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ESTHER WILLIAMS

Amazing New Scientific Discovery

Curls and Waves

without permanent waving!

*No Machinery!
No Waiting!
not a Wave Set!*

safe! The most sensational beauty discovery in years. Imagine! One tiny capsule . . . gives you lovely, long lasting, glorious curls and waves . . . *in minutes*, not hours. No fuss, no bother, no tedious waiting. Absolutely harmless . . . use after every shampoo . . . the more you use, the more naturally waved your hair becomes — the longer your wave lasts. Easy now to "control" your new shorter-styled hair-do! Independent Laboratory tests on the four leading waving capsules *PROVED* Minit Curl far superior in every way . . . in giving curl, lustre and longer-lasting waves.



BEFORE

AFTER

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EASY TO USE: Just empty contents of *one* capsule in 2 to 3 ounces hot water. Comb solution generously through hair (after shampooing, with hair slightly damp) and set in waves, pin curls or curlers. (Use any type curlers or pins — metal, plastic.) Allow to dry, then comb or brush. Minit Curl contains a special *conditioning* element *Glorium* . . . It encourages each silken strand to acquire the natural lustrous wave or curl — you have always dreamed of having.



1. Dissolve capsule in 2 to 3 oz. hot water



2. Comb solution through hair



3. Set hair . . . let dry



WONDERFUL FOR CHILDREN — who won't "sit still" long enough for permanents. Minit Curl is so quick and easy and leaves their hair *natural* and *healthy* in appearance!



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CURL CAPS

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- Fastest method yet.
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- Each capsule makes 3 ounces

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Junior Model Pat Barnard shows how it can work for you, too



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Because

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**Veto lasts and lasts
from bath to bath!**

FEBRUARY, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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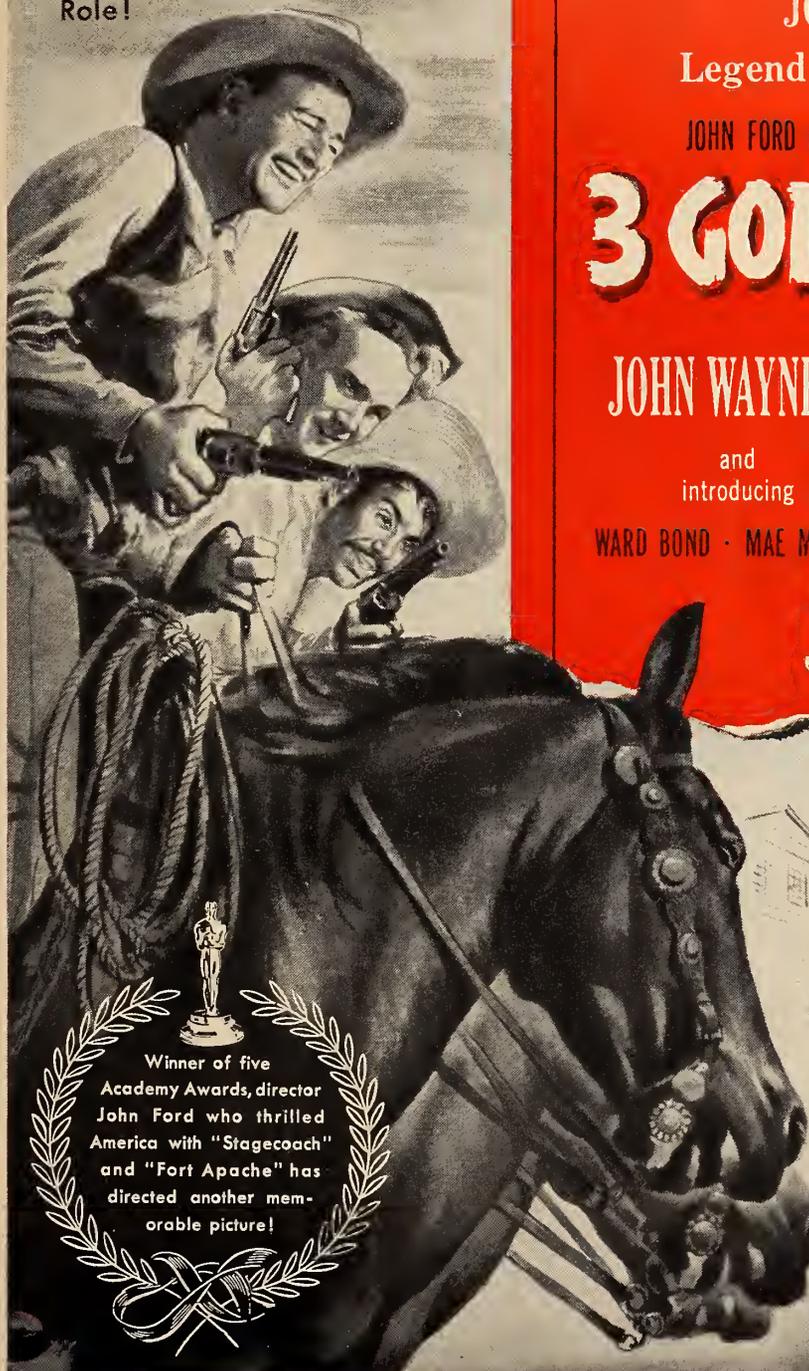
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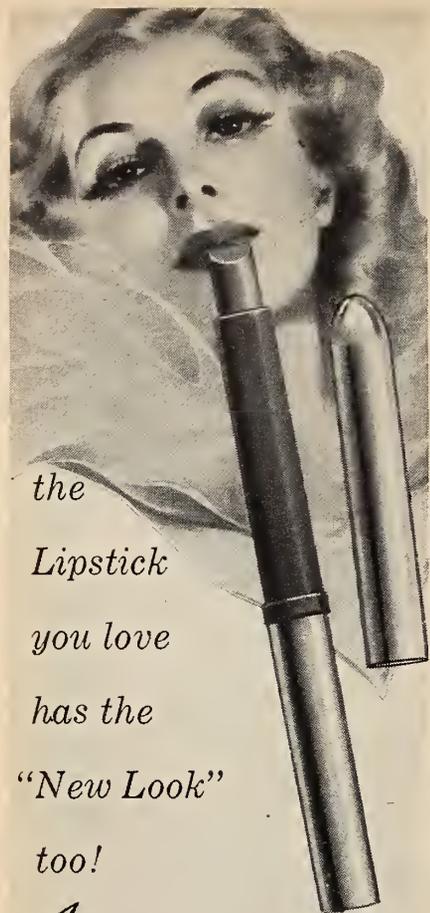
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and "Fort Apache" has
directed another mem-
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To our Readers

IF BOB CROSBY had known what he was getting into that first day he might have used his zweibach ration to buy back the birth certificate. Being alive was problem enough; being a kid brother was almost too much. First time he fell into the swimming hole it was Bing who pushed him. First time he snored it was big brother who cured him with a blow on the head. Bing had a twelve year advantage which he carefully preserved. It still hasn't got away from him. For further proof of this read "Oh, Brother!" on page 30. Bob wrote it with a smile—and a snicker. You see, Bing may have the lettuce and the golf score—but Bob has a daughter. And how many Crosbys can make that statement?

BOB HOPE, who is at least a friend of the clan, can make that statement twice. Linda and Nora are his girls' names. Along with Tony and Kelly they make up the Hope brood. They all laugh at his jokes and sometimes they help write the script. For this devotion the two older kids get a dollar a week. The babies can't count so they settle for love. There's plenty to go around in the Hope house—as you will discover if you turn to page 48 of this issue.

MAYBE WE OUGHT to call this our Valentine edition. . . . We're a pretty calloused crew, but once in a while something turns our stony hearts to water. Something, this month, is Hedda Hopper's story, "Three Loves That Thrilled the World." Remember the Gable-Lombard romance? Its sudden, tragic ending never blotted out the memory of their life together. . . . You've been reading about Shirley Temple in M. S. ever since she was knee-high. Now, on page 28, you can shed a tear with us for the little girl who grew up so soon—but so beautifully—and met John Agar. . . . Then there's Betty Grable and Harry James. They don't say very much about their marriage—but Hedda does. It's solid. It's terrific. It's . . . well, see for yourself. . . .

TALKING ABOUT LOVE—and who isn't? One of our editors has fallen. For three years she directed the fan club department with single-hearted devotion. For an equal number of years she graced MODERN SCREEN with her talented and lovely presence. Now, Shirley Frohlich, Associate Editor, is leaving us to marry a lawyer from Detroit. Daily commuters from that point to New York are practically unheard of—which is why Shirley is buying a one-way ticket. At any rate, she is Mr. Downes' (the charmer's) gain. We, on the other hand, were robbed, and can only sigh *au revoir*—with many tears and more best wishes. . . .

Obey That Impulse!!!!!!



Tie
one
on
with Ty
and Gene...
two charming
people

in a wonderful,
wonderful
picture!

TYRONE POWER GENE TIERNEY

"That Wonderful URGE"

20th
CENTURY-FOX

with REGINALD GARDINER · ARLEEN WHELAN · LUCILE WATSON · GENE LOCKHART · LLOYD GOUGH · PORTER HALL · RICHARD GAINES · TAYLOR HOLMES · CHILL WILLS

Directed by ROBERT B. SINCLAIR · Produced by FRED KOHLMAR · Screen Play by Jay Dratler · From a Story by William R. Lipman and Frederick Stephani



Danny Kaye's take-off on Kay Thompson, with Jack Benny, Jack Carson, Van Johnson and George Burns as the Williams Brothers, was such a sensation at the Press Photographers' Ball last month, it was repeated at the Friar's Club Annual Dinner.



Shirley Temple and John Agar were among those present at the Kay Thompson-Williams Bros. opening at the Beverly Wilshire's Mayfair Room—a gala eve for all.



The lady herself—Kay Thompson—arrives at a party in her honor, with Jack Benny, Ben Gage and Esther Williams. The shindig, given by Arnold Kirkeby at his show-place in Bel-Air, was attended by 300, who sat down to orchid-laden table.



Peter Lawford squired a new girl, Molly Dunn, to the Kirkeby party, one of big events of the season. Host's home was designed by the man who built Hoover Dam!



Rory Colhoun and his new wife, Lita Baron, caught Kay's routine, too. The act, called the most novel and funniest in years, originated in Hollywood a year ago, created a major stir. Recently, it's been on a nation-wide tour.



Among other guests at the party for Kay and her Williams boys were Mike Romanoff, Iris Bynum, Clark Gable and Cesor Romero. Iris is now No. 1 on Gable's date list. The two were the most photographed couple there.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

It's been a month of jivin' jitters, if you ask me!

Some of the Hollywood antics have been amusing—some sad—some sensational. But if you believe in horoscopes, you must believe that the "sign" of utter confusion has been reigning over our town lately. To give you a rough idea:

Dan Dailey, usually a most sensible young man, gets his feelings hurt because his studio will not give him permission to appear in the Friar's Frolic show—and ups and disappears for three days. Even his wife did not know where he was.

I might never have received the "tip" that he was pouting it out in Texas if it hadn't been that a cook in a Seligman, Arizona, all-night restaurant, was a movie fan and a reader of my column.

He called me long-distance to tell me that he had been talking with Dan, who had stopped for a cup of coffee in his nitery.

"It was Dailey, all right," said William Osdeck—that's my pal's name. He was sure off Hollywood! When I told him I was a disappointed baritone with movie ambitions, he said: 'You're far better off where you are, in a restaurant washing dishes. Acting is a thankless job.'"

If his "mysterious disappearance" had not worried his wife so much, I would really have to look on Dan's antics as highly amusing. Just another case of an actor getting "tired of it all" and thinking he is abused. Well, it happens to the best of 'em. This boy comes from a long line of troupers and you couldn't drive him out of this business with a crowbar.

But all's well that ends well, and Dan's little delinquency ended with him right back where he belongs—hoofing and emoting in *You're My Everything* on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Judy Gorland and her sister Jimmie were talking over old times, when snapped at the studio. She'll be storred with Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra and Betty Garrett in *Lovely To Look At*, remake of *Roberta*.

The second surprise of the month was when one of his old girl friends actually gave Clark Gable the cold shoulder and the go-by. I never thought I'd live to see the day.

The daring blonde who iced a shoulder in the direction of "The King" is Virginia Grey, once a big moment in Gable's romantic life. Perhaps she grew tired of being referred to as "the girl Gable always goes back to"—because here is what happened:

Clark saw Virginia getting out of her car before a store in the Valley and rushed up to shake hands. The lady looked right through him!

But Gable apparently is not taking it too much to heart. The lady in his life at present is Iris Bynum. They have been doing the night clubs together and she is a fun girl who makes him laugh.

Virginia, I might add, has also found another romance. She is being seen everywhere with Richard Quine, ex-husband of Susan Peters—and they appear very happy in one another's company.

Robert Walker continues to be the sad story of the Hollywood month. I have criticized him in the past for his remarks about the press, for the break-up of his marriage to lovely little Barbara Ford, and for not pulling himself together.

But, with many others, I am now beginning to know that Walker is a sick boy—not one to be railed against. There was nothing funny in his arrest on a "drunk-and-disorderly" charge while in the company of Pat Dane.

The things he said—the flippant attitude he assumed—should be forgotten because he was not himself. He is not himself.

I happen to know his studio is going to give him every opportunity to snap out of the nervous state he is in. Right now he is

undergoing the "rest" treatment. But official patience is being sorely tried—and before anyone else can help him, Walker must make up his mind to help himself.

The final screwy situation is the marital status of the Errol Flynnns.

I just talked with Nora and she tells me: "I love Errol very much—I'm still madly in love with him. But he has been ill and seemed to want to be by himself. It got to the point where life under the same roof became difficult for us. But when he comes back from his European trip—who knows? Everything may be all right again."

Meanwhile, Errol kept saying right up to the time of his departure he wanted Nora to go to Europe with him—wanted her to come home—and even sent her a key to their house just in case she had lost hers. But in spite of these interesting high-jinxes he certainly doesn't look to me like a man carrying a torch. Anyway, it doesn't show on him.

Nora is easily one of the best-looking gals in town and is having a fine time at parties dancing with most of the eligible bachelors with the gaiety of a deb with a full date-book.

At the Kay Thompson opening at the Beverly Wilshire (more about that gala shindig anon) she was a sensation in her pale blue, backless evening gown, with her fair skin and red hair.

Peter Lawford danced every dance he could get with her when other smitten gents weren't cutting in.

Now for that brilliant "first night" of the incomparable Kay Thompson and the four Williams Brothers. This act would "draw" in a wigwam—but believe me that swanky new Mayfair Room at the Beverly Wilshire is no tent!

I wish the people who claim the movie

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For The Love Of
The Same Woman!**

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have the grace not
to make love to her
in my own home!"

Take your own true
love to see

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and
MELVYN DOUGLAS

with

WANDA HENDRIX · PHILIP FRIEND
BINNIE BARNES

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Directed by COMPTON BENNETT

Screenplay by Theodore Strauss and Josef Mischel

Adaptation by Arthur Kober · Based on a

Novel by Yolanda Foldes

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Phyllis Calvert**

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this titian-haired beauty to
accept a man's kisses while
her lips still quiver with
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**Sensational
Wanda Hendrix**

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my brother, the woman
to whom my father has
given his love!"





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June Allyson and Dick Powell step out regularly these days, and finally squelched separation rumors by being seen everywhere together. Dick is a probable co-star for Claudette Colbert in *Love Is Big Business*.



Roy Rogers, with Bill Boyd and Gobby Hoyes, organized gigantic Western show which was held November 28th at Olympic Auditorium. Proceeds will establish museum for relics of greatest movie cowboys.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

stars are dodging night spots could have seen the turn-out for Kay. Such stay-at-homes as the Ronald Colmans and the Fred Astaires were at ringside seats and apparently having the times of their lives.

When the above-mentioned Nora Eddington Flynn whirled by, Ronnie Colman leaned over to me and whispered, "Who is that perfectly beautiful girl?" Just goes to show you—not all movie people know each other.

A duet attracting attention were Merle Oberon and Greg Bautzer—but don't get too excited about that. Both Merle and Greg were the guests of the Jennings Langs and I still say the head girl in his life is Joan Crawford. She was not there because her doctor has ordered her to rest after she suffered a spell of nervous exhaustion.

Clark Gable with his current heart, Iris Bynum, was laughing and laughing at the witty things she said to him. That girl certainly knows how to keep a date amused—that's one way to get 'em, girls.

The Jack Bennys, Gracie Allen and George Burns, The Charles Vidors, Claudette Colbert and Dr. Pressman, the Bill Goetzes and the Van Johnsons were all at one big table—a field day for the photogs.

Oh, just about everybody was there. L. B. Mayer visited friends at different tables and

I also saw the Dick Powells, the Johnny Greens, Ann Miller, Spike Jones, Shirley Temple with John Agar and the Rod Camerons.

Ginger Rogers looked "orfefully" pretty in a black-and-white print—a really beautiful dress. And there was a time when people used to say Ginger didn't know how to dress! She and Jackie Briggs were with the Arthur Freeds and their table was next to that of Bebe Daniels, Wynn Rocamora, Mervyn Le Roy and yours truly.

* * *

And speaking of Kay Thompson—I could think only of the song "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," when I walked into the lavish, flower-decked home of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Kirkeby for the party they gave in honor of Kay. This house—which Kirkeby, who is a wealthy hotel magnate, bought from a man named Atkinson—is fabulous. After spending three million dollars on it, Atkinson and his wife separated. It is probably the most luxurious house in America—and I am not excepting the homes of the millionaires in the East.

Three hundred guests were invited for dinner and sat at tables decked with orchids. Gardenia hung trees gave the effect of a movie setting, and not a real party.

Curiously enough, there were very few of

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RHONDA FLEMING

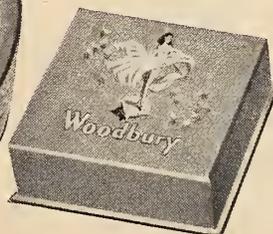
David O. Selznick's star,
co-starring with Bing Crosby
in Paramount's
"A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT"

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Large "Dressing Table" size \$1.00. Prices plus tax.

For a
Winning
Smile...

USE THE BRUSH WITH

Real
Nylon
Bristles



Mon under blanket and behind feathers is Bing himself. The Grooner was named Chief Thundervoicé by Squomish Tribe in Vancouver.

the younger set present. I saw Peter Lawford by himself. Clark Gable and Iris Bynum were at a table together, with Anita Colby several miles away at another table. The Jean Hersholts, old friends of the Kirkebys, were early arrivals. Diana Lynn was there with the man of her heart, John Lindsay. She is such a happy girl these days that it's a pleasure to look at her.

I couldn't possibly see all the people who were there, it was such a crowd. But it must have seemed like a Cinderella story come true to Kay Thompson, who started as Judy Garland's coach and friend at M-G-M. Everybody is delighted over Kay's success, as it hasn't changed her one bit.

It was very funny when Kay got up to sing at her opening—we all thought it was Danny Kaye. He had given such a good imitation of her at the Photographers Ball.

I rounded up the men this month and asked them what they particularly did not like in femme habits and traits—and came up with some interesting tips. (Next month—I'll ask the girls.) But read and heed:

Alan Ladd: "Sue's girl friends who get her on the telephone just as I walk in the door at night and keep yacking for an hour or so."

Guy Madison: "Girls who keep pulling at their skirts—or grabbing at their shoulders, continually pulling up straps. These continual-motion girls give me the jeebies."

Farley Granger: "A date who continually talks about the date she had the night before along the lines of 'I said to him and he said to me.'"

Cesar Romero: "Those 'cute' kids who spray you with a little whiff of their perfume, or borrow your handkerchief when their lipstick smears, or fix your tie. But the worst of all—losing half their makeup on your lapels when dancing."

Burt Lancaster: "Loud and conspicuous laughs. The 'Ha-Ha' guffawers in cafés or drawing rooms make the shivers go down my spine."

Peter Lawford: "The girl you take to a cocktail party—and then never see for the rest of the evening because she's off huddling

LOUELLA PARSONS'
GOOD NEWS



Pat O'Brien, a guest on MODERN SCREEN's radio show, Movie Motinée, tries a *Boy With Green Hair* wig on the m.c., Red Benson.

with her girl pals or trying to promote some other guy." (Pete! Could that happen to you?)

Judy Garland's mother telephoned to say that all those stories that Judy started as a baby to earn money to carry her family along are ridiculous. Judy's father was a prosperous theater-owner in Grand Rapids and she told me that whenever Judy did appear in vaudeville as a child, it was in one of her father's theaters.

"I get so burned up," Mrs. Garland said, "when people say that Judy has had to support the family since she was in her cradle. She had a perfectly normal and happy childhood."

These bachelors certainly know how to give parties. Cesar Romero decided to "house-warm" the new apartment he has built for himself over the garage of the home he built for his parents, and it was also a welcome to his sister-in-law and his brother, Ed.

The whole town turned out, for Cesar is extremely popular.

I particularly noticed Mrs. Gary Cooper, dressed to the teeth at cocktail time, in an evening gown.

I stopped to talk to Loretta Young and Rosalind Russell—those two gay gals who had been an eyeful at the Photographers Ball when they dressed exactly alike as the Toni Twins. Those two pals may be dignified ladies on the screen, but they sure have their fun in private life. I'm so fond of both of them. I went on to dinner with them, their husbands and Johnny Miles, young Warner actor.

After the party, Claudette Colbert and the Jack Bennys decided they wanted Chinese food, so they went off looking for a chow mein parlor.

Reginald Gardiner, who has been entertaining his 81-year-old mother, brought her to Cesar's fun party. Reggie said that because of the waterfront strike, his mother had to sail back to England after being only a week in Hollywood. At 81, she made the trip on a Dutch freighter which took her over 30 days!

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, who have left

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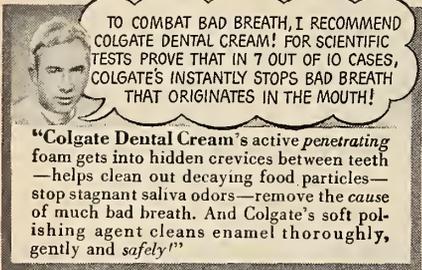
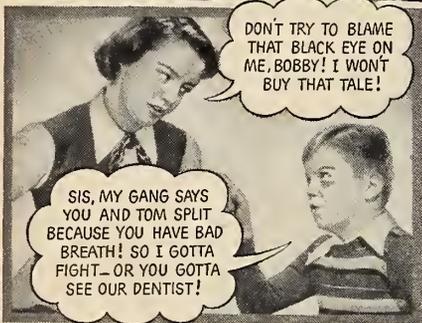
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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Patricio Kothryn Johnston, born October 7, here makes her camera debut. Kathryn and Johnnie were reported reconciled after he cancelled his road tour and returned home.

to make their home in England again, were surrounded by a host of friends regretting their departure from Hollywood.

Anne Baxter joined the party late—she's very interested in politics and had been making a speech.

Maybelle Webb came without her son, Clifton, and was soon the center of attraction. I teased her because she passed on to me the news that Mrs. Ed Gardner was expecting a baby. She meant, I am sure, Mrs. Reginald Gardiner.

* * *

Personal Opinions: Paulette Goddard is not exactly my favorite screen personality—but I must say she knows how to make a good impression and get favorable publicity for herself. She created a lot of good-will in Mexico City and shared honors with the President's wife at a recent national charity event. . . . I'm sorry to say I cannot say the same complimentary things about another star—a girl I like very much—who was in Mexico at the same time. All I can say about her trip is, she should have "stood" at home! . . . Whichever way you happen to feel about the Robert Mitchum case, you must give him credit for his behavior recently. He has been very much out of the spotlight, and when he and Mrs. Mitchum do venture out for dinner they sit very inconspicuously in the background. I have noticed that many actors who did not know Mitchum particularly well before his trouble, frequently go up and speak to him and his wife. . . . Judy Garland is rapidly becoming the most popular "guest" on top radio programs. Her personality comes through beautifully—which is not true of all big movie stars. . . . Jennifer Jones and David Selznick will be married in Europe—or I miss my guess. . . . James Mason is definitely trying to "soften up." I believe he is sincerely sorry for the way he popped off about Hollywood before he ever came here. He and his wife have become close friends with the Glenn Fords and I think he would like to meet more people and be invited to interesting parties.

* * *

It may interest Lew Ayres—and you—to know that he was just about head man in my MODERN SCREEN fan mail this month. His performance in *Johnny Belinda* created a lot of

interest and many fans are asking about him again.

Yes, I believe that his romance with Jane Wyman is serious. At one time, I think, they may even have been planning marriage when her divorce from Ronnie Reagan is final. However, now I am not so sure they are.

There is a girl who operates an art store in Hollywood who has been a close friend of his for a long time, and it is no secret that they still have dates.

Frankly, I'm not going to try to out-guess Lew on his possible matrimonial plans. He's the strong, like-to-be-alone type who may never marry again.

* * *

First, Deanna Durbin telephoned me the exciting news that she is going to Europe to make a picture for the great Italian director, Alexandrini—and then she dropped by my house to give me more details.

I am so glad to see Deanna looking happy and bubbling and herself again. Let's face it—the last two years have not been good for her. Her career at Universal-International, the studio where she was once queen-bee, hit an unexplainable snag and that can't be laid to "temperament" on her part, either. She's been a good girl for a long time—but sometimes it just happens that the right story can't be found for a star. (Editor's Note: For the story of Deanna's career troubles, see page 38.)

"I feel like the turning point in my bad luck has come," Deanna told me, her eyes sparkling. She looked so chic in a smart black street dress with one of those close-fitting hats with a jeweled buckle.

"Alexandrini is the director who made the wonderful Italian picture *Furia*," Deanna went on, "and I am so excited over making a movie for him. I'll play an American girl studying for opera in Rome, so I won't have to worry too much about speaking the language. Naturally, I understand and speak it a little from studying music."

As for her private life—I think Deanna is no longer undecided. It is my opinion that she will soon sue for divorce from Felix Jackson—probably before she goes away in January.

* * *

That's all for now. See you next month!

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Dee Dee Dillwaad (Jaan Fontaine) persuades Marvin Payne (Jimmy Stewart) and his partner Bullets (Eddie Albert) to take her from New York to California on their cargo plane—along with a chimpanzee.



You see, she's fleeing the guy she's just married. In New York, she'd escaped her bridal suite and then had talked Marvin into letting her spend the night in *his* quarters.



So they all set out for California on the plane. All kinds of complications ensue, including a forced landing, a mix-up with an embezzler, the loss of the plane and, natch, the dawning of a fine romance.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY

You'd know the Saturday Evening Post ran this first, even if nobody told you. It stands right up for home and mother, and it explains that money can't make a body content. Jimmy Stewart, a serious-minded veteran, and his pal, Eddie Albert, a veteran with hardly any mind whatever, have a two-plane airline when we meet them. They carry freight—not passengers—until the day they get stuck with Joan Fontaine. She's a very rich girl who's been talked into marrying a very rich boy (Willard Parker) but whose heart isn't in it. After the ceremony—or at least after she and her new husband reach their hotel room—Joan starts running. She runs into Jimmy's room, he thinks she's in terrible trouble, and lets her stay overnight, and the next day she fast-talks herself into a hitch to California on the Stewart-Albert plane. Nobody knows she's rich, which makes it okay for a manly soul like Jimmy to fall in love with her. Before the trip is over, the plane has several more passengers—all illegal, since a freight plane has no passenger permit—including an obnoxious honey-mooning Southern couple (Marcy McGuire and Arthur Walsh), and a sorrowful embezzler (Porter Hall). In the freight department, there's a chimpanzee, and a dead body. It's a remarkable trip, all right. The plane's forced down in Oklahoma, on the farm of Percy Kilbride, the truth about everyone aboard is made known, the embezzler starts home to give back the money, and Jimmy turns on Joan with loathing. ("A fella wants to support his own wife . . ."). He hates her right up until the day she buys him a Constellation (airplane) and then love conquers all. You could be crude and insist that love won't buy any constellations, but the picture's still pretty cute. Except for that honey-mooning baby-talking young couple. They made me sick.—Univ.

