if you turned her out and offered me a drink."

"Let's go see Wanda, then."

WANDA'S face was scrubbed and shiny. "Hello," she said, like a little girl.

"You should ought to be ashamed," Wally said sorrowfully, "going to George's trailer in a nightgown."

"But a girl would certainly be safe with George," she said plaintively.

Aside from the veiled insult, she had switched her act completely around. Now she was that fresh young thing known to millions, not the flaming temptress. I handed her the telegram.

"Who would report such a thing?" she pleaded.

"But after all, it's true. All except the immoral conduct!" She spread her hands.

Wally snatched the telegram. "Who sent it in?"

"Believe me," I said, "I didn't."

"Well, I'll stop it!"

"Can you?" Wanda said, in a little-girl voice.

"Only," Wally said, "who sent it in?

She spread her hands helplessly. "Somebody doesn't like me, I guess."

Wanda was overcome again. And a speculative gleam entered her eyes when Wallingford said he could stop the story.

We left for a public phone in the lobby. While Wallingford called, I loosed outside the booth. Paul and Carla went along the walk outside. I hadn't known they knew each other.

Sanny came in from the elevator.

"I told you I'd catch hell," he said. 

"Riegleman is steaming.

"I'm devilish sorry," I said, "but there isn't anything I can do about it. I may be able to find the film."

"You were going to trap a murderer last night, too."

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"I did."
"Who?" Sammy snapped.
"I don't know. But I'll stake my life that the killer was among my visitors."
Sammy peered into the phone booth.
"What's Mr. Big doing?"
"Squeaking, he hopes, a story about Wanda's arrest."
"My God, did somebody give it to the papers?"
"Let's forget it for a moment. Listen, Sammy, we've got to figure out something on those guns. If we retake that scene today, I'll be sunk."
"Me too," Sammy said gloomily. "I'll have Listless go look for 'em."
Wallingford stuck his head out. "He wants to talk to you, George."
I took up the phone. "Sanders here."
"This is Carl Miller of the Morning Star. I recognized Smith's voice."
"About this story," he said. "I'd like a confirmation or denial from somebody who was on the scene."
"The story is untrue," I said. "She was in my trailer last night. She didn't remove so much as a piece of lint from her person. She left with the deputy sheriff."
That was the literal truth.
"I see," he said, "I won't use the story, then. But I'd like to have a break on the yarn when you catch the guy."
"Uh—what—was—that?"
"Fred Forbis wined me that you were working on the Flynn killing. Our readers will be agog over that."
"I say," I told him, "be a good chap and don't print it if you will?"
"I already have," he said. "In three editions."
"Oh, Lord! I'll strike a bargain with you then. If you will tell all the other papers there is nothing in this Wanda Waite story, I'll try to see that you receive special consideration on mine."
"It's a deal. Thanks."
I boiled out of the booth, mayhem in each hand for Fred.
"Kill the story?" Wallingford asked.
"Yes," I went over to the desk. "Is Mr. Forbes in his room?"
The clerk glanced at the register. "Nope. Said he was goin' back to Hollywood."
"IF THE film turns up," Riegelman said quietly, "then we've wasted time and money in shooting the scene again. And we can't hope to duplicate that splendid performance of yesterday."
"But if the film don't walk up and say Papa," Wallingford murmured, "we're fish in a kettle. We'll shoot it over!"
"I feel certain that I can locate the film, Wally," I said. "I think I know where it went."
"George," Wallingford said, "you play detectives good, my boy, when somebody writes the dialogue. But this ain't play. We got to take the scene over."
Wallingford went out. Riegelman looked at Sammy.
"All right," he said with a set face. "Let's get at it."
Sammy came up to my room as I finished making up. He carried two holstered .45 Colt revolvers on a cartridge belt.
"Listless couldn't find the guns," he said. I buckled on the belt. "And Peggy'll spot the change of guns."
"What do you want to do, then? Throw in your hand?"
"I can't. James would arrest me sure as hell. All I can see to do is go out there and hope."
"If I can keep Peggy's eye off you, maybe we can get away with it."
I thought of my past life as I went out to get my horse. It had been a good life: Manchester Technical School, cotton brokerage, four years in Patagonia and finally this ridiculously overpaid profession. I had fun with my sideline of inven-
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GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know that gray hair spells the end of beauty... makes you look years older... might even cost you your job! Yet you are afraid to color your hair—aid people will know your hair has been "dyed".

These fears are so old-fashioned! With Mary T. Goldman's scientific color-control you can transform gray, bleached or faded hair to the natural-looking shade you desire—quickly, or as gradually as you choose. No dyes, no flames, no harm, no risk, no fumes, no hassle! Proven harmless by leading medical authorities (no skin test needed).

Inexpensive, easy to apply—combs on in a few minutes. Won't harm your wave or hair texture. For over 20 years millions have found new hair beauty by using Mary T. Goldman's in the privacy of their homes.

So help yourself to beautiful hair—today. Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's at drug or dept. store on money-back guarantee. Beware of substitutes! If you'd rather try it first, send for free test kit (give original color of hair) to Mary T. Goldman Co., 150 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul 2, Minn.
The Shadow Stage  
(Continued from page 25)  

Lost In A Harem (M-G-M)  

A BBOTT and Costello trek over to M-G-M to display their wares and make no sale. The boys had better stay right out in their valley studio, Universal, and keep away from the big city if this is the result.

Along with Marilyn Maxwell (a luscious eyeful) the boys play members of a vaudeville troupe stranded in the Orient. John Conte, who has evidently listened to too many of Frank Morgan's yarns on the radio, pretends to be a deposed prince who promises to get the three vaudevillians back to America if only they'll steal a hypnotic cat's-eye ring which will help John regain his lost kingdom from his wicked uncle.

And listen, wait till we tell you this—in the uncle's screwy old palace guess who and his orchestra are lurking about—none other than Jimmy Dorsey, who help me! Now honestly.

Douglass Dumbrille is unk the lunk, and we're us the nuts, and who are you, do tell?

Your Reviewer Says: Umbriago!

Enemy Of Women  
(Frank-Monogram)  

BOO and hiss to Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels of Nazi Germany. These soul-killing salutations we throw in for the simple reason that this little picture doesn't paint him black enough. It reveals Goebbels' life from the time old rat-tail was a private tutor and a would-be playwright to the time he became propaganda head for George what wretched. The usual stuff is dragged in with Paul Andor turning in a weak-kneed version of Goebbels.

Claudia Drake is the girl and Donald Woods, bless his heart, her husband. H. B. Warner, Ralph Morgan and Sigrid Gurie get all embroiled in it.

Your Reviewer Says: These nasty Nazis make us boil.

San Fernando Valley (Republic)  

EVERYBODY in this picture keeps threatening in song to go back to the San Fernando Valley until the audience feels like saying, "Well, for heaven's sake, go and get it over with!"

The story (and there's an exaggeration) has Roy Rogers and his pal Ed Gorman seeking jobs on a ranch owned by Dale Evans in order to ferret out the thugs who stole Rogers' bank roll. All the cowhands are girls (what are we saying?) because Dale is trying to thwart her sister's romantic tendencies. But little sissie, played by Jane Porter, cooks up a horse-stealing stunt in an attempt to get the cowboys to return, and that's where everybody tries to get back to the San Fernando Valley as fast as they possibly can.

The story is too frail for Roger's capabilities and his fans should scream their heads off about it.

The music as usual is first-rate and Trigger all but steals the show. That's our horsefly dream boy.

Your Reviewer Says: They oughta do right by Roy.

SOFSKIN CREME  
for lovely hands and skin

In the Black and Gold jars—  
35¢ + 60¢ + $1.00 sizes*  
*Plus Tax

Your beauty salon or cosmetic counter will be delighted to give you a free Sofskin application.

SOFSKIN COMPANY • FINDLAY, OHIO

DOES HE HOLD YOUR HAND IN THE MOVIES?  

Because they're irresistibly soft and smooth, the nicest hands in the world to hold! Your hands will invite romance if you use Sofskin regularly. For Sofskin is a dependable beauty creme which keeps hands white, soft and appealing . . . the way he adores them! Use it on wrists, elbows, ankles, too. Get a jar today . . . and make Sofskin a part of your daily beauty routine.

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In the Black and Gold jars—  
35¢ + 60¢ + $1.00 sizes*  
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Your beauty salon or cosmetic counter will be delighted to give you a free Sofskin application.

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CUTEX  
THE CHOICE OF MORE WOMEN THAN ALL OTHER CUTICLE REMOVERS COMBINED

Jagged cuticle "fringe" spoils hand beauty. Never cut cuticle. Use Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover to loosen and soften ugly cuticle—keep finger tips smooth and attractive. Wonderful for cleansing under nail tips, removing stains! Buy a bottle today. Only 10¢, or 35¢ (plus tax) for large size.
DOES THE LAXATIVE YOU TAKE GO TO EXTREMES?

Some Laxatives are Too Strong—

It doesn’t pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives. A medicine that’s too strong can often leave you feeling worse than before!

Others are Too Mild—

And it’s unwise to take something that’s too mild to give you the relief you need! A good laxative should be gentle, yet should work thoroughly!

But—EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

Try the “HAPPY MEDIUM” LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives you a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time! And remember, Ex-Lax tastes good—just like fine chocolate! It’s as good for women and children as it is for the men-folks. 10c and 25c.

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD

Don’t dose yourself with harsh, up-settins. Take Ex-Lax! It’s thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed.

EX-LAX The Original Chocolate Laxative

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tattle streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownstain and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownstain is guaranteed harmless. No side effect noted, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply rebrush as new gray appears. Easy to prove by titling a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1 65 (2 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONIC today.

Correction Please:

Photoplay wishes to extend sincere apologies to Craig Stevens and Craig Reynolds for the error which appeared on page 65 of the September issue. Now to get the record straight—it was Craig Stevens who, in a delightful ceremony, married the now delightful Alexis Smith, and not Craig Reynolds as Photoplay said in one instance. Stevens is an up-and-coming actor who first met Alexis when they were under contract to Warners, became engaged to her and then left for the Army. Home again with a medical discharge, he married Miss Smith and at present is touring the country with her—on celluloid—in “The Doughty Girls.” Craig Reynolds, well known about Hollywood, was recently invalided home after having been wounded on Guadalcanal.

Photoplay sincerely regrets the confusion in the names.

TALK ABOUT A LIFE STORY!

You’ll talk about this one!

It’s by the famous Adela Rogers St. Johns about the famous JUNE ALLEYSON

Coming in December Photoplay

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don’t just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention. The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don’t work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffy eyes, head-aches and depression. Frequent or scanty passages with stinging and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan’s Pills.

TAKING A TIP FROM ME TRY BC FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM HEADACHES NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS

DoYouWant LONGER HAIR

Just try this week in your hair! Days and night use and you’ll really enjoy the cleanness of attractive hair that so often captures love and romance.

HAIR MAY GET LONGER WHERE IT'S WANTED—shorter elsewhere. Hair conditions are controlled and treated in the mirror. Hair can be retained. It has a chance to get longer and more beautiful. Get the NEW LAC-CRAF Mirror Pores. Send $1.00. IF C.O.D. (Postage paid). Fully Guaranteed.

PAZO WILL RELIEVE THOSE PAINFUL SIMPLE PILES

Deonna Durbin, who marries Gene Kelly, a self-confessed weakling, and ignores his philandering and weak excuses until he confesses. Gene Kelly as the killer is terrific, even walking off with the story that was meant for Deonna. Dean Janssen registers strongly and Gale Sondergaard as Gene's mother is so good.

DIXIE JAMBOREE—FRC: When Lyle Talbot and Frank Jenks try to escape the police, they take refuge upon Guy Kibbe's showboat. Eddie Quillian is the trombone player who's in love with chic singer Frances Langford and Charles Butterworth is Kibbe's cohort in selling patent medicine on the side. Frances sings duets with Carter and Louise Beavers go along for the ride.

WELL, INDENMITY—Paramount: Grim and realistic, this psychological crime story takes hold of the onlooker and holds him fascinated and spell-bound. Fred MacMurray is a likable insurance salesman up until the time he meets Barbarian Stanwyck who wants to murder her husband and defeat the insurance company. You'll applaud the intelligence and brilliant work of the writer, director and the actors.

Make-Up YOUR HAIR

for exciting color effects
... glorious new sparkle!

Wrap, comb, pull hair up, snip, snip, snip! It's simple. You can do it yourself! It's a blend of hair colors... short, smoothly mixed to give you color that's natural... a color that's magnificent... a color that you'll wish you had all along! It's so easy to do, it's almost frightening! And the results are sensational... you'll be the talk of the town when you show up at the party with your Make-Up Hair!

You wouldn't dream of going without lip-stick or rouge! Then why let drab, uninteresting hair dull your loveliness? Today it's so easy, so safe, so smart to make up your hair, too! You can heighten its natural color... give it a "warmer" cast or a less vivid, "cooler" hue... even blend little grey streaks to tone in with the original, youthful shade.

Marchand's new Make-Up Hair Rinse is the thrilling answer! No matter what color hair you have, a simple color chart on the back of each Marchand Rinse package tells you which of the 12 beautiful shades will give you the effect you want.

After your shampoo, dissolve the Rinse in warm water. Then brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, soap film and dullness disappear... leaving your hair shining, more manageable, radiant with color! Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse is as easy to use as your other cosmetics... and just as easy to wash off. Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—it's absolutely harmless!
I LOVE A SOLDIER—Paramount: Paulette Goddard’s a shipyard welder who works by day and dances every night with service men but refuses to get serious with any of them. Then Sunny Tufts, just back from the Pacific, sets out to change Paulette’s ideas about marriage and finds the enamel-finish is enjoyable.

Mary Treen, Walter Sande, Barry Fitzgerald and Beatrice Field Alexandre are very good folks.

INVISIBLE MAN’S REVENGE, THE—Universal: Jon Hall wants revenge on Lester Matthews and Gale Sondergaard, so scientist John Carradine renders him invisible and he haunts the complex through some really swell camera tricks. Evelyn Ankers is the daughter and Alan Curtis her fiancé. Erroll as Hall’s friend gives a very interesting performance and John Hall is very creditable.

JANIE—Warner: Young, gay, heart-warming and so funny! You’ll love this picture. Sixteen-old Janie, played delightfully by Joyce Reynolds, keeps her family in a constant uproar due to her shenanigans, her father and her sister Foley’s trysting and when a company of soldiers moves into town it becomes Janie’s mission. Robert Hutton is Janie’s boy friend and Edward Arnold and Ann Harding her parents.

JOHNNY DOESN’T LIVE HERE ANY MORE—Monogram: When William, the son of a Marine, defense worker Simon Simon persuades him to rent his room to a lovely actress, she tells him he’s also given keys to various of his friends who want living in on Simone unexpectedly. The most attractive is Killer James Elision. Minta Gobel, Chad Chandler and Alan Dinehart are also in the film.

JUNGLE WOMAN—Universal: Acquaintance is an ape girl who is transformed into a beautiful girl by means of a magic drug. But when the escape and returns to her kindly doctor as a beautiful girl she falls in love with the boy friend of the doctor’s daughter and the film goes on from there.

LADIES OF WASHINGTON—20th Century-Fox: A parade of young talent, with Sheila Ryan best as a feisty adventuress who uses a young doctor, Robert Bailey, to help gather information. Anthon Quinn, who has been shot in the very act of springing. Trudy Marshall and Ronald Reagan carry the romantic leads, but the best character of all is John Philber who’s the proprietor of a boardinghouse.

MADMOISELLE FIFI—RKO: Ths is a story of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 and a most adorable little story it is, too. Simone Simon proves herself a fine little actress as the French peasant who suffers humiliation and scorn from the Prussian officers and Kurt Krueger is really one of the most delightful characters of the film. Half the loathsome villains you’ll ever meet up with on the screen.

MAKE YOUR OWN BED—Warner: This comedy deals with the old servant problem again. More than half of the film is taken up by the characters of Hale and his wife, Irene Manning, don’t have any; so Hale hires Doris Kenyon, and his friend Jane Wyman to act as good and by pretending his life is endangered by Nazis. Carson is much too good for his silly role.

MAN FROM FRISCO—Republic: Michael O’Shea plays a shipbuilder who meets opposition at every turn in his plan to speed up ship production, but his pluck and perseverance ahead anywhere in his methods. Anne Shirley plays the girl who first comes and then becomes his. Gene Lockhart, Tommy Bond and Don Duryea contribute some nice moments, but on the whole it’s pretty dull.

MARINE RAIDERS—RKO: Lots of action, all about the Marines in camp, in combat and in love. The battle scenes are terrific, but the Leathernecks has a better picture. Pat O’Brien plays the role of the colored as though he were coach of a Negro team. Ruth Hussey’s the girl with whom Robert Ryan is in love and Frank McHugh, Barton MacLane and Richard Martin have too little to do.

MASK OF DIMITRIOS, THE—Warners: A knockout chiller with Peter Lorre, mystery story writer and sometime setting of the life story of the evil, unscrupulous Dimitriosis, played by Zachary Scott. In Lorre’s travels he encounters some colorful characters, among them Sydney Greenstreet, Victor Francen, an employer of oil spies, and Taye Emerson, Dimitrios’ former sweetheart.

MEMPHIS BELLE, THE—War Department-Paramount: The flying fortress, “The Memphis Belle,” on a twenty-sixth mission flew from the British Isles to drop her bomb load over Germany. This is the story of the men in crew work, the exciting and heart-breaking story of the job being done of by our 8th Air Force and a picture for us all to see.

Merry Monahans, the—Universal: Donald O’Connor and Peggy Ryan cavort against the back stop setting and it’s mighty entertaining over every way through the picture. Then the old corn moves in, but when it’s a little Jack Oakie and the kids’ father who likes his liquor, Ann Blyth is Donald O’Connor’s girlfriend. Miljan is the pассив actor, and Isabel Jewell the means.

MINSTREL MAN—PRC: A simple, tender, nostalgic story, this has minstrel-man Benny Fields leaving his newly-born daughter in the care of Robert Karus and Gladys George. When the girl, played by Judy Clark, grows up and learns of her real father’s profession she wants to don blackface and become

Step Right Out Of Foot Misery

Now, when your foot cry out for relief, sprinkle them with Dr. Scholl’s Foot Powder. Also dust it into your shoes and stockings. Presto! Your foot feel grand —soothed, refreshed, rested. You’ll marvel how the foot powder formulated by this famous foot authority relieves tired, aching, tender, odorless feet how comfortable it makes new or tight shoes feel. Helps prevent Athlete’s Foot by keeping feet dry. Be foot-happy by using Dr. Scholl’s Foot Powder daily. At Your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toilet Goods Counter. Costs but a trifle.

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ASTHMATIC AID
FOR 75 YEARS

-Dr. Guild’s GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND has been helping asthmatic sufferers for 75 years. A FREE SAMPLE of this pleasant, economical product may bring you well- welcomed relief. 14 Negatone tablets, only 50c Powder, 25c Powder, 75c Powder, nearly all drug stores. Write the J. J. Guild Co., Dept. D, Rupert, Vermont.

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IF JUMPSY NERVES KEEP ME AWAKE WHEN I NEED REST INSTEAD... I TAKE A GLASS OF MILES NERVINE BEFORE I GO TO BED

DR. MILES NERVINE

(Effervescent Tablets or Liquid)

Dr. Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives which relaxes nervous tension to permit refreshing sleep.

Get it now to have it handy when you want it. Buy it at your drug store, or mail your money back guarantee. Read directions and use only as directed. Handy to-carry Effervescent Tablets.

Made with PYREX, Brand Glass.

NEW LINES OF
GEORGIA'S
ALL SIZES

to $25

ONLY VACUUM WELDER
GIVES YOU AN "INSURANCE POLICY" GUARANTEING THE WORLD’S FINEST CUP OF COFFEE
marry a wealthy playboy, John Eldredge, when Roy Rogers tried but in his plan to get to the woman for himself. It's a good Western with Mary Lee and Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers are in the cast, too.

SOUTH OF DIXIE—Universal: David Bruce is a Brooklyn-born writer of Dixie songs so his press agent, Jerome Cowan, has him pretend to be a member of an old Southern family in order to profit through movies. So, with Anne Gwynne, they all go South where David meets up with Ella Mae Moore, John singer, and daughter of a real Southern Colonel. There's lots of singing as a background for the film.

STARS ON PARADE—Columbia: Movie stand-ins Larry Parks and Lynn Merrick decide to organize a show to prove they're as good as the stars for whom they stand in, but a misunderstanding results when Larry imagines Lynn is giving him the brush-off for Ray Walker. Jeff Donnell is certainly a cutie but has too little to do and the musical numbers are none too good.

STEP LIVELY—RKO: Frank Sinat are very pleasing in this remake of "Roman Holiday," the story about a stranded theatrical troupe that refuses to be ejected from their one hotel room. George Murphy is the producer who tries to persuade himself to leave with the troupe, Gloria De Haven is the girl, Adolphe Menjou the hotel efficiency expert, and Walter Slezak is the harassed hotel manager.

SUMMER STORM—Angelus U.A.: Odd, fascinating and different, with Linda Darnell giving the performance of her career as a selfish, seductive temptress who takes what she wants. George Sanders is magnificent as the judge who succumbs to the illicit love offered by Darnell; Hugo Hass as her patient husband holds his own, and Ann Blyth as Sanders' bouncer and Edward Everett Horton as the decadent nobleman all give excellent performances.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT—20th Century-Fox: Taken from the radio show, the bulk of this picture is made up of scenes from the 20th Century-Fox films to which contestant Eddie Ryan, whose wife is going to have a baby, must guess the right answers. Phil Baker, of course, plays himself and you'll be seeing whole screen sequences of Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Shirley Temple and others from various former films.

THREE LITTLE SISTERS—Republic: A cute, pleasing little picture, even if it's too short and certain nothing to jar the tired nerves. Mary Lee, Ruth Terry and Cheryl Walker are the sisters who pretend to be what they're not; in the sake of a visiting soldier, though you'd think they could have found something less strenuous than ladies work to do. Their boy friends are Bill Terry, Jackie Moran and Frank Jenks.

TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR—M-G-M: What a refreshing change for weary minds and peopleless bodies is this gay and entertaining movie! Cate-jie June Allyson and lovely June Haver are a pair for M-G-M can well be proud of and Van Johnson is perfect as the sailor both girls fall for. Also in this cast are Jimmy Durante, Ann Blyth, Edgar Kennedy, Josephine Hull, Sally Eilers, Marjorie Woodworth and Ramsay Ames do the best they can with the amiable plot.

WAVE, A PACIFIC, AND A MARINE, A—Monogram: Despite the title, it's not a tight about the service, it's about two Broadway stars and their under-studies who are signed by rival Hollywood agents, with all sorts of results resulting. Joyce Compton, Jimmy Fitzgerald, Gaye Gilis, Sally Eilers, Marjorie Woodworth and Ramsay Ames do the best they can with the amiable plot.

WATERFRONT—P.R.C.: Nazi spies are all over the place again, one of whom is that dastardly string bean, John Carradine, who's trying to recover a stolen code book. J. Carrol Naish is all mixed up in the mess and Terry Trevor is the one who's head of shooting going on almost all of the time, but you won't get too excited about it.

WILSON—20th Century-Fox: One of the outstanding pictures of the year, this is gripping, intelligently conceived and bound to create controversy, Alexander Knox plays Wilson with complete conviction and the story of this great Democrat, his term as president and the line of his picture. The idea is that it may lead him to his father's desk. It's a first rate picture with fine performances.

WING AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox: At last a war story, devoid of Hollywood bunkerness, becomes an almost factual story of the interest because of its deep sincerity. It tells with quiet conviction the story of a pilot and his car of planes. Dana Andrews as the squadron commander, Don Ameche as the flight officer, Tilly Eustice, Richard Jaeckel and Kevin O'Brien all turn up with fine performances.

YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS—Republic: Roy Rogers as the cowboy who 'n't but fails and courts the leading lady, Dale Evans, with the idea that she may lead him to her father's desk. Both Rogers and Mills sing well, Roy's work has improved enormously and it's a pretty good show.
MADE LOVELY AGAIN
Cheer up! . . . It's easy now to have glamorous hair. Use thrilling new ADIMARION. One shampoo shows a difference. Your hair becomes radiant with stunning high-lights. TWO TYPES— "no lather" in red carton or "foamy" in green carton. At your Beauty Shop ask for ADIMARION.
Jobs after the War? Why ask me?

You've got the answer to jobs after the war. Yes, you and every other American worker.

Believe it? Listen. Right now you’re welding steel for tanks. A good job. Plenty of overtime when you want it—and sometimes when you don’t. You're good at your job. You earn what you're paid. But you've got that job because someone wants what you can make...wants it bad enough to pay cold cash for it.

Trouble is—that someone is war. And maybe some day quick—if we're lucky, if we sweat and fight plenty—there'll be no war. And no war jobs either.

War Bonds Today, are JOB BONDS Tomorrow!

That's the time when you stop welding tanks and start welding cars, and refrigerators, and washers—on the one condition that you and your neighbors have saved up enough cash to buy them.

Why you? Why your neighbors?

Because you're the only kind of American there's enough of. All the cars and washing machines the bosses could buy wouldn't keep a factory running a week. But the cars and washers you and millions like you could buy would keep factories roaring from Pittsburgh to Portland.

Today you're making good money. Dig down and buy War Bonds!

For every three dollars you put into War Bonds now you'll get back three dollars plus. You'll spend those three dollars plus interest for things you want. And as men get paid for making things you want they will have money to buy what you make. Then you will get paid. You can keep the ball rolling.

Yes, that's how war dollars today go to work in peacetime making jobs for you and your neighbors. The more dollars you save now to spend later—the longer will be the peace-time payrolls and the fatter the peacetime pay envelopes.

Think it over! Sure it's tough to go without—especially now when you've got it to spend. But going without—to buy Bonds—is the one sure way—not only to win the war—but to win the things we want afterwards...the homes we want...the America we want.
Before LONESOME! Now ENGAGED!

"I blushed when I met people," says Alice Ruth Moore. "Seven of the Mass, I weighed 139. Had wide hips, thick thighs, only skin, dry hair and stooped shoulders."

Now Alice is trim of figure, charming ... and engaged.

Alice's "Photo-Revise" (above): just one of 60 individualized helps from the Powers Home Course. See how it helped Alice reveal her true loveliness.

"Most every time Johnny looks at me now he tells me how beautiful 1 am. That's all I ask ... coming from the man I expect to marry," says Alice. "And my sister, a mother of two children, is so envious of my size-12, Powers MDG, she is engrossing in your wonderful Powers Home Course."

How YOU, in 7 short weeks, may have NEW CHARMS — A "MODEL" FIGURE

If you're worried about your problems, take heart. You can become the person you want to be ... the sparkling, attractive, desirable person you ought to be.

In the privacy of your own home, you discover the personal loveliness secrets that have given figure-perfection, style, grace and loveliness to thousands of "just average" girls ... made them "Powers Girls," the world's most envied women!

Through the Powers Home Course, in as little as 7 days, you see the REAL YOU begin to emerge from your mirror. In less than two weeks, many Powers Home Course students have astonished their friends with new attractiveness, new appeal.

Why deny yourself the day-after-day admiration this famous Powers Training can win for YOU? The complete course, including personalized faculty advice, is so little you're amazed.

You owe it to your future self to send the coupon for complete information today. There's no obligation.

Exclusive Advantages of Personalized "POWERS GIRL" training — right in your own home!

Individualized treatment for every student — figure, make-up, grooming, styling! Your own voice! How to walk gracefully! The famous Powers formula for charm and magnetism! Your own "PHOTO-REVISE," actually drawn for YOU! 60 individualized features! Free personal consultation, through correspondence.

Get this free, revealing booklet, profusely illustrated.

Mail this Coupon NOW to John Robert Powers.

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Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'd like to learn your beauty secrets. I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course, including free, illustrated booklet.

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If you're interested in becoming a "Powers Girl!" Create the wrong places!

FREE
You can make your legs lovelier by proper grooming, the right kind of hose and, yes, by the way you see them. This—from Willys, Hollywood Stocking King, who introduced the first beige and suntan shades of hose, who created the lastex mesh dancing hose for Ginger Rogers, the gossamer sandal-foot stocking for Marlene Dietrich. After twenty years devoted to leg loveliness of Cine- maland’s brightest stars, Willys knows how.

Basic ... The loveliest hose in the world isn’t nearly so lovely on rough-skinned, hairy legs. Keep legs sleek and silken by use of a depilatory, dry-hair-remover stone or razor. Regular de-fuzzing pays dividends in glamour, like brushing your teeth, creaming your face, brushing your hair. When you bathe, give the backs of your legs extra scrubbing, a rough drying for circulation’s sake and a polishing-off with lotion. Don’t forget foot powder. It helps save your stockings as well as your shoes.

The Right Hose For You ... Light hosiery shades are for thin-legged girls like Alice Faye, Rita Hayworth and Judy Garland. For the gals with fuller legs, the darker tones give a slimming effect. Very heavy legs shouldn’t try to hide beneath black, dark gray or gunmetal hose—they’re too conspicuous. For the short girl—especially if her legs are plump, only small mesh stockings are good. The tall girl, however, wears the large mesh type successfully with heels that are higher and more obvious. Thin ankles need a wider heel but thick ones are slimmed by a heel that’s wide at the bottom and tapers up to a point. But no stockings flatten unless they fit smoothly. Washing new ones before you wear them and sudsing them after every wearing will make hose fit and feel better and look lovely longer.

How You Use Your Legs ... Never, never stand with feet apart, weight evenly distributed. That’s for tomboys and fishwives and is anything but graceful. Instead, stand tall, one foot slightly ahead with most of your weight on the foot in back. Practice standing and sitting in various postures before a mirror. You’ll quickly see how awkward it looks to curl your feet under your chair or spread knees apart, frog-like—how unattractive your legs look if one is flattened against the other. When you walk, walk rhythmically, tummy pulled in, head high. Let your legs swing gracefully forward from the hips, toes pointing straight ahead.

Knees should not make a public appearance below your skirt. Viewed front or back, Willys says, they’re the ugliest part of any leg, good or bad, unless you’re wearing shorts. As for stocking seams, no one has to tell you to keep them straight.

Because leg loveliness is his business, Willys knows the importance of well-groomed, pretty legs. To the stars of the screen, they mean box-office appeal. To you—a bright gleam in the right man’s eyes.
With such dramatic proof of Camay’s mildness . . . proof it can benefit skin . . . don’t you want to try this tested beauty care? “Camay is really mild,” said the doctors, “it cleanses without irritation.” Get Camay today.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet
Take only one minute—night and morning. Pat that mild Camay lather over your face—forehead, nose, chin. Rinse warm. And if your skin is oily, add a cold splash. With that first cake of Camay, you’ll see a lovelier bloom of beauty in your skin.

Mrs. Robert D. Bachman—Montclair, N. J.
“The Camay Mild-Soap Diet worked magic for my skin,” says this lovely bride. “Try it—see the softer, lovelier look that comes to your complexion . . . with just one cake of Camay!”

Treasure your Camay! Vital war materials go into soap, so make each cake L-A-S-T and L-A-S-T!
Fragile pink—thoroughbred with tweeds.

Flame-swept red that sparkles in the evening.

Audacious red to electrify grays, blacks, navys, greens.

Mauve flatterer—wonderful with serene colors.

On Duty

Off Duty

At Ease

Alert

More women choose Cutex than any other polish in the world

Exquisitely different nail shades by Cutex—precious stone tones to jewel your fingertips in luxury. Smooth, long-lasting—no wonder Cutex is the world's most popular nail polish!
BETTY GRABLE
BY PAUL HESSE

GIRL OF THE MOMENT
The Life Story of
JUNE ALLYSON
by
Adela Rogers
St. Johns
To make a Lovely Lady Lovelier...

GIFTS OF Evening in Paris BOURJOIS
For starlit moments... you want your hands to be pretty as a love time... soft, caressing.

So guard their beauty with TRUSHAY... the "beforehand" lotion. Smooth it on every day... before household tasks.

This rich velvety lotion helps prevent roughness and dryness... guards busy, beautiful hands... even in hot, soapy water.

Try TRUSHAY today. See how it helps your hands stay lovable.

TRUSHAY
The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS
You remember how America thrilled as a voice came over the radio—"Our planes have bombed Tokyo!"

We thrilled again and again to learn how Lieutenant Colonel Doolittle led his men in the greatest gamble of the war—how they took off from the carrier "Hornet"—how they loosed their bombs on the city—how some were forced to abandon their planes over China—and how they found their way out.


Now you can see for yourself what that adventure meant to the men who went out to avenge Pearl Harbor—the human story behind the boys who left home and sweethearts and wives to dare death in the skies.

"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is the story of their courage—*their* glory.

It is one of the very few truly great pictures to come out of this war.

Director Mervyn LeRoy and Producer Sam Zimbalist have imbued it with mounting excitement, gripping tension and warm human understanding.

M-G-M has provided an ace cast—Van Johnson, Robert Walker (great roles for two rising young actors), Phyllis Thaxter, to name a few.

AND—as a crowning touch—SPENCER TRACY as Lieutenant Colonel Doolittle.

"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is a thrilling picture that will make your American heart swell with pride...a prophecy of things to come.

As this is being written our planes are coming closer and closer to Tokyo. By the time you read it they may even have bombed Hirohito's capital again.

If not, it won't be long now.

And if we seem a little excited about the picture, you'll understand why when you see it.

—Leo
It's their fun-most comedy! (MGM of course)

The Potentates of Comedy in an Enchanted Paradise—playing tag with the Sultan's Darlings and his Evil-Eye Headsman! How'd you like to be in their turbans?

ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN LOST IN A HAREM

with MARILYN MAXWELL

JOHN CONTE • DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE

JIMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Ah! That Music!

"It Is Written"

"I Know It's Wrong"

"What Does It Take?"

"Sons of the Desert"

"John Silver"

"Noche de Ronda"

PLAYED BY JIMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

Screen Play by Harry Ruskin, John Grant and Harry Crane. Directed by CHARLES RIESNER. Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT.
The Story of the World’s Favorite Playground IN THE YEAR’S TOP MUSICAL HIT!

The romance and spectacle of the boardwalk and beach ... songs galore, stars without number and hundreds of beautiful girls!