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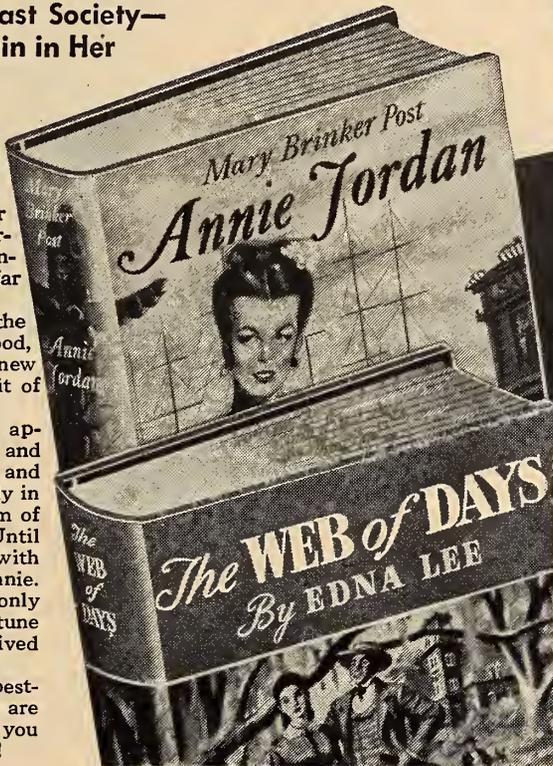
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JOAN OF ARC

In New York City, a whole theatre was re-built to house this movie, and press agents went around claiming it was the event of the century. Maybe it is. At any rate, there aren't two and a half hours of comparable pageantry anywhere this side of Cecil De Mille. The Joan of Arc story, told against beautiful Technicolored backgrounds, played out by a huge cast, and complete with exciting music, is bound to impress you. The story is basically Maxwell Anderson's *Joan of Lorraine*, adapted for the screen. Joan (Ingrid Bergman), a young peasant girl, is told by heavenly voices that God has chosen her for a tremendous task. She is to lead the armies of France to victory, even though England now occupies most of that stricken country, and the prospect of the tide's turning seems remote. Joan is also informed that she must crown the Dauphin (Jose Ferrer) King of France, despite the fact that the playboy-heir to the throne doesn't seem to be the best candidate for such high office. Naturally, Joan runs into trouble with officials, but gradually, people come to believe in her, they speak of an old prediction which tells how France will be saved by a maid from Lorraine, and in the end Joan goes off to lead

her soldiers to triumph. As you probably remember, she's eventually betrayed by the very king she's worked to have crowned. He signs a truce with the English, refusing to allow Joan to finish the work she's begun (the work of driving the invaders from French soil) and when she's captured in an enemy ambush, he even refuses to ransom her. A French bishop (Francis Sullivan) in the pay of England, wishing to destroy Joan as a symbol (he knows how the French people idolize her) brings her to trial as a heretic, and she's burned at the stake, in due course. Miss Bergman does well with Joan; you have the feeling that she's very young, and terribly afraid to die, and because of these things her pain, and her faith, are particularly moving. All the acting in the picture is good, and as far as I'm concerned, J. Carrol Naish, John Emery and George Colouris can take extra bows.—RKO

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME

Bert Lahr brought the corny old play called *Burlesque* back to Broadway a couple of years ago, and nobody who saw him do it there (or on tour) will ever forget it. He made the baggy-pants, easy-going, hard-drinking character of Skid Johnson his own.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We love Ava Gardner twelve months a year, but March is our month to have her on the cover of MODERN SCREEN. We're really more interested in the people *you* love, though, and that's why we're offering a three-month subscription to the lucky first 500 who send back the questionnaire below. Just tell us whom you'd like to see between the covers of MODERN SCREEN, and by golly, we'll try and get 'em for you. Remember, March, April, and May issues, absolutely free!!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our FEBRUARY issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd, and 3rd CHOICES.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <i>I Got My Man</i> by Diana Lynn... <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Lucky In Love!</i> (Jeanne Crain) ... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Three Loves That Thrilled the World</i> (Temple-Agar, Gable-Lombard, Grable-James) by Hedda Hopper... <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>The Woman Nobody Knows</i> (Jennifer Jones) ... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| "Oh, Brother!" (Bing Crosby) by Bob Crosby... <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Mexican Escapade</i> (Rita Hayworth) ... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Problem Child</i> (Esther Williams) ... <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>House of the One-Eyed Giraffe</i> (Bob Hope) ... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Something Not For The Boys</i> (Jean Peters) ... <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Sentimental Journey</i> (Ingrid Bergman) ... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>She Did It Before And She Can Do It Again</i> (Deanna Durbin) ... <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Hollywood's Cruellest Hoaxes</i> ... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The Girl He Can't Forget</i> (Cary Grant) ... <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Is It True What They Say About Monty?</i> (Montgomery Clift) ... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | <i>Picture Of The Month</i> (The Snake Pit) ... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> ... <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

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Mod.Sc. - Feb.

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When My Baby Smiles At Me: Burlesque comic Don Doiley needs wife Betty Grable's help.

To My Favorite Blonde

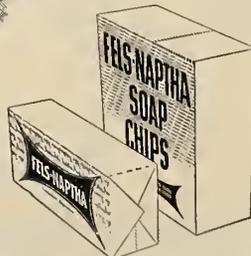
Oh, lovely Blonde! My voice I raise,
Your tender, golden charms to praise.

When I am soiled beyond belief,
Your perfume heralds prompt relief.

Beneath your swift and gentle care,
I shun all washday wear and tear.

And when with me you've had your way,
I'm cleansed of 'Tattle-Tale-ish' Gray.

All substitutes I now decline,
Dear Blondie, be my Valentine!



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

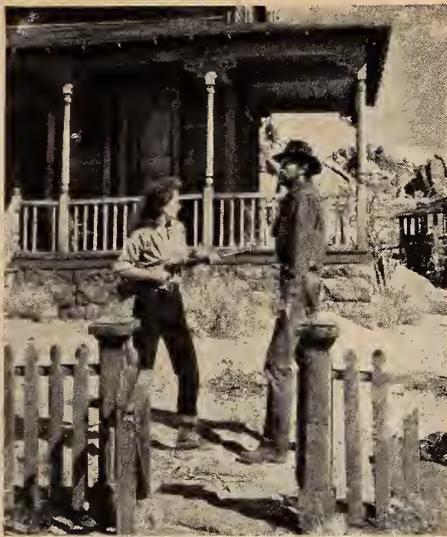
Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

For this reason, Dan Dailey was handed a particularly tough assignment when Fox cast him as Skid in the movie version of *Burlesque*. Dailey doesn't suffer too much by comparison, and you can't say more than that of any man. Story's about a burlesque comic married to a burlesque queen (in this case, Betty Grable) and working in a traveling burlesque troupe headed by a fellow called Lefty (Jimmy Gleason). The comic's talents are big-time, and when producer Sam Harris offers him a Broadway job, he heads for New York, after promising the little woman he'll lay off the bottle and ignore the blondes. Well, he's strong on resolution, but New York is full of speakeasys and beautiful women, and by the time wifey's free to leave the tank show and come join husband, husband's managed to cut a rug or two. Wife gets mad, and departs to marry a wealthy rancher. Husband starts down the road to ruin. Wife comes back and saves him. It isn't much, yet it manages to be enough. Bert Lahr's disintegrating Skid was a more pathetic figure than Dailey's (Dailey seems a little young and healthy to break your heart over) but on every other count, the movie tops the play. Betty Grable's good as the faithful, grieving wife; June Havoc and Jack Oakie are more than good as a couple of burlesque performers, Richard Arlen plays Betty's wealthy rancher, and there's lots of singing and dancing and Prohibition atmosphere.—*20th-Fox*

YELLOW SKY

Gregory Peck leads a band of men who've been so successfully uprooted by the Civil War they aren't ready to put their guns away, once the North-South struggle is over. Robbery seems easier than working. More exciting, too. The gang (including Richard Widmark, John Russell, Robert Arthur, Charles Kemper, Henry Morgan and Bob Adler—or, rather, "Dude," "Lengthy," "Bull Run," "Walrus," "Half Pint," and "Jed") holds up its first bank, and then heads across the burning Arizona desert. Suicidal, but what else can they do? The U. S. Cavalry is waiting for them if they turn back. Some days



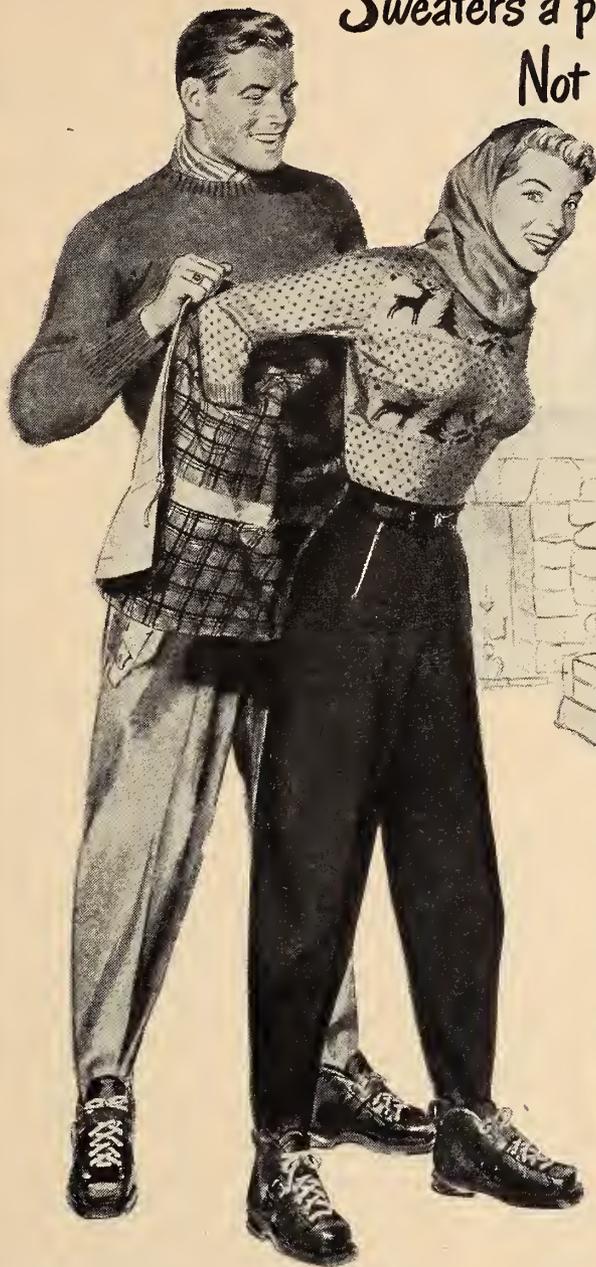
Yellow Sky: Anne Baxter doesn't seem to realize Gregory Peck is really on her side.

later, crazy with thirst, they arrive at the ghost town of Yellow Sky. There's water there. There's also a girl (Anne Baxter) and her old Grandpa (James Barton) in the otherwise empty community. Anne's so hostile the gang figures something interesting's going on, and sure enough, snooping reveals that Anne and Gramps have gold! \$100,000 worth! They discovered it, they dug for it, they have it hidden. The gang's all for killing them, and dividing the loot, but Peck makes a deal. They'll split 50-50, half for his boys, half for the rightful owners. The owners' lives to be thrown in as a bonus. The noise begins when Widmark announces to Peck that he and the other fellows don't see any reason for kicking back to Anne and Grampa. Peck holds out for honor (among thieves, at that) and nearly gets himself shot to bits. He battles his whole former entourage, and emerges triumphant, rich, and married to Anne. She makes him go give back the money from the first bank he robbed, and there's the picture, tied up as pretty as you please. It's ever so Western—plenty of drawling, walking bow-legged and shooting from the hip—and Fox thinks it's as terrific as *The Ox-Bow Incident*. Podner, it ain't.—*20th-Fox*

EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED

It is the contention of salesgirl Anabel Sims (Betsy Drake) that women have it terrible. Can they go up to a fellow and say, "What big brown eyes you have, what are you doing Saturday night?" No. That's what. No. They have to sit around and wait for some shmoe to ask *them*, and they never get the shmoe they want. Anabel's out to change things. She's got her cap set for Dr. Madison Brown (Cary Grant), a baby specialist, and she chases around to his club, his barber shop, his gymnasium, his office, collecting information about him. What he likes to eat . . . what his favorite flowers are . . . how many girl friends he's had, and why none of them hooked him. . . . Naturally, the doctor becomes aware of Anabel in due time; he can't help himself. He thinks she's an amusing—and irritating—kid, and he tells

Sweaters a problem?
Not for me...



I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Smart girl, not to let lovely snug-fitting wool become a trap for underarm odor. You *stay* nice to be near because *your charm* stays safe with Mum!

Even in winter, there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without any noticeable moisture. And remember—a bath only washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum guards against *future* underarm odor.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Mum safer for skin

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Mum safer for clothes

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.



Every Girl Should Be Married: Cary Grant finally succumbs to tactics of Betsy Drake.

her so. Anabel attempts to make him jealous by pretending that Roger Sanford (Franchot Tone) who owns the department store where she works, wants to marry her. Cary asks why she doesn't leap at the chance, which isn't the exact effect she's working for. Sanford, incidentally, turns out to be a terrible wolf, and he's only too pleased to pretend he loves Anabel, until she clouts him over the head with a shovel, after he gets over-friendly. Anabel gets her man, in the end, though her tactics are purely harrowing, and anybody but kind old Cary Grant would have called the cops on her. Cary's wonderful in this picture—charming's still the word; as for Betsy Drake, she romps through her scenes terribly wide-eyed and eager-voiced, and the characterization of Anabel comes close to caricature. If you think that sort of girl is cute, you'll love Miss Drake; otherwise, she can get on your nerves. Diana Lynn's excellent as Anabel's fellow salesgirl and close friend, and Eddie Albert has a small chore which he works out more than smoothly.—RKO

SO DEAR TO MY HEART

So Dear To My Heart is sweet, and simple, and everything that's good. If you've got a quiet hour or so, and you feel like being charmed, here's the ticket. The story's concerned with a small boy named Jimmy Kincaid (Bobby Driscoll) who lives on a farm in Indiana with his grandmother (Beulah Bondi). He longs to own a race horse, but he settles for a tiny black lamb which has been pushed aside by its mother. Jerry brings the lamb up, bottle-feeding it, making a pet of it. Together, the boy and the lamb run in the woods, and when Danny (that's the lamb) gets into trouble (he's always breaking through screen doors), Jerry almost bursts making excuses for him. Jerry wants to earn enough money so he can take Danny to the County Fair, and win a blue ribbon, and he works toward this goal feverishly. Of such small, bright threads the picture is woven. There's a frightening scene where Jerry and his friend Tildy (Luana Patten) wander off into the deep forest, searching for a bee tree; there's a nostalgic scene where

Granny and Uncle Hiram (Burl Ives) sing folk songs in front of the fire; there are funny scenes, and tender scenes, and here and there a Walt Disney cartoon sequence. The cartoon sequences are both cunning and very moral, designed to influence children along righteous paths. They feature songs called, "It's Whatcha Do With Whatcha Got," and "Stick-To-It-Ivity," which gives you some idea. Whether you were a country kid or a city kid, you'll enjoy this one.—RKO

LET'S LIVE A LITTLE

Robert Cummings, playing a young advertising executive named Duke Crawford, is lousy with troubles. The kind of troubles other guys wish they had. It seems that beautiful women simply can't resist him. Take Michele Bennett (Anna Sten) the beauty-preparations queen. Her creams and salves are worth a million dollars a year to Duke's agency, but she won't sign a contract unless he marries her. As far as Duke's concerned, Michele's charms have grown a trifle faded, but she's still got the power to drive him crazy, so to speak. He begs his boss to be given a job where he can deal with a man. The head of the agency, a kind old character, sends Duke to see a psychiatrist, a Dr. Loring. This doctor's written a book, and Duke's to plan the publicity campaign. Yeah, you guessed it; the doc turns out to be Hedy Lamarr. Now there's double trouble. Dr. Loring's as irresistible to men as Duke is vice versa. He elects to be her patient. She cures him of his complex (he hears bells ringing where there are no bells) by kissing him in the moonlight. Cures him!—she practically electrocutes him. But when he discovers she's just using him as a guinea pig, he decides to marry Michele Bennett. A million dollars is better than none, as the saying goes. Now—will Hedy realize she's in love with Duke in time to stop the wedding? Will Duke sock that Dr. Field (Robert Shayne) who's been chasing Hedy? Will the advertising agency go bankrupt? You'll find out. Over the years, Robert Cummings has developed from an animated stick of wood into a most charming and accomplished actor, Hedy's lovely as ever, and the laughs are numerous.—Univ.



Let's Live A Little: Robert Cummings gets to be a patient of psychiatrist Hedy Lamarr.

THE LUCKY STIFF

It's possible that all murder mysteries are this confused, and I just don't see enough of them. Anyhow, I doff my hat—heck, I doff my whole head—to *The Lucky Stiff*. It had me so mixed up I'm still not sure who done it. Who done what? Why, the four murders. A shady operator named Childers (Charles Meredith), who owns the Casino Club, gets rubbed out first. Then the man that was hired to eliminate Childers, a thug known as Malloy, is shot when he's preparing to tell who hired him—but that's enough of that. There are about six plots running wild here. One concerns a singer, Anna Marie St. Claire (Dorothy Lamour), with whom lawyer John J. Malone (Brian Donlevy) is enchanted. Every night, he goes to the Casino Club where she's appearing, and he sits and moons at her. What he doesn't know is that she's the girl friend of Childers (the first corpse, if you remember) though she really loves Britt (Warner Anderson), Childers' right-hand man. To make everything adorable, Britt loves Mrs. Childers, and she cares for him too. Incidentally, since nobody (but the district attorney and Malone) knows about Malloy (the thug who really killed Childers) the general public and all the newspapers believe that Anna Marie went to the electric chair for killing Childers, and every time she appears, people run away screaming about ghosts. Fortunately, the louse who's behind all the murdering, is also behind the "protection racket" in town, and since that's what Malone's out to break up when we first meet him, he kills two birds with one stone. Everything else in the picture's already been killed. The most pleasing feature of *The Lucky Stiff* is Claire Trevor's playing of Malone's faithful secretary. She does a really wonderful job. "Cute," I regret, is the word for it. I wish there were a better one.—U.A.

THE KISSING BANDIT

Here's Frank Sinatra as Ricardo, a boy from Boston (that's the United States) who travels all the way to California (that's still a possession of the Spanish crown) in order to join his late father's old partner, Chico. Chico's been having bad times as an inn- (Continued on page 116)



The Kissing Bandit: Frank Sinatra thinks he has to be bold and reckless, but he's shy.

New!
Exciting Discoveries
in Skin Care



Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams
... Never before
such Beauty for YOU!



Introducing
PENATEN
New Skin Beautifier in

Your skin . . . *ravishing!* . . . with these new-formula Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams! Science's newest secrets . . . in six exquisite beauty aids. Incomparable cleaner cleansing! Superb richer softening! Veil-of-flattery finishing creams! Each of unsurpassed quality. Jars come dressed in pink-and-gold elegance, at welcome moderate prices.

Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream cleanses skin the cleanest ever.

Truly, Penaten is a miracle cleansing aid! Penaten *penetrates*—reaches deeper into pore openings. Quickly seeps through make-up tints. *Amazingly thorough—thoroughly gentle.* Your skin looks *clearer*, because it's *cleaner*. Your first jar will prove, Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream—with Penaten—truly glorifies your skin!

Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream smooths skin the softest ever!

Magically, Penaten aids the *penetration* of smoothing emollients. Carries lanolin's rich benefits deeper, softening tiny dry lines. Smooths flaky roughness—on the instant. Skin looks fresher, younger . . . lovely to see!

From trial jars 20¢, to luxury jars \$1.39 plus tax.

Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream—contains Penaten! Particularly effective for cleansing oily or normal skin. Melts instantly. Loosens clinging grime, make-up, surface oil. Night and morning use helps keep skin clearer, younger-looking.

Woodbury De Luxe Vanishing Facial Cream—For Glamorous Make-Up: Greaseless, disappearing. A thin veil makes even oily skin look dewy. For a Beauty Pick-up: Apply lavishly to soften skin particles. Tissue off. Skin looks fresher, younger.

Woodbury De Luxe Powder Base Foundation Cream—Petal-Tinted: Adds glow to any powder shade. Veils dry or normal skin in satin-textured base that holds make-up. Helps hide blemishes. Apply sparingly—smooth over face, throat.

Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty All-Purpose Cream—Pink-Tinted: Penaten makes this De Luxe All-Purpose Cream more effective—for complete skin care, day and night. Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly. Provides a clinging make-up base.



Diana Lynn and 30-year-old architect John Lindsay, shortly before their marriage.

by Diana Lynn

I got

MY MAN!

I'd been sitting
pretty all my life—with-
out a man. But
after all, what could any
man mean to me?
Mr. Lindsay, I soon discovered,
meant—everything!

Diana Lynn became Mrs. John Lindsay on December 18th. When you read this, she and Johnny will have just returned from their honeymoon in Bermuda.—THE EDITORS.

■ Everything was fine. I had a career, a perfectly swell apartment, and excellent health. I was a very contented girl—and one of the things I wasn't at all interested in was marriage in a vine-covered cottage.

Well, that was last spring. *Now*, much to my surprise, I find myself looking for a house, a church to be married in, and the time to have a final fitting on my wedding gown.

The great change began one warm June evening. Stu and Angie Martin, my date—a casual one—and some other friends were at the Mocambo. After a while, we decided to go to Stu and Angie's to finish the evening.

Enter John Lindsay—whom up to then I'd never met. He'd been working late and, as he'd done many times before, he happened to stop by Stu and Angie's.

Naturally, I thought he was awfully attractive. (Who can blame me?)

Then, two months later—on August 17th, to be exact—Teddy Stauffer, whom I'd met in Mexico, took me to a party at L'Aiglon. I was wearing a plaster cast clear up to here on my arm. I'd broken it while I was at La Jolla appearing in a play. (Had I fractured myself going all-out for my Art? Not exactly—I'd slipped in the bathroom!) It was my first public appearance after the (Continued on page 85)



Modess *because*

Forget all other *Beauty Care*

and use Palmolive Soap as Doctors
advised for a Brighter, Fresher Skin!



DOCTORS PROVE you, too, may win
a Lovelier Skin using Palmolive alone ...
regardless of age ... skin type ...
or previous beauty care!



For a lovelier complexion—the kind men admire and women envy—stop improper cleansing. Instead follow the Palmolive Plan using Palmolive Soap alone the way 36 doctors advised 1285 women with all types of skin—young, older, dry, oily and normal. These leading skin specialists proved that Palmolive Soap used this way—with nothing else—brought lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3. Yes—lovelier complexions regardless of age, type of skin or previous beauty care. Start today to use Palmolive Soap—nothing but Palmolive Soap—this way:

1. Wash your face with Palmolive Soap.
2. Then, for 60 seconds, massage gently with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!
3. Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect!

And for Loveliness All Over...

Get Palmolive Bath Size
for tub or shower. It's big!
Long-lasting! Economical!
Gives you Palmolive's proved
complexion care *all over!*



An open letter to Bob Mitchum

the case for the people

Dear Robert Mitchum:

Just about the time this issue of MODERN SCREEN will appear, your trial on narcotics charges is scheduled to begin. No matter what the trial's outcome may be, there's one thing about your case that should make you and every American feel mighty proud.

That thing is the great, good heart the American public has once again shown it possesses.

When you were arrested, charged with the possession of marijuana, it seemed to many that your career was hopelessly smashed, no matter how innocent you might eventually be proved to be. Even you, in your first confusion and despair over the damaging appearances, were reported to have said, "This is the bitter end."

But the pessimists and grave-diggers had reckoned without the simple, garden-variety kindness of people everywhere in this good land. You, the studios, the magazines, newspapers and radio stations were swamped with expressions of good-will which said, in effect: "All right, maybe the guy *has* made a personal mistake. We'll see. And if he *is* found guilty, he'll pay the penalty. So why kick a man when he's down? He's still a darned good actor and we still want to see him on the screen."

The greatest glory of the tradition in which America was founded is its tolerant concern with every man and woman as an individual, entitled to fair play and a "break." The expression of that concern in your case, Bob Mitchum, is a clear and valid proof that the national tradition is still tremendously strong and alive.

Maybe Americans are overly sentimental. Maybe it's best to be cold and cynical in a world that so often seems ruled by brutal selfishness and double-dealing. But—maybe not.

This turbulent globe would be in a desperate mess indeed if the American people didn't have their strong streak of "sentimentality." Tyranny would long ago have been firmly in the saddle everywhere.

Sentimentality? There's a far better word for it—a golden word that, in its true, Biblical meaning, is the keynote of all our moral values.

That word is Charity.



Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR



Shirley could have had her choice of foreign titles, playboys or millionaires. But all she wanted was love—and found it in John Agar.



Three loves
that thrilled
the world

■ Once I happened to ask a friend of mine named Irving Berlin, what the secret was for writing hit tunes.

"It's really very simple, Hedda," he smiled. "It's just saying the same old story, 'I love you,' over and over again to new music."

I've always thought you could say pretty much the same thing about the movies. The year-in, year-out fundamental stuff of Hollywood make-believe is love, love, love. And—as where does it not?—the same potent force prevails in movieland's off-screen life. Yes, indeed! There are plenty of times I can think of when "I love you" wasn't just a line in a shooting script.

So, as Valentine's Day approaches, let me tell you what I know about three great loves, all made in Hollywood, that thrilled the world—and still thrill it.

One is the love of a Hollywood king for his queen; another's the story-book romance of a golden-haired movie princess for her prince charming; and the other is just a quiet, deep passion quite as plain as John loves Mary. Among my romantic souvenirs, the love stories of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, of Shirley Temple and her handsome John Agar, and of Betty Grable and her head man, Harry James, rate just as highly for real romance as do those big league love affairs of Beatrice and Dante, of Heloise and Abelard and—yep—of Wally and Edward.

Shirley Temple has had the world, and particularly Hollywood, at her feet all her life. Even as a mere moppet, Shirley accepted all this adulation and affection heaped on her curly head without losing it—or her heart, either. And that heart was *(Continued on page 111)*

by Hedda Hopper

These are
the love stories of
three Hollywood couples—
the stories of
their deep and
quiet passions
which no earthly thing
could ever mar . . .



Two of the most publicly spotlighted and privately plain people in Hollywood are Betty Grable and Harry James. Betty says simply, "Harry and I couldn't live without each other now."



The marriage of Carole Lombard and Clark Gable was perfect till its sudden tragic ending. Gable and the woman he loved were as vital a pair as could be found anywhere.

When I was a kid, he treated me rough. Now I'm a big boy, and he doesn't treat me at all. But strangely enough, I like the guy—even if this does sound like flattery—which it is.

"oh, brother!"

by
bob
crosby



Bing rehearsing with me and my band—which can't compete with his—his has 37 pieces and four acres of Trotter.



■ I first met Bing Crosby when I was one day old.

At the time, I was the one with the receding hair line. Furthermore, I was asleep at the time, my handsome head on my mother's shoulder, looking for all the world like a blessed event. There has been some question about that in family circles, but Bing was highly interested in me at the time.

Mother says there was a strange light in his eyes when he came into the room. He looked at her intensely and demanded, "What is it?"

"Just what you wanted," Kate Harrigan replied gently, "a boy!"

"Huh!" Bing exclaimed. "It had better be!"

Then he walked out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

The significance of this moment was something that was to dawn on me later. It seems that for 12 long years Bing had been the baby of the family. Only the baby of a family can understand that statement. Now I was the patsy—and if I'd known what that meant I might have used my zweibach ration to buy back the birth certificate.

It's not that I have anything against Bing, or vice-versa. It's just that the life of the baby brother in any family most of the time is just plain hell.

We lived in a big brown frame house. The oldest children had their choice of bedrooms. That left Bing with the sleeping porch when there were no more bedrooms. It also stuck him with me. When I could get along without diapers they moved me out to the sleeping porch. I thought that was fine. He thought it was awful.

Weekdays he had to teach me how to tie my shoe laces. Sundays he saw to it that I genuflected properly at Mass. At night when I'd wake up and stagger around in my sleep headed for the bathroom he had to make sure I wasn't going to fall downstairs. Thinking it over, I can hardly blame him for assuming these duties with all the gracious charm of a hungry bear.

He snored. So did I. When I was awake and he was snoring, there was nothing I could do about it. When he was awake and I was snoring I got hit in the head with a pillow. Tiny Tim never had it so bad.

I was too small to be kicked around much, there being 12 years difference in our ages. So I was an ever-present nuisance, spending all of my time trying to get into the act. I was bright, though. I found out soon enough that if I didn't get to the table on time, that gang (Continued on page 103)



Problem child

By BULA WILLIAMS

**My Esther was like any
other girl. "Mommy, the boys
didn't dance with me."
"The girls don't like me." . . .
There was no problem
we didn't solve
around the kitchen table.**



Esther Williams at 13. She still seeks advice from her mother, who helped her so with teen-age problems. Below: With her parents and relatives at a recent birthday party.



Bula Williams says: "My combined life's work, major interest, hobby and profession has been young people's problems." A staff-member of The American Institute of Family Relations as a counsellor and lecturer, she has earned her qualifications through the first-hand experience of raising five children of her own. This modest, down-to-earth account of how, with humor and understanding, she helped her daughter Esther over the rough spots of growing up will, we feel, strike an instant chord with millions of readers.

—THE EDITORS

■ The minute I saw Esther's face I knew something was wrong. A cloud shadowed the usual sunshine of her smile; she was too quiet when she came in the house. Esther was in junior high school then and about 14. She'd just returned from a holiday to the mountains with a crowd of her boy and girl friends.

"Hello, honey," I greeted her. "Have a good time?"

"No, Mommie," she blurted. "I had a miserable time."

I wasn't surprised. Her expression had telegraphed that news. "Well, what's the matter?"

"Oh," said Esther in a hurt and baffled voice "the boys didn't dance with me. And the girls were snippy. Nobody liked me. They left me out in the cold. . . . Mommie, what's the matter with me?"

"Not much," I told her. "But we've got a problem on our hands, haven't we? Let's see what we're going to do about it. . . ."

So many people who see Esther Williams' smiling, sunny face on the screen write me and say, "How lucky you are, Mrs. Williams, to have a girl so obviously happy and well-adjusted. What a blessing to have had no problems with your delightful daughter."

No problems? We had them practically every day in our home, where Esther grew up. Every child is a problem child. (And I had five children.) Life, it's been said, is just one darned thing after another, which is to say just one problem on the heels of the one before. Problems are the fibres of life itself and solving them is living.

Esther's problem at that point was friends—and that's a pretty important problem at 14. She needed help. We sat down at the kitchen table to talk. Our problem was not to be grieved and gloomed over—it was to be solved. And as usual, the minute we delved into (Continued on page 77)



something ^{not} for the boys



Slumber party was the sudden inspiration of Jean Peters, who invited other girls by phone. Kathleen Hughes and Vanessa Brawn farmed chaw-line far wienies and patata salad—but Reba was served first.

Recipe: Take six gabby gals and rapidly add food Warm well before a fire and beat with pillows. That's the way Jean Peters cooks up a slumber party.

by reba and bonnie churchill



Na female party is complete without camparing lipstick and nailpolish jabs. Reba and Bonnie watched with amazement as Kathy used a new shade an each toe. "Sa I can tell them apart," she averred.



After palishing off hat dags, gang turned to home-made popcorn, marshmallows and candied apples. (See the simple recipes for all these delectables in our Fan Fare department on page 94.)



Jean Peters and Colleen Townsend, with her hair in rag curlers, munched on jelly apples and had a lang talk (mostly about men).

■ The night was cool. The pajamas flashy. The gossip sparkling. The hostess Jean Peters. Perfect ingredients for a slumber party.

Jean has a sense of humor like an electric shock. It always startles you. Surround her with her girlfriends from 20th Century-Fox, like Betty Lynn, Colleen Townsend, Vanessa Brown and Kathleen Hughes—well, anything can happen and, as the old line has it, usually does.

We had heard rumors. There was that other time Jean had hosted a pajama party . . .

She was attending Ohio State. It was one of those crisp fall days—just made for football. The leaves were turning burnt-gold and small gusts of wind would bring them shivering down to the sidewalk.

Jean and some of her dorm sisters were coming back to Baker Hall from the game. "This," she declared snapping a dry leaf under her foot, "is the ideal time to huddle before a fire and have a slumber party."

By the time they'd reached the hall, Jean had convinced the others. All except one girl. She *never* joined in on such undignified fun. And certainly couldn't be bothered that night, since she had a date.

Jean sat on the bed watching her get ready. Then an interesting idea suddenly popped into her head. What would happen to that dull, dignified creature if . . . ?

There was no use Jean's just sitting there when she knew she was going to do it anyhow.

The girl was a little late for her date. Two hours in fact. Seems someone had pushed her, fully clothed, into the shower.

But that had been three years, a 20th Century contract, and two pictures ago. Jean, we reminded ourselves, must have changed since then.

However, we hadn't reckoned with Betty, Colleen, Vanessa and Kathy. Although these girls have different backgrounds—one lived in Vienna, (*Continued on next page*)

something ^{not} for the boys



Slumber party guests did their own cooking. Colleen blackened marshmallows and Vanessa served up her frankfurters well-done-to-a-crisp.



Girls gathered on living room floor to watch Betty Lynn's fortune-telling exploits. She predicted great careers and stardom for all, after first finding out that Jean already had earned a good role in *12 O'Clock High*.

(Continued from page 35) another toured the wartime CBI circuit, while the others came to Hollywood via Broadway or college—they all, we soon learned, share an identical urge. Behind those cherubic faces smolder the sardonic brains of practical jokers.

The evening began quietly enough at Jean's Westwood home. We were all in the den preparing a picnic-fashion snack. Vanessa and Kathy brought in the food from the kitchen. Betty did her utmost to get a blaze going in the fireplace, while Jean spread a tablecloth on the floor.

You'd never find another tablecloth like it. It's strictly a Peters original. "I only like to sew dramatic things," Jean confessed. We noted the red flannel spread edged in leopard skin—and nodded in rather dazed agreement.

Then Jean told us about something else she'd designed—a white brocade evening gown with a train. It was elegant. She wore it to the opening of the Opera. Only trouble was, she hadn't decided to make it until two days before opening night.

"My eyes were so tired from stitching I couldn't even

see the singers. I hope they couldn't see me either, because the basting started to unravel after intermission—and not only that, the train of my gown soon resembled the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese—dotted with footprints. That little number certainly wasn't anything to have worn in that mob scene. If I'm going to design things, I do wish I wouldn't always do it on the spur of the moment."

"That's the way I do things too," volunteered Coke Townsend, who by this time was decorating the wienies with cheese and bacon. "I won't sew anything for months, then I'll see an exciting design—and out comes the Singer and some material I've been saving."

By this time Betty triumphantly had the fire crackling and Kathy was filling the plates with potato salad. There was a lazy-Susan revolving tray in the center of the room, just an arm's reach away from everyone, laden with pickles and olives and nuts and marshmallows.

We took turns roasting the hot dogs and popping the popcorn. Vanessa was exiled to the corner when she charcoaled the corn and set the popper on fire. (Continued on page 74)

photos by bert parry and bob beerman



This attack took place when Colleen refused to hit the sack. Pillow later burst and buried them all in down.



Time for bed, so girls tripled up on tooth- and hair-brushing chores. Vanessa (soon in *The Fan*) discussed decoration of her new hill-top home, "The Eagle's Peak," with Betty and Kathy, who is making her screen debut in *Road House*.



she did it before and

SHE CAN DO IT AGAIN!

by *eriskine johnson*

■ A thirteen-year-old girl with soft brown hair and blue eyes lifted up her voice and, with confident ease, sang one of the most difficult of operatic arias.

As she finished, the Hollywood celebrities at the old Trocadero rocked the chandeliers with applause. And almost before the echoes had stopped vibrating, a producer had signed the little girl—Deanna Durbin—to a contract with M-G-M.

Six months later they dropped her option. In those six months the girl with the clear, lovely voice appeared in one short subject with a promising youngster named Judy Garland. Then they let her go.

They didn't believe she had a future.

That was 13 years ago. Since then, Deanna Durbin has gained international fame, has twice been married and has become a mother.

With her voice matured into a really glorious instrument of song; with her acting ability developed into wide range and depth; with great physical beauty, charm, and the driving ambition of the true artist, Deanna Durbin should be twice the success she was when she was half her present age.

And yet—Deanna Durbin's screen career is swiftly fading.

It's a crime—and a totally unnecessary crime—that this should have come to pass. And I believe with all my heart that she can come back to the top again, in exactly the way she reached it before.

Let's go back and see just how that crime occurred.

You've heard Deanna sing many times. And each song she sang gave you a thrill. But you couldn't have known the true significance of each of those songs to the girl who sang them. You couldn't have known the story behind them, the happiness, the heartache, the thrill or disappointment shadowing each melody or set of lyrics.

No, you couldn't have known, because Deanna showed to the world only the things she wanted the world to see. Locked inside her were the things that ate her heart out or made it almost burst with joy.

Those are the things (Continued on page 87)

what happened to Deanna?

only yesterday...

Newspapers and magazines told of Deanna's fabulous rise to fame, praising her for her one-woman contribution to the success of Universal.

NICE GIRL—"One of the screen's most interesting stories of the year and a picture that's guaranteed to please all."

—Oklahoma City theater manager in
Motion Picture Herald, April 1941

IT'S A DATE—"Once again we scored heavily with Deanna, as has been the case with several of her other pictures. All of her pictures are so refreshing, it is difficult for one to fail to enjoy them."

—N. J. theater manager, *Motion Picture Herald, Jan. 1941*

... and later

"Each of Deanna's pictures meant another million in the thirsty tills of old Universal."

—N. Y. *Sunday Mirror, Nov. 7, 1943*

"Before she was 16 her pictures were solely responsible for pulling a major studio, Universal, out of the 'red' and into the pink of success."

—N. Y. *Journal-American, Nov. 3, 1946*

"Deanna Durbin, Top Salaried Woman, Draws \$310,738."

—headline, *N. Y. World Telegram, Jan. 8, 1947*

but today...

Theater managers and critics complain about Durbin pictures. They still like Deanna, but protest poor material, weak casting, dullness.

SOMETHING IN THE WIND—"It is one of the dullest, most boring screen plays to come out of Hollywood..."

—N. Y. *Herald-Tribune, Aug. 1947*

"... Used on midweek to fair business. Miss Durbin has lost much of her popularity, but she still has a great voice."

—California theater manager in
Motion Picture Herald, Feb. 1948

"... We certainly took a beating on this feature... Durbin is a dead duck as far as we are concerned."

—Canadian theater manager in *Motion Picture Herald, Nov. 1948*

UP IN CENTRAL PARK—"... one of the dullest shows on record... Picture is utterly without charm, a stiff and static bore."

—N. Y. *Herald-Tribune, May, 1948*

"... they just do not go for Deanna as they did years ago..."

—Vermont theater manager *Motion Picture Herald, Nov. 1948*

She was always
blonde and beautiful—
that girl of Cary's
dreams—she was Virginia;
she was Barbara; she
was Betty . . . but now she's
Betsy, Betsy alone . . .

the girl he can't forget

by sheilah graham



Cary was still an unestablished actor in '32 when he married Virginia Cherrill. Temperamental differences separated them.





At one time, Phyllis Brooks seemed to be Grant's sole interest, but Phyllis invited publicity so Cory stepped out of her life.



Cary had little in common with his ex-wife Barbara Hutton. She hated Hollywood; he loved it. She enjoyed Society; he disliked it. Divorce followed.



Betty Hensel cut short her serious-looking romance with Cory when he seemed to be flogging for his leading lady.

■ Cary Grant has been in love with the same girl all his life. She is beautiful, blonde, tall and slender. Not always, but usually her name begins with a B. She is Betsy Drake, Betty Hensel, Barbara Hutton, Phyllis Brooks and Virginia Cherrill.

Sometimes Cary marries this girl he loves. But whether he marries her or not, the history of each romance is always the same: It lasts a long time, it ends in disillusionment—and he never forgets her.

Will his present passion for Betsy Drake be just another repetition of the old pattern, or will she prove the answer to Cary's desperate prayer for a permanent mate?

To play prophet with Cary's very cautious heart, we have to break down Cary the man, Cary the lover, and the women he has loved and why.

To start at the end. Miss Drake, blonde, tall and willowy, is 24 years old. Cary is 44. She is younger than any of his former dream girls. But they have been inseparable almost from the moment when Merle Oberon introduced them to each other on the Queen Elizabeth bound for New York in the summer of 1947. From the beginning, Betsy has known how to handle Cary. She is simple, with no chi-chi about her at all. Her best attribute, as far as Cary is concerned, is that she knows how to be pleasantly discreet to inquiring reporters. Several women have lost Mr. Grant because they thought they had him hooked, and said so.

Phyllis Brooks, for example. The blonde beauty, who for many months had seemed to be Cary's main interest,

decided to tell a waiting world that she was engaged to him. She was so sure of him, she ordered some lovely antique furniture for the home she believed they would shortly share together. Came the dawn! Cary, embarrassed by the publicity, begged to be excused. And found himself stuck with bills for furniture for the home he now wouldn't need.

Miss Drake, even when she was with Cary in Palm Springs and Germany and London with no other excuse for being there except that she loved Cary, always looked pleasantly blank when asked, "Are you getting married?" All she'd say was "That's something we haven't discussed." Unless she plays her cards wrong at the twelfth hour, it looks very much as if Miss Drake will be the third Mrs. Cary Grant—indeed, she may already have achieved that status by the time you read this story.

The good-hearted Cary is happiest when helping beginners make good in Hollywood. He was positively radiant while boosting beginner Betsy to the top of the Hollywood working world as his co-star in *Every Girl Should Be Married*. In this picture Betsy plays a girl who wages a successful campaign to win Cary for a husband. Her strategy isn't half as clever, and is a thousand times more obvious than what happened in real life. Because in real life, Betsy wasn't even sure she wanted to marry Cary. And for a man of his cautious disposition, where females are concerned, that attitude was the best come-on of all.

This is how Betsy bagged the gentleman who many consider to be the most attractive male (*Continued on page 98*)

Lotest and possibly the most permanent of Cary's loves is Betsy Drake. The two have been almost inseparable since their first meeting in '47.



Family portrait on the Brinkmans' third anniversary. Jr.'s almost two; baby's coming.

Lucky in Love!

Three years? It might
have been yesterday . . .
Jeanne and Paul
and the marriage vows . . .
Three years?
It might have been forever—
the way their love
goes on . . .

BY MARY MCKIMMING

A year ago in MODERN SCREEN—in January, 1948—we published "Anniversary Story," by Jeanne Crain. In it, Jeanne looked back on her first two years as Mrs. Paul Brinkman. And now, on the occasion of Jeanne's and Paul's third anniversary, we herewith bring you right up to date on what surely must be one of the happiest marriages ever made in heaven.—THE EDITORS.

■ They stood together in the crowd before the big, gaily-lighted toyshop window, its seams almost bursting with the activity of its Christmas clowns and gnomes and dancing bears.

She was so pretty, even for Hollywood—and yet she could have been a girl looking in a Christmas window in Sioux City or Duluth or Kokomo. The woolly greatcoat made her look tiny and its warm purple brought out the smouldering lights in her auburn hair, banded with a soft lavender scarf that got lost somewhere in the curls.

He stood close behind her, with one arm protectively around her shoulder.

"Look, Paul!" she exclaimed, pointing to the big white tree with its thousands of tiny white candles, "The angel on the top—isn't she beautiful?"

"I'll say she is," he (Continued on page 109)





saintly role in *Song of Bernadette* made Jennifer a great star, led the public to imagine her as an angelic girl in real life, too.



sultry, fiery half-breed in *Duel in the Sun* was so convincing that the legend of her true personality was given a new twist.



sensitive, warm, delicately-shaded performance in *Portrait of Jennie* (with Joe Cotten) will gain her fresh plaudits—and myths . . .

Hollywood still puzzles over Jennifer Jones. Is she an ice-cream angel, a Madam X, a fragile flower—or someone entirely different, someone nobody knows?

By JACK WADE

the woman nobody knows

■ Not long ago, a friend of Jennifer Jones' dropped in for a visit and thought she missed something somewhere in the house. Pretty soon she knew what. She'd been all through the place and yet hadn't spied the gold "Oscar" Jennifer won for her first starring picture, *The Song of Bernadette*. She asked her where it was.

"I don't know," said Jennifer.

The friend almost keeled over. "You don't know where it *is*?" she repeated in amazement.

"Your greatest trophy? Your most precious possession?"

"No," said Jennifer weakly. "But it must be *somewhere* around. It'll turn up," she promised.

Before she left, the friend had another request. She asked Jennifer for a picture to take home to her little girl. Again she got a dismayed, apologetic look and a disappointing reply.

"I—I haven't any," she said. "I'm sorry."

"You mean you're a screen star and you haven't a picture of yourself in the house?"

"No," confessed Jennifer. "But," she brightened, "I'll get you one at the studio." (Continued on page 82)



This is the letter that
threw Mexican reporters off the trail. While
the press waited at the
Del Prado, Rito and the Ali Khan
checked into another hotel.

RITA HAYWORTH

October 27, 1948

Antonio Perez
Manager
Hotel Del Prado
Mexico, D. F.
Mexico

Dear Mr. Perez:

This is in confirmation of a phone call I
made to your hotel this morning, asking that
you reserve one suite (sitting room and bedroom)
and two additional singles. These are to be
held in Miss Hayworth's name, and we shall
arrive in Mexico City Monday morning,
November 1st. We respectfully request that
this matter be kept confidential.

Will you also reserve for Miss Hayworth
three tickets for the next corrida - sobra,
and near the Carrera, I guess.

With many thanks to you,

Sincerely,

Aliza Haren

Secretary
459 N. Doheny Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif.

It was one titanic
battle of wits when
Rita Hayworth
and Prince Ali Khan
engaged in that
all-out struggle for privacy
against the
ingenious Mexican press!

BY MAXINE SMITH

Mexican escapade

The spectacular story of Rita Hayworth and Prince Ali Khan began some months ago in France and was first reported in detail in MODERN SCREEN'S December, 1948, issue. Continuing its eye-witness reports, MS now adds another chapter covering incidents in Mexico. As this issue went to press, Rita and Ali had junketed briefly to Cuba and were en route to Hollywood—and perhaps to new adventures.—THE EDITORS.

■ MEXICO CITY—A heavy blue haze and “an air of expectancy” hung over Mexico City’s Municipal Airport. It was just before nine on a Monday morning early in November. A horde of reporters and photographers, anxiously licking their pencils and counting their flash bulbs, awaited the arrival of the Pan American World Airways plane from Los Angeles.

A few minutes later the big silver transport dropped through the overhang, disturbing the haze and churning the air of expectancy to a pitch of hysteria as the gentlemen of the press, roaring hoarsely and holding hats, charged toward their quarry.

The rolling stairway was pushed through the mob as the plane snorted to a halt. The door was opened—and Rita Hayworth, looking perfectly exhausted, stepped out. Dozens of camera bulbs flashed . . . and flashed again . . . and again.

But—but where was the chief object of this lens-hunting? Where was Prince Ali Khan, reported to have been coming to Mexico with Rita? Obviously, none of the men near her could be the Prince, son of the world’s richest man, the Aga Khan of India. There wasn’t a turban in sight as the passengers made their way to the main building to go through the routines of immigration and customs inspection.

The officials, recognizing the celebrated Hollywood superstar, gallantly called her name first, and swiftly put her through the procedures.

“Ah,” thought the press cunningly, “now we’ll soon know which one is the Prince—surely his name will be called next.”

But the crafty fellows were disappointed. As Rita waited outside the large customs enclosure, nervously lighting cigarettes, passenger after passenger entered the barrier—and still the Prince was not called.

Finally Rita, impatient at the delay, beckoned to one of the *oficiales* and, in her fluent Spanish, asked a favor. Could a gentleman refuse her? At once Prince Ali Khan was called. The reporters at last got a good, identifying look at the Prince. But it was only a look. For, outside the barrier, they were too far away to ask questions.

Not, as it turned out, that it would have done them any good to have been right at Ali’s elbow throughout the inspection. When it was over and Rita and the Prince strode rapidly to their waiting limousine, the reporters, running after them, received nothing but silence. As the pair drove off, the frustrated newsmen had scored a zero.

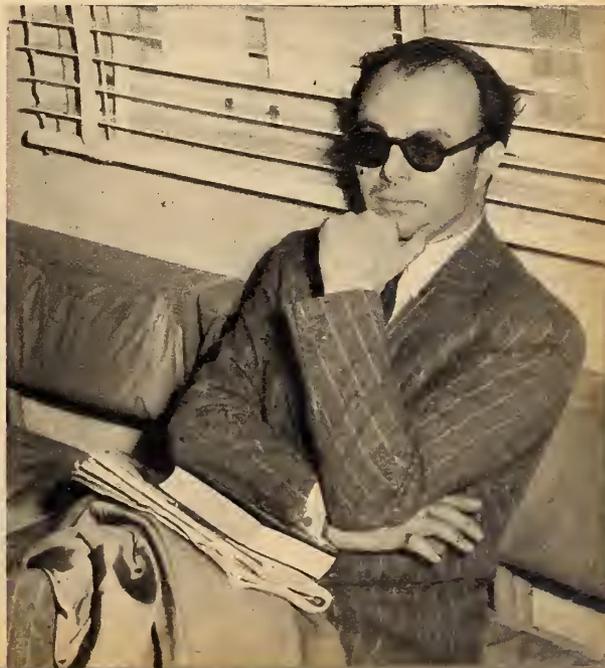
To its bitter fury, the press was destined to wind up with exactly that score. In a titanic battle of wits—and occasionally of more direct weapons—the famous (Continued on page 95)



After evading newsmen for days, Rita consented to a press conference. It was a flap, for Rita showed up without Ali Khan, ignored all “personal” questions.



Rita and Ali were photographed separately upon their arrival in Havana from Mexico City. Throughout the vacation jaunt, the pair refused to pose together.





ouse of the



In the living room, lined with book-shelves, the children are allowed to rummage through bound copies of Bob's radio programs. Note tiny tot's chair set up for the evening's television show.



The Hope house abounds in cozy spots, like the combination bar and billiard room. Above, with Dolores as an audience, Bob struggles to beat son Tony. Hope's trophies decorate the walls.

■ The Bob Hope home is a house where children are regarded as all-important. You know this as soon as you enter the driveway. On the high white gates, a sign reads CHILDREN AT PLAY. (Beneath it there's one which says belligerently, DOG AT LARGE. This added thought is not to scare the tradesmen—it's merely to warn them to look carefully so they won't run over the lazy hound who is usually asleep in the very center of the driveway.) And reposing casually on an upstairs window-sill will be, like as not, baby Kelly's one-eyed toy giraffe.

The house is a white brick-and-wood "California Colonial." It nestles in a scene of peace and beauty among giant walnut and pepper trees. Its bow windows gaze across rolling lawns—lawns that are strewn pleasantly with children's painted swings, playpens, and merry-go-round.

And that's the way the house is on the inside, too.

A stately Georgian staircase looks down benignly upon the small boy who is racing a red truck across the gleaming floor. Tony Hope, aged eight, gives the truck a mighty push, and shouts to his sister in the living-room.

"Catch it, Linda! I'm sending you something."

A little girl with silver bands on her teeth, and flying blonde hair, crouches on her knees, and reaches out to catch the truck as it whizzes by. Carefully, she removes a small house plant and sends the truck back across the hall. Dolores Hope puts down her knitting, and watches as her daughter replaces the plant on the coffee table. If she caught her breath when her precious plant went zipping down the hall, Linda would never know. Though Dolores loves her collection of fine china and delicate antiques, there is no "hands off" sign in the Hope home.

Eight years ago, the Hope estate was an abandoned walnut grove. At that time Bob and Dolores lived in a small house in North Hollywood with their baby, Linda. The successful young comedian and his gentle, dark-haired wife often took long walks down the country lanes, bordered with hibiscus and flaming oleanders. As they walked, they planned their future and shared their dreams about (Continued on page 51)

one-eyed giraffe

The kids
come first in the
Bob Hopes' fun-filled
home . . . painted swings
and pepper trees
to climb and lots of room
for growing . . .

BY VIOLA MOORE

Tony, Linda, Kelly, Dalores, Nora and Bob in "the naak," favorite family gathering place. Here, some of Dolores' rare china is displayed.





Two-year-old Nora jabs at Daddy's chin, while Bob defends himself with the gag gloves he once used to "fight" Dempsey. Bob's an ideal father.



The star of *The Pale-face* finds built-in shelves and drawers are handy for quick packing jobs.

House of the one-eyed giraffe

(Continued from page 48) Linda. A dozen times they walked past the sloping lot with the walnut trees, then one day Dolores said: "Let's go in."

Hand-in-hand, like children entering a secret garden, the Hopes pushed open the creaking wooden gate, and went in. Immediately, they fell in love with the towering trees, and the feeling of peace and seclusion. They wandered all over the three acres, and as they started to leave, Dolores stumbled against an old well, almost hidden by moss and weeds.

"There must have been a house here at one time," she said, excitedly. "Bob—there should be a house here now! What a lovely place to bring up children! So much ground. So many trees to climb." In her mind's eye Dolores could see Linda a few years hence, her blonde hair flying as she clung to the ropes of her swing, and pointed toward the tree-tops with her tiny feet.

The Hopes sat down on the edge of the over-grown well, and began to talk about their future home. Bob took a green twig, and began to scratch a design on the damp earth. "Now, here's where we could put the house. . . ." And Dolores, her cheeks flushed, her Irish blue eyes two torches of excitement, added, "We'll leave that pepper tree right where it is, even if we build the house around it."

They bought the lot and, shortly after, architect Bob Finkelstein got to work and drew up plans for the rambling structure that now houses Mr. and Mrs. Hope and their brood of four. Out of those plans has grown the house you see today.

As you drive up to the house, and park opposite the flower-bordered entrance, the front door is opened by Tony—for this is the maid's day off—and a moment later you're standing by the high-backed settee in the hall, looking directly into the spacious living-room. Sunlight and clear colors are reflected in the hunting-print draperies that frame the bow windows, and are picked up in the Grandma Moses landscape on the opposite wall. You are likely to exclaim with delight over a majolica lamp in tones of blue—and then notice baby Kelly's red celluloid duck peering behind it. As you sit on the deep, print-covered couch, you're likely to rise in nervous haste. (Continued on page 91)

photos by bert parry



The Pennsylvania Dutch breakfast room, a riot of colors, was converted from a butler's pantry. Cupboard (left) is hand-painted in rich reds and blues. The kids love to lunch here.



Dining room walls are green and cream. Host and hostess chairs give real comfort! When the Hopes dine *en famille* pink and blue high chairs are drawn up for Kelly and Nara.



The backyard is a pleasant place at the close of day. On the flagstone patia, Bab catches up with the day's events, listening to each child in turn—or to all of them at once!