ATLANTIC CITY

STARRING

CONSTANCE MOORE * BRAD TAYLOR

featuring

CHARLEY GRAPEWIN * JERRY COLONNA and ROBERT B. CASTAINE * STANLEY ANDREWS and PAUL WHITEMAN & ORCHESTRA

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS ORCHESTRA

with BUCK AND BUMBLE * DOROTHY DANDRIDGE

BELLE BAKER * JOE FRISCO

GALLAGHER & SHEAN (Jack Benny & Al Shean)

VAN & HOBINCK (Gus Van & Charles Morth)

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

From Farley Granger’s ex-roommate comes a firsthand description of a great guy

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
Bing’s Treat

THE immortal Bing “came our way” the other evening.

Father Bing didn’t have on his priestly collar, in fact he had no collar at all and no coat, either. He just dropped into a drugstore about two blocks from Omaha’s Union Station for cigarettes and ice cream. The young lady clerk simply said, “What kind of cigarettes, please?” and in the next breath gasped, “Oh, aren’t you Bing Crosby?”

“Guilty,” replied Bing.

The news spread like a flash and it was “Bing” day at Gassman’s Drug Store. Kids by the score crowded in to get a glimpse of their idol—some were clean, most were dirty, but Bing loved them all to the tune of ice-cream cones.

“Gee,” remarked Bing, “I like it here. Mama and the boys are coming this way in the trailer and I’m sure going to tell them to look you up.”

Bing didn’t have to ask, “Going my way”—the kids just had to escort him back to his train.

Ralph A. Foral
Omaha, Neb.

$5.00 PRIZE
Thankful Reader

GRADUALLY and gratefully I am becoming aware of how fortunate we Americans are. I do not attribute this to any movie personality, but to the news reels shown in the numerous theaters.

Seeing French children, not old enough to know what war is, hiding in caves, scantily dressed—innocent little children unacquainted with a comfortable bed—brings tears to my eyes and a willingness to help. And then seeing helpless old women, aged and bewildered, stumbling over wreckage which once might have been their home.

I feel like thanking God for all I have.

News reels may not be pleasant to see but . . .

PHOTOPLAY awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to “Speak For Yourself,” PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Come Along With Gail And Diana On A Wonderful Tour De Farce!

Gail Russell and DIANA Lynn

Your Gay Girl Guides to
THE YOUNG AND GAY
COMEDY HIT OF THE YEAR
from
THE GAYEST BEST SELLER
IN YEARS!

Millions laughed through the story in
Cosmopolitan, Reader's Digest and as
a Book-of-the-Month—now the whole
world will roar at it on the screen.

Paramount's

"OUR HEARTS
WERE YOUNG
AND GAY"

with

Charlie Ruggles, Dorothy Griss
Boulah Bondi, James Brown, Bill Edwards
Directed by Lewis Allen
SCREEN PLAY BY WILLIAM MUNN

Gail and Diana get tangled up with "Geezers" and geysers before they're all washed up!

And who else could get stranded on top of Notre Dame and flag the Boulevard with their "undies"?

They didn't get home until morning one night—giving you a gay idea of the "next time you see Paree."

Nothing can stop the flood of laughter and romance when these light-headed travelers set out to take the world by storm.

Two "innocents" decide they have to go places if they want to get anywhere!

Did they meet men—did they have fun? Those petticoat safety-pockets make the boys dance to a hilarious tune!

It's a "sinking sensation" when they think the ship's awash because the decks are being scrubbed down.

It's the shock of the staid London Savoy when the girls arrive with "bunnies" on. A rarebit of humor.
INSIDE STUFF
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

The camera catches Cary Grant in a pensive mood—with lovely Mrs. Feldman—at Elsa Maxwell's party

Drama on the Air: Maybe you were listening—and maybe you weren't—when that very dramatic heart-tug occurred during one of Dick Haymes' broadcasts. Judy Garland was his guest star on this particular show, during which the wife of a service man was able to make a telephone call to her husband overseas. Just as she was about to start talking, the soldier's wife broke down—right there at the mike! Then Judy broke down and started to cry. Dick had to pull himself together (he almost wept too) and think fast. As a matter of fact, things were so disrupted by the real-life drama that was going on that he had to ad-lib for almost two whole minutes. And the audience never knew!

S. O. S. from Sea: Lana Turner received a desperate S. O. S. from a Coastguardsman saying, "Please send two dozen photos immediately. Unless I deliver shipmates threaten to toss me overboard, nailed to an anchor!" The telegram was from Vic Mature. P. S. He got the pictures.

Remembered Faintly: When Lauren Bacall (they say that her first picture "To Have And Have Not" will make her a star) was a girl of thirteen her father, a well-known lawyer, took her to visit Bette Davis who was then in New York. The purpose of the visit was to ask Bette questions about the best way for Lauren to break into pictures when she was a little older. Lauren was so nervous when she met Bette that she fainted dead away! The other day over at Warners where both are now working, the two were remembering the whole incident—and both had a good laugh. But it was a real tragedy to Lauren at the time. (Continued on page 8)
gargle Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!

Literal millions of colds and sore throats due to colds are transmitted by direct contact such as a kiss or a handshake. Millions more are transmitted by eating from utensils loaded with germs. Still other millions travel through the air by way of a cough or a sneeze, and still other millions develop as a result of lowered body resistance which often allows germs to get the upper hand.

If you’ve been thus exposed, better gargle right away with Listerine Antiseptic... attack the germs associated with colds and their sore throats before they attack you.

The prompt and frequent use of Listerine Antiseptic may help you to head off a cold entirely or reduce its severity once the cold has started.

Fewer Colds In Tests

Listerine, you see, reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the “secondary invaders” that so many nose and throat specialists say are responsible for some of a cold’s most distressing symptoms.

You can see how important it is to guard against a “mass invasion” of the tissue by these ugly customers. (See panel at right.)

Listerine’s quick germ-killing action, we believe, explains its impressive record against colds as shown by tests conducted over a period of 12 years.

Regular twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users in these tests had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. Moreover, their colds, when they did develop, were generally milder in character and of shorter duration.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on it is just plain common sense to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. Meanwhile, get all the rest you can and eat lightly.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Do you habitually take the negative side when a change is suggested? Or do you say, “Let’s try it and find out if it’s better?” These two questions really furnish a very good test to find out how young you feel. Take the case of Tampax. It is certainly a sign of the times that this form of monthly sanitary protection (worn internally) is so popular among the students at the leading women’s colleges!

The principle of Tampax (internal absorption) has long been known to doctors, but this famous product makes the method available to women generally. Pure surgical cotton is compressed into dainty one-time-use applicators, so that changing is a matter of moments. No belts, pins or external pads. No odor or chafing. Easy disposal. Start using Tampax this very month!


(Continued from page 6)

Payne Comes Home: Johnny Payne came “marching home” the other day, the first of the long list of Twentieth Century-Fox stars in the armed forces to be discharged. Johnny spent almost two years in the Army Air Corps’ Air Transport Command. Recently, his particular unit was disbanded and its members released.

So now he is back on the Twentieth lot, getting ready to go to work in a big musical comedy film in which he will be starred with Joan Bennett. And at night he is sleeping comfortably for the first time since he enlisted. The thing is, John is six feet, three inches tall and the combination of this height and an ordinary army cot hasn’t been too conducive to comfort. He has learned a good many folding tricks, none of them half so satisfactory, however, as that big oversized bed of his which was about the only thing he didn’t sell when he went into the Army.

Now he has bought a home in the Santa Monica Hills, put the bed-into it and the head with the rest of the furniture which the place needs, he says. He can get that later. “Later,” incidentally, is also the term the telephone company uses to describe that happy but dimly distant date when Johnny will have a telephone. Meanwhile, he’s thinking of installing a covey, or whatever you call it, of carrier pigeons in his back yard.

Deanna Vows: Deanna Durbin swears she won’t marry anyone for five years now! But old Cal thinks he knows something that will make Deanna just swear—when she finds it out. It’s that Maria Montez, who works in the same studio, has been assigned two still-cameramen for the sets on her picture, while Deanna at this writing is only rating one! Anyway, to get back to the Durbin’s latest vow about marriage—a big star, who is getting a lot of Deanna’s time along with Felix Jackson, may make a big change in her plans!

Busy Signal: Poor Van Johnson who is the sensation of the hour is just about the only one in Hollywood who hasn’t gotten to see his latest picture, “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.” Every time the picture was being previewed, Van was either working in the studio on his new movie or away on location for it. And you can say “poor Van Johnson” again! With most gals just dying for a date with him, Van keeps showing up at parties stag! Once in a while he goes nightclubbing with June Allyson (but Dick Powell is still her best beau) or some other gal—but for the most part he’s around socially and late-spottin’ alone! What’s the matter, Van? All your favorite phone numbers busy?

New Plans: Don’t count too much on seeing Betty Grable and Alice Faye together in the much publicized “Dolly Sisters” when it goes into production. It would be swell having the two of them together, but Alice has other plans. However, the very fact that Alice wants to do another type of picture after being off the screen so long may give Gale Robbins, a talented young dancer and singer, the break of a lifetime—a chance at being teamed with Betty.

Looking Around: The reconciliation between Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton didn’t surprise Hollywood—certainly not old Cal. They’ve been too close for long to call it quits just like that. What’s more, when the war is over and people can travel anywhere in the world again, then look for the Grants to buy or build a permanent home for themselves in Egypt! Barbara says to live just outside of Cairo has been a dream of hers for years. It’s the one (Continued on page 10)
BENEDICT BOGEAUS PRODUCTIONS presents

"Dark Waters"

...from The Saturday Evening Post's most thrilling story success, starring

MERLE OBERON
FRANCHOT TONE
THOMAS MITCHELL

with FAY BANTER
JOHN Qualen - ELISHA COOK, JR.
Produced by BENEeICT BOGEAUS
Directed by ANDRE DeTOOTH

Original Story by FRANK and MARIAN COCKRELL - Screenplay by JOAN HARRISON and MARIAN COCKRELL
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN REALLY Afraid?

Asleep or awake, she felt him near—probing for the truth—in the darkness of her mind.
(Continued from page 8) “atmosphere” she feels she can be really happy in. You’d never guess who beamed Barbara to a party just before the reconciliation—Lt. Bill Orr, of all people.

Cupid and Clark: Clark Gable, though he still takes Kay Williams to parties, is having lots of dates for himself with different gals these evenings. But he’s seen mostly with Sally Wright, an attractive nonprofessional, who almost went to the altar with Bob Cobb, owner of the Brown Derby Restaurants, a few months ago.

Honeymoon House: Old Cal wants to make another prediction—and that is about Anne Shirley and Adrian Scott. He’ll bet you they’ll be married before Christmas—even though Anne says wedding bells are a long way off. She just bought the old Garbo house in Beverly Hills and that will probably be their honeymoon cottage.

Elsa Maxwell’s party: Frankie was there and sang for the guests, too—and how he sang! Walter Pidgeon (he’s a rabid Sinatra fan) and Roz Russell, Maria Montez, Judy Garland (she sang as only she can, too), Greer Garson (stunning in a long gold lame gown that really set off that red hair of hers), Norma Shearer (the only star there in a short evening dress—and that’s news!), Sonja Henie, who has gotten so slim you’d hardly know her, the Charles Boyers, Edgar Bergen, the Adolphe Menjous, Basil Rathbone (he practically swoons when Frankie gives out), Loretta Young and oh, so many others dined, wined and danced into the wee hours.

Sight of the Month: Dale Evans, rushing down Hollywood Boulevard in a nighttime and fur coat on one of the season’s hottest days! No—she hadn’t lost her senses. But she had been making bedroom scenes on “Next Comes Love” and when she finished she had about ten minutes to make the broadcasting station where she was due to sing a song. The only thing she could do was grab the nearest coat (which happened to be a long fur coat) and throw it over her glamorous nightie and make a dash for it.

Perfect Present: At that baby shower for Ann Sothern—and what presents she got!—Joan Crawford gave her one of those little screened-in outdoor beds—the kind you can’t buy any more.

Currently Armed: Jon Hall was telling someone that Frances Langford had brought him a huge Japanese sabre for a souvenir from her South Pacific tour with Bob Hope. “Gee,” said the same—“too bad you didn’t have it sooner—might have come in handy the night of the Tommy Dorsey fracas!” It’s a shame that Jon should suddenly be involved in all that mess. He’s been around Hollywood for years—and no one has ever heard of his getting in any kind of a fight, talking out of turn or doing anything but minding his own business. By the way—guess who rushed out from a neighboring apartment to call the police the night of the famous Hall-Dorsey fight? It was Paul Lukas. One wit said he ought to be given the Oak Leaf Cluster!

Did You Know: That Jeanette MacDonald once modeled fur coats for thirty dollars a week to help pay for her singing lessons? . . . The night that Joan Crawford and Phil Terry celebrated their second anniversary at Mocambo was the first time that either had danced with anyone else since they were married! . . . Old Cal wouldn’t be a bit surprised if the most popular guy in Hollywood today is Bing Crosby. Everywhere you go all you hear is what the soldiers overseas think of him. Hope came back from the South Pacific telling people that everywhere he went the boys yelled, “Where’s Crosby?” What an amazing and wonderful career. . . . June Havoc and Helen Walker, supposed to be having a big feud, confused everyone by showing up for dinner together at La Rue . . . and Judy Garland and her ex, Dave Rose, confusing everyone by sopping up music and moonlight together at a
Bowl concert... Ava Gardner and Howard Hughes are having battles—which doesn’t bother director Mervyn Le Roy at all—he gets to see more of her. But, of course, he has to beat Artie Shaw’s time too... Coolest couple in town—Jane Russell and her husband Bob Waterfield... Lots of people think that Alan Curtis and Ilona Massey, who have been seeing so much of each other since her return to Hollywood, will remarry one of these days. But Cal is willing to take bets that they won’t... and Esther Williams is forgetting everything with Sergeant Ben Cage.

**Tongue Un-tied:** Jean Parker and her groom of a few months are having some of the loudest and funniest arguments that the neighbors ever heard!... Pola Negri came back to Hollywood and moved right into the old Rudolph Valentino mansion on the hilltop... Connie Moore says she blushed when she saw the rushes of herself doing the strip tease she does for her current film, “High Among The Stars.” Says if it gets past the Hays Office, she may change her name to Fifi La Moore. P. S. She’s only kidding...

Just to give folks something to wonder about, Ginny Simms and Pat Nearney, her one-time full-time beau, have been doing the spots... Imagine the hilarity when, during the making of “Hangover Square” the other day, Laird Cregar fluffed the line, “I’m highly complimented” and said instead, “I’m highly complicated!” Everybody on the set roiled with laughter! What a boner, Cregar!

**Gable and Kay:** Kay Williams now announces she’s not going to marry...
You don't find de luxe dates falling from trees ... So you make each one count ... You wear your best dress, your slickest hairdo and jack up the feminine charm ... Why not use the same common sense about Bob Pins? You can't count yours by the dozens, any more than you can count your men that way—for a while, anyway.

So use DeLong Bob Pins because they hold that line! They have a Stronger Grip, a longer life—and when you can't have quantity, you've got to have DeLong quality.

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

Clark Gable because he hasn't asked her, which is as good a reason as any.

At a party the other day Kay, whose divorce from the South American Ma-coco is final, announced a fortuneteller had told her she'd marry twice.

"Oh, then you won't be marrying Mr. Gable, will you?" came back a knowing one.

Kay looked crestfallen. She had obviously overlooked her first marriage in Erie to a Mr. Copps.

Brave Little Girl: Six-year-old Ellen Powell displayed more courage than most grownups when she attempted to separate her dog and another engaged in a ferocious quarrel. The long gash from eye to chin required thirty-two stitches with Ellen never uttering a whimper. Her brother Norman was so proud of his sister he sat down and cut out a heart from purple cardboard and pinned it on her.

"Now I'm just like the boys on Guada-

Night-club notes: Gloria De Haven with Baron Polan at Ciro's ...
His business is taming bad men... but when two females... one bad, one good... lay siege to his heart... he finds that pretty faces can be the more dangerous!

Based on Gordon Ray Young's rip-roaring Saturday Evening Post Serial!

with Ward Bond • George "Gabby" Hayes
Audrey Long • Elisabeth Risdon • Don Douglas

Produced by Robert Fellows • Directed by Edwin L. Marin

Screen Play by Michael Hogan and Paul P. Fix
YOUR CHILD'S LAXATIVE—
HOW DOES IT ACT?

Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's too strong will often leave a child feeling worse than before!

Others are Too Mild-

A laxative that's too mild to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none at all. A good laxative should work thoroughly, yet be kind and gentle!

But—

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

Treat the Children to the

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time. And remember, Ex-Lax tastes good—just like fine chocolate! It's America's favorite laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE
WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original Chocolated Laxative

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, mudpimples, freckles, even piles of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug stores.

30 million jars already used. Ask for a sample size.

GOLDEN PEACOCK CO., INC.
Dept. MWW-14, PARIS, TENN.
Please send for free sample of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. I want to try it.

Name
Address
City
State

(Continued from page 12)

their divorce announcement, Hollywood wasn't surprised. Not after the battles of these two.

Lucille has really leaned over backwards in her attempts to keep her marriage of four years a success, even to adopting Desi's religion. But the tempestuous and temperamental Cuban was difficult to live with and Lucille's frank and open disposition was added fuel to the fire that has finally blazed.

Hollywood feels Lucille will be much happier a free woman.

When Pvt. Mickey Rooney was on his second Hollywood leave, he and a friend were entering the Chinese Theater just as Ava Gardner with Artie Shaw was coming out. Apparently Mickey was over Ava even then and ready for a new cupid attack—in the person of Miss Betty Rase, Miss Birmingham of 1944, whom he met and married in one mad week.

Paul Brinkman who became Paul Brook under a Warner Brothers contract is definitely inside man with pretty Jeanne Crain, and Lon McCallister, who was once Jeanne's beau, is now so enamored of Shirley Temple he put in three telephone requests to get a line through before she arrived in New York. That's how badly he wanted to talk with her.

Turhan Bey is so in love with Lana Turner he literally haunts her set at M-G-M and talks freely of taking Lana out of pictures one day and placing her in the home. His home, presumably. What a ridiculous idea. All that glamour on a patio?

Turhan gets a bit of competition when Lt. Robert Stack comes down from Alameda. Stack spent one entire morning of a two-day leave on Lana's set.

(Continued on page 16)
HERE'S A SCREENFUL OF HUGGIN' AND KISSIN' WHERE EVERY HUG AND KISS FEELS LIKE IT'S MEANT FOR YOU! WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN — WHAT WE MEAN FUN? THEN HURRY OVER FOR SOME HEAVY ROMANCIN' WITH DENNIS MORGAN * ELEANOR PARKER * DANE CLARK

That big guy in his biggest hit! Dennis' sweetheart—and yours! Sensation of 'Destination Tokyo'!

THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU

TO DENNIS MORGAN FANS: We know this is the kind of letter you've been waiting for! We give you your very own special picture, 'The Very Thought of You.'

Screen Play by Alvah Bessie and Delmer Daves • Original Story by Lionel Wiggam

* JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer
Directed by DELMER DAUES
Produced by JERRY WALD
SCALP ODOR—Not you?

Your hairbrush knows!

You might have scalp odor—and not know it. So why risk losing friends—missing out on dates? Your hairbrush knows the truth. Check it tonight. Your scalp perspires, you see, just as your skin does—and oily hair, in particular, very quickly collects unpleasant odors.

To be on the safe side, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. It works wonders with hair and scalp odors because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Start using Packer's tonight. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

PACKERS Pine Tar SHAMPOO

(Continued from page 14)

Hear tell the comic is a swell soldier and offers no complaints. But then Red never did much complaining.

Pvt. Donald O'Connor with his wife Gwen opened in Palm Springs in the new Air Corps show labeled "Air Force." Pvt. O'Connor wrote and directed many of the skits in the show. Gwen is very pretty on the stage.

Mary Brian, on an overseas tour with Jack Haley, ran headlong into her old beau, Lt. (j.g.) John Howard on a street in Naples. Mary says they laughed and went together to the delight of the natives. In Rome Mary found Lt. Com. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. in the lobby of her hotel and during the five days she played there Mary says she and Doug never stopped talking, and both at the same time. Lt. Com. Fairbanks has been transferred to the American Navy. Nobody can picture the eagerness of our boys over there for news.

Hear Capt. John Carroll of the Air Corps will be back in civilian clothes soon, due to that leg injury suffered in a plane crash in the Mediterranean theater.

An elated letter from Jean Pierre Aumont tells Maria Montez he was the first Frenchman to enter his old home town of Saint Tropez and that he planted the Free French flag there. He and a major were in the town for thirty-six hours before the rest of the Allied forces arrived. "I'm very tired," he said, "I don't know whether from the fighting or from the kisses of the population."

The on-again, off-again divorce rumors between Kathryn Grayson and Lt. John Shelton have quieted down simply because John is overseas. The last Kathryn heard he was in the Pacific theater helping to rid ships of bedbugs of all things.

When Cesar Romero of the Coast Guard came home on a twenty-day furlough after service at Saipan, Tainan and the Marianas he seemed a changed boy somehow. Running into him on the Fox lot he told Cal something of his experiences.

"The return trips with the wounded set you to thinking," he said. "We ran out of plasma once—off Saipan. All the boys went below and gave their blood in an emergency move to save those boys. At a time like that, when you see color coming back into white faces, you know what blood plasma means in battle. Yet realize it's a big part in the fighting job of the people at home."
Ann Miller in "CAROLINA BLUES" A Columbia Picture

Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder!

1. It imparts a lovely color to the skin
2. It creates a satiny-smooth make-up
3. It clings perfectly...really stays on

What is your type? ...blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead? ...there is a Color Harmony Shade of Face Powder created by Max Factor Hollywood to bring out all the beauty of your natural complexion colorings. Try it today...One dollar.

Max Factor Hollywood Color Harmony Make-Up
...Face Powder, Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick
When you boys come back: Compare those three blonde honeys, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven and June Haver and try, just try to decide who is the loveliest . . . Don't be surprised if Dolores Moran seems less lovely than her photographs, for Dolores has dieted away some of those luscious curves . . . Remember to investigate a little Warner Brothers charmer called Angela Greene. Hasn't done much in movies yet but the boys think she's their dream sweetheart come true . . . Don't talk movies or be movie-conscious if you happen to meet up with Diana Lynn. She likes to think you like her for herself . . . Cute little Lois Collier out at Universal is now free. She was only sixteen when she married . . . Although you thought of them as kids when you marched away, both Gloria Jean and Shirley Temple have reached the dating stage, providing you can persuade their respective managers. . . . If you want to jitterbug your head off, Peggy Ryan is your girl and if you want a mind-of-her-own spitfire, call up Susanna Foster . . . The girl who's grown up most since you went away is Anne Baxter but Lana is still Lana and the in-lovest of them all, as usual . . . Jeanne Crain is more like the kid that lives in the next block back home and Gail Russell is really coming out of that shell a bit. Needs someone to make her laugh, a feel confidence in herself and take her riding on the roller coaster.

Incidentally: Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton posed prettily for photographers at an Elsa Maxwell party but it didn't mean a thing. Cary is said to be interested in pretty Betty Hensel of Kansas City and Helmut Dantine is rumored bewitched by Barbara.

When a friend asked Barbara Stanwyck if she were invited to a certain party, she laughed and answered, "Oh no, I'm never asked to chic parties unless I give them myself." Those were mighty fine gold wrist watches Frankie Sinatra gave to the crew of "Anchors Aweigh." Frankie, who was going to sue all over the place for that remark anent pictures stinking and "so do most of the people in them too," quieted down when his own studio had to admit that, yes, Frankie had said it and named Harold Swisher as the writer Frankie popped off to. As a reward M-G-M signed him to a three-year contract that will put him in the million-dollar earning bracket.

Bits and Pieces: What an ovation Ward Bond received when he hobbled into the M-G-M commissary on crutches. Only the use of penicillin saved his leg injured in an automobile accident, and his life.

The man who held by the hand his little girl while he enrolled her at Hollywood's Gardner Street Public School was John Garfield with his Katherine. Incidentally, Joel McCrea
attended this same school as a kid.
Lupe Velez let go a back-hander at a soldier who addressed her too familiarly at Mocambo. And then, typically Lupe, she gathered him up, kissed him kindly and invited him to lunch.

Oddly enough, Sonja Henie, present wife of Dan Topping, now overseas, and Arlene Judge, former wife of the Lt. Com., have become fast friends.

Sonny Tufts won first place in the "Stars of Tomorrow" poll, which leaves several young hopefuls with their egos badly smashed.

One-Line Facts: Loretta Young wears the best-looking hats in Hollywood and looks the best in them.
Monte wears the screwiest ones and looks so chic no one minds.
Lana Turner refuses to cut her midwaist blonde mane and dresses herself so beautifully.
Frances Langford deserves a medal for the best performance by an actress in behalf of our united forces.
Ed Gardner of Duffy's Tavern can't understand why fans keep sending him books on English grammar.
Errol Flynn's new book, "Be Good, Sweet Maid," is to have a sequel and some of Hollywood's title suggestions are a panic.
Fred Allen wants his fans to know his new picture, "It's In The Bag," has nothing to do with the ones under his eyes.
Jean Arthur gives no reason for her threatened retirement from the screen, but Betty Grable declares she's just too happy with Harry James to continue with her screen work.

Chevalier: From French Captain Dauphin himself, an actor prior to the war and a close intimate friend of Chevalier who roomed with him after the fall of Paris, comes this revealing insight on the situation which at this writing is still a mystery, despite the rumors of Chevalier's death. He says:
"Chevalier and I agreed in 1940 that neither of us should ever play in a Paris theater so long as the Germans were there, no matter what offers they made us. Some of these offers were dazzling. Chevalier had a girl friend and she was a beautiful Russian Jewess. In their efforts to get Maurice on their side, the Nazis gave this girl a diploma certifying that she was an Aryan. I hate to say it, but I believe Maurice was too appreciative.
"He did go to Paris and he did make a tremendous hit in a theater where only Germans went. They paid him astounding sums of money and then he went on to Germany, where he sang in prison camps.
"He made his big mistake when he went to Berlin and gave a performance for the Nazis there. That finished him. Whether he actually was a traitor is beside the question. He could not live long when he returned to France."
The captain, himself, escaped to North Africa after the Nazis went to France, then went to England and even to New York where he made a film for the Office of War Information, with Burgess Meredith as co-star.

Mrs. John A. Roosevelt loves smooth, creamy Dreamflower "Rachel"

Lovely young Mrs. Roosevelt has an exquisitely contoured cheek-line which gives her face fascinating lights and shadows. For her type of blonde, sculptured beauty, the right powder is especially important. It must be irreproachably smooth in texture—perfectly blended in her own creamy-blonde complexion tone.

Mrs. Roosevelt has made Pond's Dreamflower Rachel her choice. "Its rich ivory tones give my skin such a smooth, smooth creamy look—and Dreamflower texture is so exquisitely clinging!"
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2 See how much this simple Ivory beauty routine can do for you: Stop careless skin care—cleanse thoroughly, regularly with a pure, mild cake of Ivory Soap.

3 Then watch your complexion get that Ivory Look—become clearer, finer-textured, more glowing. Begin Ivory care today . . .

MAKE IT LAST—USE IT UP! Soap is a necessity. Soap is made of vital war materials. Don't waste Ivory.
THE SHADOW STAGE

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

Mrs. Parkington (M-G-M)

CHARACTERIZATIONS ride high, wide and handsome over this enchanting story, for certainly it’s the performances of Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon that send its banners flying high.

As the eighty-four-year-old Mrs. Parkington (looking forty years younger than her predecessor, Mrs. Steffinlton) Greer’s only rival is herself as the young girl of a Western boarding home who marries the fabulously wealthy Major Parkington and makes a grandly. Pidgeon seems more at ease in the role of the Major—forceful, dynamic and at times rascally—than he has been in any previous role. As a team they are truly magnificent.

About the selfish offspring of this vivacious forceful couple hinges the story—their greed, indolence, selfishness, with the exception of Frances Rafferty, the great granddaughter who clings to her father, Edward Arnold, through his disgrace, and is the beloved of her great-grandmother. Gladys Cooper, Dan Duryea, Loretta Young and her fourth husband, Rod Cameron, Helen Freeman and of course, Arnold, comprise the weak and despicable descendants of the famous Parkingtons. And each and every one of them is marvelous.

An outstanding bit that will not soon be forgotten is contributed by Cecil Kellogg, as Edward, Prince of Wales. Here, my friends, is an actor.

Tom Drake as the young man in love with Miss Rafferty, Tala Birell as Lady Norah and Fortunio Bonanova as the tenor contribute outstanding bits and Agnes Moorehead, as the French baroness, deserves a review all of her own, so excellent is her portrayal.

Those who have read Louis Bromfield’s novel will find no fault with his translation to the screen. Few alterations have been made and those that have seem for the best.

We feel Garson-Pidgeon fans will declare a holiday over “Mrs. Parkington.”

Your Reviewer Says: A truly important screen event.

None But The Lonely Heart (RKO)

The longing, searching of a cockney’s heart, his attempts to reach out and up to a better life, his miserable failures and final gropings to the light, all laid against the poor and penny-dreadful atmosphere of London’s slums, side by side, make up this tale of Richard Llewellyn’s, who gave us “How Green Was My Valley.”

Exactly opposite in theme, this story is a bit too bewildering; Ernie Mott’s search for freedom is too long drawn out. As a result the picture suffers as entertainment. And yet in a way it’s a gem, too, and won’t easily be shaken off.

Cary Grant gives a rare and truly understanding performance as Ernie, the cockney. The English-born Mr. Grant seems to get into the very soul of Ernie himself. Ethel Barrymore as his mother is equally good, delivering a beautiful performance.

June Duprez is an impressive and different newcomer with a haunting voice. As Ada, the girl Ernie loves, she makes quite an impression. Jane Wyatt as the girl who hopelessly loves Ernie is a sincere and splendid actress. Barry Fitzgerald, George Coulouris, Dan Duryea, Konstantin Shayne all add to the tale that depresses the heart but appeals to the soul.

Your Reviewer Says: Morbidly haunting.

And Now Tomorrow (Paramount)

HERE’S a picture that offers not only a grand dramatic story but top-flight stars outdoing themselves. As Doctor Mereck Vance, who used to be a poor Polish boy in a Pennsylvania mill town and is now famous for his cures of deafness, Alan Ladd returns to the screen and in one romantic and dramatic swoop establishes himself right back where he was before he went into the Army.

The story is based on Rachel Field’s best-selling novel. It tells of Blairstown, the rich Blairs who own the mills, Emily, played poignantly and convincingly by Loretta Young, loses her hearing as an after-math of spinal meningitis—just before her marriage to the aristocratic Jeff Stoddard.

She refuses to go through with their wedding until she consults famous world specialists. While she is doing this her younger sister (played by Susan Hayward) falls in love with Jeff and seeks to it that Jeff falls in love with her too.

It’s the old family doctor, finally, who brings Mereck Vance, his protege, back to Blairstown to exert his skill in Emily’s behalf.

Need we go on? We needn’t—because if we did we would spoil the suspense. More happens than you guess—and differently.

Your Reviewer Says: This is that drama, without a hint of war, that you have been waiting for.

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 22
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 122
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 26

By Sara Hamilton

21
MY ONE CREAM INSTANTLY BEAUTIFIES YOUR SKIN—AND THE "PATCH TEST" PROVES IT!

See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I don't just say that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I prove it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

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You'll never believe the difference a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream can make in the appearance of your skin—until you see it for yourself. So get a jar and make the "Patch Test" tonight. See living proof that this one cream is all you need for a softer, smoother skin—a dazzling-fresh skin!

Frenchman's Creek (Paramount)

This lusty tale of adventure told in such beautiful Technicolor and starring Joan Fontaine and Arturo de Cordova is a story that somehow lost its punch along the way and we're inclined to lay the blame upon Mr. de Cordova who doesn't quite come off as a pirate. Nor, come to think of it, does the fragile Miss Fontaine seem exactly the type to leave her family and don boy's clothes to live and love, to fight and brawl, with a pirate. So maybe it's faulty casting all the way around.

Ralph Forbes as Miss Fontaine's weak and blustering husband is outstanding in his role. His friend who comes between the two and in the end meets violent punishment is played well by Basil Rathbone whose role has obviously been cut. Ceil Kellaway as the servant gives a superb performance. Nigel Bruce, Patricia Barker, David James round out this tale that is almost Robin-Hoodish in theme, daring, bold and yet unbelievable at times, but always beautiful in color and the costumes of those times.

Your Reviewer Says: A story-book tale that should have stayed on its pages.

San Diego, I Love You (Universal)

A refreshing, completely zany story that provides chuckles and laughter galore is this ridiculous story of a professor and his mad-gladder family of one daughter and four boys who travel to San Diego to be near the testing plant of the father's invention.

The invention is a collapsible life raft and the plot is even more collapseable, but the precious little detours into the never-never land, such as the barber shop epi-

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Best Pictures of the Month

Mrs. Parkington
The Master Race

Best Performances

Greer Garson in "Mrs. Parkington"
Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Parkington"
Cary Grant in "None But The Lonely Heart"
Ethel Barrymore in "None But The Lonely Heart"
sode, the bus ride in the moonlight with Buster Keaton, of all people, the sad
butler who refuses to be discharged, all
add up to an incredible and pixy-ish event.

Louise Allbritton as the daughter turns
in a crackerjack performance and Jon
Hall, the wealthy railroad owner who
comes out second best in the melee of this
family group, has never been better. Ed-
ward Everett Horton, the father and in-
vventor, and Eric Blore the butler, are just
about tops.

Your Reviewer Says: A real chuckler.

\[National Barn Dance\]
(Paramount)

If you would enjoy the corny but lively
radio show of the National Barn Dancers,
you'll like their movie even better for, by
cracky, it's the own ears of corn, ties 'em
up in blue satin bows and hangs 'em on
the walls of the old farm parlor.

And who, of all people in the world,
would you expect to be wading through
this field of golden grain but one Robert
Benchley, late of 22nd Street, New York.
Bob plays the radio agent to whom young
Charles Quigley (a goodie, folk) attempts
to sell his idea of a National Barn Dance
show. After scouting over the country to
gather his clan of through-the-nose-
trawers, Quigley returns to find the idea
cold. Nothing daunted, he so places his
group of would-be performers that both
Benchley and sponsor go for them.

There's a funny guy called Pat Buttram,
local yokel with a gift of fun you'll re-
member. Jean Heather is the cute girl
Quigley romances, Lulu Belle and Scotty,
the Dinning Sisters; the Hoosier Hot Shots,
Charles Dingle and others put over the
movie for a one-bell ringer.