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

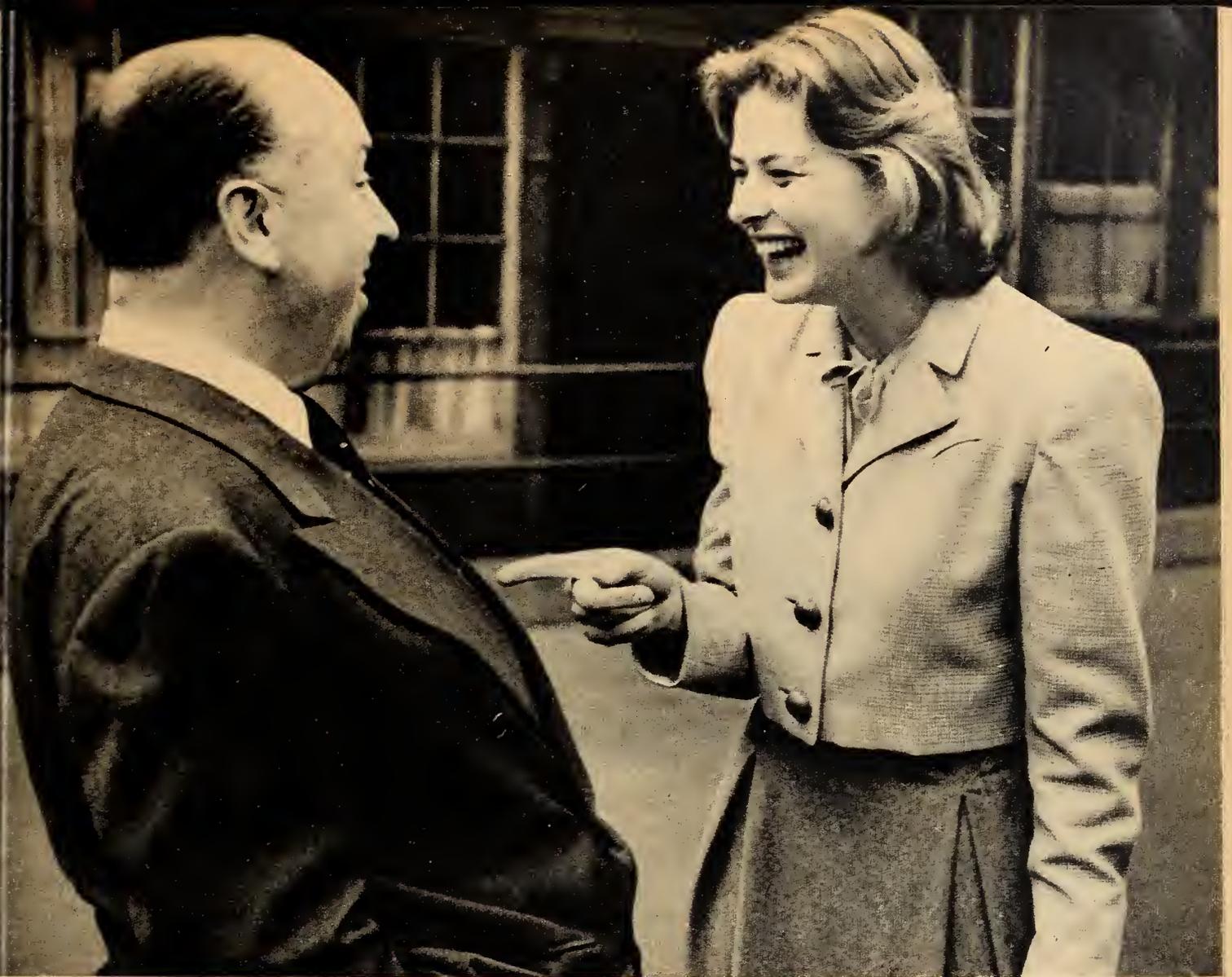
by Earl Wilson

famous New York columnist

They'd stone
her in Paris, Ingrid
thought; in
Sweden, they'd jeer. But
this journey that
began with fear ended
in happy tears.



SCREEN JOAN VISITS THE TOWER OF ROUEN, in France, where the real Joan was imprisoned and from which she was later taken to her fiery death. Ingrid was deeply moved by her visit to this historic shrine. Right: A prison scene from *Joan of Arc*, in which Joan prays for deliverance from her tormentors.



One of Ingrid's favorite directors is Alfred Hitchcock (above). She went to England to appear in Hitchcock's *Under Capricorn*.

■ Ingrid Bergman has solemnly confessed to me that a few months ago she was shaking in her famous flat-heeled shoes.

"I was scared to death when I went to visit France because they'd written me nasty open letters telling me they didn't want me to play *Joan of Arc*," the Sweet Swede told me. "And I also was afraid to go back home to Sweden. I hadn't been back for nine years. They were pretty mad at me there for trying to become an American citizen. I read things in the Swedish papers about that and I thought, 'Oh, oh, they're sharpening their knives.'"

It's hard to imagine the tall, red-cheeked, competent Ingrid being trembly about anything. But it became thoroughly believable now as I sat with her in her 36th floor suite at the Hampshire House in New York City. She had the windows open, and the icy blasts of winter came through, chilling me but thrilling her. Yes, Ingrid certainly left me cold; not from her personality, but from her open window.

I had arrived punctually at 11 a.m. to see her. In seven years, I'd interviewed her seven times. Going to this one,

I recalled the first, back in 1940, when she had cagily outmaneuvered my photographer who was trying, at my suggestion, to get her to pose for some "leg art."

"No-o-o-o," she had said, charmingly but firmly. "I want my face to be the most important!"

Who could say this hasn't worked? Strong men around my Broadway beat have whispered to me when their *Beautiful Wives* weren't listening that they believe she has more sex appeal than anybody else on the screen—and without the lifted skirt. (Remember that, girls!)

I remembered an interview in 1944, also, when she told me she roamed the streets and went to theaters in New York unrecognized. Her face wasn't yet well known. Sailors tried to pick her up, just like any other girl.

"Why didn't the French want you to play *Joan of Arc*," I asked her now.

"I could understand their feelings," she said. "Joan was French and Catholic. I was Swedish and Lutheran. And the movie was to be made in (Continued on page 105)

hollywood's



Joon Crawford, mother of four adopted children (here with Christine) was once the victim of a cruel adoption hoax.



When he was a child star, there were absurd rumors that Mickey Rooney was a midget. They said the same of Shirley Temple!



Flowers were tossed into Hedy Lamarr's car during a war bond tour—bits of glass were hidden in one bouquet.

Spreading vicious rumors . . . writing threatening letters . . . even making cowardly personal attacks . . . the hoaxers work relentlessly as they seek to make the stars their victims.

BY CARL SCHROEDER

■ Hedy Lamarr had never had such a day in her life. She was on a war bond tour, and the people in New Jersey had welcomed her like a queen. If ever she appreciated her adopted land it was now as an official car in which she rode pushed slowly through the mob of workers at a war factory, just outside of Trenton, New Jersey.

As the lane of human bodies opened ahead, the car inched its way toward the speaker's platform that had been erected in the factory yard.

"Roll your window down, Hedy," someone shouted.

Automatically, she obeyed the suggestion. Someone tossed in a bouquet of flowers. She smiled and waved. She saw a dark, swarthy man, standing with another huge bouquet of roses. He grinned at her and threw his tribute. It struck Hedy squarely in the face. She winced in pain and in an instant a trickle of blood streamed from a cut near her forehead. With a cry, she covered her face and the man beside her indignantly examined the flowers—red roses in which were tightly wrapped bits of glass and stones.

Moments later, tears in her eyes, she took the microphone before the thousands who had welcomed her. She told what had happened, and an angry murmur swept over the vast audience.

Hedy Lamarr broke a bond selling record that day—the day her career might have been seriously harmed. She wasn't badly hurt physically. But inwardly, she was agonized by the cruel, unexpected event—and she will never again face a huge audience without considerable protection.

What was this thing that happened?

The dictionary describes it as a "hoax—a deception (Continued on page 57)

cruelest hoaxes

A favorite pastime of hoaxers is inventing wild tales of stars' "disabilities." There are even periodic rumors that Nelson Eddy is going blind!



hollywood's
cruellest
hoaxes



Ido Lupino and her husband Collier Young narrowly avoided serious injury one day as a bullet, fired from an unknown gun, came crashing through their window.



While Gene was in the air force, Ino Moe Autry was awakened one day by a caller who swore he had just identified Gene's body.



Home of Loretta Young and husband Tom Lewis was recently robbed of thousands of dollars worth of jewelry. The crime was executed by "servants" of former owners.



Von Johnson was forced to call the police when pestered by a youth hanging about the house who insisted that Von had sent for him.



Hoaxers capitalize on the fact that rumors spread like wild-fire. Even Clark Gable's best friend once believed him to be dead, because it was repeated, so often.



Vic Moture and his mother were the intended victims of a crank who wrote that she was the mother of Vic's child.

for mockery or mischief." And why had it happened? Either to discredit Hedy's efforts or merely for sadistic reasons that only a psychiatrist could explain. The truth was never discovered through investigation because the man could not be found, but there were rumors of talk about "that foreigner who tries to tell us Americans what to do."

In any event, extra precautions were immediately taken thereafter to prevent similar occurrences with other stars.

But no amount of protection will ever keep Hollywood favorites from the cruel scheming of the hoax artist, a vicious breed of human being who strikes without warning. Sometimes he is caught; more often he escapes to perpetrate once again a foul attack.

Consider the mysterious thing that happened to the Gene Autrys. In 1944, Gene was in the service—somewhere in Texas, his wife Ina Mae believed. As it would the wife of any other flier in the service, the sound of a telephone ringing at three in the morning was enough to strike a note of alarm in her heart.

Sleepily, one morning just before dawn, Ina Mae answered the telephone's frightening summons. The head of a Los Angeles news service bureau talked to her in anxious, consoling tone.

"I'm sorry to tell you this, Mrs. Autry," he said, "but we've just had a report that Gene was killed an hour ago in an automobile accident just outside Sedalia, Missouri."

Stunned, Mrs. Autry hung up the phone. In a matter of hours an airplane carried her to the little town. Here she entered a morgue to view the remains.

The man was not Gene Autry!

Imagine, if you can, the horror of the news. Then imagine what sort of human being would bother to perpetrate such a hoax. It was not "just an accident," or the telephoning of an unconfirmed news item by an inexperienced reporter. No, Gene had been definitely identified by a man who swore he knew him personally. Where was he? Who was he? Nobody knew, or knew the purpose of his cruel plot.

In this case there could be no hope of extracting money from the Autrys. After the first hysteria was over, both Gene and his wife agreed that someone who fancied himself an enemy had done this thing. And who could hate the popular movie cowboy?

Well, a number of people.

It might have been such a man as another hoax artist who once encountered Gene in Madison Square Garden. "You fancy cowboy in the white hat!" he sneered. "Why don't you go out and really *ride* a bronc instead of parading around for ten minutes. Huh, I've got a notion to knock that beautiful sombrero off your head—and kick your teeth in."

Gene stood the tirade for a few minutes. Then he knocked the offender down with a hard right hand. The next morning he was served with papers in a lawsuit for \$10,000 on an assault and battery charge. Gene won his case, but he had been the victim of another type of hoax artist—the sort who schemes for big money.

There is hardly a star in Hollywood who has not at one time or another been the target for a hoax artist. Most recently, two nationwide news services were called upon to verify a sudden report that Brian Donlevy was dead. Brian had been in the hospital, struck down by the flu. Two telephone calls were made, one purporting to come from the hospital and another from a doctor. Two days later, Donlevy was out of the hospital and back working in a picture, the most serious thing happening to him having been that he had had a tooth knocked out in a movie fight.

The hoaxer who specializes in reporting movie star deaths is perhaps the most malevolent, for his victims are the friends and families of those against whom he strikes. And for some strange reason (Continued on page 100)



Crasby would have more lives than a cat, if hoaxes were true. At least once a year there are reports from "eye-witnesses" to his death.



THE SEARCH, a drama of Europe's orphans, introduced Monty to the public, brought extravagant praise from fans and critics.



RED RIVER, with Joanne Dru, was the second of Clift's films to be shown. Howard Hawks, his boss, has since been deluged with requests from other producers to borrow him.



THE HEIRESS, with Olivia de Havilland (not yet released) is Monty's first romantic role. Insiders report he's sensational.

Is it
true what
they say
about

MONTY?

BY CAMERON SHIPP

Montgomery Clift has appeared in only two films—The Search and Red River—but already the fans are calling him the most exciting screen figure since Gregory Peck. At the same time, there have been reports from Hollywood that he's uncooperative and conceited, that he's ruining his career at the outset by being difficult to get along with. Any truth to this? Well, here's a candid portrait of a candid—and highly interesting—personality.—THE EDITORS.

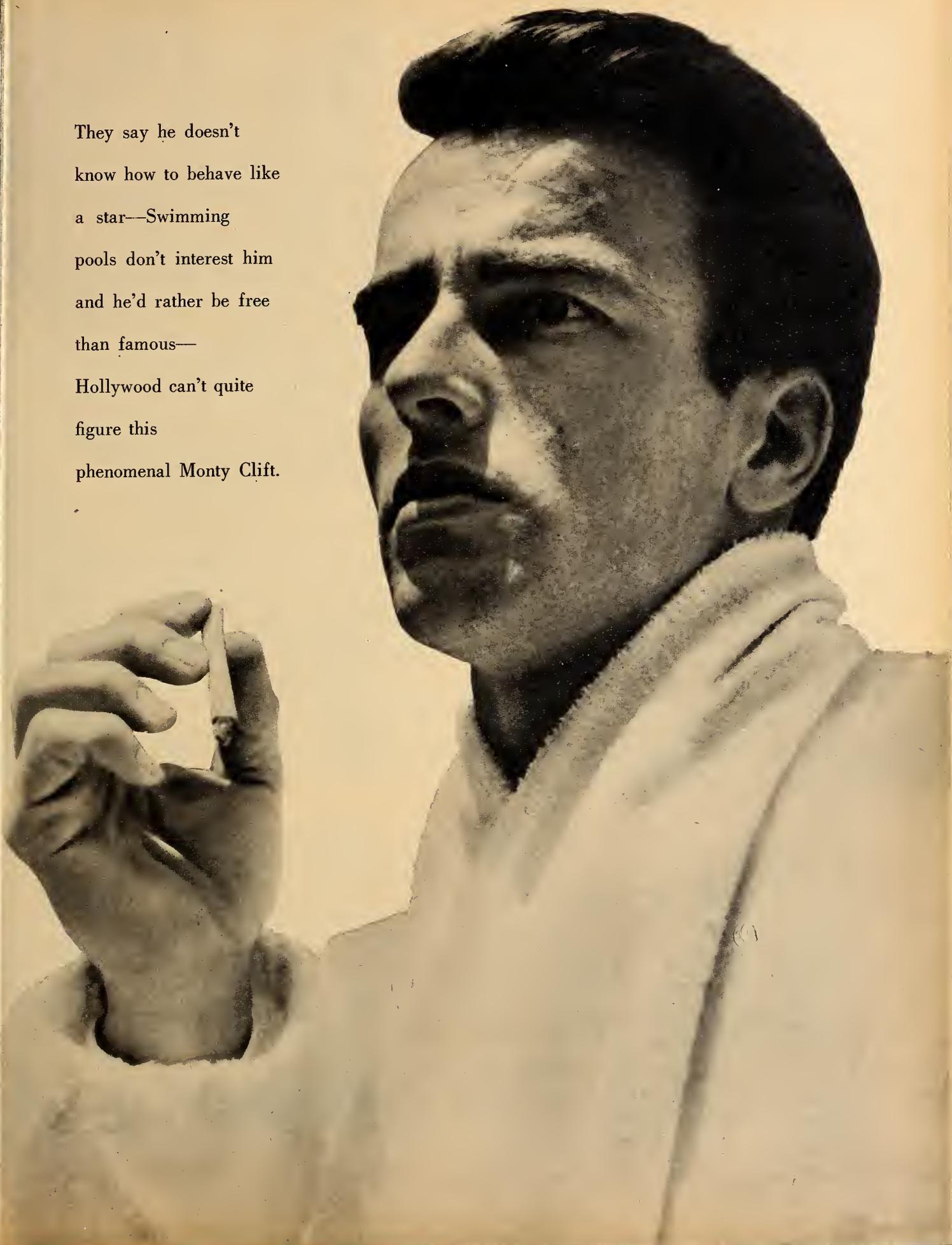
■ The battered alarm clock chattered its sudden signal as jarringly as a riveting machine. The long, dark young man in the Murphy bed jack-knifed to a sitting position, blinked his green eyes, regarded the clock morosely, rubbed his stubble of dark whiskers, turned the clock off, and with enormous will-power put his feet on the floor. It was 6 a.m., an hour at which some thousands of other young wage-earners arose from their Murphies in their one-room apartments; gulped their coffee; kicked at the starters of their eight-year-old, third-hand automobiles, and set off for work.

The young man we have in mind, a fellow named Montgomery Clift, gulped coffee at a drug store; chugged across Hollywood Boulevard, which looks dreary at 6 a.m.; turned North; bumped over to Melrose; parked his car in a gas station; saluted the cop at the gate, and entered Paramount Studio.

There, not many minutes later, he put his arms around Olivia de Havilland and kissed her soundly and expertly, a well-paid chore which inspired a nod of praise from taciturn William Wyler, director of *The Heiress*.

At the end of his day's work, which consisted chiefly of kissing Miss de Havilland many more times in close-ups, long-shots (Continued on page 107)

They say he doesn't
know how to behave like
a star—Swimming
pools don't interest him
and he'd rather be free
than famous—
Hollywood can't quite
figure this
phenomenal Monty Clift.



The snake pit



■ *The Snake Pit* is a film of which the motion picture industry may feel proud. It is a great social document that will inevitably lead to reforms in a shameful area of American life; it is highly educational in a field about which the general public knows little; it is technically brilliant; and from beginning to end it is absorbing, dramatic entertainment.

Based on the novel by Mary Jane Ward, *The Snake Pit* tells the story of one woman's experiences in a typical state mental hospital. In so doing, it manages to give a sharp and dreadful picture of the conditions and atmosphere of the entire institution—the many types of mental cases there incarcerated; the techniques used in attempts to cure them; the tragic neglect and incomplete treatments which result from the disgraceful fact that, in the wealthiest nation on earth, there simply aren't enough doctors and nurses in this typical establishment to cope with the terrible overcrowding.

The main character, played with magnificent range and depth by Olivia de Havilland, is Virginia Cunningham, a nervous breakdown case. You follow her progress as she goes part way along the road back to mental health, relapses, goes forward again. Gradually, as her husband (Mark Stevens) tells what he knows of her history and the psychiatrist (Leo Genn) delves deep into her background through the use of hypnotic narcosynthesis and electric shock treatments, you learn the causes of her breakdown. Finally, as these dark and buried reasons are made clear to Virginia herself, she is cured.

Anatole Litvak has directed *The Snake Pit* with masterly judgment and skill and the acting, down to the smallest role, seems flawlessly realistic. Under the leadership of Darryl Zanuck, 20th Century-Fox has produced a courageous and unforgettable work of art.

On these pages, we give you the story in pictures.



LONG AGO, THE INSANE WERE THROWN IN PITS OF SNAKES TO



1. As *The Snake Pit* begins, Virginia Cunningham (Olivia de Havilland) finds herself an inmate in a mental hospital. Bewildered, suspicious and fearful, she can't recall her husband



TRY TO SHOCK THEM INTO SANITY.. VIRGINIA (OLIVIA de HAVILLAND) IN "THE SNAKE PIT" FEELS THAT THIS HAS BEEN DONE TO HER.



2. Psychiatrist Mark Kik (Lea Genn), tells her husband, Robert Cunningham (Mark Stevens) that her case history is slight. So Robert tells what he can. He relates how he first met and dated her in Chicago.



3. One day she fled from him without explanation. Six months later, he re-met her in New York. She wouldn't explain her disappearance. They were wed and soon after, on May 12th, she attempted suicide.

continued on next page



4. After that, Robert brought her to the hospital. . . . Now Dr. Kik uses electric shock treatment on her. This helps, but she recalls little, flares up at mention of May 12th. Robert comes to see her.



5. She recognizes him now. In the dining room, the hospital chief says Virginia should be staff-examined with view to her release in Robert's custody. Dr. Kik objects, is reminded of overcrowding.



7. She blames herself for his death. Kik reassures her, then requests more time to cure her sense of guilt, is refused. She takes a staff examination, during it cracks up violently and bites hospital chief.



8. When she comes out of it days later, she blames Kik for sending her for examination prematurely. But Robert admits to her Kik was overruled at his request. So she tells Kik she now no longer blames him.



10. When he asks her to return the doll to save trouble, she denounces him for behaving like her father in taking the nurse's side. Then she tells him of the doll her mother gave her as a child, which she traded.



11. Her mother insisted she get the doll back and her father sided with her mother. Virginia then wished him ill. He died, she blamed herself. She's relieved when Kik explains he was incurably ill anyhow.

The snake pit



6. Then, under narcosynthesis (use of hypnotic drug), Virginia tells Kik she left Robert in Chicoga for date with admiral Gordan. When he proposed, she felt ill so he turned cor back, was killed in crash.



9. Kik tells her that her realization that she wasn't reody far an examination is a good sign, hos her sent to Ward One, from which inmates qa home. Here she's accused of stealing o doll, token to Kik.



12. But os a result of o run-in with o nurse, Virginio relapses, is placed with extreme coses. Here she feels camporotively sone. Then, after Kik makes cleor to her whot led to her breakdown, she's cured.

■ They didn't have to twist Olivia de Havilland's arm to get her to play Virginia in *The Snake Pit*. While the novel was still in galley proofs in May, 1945, director Anatole Litvak read it, excitedly sent it to Olivia, and she immediately decided that Virginia was *the* role for her. "It gives me," she said, "the greatest dramatic opportunity I've ever had."

Scenarists Frank Partos and Millen Brand began work on the script in September, 1946. Their first important step was to build up a detailed case history for the unhappy heroine—the novel presented very little background material on her. When they got through, they had 123 pages. This they took East and had it gone over by three prominent psychiatrists. The doctors carefully checked every phase of it, made a few strengthening suggestions and, when these were incorporated, agreed that the case was completely authentic.

In preparation for their roles; Olivia, Leo Genn—the fine British actor who plays the kindly psychiatrist—and Mark Stevens—who plays Virginia's husband—all made repeated observatory visits to a number of state mental hospitals. (One of these institutions, while modern in every way in so far as buildings and equipment were concerned, had one doctor for every 400 patients.)

When the shooting script was finally done, Olivia described it, with firm enthusiasm if shaky grammar, as being "the most perfect I've ever worked from."

It seems safe to predict that *The Snake Pit* will be a strong contender for 1948 Academy Award honors in every department for which it is eligible. Among these, the most obvious possibility is that Olivia de Havilland will add another Oscar to the one she earned in 1940 for her work in *To Each His Own*—even though she'll be up against some very tough competition supplied by Jane Wyman, Barbara Stanwyck and Irene Dunne.

Olivia, until she came through so deservedly in 1940, had just barely missed an Oscar twice before—in the supporting role of Melanie in *Gone With the Wind* (1938) when Hattie McDaniel, in the same picture, beat her out; and as the star of *Hold Back the Dawn* (1940), when her sister, Joan Fontaine, triumphed in *Suspicion*.

During the filming of *The Snake Pit*, rumors sprang up that Olivia and her husband, novelist Marcus Goodrich, were on the verge of divorce. Neighbors reported hearing terrible screams coming from the Goodrich establishment. The screaming, however, was in no wise connected with the domestic relationship, which has from the beginning been lovingly serene. It was just Olivia rehearsing for the narcosynthesis sequence in the film.

But it's understandable that the neighbors thought Olivia was in earnest. You should hear her in the picture.

THE END

Upside down... and downright good

KARO* Syrup makes these break-fast, lunch and dinner treats downright good. KARO glorifies their appetizing appearance... emphasizes their delicious flavor.

KARO, Blue Label, blends superbly with fruits and spices... gives the Upside Down Cake and Cinnamon Rolls a delicious glaze. KARO, Red Label, points up the delicate flavor of the Orange Rolls. To convenient "ready mixes", or your own recipes for quick breads and rolls, KARO adds extra nourishment.

the KARO kid

PRUNE-APRICOT UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

Combine first three ingredients of Cinnamon Roll recipe in 9x9x2½-inch pan and arrange 20 each drained, stewed prune and apricot halves. Use 1 package prepared cake mix according to package directions; pour over syrup-fruit mixture. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Let cool in pan about 2 minutes; then invert on serving plate. Serve warm, plain or with whipped cream.

CINNAMON ROLLS

½ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 package hot yeast roll mix
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon

Combine first three ingredients in large skillet. Prepare hot yeast roll mix according to package directions. When dough has risen, roll into rectangle ½ inch thick. Spread with mixture of melted butter, sugar and cinnamon. Roll as for jelly roll; cut into 12 slices. Place, cut side up, on top of syrup mixture. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 35 to 40 minutes. Invert pan immediately. Serve hot.

*KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N.Y. © C.P.R.Co., 1949

ORANGE ROLLS

Combine ½ cup KARO Syrup, Red Label, ¼ cup sugar and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; divide equally into 12 greased muffin or cup-cake pans. Mix together lightly ¾ cup milk and 3 cups prepared biscuit mix; roll into rectangle ½ inch thick. Spread with filling made with 2 tablespoons each melted butter, and sugar, and 2 teaspoons grated orange rind. Roll as for jelly roll; cut into 12 slices. Place each slice, cut side up, in muffin or cup-cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 to 35 minutes. Remove from pans immediately. Serve hot.

KARO is available in 1½, 5 & 10 lb. sizes.

accessories add plus to fashion

connie bartel, fashion editor

■ It's not only what you wear—it's what you wear with it. That's our theme for this issue. Our accent is on accessories, the plusses that add up to a successful costume.

Take a good look at any best-dressed girl you know—especially a girl who looks like a million on a budget—and you'll find she gets her effects with the *etceteras* of fashion—jewelry, bags, belts, gloves, scarves.

Look hard at a girl in a glamorous get-up, and she may turn out to be wearing nothing more elaborate than a simple sweater and skirt—or the plainest of basic dresses... *plus*. The knockout effect comes from the right accessories, used in the right way.

To illustrate, on the opposite page Janet Leigh wears a sweater and skirt, *plus*—and see what happens! On page 66 we give jewelry top billing; on page 68 we add belts and gloves to blouses and skirts.

And on page 70 we introduce a really fabulous accessory—fancy stockings which will turn any dress into a gala production.

janet leigh adds pearls to red, white and blue

■ Janet Leigh, whom we can't wait to see as "Meg" in MGM's forthcoming "Little Women," shows what can be done with a sweater and skirt—plus accessories.

To her blue and white sweater and plain blue skirt—she adds the new crinkled baroque pearls, delicate pearl bracelets, a pearl-handled umbrella, and a bright red belt. Result—drama.

The cotton knit sweater comes also with kelly, red, brown or green stripes; also in pink with brown stripes, maize with grey stripes. Sweater by Alberic—\$2.98.

At Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn Woodward & Lothrop, Washington Nancy's, Hollywood

Jewelry by Coro; belt by Criterion Umbrella from Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop, N. Y. C.

Other store information, page 73.



**modern
screen
fashions**



tops, plus!





■ Take it from three who know—nothing stretches your wardrobe like a collection of tops and skirts—plus accessories! Especially when the accessories include the very newest in jewelry—as shown here. Please take a second look at these bracelets, necklaces and pins; they're all trend-setters, they're all being worn by every fashion model and fashion editor in New York this very minute!

blouse: New idea! Collar-and-tie blouse in washable crepe. The blouse is green; the red tie runs under the collar and can be removed if you switch to a scarf. Also red, brown, black. By Vicki Lynn. \$3.98.

plus: *Double-eagle pin with rhinestones; gold-tipped bobby pin for the hair; a jeweled locket bracelet which opens to show pictures of your three favorite people. (The kangaroo pocket skirt in gabardine is by Junior Miss of Calif. \$7.95.)*

sweater: Striped cotton boucle in navy and white. Also green, grey, red, brown stripes, others. By Alberic. \$3.98.

plus: *Pearls that go the oyster one better—they're crinkled. Baroque pearl necklace; bracelet of baroque pearls strung on fine gold chain; pearl heart bar-pins; pearl drop earrings.*

shirt: Cuffed cardigan in knitted cotton, in dreamy shades of pistachio green, almond, brown, berry red, others. By Garland. \$4.98.

plus: *The newest in necklaces—pearls and colored beads spaced by tiny gold beads; wide leather cummerbund to give the new high-waisted Empire look.*

JEWELRY BY CORO.

GLOVES BY ARIS.

CUMMERBUND BY CRITERION.

GOLD BOBBY PIN BY BEN HUR.

■ *The plus:* scatter
pins and fresh white gloves.

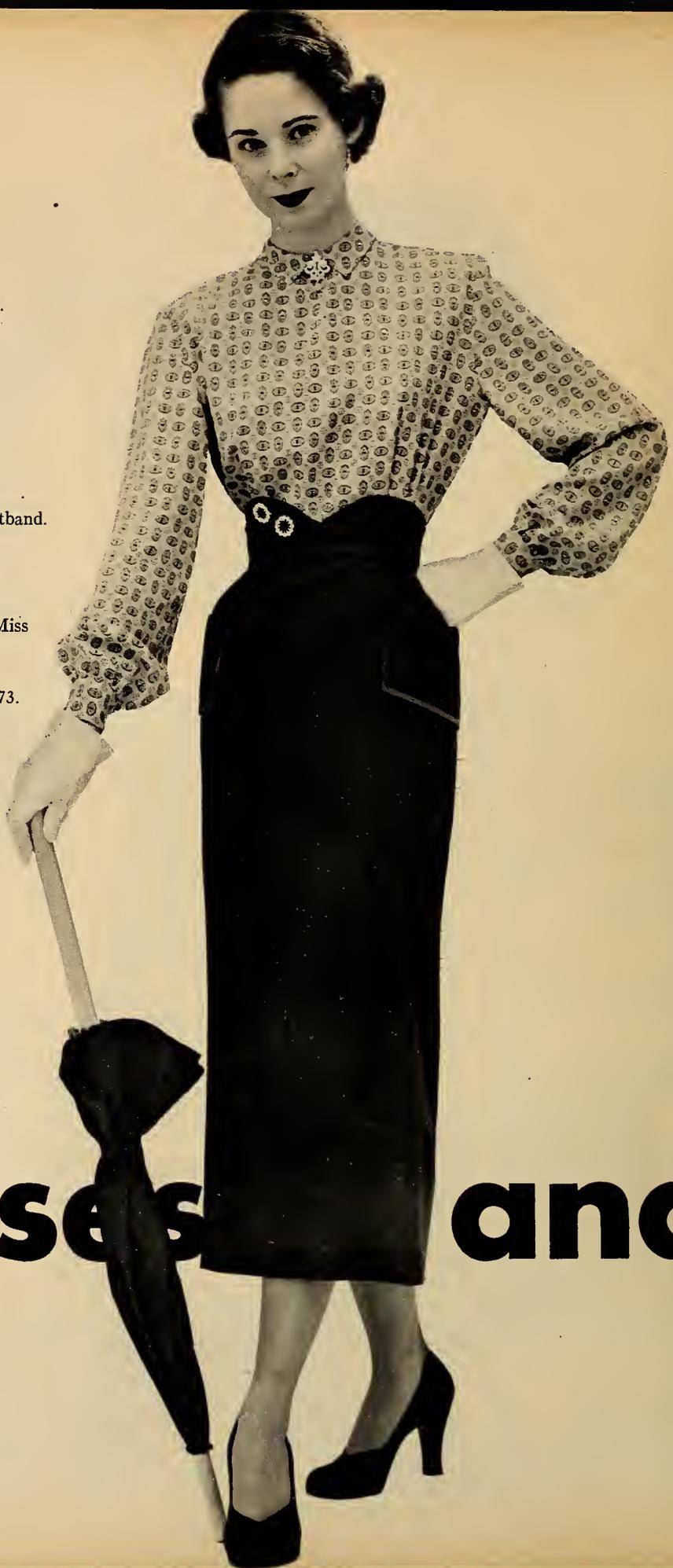
The blouse: a real find
in washable printed rayon.

Gold, green, brown,
grey. By Cornibert. \$2.98

The skirt: smart narrow
gabardine with high-rise waistband.

Green, red, pink, aqua, grey,
black, brown, navy, gold,
beige, winter white. By Jr. Miss
of California. \$7.95

For where to buy, see page 73.



blouses and



■ *The plus:* leather belt and gloves, fob pin, nifty crooked handle umbrella.

The blouse: combed cotton with flat turtle neck.

Lots of colors. By Shepherd. \$1.98

The skirt: buttoned to hem, side pocket, in rayon Dundee suiting. Rose, blue, brown, navy or black. By Koret of California. \$5.95

For where to buy, see page 73.

skirts - plus!

1. Crowns on
your ankles.
Stockings by Bryan.
About \$4.95
of Bonwit Teller, N. Y.
Andrew Geller Shoes



2. Lace instep and clock by McCollum. About
\$3.50 of Bonwit Teller, N. Y. Shoes by Evins

3. Initials to your order. Stockings by
Bryon. About \$3.75. Bonwit Teller, N.Y.

Now you can have

**jewels on
your ankles,
lace on
your toes**



Strictly in the what-will-they-think-of-next department—here are jeweled stockings, of all things!

A designer named Ellen Troy—a red headed Viennese with a very ooh-la-la accent, decided one day that if you wear jewels on the ears, fingers, wrists and around the neck—why slight the feet? So she set to work hand painting, embroidering and eventually sprinkling rhinestones on stockings—and now look!

If you have champagne taste—there are stockings with a champagne glass—plus rhinestone bubbles! Getting married? There are stockings with wedding bells. Or if you're musical—how about nylons with a painted scale and rhinestone notes? Also among the fantasies—crowns (photo 1), four leaf clovers, rosebuds, hearts, and even a chate-laine watch! You can also have your own initials (photo 3)—or your college flag . . . to be made up to your individual order. All of these designs are patented, the stockings themselves are nylon—and yes, of course you can wash them.

As for lace, the McCallum people have come up with a glamorous design that covers your instep and extends in a long graceful clogk (photo 2)—and Gotham offers an elegant lace medallion, studded with jet (photo 4).

Naturally, these stockings are not intended to be worn with your tweed suit. But when you're dressing for a big night—and your mood is pure abandon—these are for you!

4. Lace insert studded with jet beads. By Gotham. About \$15, Gotham Shops.



MARION HUTTON,
STARRING IN THE
UNITED ARTISTS' FILM
"LOVE HAPPY"

MARION HUTTON

Taught me a Love Lesson

I never used to be popular...

'Til one lucky night I turned a page and read: "Men are romantics at heart", says Marion Hutton. "They like a girl to be so-o feminine . . . to have the softest, pampered-looking hands." Marion advises: "Use Jergens Lotion on your hands—I do."

Right then, I started using Jergens too!



Not long after I started going out! First with Paul, then Cy, now I've got several beaux. Men really *do* choose the girl with the softest, loveliest hands!

See how much softer your hands can be with today's richer Jergens Lotion! Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Yet never leaves that sticky feeling. Still only 10¢ to \$1.00 plus tax.

Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care

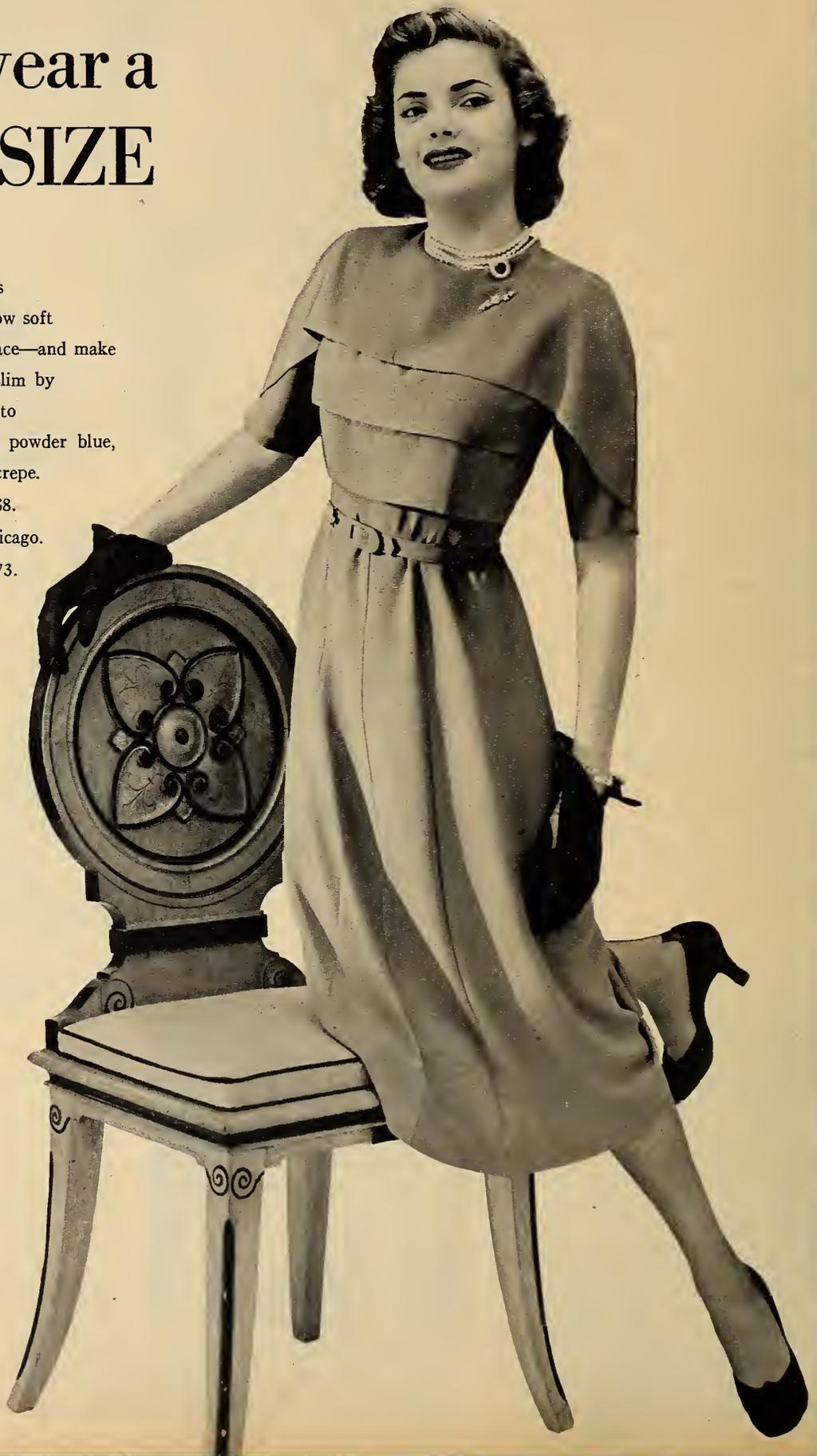
*Now Yours—
Jergens
Beauty Kit!*

Contains generous samples of Jergens Lotion, Powder, Face Cream and Dryad Deodorant. Send 10¢ to cover handling and postage to The Andrew Jergens Co., Box 6, Dept. 50A, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only, expires Dec. 31, 1949.



if you wear a HALF SIZE

■ Here's a date dress with three tiers to throw soft flattery toward your face—and make your skirt look very slim by contrast. Sizes 14½ to 20½. In grey, navy, powder blue, rose or aqua romaine crepe. By Rite-Fit. About \$8. Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago. Other stores on page 73.



WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Striped sweater worn by Janet Leigh in the full-color photograph (page 65)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus*, 420

Fulton St., Sweaters, 3rd fl.

Hollywood, Calif.—*Nancy's*, 6366 Hollywood Blvd.

Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*, 10th & G Sts., Sportswear, 3rd fl., Main Bldg.

Collar-and-tie blouse (page 66)

Baltimore, Md.—*The May Co.*, Howard & Lexington Sts., Downstairs

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Loeser's*, 484 Fulton St., Blouse Dept., Downstairs

Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.*, State, Madison and Monroe Sts., East Rm. Sportswear, Downstairs

Kangaroo pocket skirt (page 66)

Atlanta, Ga.—*Franklin Simon*, 640 Peachtree St., NE.

Buffalo, N. Y.—*The William Hengerer Co.*, 465 Main St., 4th fl.

New York, N. Y.—*Franklin Simon*, 5th Ave. & 37th St., Jr. Assembly Shop, 6th fl.

Striped cotton boucle sweater (page 66)

New York, N. Y.—*Stern's*, 41 West 42nd St., Jr. Sportswear Dept., 3rd fl.

Syracuse, N. Y.—*The Addis Co.*, 449 S. Salina St., Neckwear Dept., Main fl.

Cuffed knitted cardigan shirt (page 67)

Los Angeles, Calif.—*Broadway Dept. Store*, Broadway & 4th Sts., "Nine Seventeen Shop," 4th fl.

New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St., Main fl.

Philadelphia, Pa.—*Strawbridge & Clothier*, Market & 8th Sts., Misses Separates, 3rd fl.

Printed rayon blouse (page 68)

Boston, Mass.—*The Gilchrist Co.*, 417 Washington St., Blouses, Street fl.

Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.*, State, Madison & Monroe Sts., East Rm. Sportswear, Downstairs

New York, N. Y.—*Macy's*, Herald Square, Blouses, Main fl.

Narrow skirt with hip pockets (page 68)

Buffalo, N. Y.—*The William Hengerer Co.*, 465 Main St., 4th fl.

Louisville, Ky.—*H. P. Selman Co.*, 4th & Walnut Sts., 2nd fl.

New York, N. Y.—*Franklin Simon*, 5th Ave. & 37th St., Jr. Assembly Shop, 6th fl.

Cotton turtle neck sweater (page 69)

New York, N. Y.—*Arnold Constable*, 5th Ave. & 40th St., Main fl.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Frank & Seder*, 5th Ave. & Smithfield St., 2nd fl.

Button-to-hem skirt (page 69)

New York, N. Y.—*Saks*—34th, 34th St. & Broadway, Sports Dept., 3rd fl.

San Francisco, Calif.—*Macy's San Francisco*, Stockton & O'Farrell Sts., 2nd fl.

Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*, 7th & F Sts., Sport Shop, 3rd fl.

Half size, tiered bodice dress (page 72)

Boston, Mass.—*Conrad & Co.*, 19 Winter St., Dress Dept., Downstairs

Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.*, State, Madison & Monroe Sts., East Rm., Downstairs

New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's*, Broadway & 9th St.

San Francisco, Calif.—*Macy's San Francisco*, Stockton & O'Farrell Sts., 2nd fl.

HOW TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

1. Buy in person from stores listed.
2. Order by mail from stores listed.
3. Write *Connie Bartel*, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y., for store in your vicinity.

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GUARANTEED
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Made from rich acetate rayon crepe that wears and washes like a dream. Banishes twisting, sagging or riding up. Double bodice top, sturdy seams. \$2.39

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Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks make this silverplate finer, different... stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 with chest, also 76-piece service for twelve at \$99.95. (No Federal Tax.) All patterns made in the U.S.A.



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STERLING INLAID[®]
SILVERPLATE

DANISH PRINCESS LOVELY LADY YOUTH

the biggest hit of all!



the girl in the
BASEBALL bra...

A new, patented design principle—scientifically made to fit and mold individually—flatters as no other bra.

\$1.50

At leading stores.



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When your young buckaroo upsets the ashstand on your freshly cleaned rug . . . don't scream. Run for your new Bissell Sweeper . . .

And whistle! Bissell Carpet Sweepers now have "Bisco-matic"® Brush Action for the easiest clean-ups ever!



You don't have to press down at all. This miracle brush adjusts itself automatically to every rug nap, thick or thin . . .

Even cleans under low furniture, with the handle held flat! Save your vacuum for periodic cleaning . . . use a new "Bisco-matic" Bissell® for quick everyday clean-ups. It pays!



Illustrated: The "Vanity" at \$8.45. Other models from \$6.45. All with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action, easy "Flip-O" Empty, and "Sta-up" Handle.

Bissell Sweepers

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush

SOMETHING NOT FOR THE BOYS

(Continued from page 36)

There was also French pastry decorating the board. Everyone was looking forward to it. When it was passed, however, it wasn't touched.

For riding on a wave of whipped cream and grated chocolate atop an éclair was a large green fly. Every time a girl glanced longingly at the pastry, the fly would check her appetite.

When Jean was ready for dessert, however, she picked up the aforementioned éclair and deftly removed the insect—a novelty-store fly on a six-inch pin.

This action was the signal for things to start happening. From here on the evening was filled with surprises. There was cold cream smeared on door knobs, vanity drawers put in upside-down, and goldfish paddling in the bath tub.

crystal-gazing . . .

During the party's saner moments, Betty Lynn decided to tell everyone's fortune.

Crystal-gazing was a familiar routine for Betty. She had done it, just for fun, when she lived at Rehearsal Hall in New York. This is where girls who work on the stage, or aspire to, live.

"All I did was to tell one girl's fortune," sighed Betty, "then how the news spread. 'I'd always end my predicting with—'You'll be sent to Hollywood and have such a terrific screen test that they'll give you a contract immediately.'"

"I wish you'd told me that," spoke up Kathleen Hughes. "You'd have saved me some awful worry." Kathy is the newest starlet to be added to the 20th Century roster. Her uncle is F. Hugh Herbert who wrote *Sitting Pretty*.

"I'll never forget the morning of my test," Kathy went on. "I had a cold with the usual horrible accompaniments—red nose and bleary eyes. I'd always been told that the camera exaggerated any defects in your appearance, so I shuddered. Besides, I was hoarse as a crow."

Somehow she made it to the studio. The makeup department got her ready for the test. She didn't look so bad after all. Then she went to the test sound stage.

"There wasn't a soul in sight. I was a half-hour early. So for 30 minutes I paced back and forth like an expectant father. When I did step in front of the cameras, an amazing thing happened. My knees stopped knocking and my laryngitis vanished."

So Kathy was given a role immediately—in *Road House*. Then her face landed on the cutting-room floor except for one short scene. But her part in *Mother Is a Freshman* doesn't suffer the same fate.

When you have a gathering of girls in one place—we were all in the living room—how can the conversation possibly stay off the subject of—Men?

After dissecting every available bachelor in Hollywood, from Dean Stockwell to Monty Woolley, Jean showed us a book a gay friend had sent her. The title was: "How to Pick a Mate."

Every girl wanted to read it, at the same time, and for the same reason. (During the fleeting seconds we saw it, we learned that San Diego, Calif., was the best place to find a husband.) Then the book was snatched from one pair of eager hands to another. Colleen hurled it, football fashion, to Jean. She ran for the bedroom, and the girls pursued. Someone threw a pillow. One pillow led to another. Before long the room was filled with flying feathers and loud squeals. Then fol-

lowed utter exhaustion.

Everyone would have loved to have collapsed on the bed. But there were seven of us and only two twin beds.

Betty Lynn helped solve the problem by taking a blanket and curling up in a corner.

"I don't mind at all," she said. "I can remember times overseas when a bed like this would have been heaven."

Betty toured the China-Burma-India circuit for seven months. She and a guitarist were designated by the Army as a special unit. They'd go to the out-of-the-way stations usually overlooked.

"Tell us about your most exciting experience over there," we asked her.

"I guess that was during the siege on Mandalay," Betty answered. "We were supposed to entertain 40 soldiers who were stationed near the front. The monsoon was on and the roads were like swamps. We'd been bumping along in our jeep for hours and still no sight of the camp."

They were lost. They stopped the jeep when they spied some natives crossing a little footbridge.

One of them came over. He was wearing GI shoes. He was a member of an OSS outfit and informed them they were behind enemy lines.

If they'd gone two miles farther down that road they'd have driven into an encampment of 350 Jap soldiers.

"When I discovered how close we were to being captured, every freckle faded from my face. I think we broke some kind of a speed record getting out of there."

With Betty bunked on the floor, there was still the matter of fitting six girls in two twin beds. We drew straws.

Vanessa and we drew the short ones. So it was the deck for us.

No sooner had everyone settled down for the night than there came a cry from Colleen: "I'm hungry!"

"Well, just get un-hungry," said Jean. "We've already emptied the icebox!"

"Aren't there any tasty tidbits in your vanity drawer?" kidded Coke.

miss peters' prank . . .

This turned out to be an allusion to another Peters' prank. There was a "no cooking in your room" ruling at Ohio State. But one night Jean and her roommate managed to smuggle in a hotplate, pickles and four marinated herring.

Just as they were devouring a feast fit for a king, there was a knock on the door. The pickles and hotplate went into the bottom vanity drawer with several sweaters hastily thrown on top for reasons of security. The herring were put on the window sill.

The door was opened. Room inspected. Window raised. But the herring weren't discovered—since as the supervisor pushed open the window, they slipped off the sill into the front yard.

We kept talking and laughing into the wee small hours. The last thing we remembered was Colleen telling about working in a malt shop. Something about giving friends extra scoops of ice cream . . . putting it on the cuff . . . being fired . . .

Soon everything became quiet. You could hear the water dripping in the kitchen. We sleepily wondered what Jean would say in the morning when she found that the night before someone had filled the sink with hot water and then had added six packages of gelatin?

Who'd do a thing like that? Guess our halos are getting rusty. THE END

new faces



PATRICIA NEAL was discovered by Eugene O'Neill while auditioning for a part in his play, *Moon for the Misbegotten*. She didn't get the part, but six months later she read for Lillian

Hellman and was cast for the Broadway production of *Another Part of the Forest*. Pat was born in Kentucky, January 20, 1926, and started taking dramatic lessons when she was 12. She made her debut in *John Loves Mary* with Ronald Reagan for Warners and is now at work in *The Fountainhead*. Pat's 5' 8" tall and has hazel eyes and blonde hair.



VANESSA BROWN, in addition to being a short story writer, and a senior at U. C. L. A. is also a full-fledged actress. She was born in Vienna, March 24, 1928, and made her acting debut in Paris,

dubbing in the voice of a little girl in *Prisoner of Shark Island*. In Chicago with the *Watch on the Rhine* company, Vanessa was invited to become a quiz kid, and remained one for 2 years. 20th Century-Fox signed her to a contract and she's appeared in *Margie*, *The Late George Apley*, and will soon be in *The Fan*. She's got chestnut hair and blue eyes, and collects stamps.



TERRY MOORE had a friend who thought she'd be good in movies, and sent Terry's picture to a casting magazine. (She was eleven at the time.) Her photo was published and that was

the beginning of both her radio and movie careers. Terry was born in Los Angeles, January 7, 1929, went to Glendale High School and took part in such radio shows as *Dr. Christian* and *A Date With Judy*. She played *Ingrid Bergman* as a girl in *Gaslight*, and *Return of October* is her first grown-up role. Terry is 5' 2" tall, and has blue eyes and blonde hair.



GORDON MACRAE came to Hollywood via radio and light opera stock company. He made his professional debut at the age of 12 on the radio, and later spent several years on the stage, a few seasons in summer stock, and made countless recordings. He was born in N. J., March 12, 1921, and discovered in the NBC studios in New York by Horace Heidt. He's married to Sheila Stephens and they have three children. Gordon's 5' 11" tall and weighs 175 lbs. You'll be seeing him soon in Warner's *Silver Lining*.

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Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier your hair can look... after a **Lustre-Creme Shampoo**

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magical secret-blend lather plus kindly
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your letters...

FOR THE DEFENSE

Dear Editor: With Hollywood's moral reputation at its lowest ebb and with the recent scandals and tragedies blazing across the front pages of the nation's newspapers, now is the time for Hollywood to begin defending itself. . . . And who can do more toward this end than the movie magazines? Let's see more features on the worthwhile Hollywood personalities!

Ann McCullough, Victoria, Texas.
(*Feeling it can do no less to earn its readers' respect, MODERN SCREEN shows Hollywood's people and situations as they are—not as anyone might wish they were. This makes more significant a recent survey of our own 1948 issues. The survey indicated that of all stars covered, only about one in 37 was involved in anything "scandalous." Of course, since scandals are always news and ordinary respectability often isn't, the actual preponderance of "warthwhile" stars is even greater.—Ed.*)

WE'VE GOT IT!

Dear Editor: Movie magazines always have the same people, with new clothes and different stories about them. How about more newcomers?

F. Freeburg, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
(*The New Faces column—see page 75—is now a regular department, and newcomers are featured more prominently as soon as readers indicate interest in them. This month, for example, MODERN SCREEN introduces Montgomery Clift on pages 58-59 in response to truly great demand.—Ed.*)

DOUBLE LIFE

Dear Editor: In your December issue, you said that Michael North got his first role in *The Unsuspected*. Previously, he had made several films under the name of Ted North.

William Lappin, Montreal, Can.

FASHION NOTE FROM PORTUGAL

Dear Editor: I must confess that Tyrone Power's statement on Portuguese bathing suits in the September MS is not at all exaggerated. The other day a girl came to the beach in a modern bathing suit, but was forced to leave because although the suit was one-piece, it had no skirt!

Ditta Walfrum, Ponta, Portugal
(*Ditta refers to Linda Christian's story about their preparations for a vacation in Portugal. Ty warned her: "Our regular bathing suits will never do. Men have to wear suits with attached taps, and women must wear one-piece suits with short skirts." Linda telegraphed her mother in Mexico and, by return mail, received a black woolen suit with lace trimmings and hip-pockets, Paris fashion, 1924!—Ed.*)

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You're doubly desirable, fragrantly appealing
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Would you capture the top spot in his heart? The road to romance may well begin . . . with your daily bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For its haunting, bewitching fragrance is *the fragrance men love*—it comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes far more costly than you would expect to find in any soap. Popular girls for 80 years have followed *this* simple, successful routine. Bathe every day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Use it for your complexion, too!

Cashmere
Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love

PROBLEM CHILD

(Continued from page 33)

and analyzed it, Esther was fascinated. It was like a game, a challenge. It was interesting.

We pinned it down together. She knew boys liked her, but not in a boy-girl way. And she wasn't interested in boys as the opposite sex. They were no mystery to her. She'd played with her older brother, David, and his pals around the house all her life. Esther was a tomboy and an athlete herself. She wasn't boy-struck. Romantic notions were late in dawning. She didn't stand in the hall corners at school flirting and giggling. She didn't use feminine wiles, dress up, try to be pretty. In fact, she didn't give a hoot how she looked. Out popped a clue right there.

"Janet says she's not going to be friends with me any longer," Esther confided.

"Why not?"

"She says I look too sloppy."

Another followed: A "truth" session at her school girls' club had produced similar critical brickbats. We talked as two girls, not necessarily mother and daughter, and light began to dawn: *Esther's boy problem was a problem only because of the girls' attitudes.* They were boy-crazy well ahead of her and they didn't want to go around with a girl who wasn't attractive to boys. Esther was excited at the discovery, not depressed.

"Let's see what we can do to fix that," I suggested.

It wasn't so difficult. A look in the mirror at the unbrushed hair, wrinkled skirt and scuffed shoes that Tomboy Williams had never given a thought to—and she knew the solution. Esther saw to it that from then on she was neat as a pin, trim and attractive.

full steam ahead . . .

The shock to the girl who always loved everyone and thought everyone loved her was spur enough to action. Her popularity zoomed; she went everywhere, she was elected to everything. She soon was buzzing about in a dozen school activities—the Tri-Y, the Knights and Ladies. She was vice-president of the student body (the first girl elected, by the way). She turned into a new person to meet the new phase of her developing girlhood. In fact, she became so popular that another problem popped up. Pretty soon Esther was disciplined for talking in the halls to the crowds around her. They put her in a room by herself—and that day half the school moved in with her!

If you're going to be of any help to your children, or to anyone, you have to gain their confidence. That recalls a funny story which might show how free Esther felt about talking things over with us.

She informed one of her beaux one night, "You know, I tell my mother everything that happens to me." He jerked back in horror. "You tell her *everything*?"

"Yep," repeated Esther, "everything."

"Golly," gasped the boy friend, driving her quickly home. I'm afraid that scared him away, because he didn't come around much after that!

Actually, there were few startling confessions Esther had to make to me. I have never worried about her in my life, not even when she had emotional troubles—though most of the time we didn't let problems progress to the trouble stage. Most parents face, sooner or later, the petting problem, for instance.

And I'll have to tell a story on her here, about the first time she let a boy kiss her—although it wasn't exactly a time: it was more like a campaign. Esther worked out

Dorothy Hart's smile wins six offers from Hollywood!



Dorothy Hart, Universal - International Starlet, blazed onto the Hollywood scene as the winner of a country-wide beauty contest. Then she spurned the prize—a movie contract—to become a cover girl.

After Dorothy's winning smile appeared on the covers of eight leading magazines in rapid succession, the movies beckoned again. This time Dorothy couldn't say "no" to all six tempting offers she received. She is on the threshold of stardom now . . . and taking care to keep the sparkle in her famous smile. "It's a Pepsodent Smile," Dorothy says, "I know from experience, Pepsodent brightens my teeth best!"