Your Reviewer Says: Hot stuff at the cross-
roads.

\[The Doughgirls\] (Warners)

A PICTURE with attractive names, comi-
cal situations and snappy dialogue that
somehow or other (and if you ever find
out, tell me) doesn't hit the jackpot. Here
we were all ready and eager to laugh
and the most we could do was wonder
what all the to-do up there on the screen
was about.

Anyway, it does take the mind off
troubles and income tax, which is some-
thing, and Jane Wyman, Ann Sheridan
and Alexis Smith as three little almost-
wives aren't hard to take. The almost-
grooms Jack Carson, Craig Stevens and
John Ridgely are pleasant people, too. Eve
Arden as the Russian sergeant is a wow
and if Charles Ruggles is an ex-
ample of Washington efficiency, Brother,
we've lost a country.

Unfortunately Washington's over-crowd-
ed condition has been kidded before so a
lot of the punch is lost, but deep down
somehow we feel despite all these faults
"Doughgirls" will make a lot of people
happy and bring a lot of pretty little dot-
lars into the box office, so who are we to
complain about things?

Your Reviewer Says: Come on, let's all go
crazy.

\[My Pal Wolf\] (RKO)

It's a child and her dog story, friends,
and it isn't at all bad. In fact, it's quite
touching in spite of bad story faults.
It tells of a little girl Sharyn Moffett
whose parents work in the city and leave
their offspring in the care of peculiar
sewer rats. Her one interest is the police
dog she finds and attempts to shield from
the wrath of her governess, Jill Esmond.

Weakness of story construction and

\[Yardley English Lavender\]

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Definite It's racketeer alone raise painter a few Morale. You don't have much time these days for manicures—pet well-groomed hands are important to morale. "SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day.

When The Lights Go On Again (PRC) I was bound to come—a flood of post-war stories of pre-war vintage and in this "drug-in-the-middle" one we find a fair little tale of Jimmy Lydon, a Marine back from the South Pacific who suffers amnesia in a traffic accident.

Regis Toomey is the lad who takes Lydon to his home and cautions his family on the mental rehabilitation of the boy. Grant Mitchell and Dorothy Peterson are the parents, George Cleveland the grandfather, and a newcomer, Barbara Belden, his wife.

Your Reviewer Says: Perhaps we're all too close to it yet.

That's My Baby (Republic) Richard Arlen is the best thing about "That's My Baby" which could and should have been funnier. Overcasting of actors literally crowd the poor little plot off the screen. At least we couldn't see the story for the actors and music—the screen was full of music, all kinds, loud, and the top of the head font that gives the whole theater was full of them.

Ellen Drew got mixed up in it and so did Leonid Kinskey, Minor Watson—and well, it's easier to say who wasn't there. Garbo is the only person we can recall not seeing.

Your Reviewer Says: You couldn't see the woods for the trees.

Dead Man's Eyes (Universal) Now here is a little number about as pretty as its title and as entertaining as a topless girl with your old friend get chummy. Why so much gruesomeness should be transferred to the screen under the guise of entertainment is beyond us. It isn't nice in the money, so what are we kicking about?

Anyway this one has Acquanetta deliberately blinding Lon Chaney, a painter she loves, to prevent his marriage to Jean Parker. Acquanetta likes to do things the hard way, it seems. Anyway when it is discovered Chaney's eyesight can be saved by a grafted cornea, wealthy publisher Ward Fielding willies his eyes at death to Chaney and almost immediately himself finds dead. And let that be a lesson to everybody.

Oh, so you want to know what happened to that mad scientist who roams around through all these Universal meatballs? Oh, he's here, big as life, played by Paul Kelly of all people. In fact, Tommy Gomez as the police inspector seemed the only unmad person in the picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Dead Man's Eyes tell no tale in this one.

In the Meantime, Darling (20th Century-Fox) Jeanne Crain is a sweet and lovely personality and a good little actress, but not in this picture where there are too many people tearing around.

It tells briefly of the trials of a girl, used to luxury, who undergoes a hard and unpleasant voyage before she finds a man who loves her and then she attempts to adjust herself to their little shabby room in a small hotel.

Gradually she comes to realize their love is greater than wealth and the position it can buy, and all ends well.

Frank Latimore, now in the service himself, plays the husband with an understanding that should win him a definite place when he returns.

Gale Robbins, Eugene Pallette, Mary Nath, and Stanley Prager are just a few of the many people in this timely and at times touching little story.

Your Reviewer Says: A well-meaning little thing.

Goin' To Town (Votion-RKO) P's Lum and Abner, folks, our favorite old cowboys of the radio back in their own village of Pine Ridge, Arkansas. But movies, this one especially, fail to catch the homey spirit of the old fellows, and the corn that fills around is really awful.

The story has to do with a city slicker who just for the heck of it pretends to locate oil, by the aid of a phony detector beneath the old Jot-em-down store of the boys. Of course it's the slicker who gets slicked in the end, but no one really cares.

Chester Lauck and Norris Goff play...
Lum and Abner as usual. Florence Lake, Dick Elliott and Grady Sutton had better get back from Arkansas in a hurry.

Your Reviewer Says: Too bad, boys—try again.

**The Master Race (RKO)**

The rebirth of a village freed from German occupation is the theme of this powerful story that shows how the Nazis plan to perpetuate the "master race" and sow the seeds for World War III.

George Coulouris is the Nazi colonel who pretends to be an Allied sympathizer and comes to the village to stir up hate and suspicion and wreck the reconstruction work of the Allies. He gives to his sinister role a certain flair that is evil and fascinating. Stanley Ridges plays the American mayor whose job it is to rebuild the town and bring order out of chaos and Carl Esmond is the Russian army doctor who works with him.

Nancy Gates gives a sensitive performance as the daughter of a collaborationist, ostracized by her sweetheart, Lloyd Bridges, and friends; and Osa Massen is so good as the victim of the Nazis who has been forced to bear an illegitimate child.

The picture, progressing without fanfare and with no attempt to follow a set formula, is gripping and grimly realistic.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture for us all to see.

**Tall In The Saddle (RKO)**

If you like the wide open spaces at their scenic best, a Western mystery drama with action and romance, this is for you.

John Wayne has a part tailored for him as the new ranch foreman who arrives in town via stagecoach driven by Gabby Hayes only to learn that the man who hired him has been murdered. Ella Raines becomes his boss instead and then the fun begins. Wayne finds himself romantically caught between the hot-tempered Ella and lovely newcomer Audrey Long. He gets himself into a lot of other trouble, too. Audrey is the lady from the East, complete with bustle, and Elizabeth Risdon is her acid-tongued aunt. Russell Wade is very good as Ella's weakling brother; and there's a fight sequence between Wayne and Ward Bond that is one of the best of screen fights.

Your Reviewer Says: A lot of action in the old West.

---

**Share Your Christmas!**

Add to this year's shopping list a gift of warm new clothing for a Russian child. Warm the body and the heart, too, of one of Russia's 15,000-000 war orphans or refugees waiting for parents who may never return.

Bring or send your gift—a pair of slippers, a muffler, woolen sweater, a dress, suit or any such practical and precious article of clothing—to your local Russian War Relief headquarters. Special gay Christmas gift tags, with space for your name and address, are available and these can be pinned or tied to your gift. Help send a shipload of Christmas cheer to Russia's children.

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**INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED**
**INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED**
**INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED**

**ABROAD WITH TWO YANKS**—Edward Small.

L. A.: Bill Bendix and Dennis O’Keefe, Marines, come into Australia for some fun after a battle in the Pacific and both promptly fall for Helen Walker. They then proceed to break every law known to military regulations in their effort to outrival each other. It’s corny but a lot of fun. With John Leach. (Oct.)

**A WIFE AMERICAN ROMANCE**—M-G-M: This is a rare combination of romance and beautifully presented information about American industry. Brian Donlevy plays superbly the immigrant who marries-schoolteacher Ann Richards, raises his family and progresses to success. With John Qualen and Walter Abel. A truly American epic. (Oct.)

**ARE THESE OUR PARENTS?**—Monogram: This attacks the juvenile delinquency problem from the angle of delinquent parents and as such takes on importance, although the story of a girl who is denied the love of her mother when she needs her most is rather poorly developed. Helen Vinson is the mother; Noel Neill and Richard Byron, the children. (Sept.)

**WARSENC AND OLD LACE**—Warners: A hilarious screenplay that will catapult you from laughter to fright. Cary Grant is the nephew who makes an awful discovery about his beloved old aunt on the eve of his honeymoon with Priscilla Lane. Raymond Massey is the criminal; Peter Lorre his doctor friend and Jack Carson is the cop. You must see it. (Nov.)

**ATLANTIC CITY**—Republic: Belle Baker, Al Shean, Gus Van and Joe Frisco all bring back fond memories of old days at vaudeville’s peak, and it’s packed with wonderful old tunes provided by Paul Whiteman and Louis Armstrong. Constance Moore does a swell job as the girl whom Brad Taylor loves. It’s a pretty satisfying movie. (Nov.)

**BARBARY COAST GENT**—M-G-M: Wally Beery’s an old buckaroo of the 80’s who promises to go straight for Binnie Barnes, the dance-hall gal. When a scrape precipitates him out of town and into Nevada he poses as Donald Meek, a railroad president, with all the resultant complications. John Carradine does a nice job, Frances Rafferty and Bruce Kellogg are the romantics. (Nov.)

**BATHING BEAUTY**—M-G-M: This is a musical you’ll love. Red Skelton’s a song-writer who marries Esther Williams only to have her leave him at the altar and return to her job as swimming instructor in a girls’ school. Red follows her and you’ll laugh like mad at the trouble he gets into. With Harry James, Xavier Cugat and Basil Rathbone. (Sept.)

**BRIDE BY MISTAKE**—RKO: A cute little

movie, with Laraine Day as the heroine who has
Martha Hunt impersonate her in order that Laraine
may be sure the man who marries the heroine will
marry only for love. Alan Marshall is the man and
Allan Jones, Edgar Buchanan and Slim Summervill
add a lot of fun and frolic. (Oct.)

**CANTERVILLE GHOST, THE**—M-G-M: The charm and astounding versatility of Little Margaret O’Brien sustain this fantasy of a group of American raiders who find lodgings in an English castle that is haunted by a cowardly ghost, Charles Laughton, Mar

(Continued on page 114)

Shadow Stage
Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

And Now Tomorrow..................21
Babes On Swing Street.............24
Dork Mountain.......................24
Dead Man’s Eyes.....................24
Doughgirls, The....................23
Frenchman’s Creek..................22
Goin’ To Town.......................24
In The Meantime, Dorling.........24
Master Race, The...................25
Mrs. Parkington.....................21
My Pal Wolf........................24
National Born Dance................23
None But The Lonely Heart..........21
San Diego, I Love You.............22
Toll In The Saddle..................25
That’s My Baby......................24
When The Lights Go On Again.....24

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*Ssssshhhh!
But have you dandruff?*

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Youth dines and dances in a street length dress like this lovely little number with its charming Mexican neckline. The stunning plastic combs add after-dark glamour to the simple but lovely hairdo. Credit for the extra lustre and shining smoothness of her hair belongs to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!

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Tonight... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! Extra lustre... up to 33% more than soap or soap shampoos! Manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of flaky dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.
"There's a world of love in you... but it's not for me... or any other woman..."

NEVER BEFORE HAS THE SCREEN SO DARINGLY UNLOCKED
THE SECRET SANCTUARY OF A MAN'S HEART!

20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS

A. J. CRONIN'S

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

with GREGORY PECK • THOMAS MITCHELL • VINCENT PRICE • ROSA STRADNER
RODDY McDOWALL • EDMUND GWENN • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
PEGGY ANN GARNER • JANE BALL • JAMES GLEASON • ANNE REVERE
RUTH NELSON • BENSON FONG • LEONARD STRONG

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ
Screen Play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Nunnally Johnson

FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX... The Company that made "WILSON"
WHEN we got off our train, Los Angeles bound, we were dead tired, begrimed with travel. In the past three weeks, we had traveled 7,500 miles. En route, we had slept in everything from a chair car to a waiting room. We had often worked sixteen hours a day.

But at the station I told Sid (my husband), "This is the best trip I ever had."

You see, Ray Mayer and I had been visiting military hospitals on a USO-Camp Shows tour arranged by the Hollywood Victory Committee. Ray and I first thought about volunteering for a hospital tour while we were working together in "Sweet And Low-Down." Ray and his wife are a big-time vaudeville team. He is a wonderful entertainer who can play the piano, sing, dance and what-have-you at the drop of a hat.

When I say those were "wonderful" weeks, I mean they were wonderful because they had shown us the courage, the spirit, that beautiful, inexplicable something which makes our soldiers and sailors and airmen and Marines the best in the world.

While on tour we'd usually arrive at our destination early in the morning. After a few minutes to wash up, we'd have breakfast and start out for the wards. From then on we would spend all day and half the night with the boys.

There was the boy who had undergone an operation shortly before we visited his ward. We were about to put on our "act," when I noticed this boy. He was lying there quietly, apparently asleep. The other boys seemed pretty glad to have us there. "Hurry up and begin," one youngster called out amid the cheering and whistling.

I asked the others if they weren't afraid all this commotion mightn't disturb the other lad.

"That's all right," the boys told us. "He just got back from surgery and he's still 'out cold.'" So Ray and I went ahead. Ray played the piano and told his patter of jokes and I joined in. Then I sang a song or two. When we were finished, the boys cheered again. And then I happened to look at the boy who had been operated on and saw that his eyes were open. Feebly, he crooked a finger at me and I went over to him.

"Aren't you Lynn Bari," he whispered, Wonderingly, and arms and legs still bandaged, but boys that were definitely on the road to recovery. A wonderful thing to see!

Suddenly during the ruckus, came a shout, a dull thud, and there was Mike, redheaded, freckled, a little shaken, sitting on the floor. "Well," he said, grinning, "I've been in that bed a year, but I had to get up sometime."

Ray and I were scared half out of our wits, but one of the nurses told us he was due to get up the next day, anyway, so no harm was done. I had a little talk with him later. He asked me a lot of things about Hollywood. He showed me pictures of his father and mother and kid sister, his best girl, his dog. Most of the boys do that—tell about home and family and girl friends and show you pictures. They don't talk about the war, though. Ever. Mike, I had been told, had won medals for heroism in the South Pacific. I asked him about them. But all he would say was:

"Yeah. Got a flock of 'em." Then he'd change the subject.

It was toward the latter part of our trip that Ray and I met the fine-looking boy from Chicago. He was our guide throughout an entire day. He was a sergeant, very young, looking a little bit like Tyrone Power. He kept us laughing all the time. After dinner, we were standing on a balcony looking out over the grounds and I was chattering on about the studio (Continued on page 123)

To Photoplay's editorial page this month comes a personal story, symbolic of all Hollywood means to America's fighting men.

or am I seeing things?"

"You're seeing Lynn Bari," I told him.

And he smiled the sweetest smile you ever saw and fumbled under his pillow for a little notebook he had there.

"How's for an auto-graph?" he asked. "The name's Jack... and could you say something—well, affectionate-like?"

So I wrote, "To Jack, with love and kisses." He grinned. "Wait till I show this to my girl," he whispered. "She'll snatch my head off."

It was several days and several hospitals later that another boy fell out of bed. The idea was that Ray and I were to stand by the piano in one end of the room and the boys were to gather around us and have their picture taken. Well, what a scramble there was! Boys in bathrobes; boys in pajamas; boys with heads—"
Very few people get their life story written when they are as young as June Allyson, who is just twenty. So I have to tell you the special reason I wanted to write hers, even before I knew that it was packed with drama.

There have not been, actually, as many real motion-picture stars as you might think from the loose way the term is thrown around. The things that make a real star are many and pretty easy to prove. Length of time over which they are popular, ability to dominate an occasional bad picture, appeal to all classes and ages of theater-goers. All these things have to be there. I'm talking about real stars, such as Clark Gable and Bing Crosby and James Cagney and Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn and Bette Davis, who carry on the widespread appeal, of such great stars as Joan Crawford and Marie Dressler and Greta Garbo.

I was looking for one of the newcomers I could back to join that big parade. Very exciting it was, too. Then one night I found myself in the balcony of a theater in Hollywood and before my eyes unrolled a picture called "Two Girls And A Sailor." The title discouraged me a little, but Jimmy Durante was in it so I knew I was bound to get my money's worth no matter what. And I realized when the film was about half over that I had found my choice.

Her name, as of course you already know, is June Allyson.

Her eyes did it. Pretty figure, small and clean-cut. Nice blonde hair, worn rather simply and looking a little less startling blonde than some. A mobile, expressive mouth, wide and generous and sweet. Funny husky voice, with an unusual ability to put over songs, a good deal of grace as a dancer and a fine touch of reality in her acting.

All these things are important and necessary, of course. But if you have been in Hollywood as long as I have, you realize most of the girls in the studios have them or their equivalents.

Years ago one of the great all-time movie stars, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., used to yell it, with vibrance...
and excitement, the one word he used to describe what had to be there in addition. He called it Plus. All right, Doug would say, so she's beautiful and talented and has sex appeal. What else has she got? What's the Plus?

June Allyson had the Plus—concentrated in her eyes. The Plus that she puts over is in everything she does and says and is, but it seems to come into being in her eyes. And that Plus is her ability, so very rare and priceless, to twist your heart one second and make you laugh the next. Chaplin, when he was Chaplin, had it more poignantly than anyone else I have ever seen and because of it the greatest critics called him Hollywood's one true genius.

Shirley Temple had it—all children have; the great-souled, joyous, tragic Marie Dressler had it and, oddly enough, Jean Harlow—hers was a special kind of gallantry. The incomparable Helen Hayes has obviously been touched by the finger of God. Above and beyond any other stage actress a woman named Laurette Taylor, in a never-to-be-forgotten play called "Peg O' My Heart," had it. (Continued on page 83)
Bing—as I know him

by Louella O. Parsons

THE nonchalant and unpredictable Bing Crosby who has had the reputation for many years of walking out the back door when the press walked in the front way has suddenly loosened up to a surprising degree. That is, it is surprising to me.

I have known him many years and, while I have never had the laughs with him I have had with Clark Gable or the social friendship I have enjoyed with Charlie Boyer, Bing and I have hit it off after our fashion.

He's an odd fellow—that Bing. I have always felt that in spite of his pretty wife, Dixie Lee, and his four husky kids, Gary, Phillip, Dennis and Lindsay—there is a strain of loneliness in Bing. Maybe I'm wrong. But Dixie spends so much time at Malibu with the boys and there are many nights when it is too far for Bing to drive there and get back in time to check in at the studio at eight o'clock.

On many occasions the Groaner rattles around the beautiful estate the Crosbys bought in Beverly Hills after their Toluca Lake house burned down. Or else you see him around the Los Angeles Country Club golf links which come in right handy since they adjoin his property.

Although not many people know it, Bing has a very deep religious streak. I have seen him on Sunday mornings step into the choir loft and let his golden voice rise up with those of the untrained singers. Usually he is surrounded by his brood of young Indians who, for the occasion, are scrubbed and cleaned until they look absolutely cherubic—purely an optical illusion as Pappy himself, will tell you.

I once asked him, “What do you do when the kids are naughty?”

“Spank ’em,” replied Bing nonchalantly. “I wouldn’t go so far as to use the rod as not to spoil the child. But you can get results with your hand.”

He’s a far stricter father than the average and the kids hop when he says something. But in his seemingly careless way he’s crazy about them. He can’t stand the idea of the children not being well-mannered when there are callers—and he expects the same of the callers.

I remember several years ago a very famous star dropped in to visit the Crosbys. She was a sophisticated girl who did not watch her language too closely and, thinking the youngsters were too young to understand, she told several risqué stories. Bing didn’t say anything until she started to leave. Then he walked out to her car with her. “I’ll be seeing you,” she said gaily. “I’d rather you didn’t,” he said tersely. And she was never invited back to the house again.

He loves religious music and “Silent Night” and “Ave Maria” continue to be his favorite songs. It is entirely in keeping with Bing’s rather straight-laced ideas on things that he does not like the words “angel” and “Heaven” used lightly in popular ditties.

The radio, movies and the sale of his records have made him a very rich man. Yet, as one of his pals put it, Bing’s wealth doesn’t show on him. He seldom carries large amounts with him and he thinks that anyone who loses over five dollars in a card game is a sucker.

People who don’t know him well have said that he is almost too independent—that he does exactly as he pleases on all occasions. I guess that is true. But it has nothing to...
Curtain call on Crosby—that remarkable servant of the Services—proud father of four sons—philosopher—facer of facts—naturally a natural

do with the fact that he is rich enough to do as he pleases. He behaved exactly the same way when he didn’t have a Chinese yen to his name. And he wore the same outrageous color combinations.

I TALKED to Bing the very day he was leaving to go overseas. He had taken the necessary “shots,” he was arranging his affairs, he had enough on his mind to keep ten men busy. But when he heard I wanted to talk with him he telephoned constantly to tell me where I could catch up with him—eventually.

It happened to be on a set at General Service Studios where he is backing and financing the independent production of “The Great John L.” Bing was taking a look at his “boy,” his protege, Greg McClure. “Kid’s a comer,” he said, after his characteristic fashion of not wasting any words.

I, too, have confidence in McClure. But I hadn’t trailed Bing all day to talk about Greg. I had seen “Going My Way” three times and I wanted to tell him how marvelous I thought it was. You could see he was pleased—but he (Continued on page 68)
This is the story of a divorcee, once shy and uncertain, now gay in the glitter of learning to live again

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

JOAN FONTAINE is having the time of her life. . .

The most charming and attractive men telephone her, telegraph her and keep a flurry of notes arriving by messenger at her front door. They urge her to dine with them and hope she, in turn, will invite them to dinner on her veranda in the moonlight. They picture for her the delights of fishing up in the mountains through long golden days and dining on the catch by firelight. When she comes to New York a dozen men rediscover the fun of driving through Central Park in an old-fashioned hansom cab. They remember, too, that no romantic interlude is complete without a trip across the bay on the Staten Island Ferry. They crowd her reading table with the most interesting new books and have her music albums bulging with the symphonies she adores above all other music.

And Joan flits from one gentleman to another like a beautiful butterfly, freshly burst from the dark confines of a cocoon and fascinated by the fun and wonder of her new world.

This new world is nothing Joan found easily. For a year or more, all the time she was rebelling against the unhappiness she knew in her marriage with Brian Aherne and finding the courage to call quits, she was fighting for it. Now, as a divorcée, she fights still. She hasn't, you see, accepted her freedom with the demure reserve many think becomes a divorced woman. Instead, she is having a fling. For she knows, instinctively, that her gay new life is good for her, that it contributes to her growth as an actress and enriches her transition from the shy, introspective girl she used to be to the delightful, witty woman of the world she is going to be.

"It is difficult to be married to a handsome, charming man," she says, "unless you are very sure of yourself. I wasn't. I would be now, I think. I used to stand beside Brian and smile—pretend to feel sure—as one attractive woman after another came up to him, said, 'So you're Brian Aherne!' With voice and eyes adoring, of course. His hostesses, too, used to appropriate him from under my very nose with 'What wine would you serve, Brian darling? I waited for your advice. . .'."

"I used to be jealous and unhappy and fearful all the time," Joan went on. "I would go to parties and not trust any woman there—unless she were ancient or a perfect fright. I would die at these parties, absolutely! I used to look upon every woman as a potential enemy. Too many times when Brian and I got home from parties I lost my lunch from misery and nerves.

"Naturally," she added, laughing, "those women hated me. They always hate the wife."

She makes it very clear indeed that this situation was never Brian's fault. With that intelligent frankness that is such an important part of her fascination she blames her misery on her own reactions. Had she been bolder, less sensitive, less highly strung, she is convinced things might have worked out differently. But she wasn't. When you rehearse your personal history you realize she couldn't be.

Only in the last few years has Joan emerged from ill health, fears and failures. And none of these things, certainly, is calculated to make a girl sure of herself.

Furthermore, while Joan was growing up her mother and her stepfather kept her very quiet. She came home from school, did her homework and was taught to sew and cook. She had no friends and much of the time her big sister, Olivia, was away at school.

Talking of her childhood Joan laughed:

"My stepfather, a good man but very strict, believed Olivia and I should be versed in all womanly accomplishments," she said. "Little did he dream my culinary abilities one day would be used in the charming and seductive way they are now. . ."

"Three nights a week I cook dinner in the moonlight on my veranda, with my gardenia tree shedding its fragrance. She didn't trouble to restrain the excitement in her lovely voice as she went on, "Usually the man who dines with me manages to bring some beautiful wine. We play records . . . It's not bad at all . . ."

She laughed, that new gay laugh that it is (Continued on page 70)
She gives one look—and the men start lining up on the right. Jeanne Crain, the newest siren on the cinema Circe list

C for Circe

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

CLARA BOW had "It": Gloria Swanson had S. A.; Marlene Dietrich had legs; Ann Sheridan had "oomph"; Lana Turner had a sweater. Add them all up, throw in a face that has the softness of a particularly cute kitten and you have Jeanne Crain, the newest and nicest of a long line of cinema sirens who just have to look at a man to keel him over at their feet.

Take Jeanne at that recent Elsa Maxwell soirée in Beverly Hills. Silently, effortlessly, unconsciously, she rode roughshod over most of the more famous Hollywood beauties. Joan Fontaine glovered when her escort, Paul Hesse, wandered over for a look-see at the beautiful green-gray-eyed girl. Olivia de Havilland glared when Major John Huston deserted her for "that Crain girl." Errol Flynn left Nora Eddington for a "hello" to Jeanne. Gary Cooper sauntered over, introduced himself with—"My name's Cooper. I want to know you. I thought your performance swell in 'Home In Indiana.'" Even staid marrieds like Dana Andrews and Alan Ladd were interested enough to ask, pointing to the lass surrounded by the best-looking men in the room, "Who is she?"

The rise to fame of the little Crain is almost too simple to make a good story. But it does.

There is no Cinderella stuff. She was born in Barstow, California, eighty miles from Los Angeles. "But you can really say I was born in Los Angeles," Jeanne said, "because we only lived at Barstow until I was four months old." Jeanne's father is an educator. As a young man he was an exchange student and studied at the University of Paris and in South America. He is now head of the English and Languages departments at the Inglewood High School. "Languages," says Jeanne, "come easy for me." She speaks French fluently and is now studying Spanish.

"I had a semester at UCLA after attending the St. Mary's Academy," Jeanne went on. "But I had to give up the University when I signed to make pictures. You can't go to college and studio at the same time. "When I was a little girl I wanted to be a painter, but I realized soon enough that that was impossible."

(Sideline thought from the set of "Winged Victory" where Jeanne is now working — those caricatures Jeanne draws of her fellow players are clever!)

Her first try at the thespian art was at Inglewood High School. Ivan Kahn, chief talent scout for Twentieth Century-Fox, attended the school play in which Jeanne had a role. He liked her looks, saw a promising actress of the future behind the awkward kid of fifteen.

That was four and a half years ago. It took Kahn three years to convince his bosses that Jeanne was worth a film contract.

"I didn't wait," says Miss Crain. "I went to Orson Welles and asked for the role (Continued on page 87)
Motif with masculine approval: Jeanne Crain of "Home In Indiana"
AMERICAN NATURAL

Cooper, shy and unassuming in the midst of elegance—
the story of a man and how he dares to be himself

by Elsa Maxwell

GARY COOPER is one of the sweetest men in this world. Never, in a long and varied life, have I known anyone more simple, less spoiled, more sincere. And never have I known anyone with a kinder heart.

I write none of this glibly. I have known Gary intimately for fifteen years; first as a bachelor who always stood free of the scandals so likely to plague Hollywood gentlemen at once free and desirable, second as a devoted husband, third as an adoring father.

During all this time, under all these conditions—in spite of the admiration, applause and wealth that consistently have been his—I have never known Gary Cooper to say an unkind thing about anyone else or to boast of anything he has possessed or accomplished.

Live and let live is his creed. Practicing it he has found the cup of happiness he richly deserves filled to the brim and brimming over.

To watch Gary with his seven-year-old daughter, Maria, is both charming and amusing. He looks at her always as if he cannot believe she is alive and his own. Not long ago, seeing him intent upon Maria as she played on the lawn, I said:

"Why do you stare at her so, Gary?"

He looked me straight in the eye. "You know I've never been a great fellow for hoarding things. Elsa, Life's so blamed short... But I'm hoarding her, I reckon. I always want to be able to remember her at every age!"

The Cooper house, out in Brentwood, is like one of those low-lying, whitewashed houses which sprawl over the green hills of the Bermudas. It is exceedingly simple. Exceedingly elegant, too. All of which, it occurs to me, is a perfect description of Sandra Cooper, more intimately known as Rocky.

Gary and Rocky met eleven years ago when Gary dined at the Colony in New York with her stepfather, Paul Shields, of Wall Street. It was all as soigné as a little dinner at the Colony should be. Gary, however, was aware of nothing (not the famous pressed duck) and of no one (not the usually compelling Paul Shields, Esquire). He saw only the tall slim girl with gray eyes who was her father's hostess. When, a few months later, adopting the name of Sandra Shaw, she came to Hollywood in quest of a career he left her no time to see directors and producers. But this didn't matter. She had long since discovered Gary was more exciting and wonderful than a career could be. They had an understanding when she returned to New York and two months later they were married.

Rocky, although as lovely as any film star and as beautifully dressed, is, in every other respect, completely un-Hollywood. There are those who find her cold. There are those who feel she is pretentious and a snob. These people do not know her. Few do, actually. For Rocky likes those she likes very much indeed and is only vaguely aware that others exist.

She dances magnificently. So does Gary.

"In the old days you were not much of a dancer," I remarked to Gary at a party recently.

"I'm not much of a dancer now," he said in his soft, slant way. "I'm just Charlie McCarthy. And Rocky is Edgar Bergen. She makes me a good dancer—she dances so beautifully. I don't dance nearly as well with anyone else."

This was a fairly long speech for Gary who is more likely to answer you with a smile or a shy nod and who, under no circumstances, indulges in oral fireworks. However, in his laconic Western way he always manages to state his case clearly and firmly. To this his sustained success testifies.

I first met Gary during the winter of 1930, in Rome. The story of our meeting is so very typical of him.

A couple of the Italian nobility, whose guest I was to be, suggested I meet them in Naples, where they were attending the horse show, and drive up to Rome with them. Upon reaching their hotel I found them much interested in Gary Cooper, who had (Continued on page 89)
Cooper, clever and keen, star of International’s “Casanova Brown”
“NICEST GUY IN THE WORLD”
—and the nicest story about him. Bob Hope, who holds a place unrivaled in every American heart

by Dorothy Kilgallen

I F I had an emerald for every occasion on which some eager individual has accosted me to ask. "What's Bob Hope like when you get to know him?"—I would have enough green stones to pave the floor of my boudoir, with possibly a few left over for quite a gaudy rivière. Somehow this glib and amiable comic is the owner of a peculiar quality of friendliness which makes teamsters, senators, tourists and snobs feel that they know him quite well, but would like to know him even better.

The answer to their question is undramatically simple. Bob Hope is exactly like the guy next door would be if the guy next door were the nicest guy in the world.

He is bright, but not a smart-aleck; hep, but no slicker. He's ingratiating, but he was born that way, he didn't learn it in a school of acting, or from a press agent. He's an Alger story, and proud of it. He's the kid who went from pool hustler to national idol and is still quite a bit more like a pool hustler than a millionaire.

Bob Hope is happy though famous. He is the only comedian I know who isn't worried. Traditionally and actually, comedians are the unhappiest men in the world. They go gray fast because they realize they are only as funny as their last-picture, their last broadcast, their last personal appearance, their last quip. They worry about the fan mail, the reviews, the box office, the Crossley rating, the rivals.

I don't think Bob Hope worries about any of these items. For one thing he's too philosophical, too easygoing, to be jealous of another comic's success. For another thing, he's got everything he wants—his wife, his kids, security and a few good friends. Third thing, he's too busy with camp shows and benefits and canteen appearances and War Bond rallies to worry about anything except how to make another few thousand soldier boys forget, for an hour, the tough side of the war.

The war is not gliding by Bob, leaving him unscathed. He not only does all he can—he's being touched by it. He came back from his USO overseas tour a changed man—older, more thoughtful, more serious. When he got off the plane in Hollywood after the last leg of his trip, his face had war written on it. He looked as a man looks who has come straight from a field of battle. His cheeks were sunken and dark. His eyes were set in hollows and for once there was no smile in them.

A candid cameraman at the airport took a picture as he climbed out of the plane and when Bob saw it a few days later he didn't believe it was himself.

He went straight home that day, with Dolores, who had driven to the landing field to meet him, and there were no parties to celebrate the end of the journey. He rested, and had his first good bath in heaven knows how long, and Dolores kept the house quiet while he just sat and looked at the wonderful clean peaceful walls of home.

Bing Crosby was his first visitor. He ambled over to the house and the two of them talked for four hours. Bob told Bing stories he'd never told anyone else—stories of things he'd seen and things he'd heard and soldiers he'd met. Gradually the color came back to his face and he relaxed and began to kid a little and tell funny stories on himself. But the trip had been no joke to him, although his tendency has always been to stress the lighter side of it. He was as close to war as a man can be and not carry a gun, and it left its mark on him.

What is Bob Hope like when you get to know him?

Well, he's an informal fellow. He wears sports clothes—slacks and a short-sleeved shirt and moccasins—around the house, and only slightly more formal attire when he goes out. He is not superstitious (he says) but he just happens to have an ancient gray tweed sports jacket that seems to be lucky for him, if there is such a thing as luck. He's had it ever since I've known him—which is eight years, or a good life span for a sports jacket in the wardrobe of a (Continued on page 108)
Fall, Hollywood version: Betty in her pool-studded, flower-filled garden

PERSONAL HISTORY: The soldiers' dream girl was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and first arrived in Hollywood when she was thirteen. But she was twenty-five before she really "arrived"—by way of dance-band singing, pictures and the Broadway stage.

FAVORITE FOODS: Gooey desserts like floating island and chocolate éclairs; peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches; corn on the cob; and doughnuts—she devours so many doughnuts that the cast of "Diamond Horseshoe" now strings six a day on a red ribbon across her dressing-room mirror. She rips one off hourly until none is left by twilight!