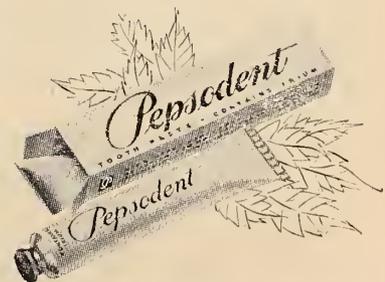
← Scene from Dorothy Hart's latest picture, **THE COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO**, a Universal-International Release.

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Dorothy Hart knows it. And people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent removes the film that makes teeth look dull—uncovers new brightness in smiles!

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste

Families from coast to coast compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using. By an average of 3 to 1, they said Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



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sweet and hot

by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended

*Recommended

No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

A SONG IS BORN—"Giants of Jazz" album** (Capitol).

This colossal collection includes the Benny Goodman bop version of "Stealing Apples" which we two-starred here a couple of months back. The other sides are "Muskrat Ramble" by Mel Powell and an all-star Dixieland group; "Redskin Rhumba" by Charlie Barnett's band; "Daddy-O" by the Paige Cavanaugh Trio with Jeri Sullivan, singing it just the way she voice-doubled for Virginia Mayo on the sound track of the picture; and finally, a double-sided all star jam session on "A Song Was Born," similar to the scene in the film, with the Golden Gate Quartet, Jeri Sullivan, the Brazilians, Messrs. Goodman, Barnett, Powell, T. Dorsey and Louis Armstrong. It's the best musical album ever issued in connection with a movie—and as if that weren't enough reason to buy it, all royalties go to the Damon Runyon Fund. Don't miss it!

KISSING BANDIT—"Señorita" by Frank Sinatra* (Columbia), Jack Smith (Capitol), Dennis Day (Victor). "If I Steal a Kiss" by Andy Russell* (Capitol), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Vaughn Monroe (Victor). "What's Wrong With Me" by Vaughn Monroe (Victor), Patti Page* (Mercury). "Siesta" by the Sportsmen (Capitol).

LUXURY LINER—"Can Maracas" by Jose Morand* (Victor).

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—"Girls Were Made to Take Care of Boys" by Jo Stafford and Gordon MacRae* (Capitol).

PALEFACE—Still more "Buttons and Bows," by Bob Hope* (Capitol), Evelyn Knight* (Decca), the Dinning Sisters (Capitol).

REACHING FOR THE STARS—"The Morning Glory Road" by Ray McKinley* (Victor), Jahn Laurenz (Mercury).

SO DEAR TO MY HEART—"Lavender Blue (Dilly Dilly)" by Vera Lynn (London), Sammy Kaye (Victor). "It's Whatcha Do With Whatcha Got" by Johnnie Johnston* (MGM).

JAZZ (HOT AND COOL!)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG—"Please Stop Playing Those Blues"*** (Victor).

DIZZY GILLESPIE—"Algo Bueno" (Victor), "I Can't Get Started" (reissue on Columbia).

BENNY GOODMAN—"Varsity Drag" (Capitol).

STAN HASSELGARD—"I'll Never Be The Same" (Capitol).

WOODY HERMAN—"Basie's Basement" (Coral).

CHUBBY JACKSON—"Lemon Drap" (Rainbow).

GENE KRUPA—"How High The Moon" (Columbia).

DODO MARMAROSA—"Trade Winds" (alias "You Go To My Head")** (Dial).

CHARLIE PARKER—"Embraceable You" (Dial), "Barbados" (Savoy).

ED SAFRANSKI—"Turmoil" (Atlantic).

CHARLIE VENTURA—"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" (National).

It's a field-month for jazz! Almost all the above are worth a spin, with Doda's superb piano work a high spot. Nice "bop-vocal-with-horns" ideas on the Jackson and Ventura sides. Ben Webster plays tenor sax with Woody Herman. The Sifranski item features seven men out of the Stan Kenton band.

her first defense scheme all by herself, but Mother got daily bulletins.

This boy had taken her to a school dance and at our door said he wanted to kiss her good-night.

Esther stalled. "Why?" she asked. "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed her escort, "what do you mean—'why'?" "I don't know why you want to, that's all."

"I don't either. . . . Gosh—I just do." "Wouldn't it be awfully silly," reasoned Esther, "to do something you don't know why you want to do?"

The boy was pretty baffled at that, but he made another date anyway and, of course, tried again. This time Esther's delaying tactics expanded the idea that had worked before. She told him, "Think it over for a week—and if you can tell me one good reason why I should let you kiss me, why, I will."

He was back again with a reason that boiled down to, "I'd like to."

"Not good enough," Esther decided.

Esther finally gave in—she knew it was inevitable—the week after that. But by then I'm not sure the ardent suitor thought a good-night peck was worth all the long-distance debate.

Still, I knew a problem had come up in Esther's life, one of the most important ones, in fact, that an adolescent girl faces: To pet or not to pet? If I do, will the boys like me better, or worse? If I don't, will they call me a "lemon," will they stop asking me out, will I be unpopular?

At teen-age time, both girls and boys are pressed with a hundred haunting fears. At that trying time of a youngster's life, the herd instinct is very strong. There's a desperate desire to do as the rest of the age group is doing. There's a great longing to be accepted by your contemporaries. If you know you're with the crowd, you're confident and happy. But the age-group's verdict is what counts. I decided to get it on the petting problem.

One afternoon, Esther, her brother David, and four or five schoolmates flocked into our house for an after-school snack. It was always open house at our house, and where there's an easy welcome, there will always be young people. They came out in the kitchen and I found a chance in the conversation to ask, "Tell me, does a girl have to pet to get dates? I'm curious, and you boys know. Give me the low-down."

"No," they scoffed, "not if she has what it takes."

"What's that?" I wanted to know.

"You've got to look attractive and you've got to be fun," answered a boy. The others nodded. "Sure, those are the girls we like best."

I said, "Do they have to be the prettiest girls?" The boys answered, "No, but they have to look right—their hair has to be neat and their clothes clean and in style, but not too fancy."

There was Esther's—and her girl friends'—answer, straight from the horse's mouth, where it convinced. After that, Esther and the girls at her school studied the petting problem, talked it over among themselves, knowing where they stood. They even started making rules, rather than risk getting themselves involved in what they recognized as a serious problem. Five minutes parked in a car was the limit when they came home from a date. It was Esther's idea too, to start the boys thinking and talking on interesting subjects. "Tell me about clouds," she'd ask her date on the way home, "what do you know about them?" If the boy didn't have wise masculine information handy, he'd study up so he could next time—and he loved it. Esther knew and so did her girl friends soon that being an audience is supremely flattering to the other sex—and

it kept their minds on safe grounds for the girls.

I've always believed in thinking *with* your children instead of against them, if you wish to help. A parent who is a dictator is a very poor parent. It's a parent's role to say: "I'm a friend. I've lived longer than you. Now, here is everything I've learned. Please use it." But never, "Do it because I say so," or "because it's best for you." That's a sure way to force them to do just the opposite. Forbidden fruits have been the sweetest since Adam and Eve and always will be.

We always followed rules of frank discussion and reason in our house. We never had a taboo. Taboos are "thou shalt nots," and that's negative, and nothing good comes of that.

Because of this, alcohol was never a problem in our home. Dad kept a bottle of whiskey in the kitchen cupboard and every Williams child knew where it was. If they wanted to taste it, they could. If they did, they didn't like it and that was that. But there was no mystery. The first time Esther was offered a flask by a wild youngster at a dance I'm afraid he was terribly let down by her reaction. "Daddy has some at home if I want it," she told him.

All our children look back on our simple little home as the greatest home in the world. They were all practically grown before they considered that there existed finer, wealthier, more comfortable homes. And when they did, they didn't like them half so well as their own.

simple rules . . .

Why? Because their home was their business, their project, their responsibility. They were "in on the act" as Jimmy Durante says, and every minute. They weren't just kids eating and sleeping there, being bossed around and dying to get away. Our place was always a welcome-matted clubhouse for the Williams kids and their friends. The big front room was always available for parties, fun, games, events. The only rules about it were (1) See if somebody else has plans to use it first and (2) Clean it up when the fun's over. (I was never the type to be a slave for my children—I don't approve of it!)

The kitchen was where our family gathered. It had a long table which was the family dining spot and council table, too. I think every home should have a table like that—especially when I think of the family problems that were taken up, analyzed, and solved enthusiastically around it, with every member tossing in his two cents' worth. Democracy, like so many things, begins at home. Everyone in our house was an active member of the ways and means and the rules committee, too.

I saw *I Remember Mama* with Esther recently. Halfway through that humorously touching picture she squeezed my arm excitedly. "Why, Mommie," she said, "that's us—that was our family!" And it was. And Esther remembers it as warmly and humanly as the author who wrote that play. All of us do.

There was the time, for instance, when June wanted a class sweater. It cost four dollars. To some families that was the same as forty cents; to us it was more like 40 dollars. But all the other girls had them. We discussed it at the table, all of us. We decided that June would feel out of things if she didn't have one too. She should buy one—but how? The idea spread from Esther, and was vigorously seconded by the other children: we'll each give up something we want and that will pay for the sweater. They thought: We can sacrifice; our time will come later. Right now it's very important to June.

Another time David joined the Boy Scouts when things were going hard fi-

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NEEDS
COLOR
TO GLORIFY
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I WANT
MORE
LUSTRE
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Try Golden Glint Lustre Rinse for lustrous, film-free hair... or try one of the 11 true-color shades (ranging from raven black to light blonde) to glorify the natural color of your hair. The added color does not rub off between shampoos, but washes out easily.

More than 60 million packages have been bought by America's loveliest women to bring out lustre or to add color to their hair.

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SEE COLOR CHART AT
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DRUG OR DIME STORES



nancially with our family. The night he joined, Esther, aged ten, piped up at the dinner table, "Give David the biggest piece of meat. He needs strength for all those hikes and things he'll be taking."

We were not exactly poverty-stricken when Esther was a girl, but we did have to make every penny count. Dad and I raised a family of five children on what many families spend on one. Esther has told before now how, once when times were very lean, I fed our family on a sack of beans for almost a month. That was extreme. Most times we managed enough nourishing, well-balanced food—and the same ample helpings of psychologically important fare. If that meant a neat blouse and skirt to look like the other school girls, Dad and I found a way to get it (and the length must be to one-eighth of an inch what they were wearing!). If our kids hadn't come up with a self-sacrifice idea to make June's class sweater possible, I'd have found a way to get it because it was a psychological necessity.

But I wouldn't have worried my mind a minute if it had been a grand new evening dress she pined for, or a closet full of fancy skirts or shoes.

still satisfied . . .

Until she had graduated from high school Esther never suspected that other girls had better clothes or a better home than she had. When it dawned on her that others did, she wouldn't have traded if she could. And she still wouldn't, in spite of the expensive set-ups she sees all around her as a screen star.

Dad and I still live in the modest little house where Esther was born and raised. When Ben Gage, now Esther's husband, first took her out she brought him right here, saying, "You'd better meet my family and see what you think of us." While I chatted with Ben, Esther fell asleep on the sofa. That's how secure, unruffled and completely at home she felt.

I never saw Esther resent a "made-over" dress, and for a long time those were about the only dresses she had. On the contrary, each hand-me-down was a terrific thrill and a challenging problem. I had three girls to clothe and also, luckily, a good friend who came by with a box of her clothes every now and then. To Esther such occasions were like Christmas. Instead of being furious at the second-hand idea—as some girls are—Esther was as excited as if the packet was a band-box with a Fifth Avenue label. Her happy reaction was, "Now, what can we do with this one? . . . Oh, I know!" and off the whole household would be in a whirl of alterations. She gets the same glee today out of passing on her own clothes to her nieces, Bula, 14, and Judy, 11.

The most important thing of all, I believe, is to give children the conviction that a beneficent, loving Power is always around to protect them, love and guide them; that they can turn to Him any time for their needs. When you live by that secure faith it's pretty hard not to face life with courage, cheer and happiness.

Esther grew up with this feeling: "In me is a connection with every good thing. There is no limit to what I can do if I draw on this Power within me." Her simple little prayer of faith was the well-known one that goes, "God is my help in every need, God does my every hunger feed." Her favorite hymn was "God Will Take Care of You," which most children sing in Sunday School. She believed then and still does every word of the comforting lines,

When one Joy He takes,
He puts another in its place
So we may always see
The smiling of His face. . . .

That doesn't mean that all is sugar and spice and everything nice. But that faith does assure a constructive, happy, relaxed and undefeated approach to every problem, and as I said, problems are the warp and woof of life.

When Esther won the national freestyle swimming championship, she relied on that faith and incidentally, I had a chance to face another problem with her, although she was 3,000 miles away. I knew it was a major event in her life. I knew there was the danger of tenseness, of tying up, of letting a scare psychology ride in on the importance of the big moment in her lifelong ambitions. And I knew, from Esther's home training, what would free her for her best effort.

I wrote her a long letter which she read the night before the final race, lying in her cot, sleepless. Most of it was just a chatty letter from home, telling her family news, sending our love, wishing we were there to back her up as always. But also I repeated the simple, direct faith she had known since childhood, and later she told me she read and re-read those lines before she dozed off to wake up confident and strong, drawing on that Power she believes in to force her through to victory.

I had written simply, "You don't have to win if you don't want to. But if you do you can, if you draw on the Power within you. . . . And remember that God will be with success as well as with failure. . . ."

Sometimes I feel that I'm not much use to my own children any more. Particularly do I feel that I don't know Esther's movie world, that I'm out of touch with her problems. I tell myself the help I am to Esther Williams is what I gave her when she was a little girl.

Then the front door bursts open as it did the other afternoon and there's that same little girl, maybe a few years older, with a slight cloud dimming the sunshine. "Mommie, I've got a problem. . . . Such-and-such has happened, such-and-such is wrong. . . ."

"That's too bad, honey. But is it really so bad? Now, let's see what we can do about it. . . ."

We're sitting at the kitchen table before we know it, the same kitchen table that's served so well all these years. And the years are rolled back and I'm meeting a problem with Esther, and watching her leave at last, happy and radiant again.

Then I realize that once a mother, you're a mother for keeps. It's a lifetime job, a privileged, important one. And to me it's the happiest job in the world. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Recently, while shopping in one of the New York stores, I came across a collection of smart suits. I didn't have much time, but I wanted to buy one. A woman standing nearby asked if she might help me

select a suit. I was very grateful. While helping me, the woman spoke casually and humorously and I thought I'd never enjoyed shopping more. The suit was finally chosen and my charming helper left. Later, while walking in the street I passed a theater and saw a very familiar face on the billboard. Suddenly I realized that my shopping assistant had been none other than Marsha Hunt!

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in an instant!



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Get Insta-Curl at all Drug and Department stores. If your favorite store doesn't carry Insta-Curl write to Beauty Factors, Inc., 139 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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1. Dissolve capsule contents in 4 oz. (half glass) hot water.

2. Comb solution generously through dry hair. (Best after shampoo.)



3. Set, allow to dry. Comb out for lasting waves and curls!

THE WOMAN NOBODY KNOWS

(Continued from page 44)

A star who's worked with Jennifer Jones in most of her best movies shakes his head in wonder every now and then. "I can't understand how you ever decided to be an actress," he tells her. "You haven't any more ego than an Easter bunny!" Another calls her "the most un-Hollywood star in Hollywood." "Either that," sighs this friend, "or she's the stingiest one with her talent—she won't put on an act for a minute, away from the camera!"

Jennifer Jones has been around Hollywood seven years but she can't get acclimatized to the Hollywood treatment—to glamor, fuss and fanfares. Partly it's because she's painfully shy, partly it's because she's been cautiously alert ever since she hit Hollywood's golden shores not to succumb to the tinseléd fripperies—and partly it's because she's constitutionally inclined to sell herself short.

Jones legend . . .

When Jennifer recently finished *Rough Sketch* at Columbia, she found herself, to her great surprise, a darling of the first "foreign"—or non-Selznick—camera crew she'd worked with for a long time. For their part, they were a little amazed at Miss Jones, whom they'd suspected of being on the grand side, temperamental and even "difficult." You see, they'd tumbled for the Unapproachable Jones legend. And then they found themselves being hailed by their first names and joked with, by a gal who seemed ready to handle any situation that came up, like a pretty good sport. So when the last scene was shot, it was pretty clear to Larry Germain, her hairdresser—who takes care of many set situations for Jennifer—that the star was going to be asked to autograph a lot of pictures. He hinted this to Jennifer, knowing that she wouldn't have even a snapshot around anywhere. "Maybe you're right," she admitted. "Maybe you'd better have the studio send some over. Six ought to be plenty."

"Six won't last six minutes," he said. "But only two people have asked me," said J. Jones innocently. Larry brought over four dozen just the same. They all went in a couple of hours—as he knew they would.

The biggest fright-object in Jennifer Jones' life is the canvas star-chair with JENNIFER JONES stenciled pretentiously on the back—a type of caste mark which most screen stars dearly love. Long ago Jen-

nifer's crews have noted that the minute they slide it up politely where she's standing, she finds an excuse to get the heck out of that vicinity. . . . The elaborate movie-star dressing cottage she inherited on the Selznick lot is musty most of the time from disuse; her trailer on the set, like those of other actors, is what she uses. . . . She hustles a 1941 Ford to and from studio—and to show how much fancy autos mean in her life, the speedometer, after seven years, reads 19,000 miles. . . . She gives chewing gum a pearly beating. . . . She's a slave to radio disc jockeys. . . . She never has any money in her purse and her dream project—of all things—is to pack-back into the high Sierras with her boys, guideless, on a campfire-and-sleeping-bag safari.

All these scattered but true items seem as out of place tacked onto the generally accepted picture of Jennifer Jones, as spangles on a nun. All are completely out of keeping with the elegant portrait of Jennifer which Hollywood has cherished ever since she played the virgin of Lourdes in *Bernadette*. Nothing—not even the red-hot role she played in *Duel in the Sun*—seems warm enough to melt away the solid idea that Miss Jennifer Jones in person is some kind of a cross between an ice-cream angel and a mystery Madame X.

And nothing could be crazier.

That such 'way-off-base ideas exist about Jennifer is, of course, largely her own fault—because of the way she looks, and the way she acts. The first she can't help, and since she's smart, probably wouldn't anyway. As for the second—well, she gets tongue-tied talking about herself, so she doesn't. "Nothing happens to me, I'm horribly uninteresting—what can I say?" she tosses in anguish at studio press agents approaching with a reporter in tow. So she's regarded as an odd body, and more myths bob up about her brunette head than balloons at a county fair—which are always a pleasure to pop.

For one thing, because of her super-feminine façade, Jennifer Jones impresses most people who don't know her, as a soft, sweet, gardenia petal of a girl. An anxious, elderly admirer wrote her recently advising iron-pills. "You look anemic, my dear," she cautioned, "and you must keep strong to stand your strenuous career." Jennifer's about as anemic as a Kansas City top sirloin.

In practically every picture she's made lately, she's had to handle a job husky enough to strain the sinews of a serial queen. She dug a tunnel with pick and shovel for days in *Rough Sketch*, and got rolled around by a tidal wave near Boston for *Portrait of Jennie*. Before that, she climbed a flinty Arizona cliff in *Duel in the Sun*, scorning knee pads, the standard protection for softies. (Even cowboy stars use 'em all the time.) She reaped a mess of cuts and scratches all over her body from tip to toe in that adventure, but didn't lay off an hour from her work, although the rocky mesa location was not designed for the lah-de-dah Hollywood lady she's supposed to be.

On the screen, Jennifer seems somewhat small and delicate. Actually, she's tall and lean. She's five-seven in her stocking feet and tips the scales at 118. This makes her a slender, streamlined vision in a bathing suit—which, incidentally, she never wears for publicity stills, but strictly for getting through the water, swiftly and often. She walks fast, with a getalong like a determined deer. She eats like a hungry horse—and anything, but mostly meat, potatoes and greens. She drinks milk like a prize baby, never touches coffee, puffs cigarettes only when the script says to, takes a drink on only particularly festive occasions. She doesn't bother herself with any health regime, diet, or massage to keep her figure because—surprise again—she has a terrific talent for sports, especially horseback riding and tennis. Jennifer has been taking tennis lessons ever since she hit Hollywood years back and by now she's a potential whiz.

Portrait of Jennie . . .

There are so many easy mistakes to make about the girl nobody seems to know, that the only way to add Jennifer Jones up is to break her down. Out of the little pieces you get a portrait of Jennifer for you never dreamed existed.

Mrs. Phyllis Isley Walker prefers her professional name, Jennifer Jones, in both public and private life and her favorite nickname is what she usually gets—"Jennie." Only recently she learned exactly what it means. On the *Rough Sketch* set, on the final day, John Garfield presented a lady burro to Director John Huston for his San Fernando Valley ranch. He explained to John that it was really a two-for-one present because the donkey was definitely headed for a blessed event.

"What's her name?" asked Huston. "'Jennie,' I guess," replied Garfield. "That's what they always call these critters when they're expecting."

To Jenny Jones, who was listening, that was news and a little disconcerting.

"From now on," she stated emphatically, but with a twinkle in her eye, "everybody around here calls me 'Jennifer'—with a capital 'J'!"

The house in Brentwood where Jennifer lives with her two boys, Michael and Bobby, is a medium-sized, French-style place with an ocean view which she bought just before she went East to make *Portrait of Jennie*. Until then, she'd camped in apartments but never thought them fit to raise her kids in. The whole upstairs of her new place is turned over to the boys who, being only 11 months apart, look like twins—although Mike, seven, the younger, is taller than his eight-year-old big brother, Bob. Kermit, their nurse, takes care of their goings-on and Jennifer has developed what she calls "a deaf ear" in their direction. She can read,

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study her lines, entertain guests, paint, or take a nap, unruffled and undisturbed, even if they're chopping the rafters in two. Some people swear she hasn't a nerve in her body.

Jennifer is very much of a home girl. When she does doll up and go dancing it's practically always to those castles of gourd-and-off-beat rhythm, Mocambo and Ciro's—she loves to rhumba. But she's strictly a Saturday-night girl—so all other evenings are devoted to her home, her friends and her kids, or her relations, who visit her frequently from Dallas. Everyone is in on the act, whatever it may be.

Last Hallowe'en, Jennifer threw a spook party for the boys at home which she planned, organized and ran, herself! Seventeen friends of Mike's and Bobby's showed up in weird costume. (The boys go to military school and are popular young extroverts with packs of pals.) As anyone knows, keeping 17 young packages of dynamite in a Hallowe'en mood from tearing a joint to pieces is quite a job. Jennifer handled it smoothly, organizing the apple-bobbing, donkey-tail pinning and such juvenile goings-on with the easy impartiality of a gridiron referee, so that every one had a good time and comparatively few vases were shattered or rugs wrecked. That night Joe, her houseman, dolled up as a ghoul and met the kids at the door; Veada, her personal maid, pinch-hit as a gypsy fortune-teller done up in Romany rags; and Jenny's dad, who was visiting, tended the soft-cider bar.

When Jennifer entertains her own friends, it's always with small dinner parties, followed by such prosaic parlor sports as "The Game" (charades), ask-me-another quiz sessions, and scattered chatter. Among her intimates are Lenore Cotten, Anita Colby and Valli, Selznick's new Italian star. Jennifer's favorite at-home perch is the corner of one of her big divans with her feet curled up under her. She loves to hug fireplaces, of which there are three in her house.

Jennifer doesn't use makeup of any kind, except lipstick, even in pictures. Her hair's its own honest dark brown, naturally wavy and currently clipped to the shortest bob in Hollywood, the longest strands being exactly one inch and a half. She hates hats, but looks best in

berets. Perhaps her big brown eyes and her white pluperfect teeth are the most striking features when you meet her face to face. Her long hands come next. She wears no rings—her only jewelry pets are earrings. She can't resist buying perfume and has hundreds of tiny flacons all over her room.

Jennifer's personal tidiness, however, hasn't cramped her easy-going style on the set. There's no touch-me-not air around her. She wallowed for days in wet clay for some graveyard digging scenes in *Rough Sketch* and in one where she strikes a buried coffin with her shovel, the minute she hit it, it flopped open and a greenish decomposed hand (sponge rubber) bounced out. The props had rigged it to scare her. She screamed obligingly, so the next take a grisly skull shot out at her. At that point Jennifer decided it was time to get even with some cut-ups of her own. So she placed black plaster on her teeth—and when John Huston wanted a particularly sweet smile, she let him have the toothless-hag variety.

When Jennifer laughs, she laughs clear from the soles of her feet and her face turns red. When she's angry, she just trembles and keeps her lips buttoned—but that's rare, for normally she's extremely good-natured. Her boss, David Selznick, has never had a temperamental tizzy from her all the time she's been his star. Whatever he picks out in the script department she knows is right and she likes it. How her aloof reputation ever got started is a mystery, too, because her sets are always open and the only times she ducks out from the gang are to eat her lunch (which she brings from home) and to take a short nap.

Her one working weakness—besides telephonic—is the fact that clocks and calendars mean nothing in her life. She loves to sleep late, and she's unpunctual. The only time she's ever been known to be anywhere exactly on the dot was during the war when she signed up for Nurses' Aid under her own real name (she worked 12 months before anyone in Hollywood found out) and had to travel 12 miles crosstown to the General Hospital four days a week.

Matter of fact, Jennifer is restless as a sparrow and has to keep busy at some-

thing all day long. The wardrobe, hair-dressing and makeup departments at Selznick's have tried in vain for years to make her sit still like a good girl. Any sound stage portrait of Jennifer Jones would be meaningless without a needlepoint frame and a radio set, both of which she uses to occupy her ears and her fingers from the minute she parks her Ford in the morning until she climbs in to drive home. She whips needlepoint stitches between scenes, and often in them. At home she has chair backs, stool covers, picture frames and all sorts of things she's stitched herself.

As for the radio, Jennifer is tuned in from dawn to dusk. She packs along a portable on locations and has a plug-in for her dressing room. As much as she loves to listen to a radio, though, she can't act for it. A mike strikes terror to her heart and she's been on the air only twice. Both times were pure torture. When she gets worked up about anything—a radio program, an acting job or a personal appearance—she sprouts a saddle of sweat beads across her nose.

distress signal . . .

That private distress signal is prone also to pop out on Jennifer when she sees herself on the screen, because she's hypercritical about her own acting and fiercely bent on improving it. Jennifer took her "straw hat" La Jolla stage job last summer terribly seriously, studied and rehearsed hard at home with everything she had and put it over neatly. It was her first footlights appearance. Her first curtain call, holding hands with the cast and hearing real applause volley her way, was, she admitted, as great a thrill as winning her Oscar. The old Broadway stage hang-over from her student days hasn't left Jenny as yet; in fact, after her next three pictures are made—*Madame Bovary* at MGM, and two films in England, *Gone To Earth* and *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*—she has definite plans to do a Broadway play.

Meanwhile, myths will doubtless keep piling merrily up in Hollywood about Jennifer Jones, because, like Old Man River, the lady "don't say nothin' . . . she just keeps rolling along." It's always an irresistible temptation in a curious community like Hollywood to make anything from a plaster saint to a devil's handmaiden out of any character who keeps a close mouth and minds her own business. Maybe by now you've gathered that Jennifer Jones fits somewhere comfortably in between.

If any doubt exists about that—last year when Jenny was back in Boston daring death and disfiguration on those rugged lighthouse rocks, she rested nightly in one of Beantown's most elegant inns.

One midnight she sat up with a start and stared into the darkness with a terrified expression that wasn't acting. Something was making a horrible sound in her room. Jennie snatched her robe, ripped open the door and tore in panic down the hall to where Dorothy Whalen, her stand-in, slept.

"Dottie," she cried, pounding the door frantically, "let me in! Quick—let me in!" Dorothy wasn't sure whether the men from Mars had landed or the hotel was on fire, but she leaped out and swung open the door. The pale vision of Jennifer Jones in cold terror confronted her.

"I'm staying here the rest of the night," Jennifer gasped. "I'm not going back to that room."

"Of course not," soothed Dottie. "You stay right here, you poor child. But what in the world happened?"

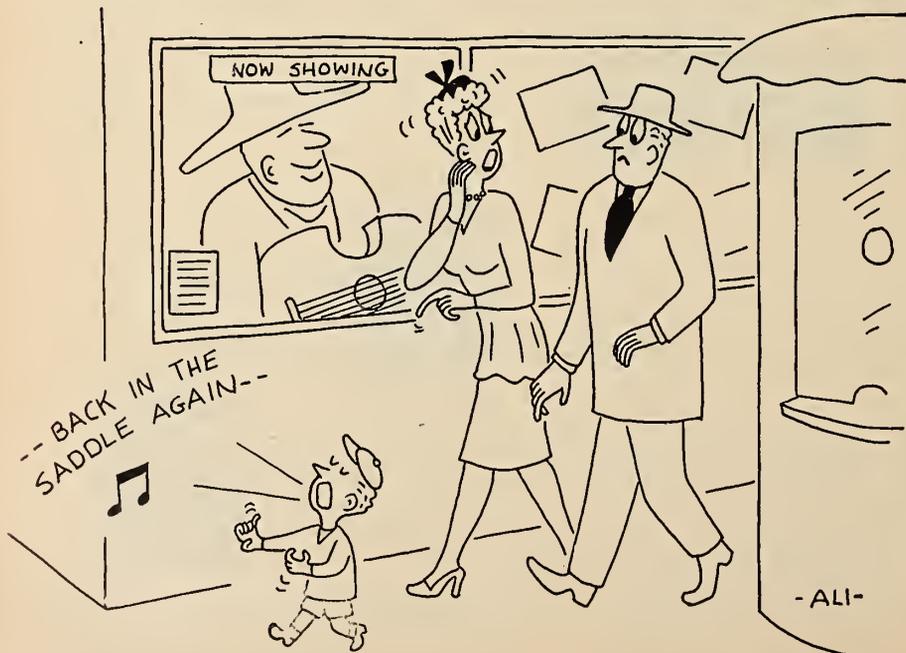
"Something's in there," whispered Jennifer, round-eyed. "Something awful."

"A burglar?" Dorothy gasped. "Or—?"

"Worse than that," chattered Jennifer Jones. "A mouse!"

THE END

MODERN SCREEN



- ALL -

I GOT MY MAN

(Continued from page 24)

catastrophe, so everyone came up clucking and exclaiming. Among the voices I heard that of John Lindsay.

Later that evening, he and I had ourselves to ourselves. He said—finally—“Could you possibly go out with me sometime?”

“We-el,” I said, “I’m a pretty busy girl, but—we-el, sometime, maybe. How about tomorrow night?”

(Later I was to learn it had taken him two years to get up enough “courage” to ask me for a date!)

Since I had a radio show scheduled at National Broadcasting the next night, we planned for him to pick me up there. Right on the dot of nine, I met him and we entered his car. I expected him to ask where I’d like to go, but instead he said apologetically, “Do you mind very much if we stop by a job I’m doing? I have to check on something.”

So down Vine Street we went to Melrose where Vine becomes Rossmore, a street of lovely apartments and exclusive hotels. Then I found myself stumbling among steel girders, cement-mixers and all the other equipment necessary to a hotel under construction! Me, with my broken arm in a cast! A veritable clinging vine, I wandered around with him, listening to him explain what the hotel was going to be like, why he had done this, why he had done that, and where he had had to make “compromises.” I learned during the course of that little jaunt that he’d had his own business as an architect for two years now, and before that had designed sets at MGM.

After he was satisfied that the nails, or whatever the heck it was, had been delivered safe and sound for next day’s work, we went to the Gala for awhile.

music and soft lights . . .

The Gala is a small café on the Sunset Strip with soft lights and the most terrific music in the world. Here I was on home ground. They were playing some of the music from *On the Town*. I said—rather condescendingly, I’m afraid—“Do you know the lyrics of ‘Lucky To Be Me’?” You see, I knew every word.

And he knew not only the lyrics to that song, but all the others in the show as well! During the next hour, it turned out his knowledge of lyrics in general was practically encyclopedic.

From there we went to the Mocambo. Johnny cut my meat for me and all but fed me. My broken arm, remember. Nor could we dance because of that injured wing. So we talked and talked and talked. And very pleasant it was, too.

I found out that he prefers modern architecture, although he does design some modernized period structures. We discovered we both like ballet—which pleased me particularly, because so few men I’ve met have any real appreciation of it. I learned that he’s terribly interested in modern art, that we both like Shakespeare and Thomas Wolfe . . . that we’re both crazy about fireplaces . . . that we think Fred Allen is the funniest man alive . . . that we both love the theater. . . .

Then came the blow. It developed that he has to be practically *dragged* to the movies—to any movie! And all this time I’d been under the delusion that Mr. Lindsay was sort of fascinated by my dramatic talent. It had been my album of piano records that had caught his fancy—and the only movie he’d seen me in was *Ruthless!*

At last, we simply had to leave before



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we were closed up in the joint. Once again came the great care in getting me into the car and then out of it at the door of my apartment.

There it was that Johnny made what I call a really classic remark. He said: "If you ever want to go to a concert or a play sometime, call me."

I laughed gaily, but mentally my eyebrows shot up to there. I said to myself, "Well, Lynn, you've gone over with him like a lead balloon."

But in the days that followed, flowers and telephone calls came from him. I went out with him, but my casual dates with others continued. Then Johnny began to drop by every day to suggest if I didn't have a date, *maybe* I'd go out with him.

Then, evidently, he began to notice the flowers which occasionally adorned my apartment from other men whom I dated. For one day he sent me this huge bouquet of flowers with a note which read, "Anything he can do, I can do better." Other men continued to send flowers and each day Johnny's bouquet grew larger and larger, each with that same note.

I had to borrow vases from my mother, my tenants and almost any casual passer-by. When my apartment began to look like a florist's shop at Easter, there didn't seem to be anything else to do but go steady. After all, a girl shouldn't smother to death!

All this may sound as if it took a long time happening. Actually, it was only a month after I met him that it just didn't seem logical that we should have dates with others.

parental approval . . .

When my parents met him, they adored him at the drop of a smile. Then he confessed to my mother that he'd talked to her by telephone two years before. While you may have read something of that elsewhere, you don't know the whole story.

Determined to meet me, he'd somehow wangled my telephone number. So then he telephoned the house. When mother answered, he said, "Mrs. Lynn (he knew so little about me that he didn't realize Lynn is my professional name), through some error, a letter for your daughter was sent to my address. If you care to give me your address, I'll be glad to forward it." Mother fell for this diabolical scheme and, with the address at last, Johnny got one of his friends to drive with him through Viewpark where we lived then. The streets wind around so, it's easy to get lost. After a few bad guesses, they located our house.

When they arrived, the friend asked, "What are you going to do now?"

"I'll be darned if I know," Johnny replied—and drove away without doing anything!

When he told me about it, I said, "Oh, Johnny! Why didn't you just come to the door? Then we wouldn't have wasted two whole years!"

Seriously I can't regret these past two years. I know that during them I've grown up a lot. I've learned to hang up my clothes myself, to shop more wisely, to attend to the details of a home myself. I'm much better prepared for marriage.

I'm terribly fond of Johnny's grandparents (they're his family, since both his parents are dead). They're the youngest-seeming grandparents I've ever met. His grandmother is lovely and charming. His grandfather is a handsome, older edition of Johnny. We see a lot of them. We went with them to the annual picnic of former residents of their old home, Winona, Minnesota, and had a wonderful time. I know Johnny had learned as much of the ways of happiness, consideration and solid character from them as from anyone he'll ever know. They're a shining example

for any young couple planning marriage.

Johnny's an awfully thoughtful person. There was the time he brought my mother, as well as me, a present on my birthday. And there are the times he brings me presents for no particular occasion at all. And he's so considerate of me when I come home from the studio, harassed and nervous—as all performers are at times. And if I'm an hour late for an appointment with him, he understands it's because some production problem made the delay unavoidable.

After the engagement, our evenings were full of plans—as are those of all young couples talking their way toward marriage. Thursday nights, Johnny was always late, because those nights he attends classes in Advanced Structural Engineering. Although he's a graduate of the University of Southern California and a licensed architect doing very well, he'll continue to study all his life, I'm sure. (And that's fine with me. I'm sure I'll never stop studying to improve myself!)

On a recent Sunday, we planned to go to Palm Springs—and he came by to cook breakfast for me before we went. He's a wonderful cook. He chopped up all kinds

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of good things, put them in a fluffy omelet—and then we really breakfasted!

By this time, we were talking of *when* we could be married. I've always said that as soon as I announced my engagement, I'd want to be married soon after. Johnny agreed with me in this. But there were others we had to consider.

Johnny had a lot of clients who were concerned with getting their buildings finished. I was working in Hal Wallis' *Bitter Victory*—and working every day. I knew that wouldn't be finished before December 1. After due consultations with others—during which we assumed as casual an air as possible, so's not to let them know what we were up to—we arrived at a date which would give us a couple of weeks free for a honeymoon.

Having established the great day, we made the announcement almost right away. (Another wonderful example of Johnny's thoughtfulness is the fact that without telling me, he went alone and spent two hours with my parents the day the announcement was to be made.)

With the engagement announced, Johnny had his first real taste of what my career will demand of him. We'd discussed the probable problems seriously weeks before.

He's proud of what I've accomplished so far—as I am of what he's done. He had no yen to keep me from continuing to act.

But as I say, with the announcement of our engagement, the demands set in. Johnny was kind of amused by it all, though he groaned, "Why does the studio have to call you every five minutes to ask you to come over for *more* pictures!"

Our first public appearance as an engaged couple was at the fabulous Kirkeby party at their beautiful Bel Air home. When the photographers swarmed down on our table, Johnny moved out of range, on the theory that they were interested only in the celebrities at the table. He was amazed to discover we were the magnet at the moment and that they were most definitely interested in him. He still hasn't recovered from the shock of the number of photographs we were asked to pose for!

wild calendar . . .

As this is written, my calendar is so crowded. In a few minutes, I must go for a fitting of my wedding gown. Although my trousseau is simple, it consists of everything from a jersey skirt and stole I bought at a department store for \$22.95, to a rather extravagant blonde velvet bathing suit. (I couldn't resist it!) I just had to have Edith Head, who has designed all my important clothes since I was 13 years old, do my wedding gown and one really out-of-this-world evening gown. And of course I had to have my pal Don Loper, do my "going-away" suit.

Since my wedding gown isn't designed with the camera in mind, photos may not show some of the details I love. So let me tell you about the yummy outfit. Over the ankle-length white satin gown will be this foamy skirt made of four layers of white tulle. Down the back of the dress will be two white satin panels encrusted with lilies of the valley, bouvardia and white lilacs sprinkled with seed pearls. The cuffs on the push-up sleeves and the collar on the high neck will be encrusted with pearls. Elegant, hey? Rex, the hat designer, is using the same flowers—also sprinkled with pearls—for the bonnet, from which the white tulle veil will fall. Even my satin slippers will have—that's right—a few pearls on 'em.

Right now, I know Janie Withers Moss will be my bridesmaid. Johnny doesn't know yet who'll be his attendant. We don't know whether we'll have a double-ring ceremony or a single-ring one. We don't know exactly where or what time of day we're being married because it seems everyone in this marrying town has booked all the churches for weddings on that day. We know my parents are giving a wedding reception for us at Wynn Rocamora's house because their apartment is too small to accommodate the 200 guests we've invited. We know we're going to New York and on to Bermuda for a two-and-a-half-week honeymoon. But we don't know yet where we'll live when we return.

Yet, there's a lot we haven't settled definitely yet. But we do know we're going to be married in a church, with only a few guests present—because I've played a lot of scenes in my life and I don't want one for my wedding.

You who have written to congratulate me—will you please take another little moment and pray with me that Heaven will guard our happiness?

I love Johnny.

That's how I feel about this young man who drew up in a car beside my date and me, the night we happened to drop by to see Stu and Angie Martin.

P.S.—We've just found a church—Healy Chapel on the University of California Campus. I knew I'd get to college some day!

THE END

SHE CAN DO IT AGAIN

(Continued from page 39)

you should know now, the better to understand the little girl of yesterday and the beautiful Durbin in full bloom of womanhood today.

Look into the story of any famous woman and somewhere you'll find a man. There have been a number of men in Deanna's life. The first two came with her first big picture. They were Joe Pasternak, the producer, and Henry Koster, the director. They were signed by Universal at the same time the studio took young Deanna to its bosom following the dropping of her option by MGM. They created a world of music, gayety and laughter and set Deanna down in the middle of it to sing. The picture was *Three Smart Girls*. The song she sang was "Someone to Care for Me."

The picture was released and the world discovered the little girl, raised her on its shoulders and boosted her up on the pedestal of stardom in one sudden whoosh!

Her next was *One Hundred Men And A Girl*, and in that picture she sang "It's Raining Sunbeams." It really was. At 14, she was a star. At 14, she was paying off the mortgage at Universal, and sunbeams—especially in the bookkeeping department—were falling all around. (They say that in those days Universal had a portrait of Deanna directly over the big safe at the studio, and each time he put money in the safe, the treasurer of the studio bowed three times to the likeness of the little girl.)

riding high . . .

Deanna grew a little, filled out a little, became sweeter and more beautiful, then starred in *Mad About Music*, in which she sang "I Love To Whistle" while riding a bicycle through the scenes of the picture. She was riding high, and she was learning.

Her voice strengthened, her acting improved and she added to her vast following through the Pasternak-Koster pictures, *That Certain Age*, singing "Be A Good Scout," and *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*, in which one of her songs was "Invitation To The Dance." Deanna was at "That Certain Age" herself, for time had taken her into adolescence; she was growing up and receiving invitations to dances on her own. The world didn't know it at the time, because her publicity was always about the little girl who hardly knew boys existed, but she had met one—Vaughn Paul.

That boy was an assistant director on her pictures, and the invisible magnet of love was drawing them together. Her next picture was *First Love*. A provocative title to consider in the light of her dates with this boy of her choice.

Then Deanna bubbled her way through *It's A Date*, *Spring Parade* and *Nice Girl*. Her audiences bubbled with her, ecstatically, and the first two men in her life, Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster, stood back and smiled at the third man who had entered her life to become her first love—and, in the spring of 1941, her husband.

Then, suddenly, the music changed. A cloud drifted across the sun out Universal way. The Pasternak-Koster-Durbin combination was broken up. Joe Pasternak had been lured away by MGM and Deanna found herself loose on a sea of confusion.

Instead of being an easy flow of melody and song, the rhythm of her life tightened, became strained and frantic. A new, strange pall of uncertainty surrounded her. Universal's heads huddled together in

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

If you aim to be "Queen of his Heart" this Valentine's Day . . . Toni can help you look the part! Because having a Toni Home Permanent is almost like having naturally-curly hair! Lovely-to-look-at waves and soft-to-touch curls! But before trying Toni you'll want to know:

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How long will my TONI last?

Your lovely Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent . . . or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs \$2. For a second Toni all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just \$1.

Which twin has the TONI?

Talented, teen-age Kathlene and Helene Crescente live in Ridgewood, N. J. Kathlene, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I never knew a permanent could look so natural right from the start!"



NOW over ~~1~~² million women
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LITTLE LULU



Times have changed—we play *Drop the Kleenex**!

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vain efforts to find a new brand of vehicle to fit their grown-up "golden girl."

They tried her out in *It Started With Eve*, and the very title had a portent foreign to the public's conception of a "darling Deanna." They tried her in *The Amazing Mrs. Holliday*, but you turned thumbs down at the box-office and the headaches at the studio increased as Deanna's heartaches drove her to divorce.

Officially, the record reads, "Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, married April 18, 1941—divorced December 14, 1943." But records can be very cold. They don't tell the story, just the results.

It was while Vaughn and Deanna were married that Pasternak had turned loose the guiding reins on Deanna's pictures. Then the studio discovered that their star had temperament. But wasn't the temperament justified? Her pictures in the new theme failed to hold the audiences. She fought alone for better stories, the proper setting for a voice grown strong and mature, with perfect operatic timbre. She needed "someone to care" for her more than ever now. She needed the mature equivalent to the Pasternak production of *Three Smart Girls* and *Mad About Music*. She wasn't getting it, and she walked off the sets with her nose as high as her top notes on the scale. But her heart wasn't high—it was breaking.

The emotional strain was too great for the marriage. Vaughn Paul watched her on the set all day, knew all the things she was going through and could do nothing about it. Their evening conversations were a part of the same discouraging pattern.

The studio answered her temperamental outbursts with suspension and let her stew. Maybe they were justified, maybe they weren't. But when it destroyed her marriage, I had every sympathy for Deanna.

a sentimental memory . . .

Maybe that was sentiment on my part. I still remembered the little girl who had made everybody happy with her songs . . . and had paid off the studio mortgage.

But about the time she divorced Vaughn Paul, the studio lifted her suspension and she went back to work. Was there a connection between the two? Hollywood whispered that one trouble lay in the fact that Vaughn had wanted to direct her pictures himself. But there are always a lot of ugly rumors in Hollywood. For a nice town, it still harbors its share of viciousness.

When she went back to work, they gave her a new producer named Felix Jackson. His was the job of effecting the change from Deanna-the-girl to Deanna-the-grownup in six easy productions, wooing the audience into going along with her to the new status.

In two short years, Jackson made the change—but wooing the audience was another thing. His first move was toward comedy. He cast Deanna opposite Franchot Tone in *His Butler's Sister*. It was a good picture and it got a good hand all around.

Everybody, including Jackson, took a deep breath and tried again.

They knew it was an uphill climb, but Deanna was back in the harness, working like a Trojan, and Jackson was also deservingly A for Effort.

Her next was *Christmas Holiday*. The sophisticated Deanna, whom audiences met in *Christmas Holiday*, was a rash and shocking departure from the girl they knew . . . and wanted. Someone had turned their sweet-voiced angel into a sultry woman of the world—and they didn't like it. . . .

If you've ever tried to walk in the sand of a desert, you'll have a fair idea of Deanna's trials of these last few years. She is a sincere, hard-working girl who gives every ounce of concentration to her chosen

profession, and every ounce of energy to each performance. To give to this degree, month in and month out, striving to reach a pinnacle of success she has once known, yet gaining only meager results is a heartbreaking strain.

But through it all, the fourth man in her life was fighting at her side. Jackson was an older man, 20 years older, but work brought them together and, for a second time, love came to Deanna. It was a mature love, born of a mutual admiration between them. About the time she was making *Because Of Him*, the preacher tied the knot.

The next song symbolic of her life was "It's Dream Time" in the picture *I'll Be Yours*. It was the last picture which Felix Jackson produced starring his bride.

Can two careers survive in one home? You've heard the question asked a million times, and you have your own examples, both in and out of Hollywood, to prove that they can.

Things went well in the Jackson household through the birth of Deanna's baby daughter, Jessica Louise, which kept Deanna away from the studio for a while.

But when she went back to work again, there was a new producer on her pictures. The first song she had to sing was "Happy Go Lucky and Free"—but she wasn't. The picture in which that song occurred was *Something In The Wind*—and there was.

Were those titles ominous? Or was it just coincidental that these titles came along about the time Deanna and Felix Jackson came to the parting of the ways?

Again she had met and married a man with whom she worked at the studio. Again there had been trouble with her pictures, confusion in her life, both at work and at home. Now, once more, a man was leaving her life.

gone forever? . . .

Leaving it? Well, not quite. Jackson and Deanna have separated. (At this writing.) He is in New York writing a play which he hopes to produce. There has been no divorce, and some say that there won't be, that they'll reconcile. I hope such will be the case with Felix and Deanna.

The fifth man in Deanna's life came along to the accompaniment of another song, "Carousel In The Park," from the screen version of the Broadway musical, *Up In Central Park*. He was Vincent Price.

The song about the Carousel certainly fitted Deanna about the time she went into that picture. She was on a "merry-go-round" (which is another term for *Carousel*), and no doubt about it.

While a nurse took care of little Jessica, Deanna was seen here and there with Vincent Price. She laughed when asked if it was romance. He was just her leading man in the picture they were making. She said she got tired of sitting home alone, he got tired of sitting home alone, so they went out and sat together, and danced and dined together, and had a lot of fun together, as anyone could plainly see, if they were watching. And what's wrong with that?

There have been other men. But Deanna has taken none of them seriously.

However, what she takes very seriously indeed, is the fact that as yet, with all her years of striving, she has been unable to get back up on top of the heap.

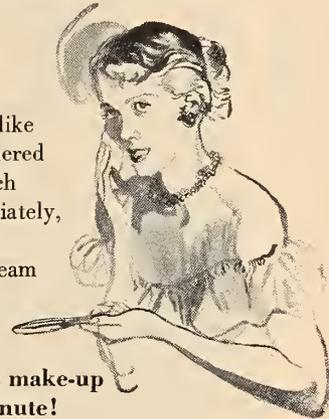
When she was an adolescent kid singing pretty songs in a beautiful voice, riding bicycles, swimming, sailing, and running carefree through her pictures, she was rated one of the 10 top money-makers in Hollywood. Now, even though she has twice the acting experience and all those extra years of daily voice training (she sticks to her lessons and practices every day), Deanna no longer has the box-office pull of her kid days. Her latest picture is

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When you want your complexion to look its radiant best, give it a delightful beauty pick-up with Pond's Vanishing Cream, smoothed on for a 1-Minute Mask. Just cover face, except eyes, with a lavish cloak of the cream. After one minute, tissue off clean. "Keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens clinging dirt and dead skin flakes. Dissolves them off! Your skin looks clearer, softer—even *lighter*. Make-up goes on smoothly, stays fresh all evening!



Miss Nancy du Pont says, "When I want to look perfect—that's the moment for a 1-Minute Mask! In one minute—my complexion looks fresher, brighter. Make-up goes on evenly—and *stays!*"

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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

For *The Love Of Mary*—and it's laying a horrible egg at this moment.

Yes, Deanna's screen career is swiftly fading. And the reason is that no one has found the right combination since Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster put Deanna on top.

Well, those two did it before—and they could do it again! They know Deanna better than anyone else in the industry. They have the firm hands which could control Deanna's temperament. If given the chance, it's a cinch they could find that right combination again.

I recently asked Deanna if she had talked to Joe Pasternak about doing a picture with him.

"Oh, yes!" was her quick reply. "I see Joe quite often, and we've talked about it—but so far nothing has been done about it." Then she added—rather wistfully, I thought—"Frankly, I'd love doing a picture with Joe again. He's wonderful. . . ."

As she said that, with a dreamy quality in her throaty voice, I could see once again the little girl with the brown hair and blue eyes. I knew, then, that I was hoping in the right direction.

But Universal seems to be about to give up hope on Deanna. Her contract runs out in September of 1949. It's now common knowledge it probably won't be renewed.

italy in the spring . . .

Deanna is still full of plans. It's just been announced that she'll be going to Italy next spring to make a picture with Goffredo Alessandrini, one of the top Italian directors. The story will concern an American girl studying grand opera. Some extraordinarily fine films have been coming out of Italy of late and perhaps Deanna's will be another. If so—well, this might be the lady's salvation.

And she's told friends she'd like to go to New York and star in a musical. That has worked for others; it might be the ticket for Deanna. Betty Grable went back to New York, took a leading role in *Du Barry Was A Lady*, and returned to Hollywood an entirely new sensation.

When I asked Deanna about going to Broadway, she said: "I haven't made up my mind about it. I'd like to do a show on Broadway, but I haven't read any scripts as yet. I would enjoy the contact with a live audience. I'm sure it would improve both my acting and singing technique. . . . But if I went to New York to do a musical, I'd first want a period of months to train for the stage—it's so different from the screen." (That's characteristic of Deanna. She works hard to reach the highest point of perfection.)

Maybe a Broadway musical would do great things for Deanna. Maybe the Italian film will put her once again in the top brackets of popularity. But to me, there's another solution for Deanna's problem:

I want to hear one particular song from Deanna to round out the list of songs whose titles have reflected her story. . . .

I want to walk onto a motion picture set of a big Technicolor production. There I want to see a tremendous musical in the making, with a huge orchestra at the back of the stage. Beside the camera, in the director's chair, I want to see the waving arms and hear the knife-like voice of Henry Koster. Standing just behind Koster's chair, I want to see alert-eyed Joe Pasternak, producer.

In the center of that tremendous stage, surrounded by a setting worthy of her talents, I want to see the charm, the grace and the natural beauty of Deanna Durbin.

As the cameras start grinding to Koster's shout of "this is a take!" I want to hear one beautiful voice, Deanna's voice, singing a song symbolic of this scene.

And the title of the song could only be—"We're Back Together Again." THE END

HOUSE OF THE ONE-EYED GIRAFFE

(Continued from page 51)

as Kelly's locomotive, stuck down the back, gently nudges you.

You admire the gorgeous hooked rugs which stretch their mellow reds and greens from wall to wall. Dolores tells you they were made by a family at Redondo Beach. She points out the Hope initials worked into the corners, and remarks that Kelly took his first steps on these rugs.

Dolores loves "good" things, but also things which can be changed and adapted to a growing family's needs. "With four youngsters, our needs change constantly," she says. "For instance, right now we're living all over the house. Our bedrooms are in utter confusion at the moment as we work out plans to move the children into one wing of the house. Bob and I will have the center part to entertain our friends, and the other side will be for Bob's offices."

Making a home for four youngsters when the man of the house is dashing off on cross-country tours every few weeks, and sometimes every few days, is a task Dolores takes in stride. The average person may think that living with funny-man Hope is one long series of laughs. Dolores knows differently. Living with Hope is wonderful, she agrees, but catching him on the run to discuss household problems, tearing off to the airport to say goodbye or to welcome him home, and at the same time keeping her household running with precision, is quite a chore.

Bob has three secretaries and an assistant. Dolores has a secretary. She has, in addition, a cook, houseman, upstairs maid, and children's nurse to supervise. There are house plans to be studied, and small knees to be bandaged, along with the settling of school problems. Mrs. Hope does all this with a calm born of long experience. She can now plan her dinner menu with Kelly on her knee, with Tony at her elbow talking on the telephone, and with Bob and his writers, discussing his radio show not five feet away. She manages just fine, but she plans a few changes.

"We're going to make a terrace outside the living room. At one end, part of the children's section, we're going to put in a tennis court—and at the other end, a swimming-pool."

MODERN SCREEN



"You find our stups, Henry—I'll get the Manager."

But before she does a single thing to the living-room, Dolores will transform the small, formal music room into a larger playroom for the children. It will be part of the children's wing.

"Tony and Linda have to have a room of their own to entertain their school friends. Bob and I believe that they can't start too young in learning to assume the responsibilities of host and hostess. Learning to mix with others is so important. We don't want them to think they're 'different' or 'special' because their father is a movie star. Yes, that problem has come up. For instance, at school the other day, Tony and Linda were asked for their autographs. When they came home and asked me what they should do about these requests, I suggested that they tell their friends: 'Our Daddy is the important one. If you want his autograph, we'll get it for you. But there's no real reason for you to want ours, is there?'"

"The two older children are normal, bright-eyed kids who attend St. Charles School. They get an allowance of a dollar a week, and are expected to put half of that in the collection plate on Sundays. They have chores to do about the house, and they practice their piano and French lessons two afternoons a week.

salesman in the family . . .

"Tony has started his first business venture," Dolores confides. "He's selling subscriptions to his school paper as part of a drive his school is putting on. I let him have my personal telephone list, and he's very serious about calling my friends and putting on a sales campaign. Yesterday he called a wealthy widow, and told her with great earnestness that if she would only take a subscription from him she could save herself a whole dollar a year. Believe it or not, he sold her!"

But sometimes it doesn't quite work out that way. Tony called up his former nurse, a French girl whose English is still very shaky, and after inquiring about her health, he launched into his sales talk with a build-up about the Cleveland Indians. Did she know what the Indians were doing? Excited squawks from the other end of the line told him that Mam'zelle had no interest in wild Indians. Tony's explanation fell on deaf ears, and that was one occasion when he had "no sale."

Cozy spots for family chats abound in the Hope home. There's the playroom, its shelves lined with Bob's trophies and souvenirs, where Tony and his Dad can shoot a little pool. There's the music room with its deep grey carpet and softly-shaded lamps. There's the couch and wing chairs grouped about the television set in the living-room. But best of all, the Hopes like to gather in "the nook," located to the right of the living-room. Here, under a pastel portrait of Linda and Tony with "Red Son," their first dog, there's a strawberry-pink couch with room for the entire family. If things get a little crowded, and Bob's arms are too full of Kelly and Nora to encompass Tony, the subscription salesman will settle for the top of the coffee table. From there, Tony figures, you get a better view of your audience. A commanding position from which to say:

"Dad, when are you coming over to school again? I told the fellows in my grade that maybe you'd come next week."