BIGGEST BORE: Talking on the telephone—which is why messages are relayed always around the James-Grable manse; and people can never talk to her unless they're nose-to-nose.

BOOK SHE FINGERS MOST: "Dragon Seed," by Pearl S. Buck.

PET BEAUTY SECRET: Putting bluing in her final rinse after a shampoo, to take the gold-glitter out of her hair and make it look silvery.

FAVORITE FUNNIES: None, until she married Harry James, who was righteously indignant

Favorite amusement. Listening to music, any time, anywhere
over her failure to appreciate them! So now she reads them religiously, with accent on "Dick Tracy" and "Blondie."

**WHAT SHE COOKS BEST:** Do you like coffee and toast? Good; that's what she cooks best—and that's all she cooks! It's breakfast, and it's what she and Harry eat of a dawning.

**BEST WOMAN FRIEND:** Paula Stone, Fred Stone's daughter—who is also godmother to tiny Victoria Elizabeth James.

**CLOTHES SHE NEVER WEARS:** Gloves, stockings and hats. She had a wild search for a hat the morning of Victoria's christening—and wound up borrowing the cook's!

**MOST CARELESS HABIT:** Padding through the house from the swimming pool in a dripping bathing suit—leaving wet footprints from the front door to her bedroom! She scolds herself, "What's the matter with changing in the bathhouse?" But her self-criticism has no effect at all.

**SECRET OF THAT FAMOUS FIGURE:** It's a secret, all right—or an act of heaven. She never diets and never does exercises. Even after the baby's birth she didn't do the set-ups prescribed by the doctor. There's nothing to do, women of America, except (Continued on page 113)
Evelyn Ankers (right) might have been in Greer Garson's famous shoes right this very day—but this was one time when money talked.

B eing discovered in Hollywood is rather like holding a ticket on the Irish Sweepstakes. The whole thing is on the level and if you win, you win very big. The odds, however, are all against you—and no sensible person tries to win anything that way. But dreamers do, bless them, and Hollywood is entirely populated with dreams walking.

Thus every six months in Hollywood, a new crop of discoveries comes up, and every six months another crop disappears. A very few survive—and behind each survival there lies a personal history, sometimes tragic, sometimes comic and often very glamorous.

These survivors aren't necessarily the most talented of the discoveries, or the most beautiful. The ones who fail aren't necessarily the dullest or the least able. Failure in Hollywood is always within reach of fame, and the famous are always terrified of tomorrow's failure, that another discovery may bring.

This is a typical case in point:

Alan Ladd figured he was finished in the fame game when he lost out to Jack Beutel. What happened? Ladd ended up with the pot of star gold.

The Truth About Hollywood's

Discoveries are made—some go on to glory; others miss the mark. Here are
A little more than two years ago, a slim young man, his broad shoulders slumping with discouragement, walked toward the dark-eyed girl waiting in his car.

"Well, I lost," he said. "Jack Beutel got the part."

"Never mind. We'll try the Paramount picture then," the girl said. 

"Sure, an A-minus picture. That's the best I can hope for—if I can hope for that."

"Don't be so blue. I know it's not a big picture—but it might lead to something for you."

"Yeah, I'll bet. More hunting more A-minus productions. This role Beutel got would have lead to a seven-year contract and immediate stardom."

"Honey, you'll click yet. I know it."

"I bet I don't," said the young man, Alan Ladd, to the girl, Sue Carol.

Alan had sufficient right to be bitter. He'd been knocking on casting-office doors for years. Even with Sue Carol's love and guidance he hadn't been able to get anywhere.

The chance at "The Outlaw" had made him very hopeful. Anyone in Hollywood would have agreed with him that there wasn't the chance of a snowball in a hot climate of "This Gun For Hire" being the more important picture.

Contrariwise, Jack Beutel, the winnah, felt as set as a diamond in platinum, and no one could blame him. If could he fail with the lead in "The Outlaw," a million-dollar special, produced by Howard Hughes, who is a million-dollar special himself, and backed by a publicity campaign that was ditto? More than a million dollars was expended on "The Outlaw" and it turned out to be the prize turkey of all time, so very bad and so completely rough that the Board of Censors wouldn't pass it and no theater chain would book it. It was shown in only one theater in one city, San Francisco, in an independent house that Hughes was said to have bought just for the run. (Fearless was in the very small group of Hollywoodians who saw the production.)

But the tragedy of it was that Jack Beutel, despite the laughter that the film's supposedly serious, dramatic moments received, was personally magnificent. Such ordinarily fine actors as Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell were perfectly horrible in "The Outlaw" and no performer could possibly have been worse than the much-publicized Jane Russell (even though the assets for which she was most publicized lived up to all the eulogies written about them). But Jack Beutel, in the role that Alan Ladd didn't get, proved himself a fine, sincere, handsome young actor. So what good did it do him? None. Why wasn't he picked up by some other studio, like Lon McCallister was picked up by Twentieth Century-Fox from "Stage Door Canteen" wherein the discovery was supposed to be William Terry, who didn't click at all?

Jack Beutel couldn't be picked up by any other studio. He had signed a long-term contract with Hughes, and Hughes (Continued on page 91)
New and notable: Poll winner Tarhan Bey of “The Climax”
His name is Turhan Bey, but actually it's immaterial what he's called because once you've seen him you'll discover that he's as hot as a June day in the desert.

Perfect example of a newcomer who has been made a star by the clamoring of female voices, Turhan was, not so very long ago, a villain. He used to be the slave and whipping boy of Maria Montez, and Jon Hall was her lover. But now the setup has been completely reversed with Jon playing the slave and Turhan the lover.

The most remarkable thing about this twenty-four-year-old son of a Turk and a lovely Czechoslovakian is what best can be described as his "mating-call" voice. If you talk to Turhan, you very soon discover that you actually are not listening to what he is saying but just to the sound of his voice. At the same time it suggests the mellow note of an old Chinese gong and a sexy come-hither quality, which when mixed are more potent than the most exotic drink.

Suave, charming and unconcerned about a magnificent physique, Turhan is, however, the first one to say, with a wry little smile, "I'm just an ersatz lover. If Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart and the rest of the big lovers of the screen hadn't gone to war, I would still be playing some despicable villain in a B picture."

There isn't a true word in that statement. When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer asked for Turhan Bey to play opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Dragon Seed," they certainly didn't do it because he has a "mating-call" voice or because he kisses the hand of the Hollywood glamour girls. They did it because they knew that he could act. And after "Dragon Seed," he proves he is ready to step into the top roles of Hollywood.

Turhan admires Kate Hepburn very much. She was very nice to the lonesome young actor and helpful during the shooting of the picture. It didn't take long for the gossip to spread that Turhan was wildly in love with her and when he started sending her roses the town was actually bursting with stories about their romance. When a local gossip column printed an item about those fatal roses, Hepburn was slightly annoyed. Turhan was extremely upset because there is nobody he admires more than Hepburn. While the battle of the roses was being fought there was a tension for a day or two on the set until Hepburn knew for sure that it wasn't Turhan who had tried to pull himself into the headlines by the bootstraps of a famous star name.

Turhan can easily be called the loneliest young actor in the picture business. He attributes this to "a protecting wall that Hollywood glamour girls build around themselves." The wall-building is understandable enough, he points out. The girls, if they have achieved some measure of success in the business, are forced to protect themselves, their bankrolls and their reputation from adventurously young men, so that they are not easily approached by strangers. Turhan has not the patience or inclination to try to break down the barrier by direct assault or flanking movements.

On the other hand, he finds the girls who want to have dates have a motive of their own in their eagerness to be charming. They want to be seen in the company of an up-and-coming young actor for publicity reasons or, perhaps, they need moral support.

The Bey sense of humor has been proven many times. One day on the set of "Queen Of The Nile," Turhan Bey was a beautiful sight to behold. His robin's-egg blue costume of ancient Egypt was trimmed in gold. His tunic draped casually over one shoulder, leaving the other bare. It came down just below the chest, leaving (Cont'd on page 72)
Bejeweled and fabulous lady—Maria Montez of "Bowery To Broadway"
REMINDER
OF MARIA

Being a page of Maria Montez Aumont's "Don't forget" notes to herself

BY MARIAN QUINN

Footnotes (by Photoplay) on the Montez notes:

The writing paper: This would be V-mail paper, of course, to write to her husband Jean Pierre Aumont, on duty overseas with the French. Very proud of him and of his recognition by General de Gaulle, Maria writes him faithfully in the scrappy script learned in the convent school in the Canary Islands where she was educated as a child.

The earring: Part of her collection of flashing, large pieces of jewelry for which she is noted. She plays to a big-star act, is a show-lady in the best Hollywood sense of the word and makes a breathtaking appearance whether she be dining with Jean Fontaine at a restaurant or adding her conversational bit—with a quaint Spanish accent—to a big Elsa Maxwell party.

The machine check-up: Referring to her beloved recorder, a part of her daily routine, since it plays back to her Jean Pierre's voice, one record of his singing a French song, one reciting a special poem. He had the records made for her before he left for overseas.

Kerry's present: A present for small Kerry Kelly, daughter of the Gene Kellys. Among the Aumonts' best friends, the Kellys are very close to Maria and visits with them are a part of a Montez social life that even in wartime manages to be gay, exciting and ever active.

Phone Boyers: Also among the Montez-Aumont intimates are the Charles Boyers. Boyer corresponds with his fellow Frenchman Jean Pierre and will call Maria whenever he receives a letter to read it to her over the phone.

Shoes: Armed with her ration coupon, she is evidently going shopping for her special size-five shoes, the envy of other Hollywood women. If she wanted to add more vital statistics, she could say that she is five feet, seven inches tall, has brown eyes, unusual reddish-brown hair and a warm Latin-American personality that is the heritage of her birth in the Dominican Republic.

Cable bill: A reference, naturally, to those cables that fly overseas to her Jean Pierre. Should she want to be formal she might sign the receipt with her legal name of Maria Africa Gracia Vidal de Santo Silas, if she wanted to be "Hollywood" she would sign herself Maria Montez, but what she will write is that name that she wears proudly and brings her closest to the thoughts in her heart—Mrs. Jean Pierre Aumont.
Crime on My

The unpredictable Sanders gives Hollywood—and you—another shock, writes this murder mystery about himself, turns out a surprise-climax story Photoplay condenses here

Murder on a George Sanders set!

In the midst of a shooting scene, the star discovers an extra, Severance Flynne, lying dead, shot through the head with a .38. Since everyone else in the scene was carrying .45's except Sanders, who carried .38's, George decides, for the time being, to keep this information to himself while he seeks to trap the murderer. He searches Severance Flynne's hotel room, finds a clipping from an English paper that reads: "Lord Hake, head of one of our oldest families, died of pneumonia Friday at his home, the 'Woods.' His eldest son, Harry, met his death almost simultaneously in Mondesley when his Dalmier ran over an embankment. It is believed that he was hurrying to his father's bedside."

Knowing that the film shot at the time of the tragedy may hold a clue to the murderer, George gives out word that he has the film in his trailer dressing room, then sets up an electric searchlight beam that will flash on as soon as anyone crosses the threshold. Putting out all lights, he waits for his visitors, any one of whom may be the criminal.

To the trailer come:

His agent, Mona Lonesan and his press agent, Fred.

Lamar James, deputy of Sheriff Gerald Callahan, who is conducting the formal investigation.

Wanda Waite, glamour star, who had seen by Sanders himself frantically searching Flynne's room after the murder.

Listless Nelson, friend of Sammy, prop man who knows that it was George who carried .38's and who is helping George investigate.

Rieglerman, ambitious producer of the picture.

Paul, the casting director.

Curtis, the head cameraman.

Carla Felson, who is playing opposite George and who admits to having known Flynne in her pre-Hollywood past.

Sammy, the prop man.

No one of these visitors gives George any clues; all have logical explanations for their visits. However, Sanders discovers that someone one of them has carried off the roll of film. This necessitates reshooting the scene and George's changing his guns for .45's, since the .38's have disappeared. Both Sanders and Sammy realize that there is only one chance in a hundred that this switch of guns will not be noted by the script girl, Peggy.

They start filming the scene; the moment comes when George is to face the camera. His eyes are on Peggy, he sees her throw up a warning hand, about to stop the scene. Then fear screams from her eyes—and she topples forward, between her shoulder blades a circle of blue lights...

Some six hours after Peggy's death, I was in jail.

"The shot came from a point along your line of vision and extended beyond Miss Whittier," Lamar James told me. "The killer may think that you saw something—like Peggy Whittier—so you're next on his list. This is a protective arrest."

I stood up. James' brown eyes didn't waver before mine. "There were a couple of hundred others out there who could have seen what I did. Why single me out of the pack?"

He gave me a sly smile. "I know you're hiding something."

"There is one thing I'd like to see," I told him. "Peggy's notebook. She recorded everything she saw. If a scene was interrupted the director only needed to consult her to take up the scene again exactly as and where it was interrupted."

"She didn't have any notebook when I got there," James said. He stamped out, flushed with anger. And Melva arrived with Frank.

"We can't let you rot in a louse-infested cell," Melva protested.

"Any lice in this cell," I said pointedly, "came from outside, since I've been here."

I turned my back on them and looked stolidly at my bunk. To my surprise, they went away.

I didn't hear Sheriff Callahan until he spoke with bovine heartiness.

"There's no call to keep you any longer. I can't afford to get into no trouble with the federal men. Your agent was very nice about it, and I see where we was hasty."

I stood up. I walked out.

Lamar James drove up as I emerged into the sunlight. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

I told him.

"It doesn't matter. I think I've got the killer. I'm going to pick her up in a few minutes."

"Her?" I said. "Who?"

"Wanda Waite. Her fingerprints are all over Peggy Whittier's room. It's a little too coincidental to find 'em in Flynne's and Whittier's rooms both."

"Wanda didn't kill Flynne," I said, "and therefore had no reason to kill Peggy."

He replied, "I'm picking her up for questioning."

I followed him inside, to his laboratory. He put two battered chunks of lead under a microscope.

"They didn't come from the same gun," he said, "but they came from the same gun. Probably a pair of Smith and Wesson .38 Specials. Now, why didn't he use the same gun?"

"I came in here to tell you what I know," I told him. "My first suggestion is that you leave Wanda Waite out of the picture. She isn't guilty."

"What was she doing in his room, then?"

"I don't know. I watched her through the closet door, and I thought she was wiping her fingerprints off things."

"You watched her?" he exclaimed. "What the hell were you doing there?"

"Looking for a motive, of course."

"Did you find anything?"

"A newspaper clipping. I doubt if it means anything."

I told him what the clipping said.

"Where does Wanda fit into this?" he asked.

"She talked to him on the train coming up here. She says for the first time. He told her he came from Nebraska. He was on this job under false pretenses."

"How (Continued on page 95)"
She got to her feet, faced me challengingly, then took off her robe. "You'll admit I can make blood bubble."

Illustration by Leslie Benson
The house is lovely—the vegetables fresh

This is the picture of proud parents, Dana and Mary—and a daughter to be proud of.

Photographer Hymie Fink

Calling on

His cocker is quick to learn new tricks

He loves his pipe—and fixing the fire

It's always Victory-gardening time for Dana

Nursery-rhyme time for the cute Kathy
Dana Andrews

At home—in the San Fernando Valley—where he leads—and loves leading it—the simple life
Says Paul Lukas: "If you are too punctual, I know that men are always complaining that that's what women aren't, but I maintain that a too-punctual woman is likely to be a painfully exacting woman about other things—your favorite old smoking jacket, for instance. The really smart woman knows enough to keep you waiting just long enough to whet your desire to see her ... just long enough so that when she does appear, she makes an effective entrance. She doesn't, of course, keep you waiting until your nerves, your patience and your collar have begun to wilt. She has a sense of timing and that probably means she has a sense of proportion about most important things. Romance can't be conducted on a time-clock basis. A soupçon of leisureliness gives it charm."

Says Dana Andrews: "If you marry some other fellow! I can think of nothing which bruises the tender passion so thoroughly as the discovery that the lady of your dreams not only prefers someone else but that she prefers him so emphatically that she has gone and married the blighter. It's—it's disillusioning, that's what it is. Something happens inside your manly breast which can only be described as a 'thunk!' Your heart aches and your vanity aches and you view the entire feminine sex with a jaundiced, embittered eye. And when you rally from the 'thunk!' you begin to see clearly that the woman who has done this thing is a woman of no taste. What's more, she isn't even very pretty and why hadn't you noticed that before? Whatever did you see in her, anyhow?"

You'll ruin

—you court cupid this way! Six gentlemen

Says George Brent: "If you don't know how to say 'thank you' gracefully. A woman I know told her young daughter, 'Never thank anyone for anything. Acceptance is thanks enough.' I thought of this poor child the other day when I saw a friend taking a great deal of trouble to find the exact shade of camellias that he knew a certain sweet young thing prefers. I'd rather do things for her than any girl I know,' he admitted. 'She has a way of thanking me which makes me feel pretty good! The most subtle flattery a woman can give a man is the kind which makes him feel he's a man of taste and discernment. This girl doesn't gush; she merely makes you feel that what you've done for her is superlatively and sophisticatedly right. She's wonderful.'"
**Says Vincent Price:** “If you are too well groomed! Now, no one admires a fastidiously turned-out woman more than I do. But I’m talking about the girl who is so grimly concerned about her looks that she spoils her own and everybody else’s fun. Like the girl I saw at a garden party who retired to the powder room in tearful humiliation because she discovered she had a smudge on her nose. It was a cute nose and a well-placed smudge merely called attention to it! Or the girl at Mocambo who was ill-tempered all evening because a wandering breeze had disturbed her twenty-dollar hair-do as she got out of the car. A man likes a girl to whom occasional wind-in-the-hair is becoming. Give him credit for being able to see past a smudge—or even a dollop of mud on your pretty pan!”

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**Says Bill Eythe:** “If you don’t trust your guy. Once I was so bemused at the loveliness of the girl with whom I’d spent an evening that after I had left her at her door I drove to the beach to listen to the waves and think about her most sentimentally. Next day she called and demanded to know where I had gone after I left her—she had telephoned my home. Nothing would convince her that I hadn’t gone to see some other girl or to another party. Disappointment and then disgust welled up in me as she talked, her voice growing more and more rasping. All I could think of when she had hung up was whew! how lucky I had been to find out so soon that she was a suspicious, ill-tempered shrew. Perhaps she thought she was flattering me. I don’t know. But she certainly didn’t understand men!”

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**Says Zachary Scott:** “If you are too keen on being seen ‘in the right places and with the right people.’ This is a trait which reaches its nth degree in Hollywood where, when you take a pretty little thing out for the evening, she is likely to be so busy posturing for her ‘public’ or casting inviting glances at the candid cameramen that she has scarcely a moment to dance with her escort—or even to smile at him. If she doesn’t feel that she is being seen and admired, the evening is a failure for her. If a girl is really interested in attracting a man, it’s a good idea for her to give a little of her gracious attention to ‘the guy what brung her’ and who is also, if I may be so crass as to mention it, paying the check!”

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**romance if—**

speak out about some not-so-fair ladies’ tricks
Bette, painted in keen perspective, the lady with the definite likes and dislikes, as delightful as she is different

Portrait of the dynamic

She abhors the wearing of slacks in public.
She can’t stand tripe or crowds.
She smokes four to five packs of cigarettes every day.
She drinks coffee substitutes and never goes to a fortuneteller out of fear that she’ll believe what is told her. She is irritated by women’s voices.
She never uses salt.
She was christened Ruth Elizabeth Davis.
She is very fond of fog, rain, argumentation and onions.
She has had the measles four times, was born in Lowell, Mass., on April 5, 1908, and nurtures a frustrated desire to sing with a band.
She never eats sweets, has an unusual memory for names and faces, and when eight she attended a boarding school in the Berkshire Hills which left her vivid memories of riding and swimming and romping in the winter snows.
She wonders why women lie about their ages.
She is very fond of dancing, practical jokes and Mexican tequila.
Her name, Bette, was suggested by an aunt when she was thirteen and she adopted it because her father thought “it had a gay sound.”
She prefers a tub bath.
She is always forgetting where she left articles that she carries around with her. She doesn’t like air travel.
Bette Davis believes that the realization of an ambition never measures up to its original dream. She likes giving small barbecue dinners.
She likes kittens but not cats.
She was born in a three-story rambling frame house. Her favorite singers are Kirsten Flagstad and Bing Crosby. She disclaims any knowledge of the graphic arts.
She doesn’t like amusement parks.
She is easily approached, completely democratic and exceedingly fond of garlic. She subscribes to a book club but resents the idea.
Her clothes incline toward the darker colors and she hates eating alone or being in the house alone.

She wishes she had never made “In This Our Life.”
She likes singing hymns.
She has an aversion to doing anything just because it is good for her.
She eats Camembert with a spoon and no crackers.
She wants to learn Spanish, dotes on Somerset Maugham and is founder of the Hollywood Canteen and its most indefatigable worker.
She is blonde and was president of the Tailwagger Foundation, an organization sponsoring humane legislation for animals.
She likes watching tennis matches and horseshoe pitching.
She has never been seasick, doesn’t like beer and has never given in for collecting. She has blue eyes and thinks she might have made an exceptional interior decorator.
She was never called by a pet name, reads an average of three or four books a week and is born under a cold, leaden sky that alternately turned to sleet and rain.
She has two dogs—a scottie, “Tibbie,” and a miniature Doberman, “Karl.” She once visited Grant’s Tomb as a child on roller skates.
Her antecedents on her mother’s side were French Huguenots. She employs the touch system in typing, which she learned at school “as a reserve profession—just in case.”
She thinks golf unspeakably dull.
She is extremely embarrassed by flattery, likes the smell of a stable and would love to rearrange furniture in the houses she visits.
She hates shopping of any sort, especially for clothes.
She admires Ethel Waters, beautiful lingerie and anyone who can execute a lovely tango. Her father’s father was president of a small college for Negroes in Harper’s Ferry, W. Va. He was a Baptist minister.
Her pet extravagance is fine handkerchiefs. She swims, rides and plays a middling game of tennis. She is always made lonely by train whistles and ‘departing ships.
She loves boogie-woogie.
She never indulges in any fad of the moment and doesn’t give a hoot what fashion decrees. She has an unintentional abrupt manner on the telephone—as if she were in a hurry to catch a train—which those who do not know her well misunderstand.
When she was of toddler age she would shock her mother by bringing bugs, worms and other curious forms of animal life into the house. She once proffered her mother’s guests a dead field mouse.
Her ideal memory is of family picnics in the New England hills. She is very active in the training of guide dogs for the blind and is the bane of still photographers because she can’t sit still.
She would like someday to meet someone “who really understands Marcel Proust and James Joyce.”
She once succeeded in stopping smoking for three months.
She doesn’t care much for poetry but can recite the first verse of “The Midnight Ride Of Paul Revere.”
Bette Davis considers her most lamentable fault her inclination to blurt out her mind without careful consideration. Her home in Hollywood is California—New England, brick and half-timber.
She is secretly jealous of anyone who is a beautiful ballroom dancer and rates “Dark Victory” her best picture.
She wears earrings and a chain bracelet with eggs and a goose on it. She longs someday to visit Russia and is never satisfied with her screen work.
She has no patience with women who are careless of their appearance.
She is superstitious about rain because it was always raining when her best “breaks” came.
She likes wearing red combs in her hair and during the first few years in Hollywood she refused to buy a home due to a horror of owning anything in Hollywood that she couldn’t pack up overnight and take back to New England.
She sleeps on her side, never reads mystery stories and thinks fatalism largely a lazy philosophy.
She reacts perversely towards holidays, feeling too sad to enjoy them. She likes to sleep until eleven when not working.

She doesn't like necklaces.

She hates coloratura sopranos.

She enjoys having her breakfast in bed, which usually consists of orange juice, eggs (very well done) and coffee substitute.

Her uncle was bishop of Aroostook County, Maine. She has been told she was headstrong when she was a child. She recalls that her mother told her that when her sister, Barbara, two years her junior, was born, Bette, discovering the baby in her crib, picked her up and carried her to her mother's bed, saying, in effect: "This is where you are going to stay!" She wasn't going to brook any trespassing on her domain! Her sister lives with her today.

She studied dancing under Rosshana, a young Englishwoman. She has worn braces on her teeth "half of her life," the last time while she was tested for a screen career.

She is embarrassed by lavish gifts.

She used to bet on horse races but found herself so lucky she quit. "I suppose that's the New England in me. One must earn what one gets."

She enjoys vegetable gardening, but only on her farm in New Hampshire.

She was once turned down for a part by Eva Le Gallienne, who thought Bette "did not take the theater seriously enough." She was once fired from a George Cukor show.

She wrote her mother while studying at Cushing Academy, inspired more by self-dramatism than self-sacrifice, offering to wait on tables for a part of her tuition. To her great surprise and chagrin, her mother thanked her for her thoughtfulness and approved. Bette says she wept bitterly.

The finest actress the American screen has produced says, "My ideal of a perfect existence is to live three months in Acapulco, Mexico, three months in New Hampshire and work six months in Hollywood."
Bob—the young fellow with the beautiful wife, the bigger and better career and the kind of life that keeps both Huttons—and everyone else—looking up

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

If you had to describe Bob Hutton in a few words, you could say: "He's shy, tall, gangling, shy, serious, boyish and shy." Oh, his driver's license probably gives the facts that he's six feet two, aged twenty-four, with blue eyes and light-brown hair. And Warner Brothers Studio proudly announces that he's played big parts in "Destination Tokyo," "Janie," "Hollywood Canteen" and "Roughly Speaking"—and that he's due for an even bigger role in "Rendezvous."

But your description would still be more accurate... particularly that word "shy," which keeps his life at an emotional boiling point.

Take the little event that happened a few weeks ago, when young Bob and his pretty wife Natalie were dining at Romanoff's restaurant, a few blocks away from their Beverly Hills apartment. They were in the middle of their trout with almonds when Prince Mike Romanoff himself appeared at their table with the offer of two tickets to the "Going My Way" premiere that night—in fact, only a half-hour distant. Overcome with pleasure, Bob seized the tickets and he and Natalie hastily downed the rest of dinner and scurried home to change into formal clothes and then appear at the klieg-lit theater. Out on the light-flooded sidewalk, Bob heard a chorus of voices from the onlookers scream, "There's Bob Hutton!" Pleased as a peacock, he marched along to a wave of cheers—and then, to his horror, found himself dragged to the microphone.

"And here's Bob Hutton!" shouted the affable master-of-ceremonies. "All ready with a little speech for us! Speak, Bob!" he added glowingly to Bob.

This was just like asking a stone to give the Gettysburg Address. Bob stood there in misery, shaken with tremors, white with terror. After a second the m.c. shouted jovially into the mike again, "Give us a word, Bob!" Then Natalie, giggling at her miserable spouse, gave him a push. So he managed to get his mouth open—and literally pantomimed a speech! Not a sound came forth... as Natalie told him later, after rescuing him from the microphone with another push and dragging his tottering form after her into the darkness of the theater!

And that incident describes Bob to perfection—his inarticulateness, his boyishness, his shyness. That explains why even Hollywood's deepest cynics like him—and why you'll find the young Robert Huttons at every exclusive filmom party. Bob and Natalie like parties so they accept all invitations. And then he inevitably has some humiliating experience that turns him an anguished red—and thoroughly endears him to the other guests!

Like the famous time he first attended a Cary Grant—Barbara Hutton party, in the days when they were still happily married. These were also the days when the Huttons were newlyweds and Bob escorted Natalie wearing his pride and dignity like an overcoat. Shyness swept over him at sight of such illustrious guests as Rosalind Russell, the William Powells, Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini—but it subsided as the formal dinner progressed. Right after dinner (Continued on page 111)
Wilde about love

Cornel—who belongs to Patricia, the girl with the green eyes who discovered this endearing guy with the plus personality way before Hollywood did

BY SARA HAMILTON

Here were dozens of girls walking up Broadway that September afternoon seven years ago. But Cornel Wilde, spying one particular girl, didn’t even see the others. And, really, it has been that way ever since.

That girl’s joy of living was bright in her chameleon-green eyes and she was straight and slim. All of which would have been enough. But she also had honey-colored hair.

Cornel followed her into a drugstore. While she drank a coke he popped into a telephone booth and carried on a conversation that was as animated as it was imaginary. Then, in a sudden lucid moment—the first he had had for fifteen minutes and the last he was to have for much longer than that—he knew he could not pursue that girl further. She obviously wasn’t that type.

Alone in his shabby hotel room that evening Cornel was lonelier and more frightened than he had ever been before. Not because he was broke and out of a job. These things had no power to frighten him any more. But the realization that he likely would never see that girl again threw him into a panic. He was in love with her. He knew this in the unalterable way we so often comprehend those things that are beyond reason.

Two days later, however, he met his love again; getting into an elevator in Radio City. Promptly he resorted to the oldest line in man’s repertoire. “Haven’t we met before?” He had no time to think up anything more original, lest she escape him—this time forever!

She shook her head and smiled. “In some agent’s office,” Cornel suggested.

Again there was smiling denial. “Well, you are an actress, aren’t you?” he demanded. No smile accompanied her denial this time. Frantic now Cornel asked for a date.

Her eyes turned scornful. She began to walk way. “Don’t go off like that,” he said. “Look! I just want to tell you that you ought to have a screen test—that you ought to go see my agent!”

She promised she would. And his agent, influenced by her beauty and a humanitarian instinct in Cornel’s direction, signed her to a contract.

Then and there the courtship of Cornel Wilde, twenty-two, young, aspiring actor, and Patricia Blake, nineteen, young, aspiring dancer of Boston, Massachusetts, was on.

Cornel told Pat very frankly how things were. “When I take you out,” he explained, “we’ll have to eat on due bills.” Due bills, he explained, were a restaurant’s way of paying for advertising; cards which allowed the purchase of food at greatly reduced prices. Unfortunately the card Cornel had bought somewhere was for an oyster house. Consequently night after night he and Pat had to eat fish.

After dinner, if Cornel was lucky enough to get a pass, they went to a big Broadway movie house. Otherwise they found a theater on a side street, admission fifteen cents, where the sound track went past right in der Fuehrer’s face or the face of anyone else that happened to be on the screen.

It was a (Continued on page 85)
On a wave of popularity is Bob Walker. Wave Blair of Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania, wants "a picture of him, ready for a date, carrying candy and flowers." He is her favorite star and starred in her favorite picture, "See Here, Private Hargrove." Bob willingly consented, and here he is—ready with flowers and candy—and an extra-special smile for the Navy!

"I would like to see Kathryn Grayson," requests Sgt. Allison, "sewing a patch on a pair of trousers. Maybe I had better tell you a little about myself. I am from Louisville, Kentucky. I have been in the Marines for two years. Was overseas for a year in the South Pacific. I was a gunner in a dive-bomber." Here she is, Dennis, patch and pants, and happy about it too.

Corporal William Lambert, furloughing in his hometown, Kirkville, Missouri, writes: "I would like very much for you to get a picture of Faye Emerson, waist up, smiling, and wearing my division insignia which I have enclosed." Here she is—just as Hymie Fink's camera caught her—smiling glamour-girl Faye is proud to be wearing the insignia, especially for you, Bill!
On these pages each month are specially posed pictures of the stars. The original picture, autographed by the star, goes to the boy or girl in the service who requested it. We invite you to try your luck. Tell us what you'd like to see your favorite star doing and why, and our photographer Hymie Fink will do his best to oblige. Address your request to: Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. — give the name of your home town and enclose your own snapshot. Sorry, we can't return it.
Cadets ON CALL

Opening the way to a wonder career for American women, one that will banish loneliness, offer personal triumph—and hasten the return of our American men

BY SUSANNA FOSTER

Much of my mail these days is from you girls, girls of my own age, whose guys—husbands, boy friends, brothers—are far away fighting.

These girls are lonesome and confused. The safe tenor of their every-day lives is bitterly frustrating, when the boys they love are far away doing a dirty and dangerous job, and dying, some of them, in the doing of it.

"Isn't there something, Susanna," they write, "that a girl can do, to help them—through it, to bring the boys back faster?"

I know how they feel.

When this war started I nearly drove my family and my studio bosses crazy with wild threats to cut off my hair, throw away my makeup, stop singing and acting (for me, the ultimate sacrifice!), stop making movies, and fight! First I was going to be a ferry pilot. The only trouble with that was that I couldn't fly. All right, I'd be a WAC or a WAVE.

Fortunately, one of my friends who operates less on impulse and more on brains took hold of my shoulders and gave me a good shaking. She pointed out that I was doing a vital war job, one for which I was already trained and in action.

For motion pictures, she reminded me, are considered by the armed forces as a vital form of relaxation to our fighting men. So the best contribution I could make was to keep on making motion pictures as fast as I could and as many as I could until the war was over.

She was right.

And that's what I'm doing. Only I'm doing something else along with it. Something that has taken away that awful sense of frustration and has given me more of a thrill than any picture I shall ever make.

You can do it, too.

Last spring I graduated as a full-fledged nurses' aide. It is the very best thing I can imagine to make me feel a real and vital part of the war effort. I only wish I had full time to give. Knowing what I know now about the wonderful sense of satisfaction that comes from nursing I would have enlisted without a moment's hesitation in the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps. What a wonderful opportunity that is for all women—to heal and restore those who have been wounded in the service of their country—to guard the health of those on the home front.

Perhaps the best way to prove to you how much being a Cadet Nurse can mean to you is to tell you what being a nurses' side has meant to me. There was one incident I shall never forget. It happened while I was training at Los Angeles County Hospital.

A patient in one of the rooms assigned to me had undergone a major operation. He had come down from the operating room suffering from post-operative shock and was sinking very fast. My supervisor ordered me to go at once to the blood bank for plasma. Not a minute must be lost. I was on a life-saving mission—upon the speed with which I accomplished it depended the patient's chance for recovery.

Up to that time my work had consisted largely of routine duties, bathing patients, taking temperatures, giving medications, doing my best to make the patients comfortable. But this gave me a thrill that I had never experienced before—a thrill that comes from a sense of vital responsibility.

I hurried off, trying to remember not to run. The hospital corridors seemed to stretch endlessly before me—it seemed an agonizing length of time until I got to the blood bank. I gave the nurse the slip of paper which the supervisor had given me requesting the plasma. She selected a bottle from the shelf.

"Handle it carefully, young lady. It's very precious."

As if I didn't know how precious it could be to my patient lying there fighting for his life! I thought of the unknown person who had given his blood to make the plasma—it seemed even more precious. The bottle became suddenly heavy—like so much pure gold... My arms began to ache from clutching the bottle so tightly. I was indescribably grateful when the supervisor took the priceless burden from my clenched hands and went into the patient's room to give the transfusion.

She was so calm and I was so panicky that it made me feel stupid. But I couldn't be calm. I kept telling myself, "A human life depends on this bottle. Part of another life to save another life. I'd be spilling human life on the floor if I dropped it." I don't think I'll ever be so scared for the rest of my life—scared and excited (Continued on page 118)
Susanna Foster, Universal star, posing as a Cadet Nurse.
Dear Miss Colbert:

At first I wasn’t going to write to you, but when I read some of your answers to people who are as bewildered as I am, I was reassured. I met my husband in England a year ago. He is an American soldier who was stationed there and who has been fighting for both our countries. He came, one evening, to a canteen in which I was working and we fell to talking together. He showed me pictures of his parents, his home and his fiancée—a lovely American girl. He was eager to talk, so we became friends. I saw him quite frequently after that and fell very much in love with him even though I knew it was hopeless.

Then a wonderful thing happened. He told me that he loved me, too, and that he had written to his fiancée, breaking their engagement. We were married in England.

Sometime later my husband was wounded and sent home for complete recuperation, so naturally I accompanied him to this country. Everything was fine at his family home while he was there, but when he was sent to a government hospital for further treatment, his mother and father showed me quite frankly that I was no longer welcome. It seems that they were very fond of the other girl and still resent me.

Will you please help me to decide whether I should leave here, get a job and rent an apartment, and in so doing disappoint my husband who wanted me to become friends with his family, or should I remain and try to make his folks like me?

Mrs. Madgel J.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have a problem which I don’t know how to handle or conquer. I have been in the Army for almost three years and like it fine. I am twenty-two, have a good build and am fairly good-looking.

Two years ago I met a girl with whom I fell very madly in love and I still love her in spite of everything. We were to get married in November when she was to get her vacation. But we keep getting orders to be on the alert and wait for our orders to ship out.

I told her about this and she (Continued on page 66)
Her Ring—a beautiful diamond with baguette on each side. It is set in a platinum band.

Mary Florence McKenna of Chicago, engaged to Lt. John Christopher Mullen, Marine Corps Flyer

At Barat College Mary folds bandages each week—the veil an immaculate frame for her flower-fresh face. Bandage quotas must be filled. Work with the group in your community!

She's Lovely!

Mary’s dream-sweet face has the shining, unsophisticated beauty of the first spring snowdrops.

She is another engaged girl with that soft-smooth “Pond’s look” about her.

“I have ever so sensitive skin,” Mary says, “and Pond’s Cold Cream seems to be just what I need—it’s such a fine, soft, lovely cream, it just makes my face feel grand—so clean and so smooth.”

Mary’s Beauty Care with Pond’s

She slips Pond’s luscious Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats on briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more Pond’s Cold Cream—going over her face with little spiral whirls of her white, cream-coated fingers. Tissues off. “I adore the nice extra clean, extra soft feeling this gives my skin,” she says.

Use your Pond’s Cold Cream Mary’s way—every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups too! It’s no accident so many more girls and women use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price. Ask for the luxurious big jar—and help save glass. You’ll enjoy it more, too, because you can dip the fingers of both hands in this wide-topped big Pond’s jar.

Mary Florence McKenna—adorable young Bride-to-be of Marine Corps Flyer

She uses Pond’s!

A few of the Pond’s Society Beauties

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr.
The Countess of Carnarvon
Mrs. Charles Morgan, Jr.
Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III
The Lady Tennyson
Dear Private J:
The first thing for you to do is to get back those stripes! Love may come and go, but rank goes on forever. Suppose, when your girl received your letter, she had done what you did in equivalent? Suppose she had run away from her job and alienated her best friends?

You would have found that a little silly, wouldn't you?

After all, the fact that you enjoyed the company of a strange girl and spent an entire day with her was quite as much a breach of faith as your subsequent act as a sailor.

Most men would probably say, "Well, that's different. A fellow can go out once with a strange girl and it doesn't mean anything, but a girl who dates another fellow when I'm away is likely to get emotionally involved." That's the male viewpoint. The feminine viewpoint is that one date or a dozen dates make no difference; it's the readiness to date another person that counts.

Keep yourself busy earning those stripes again and let the romantic portion of your life adjust itself.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am twenty-eight years old, a graduate of a junior college and I have also had one year of business school. I have taught school and worked in the accounting departments of business offices.

In February, 1943, I met a young man who is in the armed forces and fell very hard for him. I threw discretion to the four winds and spent one whirlwind night with him. Soon after he was sent overseas; he had been gone only a short time when I realized that I was pregnant. I went to a strange city where I had one friend and secured work there. I worked until a week before my child was born, January 21, 1944. I soon realized that I was going to have to place her in a nursery until I could get re-established.

I simply must make some arrangement to work and take care of her. I realize that it seems that I have been very foolish. I would like to make this point clear: I have never acted in such a way before and my habits have been above reproach. What happened is deeply regretted. My baby's father does not expect to return to the States for at least a year, but he says that he does not intend to evade his responsibility and I feel that he is sincere. We cannot be married by proxy; his religious beliefs does not permit it. I have come to the conclusion that the only thing for me to do is to secure a position as a domestic servant, but I realize that not many homes want a domestic with a small child.

Do you know of anyone who might be interested and who would employ a servant in my circumstance? I am in perfect health. I have lived on a farm most of my life and know how to cook and keep house.

Eugenia M.

Dear Eugenia M:
Your decision in finding a position as a domestic in a home sounds to me like an excellent solution to your problem.

In this way, you will have the opportunity of having your child with you. I am sure you will have no trouble in finding a position and suggest you advertise your wants in your newspaper.

My best wishes for your success.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
When I was thirteen my father was killed in active duty overseas and eventually my mother started going out with a boy friend.

This man is much too courteous to me when my mother is around, but when she isn't he is cruel.

I finally told my mother what was happening behind her back, but she said I was foolish, he only meant to be affectionate. I think I know where affection quits and something else begins.

Sibyl A.

Dear Sibyl:
It seems to me that the best thing to do is to treat this man with courtesy but to avoid him at all times.

It may be that he means you no harm and that he is just trying to impress you with his charm.

Don't take this too seriously, keep out of the gentleman's sight and believe that this will work out. If he is really an unpleasant person, your mother will discover it for herself.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am a young man of twenty-five. Was home on leave shortly before going overseas. I was a victim of a hasty war marriage. I love my wife very much and I trusted her to the fullest extent. But recently she wrote and informed me that since I have gone she has had two habits. One she knows I know about, but the other must belong to someone else. She swears that both are mine, but I've been gone too long.

In spite of this I'm still deeply in love with my wife and I still think she loves me.

A Troubled Marine.

Dear Private X:
My sympathies are entirely with you. I think that you have been shamefully betrayed by your wife, but I'm afraid that statement isn't going to help much either. I don't blame you for being in love with your wife, despite what has happened. One of the most enthralling qualities of love is that emotion is not a faucet, to be turned off or on at will.

It would seem to me that you have two choices: Either you continue your relationship with your wife or you have to lose her. If you decide that you wish to continue your life with her, you must be prepared to explain this badly explained baby and treat it exactly as if it were your own.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am thirty-five years old and have been married six years. My husband is forty-seven. Before marriage I taught school ten years.

I met my husband in the town in which I was teaching and he led me to believe that he was well able, financially, to support me.

Shortly after we were married I learned that not only was he unable to support me but his aged parents were entirely dependent upon him. I have worked as steadily as possible. I have had two children, both of whom died in infancy.

Two weeks ago my husband decided to move in with his parents. He says I owe it to him and his parents to undertake burdens I am not physically able to bear. His mother is bedridden and it is almost impossible to get help in this isolated farming section. There are no modern improvements on their farm—none but running water.

I feel that I would only be a household slave. The farm is willed to a daughter who lives in a big city, but who has never—in recent years—visited them or contributed anything to their support.

Although I am very fond of my husband, I shrink before the prospect of becoming a drudge for an elderly people for whom I have neither respect nor liking. My husband maintains that I am selfish, spoiled and stubborn.

Mrs. Adams T. J.

Dear Mrs. J:
Frankly, I don't think that you are the member of the family who is selfish, spoiled and stubborn.

Under no circumstances do I think you should give up your teaching. You have trained yourself for a profession that is in desperate need at this time of every available member. As you are devoted to your work, I suspect that you are giving a splendid intellectual start to literally thousands of boys and girls. If you were not physically able, I should think it would be very generous of you if you would visit your parents-in-law, bringing them small gifts. If you were not devoting your salary to their comfort, well and good. But I think you should do nothing to endanger your health or to remove yourself from your chosen work.

Claudette Colbert.
Texture! Cling! Fragrance! You expect all these things in fine face powder. And rightly so. The new Revlon Face Powder, of course, gives you all three . . . and more!

For really, it's color that changes your complexion from wan ivory to shell pink . . . from a despondent tan to a glowing tan . . . from sallowness to radiance. Yes, it's color that makes the difference.

And who knows more about color than Revlon? It's been said, "When Revlon brings out a new shade in nail enamel and lipstick the whole nation's fingertips and lips change color."

Now it's "Pink Lightning," Revlon's new face powder color, that's changing the complexion of the nation. So why don't you try this singing new face powder color today . . . one of 9 custom-made Revlon blends and see the instant improvement in your looks!

THE BIG DIFFERENCE IN FACE POWDER IS COLOR BY Revlon
(Continued from page 33) nearly knocked me cold when he said he hadn't seen the picture yet.

"What!" I gasped. We had found a couple of chairs on the sidelines in a quiet spot.

"It's just this, Louella," Bing explained, "Leo McCarey and I had our hearts so much in that picture that I couldn't stand to see the rushes every day as we shot the picture. And then I got cold feet again about the preview. I want to see the film some day when I just slip into a theater—

with just an average audience. To me 'Going My Way' wasn't just another movie. Can't help feeling this way about it."

I asked him how he and Leo McCarey happened to get the idea of Bing's playing a young priest. "It was inspired by a song," he answered. "Several years ago a young priest wrote 'Love Sends A Little Gift Of Roses' and it became a hit right away. This padre with the gift for song-writing gave Leo the idea. Another thing about my not seeing it yet is that I want to see it with the kids.

"Maybe they won't be as proud of their old man as I would like them to be, because the real actor in that picture is Barry Fitzgerald. How can he compete?"

All along when anyone has tried to praise Bing for his performance he has quietly turned the conversation to Fitzgerald. "If he doesn't pack home the Oscar," says Bing, "there's no justice. And as far as I am concerned there "ain't" no justice if Bing doesn't just have to take home his own. He will never let anyone know what it would mean to him. But I know how he loves those kids and that it would be the crowning achievement of his life if he could "pack it home" to Dixie and the kids.

Since "Going My Way" is undoubtedly his favorite movie, I asked him how he happened to get on a price-fight theme like "The Great John L." to launch himself as a producer.

"I enjoy going to the fights and I have always liked sports of all kinds," he explained. "I read a book on the history of John L. Sullivan and I thought it had so much color it would make a good movie."

"It gave me a bright idea. "How about your own life story for a movie?" I suggested. Certainly the crooning history of Harry Lillis Crosby is colorful and it's packed with human-interest angles.

"It would have a big cast, too," he laughed, "with all my family. He wasn't speaking of his immediate family alone but also of the entire Crosby clan. His brother, Everett, is his agent. I don't need to tell you what Bob Crosby does.

Through the years crooners have come and gone, but old Massa Bing, like Old Man River, keeps rolling along. When the Frank Sinatra craze was at its height and Frankie was hailed as Crosby's successor, Bing didn't start a feud, but pulled, instead, a Madame Récamier. She was the lady who said: "Make friends of your enemies."

Bing cultivated the skinny Frankie whose yelping fans nearly destroyed him. He taught him golf, introduced him to his cronies, including Bob Hope, and crowned before the newreels singing "People Will Say We're In Love" with Frankie. Audiences ate it up. Bing was going stronger than ever in spite of "the competition."

THE big thing on his mind this day, however, was his trip overseas. I've never seen him so animated or so enthusiastic about any project. At the time he thought it was going to Honolulu and eventually to the South Pacific to join up with Bob Hope. But suddenly all this was changed. At the last minute he was routed from San Francisco to New York because the USO hoped that our Bing would be the first American entertainer in Paris.

He did go Paris—way, appearing for our boys in the armed forces, crooning propaganda to the GIs.

They have always liked "Der Bingle." It is typical of Bing to have done this, and that trip will go down as a legend.

There are few things he has done as much as Bing—in his proverbially quiet way. He has paid out of his own pocket for records of his most popular songs that have been sent overseas. And without any publicity about it he wrote "Duke The Spook" for the 400th Bombardment Squad and every nickel that comes from the song will go into their fund.

"Of course song hits don't travel as fast overseas as they do here at home," he explained. "I'm still getting requests from our men overseas for hits of several months ago, including 'I'll Be Seeing You' and 'Swaying On A Star.' The old favorites are hot, too—'Melncholy Baby' and 'It Had To Be You.'"

Bing, himself, tires of popular songs quickly. After he has sung them for a couple of weeks or months (with the most popularity) he doesn't care if he never hears them again. "The melodies just don't stand up with really beautiful songs like 'Silent Night,"' he says.

I came away liking Bing better than I ever had before—and determined to see it that he continues "Going My Way."
A good citizen relaxes. Her regular job (which is the work a man used to do) is full-time and demanding. Then, she manages to squeeze in extra time at volunteer work. So, her sleep must be sound. And it is! For she sleeps on a Beautyrest mattress. If you own a Beautyrest, cherish it as you do the family silver. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those ingenious little ventilators which keep it clean and fresh! We don't know when you can buy another. Simmons is deep in war production. If you need a mattress now, inspect the WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, plump and resilient, with many layers of fine cotton! $39.50. We hope you're lucky enough to get hold of a Beautyrest Box Spring. There's a limited quantity of them for sale at $39.50 each. A wonderful Box Spring for your White Knight!

BEAUTYREST - The World's Most Comfortable Mattress.

P. S. DID YOU BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS WEEK?
(Continued from page 35) good to hear. "But please," she says, "do not believe all the columnists say about me. I haven't announced two of Olivia's beauties. I couldn't, if I wanted to—which I don't. I have my own!"

"And my much publicized fishing trip with Paul Hesse was not a week end as some reporters insisted. It was something of one day!"

"We drove to Sherwood Lake, Paul and I, where we fished for bass and caught bass! The moon came up. We drew closer to our fire. And drank old wine. . . ."

"Not only have I just discovered men," she exclaimed, "I also have just discovered women. That really is one of the nicest things about this new life of mine. I have good women friends whom I once wouldn't have believed it would be possible for me to have. They're young and attractive. They offer competition I can really enjoy. Maria Montez is a divine girl—and smart. . . . I'm very fond of Gene Tierney. . . . In other words, I'm not a green-eyed dragon any more."

There is scarcely any need for her to be a green-eyed dragon any more, of course. Other women perhaps have reason to be green-eyed because of her. Never married woman, however. Count on that! In Hollywood, in Canada on a Bond tour, in New York at the St. Regis, in her little house in Connecticut the most charming, delightful, gay, stimulating men fairly swarm around her.

It's good to see a girl who never was sure of herself become confident and proud. Last day is a bad day for a fad hail from the pale, frail girl who arrived in Hollywood only a handful of years ago to work as secretary and general helpmate to her sister, Olivia de Havilland.

Finally Joan did a few plays, in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Then she signed a movie contract but didn't work for a long time. When she did work neither her roles nor her productions suited her.

Her engagement to Conrad Nagel, much her senior, never seemed too happy or glamorous. The photographs taken of them together never showed them glowing. On the contrary, many felt it was the deep unhappiness they both knew at the time that drew them together and held them together—until Brian Aherne came along.

Joan fell head over heels in love with Brian. He was so charming and handsome. He was older than Joan but he had a sense of play. And having spent most of her life with her nose in a book, she gravitated toward Brian's fine learning and culture.

"It's a great mystery to me why Brian should have fallen in love with me and asked me to be his wife," she said primly, one day shortly after she was married. "I'm such a little goose!" Whereupon Brian answered, smiling, "Maybe it is because you are a little goose that I love you."

So it was only natural Joan felt insecure when women who had reached out gaily all their lives for what they wanted—even other women's husbands—proceeded to assail Brian. She didn't know how to cope with them. She could only smile brightly and die a hundred little deaths inside.

It also is natural enough—although Joan probably never thought of it—that Brian, distinguished gentleman of the theater, lost for a time in pictures that were unworthy of him, should be a little non-plussed when he saw the little goose he had married acquiring brilliance and wit, carrying off Academy Awards, giving performances which fulfilled even his high standards, outdistancing him. Under such circumstances a man's ego feeds hungrily upon the admiration of other women. This may not have been true of Brian, who is more civilized and intelligent than most. But it has been the case innumerable times before and it will be again.

WHEN, married to Brian, Joan found herself tortured by emotional insecurity, she resented it. Then she decided, "I won't spend my entire life in this miserable state. I won't throw my youth away. I'm going to do whatever I must do to be happy."

So there was, inevitably, a divorce.

And now, instead of looking backwards and sighing over past trials and tribulations, Joan is concentrating upon today when, in spite of criticism, she is having the time of her life.

She has exciting clothes, lovely houses in Beverly Hills and Connecticut where she always revels between pictures because, she says, "New England is home to me. The people there, are, somehow, my kind of people."

Last autumn Joan and a good friend and this friend's five daughters spent a week on Fisher's Island, off the Connecticut shore. They had a wonderful time. They sailed and swam, cooked supper on the beach.

Whatever comes she enjoys it to the full—that's the way she is today, gloriously responsive.

YOUR LOVELY CHOICE IS

Jeanne Crain

as winner of Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll. You'll find her on page 37.

Your second choice is Turhan Bey appearing on page 46.

Whom would you like to see pictured in Photoplay? Send in the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of ................................ in Photoplay
I had breakfast with her when she was in New York. She was lovely to look at, her smooth gold hair parted in the center was bound loosely in a net in her neck. She wore a pale blue housecoat of brocade. Her eyes were bright. There was a heady quality in her laughter.

"I am a truly emancipated woman," she declared. "I did my study at home all over. In it I have hung my fishing trophies. In it I have the marvelous, wonderful Capehart which Dwight Whitney has lent me—until I can get one of my own."

She was planning the party she would give when "Frenchman's Creek" opened on Broadway. A buffet—big cheese and fish and such on a table in her drawing room. Then the theater. Supper—a divine supper—afterwards on the St. Regis roof. She would wear a white satin blouse cut low but otherwise very demure and a long black skirt. She would invite, among others, an Englishman from the Foreign Office, a major who left Hollywood for the Air Corps, Tom Craven, the author, and his darling wife, Alleen. She would, Joan explained, look after everyone after she left. For she would have to dash before supper was over, she felt sure. She was booked on a plane for California that would take off somewhere after midnight.

Also, for all Joan's gaiety she has not forgotten we are at war. She is a nurse's aide. Among other trying, difficult duties she has worked in neurotrophic wards seven hours a day. She pays her huge income tax without a demur. She has invested heavily in War Bonds. She goes on long rigorous drives to stimulate the sale of Bonds in Canada as well as here at home. But when she plays she plays with a gaiety and a love of life she never possessed before. She is not, in a way, unlike the reckless Donna she plays so bewitchingly in "Frenchman's Creek."

"I think," Joan says, "an effort towards gaiety is important right now. It strengthens home morale. Therefore, it keeps health at a higher level. Which is why I rejected four scripts—all sad, dreary or war pictures—to do "Affairs Of Susan." Susan is a wonderful woman, four different women, really. As Susan I wear thirty-eight different modern costumes. I wanted to make a picture that was lively and gay—for my own sake, because it suits my mood now."

It would be no use to ask Joan with whom she rode on the Staten Island Ferry, who sent the flowers which overflowed her suite that day I breakfasted with her, which gentleman took her hansom-cabbing the night before. She's much too much of a lady to flaunt her conquests.

But you know by all the subtle signs that she is having a grand fling.

She wants to marry again, she says. "A man much smarter than I am." She also wants lots of children. She knows in time her career will not exert the hold upon her that it does today. Also she is normal and intelligent enough to realize the rooted everyday things are the only things which sustain a woman for any great length of time.

Meantime, however, you cannot be with her without partaking of some of her gaiety, without thinking in terms of old wine in the moonlight, without being keenly and excitingly aware of how glamorous and wonderful life must be for her right now—successful and rich, young and beautiful—and having a fling.

THE END

YOUR LOCAL THEATER
PRESENTS "SIXTH WAR BOND DRIVE!" BE SURE TO BUY YOUR BOND

BRENDA BRITTON, APPEARING IN
"TILL WE MEET AGAIN," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

There's "Come Hither"
in Barbara Britton's Hands

Darling Barbara Britton!
Every girl can have hands so delightful, so soft and feminine, she says.

Every girl can have Barbara Britton's own hand care.

And Jergens Lotion hand care is "special," practically professional. Yet easy and simple as can be. Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion are so exceptional for helping rough skin to longed-for smoothness that many doctors prescribe them.

Stickiness? None. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Don't worry over rough, chapped hands. Start now to use Jergens Lotion.

Personal Hand Care of the Stars; they use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1

JERGENS LOTION FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS
(Continued from page 47) an expanse of midriff, showing about as much as Lana Turner does when she wears a two-piece bathing suit. His hips were covered with an accordion-pleated skirt, every fold pressed in knife-like precision. He wore hand-tooled sandals and a short sword.

As the cameras rolled, Turhan began his dialogue for the scene, but in a moment he began to act in an odd and unusual manner. He swat ed the air viciously with his cupped hand. He slashed out with an overhand right; he slapped at something on the left. The director called a halt. "What in heck is the matter?" he asked. Turhan turned solemnly to the director and said, "This set has to be cleared of insects. A bee was trying to sting me. It is a breach of my contract."

"Contract?" responded the puzzled director.

"Yes, contract." Bey mischievously administered the clincher, "I am not required to appear in 'B' pictures. It says so in the small print."

Until a very short time ago, Turhan was hardly ever seen at a night spot or at big parties. But if you went to the small French and Italian restaurants, you'd find him laughing gaily and holding hands with Susanna Foster. Both admitted freely that the other was about the nicest person in the world, but both denied any serious romance. Turhan said, "We are very good friends. Susy loves music and so do I. We go downtown, jammage around the records, buy them and go home and listen to them. We have so many laughs together and I certainly wouldn't miss the hours I spend with Susy."

Lately, Turhan has discovered Lana Turner who, since her divorce from Steven Crane, has been rather foot-loose. They are a stunning couple and the glimpses of Lana in Turhan's almond-shaped, slanting black eyes. The question is: How long will it last?

If you ask him what kind of women he likes, he will give you one of those inimitable little smiles at the same time sad and gay, old and young, sweet and bitter. "I don't know, there are a lot types. Or, rather, a man doesn't fall in love with a type. He likes a woman for a million and one reasons—because she's beautiful, because she has charm, witty, good-hearted, even sometimes because she's temperamental, and I don't mean the latter as a derogatory quality. Every woman alive who wants not only to attract a man, but to keep him, must have a grain of temperment in her. You can't say I like only blondes, brunettes, or redheads. Often-times one doesn't even notice what color a woman's hair is because she may have something in her eyes, or her nose may tilt in a fascinating way, and one never gets around to looking at her hair.

"I would rather say a woman of thought to his work."

Skipping from the subject of women, Turhan went on talking about himself. "When I was very young I lived in Turkey, but most of my youth was spent all over Europe as the son of a wealthy and influential Turkish diplomat. I suppose one can say that I was born with a golden spoon in my mouth and it never occurred to me that that kind of living wouldn't go on.

"When the war broke out, Mother and I came over here. I barely knew enough English to ask for scrambled eggs and toast at the Empire State Building, Grant's Tomb and Third Avenue, that I spent weeks and weeks convincing myself that all this was reality."

"When we moved out here, we did so because of the climate and not because I ever in my wildest dreams, thought of going into movies. I went to the Pasadena house when I thought it would be an easy and excellent way of learning how to speak English. As far as I remember, I was carrying a spear across the stage in 'B.' Warners decided to test me. Well, the rest you know. I was signed up. I made pictures, plenty of them, mostly in the 'B' class, but gradually and not very quickly I became the man who gets the girl."

Turhan, tall, a little above the prescribed six feet, which is necessary for a top Hollywood lover. He's broad-shouldered, looks nice in tweeds. Not actually handsome—his forehead is rather low, his nose is just a nose and neither adds nor detracts from the harmony of his face. His mouth has a smile, and whatever else it takes to make the majority of the females turn romantic. The slight air of mysticism which surrounds him is the chief reasons for making him so attractive to women.

Turhan is moody, temperamental and flares up quickly, but once he's raised the roof, he forgets all about it in five minutes. He loves to drive high-powered cars, enjoys music, sports and going off by himself into the mountains. In the wintertime, he skis; in the summer, he hikes. He's an excellent swimmer, a connoisseur of good food and when making pictures he always has his lunch in his dressing room and it usually consists of some very fancy sausages stuffed with garlic. He drinks dozens of cups of coffee a day and never smokes. He's the kind of guy who wouldn't dream of doing a thing for effect. He's a bit of a fool, such as not paying more than $40 for a suit. On the other hand, if you walk up and ask him for $100, and he isn't very sure of getting it back, he still writes out a check (there are never more than a few cents on his pocket at any time).

Turhan would like to make you believe that he is acting because it is an easy and good way of earning a lot of money in a hurry. That is rubbish. Turhan loves to act. He has become excellent at it and gives maces a good show.

Turhan is an excellent listener; the kind of man to whom you go and tell all your troubles simply because he is human and sympathetic. Turhan has been taken out to dinner by Turhan, not because he was especially attracted to them, but because he knew that they were Jews in a town which is cold to strangers.

The summing up is that Turhan Selahettin Schultavy Bey is a movie star. But underneath is the black hair, the slanting eyes and devastating charm, he's very much like Bill or John—the next-door kid.
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Only the most skillful hairdressers are privileged to become members of the HELENE CURTIS GUILD of Professional Beauticians. Look for this emblem.
star of Warner Brothers' bubbling comedy "The Doughgirls," manages to look demure in spite of those slithery gloves and the pierced neckline of her dress. Of black crepe agleam with paillettes, it's a Jo Copeland design at Saks Fifth Ave., N.Y., Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh.
Jane Wyman

Here, holding tight to her lusciously furred Dache hat (and who would blame her?), Jane Wyman wears an all-wool purple suit, sleekly fitted except for the peplum flare of the jacket. Link-buttoned sleeves, high cardigan neckline. A Jo Copeland Original at Martha Weathered, Chicago; Mary Louise, Cleveland.
Fine styling need not be costly... Kay Whitney proves it with these meticulously made clothes available at a price that will surprise you. So important have Kay Whitney dresses become that leading stores everywhere are featuring them in their daytime and budget shops. Reliance Manufacturing Company, 212 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois, 200 Fifth Avenue and 1350 Broadway, New York City.
Great outdoors ... and indoors

(left) Reversible Cobert sports vest. Red or green rayon suede outside, quilted, checked rayon taffeta inside, wool (re-used) interlining. $2.98. G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn. Betty Barnes' tattersall checked shirt of soft wool and rayon Raylaine. Jeweled studs. Brown, white, turquoise, or maize ground with contrasting checks. 32-38. $6.50.


(center) All-wool lumberjacket suit by McArthur. Sleeves and jacket back are Botany flannel and match the predominating color of the white ground plaid. 10-20. $20. The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

Confetti capers (left) A temperature raiser of pure Miron wool, with beaded scarf at neck. A Rosebrooke original in royal blue, fuchsia, burnt orange, patriot green and black. 8-20. $35. J. P. Allen & Co., Atlanta; Chandler & Co., Boston; F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus.

(right) Sure-fire defroster of chartreuse wool and rayon jersey, jeweled belt. Gisele design. Also black, turquoise, coral, gray, fuchsia. 10-18. $12.75. Bamberger’s, Newark; Arnold Constable, New York. Adorable dog-collar and matching comb by Coro are of black velvet with simulated pearl bowknot; $2 each (plus tax). Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia; Mandel Bros., Chicago.
DIANA LYNN Co-starred in Paramount’s
“OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY”

Be Young & Gay in a beautiful budget-priced Queensland Coat

Photoplay’s Christmas gift prevue

These “Hands Off!” gloves by Van Raalte leave your fingers free. For informal moments, you have a cute pair of shorties. Black, brown and pastel rayon jersey. About $1 at Lord & Taylor, New York; The Emporium, San Francisco.

Regal-looking dog-collar and bracelet by Coro of beads and simulated pearls on lush black velvet. $4 and $3 respectively, (plus tax). At Oppenheim Collins, New York; The May Co., Los Angeles.

Doll-size cocktail purse by Garay. Red, brown, navy, kelly, fuchsia, purple or gold faille with lucite frame. $5.00 at Kaufmann’s, Pittsburgh; Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Birmingham, Alabama.

A belt to give flair to any skirt! Big, dangling gold-metal fob on red, black, brown, kelly, navy, wine or royal suede. About $3.00 at Bullock’s, Los Angeles; Woodward & Lothrop, Wash., D.C.
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Dress of the hour... any hour... punctuated with mammoth jewel-like buttons. Comfortably casual... or sure and secure depending on the accessories you choose. Masterfully tailored in a rich rayon crepe by HAYMAN. Navy, aqua, blue, melon and lime. 12 to 20. About $9.00 at your favorite store.

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To take his mind off the game


Every girl on your list wants these smart, smooth-fitting, long-wearing stockings! You’ll be proud to give them, too; they’re beautifully sheer and clear-textured. They’re full-fashioned, of course, and have narrow seams that lie straight. If your dealer should be short-stocked in the Christmas rush, try him again. He’s receiving regular shipments.

"DOVE SKIN BECOMES YOU"

For a truly shapely future, figure on Dove Skin Undies. Knit of serviceable wonder yarns and cleverly cut in curve-conscious styles...as gently comfortable as a soft wind. Hush now—and don’t breathe a word—there are a few to be had at your favorite store.
Girl of the Moment

(Continued from page 31) Of all the qualities an actress—or any kind of an artist—may have, I think this is the surest and most valuable, as it is the rarest. Bob Hope has it on the air. He can have you in the well-known stitches for the whole length of his program and suddenly in the last two minutes, when he starts talking about the most expensive real estate in the world, the tracks of sand and blood called islands in the Pacific, he can fill your eyes with tears. Without that touch upon the heart strings no clown is ever really great.

I was amazed to find it in a young and very pretty girl like June Allyson. But I was puzzled, that night, as I watched June Allyson on the screen, as to why she should have it. The picture was a delightful affair, very light and gay and charming. Two girls and a sailor who turned out to be Van Johnson mugging a bit but still his irresistible self. The story had no problem, nothing sad or tragic, yet there were tears in my eyes and I felt I simply could not bear it if June Allyson didn’t get the boy.

Of course as you may have guessed I found the reason for June’s eyes, for her great gift, in her own life story. I wonder why it is—I have always wondered about this and if anybody has an answer I’d like to hear it—that courage, real courage, is the most heart-breaking thing in the world. Real gallantry under stress and pain and hurt can bring tears more readily than any kind of pathos.

June Allyson had to find out about that very early—about pain and discouragement and hopelessness and tragedy. And about courage, too.

In the end that is what brought her to Hollywood and gave her, when she got here, the quality that I’m laying very large odds will make her a really great star.

She was born in a little town in Westchester County, New York. The name of it was Lucerne.

Very often, it seems that children raised by a grandmother have something rather special. June Allyson—known around Westchester County until she was nine as that Allyson kid who is always in trouble—was brought up by her grandmother, who was French. And out of her childhood she seems to remember her grandmother as the guiding star and the really important person.

Her father and mother were divorced before she could remember and June—whether she realizes it herself—doesn’t like to talk about them.

“You see,” she said to me, “I—just don’t know them very well. I just don’t remember much when I was little except about my grandmother.”

She was sitting on the floor of my library when she said that—the floor being her favorite place to sit, and she does it very well, being such a little thing and so very graceful. She had come to have dinner with us, thereby reducing the young folks of my household to adoration, particularly when it turned out that she was merry and gay and not so very different in person from lots of other young things they knew. Different yes. I am not of those who hold with the theory that any movie star is “just like the girl next door.” If they were they wouldn’t be movie stars, in my opinion. But she behaved just like

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any young guest with pretty manners.

"June," the kids said, "is swell." And they can smell a phony miles away.

After the rest of the family had departed, June and I talked. We talked a little bit about Dick Powell with whom her name has been associated lately and who has been her escort on a number of occasions.

"He's such a good friend," June said, "and we like the same things. I know he's older than I am, but then in a way I'm older than I am, too, because—"

The becauses are her life story and the first of them was her grandmother, whom I would like very much to have known.

Her mother worked out of town when June was little and she didn't see much of her father after the divorce. And then her mother remarried and had other children (one half-brother now in the Navy to whom June is devoted), and so her grandmother took the small, dynamic, fragile youngster in, and in those days it never occurred to her that she might want to be an actress.

"Things just happen to me," June said, "they always have. Now that I look back on it, my whole life seems to have been planned, making me go in one direction when I thought I was going in another. The only thing I ever said to be—in the beginning I mean—was a doctor.

"I went on the stage because we were poor and I wanted to earn money enough so that I could be a doctor."

But the first nine years of her life didn't suggest any future tragedy. She was just like any other American child, in a small town, going to grammar school, being a pint-size tomboy, taking daces.

"I guess I wasn't very bright," June Allyson said, "maybe Grandma should have spanked me but she never did."

Yet her grandmother had a system of discipline that was even more arduous than the proverbial rod. She believed in making the child who was spirited and indomitable under punishment, see things for herself. The tears came then—when Grandmother proved to her that she had fallen in kindliness, or in true honesty, or in any of the good old-fashioned virtues.

"I don't think I would have minded a spanking," June Allyson said, "I think if I told everything—May—then I would have figured I had the spanking coming to me and gone ahead and done it. But when I thought about how Grandmother would feel if I did try to be good. I guess I wasn't very—I could never seem to stay out of fights, but I did try."

Joe Pasternak, one of Hollywood's super-producers, who has made two pictures with June including "Music For Millions" told me, in talking of June, that the thing that would make her great was heart.
Wilde about Love

(Continued from page 59) wonderful courtship nevertheless. They rode on buses during the hot humid months that might as well have been White Christmases for all they cared. They went window-shopping and bought wardrobes for imaginary cruises and furnishing for imaginary houses. It was, with seven or eight exceptions, glorious. All the exceptions were males; males who were quite as determined as Cornel in Pat's direction. He would pop into her hotel to say hello and be informed she was out. He would wait. Inevitably she would return with a handsome swain in tow, whereupon four or five other fellows loitering in the lobby would join him in a center rush in her direction.

Nine months of fish dinners, cheap movies, window-shopping, bus rides and long walks brought Cornel and Pat to the question of marriage. They had been offered small parts in Tallulah Bankhead's play "Anthony And Cleopatra." By doubleling up in the same hotel room they figured they could get by on the small salaries they would receive. Besides, they could no more help getting married at this time than they could help breathing.

They took a train to Elkton, Maryland. At the depot they were met by a taxi-driver expert in the manipulations of quick weddings. Twenty-five minutes later they were Mr. and Mrs. and on a train returning to New York.

They bought each other wedding rings at the five-and-ten-cent store and delighted the "Anthony And Cleopatra" company with their news. "How nice," Tallulah said, "to have a bride and groom along for our three months' of-one-night stands in the South.

Cornel and Pat hadn't dreamed that they wouldn't immediately play Broadway. Instantly they decided against the tour and thanked their lucky stars—about to do a long-dim-out—that Cornel hadn't yet re-signed as assistant stage manager of the "Having A Wonderful Time" company in which John Garfield was starred. At least, they agreed, they would eat.

That same evening, however, a pair of lady's bloomers decided against their eating. For the third time Cornel, a bridegroom madly in love and busy writing a play, in his off moments, forgot to adorn a stage clothesline with the pink bloomers that always brought a laugh from the customers. He was fired.

Unable to engage a double room for their wedding night they decided to repair to Cornel's single room. The bed broke down and landed them on the floor. The manager beat on the door and announced he knew for a fact that Cornel had a woman in his room. Cornel yelled back that he had, indeed, a woman in his room — a bride with possibly a broken back and what did the manager intend doing about it?

When Christmas came around Cornel bought Pat a bottle of perfume at the cut-rate drugstore. She bought him a dollar tie. And they hung a little holly wreath in their window.

Cornel did everything from translating plays from German, Hungarian, French and Russian into English to teaching fencing. Pat, in turn, modeled and finally took a job in the chorus of "Du Barry Was A Lady." But since she hadn't danced for three years the exertion of this work soon took its toll. She suffered a nervous breakdown and lost the baby they were awaiting so eagerly.

Like most quick-tempered young husbands, Cornel was jealous.

It wasn't long after this that Cornel was invited to play Tybalt in the Laurence

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*Sleep and Poetry*—John Keats

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Now Look, Mr. Keats, maybe the gals sat on satin cushions back in your time. Anyone can keep her hands white that way! But nowadays, our gals are cookin’ with gas, doing their own work and loving it! (Even if it does make their hands dingy, dry, old-looking.)

For you, lady, don’t neglect your hands, and they won’t get old-looking before their time! Today . . . pick up a jar of Pacquins.

Pacquins helps keep your hands smooth, white, “young-looking.” From the moment you try it, you’ll be partial to Pacquins!

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Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day.

Olivier and Vivian Leigh version of “Romeo And Juliet.” As Tybalt he won a movie contract with Warner Brothers. Entrailing for California he and Pat were convinced they were leaving worry and failure behind them. They were wrong! Cornel was assigned to the merest bits and the day before Christmas, when his first option expired, his agent telephoned: “Sorry, but Warners aren’t renewing.”

In the horrible moments that followed Pat lost her second child.

Cornel was born on October 13th, 1915, in New York City. In 1916 his father, Louis B. Wilde, of Budapest, was recalled to Hungary to resume duty as an army officer. However, shell shock and cholera soon forced Captain Wilde to retire to the country and serve as aide to the colonel in charge of an Hungarian prison camp.

When the Bolsheviks began a terrorizing uprising Captain Wilde barricaded his family behind the camp and waited for help. At last, when no help came, the Wildes escaped to Budapest in an ox-cart. Later they were permitted to return to New York. Cornel proceeded through grade school and Townsend Harris High School, went to Columbia University and then returned to Hungary to attend art school. In between, however, were tough times. When Mr. Wilde again succumbed to shell shock Cornel grabbed odd jobs. He worked in department stores, did art work for advertising agencies and sold advertisements for a French newspaper.

At college he enrolled in the medical school. However, when he became interested in the Theodora Irvine School for the Theater, all thoughts of medicine were put behind him. The first years in Hollywood were especially heartbreaking and difficult.

It is no wonder Cornel refused to get excited about his screen tests as Chopin in “A Song To Remember.”

“I never thought for a moment I would get the role,” he says.

However, when Cornel got the role of Chopin he was ready for it. Aware of the great importance of the scenes which find him at the piano, he called in a music teacher to coach him in the least movement of hand, head or body that a virtuoso, playing that music likely would make.

Every night when Cornel reached home Pat was waiting, eager to hear every detail of his day. His green eyes would shine on her over their baby, Wendy’s, lovely head. If Wendy were asleep she would be waiting outside with their beloved French poodle, Punch.

The night the picture was previewed at Pomona, a college town seventy miles from Hollywood, Cornel heard about it at the last minute. He and Pat and his teacher piled into his car and headed Pomonawards.

The theater was crowded when they arrived but they found seats in the rear of the balcony just as the film, fortunately late in starting, began to unreeel.

When the picture was over the audience broke into cheers. The college students went running through the house calling “Cornel Wilde! We want Cornel Wilde!”

Besides the love Cornel and Pat have for each other—unmistakably one of those things—they are blessed with a joy of living which makes their least experience something to talk about and to share.

They’ll know what to do with success. And it will not spoil them.

**The End**

**The Priceless Present is a War Bond—Buy More Bonds During the Sixth War Loan Drive—At Your Local Theater**
C for Circe

(Continued from page 36) of Lucy in The Magnificent Ambersons." He said he liked me, but that I was too young and too immature.”

But it took more than a rebuff from Orson to down little Jeanne. She enrolled as a student at the Max Reinhardt School of the Theatre.

The late impresario was then planning to beat Twentieth Century-Fox to the punch by producing ‘The Song Of Bernadette’ for the screen. Jeanne was among those called to read the part made famous later by Jennifer Jones. Reinhardt, like Welles, liked Miss Crain. Unlike Orson, Reinhardt did not think she was too young or immature for the little peasant girl. Jeanne is a Catholic, unmarried, and thinks she might have done well with the role.

“A week or two before Mr. Reinhardt was going to make tests of me for Bernadette, Fox bought the story,” says Jeanne, without emphasizing her disappointment. She then tried for a part in a Reinhardt school play. And didn’t get it. But instead of staying home and having a big cry about it, Jeanne, a good sport, attended the play on the opening night. That same Mr. Kahn, whose job it is to find talent for his studio, was also in the audience.

“He took me to see Mr. King who directed ‘Bernadette,’” Jeanne continued. “Mr. King said I was the ‘type,’ but that I was inexperienced and he couldn’t risk such an important production with me in the title role. Yes, I cried a little when Jennifer got the part. But I know now that it’s just as well I didn’t get Bernadette. If I had failed at it, I’d have been finished. I was too young and immature.”

Came a consolation prize in the form of a contract from Fox a year and a half ago.

“Then,” reminisced Jeanne, “Mr. Zanuck came home from the war. He called into his office all the players who had been signed to a contract while he was away. He said to me, ‘I want you to make a test—just read the girl’s part in Home In Indiana.’ Don’t get excited because I’ve already chosen a girl for the part. I just want to see how you act and photograph.”

“I usually do things best when I have competition. It’s a sort of challenge. But knowing someone else had the part, I went ahead and did my best anyway.” Zanuck was so impressed by her reading of the part that he took it away from the better known actress he had signed for it.

When the picture was released, moviegoers went for Jeanne in a big way. So did her co-star, Lon McCallister, but of that we’ll talk later. Promptly she was cast in “In The Meantime, Darling,” and again with Lon in “Winged Victory.” After that she is to be starred in “Our Moment Is Swift,” the magazine story bought expressly for Miss Crain by boss Zanuck.

H ER $250 a week salary is cut up—twenty-five percent for War Bonds, twenty-five percent into a trust fund—”And after paying agents there isn’t much left for clothes. I love clothes but only buy what I can pay cash for.” There is one fur coat in Miss Crain’s wardrobe, a little number in white lamb. “I’d like a mink coat and one day I’m going to have one,” says Jeanne solemnly, “but no one seems to mind what I wear.” The Hollywood wolves echo, “No, sir!”

Jeanne likes to ice skate and can cut fancy figures on the ice (as well as in drawing rooms). She is a serious reader,

Joan Davis
Star of Screen and Radio, says:

“No woman can be called smart and attractive if she ever neglects to use an under-arm deodorant. Arrid is my choice ... I’ve used Arrid now for years and would never be without it ... I’ve observed that a great many of my radio and film friends use Arrid also. That’s why I cheerfully recommend it to every man and woman.”

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Super-fine for Super Shine

This girl with the provocative clear eyes, her softly serious face, her smart figure, this Circe with sex appeal, stamped in capital letters, can take her time, and her pick, choosing a mate.

According to Lon McCallister, the guy who gets Jeanne will be lucky, because—"Jeanne Crain is different," says Lon, who should know. "She has an innate sophistication. She was born a lady. She's the sort of person who should ride a horse side-saddle, if you know what I mean. She's the most unusual girl I ever met!"

SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—BUY AT YOUR LOCAL THEATER
The friendship between Gary and these Italian friends of mine was helped by the fact that Gary was crazy to go on a big wild-game shoot. He accompanied them to South Africa on a safari.

The mounted heads and horns and skins which adorned the house Gary rented from Greta Garbo when, in 1932, I was his house guest for two months, are memorable. So are the chimpanzee and jaguar he had brought back with him for pets, as well as his varied horses and dogs. That was one of the happiest times and I remember the mornings Gary and I breakfasted together downstairs. The two of us in pale blue pajamas and a silk striped dressing-gown and I in my old checked dressing-gown—sat long over our coffee and had many quiet laughs.

How I wish I had been younger in those days to make a real scandal. Alas, it was not to be. My years and character were protection. And there was, also, Ugo, a butler, and Maria, his wife, whom Gary had brought back from Italy. They kept an eye on everything, especially spaghetti sauce which Gary adored.

One day when we met again in Hollywood, Gary said to me: "Go ahead and—"

It is only natural that Costa Ricans, lovers of good food and superb wines, would choose ROMA Wines when dining—when entertaining! Luckily, we enjoy what to them is an imported luxury—at remarkably low cost. Only pennies a glassful! You pay no import duties nor high shipping costs. ROMA Wines combine the very best of Old World wine-making art with modern knowledge... to produce superb wines from California's finest wine-grapes.

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ROMA California Wines include: Port, Sherry, Muscatel, Sauterne... Claret, Burgundy, Zinfandel... Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy.

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give a party, Elsa. I've never been to one of your parties so why can't I go to one in my own house?

Other parties followed the first and always we had the gayest of times. In those days Gary's companions were Clark Gable and his wife, Rhea, Carole Lombard and Bill Powell who were then married, Kay Francis, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, the Samuel Goldwyns, Louella the magnificent and her favorite doctor, and Leslie Howard, who was a great croon.

Then as now, however, you had to be one of Gary's few intimates to know him. He's innately reserved and shy...

Today the Coopers see most of Edie and William Goetz and Claudette Colbert and Jack Pressman. In their own way, among their own friends, they seek gaiety. More and more, however, both Gary and Rocky turn to the simple life.

When construction is again practicable they plan to tear down their present house and build a house similar to the Goetz's Santa Monica beach house which is one of the loveliest and, at the same time, simplest houses to be found.

Gary's and Rocky's desire for a simple life is partly attributable to their little Maria. Convinced she is going to live in an exceedingly realistic age they want her properly prepared for it. When Gary talked to over three thousand WAVES recently and said: "I hope when my daughter grows up that she will join some organization with as much vitality and unselfishness as the women's arm of the Navy," he meant it.

Gary has worked long and hard for the war effort. In the South Pacific he knew the same mud and rain, inadequate shelter and rations that the boys stationed there did. No one heard one groan out of him. He played several USO Camp Shows every day and spent many hours in field hospitals. The last was nothing he did easily, I assure you. For he has the kindest of hearts.

When asked about his experiences in the Pacific, Gary said quietly, "Reckon I wouldn't make a very good reporter. I don't seem able to keep emotion out of the way of my facts." Those who sat close enough to observe his usually warm, humorous eyes as he told about a boy, with a wise back home, who hadn't a letter in three months, knew how truly he spoke.

Since his return from the Pacific, Gary has visited hospitals all over the country. At Mitchel Field he met boys who had been wounded in France only three days before and were flown in from London within twelve hours.

When Rocky and Gary were in Denver recently my friend Evalyn Walsh McLean telephoned her son Niddie, and her daughter-in-law Gloria, and asked them to entertain the Coopers. "Give them a taste of super-duper ranch life," she said.

Rocky was enthusiastic about their visit when she and Gary returned.

"There were thousands of cattle," she said, "and the day of the round-up was Gary's first day in the saddle in almost a year—good rehearsal, no doubt, for his first International picture, a Western in which he is both producer and star."

During the daytime she said they went about like tramps. "But we made up for it at night," said Rocky. "At night Gloria and I spread on the glamour. So our husbands told us anyway! And somehow or other I still believe Gary implicitly—even after being married to him for eleven years."

You only had to look at Gary, whose eyes shone as he listened to Rocky, to know what a wonderful time he had had. He said, "Making pictures is all right. But making a round-up beats making pictures any time."

An American natural, Gary, a grand heart-warming specie of humanity entirely too rare and refreshing proof of the fact that most people try too hard.

The End

---

**Which Deodorant wins your vote?**

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- □ POWDER?
- □ LIQUID?

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Time out between scenes—and tea for two young favorites—lovely Judy Garland with that wistful look—and Bob Walker who can well look ahead to a very exciting future.
The Truth about Hollywood's Lost and Found Stars

(Continued from page 45) refused to loan him out. Then the Army signed him. Perhaps when he is returned to civilian life, his career will resume brilliantly. Perhaps not. Chester Morris was tied up in a bad initial contract and held down by it so long that his first big chance at fame passed by, and has never returned.

Discoveries don't know whether to sign or not to sign. David Selznick has made great stars—through loan-outs as well as personal productions—of his discoveries, Ingrid Bergman, Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten. But Alan Marshal, with a similar contract, has mostly sat.

The case of Greer Garson vs. Evelyn Ankers is a pat illustration.

Think of Miss Ankers as Mrs. Miniver or Madame Curie. Think of Miss Garson playing the lead in those Universal quickies instead of Miss Ankers. Their positions might have been reversed if Evelyn had taken the role of Mrs. Chips when it was first offered her. She was the leading contender for the part when M-G-M decided they might as well get some value from the money they had paid to a lonely English actress they had put under contract eleven months and two weeks previously. Her contract had only two more weeks to run and they didn't plan to renew it, but the woman's role in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" was so small they believed they could get it in under the deadline.

There, you observe, was a contract that helped. The critical acclaim Greer received made M-G-M take up another option on her. She made "Remember?" which is best forgotten and she might have been forgotten, too, if "Pride And Prejudice" had not come along right then and proven her artistry.

Timing is very important to discoveries. Along comes a lad like Charles Russell, so outstanding in "The Purple Heart," offers overwhelmed him after that preview. His agent turned down those offers and Charlie couldn't work. Perhaps the agent was right—but hitting while hot helps. Charles has another agent now and is free to pick his own productions.

And what about a superb performer like Katina Paxinou, who won an Academy Award for her first movie, "For Whom The Bell Tolls" and who hasn't worked since? In Paxinou's case, Illness was the enemy. She was cast for "Tender Comrade" but had to bow out because of ill health. Next "Mama's Bank Account" in which she was to star was shelved before being made. But because of being cast in this latter, she lost other roles.

Illness works two ways in Hollywood, giving breaks to the unknown, terrorizing the established. Susan Peters' illness has been a great help to June Allyson, who has fallen heir to several roles originally written for Susie. Alice Faye's illness caused Betty Grable to be recalled from the New York hit, "Du Barry Was A Lady," to resume the contract she had previously signed with Twentieth Century-Fox. Betty thought that recall meant nothing. When she got off the train, she demanded, "Well, what am I in—a Charlie Chan or a Jones Family?" Recently both Alice and Betty being out for motherhood, Vivian Blaine stepped into the role intended for one or the other of them in "Greenwich Village."

Leave us, as Archie says, observe the cases of the girls who are still known in Hollywood as the "Callante discoveries," the tootsie-pies who try to get in via the so-called easiest way. The name for them started in the old prohibition days when all movieland used to swarm below the

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✓...lends clear, fresh allure
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Girls! Is your skin cameo-fair like Veronica Lake's? See exquisite Woodbury Natural glorify you! And whatever your type...there's a Woodbury shade as flattering. Exclusive Color Control blends this powder color-even, color-clear—to stay fresh on your skin...creates smoothest texture—to veil tiny blemishes, to cling for hours! Choose from the eight enchanting Woodbury Powder shades today.
Such girls are given tests by what are known as the "Charlie McCarthy" directors, that is, the directors who are merely producer stooges, and who present these doubtful dears in the light in which the producer most prefers to see them. Actually not so many of these girls as people think get into the business, but of those who do, few stay. There is before the public right now exactly one of these girls. She is beautiful, and she is hard-working, and she has some talent, but she can't get far. For one thing, the producers' wives gang up against her.

The producers' wives are a potent, though hidden, Hollywood force. They spot the Caliente girls when they see them and after that, they're stymied, if the "Callie"s" haven't already stymied themselves. Usually they do the latter by flirting too much with every man. They think because it worked on one big-shot, it will work on all of them, and usually they are encouraged a bit until they find themselves on the outside of Hollywood again, looking in. You may think that Hollywood, being a bohemian sort of place, wouldn't mind if a girl's reputation was a bit tarnished. Actually the reverse is true. A man can be a wolf and get away with it, but the girl wolf is soon washed out.

There was recently, for instance, a talented kid who got the nod from a big-shot at her studio. He got her a contract and after a bit she insisted on a very big part in one of the studio's major productions. She wasn't right for it and her friend told her so, but under threats of exposure, she insisted she be cast for it. She felt mighty proud, until she went to the preview, and not one foot of her remained in the film. Nothing remained of her contract, either, when her option came up.

Then there was the girl who, truly and sincerely, fell in love with a major star who was married. It was the old, bitter routine: The man was as much at fault as she was, but as usual, he didn't have to pay and when he tired of her, he wanted never to see her again. But he couldn't help seeing her, as she worked where he did, and he couldn't keep her off the lot.

He was a major star, however, and she was a minor, so he went to the head man of the studio and explained his situation. The girl's contract wasn't renewed.

The tiny straws that influence success in movies are at most both silly and sad. Because of fluke accidents, a person can turn out to be her own successor as, for instance, Nona Griffith being a successor to Margaret O'Brien, who is really a successor to Nona. Nona, who is being called a second Margaret O'Brien" will make her debut in Paramount's "Feast." Yet only a series of happenstances kept Margaret O'Brien, if ever heard of at all, from being announced as a "second Nona Griffith."

It came about this way: You have probably heard that Margaret O'Brien was discovered by the late director, W. S. Van Dyke. That's not so. Producers, in particular, and directors secondly, and sometimes writers are given credit for "discovering" this star or that. The truth is that while these eminences may get the credit, the discovery has been made long before their busy, important eyes fell upon the personality involved.

Four years ago in Miami, Margaret's charming chorus-girl aunt talked to another charming girl, working in the chorus line of the same night club, about her talented little niece. The second girl, who is a dear, was very bored with chatter about a precocious child, but she tried not to show it. Today, in Hollywood, it amuses her that this same precocious child is playing with her small son Michael Pasternak.
It's the day before Christmas

For the second little chorus girl, like the first, came to Hollywood, but she became Mrs. Joe Pasternak, while Marissa O'Brien was put under contract, but today at M-G-M with Margaret, she can't escape being called Margaret O'Brien's aunt. Not that Mrs. Pasternak made the O'Brien discovery either. As nearly as you can say, anybody did it. It was the mother of Vic Orsatti who managed it.

Vic Orsatti is a top Hollywood agent. His mother is a warm-hearted Italian woman. The O'Briens—like all people trying to break into Hollywood—tried hard to meet people with influence.

At a friend's house one night they met the kindly Mrs. Orsatti. Discovering who she was, they talked of Margaret. Then they brought her to meet Mrs. Orsatti. Her name then was Maxine. Mrs. Orsatti spoke to her sons about the little girl. She got fondly brushed off by them. Finally Vic, to quiet her, saw the child. He thought her talented but not very pretty. However, at his mother's insistence, he took her to M-G-M for an interview.

At that moment, at M-G-M, Nona Grif-fith was all set for "Journey For Margaret." But just before the shooting started, small Nona fell and injured her hand. She had to stay in bed for several days. Meanwhile "Journey For Margaret" changed directors. W. S. Van Dyke, an impatient man, was put in charge. He said he didn't want to wait for an unknown kid. Why not get another, and while they were about it, how about getting one who wasn't so pretty? The casting director remembered the plain little girl Orsatti had presented. Maxine O'Brien was sent for. Her name was changed and stardom followed.

Tommy Kelly got discovered for "Tom Sawyer" but, though he stuck around Hollywood long after that, he never clicked again. Little Joan Carroll, after being under contract as a "threat" to Shirley Temple, went to New York and made a big hit in "Panama Annie." RKO signed her up from that show, brought her West, and let her sit, for more than two years, with only one minor B to show for all that time. Joan is starting all over again now, but the advantage of extreme youth has, through no fault of her personality or ability, been lost to her.

Speaking of Shirley Temple leads up to an anecdote which vividly shows how tough it is to stay "found" in Hollywood.

Shirley had been working on a picture in which she co-starred with a prominent older star. All through the shooting of the film, Shirley found herself being pushed quietly but firmly into the background, back where the lights were dimmer and her other star, meanwhile, was in a flaring white glare. Whenever she and Shirley got together in a scene, Shirley's back, or at least her profile, somehow always seemed to be toward the camera.

Shirley took it until the very last day. Then, swiftly in one scene, she turned and got the full benefit of the light, giving a full view of her fresh young face.

The older actress didn't like it. She said she really felt the scene was better the way they had originally rehearsed it.

The crowd on the set, angry over the way Shirley had been planted in dark corners, watched her to see what she would do. When she did was to do as she was told. She turned around. She didn't try to get her face into the scene. But she did one other thing. She winked. Winked at the crepe and winked at the director.

Thereby she proved herself a good trouper. Thereby, also, her actions said something much louder than words. They said that she knew she didn't have to worry. She had time enough to wait.

The End
Patiently she waits for you... her every thought a prayer for you and a happy future together.

If she could only start now the peaceful home you both have always yearned for—that's her fondest wish!

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Crime on My Hands

A SUDDEN idea struck me. If I could get James out of town I could go ahead on my present line of inquiry without revealing my complicity in this mess.

"Herman Smith," I went on, "was apparently a friend of Flylne. Why don't you run down to Hollywood and see?"

He went off to get Flylne's address from Paul, and I went back to my trailer. I had three peas of slack. One, to find the gun that killed Flylne and trace its ownership: two, to find Peggy Whittier's notebook and identify the clue of the killer: and to vaunt and Carla. I concentrated on the gun, somewhere out there on the far side of the dune where Listless Nelson had tossed it; trying to cover up for it and the pearl-handled Colt which McGuire inevitably would begin to raise hell about soon. A search by day would be impossible; by night the darkness and sandstorm would offer cover. I could have a storm written into the picture and plod through it to where Listless had thrown the guns. The wind that night would be so placed that they would blow the sand away at that spot.

Knuckles fell on my door in brisk tattoo. It was Paul. He seemed nervous. "How're things coming?" he asked.

"We expect an arrest any moment," I said flippantly.

"Yeah? Well, you can put the arm on me. I did it."

"Let's have the story," I said quietly. "Why did you kill Flylne?"

"I'd have been a producer if it hadn't been for him," he muttered.

"How long did you know him?"

"All my life.

"Oh, were you raised in Des Moines, too?"

"Right next door," Paul answered. "It's quite. Where's the gun you shot them with?"

"I'll turn it in," he said uneasily. I stood up again. "Have a drink, old boy," I said. "Flylne came from Nebraska. He and Peggy were shot with the same gun. Who are you covering up for?"

He looked at me with misery in his eyes. I listened, George, you're not trying to pin it on her. She didn't do it.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"She hadn't even seen him until he showed up here to get murdered. She told me. I believe someone was going to be married. The hell of it is, the evidence points to her. I thought if I confessed, I'd be tried but they couldn't prove it. Then the day before his murder case, and by that time it'd be forgotten. So she could go on. She's got a great future, you know."

"I think she's terrible," I prodded. He was on his feet instantly. "You can't say that about Carla," I waved him back into his seat. "Carla, eh?"

"Why, you dirty rat!" he cried. "You didn't even know who I was talking about!"

"Carla was here," I told him. "She told me a fanatical yarn. Coupled with what you said tonight, it looks serious."

"What'd she tell you?"

"Uh-uh. You talk.

He leaned forward earnestly. His eyes were beginning to take on a glaze, "What did she tell you, George? She don't know what's got to be done. Gimme—drink."

I poured him a double shot. He tossed it off. He put his head gently between his knees and passed out.

I laid him on his back, opened his shirt and poured a dollop of steaming water on the tender skin of his stomach to bring him to. If the door of my trailer had opened inward, he'd have left a jagged outline of himself as he plunged through it.

A round face with great dark eyes poked itself around the trembling door. Wallingford eyed me suspiciously.

"Wally," I told him abruptly. "I have an idea. We need a sandstorm in the picture. If we have to fight our way through a sandstorm, our triumph will be all the more impressive."

"It's a good idea," he admitted.

When Wallingford left I went to bed. And the moment I hit the bed I was wide awake.

A really terrible idea hit me. Paul had done it. The hows and whys escaped me, but the psychological pattern was intact. Some time, somewhere, Flylne had incurred Paul's enmity. Coincidentally, Paul had become attracted to Carla. He learned of their past relationship, which added fuel to his burning desire to rid the world of Flylne. And so he had waited. The opportunity came, and he seized it.

With this problem wrapped up in logic, I dismissed it and turned to the problem of my telephone investment. Whereby I had installed a loudspeaker and microphone in each room of my Hollywood apartment, connected respectively to the receiver and transmitter of my phone, through an amplifier. When my phone rang, a relay was set in motion that, in effect, lifted the receiver. All I needed to do was answer a call in a clear voice. The microphone in the room ran it through the amplifier to the telephone of the caller. When the caller answered, his voice came through the receiver, and no amplifier was needed. But I couldn't hang up...

There must be a way to make it hang up. When the caller replaced his telephone, he broke the circuit. Now, if the initial call should activate an electromagnet—

The next morning Sammy met me as I arrived on the set. "Hurry up," he urged. "Riegelman is in a foul mood."

I hurried myself into my togs, buckled on my guns and went out to face the camera. We had a new script girl, with a brand-new notebook.

We took our places at the point where I had broken the case yesterday. Riegelman glowered at me.

"Where did you get that cravat?" he yelled.

I dismounted and walked over to him. "What's the matter with it?" I said.
Ottomay Stars You Know

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Yesterday you wore a black string tie. Now we resume the scene, to find you in a suit. Surely somebody would ask how you changed ties while dodging bullets?

I changed ties. Riegelman did not customarily say anything about detail. He left that to others. We took up the scene at a point shortly before the break of yesterday. I galloped back and forth, and when I turned to record passion for Carla on celluloid, I thought of Paul. My expression couldn't have been burning.

Riegelman blew his whistle. He walked over to me. "One does not ordinarily alt his eyes at his beloved," he chided.

We tried the scene again. Same result.

"That's all today," Riegelman said in disgust. "Drop in on me later, George?"

Sammy and McGuire were a mildly arguing duet when I went into Sammy's office trailer.

"I'll stop in your room and pick the guns up," McGuire said.

I broke in. "I doubt if you'll be in your room today, Sammy. We've got to have a sandstorm and I want to work out the scene with you."

"Oh, yes," Sammy answered, as if he knew what he was talking about. "Look, Mac, I'll try to remember to get those guns to you tomorrow, sure.

McGuire went away. Sammy asked, "What sandstorm?"

I explained my idea. He was enthusiastic.

"I'll sell Riegelman on the idea," I promised. "I'm to see him this afternoon."

I stopped at the hotel to see Riegelman, and had Wallingford in my hair before I got out of the car.

"Wanda is getting in the papers again. Somebody told the L.A. press she was questioned in jail! Call that friend you call an editor and tell him for me."

"Why didn't you tell him?" I asked.

"I told him. But he hung up."

I called "Smith." Those pictures are just a gag to get Wanda in the public eye. You'll be a laughing stock—to Wanda."

"How do you know?"

"I helped her work it out," I improvised. I could tell that discouraged him.

Wallingford was pleased. "George," he said, "I want to buy you a present for the end of the picture. Even if it costs a lot."

I paused and grinned at him.

"Name it, George," he said again.


He took out a notebook. "I'll see that you get it, George."

"Now," I said, "will you go up to Riegelman's room and tell him I'm on my way? I want to get some information first."

He patted away.

I found Wanda in her room.

Wanda was in her quilted robe. "Just what," I demanded, "did you take from Severance Flynn's room?"

She looked at me coldly. "Nothing."

"You didn't take anything from Peggy Whittler's room, either?"

She shook her head.

"But you left something there," I said.

"Fingerprints—on purpose, too."

Her eyes widened. "George—"

"Wanda, you're messing around in a dangerous situation. Why did you send out those phony stories?"

"They were true," she said quietly. "The implications were false. And why this sirens act, each time observers were present?"

She was quiet for a long time. Then she got to her feet and took off her robe. She
was wearing a white halter and shorts. "Very pretty," I said.
She donned her robe.
"You'll admit I can make blood bubble," she announced. "But I made the mistake once of trying out for a woman of good works, and they gave me the-works. So I thought I'd change. If I could get into a jam, and not far enough to blackball me, maybe those limp-brained producers would consider me in another light. I'm a good actress. I can even do high comedy. But you can't do drawing-room dalliance in a shroud."

"You took that reel of film out of my trailer," I accused her. "Why?"
"It had proof of my innocence. The same film that showed Flynne falling dead would show that I didn't have a gun in my hands at that moment."

"I'll see what I can do for you after this picture is in the can," I promised.

Meanwhile, will you give me the film?"
"Sure," she said.
She went to the wastebasket. She turned, white-faced. "It's gone," she said quietly.
I couldn't remember whether or not, when I had searched her rooms, I had looked in the wastebasket.

Super-sleuth Sanders!
"It behooves us, I think, to walk softly," I said. "Lock your door when I go, and keep it locked at night."

I WENT to Riegleman's room.
"An important reel of film has disappeared," he began. "Ordinarily that would not present such serious difficulties save that the retake is a body blow to the budget. But the notebook of my script girl has disappeared. Also, as you know, George, it contains every important detail of action, costume, movement. We cannot risk the discrepancies. I see nothing for it except to retake everything."
"I want to apologize for being finicky this morning, George," he went on. "Ordinarily I remember nothing about the scenes except the psychological verities. I happened, just happened, to remember your tie. I am afraid I lost my temper."
"You had reason," I said. "I stank."
"Yes," he agreed, "you did. Also with reason. Both murders occurred while you were facing the camera."

TUNE IN
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EVERY MORNING
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
A new and different story every day, from the lives of real men and women, revealing their troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures. If you like the stories in TRUE STORY magazine, you'll enjoy these broadcasts.

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He drilled me with his eyes. "Do you realize," he asked, "that the murderer must have been behind the first camera? His presence must have registered on someone besides Peggy. Unconsciously, perhaps. Nonetheless, somebody knew who he was, and a re-creation of the scene as near to the original as we can manage might recall it to the mind of the person who knows."

"Like your idea," I said.

"Before we retake that scene," he said, "we must speak to everyone we feel can be safely eliminated, ask them to try and remember, as the scene is retaken, every minute detail they observed the first time. Then we can confer with each, privately."

I adjourned to a near-by bar to consider his proposition. Those whom I could surely eliminate were myself, Wanda and—Sammy? Well, I could gamble on Sammy. I shook my head in sudden disgust. Paul had done the killing. It remained only to trap him and when Lamar James returned we would do that little thing. I was lost in the amber depths of my beer, oblivious to the three or four customers at the bar, and didn't notice Fred and Melva at first. When I did, I called them over. Then I made a list of names. I gave them to Fred. "If necessary, hire a private inquiry agency. I want to know everything about those people, from birth till now. Somebody on that list is Peggy's murderer. And somewhere in his past will be found the motive for killing Severance Flynnne."

Melva said to Fred, "Harness the horses."

LAMAR JAMES, late that afternoon, came to my trailer.

"Well," he said, "I got the dope on Flynnne."

"Let's hear it."

"I had to do a flock of running around, and I talked to his mother on the telephone. He grew up on a farm. Seemed he wanted to be another Burbank. When he tried his new fangled theories, his old man raised hell, and Flynnne left home. They didn't hear from him for about four years, except for postcards from Chicago, New York, New Orleans and finally Hollywood. "Nobody seemed to know where he got all the money he spent on his friends, because he didn't work much."

He handed me his notebook. "Here's a list of all the people he knew."

I ran over the list. "Where's Herman Smith?"

James said, "I couldn't find him."

The next morning I found Wallingford and Riegleman deadlocked over the sandstorm. I had forgotten to mention it to Riegleman and he reacted to Wallingford's suggestion with shocked disapproval.

"I don't like it," he said. "We have no script, for one thing."

"In the early days of pictures," I told Riegleman, "they made up the story as they went along. Surely we can film one scene that requires practically no dialogue."

Riegleman flung up his hands. "All right," he said.

We were finally ready to begin and my starting point was near the two stakes I had driven to mark the spot where Littleless had said she'd thrown the guns.

It was a tough scene. I must arrive at the marked spot within ten minutes. I tried to locate the stakes. A little panic struck me. Was I to fail, after this elaborate preparation?

When a dull gleam caught my eye, I flung myself upon it. It was one of the guns I felt in the sand. I found the other gun.

INVEST IN THE FUTURE BY INVESTING IN BONDS TODAY. SEE THAT THE SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE IS A SMASHING SUCCESS
I stuffed the guns into my belt. I got to my feet. I staggered on.

In my dressing room, Sammy looked at the Smith & Wesson. "So this is it," he commented.

"Fully loaded," I pointed out, "except for one shot. That was the one which got Flynn," I believed.

"What do we do with it?"

"I'll wear those two guns in this next scene. Since we're shooting it from the beginning, nobody will notice I've changed guns except the murderer. When he sees me with the gun, he'll be driven to action.

I felt certain that he has worried about this gun. He planted it on me, and it disappeared. Nothing was said about it. He noted that I carried .45s yesterday. Now I show up with the murder weapon in my holster. You pay no attention to the action being filmed. Watch everyone behind the first camera."

"You can't fire this gun, George. It's really loaded."

"Sammy," I said patiently, "go get me some blank cartridges. We'll save these, naturally, as evidence. And by the way," I added, "tell Paul I'd like to see him."

I waited by the first camera, the guns carelessly displayed. Nobody gave them a glance.

Sammy and Paul returned, and I loaded the guns. Paul watched with disinterest.

"How come your guns don't match?"

Paul asked.

I looked at him steadily. "One of them has a sentimental value," I said.

He shrugged and turned away but lingered near the camera.

Sammy signaled and action began.

I was careful to display the murder weapon. I covered the butt of the museum piece with one hand, but turned the Smith & Wesson toward the camera as often as possible. Even if this did not bring any unanswerable act from Paul, it might when tomorrow's rushes showed it in close-up.

I reflected that he must still have the gun that killed Peggy. Would he take a shot when I faced the camera today?

I turned for the close-up of passion. This was the point where two persons had been killed. Was I next?

For Paul was in that group behind the camera, and one dark hand was in his jacket pocket. My aiming at him was a reflex action, and I wished with all my heart that my gun was loaded.

The result of the gun's explosion was rather spectacular. Everyone in the group flung himself to this side or that. Paul flung both hands, empty, over his face.

THE whistles brought a halt.

"George, you were swell!" several said.

Riggleman put an arm across my shoulders. "What I want to know," he said, "is why you fired that shot. It wasn't in the script, as I remember."

The crowd dissolved from around me. Sammy took my arm. "I thought I was a goner," he said. "You should have seen your face. I just knew that gun was loaded. Want me to put those guns away?"

I reached for them. My left hand closed on an empty holster. Somebody had taken the Smith & Wesson from me.

I found Paul alone in his office. He narrowed his eyes.

"Where is it?" I asked.

"Where is what?"

"The gun you look out of my holster." "I don't know what you're talking about."

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listen to what he has to say. But I'll tell you this, George. You're not in the clear."

"I was before the camera at the time of both murders," I reminded him.

"I saw the—what's that? Rushes? The critical shot of you was a close-up, showing only your head and shoulders. Who knows what you did with your hands?"

"You're joking!"

"Not more than half," he countered. "Look," I said, "I came in here of my own free will, trying to clarify this thing. I didn't kill Flynn. I'd never even seen him before."

"That's what everybody says!"

"If I'm not under arrest, I'm going to eat."

"Go ahead. I'll see you at your trailer."

I went to the restaurant in the hotel.

Wallingford, Riegelman, Paul and Sammy were together at a table. I joined them. Wallingford made a sudden decision.

"Everybody get packed. We'll leave tomorrow morning. We got all we need."

"I think I'll drive down tonight," I said.

"I have an appointment in an hour."

I looked at Paul, who nodded imperceptibly. I went out to my trailer, to find James waiting. I explained my electric-eye apparatus for turning on the lights, which brought up the subject of my telephone. I told him what I was trying to do.

"You've got it now so that you can take incoming calls," he asked.

"Yes, but I have to open the base of the phone to hang up."

James looked at his watch. "Where's Paul?"

"He'll be along any time now."

We heard a flat spurt outside, apparently originating a considerable distance away. It could have been a backfire on the highway. We sat tensely.

"That was a shot," James said.

We went outside. We were blind in the sudden darkness, but scattered stars shed a kind of light that showed a dark bundle some twenty feet away.

The bundle was Paul. He was dead, shot in the back.

In James's car, with Paul in the back seat, we roared into town behind the siren. We slid under the porte-cochere of a private hospital and attendants carried Paul inside. James and I waited while the doctor extracted the bullet.

Presently it was delivered to him and we went to his laboratory. He made a brief examination under the comparison microscope, then looked at me.

"Well," he said, "this came out of the same gun that killed Flynn. I guess this lets you out."

"Then I'll be on my way," I said. "I've messed around in it too much already. I guess I wasn't cut out to be a detective."

"You'd better stick around," he said.

"These murders occurred in our county!"

"You can't hold the whole company?"

"Can't we?" he asked grimly.

ON THE morning after Paul's death, Wallingford fixed Sheriff Call-Me-Jerry Callahan with a Damascus star.

"Are you gonna arrest us all? You're gonna feed us, too? Listen, Mr. Sheriff, it's gonna cost somebody money to hold us up and it ain't going to be me."

"Now, Mr. Wallingford," Callahan said soothingly, "one of you is a murderer, and I got jurisdiction here."

I cut in, in the interests of Wallingford's apoplexy.

I gave Callahan a telegram which had arrived that morning. He read it, frowned.

"Ain't Paul Revere dead?" he demanded.

"You can't claim any of us did that," Wallingford said quickly.

The signature, I said, "is my press agent's idea of a gag. But that telegram..."
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I said, "And then?"
"Then he was suddenly afraid to get off the ground.
"Well—nearly four years later—I was sick of my bargain. I guess I still loved him, in a way, but we began to fight.
"About that time, that talent scout found me. I told you about that. Well, right after I got my first important role, I got a letter from Sev. "It was from Riegleman," he said.
I thought of Lamar James's report. Flynné "invested" that money in parties. "Well," she said, I was in a funny position. We had lived together under common law long enough to be legally man and wife, but if the circumstances were known, it would do me a lot of harm.
"Paul ran into Sev. Sev got drunk with him and told him about me. Paul blackmailed me into promising to marry him. But I couldn't get a divorce from a man I'd never really married. That's why I was frightened when I found that Sev had got into this picture and had been killed. He was the only person standing between Paul and me getting married, and when that gun was found in my wagon—"
"Didn't you suspect Paul?"
"No. Paul wasn't a killer. All I knew was that I was the one he suspected."
"Why were you so scared when I told you about Paul?" I asked. "Why did you ask 'When'?"
"From seven until nine I was downstairs having dinner, and can prove it. My first thought was that somebody knew about the three of us and was trying to put the killings onto me. I had motive, you must admit. But to have both Sev and Paul killed by the same gun—well, I couldn't believe it. Why were they?"

"I just assume that was the murderer's favorite shooting iron," I said. "Do you want to ride with me back to Hollywood?"
"I guess so," she said heavily.
As we passed through hills to the north of Santa Barbara, with the sea veiled in fog on our right, I said, "You're right, Carla; your story makes you the only one so far with motive."
She didn't turn her head. "I've been thinking about that," she replied, "but go on."
"Well, there was Riegleman. He's free to move around too. Are you sure Flynné didn't know him?"
"Look, George. Here's something I haven't told you. Sev came to my room the night we arrived. He wanted to apologize for taking this job. He said he didn't know that I was on the picture. He told me that he didn't know anybody. He'd talked to Wanda on the train, just chit-chat."
I patted her shoulder. For the rest of the trip we talked about the picture. . .

In Melva's office, I looked at the reports.
"Fred's getting the rest," Melva explained. "He said to look at this clipping."
She showed me a society page about Cecil, Lord Hake, newly burst on local horizons. The one-column cut was of a young man with long, lean features and a friendly smile. Suddenly the pattern came clear. I knew why Flynné had been killed. I took from my pocket the clipping I had found in the bag in Flynné's room and showed it to Melva. "Do you know what clipping service that's from?"
"I think it's Miller's," she hazarded. After considerable delay and telephone costs, I got the information I wanted. I rang Lord Hake next.
"This is George Sanders, Lord Cecil," I said. "It occurred to me that you and I probably have acquaintances in common. I'm giving a party tonight. Will you come?"
"Delighted, Mr. Sanders. Eightish?"
It was a dressy party. Everybody wore formal dress to some degree, with Riegleman in white tie and tails.
Fred, as he came in, gave me a sheaf of papers. They were the reports on Carla, Riegleman and Wanda. I found nothing significant.
"Do you want more?" Fred asked.
"I don't think it will be necessary."
"Do you mean you know who it was?" he demanded.
"I think I'll clinch it tonight. Your telegram tipped me the identity of Lord Hake. How did you know?"
"I knew I'd seen him somewhere," Fred said. "I thought you'd translate that wire. Tell me who's the culprit, George, and I'll fix up a release."
"Wait, Fred. I'm not certain. I want to get a game started. If Lord Hake isn't here in a few minutes, I'll start without him."

Time passed. No Lord Hake. I rapped on the door.
"Last call," I said, "before the festivities. What I have in mind is a little game. We make the stake a dime. I will give each of you in turn a group of three letters. Within fifteen seconds, you are to give me a word containing those three letters. If you take longer than that, you lose a dime, and vice versa. For example, if I give you c-q-x, you snap back at me with 'quixotic' or some other word with those letters. If you don't, you give me a dime."
"I will give you a dime now, George," Wallingford said.
"No, listen," I said. "I'm serious. This is a good game."

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"Don't you think it's a bit childish?" I glared at Riegelman. He looked at me with condescension.

"Have a very good reason for wishing to play this game," I snapped.

I turned to Carla. "Let me try this thing on your N-e-n," I said.

She frowned for perhaps three seconds before her face lighted. "Murder?"

I gave her a dime.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" she demanded. "I'm not ill, George?"

"I may be," I said. "Excuse me."

I went toward the bed and fixed myself a drink. Wanda came over.

I focused on her. "Let me try you on my game. N-e-n. Try that."

"Oh, all right," she growled. "Flyrne. Or proper names admissible?"

I gave her a dime.

Riegelman was standing apart, tall and distinguished, looking on. "Enjoying yourself?" I asked.

"Very good party," he said pleasantly. "By the way, I'd like to discuss a scene in my next picture. How about dinner tomorrow?"

"Why don't you come here?"

"Delighted."

"Righto. Listen, Riegelman, that game of mine isn't really childish. Let me show you. All I do is give you—"

"Lay on, MacDuff."

"M-d-c."

Seconds ticked away. This hesitation began to assume the same significance as the pause in psychiatric association tests. He had the word close to his consciousness, but his subconscious would not allow him to say "homicide."

At eighteen seconds, he grinned suddenly, and said, "Homicide. I could think of nothing but midchannel, and didn't think that would be allowed."

He gave me a skim of the game. "The game does have possibilities, George, old boy."

I gave up. I went over to the bar.

The doorman reminded me that the most important guest had not arrived. This must be Lord Hake. I answered the bell.

"Where's your telephone?" Lamar James demanded.

I took him into the den. He called for an ambulance. He hung up, looked at me.

"You've got a near corpse out there, George."

I followed him outside. Under a row of hydranges was an evening-clad body, a young man whose fair hair was matted with blood. He was Lord Hake.

Finally, all were gone except Lieutenant Archer of the homicide squad, Lamar James and myself.

"Try good doc said he must have lain there between four and five hours," Archer said. "He was probably your first guest and was sluggish as he rounded that secluded turn in your walk. If the poor lug recovers consciousness, he may be able to verify that. Well, so long, boys."

He let him out. James stared at me.

"What's your story this time?"

I frowned at him. "I don't like your tone."

"And I don't like your glib explanations."

"Sanderson. Lord Hake was Herman Smith, wasn't he?"

"What makes you think so?" I stalled. The lower half of his face was lighter in color than the rest. He's shaved off a beard recently. Smith had a beard. Smith disappeared right after that accident in England. I figure he was the younger brother, a remittance man, who inherited when his older brother was killed."

That was my conclusion. I verified his identity through a clipping service.

"You invited him here tonight?"

"Yes, but nobody else knew that."

"You knew it, he said. Furthermore, you knew he was going to use money. You show me a clipping you claim you got from Flynne's bag. How do I know you got it there?"

"Isn't that pretty obvious?" I asked hotly. "Smith loaned Flynne the bag. The clipping was in it."

"Your explanations are too smooth."

I went back to my place. "I have proof. I found that missing reel of film. I'll run it for you right now."

I forced myself to cool off as I threaded film.

A wagon train came across the dunes at sunrise and it was obvious that Carla and I had what polite people refer to as an understanding.

Now came the critical scene. I was in the foreground, naturally, but we could see Severance Flynne in the background. At a signal from the producer, Severance Flynne was shot.

I turned the lights on. James grinned. "That lets you out," he said. "But I think you know more than you told."

"In the first place, I didn't ask Lord Hake to come early. He suggested eight. The others came at nine. I wanted to verify your ideas and Hake could give me confirmation."

"Such as?"

"I have no proof," I objected. "I'm going to make a phone call later. If Hake comes to, he can tell me. Otherwise, I'll have to try something else."

"James got up. "Well, let me know."

"Come out to the set in the morning," I said.

After he left, I put in a call to London.

The next morning Wallingford came on the set with a stack of paper in one arm and Carla on the other. He dealt out copies of a revised script. "All night I stayed up to work with the author on some changes," he said. "Somebody bring in that cave."

Prop men brought in the cave. Riegelman wandered off to a dark corner. And Lamar James came up to say hello.

"Don't make me hear that story again," I said.

"I want a drink of water, George. Shall I bring you one?"

"Please."

I turned a page to wait for her and Riegelman, who was still absent. She was back in a moment, and Riegelman was not far behind. She gave me the water and I raised the wiper in front of my lips.

A strong, bitter odor assailed my nostrils. "What's the matter?" Carla cried.

Lamar James took the cup, sniffed and spat. "He's under arrest for attempted murder."

Carla fainted. James turned to Wallingford. "You have chemists here. I want to have this analyzed."

Wallingford seemed broken. "Poor Carla," he said. "Come on, Mr. James. I show you myself the laboratory."

I looked at Riegelman. He was staring at James and Wallingford. I went over to him. He gave me a kind of sleep-walker's stare. "I—I'm stunned."

Then he shrugged and called out, "That's all for today. We'll let you know when and if work on the picture is to be resumed."

He turned back to me. "It will be difficult to replace Carla. Perhaps we had better discuss the picture at dinner tonight."

"All right."

We looked steadily at each
Riegelman arrived at my apartment at seven o'clock instead of eight.
"I was curious to know what we were eating tonight," he explained.
"Steak and kidney pie," I said.
He gave me a look compounded of speculation and knowledge. "Rather signif-
ient, what?" he said.
"Significant?" I repeated. "I don't know. Your use of the idiom didn't penetrate for some time because I was accustomed to that usage. I should have pegged you for an Englishman long ago."
Riegelman sipped his sherry. "I thought you'd reached a conclusion, finally."
"Shall we drink a toast to tomorrow?" I suggested.
"Whatever it brings, George?"
"Whatever."
We touched glasses, drank. Riegelman watched me, his long face full of regret.
"You know, George, you have nerve." I shrugged. "I'm confident, that's all."
"But you have every reason not to be."
"Not from my viewpoint."
"You'll admit I had rotten luck."
"I'll do nothing of the sort," I said. "It was carelessness."
"But I hadn't seen the boy since he was sixteen, and beards are confusing."
"You're his cousin. I telephoned Percy Wellesley in London."
"You were too observant," he said.
"I wasn't observant enough," I corrected him. "It should have been obvious that you had Peggy's notebook and had studied it, when you made me change my tie."
"I made a bad mistake there," he admitted. "A reel of film was missing, but I had a feeling it would be found. If you'd worn the wrong tie, an expensive scene would have had to be retaken. Having studied the notebook the night before, I suddenly forgot my real role and for a moment or so I was just a director who had to write the budget."
"The truth was there before my eyes all the time," I said.
"You knew the first shot came from behind the camera and finally decided that nobody else could have fired it."
"No, it wasn't that simple. I considered everybody."
"Surely it had to be me!"
"I see that now," I said. "What threw

"Are you saving for something special, dear? You two seldom go out any more."

Saving, yes, and for a very special reason. These two are looking ahead. They know that if they spend with reckless abandon now they will be adding that monster threat, inflation. They know, too, that the money they might be spending, but instead are putting in War Bonds, will buy a simply wonderful time when the war is won. Inflation will be a nightmare America didn't have if we all spend only what must be spent—until certain Victory!
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me off was your indifference to Flyne's death.

"Why should I have cared," he asked reasonably. "I shot the wrong person. I had no motive. So I shouldn't be suspected, provided I forgot all about it."

"But Peggy figured it out."

"She was my greatest danger," he said. "I put it together this way."

"She questioned a piece of business at the moment Flyne was shot, and I started to ask you. You were gone and she made a note of it. The next day, she remembered you were gone and wondered." Peggy didn't say anything," he said, "and she'd dismissed the thought. But I was nervous. When I saw her put her hand to her mouth-he paused. "She perhaps it was best found on you and the whole affair passed off as an accident."

"Why did you plant the gun in Carla's wagon?"

"That was no plant. I simply put it there to remove later. When you brought up the question of murder, I had to leave it and hope for the best."

"SCHERRY?" I asked.

"He got to his feet," I think not. You doubtless planned for that deputy to arrive at eight and eavesdrop on our conversation. And to arrest me when I'd made a damaging statement. That's why I arrived early; not that I came in."

"I expected you to arrive an hour early."

"Naturally, I didn't underestimate you. George, I watched the house for two hours before I came in, to make certain you didn't set any traps."

"I got to my feet and moved so that when he faced me his back was toward the open bedroom door. "I'm not going with you."

"Oh, I think so," he said pleasantly. "You don't wish to be killed here, do you?"

"I'm not going to be killed."

"Oh, I think so."

"I've rather developed a taste for killing."

"That isn't why you killed Paul. It was because he asked you about Herman Smith. He remembered that Smith was a Remington man and would inherit if his father and elder brother died."

Riegelman nodded. "I overheard Paul telephone a friend in Hollywood and corroborate that he's headed toward your trailer, I killed him."

"Wait a moment. How did you know Lord Cecil was coming to my party?"

"I invited him of course."

"Why, so did I."

Riegelman smiled. "So I learned. I pretended to be you on the telephone and

that I had—or you had—invited so many that it had slipped your mind. I asked him to come early. He was going to identify me as his cousin, who was the next of kin. The title would pass to me, only the money."

"The money has always been your first consideration," I said. "You waylaid him, left him for dead and waited for somebody to arrive."

"I drove down the street and parked until Wally arrived in a cab. I came in with him, you remember?"

"I hadn't noticed. Did you use a hammer on Le Loyal?"

"Yes, it's in my toolbox. I haven't decided whether to use it or a gun on you."

"He brought the gun out of his pocket. "I've got to kill you."

"You won't," I said, "because Lamar James has you covered."

Riegelman grinned. "That's an old gag. You thought I was going to turn my head and you'd have a chance to dive at me."

Lamar James's voice said, right behind him, "Don't move, Riegelman. I won't kill you, because I want you to stand trial. But I'll shoot you at the base of the spine. That would hurt."

The gun sagged in Riegelman's hand. Lamar James said, "Hand your gun to George."

Riegelman did so. It felt comfortably reassuring in my hand." I pulled the trigger loudly, "you can come and get him now."

"Okay," Lamar James's voice said.

From the loudspeaker came the click of a telephone bell. "Hand the dial tone. Riegelman jerked his head toward it, then glared furiously at me."

"He was listening in his hotel room," I said. "I'm sure I'll tell him now."

"I was afraid you might have remembered my telephone set-up here, but it probably wouldn't have mattered. I could have handled you anyway."

At least, I thought, The Falcon and The Saint always could handle such situations. I had, to use the telephone set-up," I said, "because I didn't dare have anyone come here. I was afraid you'd be watching."

IT WAS like an old-fashioned family reunion. Melvina and Fred were trying to talk into four telephones at once. Wallingford came in just as Carla was released from her cell and rushed into the room, followed by the man with Wallingford and she and Carla dived at me simultaneously.

"Isn't it wonderful!" Wanda cried. "I wish they'd been here. I'd be leading woman in your next, George."

"George," Carla said. "I just knew you wouldn't let me rot here. Oh, I thank you!"

"You girls run along," Wallingford said crisply. "I lost a director just now. We got a picture to finish. George, maybe you can help out, huh?"

"I could knock the delight out of my eyes. Not only was I playing Hilary Westen, I could direct the picture, too."

Wallingford turned to me and he seemed embarrassed. "George, I got bad news. But the present I gave you. I can't get one. There ain't any."

"I remembered I had asked him for a transit, a twenty-two-inch achromat. That's one on Mount Wilson, but it's very special."

"What's on Mount Wilson?" he asked.

"An achromat, twenty-two-inch transit. That's why I asked for..."

"Oh!" he cried. "And I wired every circus for a twenty-two-inch acrobat!"

THE END
A New Lipstick is Born

Models' Special Lipstick...created for fashion models and color-styled by them! The notable group of models you see here chose, for Models' Special Lipstick, colors straight from the fashion spectrum...not only decorative, deliberately clothes-conscious! And now available to you in the special stick created to keep the model's lips luminous and lovely through hours of posing. Choose yours from the model's own shades: Definitely Red...With Orange...Deep Rose...Ripe Red...Midnight Blue...Sable Dark. The professional size, $1. Bree Cosmetics, New York, Los Angeles, 165 West Wacker Drive, Chicago 1.
Remarkably Beautifying Shampoo Leaves Hair Silken-Soft, Glowing With Natural Brilliant Luster

Powers Models are breath-takingly beautiful, One of their greatest assets is their enchantingly lovely, perfectly coiffured HAIR! And John Robert Powers always advises his stunning "million dollar" Powers Models to use only Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair. Here are some of his reasons:

1. Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp of dirt and loose dandruff but it brings out the natural sparkling brilliant highlights—the shimmering lustre that lies concealed in your and every girl's hair.

2. This remarkably beautifying Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much silkier, softer, with a glossy sheen that lasts for days. Notice how your hair stays in place so much longer.

3. Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Instead—its beneficial oil base helps keep your hair from becoming dry or brittle.

Why not take a "beauty-tip" from these exquisitely lovely Powers Girls and always "glamour-bathe" your hair with Kreml Shampoo! Get a bottle at any drug or dept. store.

Kreml SHAMPOO
FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

"Nicest Guy in the World"
(Continued from page 41) guy with cabbage—but I don't expect him ever to throw it away. He wore it when he left for England on the clipper and he had it on when he got back from Africa. On Bond tours and during golf tournaments, it usually turns up at least once.

He loves ice cream. When he's dead tired after a hard day at the studio, or maybe a hard day at the studio plus a hard night at an Army camp, he takes a shower, climbs into bed, eats a big dish of ice cream, then turns out the light and snoozes fast. At best he never averages better than six hours of sleep a night. He never gets to bed before midnight even when he's making a picture. There are always broadcasts, benefits, Bond drives or hospital tours.

It relaxes him to drive a car, preferably with the radio playing soft music, and he loves movies. Bob Hope goes to the movies the way Joe Blow goes to the movies—with his wife, to the local movie house. And afterwards he takes her to the corner ice-cream parlor, sits her on a stool at the fountain and buys her a soda.

His greatest friend is, of course, Bing Crosby. They play golf together, work together, do benefits together, hang around the house together. It was Bing who drew Bob out of the hard shell he'd been in for years. Bing, who had twice been chosen by the West Coast press as the most unco-operative actor in Hollywood and was famous for never stirring an inch when movement could be avoided, suddenly became human and a demon for singing free. Now he is one of the movie colony's foremost contributors to the war effort; he does benefits and tours the Army camps with a troupe for which he pays all the expenses.

Bob calls him "Blubber." Bing's nickname for Bob is, of course, the famous 'Ski Nose.' When they are apart they bombard each other with ludicrous fan mail. In Bizerte, Bob was overjoyed to come upon a post card showing a lonely little Arab trudging up a dirt road. He mailed it to Bing with the tender message: "This shows the crowds rushing to see your 'Holiday Inn.'"

What is Bob Hope like when you get to know him? Well, he's an easygoing guy with easygoing ways. He does a lot of things in a little time, but he does everything smoothly so that it looks effortless, and he never seems to be anxious or in a hurry. He dislikes high-pressure people and offhand that's all I can think of that he dislikes. Promoters get nowhere with him. He doesn't bet on horses except now and then for laughs when one of Bing's nags is running. He plays gin rummy for a penny a point and almost always wins, but beyond that he doesn't care for gambling. His natural wit makes it fun to play cards with him; he keeps up a running fire of wisecracks throughout the game and his partner gets aimiable, often hilarious Bob Hope script in miniature with every hand.

His house is big, rambling, unpretentious, with a wide lawn and flowers everywhere. Its tall gates, controlled by electricity, are always locked to keep out strangers, burglars and autograph pests. Inside the house everything is informal, warm, comfortable, with man-sized lounge chairs, a convenient bar, and an oil painting of Linda and Tony—the Hopes' two adopted children—over the fireplace.

Bob and Dolores sleep in a big four-poster double bed, but have separate bathrooms. The children share a two-room nursery unit. In another wing of the house...
there is an office where Bob's two girl secretaries work answering his fan mail and attending to all other paper work. He receives as many as 50,000 letters a week, most of it from his radio audience and the families of service men.

Soldiers' mothers and fathers write Bob to thank him for touring in Italy, North Africa and the Aleutians and entertaining their sons. Some of them write so poignantly that he is in tears when he reads the letters. Even for a comedian, fan mail is more serious these days. There are not so many requests for autographs or pictures or advice on how to break into the movies. Most of the letters just say thanks.

Bob shakes his head over these and his wonderment is genuine. "What do they thank me for?" he asks. "I should thank them."

As the years go on, he manages to spend more and more time with five-year-old Linda and three-year-old Tony. They both came to the Hopes through the Cradle in Chicago, but by a happy and amusing accident Tony is the image of Bob, even to the ski nose in a smaller version, and he exhibits more than a touch of Bob's ebullience. Linda, flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, possesses a dainty grown-up air that delights her father. He treats her like a miniature princess. When he has been away from home for a long time, you often hear him sneer in a "Goodnight, Linda" over the air as his radio program ends. Linda is always listening.

Ever a one to sit around in the cafes and trade laughs with the other boys, Bob used to enjoy night clubs as a diversion, but now when he has a night off he goes to the Hollywood canteen. No fuss attends his appearances there—he just strolls in and before anyone knows it, he's on.

He is a terrific ad-libber and many of the best cracks in his pictures are his own. The script girl who never leaves his side takes them down as he says them. Often they're put into a scene on the spot.

Another prolific source of Hope gags is moon-faced, good-natured Barney Dean, a little bald ex-vaudevillian who is considered a great character in comic circles. Bob has him on the set as a writer, at $50 a week, but actually Barney is more what might be termed a "gag doctor." He tells Bob how to set up a gag, or how to rephrase it for a bigger laugh. Bob has great respect for his judgment and a wanton liking for his company, so he takes him on camp tours whenever possible.

Bob has a pleasant way of remembering the names of unimportant people, and of those he knew when he was unimportant, too. He doesn't make a great point of it, but he keeps in touch with old friends. I recall one evening—right after he'd become a big Hollywood star—walking down Broadway, he suddenly said: "I've got to go over to the Lincoln drugstore." "Lincoln drugstore?" asked his companion. "Why?"

"I used to live at the Lincoln and hang out a lot at the drugstore and I knew the counter guys over there pretty well."

So he went there. He sat at the fountain and chatted with the guys who used to let him charge things when he was low on funds and it was as if he'd never been away, never earned more than coffee and cake money, never become famous.

That's the way he is when you get to know him.

He's a good citizen, this comic, a very good Joe. You can talk about the boys in the war fighting for baseball and blueberry pie and the old jalopy on Sunday afternoons, and probably they are. A lot of them are fighting for Bob Hope, too, and with deep humility he knows it.

The End
A happy combination to give or receive... Frolic Perfume and Dusting Powder in a bright holiday box. $2.75

A luxurious set designed to give Cupid a helping hand. Frolic Perfume, Toilet Water and Talcum Powder... gayly packaged for Christmas. $5.75

(Prices plus tax)
Now, after almost a year of marriage, they are still a couple of kids enjoying life. They live in a five-room Beverly Hills apartment, completely dominated two days a week by a couple colored mad named Jeffy, who casually calls Natalie "Beautiful" and Bob "Big Boy." Also sharing the apartment are two cocker spaniels, one blond, one brunet, and the other, wearing the monikers "Hut" (for Hutton) and "Vic" (for Victory). But neither the dogs nor Jeffy see an awful lot of the pair come sundown, for when Bob doesn't have an early studio call in the morning he and Natalie are invariably out circulating among their many friends—among whom are half of the non-movie people in Beverly Hills, as well as the Cary Grant group, as well as Director Delmer Daves and his wife, and Fred de Cordova, the Eddie Brackens, the Dane Clarkes, Steve Crane, Steve Brody—and anyone else who comes to your mind!

Nights when they aren't going anywhere with friends, they go places with each other—usually to dinner at the Brown Derby, La Rue's or Romanoff's and then to a movie. It's only on evenings when Bob looks forward to a dawn rising that they go home for dinner. At these, Natalie cooks a superb dinner. She learned how to cook secretly at a cooking school—thus making her youthful husband mad with suspicion! Since the latter obviously was losing interest in her name Hutton; and she had to introduce him to her chef-hatted teacher before he calmed down! After dinner, if you peek in the window of the Hutton apartment, you'd find Natalie playing the piano while her husband sat at his desk in the living room making miniature models of the people in Beverly Hills. So far he's made enough furniture to fill a twenty-room house, so long as it's doll-sized. Often, while he's carving out his masterpiece, Natalie leaves the piano and settles down at a near-by table—rising at bedtime with some poetry, which some day she plans to publish in book form. Her favorite brain child deals with her brother Bob. The poem goes, "Thank you for praising him to the skies and in the last verse she lambasts him for his one fault: Snoring!"

He hasn't many other faults, as she well knows when she says, "Bob loves to eat!" When he rises for an early studio call, he sneaks from their bedroom quietly and concocts his own breakfast—a huge glass of orange juice, cream of wheat, bacon and eggs, toast, coffee. Oh, he eats enough to have a picture like Sophie Tucker's, the only trouble being that none of it sticks to his lanky frame. All day long he gnaws at sandwiches, at home or abroad. And when dinnertime comes he tucks away everything you can imagine, but vegetables.

His mother, his father, and their two cars—hers a blue convertible, his a tan coupe—are their only possessions in their furnished apartment. Which is one reason that they are both searching endlessly for a house. In the interim to put some hand-picked furniture and in it they long to give parties to repay their many social debts. In it they'd also like to find some much-needed privacy.

As you can see, Bob S. Hutton (S for Shy) is doing better than a lot of the brashest, boldest men in the world! The moral of this story? Brother, if you're shy, stay that way—that is, if you want to succeed!

The End
Your choice of these delightful fragrances—
Garden Bouquet; Forest Pine; Spring Morning

In a minute...
MINIT-RUB begins to relieve cold distress

SPEED, MOTHER! Minit-Rub hurries relief from cold distress three fast ways! Rub it on chest and back.

1. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub stimulates circulation, brings a sensation of heat. That swiftly helps relieve surface aches!

2. QUICKLY Minit-Rub's pain-relieving action soothes raspy local congestion.

3. IMMEDIATELY Minit-Rub's active menthol vapors ease nasal stuffiness. Mother, it's amazingly quick relief for both children and grown-ups! Greaseless! Stainless! Won't harm linens! Get it now—at your druggist's.

Draught-Dodgers

Short on Fuel? Then be Long on these Heat-Hoarding Hints

Dana Andrews finds pulling the heavy drapes over the windows helps keep the cold out and the heat in and saves fuel. It's a vital point in the home-front fight for freedom. Co-operate for victory by doing all you can to conserve fuel.

Cold creeps in around doors. Dana and son David put tape around the door cracks. See that your furnace is clean, your walls insulated, your storm windows on. Our boys on battlefronts must have gas—and it is made from coal and oil.
Grab Bag on Grable

(Continued from page 43) moan in anguish—she can’t tell you how to copy what she has!

FAVORITE BETWEEN-MEAL SNACK: Milkshakes—any flavor at all.

MOST EXCITING MOMENT: When, right after her baby's birth, the doctor leaned over her and said, "Well, what do you think it is?" "A girl!" said she delightedly—and burst into tears.

COLORS SHE LIVES IN: Red, yellow, gray and beige.

WORST LIE SHE EVER TOLD: When, during the shooting of "Pin-Up Girl," she claimed she wasn’t having a baby. Reason? Well, she wanted to do the picture—so she lied like mad before admitting the truth.

ROLES SHE LOVED PLAYING: Her parts in "Coney Island" and in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady"—because of the stories, the music, and the luscious costumes.

WHAT MOST PAINS HER AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE: False stories printed about her in the newspapers. Like the once-printed charge that she and her husband are great Scotch drinkers—when the truth is they drink nothing but cokes.

CLOTHES SHE CAN'T RESIST: Casual clothes of all types; slacks, suits, pinafores, skirts, shorts. And high-heeled shoes—which she wears with all of them!

WHAT MOST WORRIES HER ABOUT THE PUBLIC: That they don't understand that even movie stars have bad moods and headache days—when they don't feel like smiling and hollering everyone. Such as the dog days in New York when she and Harry were courting; the heat wilted her and the public was hurt.

PET POSY: Orchids, if the truth be known. But she welcomes any and all kinds of flowers to her hair.

FAVORITE AMUSEMENTS: Listening to music of all kinds, which is why she likes to hear Harry's orchestra rehearsing daily in their garage! (So do neighbors Olivia de Havilland and Ginger Rogers!) She loves every type of music, from jive to symphonic; she faithfully attends the ballet's every performance—wherever music is, there is Betty. Unless it's the opera, which she avoids like bubonic plague!

FAVORITE WASTES OF ENERGY: Occasional swims in her pool; constant gum-chewing from dawn until dark; and playing poker with friends who are mostly non-movie-fles.

BIRTHDAY: December the eighteenth—when she'll be eighteen years old.

WHAT SHE'D LIKE TO BE DOING WHEN HER HAIR IS WHITE: Leading the same life she is now, minus the acting! She'd like to be just Mrs. Harry James. wife and mother.

MOST EMBARRASSING HABIT TO HER FRIENDS: She's right on time to all appointments. This is why, when she's invited to dinner at eight, she's there promptly—finding the hostess still in curlers and the other guests not arriving till nine!

HOW MUCH DOES SHE WEIGH?: The Figure is five feet three and one-half inches tall, weighing 112 when she's not working—and putting on ten more pounds when she's killing herself doing dancing routines Explain that one!

MOST HO-HUM DUTY: Sitting under the drier one hour every day of her working life, getting the Crowning Glory ready for the cameras.

WHAT WEARIES HER MOST IN OTHER PEOPLE: There's just one thing that really dejects her about people—affectedness. She can stand anything else, from those who sneeze in your face to those who pull chairs out from under you—if only they're natural though obnoxious!

IDEAL HOME: She's living there now—it includes a sun-drenched California house, a big garden studded with a pool, and her husband and daughter. Fact is, for this home she'd give up anything. Which includes her career.

CHORE SHE ADORES: Taking care of baby Victoria Elizabeth on the nurse’s days off—which Betty enjoys more than you'd enjoy a mink coat.

WHAT BETTY KNOWS BUT THE PUBLIC DOESN'T: That by this time any interest she had in giddy night life is over. She's shed her sequins for an apron!

The End
Back Again!

Last winter, the ingredients of Original Campana Balm went to war. This year, they're back again. Just when you need this protective lotion most.

The Original Campana Balm 25c, 50c

More popular than ever... and no wonder! FLAME-GLO quality has been carefully kept up to pre-war standards, even in these difficult times. That's why you will prefer FLAME-GLO. in your choice of exotic color tones!


Instant Relief for chapping

with this famous cold weather lotion

Rich! Concentrated! Economical!

No wonder thousands of women change to Original Campana Balm when winter comes! For this is the lotion designed specifically for cold weather—designed to give INSTANT relief for chapping. Even cracked, smarting skins show wonderful improvement OVERNIGHT. Even the most sensitive skins are given helpful protection against cold and wind. Get YOUR Original Campana Balm today in the green and white carton.

The Original Campana Balm 25c, 50c

Reviews (Continued from page 26)

garet is the last of the Cathervilles until it's discovered that American Robert Young is actually a descendant of the ghost. Laughton is superb. (Sept.)

Casanova Brown—International: When professor Gary Cooper discovers he's a father on the eve of his wedding to Anita Louise, things begin happening. When he discovers the baby's mother, Teresa Wright wants to give it up for adoption, he finds a unique way to stop that! With Frank Moran, Patricia Collinge and Mary Treen. (Oct.)

Cliff, The—Universal: Most of this rather tired film takes place in an old opera house with a mad doctor, Boris Karloff, of course, hypnotizing people and hoarding corpses in spare rooms. Susanna Foster sings beautifully, Turhan Bey doesn't have his usual sex appeal, but Gale Sondergaard is swell. (Nov.)

Dixie Jamboree—PRC: When Lyle Talbot and Frank Jenks try to escape the police, they take refuge upon Guy Kibbee's showboat. Edgar Quillan is the trombone player who's in love with songstress Frances Langford and Charles Butterworth is Kibbee's cohort in selling patent medicine on the side. Langford sings one of her hits. (Oct.)

Dragoon Seed—MG-M: A magnificent picture, dealing with Jap-occupied China and its peasants who grow from simple kindly people to a united people of strength and purpose. Walter Huston, Allyn MacMidon, Turhan Bey, Katharine Hepburn and Atten Tamurri are all outstanding.

Enemy of Women—Frank Monogram: Goebbels' life from the time he was a private tutor to the time he became propaganda chief for Hitler, but it doesn't paint him black enough. Paul ANDER turns in a weak-kneed version of Goebbels, Claudette Drake is the girl and Donald Woods her husband. (Nov.)

Falcon in Mexico, The—RKO: Tom Conway, the Falcon, goes to Mexico to solve a mystery and people get killed all over the place. Nancy Parsons is the clearest Mexican detective; Martha MacVicar is cute; Mona Muris is very good and the Falcon is the same old smoothie as the Falcon. (Oct.)

Ghost Catchers—Universal: It's fun and laughter and nonsense when Olsen and Johnson are called in from their night club to a house next door in which Martha O'Driscoll, Gloria Jean and Walter Catlett have rented. Andy Devine, Lon Chaney and Leo Carrillo are the heavies; there's plenty of singing and laughter. (Sept.)

Gildersleeve's Ghost—RKO: Hal Peary as Gildersleeve, running for political commissioner and two ghosts plunge him into a mystery in order that he may solve it and prove his mental ability. There's a crazy scientist and a gorilla in it. It's all very silly, but fun. (Sept.)

Goodnight Sweetheart—Republic: A scandalmongering newspaper reporter, Robert Livingston, buys a small town paper and rips apart all the honest people of the community, including Judge Thurston Hall. Livingston invents a headline on whom to try the case and then finds himself arrested on suspicion of murder, with Ruth Terry. (Sept.)

Great Moment, The—Paramount: This poor plotters to tell how Joel McCrea, as Dr. William Thomas Green Morton, invented a pracatible anaesthetic and what he eventually did with it. Betty Field is his wife, and Harry Carey wander on the outer edges of the story, and William Demarest is as violent as always in Sturges' pictures. (Sept.)

Greenwich Village—20th Century-Fox: Bill Bendix operates a Greenwich Village cafe in which beautiful ladies sing, and into which wander comedians Don Ameche. Talented people including Carmen Miranda, Felix Bressart, Tony and Sally De Marco entertain you and it's all very gay. (Nov.)

Gypsy Wildcat—Universal: Maria Montez and Jon Hall romp around again in Technicolor, this time in a story of a gypsy girl who turns out to be a missing heiress. Nicole Bruce, Leo Carrillo and Gale Sondergaard go around in it too. (Nov.)

Love a Soldier—Paramount: Paulette Goddard's shipyard welder who works by day and dances every night with service men but refuses to get serious with any of them. Then Sonny Doll sets out to change Paulette's idea and the ensuing fun is enjoyable. Mary Treen, Walter Sande and Barry Fitzgerald contribute some good bits. (Sept.)

Impatient Years, The—Columbia: This comedy, built around a vital problem, emerges vitalizing entertainment. Lee Bowman returns home on furlough to find his wife Jean Arthur, whom he has known only four days, embroiled in housekeeping duties and child care. When they fly to the divorce court, Jean's father, Charles Coburn, and the judge order them to relive their courtship. (Nov.)

In Society—Universal: Abbott and Costello are a pair of plumbers summoned to a wealthy ma's mansion to fix a fan. After practically destroying the home, the pair sends them a note of com pliment, but in mistake they receive an invitation to a week-end party and the riot goes on from there. (Nov.)

Invincible Man's Revenge, The—1st Uni versal: Jon Hall wants revenge on Lester Matthews and Gale Sondergaard, so scientist John Carradine.
renders him invisible and he haunts the couple through some really swell camera tricks. Evelyn Ankers is their daughter and Alan Curtis her fiancé. (Sept.)

WJANIE—Warner: Young, gay, heart-warming and so funny! You'll love this picture. Sixteen year-old Janie, played delightfully by Joyce Reynolds, keeps her family in a constant uproar due to her beauty and her sister Claire Baker's, antics; and when a company of soldiers moves into town it becomes a furor. Robert Haron is Janie's boy friend. (Oct.)

JUNGLE WOMAN—Universal: Acquiescent is an ugly girl who is transformed into a beautiful girl by means of a magic drug. But when she escapes and returns to her kindly doctor as a beautiful girl she falls in love with the boy friend of the doctor's daughter and the fur flies in all directions. (Oct.)

KISMET—M-G-M: A fanciful fairy tale, beautifully mounted, with Ronald Colman as the king of the beggars who's determined that only a prince may wed his lovely daughter, Joy Ann Page. Edward Arnold is the grand Vizier who wants to overthrow the Caliph, James Craig, who has fallen in love with Joy Ann, and Marlene Dietrich is the tempestuous beauty in Arnold's harem whom Colman loves. (Nov.)

LOST IN A HAREM: Abbott and Costello and Marilyn Maxwell are a vaudeville troupe stranded in the Orient, and John Conte is a deposed prince who promises to get them back to America if they'll help him regain his kingdom. Jimmy Dorsey's music helps out, but it's a nate too funny picture. (Nov.)

MADEMOISELLE FIFI—RKO: This is a story of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 and a mighty good little story it is, too. Simone Simon proves herself a fine little actress as the French peasant who suffers humiliation and scorn from the Prussian officers and Kurt Klauser is really one of the most loathsome villains you'll ever meet. (Oct.)

MAISIE GOES TO RENO—M-G-M: Maisie's ordered to return to Reno in order to join a band which opens in Reno for a fortnight, but before she leaves she undertakes a mission for soldier Tom Drake, whose wife, Ava Gardner, is about to divorce him. Once in Reno, they develop, so Maisie, played as usual, by Susannah Foster, has to get the aid of cake-mix maker, John Hodidak to get to the bottom of the affair. (Nov.)

MARINE RAIDERS—RKO: Lot's of action, all about a new marine in camp, in combat and in love. The battle scenes are terrible, but the Leathernecks deserve a better picture. Pat O'Brien plays the role of the newly-born marine, the girl Robert Ryan loves and Frank McHugh, Barton MacLane and Raymond Hatton are in it too. (Sept.)

MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR—M-G-M: Lana Turner lifts this treatment of marriage among our young moderns into one of the best pictures of the year. The entertainment by the sincerity of her performance. John Hodidak is missus as her Boston blue-blood husband and James Craig is sold as Lana's suitor who almost wrecks her marriage. (Nov.)

MASK OF DIMITRIOS, THE—Warners: A knockout thriller with Peter Lorre, mystery story writer, setting out to unravel the life story of the evil, uncruupulent Dimitrios, played by Zachary Scott. In Lorre's travels he encounters some fabulous characters, among them Sydney Greenstreet,Victor Francen, and Fay Wray. (Sept.)

MERRY MONAHANS, THE—Universal: Donald O'Connor and Peggie Ryan cavort against a backstage setting and it's mighty entertaining over halfway through the picture. Then the old corn moves in. Jack Oakie plays the kids' father, Ann Blyth is Donald's sweetheart, John Miljan is the page, acter, and Isabel Jewell the jeweler. (Oct.)

MINSTREL MAN—FRC: A simple, tender, nostalgic story, this has minstrel-man Benny Fields leaving his newly-born daughter in the care of Roseo Keyes and Gladys George. When the girl, played by Judy Clark, grows up and learns of her real father's profession she wants to become a minstrel woman. The music is good and Fields is superb. (Sept.)

MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS—Universal: Chief Officer Leo Carrillo takes the crew of a merchant marine ship out to his ranch and finds that it's been taken over by women. Elyse Knox is the foreman, the Andrews Sisters sing like mad and the boys expect to have a wonderful time. (Nov.)

MR. SKEPPINGTON—Warner: The fine performances of Bette Davis and Claude Rains make your interest high. Bette is the vain, selfish woman who marries Rains for his money only to divorce him later. Surrounded by admirers, Bette goes on her merry way until an illness destroys beauty and she finds herself alone. (Sept.)

MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR—Columbia: An appealing movie, with timid, horn-peeked Eddie Robinson going off to war. In the Army he hooks his sergeant until he gets into the combat mechanic unit and finally sees action. Ruth Warrick, Bob Haymes, Richard Lane and Robert Armstrong constitute to this whimsically different story. (Oct.)

MUSIC IN MANHATTAN—RKO: A cute, snappy little yarn, not very original in idea, but agile with humor and enhanced with good acting. Anne Shirley is a fine comedienne. Philip Terry is so good and Dennis Day is a hit as Anne's suitor. (Oct.)

NIGHT OF ADVENTURE, A—RKO: Plenty of drama with Tom Conway defending a man for murder when he has evidence that might easily point to Tom himself, for he was there when his wife's lover was

Which side of the table are you on?

BE NICE TO BE NEAR TO!

Do you wonder if you're quite as sweet and dainty as you should be? No need to if you use Fresh—the odorant cream that contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science!

Effective! Fresh stops all your perspiration worries completely, and in addition, prevents odor harmlessly.

Gentle! Fresh won't irritate normal skin.

Sure! Fresh keeps perspiration stains and odor out of clothes.

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Moccasins from California—crafted to take you everywhere! Soft, cushioned platforms cradle your foot with every step. All hand-tossed to durable, genuine leather soles. In brown, black, or brown-and-white butter-soft elkskin. Also in white pressed kid. Rationed... about $5.95 at your favorite store. Write for name of nearest dealer.
If you suffer from such a handicap—try SIROIL. It might alter the picture for you considerably. SIROIL tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of SIROIL will help keep them under control. Applied externally, SIROIL does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks-satisfaction-money-refunded basis.

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This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," illustrates the Stammering Test Method for automatic correction of stammering and stotting. It is illustrated throughout with helpful diagrams and figures. By H. Bogen, M.D., 1860, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

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Truly Enchanting! Now, exciting and utterly captivating! Dainty miniature gardenias by day—sensational at night. Actually glow in the dark, covering your cheeks with a gentle, flattering radiance. Of specially treated plastic. Mysterious glowing properties are enduring. Send $1 now. We mail postpaid. You'll be delighted, or we refund, of course. 

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SOMETIMES the harder you try to get to sleep, the longer you stay awake. Dr. Miles Nervine (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are Nervous, Cranky, Restless? Get it at your drug store. Liquid, 25c and $1.00; Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c. Read directions and use only as directed.

Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR SKIN?

UGLY IRITATIONS?  RED, CHAPPED SKIN?
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BLEMISHES?

Help your skin to normal soft smoothness this medicated way

- Wouldn't you like to see your skin smooth, unblemished, soft-looking? Then try Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream. Noxzema not only soothes irritations, helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin, but helps heal ugly pimples and unsightly blemishes.

Nurses were among the first to discover how grand Noxzema is as a skin aid. Millions of girls use Noxzema today. It's snow-white, greaseless! See if it doesn't help improve your skin. 10¢, 35¢, 50¢, $1 (plus tax). At all drug counters. *externally-caused

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keep it lovely for Him!

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TRIAL SIZE includes: Glover's MANGE MEDICINE—recommended, with massage, for Dandruff. Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair... GLAVER Beauty Shampoo—leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable! Glover's LUXURIOUS Hair Dress—Non-alcoholic and Antiperspirant! A delicious "oil treatment" for easy "finger tip" application at home. Each in hermaphrodite-keg bottle and special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet, "The Science of Care of Scalp and Hair."

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Additional stores where you can buy Photoplay First Run Fashions on Pages 78 to 82

Rosebrooke Original
Detroit, Mich.—B. Siegel Co.
New York, N.Y.—Franklin Simon & Co.
Portland, Ore.—Unger's

Majestic chenille cool jersey dress
Los Angeles, Cal.—The May Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Blum Store

Coro dog-collar and comb
Boston, Mass.—W. Filene's Sons Co.
New York, N.Y.—Oppenheim, Collins & Co.

Cobert reversible vest
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Miller Co.
New York, N.Y.—Lerner Shops
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier

Bette Barnes' Tattersall shirt
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.

McArthur plaid lumberjack suit
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
New York, N.Y.—Saks 5th Avenue

Scantling Wash—the Ren Marche

Hip-Grip slacks, modern pusher pants, wool jersey blouse... all by Duchess Royal
Detroit, Mich.—Saks Fifth Avenue
Los Angeles, Cal.—Balloo's-Whizzer Store
Toledo, Ohio—Lahmle & Ketter Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson

Prestige colored stockings
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Hartford, Conn.—Sage, Allen & Co.
Schneckley, N. Y.—H. S. Barney Company

Hollander Muskrat coat
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's Chicago, Ill.—John Shaye & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit Teller & Co.

Sportswear suit
Cleveland, Ohio—Halle Bros. Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.
Richmond, Va.—Thalhammer Brothers

Betty Grable, Shirley Temple and others in various former films. (Oct.)

THREE LITTLE SISTERS—Republic. A cute, pleasing little picture, Mary Lee, Ruth Terry and Cheryl Walker are the sisters who pretend to be what they aren't for the sake of a visiting soldier, though you'd think they could have found something less strenuous than laundry work to do. Their boy friends are Bill Terry, Jackie Moran and Frank Jenks. (Oct.)

TILL WE MEET AGAIN—Paramount: Suspense and tender appeal are well combined in the time-worn tale about an American aviator, Ray Milland, who's forced down in France and eventually escapes the gaol through the help of Barbara Britton, a novice in a convent, but the story should have been better constructed. Constantin Shayne is the German major. (Nov.)

WAVE, A WAC, AND A MARINE, A—Monogram: This is about two Broadway stars and their under-studies who are signed by rival Hollywood agents, with all sorts of mixing resulting. Elise Knox, Anne Gillis, Sally Eilers, Marjorie Woodworth and Ramsay Ames do the best they can. (Oct.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Monogram: A whodunit that sends Kim Hunter off with the husband she's met only a few times on a chase from the police. Seems as how husband Dean Jagger is suspected of murder. Neil Hamilton is excellent despite inadequate material. (Nov.)

WILSON—20th Century-Fox: One of the outstanding pictures of the year. Alexander Knox plays Wilson with complete conviction and the story of this great Democrat, his term as president and his fight for the League of Nations, is brilliantly told. Charles Coburn, Gertrude Fitzgerald and Thomas Mitchell are just a few of the impressive cast of this impressive picture. (Oct.)

WING AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox: At last a war story, devoid of Hollywood bunkeroo, becomes an almost factual sincere document. It tells the story of a carrier and its cargo of planes. Dana Andrews is in the lead, Don Amerche, Bill Eythe, Richard Jaeckel and Kevin O'Shea all turn up with fine performances. (Oct.)
Cadets on Call

(Continued from page 62) at the importance of my part, however small it was. These little experiences of mine as a nurse's aide aren't a circumstance to what you as a Cadet Nurse would have, but the glow that comes to each and all of us from that wonderful sense of usefulness is the same. So you're really serious about wanting to make a contribution to your country's war effort—enlist today as a member of the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps!

JUST in case you don't know exactly what the Corps is, I'd like to tell you. At the start of the war the nursing profession, hospitals, and so forth knew they couldn't possibly meet the stepped-up need for trained nurses in the armed forces and still provide for the home front. So they appealed for help to the National Association of Graduate Nurses. Congresswoman Frances Bolton of Ohio started the ball rolling by presenting to Congress an act appropriating funds for an extended nurses training program which was passed unanimously by both houses in July, 1943. The resultant organization was called the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, and immediately launched a drive to recruit 125,000 new student nurses by July 1, 1945.

On its first birthday, the Corps proudly announced that 65,000 were already in training. But I have feet and amaching back from working long hours often enough to know what the Surgeon General's office is talking about when it reports that the supply of trained nurses is still dangerously low and that tens of thousands more girls are needed at once.

The qualifications vary somewhat from state to state in accordance with laws, but generally they are these: You must be between the ages of 17-18 and 35; in good health, a graduate of an accredited high school with satisfactory grades.

If you meet these requirements and those of the school you choose, you are ready technially to apply for membership in the Corps. From what I have seen of nurses, however, it would be a good idea to ask yourself a few more questions.

Are you interested in people? Are you interested in science? Have you a sense of humor? Do you like to work when you're tired? Are you neat? Are you deft with your hands? Are you quick to grasp what you see, read and hear? How are you in your studies? If you can say yes to these questions, you'll undoubtedly make rapid progress as a student.

Here's a very important point. You receive all your training at no expense to yourself. Your complete tuition is paid by the Corps, along with all fees, books, room and board (you will live in a girls' dormitory, as you would at college), uniforms (and they're so attractive) and monthly cash allowances.

Pre-Cadets (your title for the first nine months of training) receive $15 per month in spending money in addition to all living expenses; Junior Cadets (next 15 to 21 months) receive $20; and Senior Cadets (in schools where somewhat longer training periods are in effect) at least $30.

The educational program, while accelerated to meet war needs, is nonetheless a complete nursing training. Many states permit graduation after 24 months, but in states where 36 months' training is required, Senior Cadets, until graduation, are given important assignments under

SAVE AMERICA BY SAVING IN BONDS. MAKE THE SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE THE BEST YET. YOUR LOCAL THEATER HAS BONDS ON SALE
supervision either in the home school of nursing, or other institutions.

SINCE this appeal is to girls I'll tell you more about the Cadet Nurse uniforms. Molly Parnis designed the trim suits and top coats—both of gray wool (cotton for summer months) with red epaulets and sleeve insignia, a silver Maltese Cross on a red ground. The hats are wonderful! An exact copy of the cocky berets which General Montgomery has made famous, they have been designed by Sally Victor to flatter any face. So you're going to be not only well-read and well-fed, but attractively dressed, too.

Many of you plan to marry as soon as those boys of ours come home. Nurses make fine wives and good mothers, as well as unusually able careerists. The marriage rate among nurses is high. Many essential fields, including the Army Nurse Corps are open to married nurses, and an increasing number of schools admit them.

As our Surgeon General, Dr. Thomas Parran, has said: "The young woman who has come face to face with the problems of life and death, of suffering—who uses a warm heart, wise hands and a cool head in administering to her fellow human beings in need—who has acquired an understanding of the meaning and the end of life—has indeed achieved the richest measure of her potentialities as a woman." Your young women enlisting in the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps will be serving their country in its present moment of crisis—and will be prepared to play their vital part in the days of peace to come.

THE END

TO APPLY

For more detailed information on the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, get in touch with your local hospital, write your State Nursing Council for War Service, or mail this coupon.

To join the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, apply to the school of nursing of your choice. A list of more than 1,000 approved schools of nursing is obtainable from any one of the above sources. Secure information from at least two schools before making your decision, then select the school that is right for you.

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Be as BLONDE as You Please! LIGHTER, FINER BEAUTY...

Stays for men and women combine the accuracy of the watch-making with the beauty of rich jewelry. Ask for Crawford tab and wrist watches at your favorite shop.

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BARBARA BRUCE

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To apply for 10c Rouge, send coupon with 10c postage. 

For other Rouge and Lipsticks, add 10c postage to the cost of the goods. Any post office will accept it for mailing.

U. S. CADET NURSE CORPS

Box 88, New York S. N. Y.

I have read the Photoplay story on Cadet Nurses. Please send me information booklet and list of approved schools.

Name

Address

City

State

Age

High-school senior

High-school graduate

College graduate

Graduation date

Degree

Present occupation

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Lipstick stays on!

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The Dennison Handy Helper says:
The Hours Lost By Absentees Mean Fewer Shipments Overseas.

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New, lovely proportions for your legs! Slim, shapely, lovely, simply done. Exactly what you want so easily made. Only a few minutes per day to a year seen here.

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STATE.
Speak for Yourself
(Continued from page 4)
$5.00 Prize
Ayres in Attendance

There has been a lot of talk about Lew Ayres, both good and bad. When I heard the story it confirmed my feeling that Lew Ayres is a fine, sincere person. A friend of mine has a brother who was wounded on Guan and he was then moved to a large base hospital and he was so badly wounded he could not write. His sister began to receive very nice letters telling the full extent of his injuries and personal news from him. These letters were all signed “A Red Cross Worker.” It seems that the writer was an assistant to the chaplain there, and was writing letters for the boys and doing many things to help cheer them. This person was none other than Lew Ayres.

Patricia A. Potter, Aspinwall, Pa.

$1.00 Prize
“Coming Up”

Hollywood knows that the young personalities of today in the motion picture world are gaining top honors and soon will be ranking with the renowned stars. Take, for example, cute and petite June Allyson. This young star has risen from obscurity to what she is today—a girl who has stolen the hearts of millions of Americans. She is a budding sample of American youth at its best. I’d like to pass this on to her studio, M-G-M: Please put her in more musicals. Her performance in “Two Girls And A Sailor” was outstanding. In fact, I enjoyed it so much I took the delight of seeing it seven times. Eleanor Muth, Baltimore, Md.

$1.00 Prize
The Memory Lingers....

We were all overjoyed that Paris was liberated, but when I read that Maurice Chevalier was refused a contract for collaborating with the Germans, I was taken back in memory to the 1920’s. Many an afternoon during those years we were all entertained on the screen by a fellow with a straw hat and wide smile. He sang and danced his way into our hearts and had a certain sex appeal which many of the actors of today lack. Whenever I think of Chevalier, I like to think of him as “painting his clouds with sunshine” and therefore know that it was with a sigh of regret that we read of the terrible mistake he was said to have made.

I write this as a tribute to the way he fought in World War I, and to the many entertaining moments he gave us.

Martha A. Jones, Cumberland, Md.

$1.00 Prize
Boots and Buddies

Farley Granger was my buddy. We bunked side by side in Farragut, Idaho. We were great friends and I have come to know a great guy. I would love to see English a professional at some time and I will try to get a trip home. If you think this is a good idea, please let me know.

Your articles concerning him have been pretty good, but I always smile anyway at Hollywood’s “glamour” biographies. I
Can’t Keep Grandma In Her Chair
She’s so Lively as a Youngster—
Now her Backache is better

Many suffers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be dried and dirty.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 8 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisons matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and zest, aching in the shoulders, weakness, tubers under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don’t wait. Ask your druggist for Dona’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Dona’s Pills.

HONORABLE MENTION

I WOULD like to congratulate Irene Manning on her wonderful plan to tour the camps and sing religious songs. I am just one among millions who has someone in the service and would like to see and hear an entertainer who does something else besides show her figure and give witty sayings. May some more stars follow in Miss Manning’s footsteps?

Marcella Hurlack, East St. Louis, Ill.

THE boys overseas appreciate all the celebrities who come over to entertain them. Some are entertainers who exact payment in publicity . . . But there are the unsung others who go the hard way without the stimulus of the spotlight.

I heard about one of them from Pvt. William Beiswanger in Italy. This gallant young man does not have much of a reputation, and is not a big name any more. But she is popular with the boys because she goes to seques-
tered sectors passed up by the “important names.” She puts on shows (and puts them over) where the GIs are the actors and she acts as Mistress of Ceremonies.

Her name is Polly Moran. I can imagine Marie Dressler, her former sidekick, looking on from wherever she is and shouting, “You’re wowin’ ‘em, trouper!”

Lucky Crane, Jersey City, N. J.

WHY does Hollywood insist on remak-
ing our finest pictures so soon? “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” and “Smiling Through” have been made twice within twelve years. The first were excellent and are still fresh in our memories—the re-
makes were disappointing.

Now comes “Of Human Bondage” just ten years after Bette Davis’ splendid per-
formance as Mildred. This part made our First Lady a star. We’re wondering if anyone else could do the part as well.

Pfc. R. D. DeMent, Muroc, Cal.
NEW HAIR GLAMOUR TREATMENT

Men adore a Woman's long wavy beautiful hair — and II. DO THEY?

NEW AMAZING "HAIR GLAMOUR" TREATMENT

Its vitally natural formula for M.U.L.A helps retard dry, brittle hair from breaking off due to lack of use or neglect. Therefore, this formula may help HAIR GROW LONGER if used. It's Terrific! And if you don't like your HAIR Wavy, beautiful and soft you shouldn't tire this sensational treatment!

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10 DAY TRIAL!

Don't send a cent. Try this "HAIR GLAMOUR" treat-
ment and submit the trial amount of your hair. Also
get a money-back guarantee with man on delivery the first postage, or send on return for a full
refund if you are not completely satisfied.

CALLOUS.

Doctor's Fast Relief

You'll marvel at the fast relief Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads give you from painful callouses—burning or tenderness on the bottom of your feet...how they soothe, cushion, protect the sensitive area. Relieves pain...not callouses. Get a box today. Cost but a
trifle. Air Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores.

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Headaches, Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgias and Functional Monthly Pains slow you down, interfere with your work, spoil your fun.

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ANTI-PAIN PILLS

can relieve these common pains quickly. Read directions and use only as directed. Regular package 25c, Economy package $1.00.

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• Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint or bleach attractive gray to natural coloring—condition your hair from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownwax and a small brush
does it. No odor. No harm. Used for 30 years by thousands of women. Brownwax is guaranteed non-poisonous. Can
tint or bleach your hair in the comfort of your home. For complete instructions, send 50 cents, in stamps or United States money order, to HENRY N. BROWN, 1426 Grayson Building, Louisville, Kentucky. Brownwax is a registered trademark protected by law.

Jerry Mickelsen; Fred, Larry Olson; Don Trainer, Alan Ward; Butler, J. Louis Johnston; Secy, of War, Edward Fickling; Pat, Grey Shadow.

NATIONAL BARB DANCE—Paramount: Betty, Joan Hesther; Dorothy Kay; Charlie, George; Mitchell, Robert Boben; Gates, Charlie; Dingle, Mrs. Gates, Melba Paige and Luella and Scotty, The House of Hot Shots, The Dinning Sisters, Arky, the Arkansas Woodshopper, Pat Battumn and Joe Kelly.

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Don't be an ostrich about your hair! Hold your head up with the
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The truth is, a special "spring-tooth" action that makes the difference—that grips and holds every hair firmly in place! No water, noYlress—Grip-Tuff HAIRTAMIN" for added hair-beauty.

At beauty salons and notion counters everywhere. Card of two (or one extra-length) 25c.

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I'm a trained practical nurse, and thankful to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING for training me, at home, in my spare time, for this well-paid, needed work?

You can become a nurse, too! Thousands of men and women, 18 to 60, have trained at these schools. Home-study course, Lessons are easy to understand and high school education not necessary. Make your plans now. 20 lessons, one weekly, $25 per 3 weeks. Send money order. No obligation. For full particulars, send 25c for free catalog. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, 825 W. Washington, Chicago, Ill.

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Please send free booklet and 10 sample lesson pages.

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STAR after star in Hollywood does her own hair, especially between pictures. Their hair-do rituals, based on proper diet, brushing and faithful care, are simple but they get results as you very well know from the shining heads you see on the screen.

Sparkle . . . Gloss begins with brushing, green vegetables and fruit, says Hollywood, to say nothing of strict cleanliness. So you brush, brush, brush, head lowered as in Janet Blair’s technique or at least with head bent over for circulation’s sake. Veronica Lake uses two brushes, one in each hand; Louise Allbritton carries a small one in her handbag for in-between fix-ups. Brushing is a fetish with Hollywood’s brightest stars, you see.

Shampoos . . . The shampoos the stars use are no secret formula, but the same excellent shampoos available to you and you. These run the gamut . . . shampoos to brighten light hair, others with oil base or hair-conditioner to do an all-round marvelous job of making every hair gleam. Still others are designed to combat special scalp problems. Some stars even keep two shampoos on hand, one for regular use and one for emergencies to dry-clean their hair in a jiffy.

Tints, Rinses . . . You’ve probably wondered about these, maybe wished you dared try them to change the shade of your hair slightly and give it new highlights. It’s a grand idea and Janet Blair has no hackneyed inhibitions about them. Actually, the modern tinted rinse is easy, harmless to use, isn’t permanent but is subtly glamour-giving, a slick trick before special dates.

Home-Care Rules . . . After you’ve washed all your combs and hairbrush—(a good stiff one) apply cuticle remover to your nails to soften rough dead edges while your hands are in soapy water. “Three-and better, four—sudsings should cleanse your hair thoroughly,” says Ellen Drew. “And the more rinsing the better until your hair squeaks.” Now the tinted rinse or a rinse that merely adds sparkle and lavender fragrance and you’re ready to set your hair.

Please, no dinky little tight curls! Make big curls with plenty of hair in each clump you pin down. Hedy Lamarr, whose gorgeous raven locks are something to dream of, makes very large curls, her hair wound around two fingers.

Shampoos have the tendency to dry the skin of face and hands, so repair the damages at once with face and hand creams and lotions while your hair is drying. One final jog to your memory. Don’t forget that bright ribbons, pastel snoods and nets do away with that discouraging “drowned rat” look until the bobby pins come out and your hair looks shining, smooth and lovely again.

Four Stars’ Tricks

Loretta Young doesn’t necessarily wait until bedtime to brush her hair! She picks up her brush at odd moments during the day. She styles her own hair, too, because she feels that she herself can work out more variety. Lana Turner, next appearing in “A Woman’s Army,” has this recipe for keeping her lovely blonde hair so brilliant: A weekly shampoo, vigorous brushing (lots of it) and sun, sun, sun on her hair! Merle Oberon believes in changing her hair styles often—because, she says, “It keeps you out of a beauty rut.” Greer Garson, whose cedar-red hair is famous even in Hollywood, says she gets a curlier effect if she partially dries her hair, in the sun if possible, before pinning it into curls.
SHE'S WEARING 'SPELLBOUND'

PERFUME BY

Lynette
Sure, he'll be able to work again. As good a machinist as ever. Because wartime science is working miracles.

But, he could have asked this question—and it's not one for the doctor to answer.

**WILL THERE BE WORK?...**

Will 10 million fighting men find jobs when they come back to the industrial pace of peace?...

Will more millions of men and women now at full-time all-out war-jobs—have work in postwar America?

The answer “yes” is right in your hands—the hands that today are making the goods of war.

You can give America the “go ahead” for a peacetime prosperity you've never dreamed possible! You can protect your job—you can make jobs for our war veterans when they come back.

It's just this simple: You have a job right now because someone—war—is a ready customer for everything you can make. And war can pay cash for it.

What more and more people must know and believe is that war isn't the only customer big enough to make jobs enough. What one big customer can do millions of smaller ones can do if they have the money. And today's War Bonds are the surest, simplest way for American families to have that ready cash later on... cash that holds the key to jobs.

The electric refrigerator you save for now to buy after the war will make jobs as well as ice.

It'll be your money that pays welders, electricians, and truckmen... your money that “buys” all the jobs in the making of your one electric refrigerator.

Multiply the postwar refrigerator you're saving for now by millions of refrigerators that other families save for, your postwar car by millions of other cars, your postwar radio by millions of other radios, and postwar jobs can total up to the millions America will need when the shooting stops.

Yes, this can all be true if you and millions like you have War savings enough to spend later.

No other group in America is big enough to do this job. That's why America depends on you.

—PHOTOPLAY
To Maybelline—
my favorite
eye make-up

Always

Lenore Aubert
Your Chesterfield Santa Claus reminding you that at Christmastime when you get together the best of everything for real enjoyment...the cigarette that Satisfies belongs on top.

The reason is • • •
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WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

Light up
Chesterfield

They Satisfy

SAY IT WITH BONDS FOR VICTORY