One night, Linda, smoothing her tiny sister's dark curls, came out with the prize remark of the evening.

(Continued on page 93)



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Don't sit on your hands!

Here is a
quick beauty treatment
for winter-roughened
hands when an
unexpected date catches
up with you

BY CAROL CARTER,
BEAUTY EDITOR



Barbara Lawrence, 20th Century-Fox starlet, keeps hands beautiful with regular daily attention.

■ Here you are, all dressed up for a party—fresh wave, slick makeup job, a smart new dress and terrific shoes. Your hands, you notice with dismay, look like Cinderella's right after she'd finished carrying out the ashes. Suddenly, you resolve you'll never let them get in such a bedraggled state again. But what, oh, what do you do for immediate improvement?

First, give them a very careful soaking in warm, soapy water for five minutes and go after them with a nail brush—unless, of course, they are painfully chapped. Dry them carefully. Now work lots of rich hand cream into your hands, massaging well. Use a movement as though you were working a tight pair of gloves down over your fingers. In some of the more deluxe beauty shops they warm your hands at this point. You can do the same thing easily enough. Slip your hands into some light-weight old cotton gloves, then into rubber gloves and hold them under water that is hot enough to warm your hands thoroughly. Keep them there 8 or 10 minutes.

Nail-brush your finger-tips so you can apply polish. A rich red shade, if it goes with the clothes you are wearing, will whiten your hands. When you're sure you've finished with the soap-and-water part of your grooming and dressing, flatter your hands with a film of foundation cream.

Holding your hands up in the air for a few minutes is an old trick, so if your hands are beginning to look too rosy in the midst of the festivities, slip away to check your makeup and take time out to hold your hands aloft until they become smooth and white.

Of course, the smart thing is to keep them looking lovely every day in the winter. Never go out without warm gloves. Always dry your hands carefully. Use rubber gloves for dish-washing and household cleaning jobs. Use hand lotion or cream regularly. Not extravagant slathers days apart when you happen to think of it, but just a few drops after any prolonged wetting of your hands.

We know that keeping your hands good-looking during cold weather is a problem, but remember how they show up against the black and dark-browns of the winter wardrobe and you'll realize it's worth the effort.

(Continued from page 91)

"Daddy, when are you going to have Gregory Peck on your program? When is he going to say, 'What's Bob Hope got that I haven't got?' You say that about him every week, and I think it would be a good gag if he came and said it about you."

Bob, jumping to his feet with a baby under each arm, said: "That's a swell idea, we'll use it!" And he dashed off in search of Charlie Cooley, his assistant, to get it written in right away.

Bob and Dolores decided to remodel the house while he was still working on *The Paleface* at Paramount. They have decided that one room will remain intact through the tearing-down process, and that is the Pennsylvania Dutch breakfast room. Formerly a butler's pantry, the room is aglow with golden brown panelling, with cupboards scrolled and painted with floral designs. The children have their meals here, with the exception of special occasions when they dine formally in the dining room. When this happens, two pink-and-blue high chairs, are brought into use for the little ones.

Dolores is filled with plans for her brood. Notre Dame or Loyola University for Tony . . . Marymount Finishing School for Linda. And the babies? "I haven't thought much about the future for Kelly and Nora. I hope they'll stay little for quite a while yet." She lifts olive-skinned Nora from her lap with one deft movement, as she reaches for Kelly. He has just planted his woolly deer on the Welsh dresser. Firmly, Dolores hands it back to him.

the young rebel . . .

Kelly is the rebel of the brood. He got his hands slapped the other day for hurling his toys from the sun-deck above the garage after he'd been warned three times not to do so. Dolores punished him lightly, evoking indignant wails from the culprit, and causing tiny Nora to rush forward and fling her arms protectingly about her brother. These babies, not yet three, have a fanatic devotion for each other.

The older children are firm friends, too. They have plenty of play time together, though they're expected to study for certain set hours, and to take care of their own rooms. Before they leave for school each morning, they make their beds, and tidy their clothes closets. The rooms are cleaned thoroughly once a week, by the maid, but for the rest of the time, the children are responsible for keeping everything in apple-pie order.

Bob Hope is the perfect father. Pandemonium breaks loose nightly when the master of the house comes home after his day's toil. Quite often his toil comes with him. One evening he burst through the doorway flanked by two writers and three secretaries. Tony put down his truck and made a flying tackle for Bob's knees. Linda grabbed his arm. Nora and Kelly fastened like clams around his ankles.

"Hello, dear," said Bob, over their heads, to Dolores. "Anything new, today?"

"Nothing much," answered Mrs. Hope brightly. "Just that the carpenters are here, and would like a few words with you before they knock out the bedroom walls. And I want you to move the babies' beds into our room and, oh, yes—there's somebody on the phone calling you from New York—what would you like to do first?"

Nora settled that problem. She held up a droopy doll, greyish in color. Its head hung sideways, and stuffing oozed from its neck.

"Daddy fix it?" she asked hopefully.

So he waved all other business aside while he sat on the stairway to cope with his younger daughter's pressing problem. First and foremost, Bob's a father.

THE END

METROPOLITAN OPERA STAR RISE STEVENS SAYS:

"For dream hands, Cream your hands"



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Keep that jar of Pacquins within easy reach. For truly *dream* hands... follow opera star Rise Stevens's advice: CREAM them regularly with Pacquins.

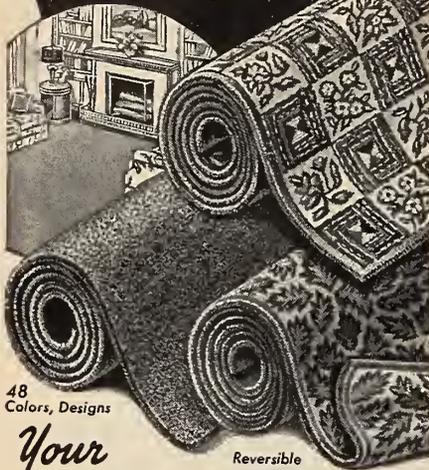


MARION PUNCH, R. N., says: "Pacquins Hand Cream is a 'must' on my chart! With the dozens of scrubbing my hands submit to every day, nothing less cherishing than Pacquins could keep them socially acceptable—soft, smooth, lovely. Pacquins was originally formulated for doctors and nurses."

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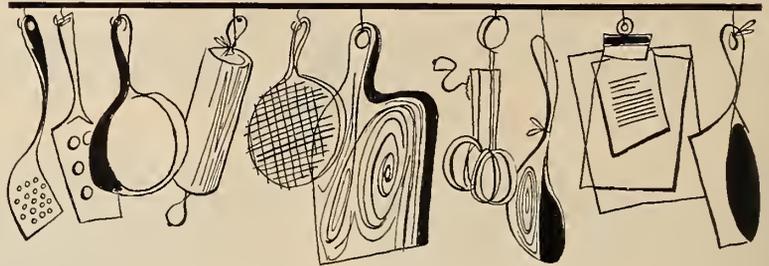
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fan fare



The boys missed a lot when Jean Peters asked them to stay home (see "Something Not For The Boys" on page 34). MODERN SCREEN's Reba and Bonnie Churchill carried their best lounging togs over to Jean's house and stayed to nibble on . . .

franks in blanks

■ Split frankfurter roll lengthwise and lay frankfurter on it. Top with a slice of cheese and bacon and place under broiler until well-browned. Of course, for a terrific effect you can add condiments such as catsup, mustard, relish, minced onion or hot sauce. This was favorite snack at Jean Peters' party.

apples on a stick (can be served cold if desired)

1 cup mild-flavored molasses	1/4 cup water
1 cup sugar	2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon cider vinegar	12 small apples
1/3 teaspoon salt	

■ Combine molasses, sugar, vinegar, salt and water. Cook slowly, stirring constantly to 270° F. (or when a small quantity dropped into cold water forms a hard ball). Remove from heat; add butter. Dip apples into syrup, covering entire surface. Place on waxed paper to cool. Insert wooden stick for holder.

pop corn balls

1 1/4 cups molasses	4 quarts corn, slightly salted
2/3 cup corn syrup	1/2 cup chopped peanuts, raisins or semi-sweet chocolate, optional
1 tablespoon butter or fortified margarine	
1/8 teaspoon baking soda	

■ Cook together molasses, corn syrup and shortening until small amount, when dropped in cold water, becomes brittle. Stir in soda and pour over popped corn until each piece is coated. Add peanuts, raisins or semi-sweet chocolate bits, if desired. Shape into balls. Makes about 14 large balls.

hot chocolate (can be served cold if desired)

1 tablespoon ground chocolate (unsweetened)	2 teaspoons sugar
A dash of salt, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg	3/4 cup milk
	1 egg

■ Mix chocolate, sugar, salt and all spices with a little milk. (Enough milk to make a smooth paste). Stir in remaining milk, add egg, and beat thoroughly and serve. For hot chocolate, heat milk.

cocoa whipped cream

2 tablespoons cocoa	1/8 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar	1 cup heavy cream

■ Mix together cocoa, sugar, and salt. Add cream gradually, stirring to keep mixture smooth. Chill one hour, then whip with rotary egg beater until mixture is stiff. Makes about two cups—delicious to top hot chocolate drinks.

MEXICAN ESCAPADE

(Continued from page 47)

vacationers were to defeat the panting newspapermen at every turn throughout their stay in Mexico City.

(A fellow passenger reported that Ali had hidden in the men's room of the plane until after the takeoff in Los Angeles, to avoid photographers, and that he and Rita had sat side by side throughout most of the trip and were "very lovey-dovey.")

While the skirmish was going on at the airport, I had been standing in the lobby of the big new Hotel Del Prado in downtown Mexico City, where Rita had reserved accommodations for "one suite and two single rooms." With me was Frank Tremaine, manager of the Mexico City bureau of the United Press. We figured, at 9:45 a.m., that Rita and Ali would be showing up any minute. We waited. And waited. When they didn't come, we began to get suspicious. Then the truth dawned on us.

Rita had made reservations at the Del Prado in order to send the press to that hotel while she and her Prince pulled an "incognito" gag and quietly established themselves in another hotel! The Prince, Rita, and her "retinue" (which included her secretary, Miss Shifra Haran) were comfortably ensconced at the other hotel before anybody could snap a picture or attempt an interview.

Naturally, the press tried to reach them by telephone. "Miss Hayworth is sleeping and cannot be disturbed," was the answer the management gave to all calls up until 3 p.m. when Miss Haran finally started answering the 'phone.

the vigil . . .

Reporters and photographers started camping out in the lobby of Rita's hotel. They had a long wait because the couple didn't come out. The manager blandly stated that "Ali Khan is not registered."

About four o'clock on Monday afternoon, a non-employee of the hotel was sauntering along the fourth floor corridor and saw porters carrying additional furniture into Suite 401. Standing in the doorway, directing the moving, was a beautiful blonde in a sky-blue housecoat.

This man asked Miss Hayworth (whom he recognized), "Can you tell me something about your future plans?"

Rita blinked and snapped, "No, no, I can't!"—and slammed the door in his face. She seemed disconcerted by this unexpected *contretemps*. After that, there was one such situation after another, each more improbable than the last. . . .

Monday night, Nov. 1—Rita and Prince Ali dined in the night club of their hotel. (No photos—no interviews!)

Tuesday night, Nov. 2—Rita and Ali danced cheek-to-cheek and drank champagne in Victor Sanchez' night club, the Intime. (No photos—no interviews!)

Wednesday, Nov. 3—Just before noon, Rita sneaked out of the hotel by way of the restaurant (which faces one street) and Prince Ali by way of the flower shop (which faces another street). Rita entered a dark red limousine and was whisked away into the traffic. Prince Ali stepped into a black limousine which awaited him at the curb outside the flower shop. He also was whisked away.

Three blocks from the starting point, Prince Ali's limousine halted alongside Rita's, he got out of his car, entered hers, and kissed her warmly on the cheek. Then they laughed gaily and ordered the chauffeur to drive them to "the Pyramids" (the famous Aztec "Pyramid of the Sun" and "Pyramid of the Moon" at San Juan de



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do thrive on
Meat!

Tests with Swift's Strained Meats show meat-fed babies in better physical condition

Actual test feedings show babies thrive on Swift's Strained Meats—specially prepared for earlier meat feeding.* Meat-fed babies were in better physical condition, more satisfied than babies who received

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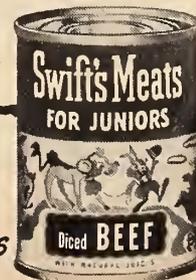
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Teotihuacan, located about a half-hour's drive from Mexico City).

Wednesday night, Nov. 3—Rita and Ali made no public appearance.

Thursday night, Nov. 4—While Rita and Ali were enjoying the intimate, low-lighted atmosphere of the Intime, their hotel was crawling with photographers. Fourteen of them prowled the lobby, the bar, and the restaurant, and covered every entrance and exit of the hotel. This time, they vowed, they'd get a picture of the elusive twosome.

Meantime, at the Intime, only one photographer was on the snoop. Juan Guzmán, known locally as "the lens boy who never misses," had the field to himself. He focused—and was seized and tossed out of the place by strong-arm experts and threatened with the "personal protection" law—which I'll tell you about in a minute—if he succeeded in getting a picture of Rita and her Prince together.

"Why?" yelled Guzmán, backed by the towering indignation of his colleagues. "What's this secrecy all about? They've been photographed together all over Europe. Why not in Mexico?"

No answer was forthcoming. Later, nobody answered the telephone at Rita's apartment and Ali was "not available."

personal protection . . .

Now I'll tell you about Mexico City's six-months-old "personal protection law." Up until six months ago, a number of shady characters, armed with cameras, roamed freely among the tables in Mexico City's swankiest restaurants, bars and night clubs, snapping pictures at will. The "take" from these pictures was lush. These "photographers," out for blackmail, specialized in pictures of married men (or women) who'd gone out for an evening of fun with companions not their legal mates. The price for "silence," plus the negative, was high. The lens lizards rolled in pesos. Then, Fernando Casas Alemán, Governor of the *Distrito Federal* (Federal District—like our District of Columbia) and cousin of President Miguel Alemán, issued a decree barring the taking of any and all pictures which were not sanctioned by those to be photographed. Knowing this, Rita and Ali hid behind this decree in perfect security.

"But," said the legitimate press photographers, comforting each other's injured feelings, "this decree holds only in the *Distrito Federal*! Wait until they go to Acapulco!"

Then, under pressure from the newspapers, the manager of Rita's hotel gave in and somehow persuaded Rita to hold a press conference. He called the reporters and photographers to his private office at four o'clock Friday afternoon. Expecting to catch Rita and Ali together "under correct conditions"—with freedom to fire questions and flash bulbs—the reporters were all very excited.

There was a half-hour wait. Finally, Rita came in—alone!

As she sat nervously answering questions—some of them, anyhow—Rita seemed very tired, with dark circles under her beautiful eyes. She wore a simple, medium-length, unadorned black dress and skyscraper-heeled black suede shoes. Her only jewelry was an oval-shaped gold medallion of Mexico's patron saint, the Virgin of Guadalupe, rimmed with 11 sizable diamonds.

"May I ask who gave you the medallion?" one reporter inquired.

"Yes," replied Rita with a smile. "My agent, Johnny Hyde."

Disappointment could actually be felt in the room. Here was the "Lady of the Royal Romance" without her Prince, not wearing even one of the fabled diamonds, rubies, emeralds or sapphires of Prince

Ali's vast collection! This, thought the romantic press gang, was a definite let-down.

To the direct question, "Are you planning to marry Prince Ali Khan when your divorce from Orson Welles is final on November 10th?" Rita replied, "That is my personal life and I have no statement to make."

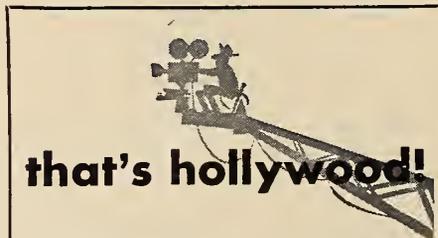
From Hollywood, it had been reported that Rita and the Prince would be aboard the Pan-American plane bound for Miami on November 14th, but Rita wouldn't talk of her plans—or say anything whatsoever that would give a line on her and Ali Khan.

That night, after the press conference, Rita and Ali enjoyed a quiet dinner with wines at the fashionable Ambassadeurs restaurant on the *Paseo de la Reforma*, completely immune from the press boys, who didn't know where they were. For three hours, the two held hands and exchanged soft glances oblivious of the other diners—not one of whom had thought of bringing a camera.

On Saturday night, Rita, elegantly and formally gowned and accompanied by her Prince in a faultlessly-tailored dark gray suit, entered the dining room of their hotel. Up popped photographer Victor de Palma, an old friend of Rita's. They exchanged *saludos* and Vic focused his camera. He flashed. He had his picture—the first and only picture obtained of Rita and Ali together in Mexico City.

Nobody said a word. Prince Ali winked one eye—that was all. Out of nowhere appeared two detectives who grabbed Vic's camera, opened it, exposed the film to the glare of a bright table lamp, and handed the camera back to Vic.

"The gentleman doesn't want his picture



"No matter how much money I make, I cannot buy the things taken for granted as part of any American's way of life. Any restaurant, anywhere, will serve him a glass of water. He and his children can use any public lavatory in any state of the Union. In case of an emergency, any hospital will admit him. He can drop into any church for a word of prayer. Any free library is open for his use—and his children are welcome in any public school.

"He can ride as he pleases in any form of public transportation. He stands an even chance, along with others of his background, training and experience, when he applies for a job. If he has any money, he can spend it wherever he pleases. He can get a room in any hotel in any city in the country. He can buy a meal in any restaurant. He can live in any section of the city he chooses which is within his financial means.

"I can't!"

That's frank and forthright talk—not from an impoverished member of the minority, but from a glamorous, \$5,000-a-week actress—Lena Horne. It's from her forthcoming autobiography, "In Person" (Boni and Gaer), and just a sample of its eye-opening and, we hope, mind-opening chapters.

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

taken," they told De Palma in the understatement of the year.

Early the next morning I caught several of Mexico's top photographers readying their cameras at the biggest bullring in the world, the *Plaza Mexico*—where Rita and Ali just had to be together! The photographers had checked the number of the tickets which Rita had personally ordered and paid for. This time they wouldn't miss—"with these telescopic lenses she won't even see us!"

They primed their cameras, crossed their fingers, and waited for the hands of their watches to point to 4 p.m.—the hour of the *desfile de matadores* (opening parade) of the *Fiesta Brava*.

Came the hour. The *matadores*, *pica-dores* and *ayudantes*, in glittering gold-and-silver-embroidered trappings, filed into the gigantic *Plaza* to the tune of the spine-thrilling music of "*La Virgen de la Macarena*." With field glasses, the press boys trained their eyes on the box in which Rita and Ali were due to be seated.

In those seats were two bellboys from the hotel!

the scene shifts . . .

Checking the airport, the newshounds' worst fears were realized. Rita and Prince Ali had left for Acapulco, aboard a private plane, at 10:30 that morning.

Now let's go back two years or so to the summer of 1946. Rita was then still married to Orson Welles and they and their *Lady From Shanghai* company were on location in Acapulco, living in a hill-top hotel overlooking blue Acapulco Bay.

Errol Flynn was in Acapulco, having put in at the tropical port en route to Europe aboard his yacht, *Zaca*. Errol's presence in Acapulco was perfectly timed, since Welles needed a yacht for scenes for his picture. He made a deal with Flynn to rent the *Zaca*. And so Flynn and his crew remained.

Now, the *Zaca*'s first mate was the blond Swiss, Teddy Stauffer, erstwhile manager of Mexico City's Casanova night club (now closed), a musician-of-sorts and an intimate of the international set. He had shipped on as a crew member of the *Zaca* on Flynn's promise to take him to Europe—his first chance to visit Rome since the end of the war.

Orson and Rita were fighting constantly all through the filming of *Lady From Shanghai*. Orson was going out night after night and leaving Rita alone at the hilltop hotel. Always by her side at the bar was Teddy Stauffer. His shoulder was a handy one to cry on—and Rita used it.

Shortly after her return to Hollywood, Rita filed suit for divorce and Teddy Stauffer showed up in the film capital. Rita sailed for Europe after her divorce was granted. Stauffer, it happened, was aboard the same ship.

Somewhere along the line, after they hit Europe, Rita and Teddy became separated. Then, on the French Riviera, Rita found her long-lost Prince Ali Khan—whom she had met in Hollywood a number of years before. Ali took one look—and then was really lost.

Well, Rita and Ali escaped from Mexico City to Acapulco—and one of the most interesting things about this is that Teddy Stauffer nowadays is manager of the Hotel Casablanca, one of Acapulco's leading hostels.

Acapulco—Rita and Ali arrived in Acapulco on Sunday, November 7. They had made reservations at the Hotel Casablanca—and, pulling the same dodge as they did in Mexico City, they checked in at the Hotel de las Americas instead.

In Acapulco, a famous American news magazine had made elaborate preparations to photograph the elusive couple. Cameras with telephoto lenses were concealed at

numerous strategic points commanding views of places where, it was thought, Rita and Ali would be practically certain to appear together.

But once again the photographers were thwarted. During their entire stay in Acapulco, Rita and the Prince sallied forth together only once, when they took off in a hired automobile. When this occurred, there were no hidden cameras set up in the proper spot—and the men from the news magazine didn't dare to run up and snap away, since this, they feared, would cause their quarry to leave the city promptly, thus ruining the possibility of getting much more interesting shots later on with the concealed cameras.

And why didn't anybody else manage to get pictures for the newspapers and magazines? The explanation is simple. Prince Ali had a standing offer of 1,000 pesos for the negative of any photo of him and Rita together. The press was offering 150 pesos. So it's understandable that, if any were achieved, none was ever printed.

Aside from that automobile outing, Rita made no public appearances, whatsoever, with Ali. He frequently went swimming, at the beach and in the hotel pool—but Rita seldom stirred from her suite and remained in bed daily until long after noon.

Mexico City—Rita and Ali returned to the capital by car on Thursday, November 18. They checked into the Hotel Del Prado under the names of Margaret Wells of Hollywood and Albert Cameron of Beverly Hills. Here they continued as they had in Acapulco, never venturing forth together until, on November 24, they left by plane for Havana.

steamed-up press . . .

A report on the Mexico City doings of Rita and Ali wouldn't be complete without the inclusion of a few comments by the steamed-up press.

Wrote Julio Sorel in the newspaper *Novedades*: "Rita said nothing when she arrived in Mexico. . . . We send a bunch of black narcissi, Rita. . . . Welcome to Mexico . . . woman who walks asleep . . . volcano covered with snow, with sun on its crest and beauty in the architecture of body!"

And Clara Montes in *Universal Grafico*: "We remember, barely three years ago, when Rita attended a party in the American Embassy, on the arm of the dynamic Orson Welles, then her husband. Now, they are separated by a half-world of distance and coldness, Orson in Rome, Rita in Mexico. And between them (is) the figure of Ali Khan. . . ."

"With an Embassy as a background and Orson Welles . . . at her side, Rita seemed scarcely touched with makeup, simply dressed. She was the most gentle and distinguished woman in the gathering of distinguished women. The men envied Rita, and love seemed to surround their young heads like a halo. And now, Rita is here with us (again), but invisible to the press!"

"The hotel administration was besieged by reporters the day Rita arrived with her Prince. While the world shakes with such transcendental news as Chiang Kai-Shek's defeat in China and the Presidential election in the United States, the press of Mexico City follows the trail of Rita and her Prince!"

Yes, the press of Mexico City was steamed up—and completely frustrated—by Rita and Prince Ali, who wanted a quiet holiday together, unmolested by the prying of the outside world.

Yes, Rita and Prince Ali won a great victory in their battle for privacy. Or did they? **THE END**

Are you in the know?



Which square dance step is he calling?

- Birdie in the Cage Address Partners Dasey-do

How about giving a square dance party? Scene: your home (playroom preferred!). Music: courtesy of folk dance discs or the crowd's own vocal cords. First, learn the steps and calls—such as "Birdie in the Cage" (see illus above). And don't let difficult days

keep you "caged," when Kotex can free you from discomfort. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that holds its shape. And see how freely your new, all-elastic Kotex Sanitary Belt lets you bend—because it's adjustable; doesn't bind!



How to cope with a cowlick?

- Fight it
 Favor it
 Forget it

Ornery critters—cowlicks. You can neither take 'em or leave 'em. But if you favor a cowlick by parting the hair directly into the center of that stubborn tuft—it behaves! There's another smart plan you can favor, at certain times. That's trying the 3 absorbencies of Kotex—to find the one just right for you. Remember all 3 have an exclusive safety center, assuring you of extra protection with Regular, Junior or Super Kotex. Keeps you extra confident!



What "new note" does this coat bring?

- Back interest
 A break for tall teens
 Another beauty ritual

Each answer is correct. The coat shown has new "back interest"; styling that flatters "glamazon." The new beauty ritual? Neck care! That collar-rubbing means extra scrubbing and softening (with lotion) to save your neck. Back interest in dresses is often a matter of eye-catching trimming, rather than flare. So on "those" days, choose the napkin that prevents telltale outlines! With those special, flat pressed ends of Kotex, you're smooth—from any view!



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easy on the system. *Still only 10¢.*

When Your Child has a COLD

...be sure he keeps "regular". When
he needs a laxative, give him *gentle*
Ex-Lax. It brings effective relief
without upsetting him.

When Nature "forgets"...
remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

THE GIRL HE CAN'T FORGET

(Continued from page 41)

star in Hollywood. When Cary first caught sight of her on the *Queen Elizabeth* he blinked and suddenly remembered he'd seen her on the London stage in *Deep Are The Roots*. Her performance in that play had impressed him, but, at the time, he hadn't particularly wanted to meet her. However, seeing her on the boat at close quarters, and with moon rhyming with June, it was a different brew of witchery.

So it was normal and natural that when the boat docked, they made a date to meet in Manhattan. Cary was due to report to Hollywood for the lead in *Every Girl Should Be Married*. His co-stars were to have been Jennifer Jones and Barbara Bel Geddes. But David Selznick, who owns Miss Jones, said she was available only on condition that the rest of the package also came from his stable of stars—which includes Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple, Guy Madison, Robert Mitchum and Alida Valli. Producer-director Don Hartman said, "I want Cary Grant, or nothing." At which very strategic point Cary said, "And I want Betsy Drake or nothing." It was no romance, he was very careful to point out—just helping a good little performer.

no romance . . .

And it was still "no romance," from Betsy as well as Cary, all during the shooting of the picture—even though they dined together every single night in Cary's permanent dressing room on the RKO lot, and lunched together every day. Sometimes, it was with the rest of the company for lunch, but it was always tete-a-tete for dinner. The reason they gave for the quiet dinners together was that they were studying the script. They found it superfluous to add that they were also studying each other.

On the set, Cary spent more time in Betsy's dressing room than in his own. And, one time, when Betsy had to do a very emotional scene, Cary ordered everyone off the set.

One wonderful thing Betsy has done for Cary is to extinguish completely the torch he was carrying for Barbara Hutton, Mrs. Grant Number 2. It happened when they were on location in San Francisco with their picture. Cary received a wire from Barbara in Europe wishing him luck. At that time, San Francisco spelled "Barbara" for Cary. They had spent a lot of time there in the early happy years of their marriage and the city was full of tender, happy memories for them both.

After receiving the wire, Cary was moody all day. Betsy, wise for her years, ignored the moodiness without knowing its cause. During dinner she prattled about herself and the movie. By the time coffee was served, Cary had forgotten his gloom. And now San Francisco means "Betsy" at least as much as "Barbara." Not more, probably, because Cary never completely falls out of love with his former wives.

Cary was still not securely established in Hollywood when he and his first wife, Virginia Cherrill, were married back in 1932. And so there were financial difficulties to intensify the battles brought on by fundamental differences in temperament. Virginia always wanted to have lots of people around; Cary didn't. Virginia was extremely frank and outspoken; Cary is easy-going and diplomatic. After one of the most tempestuous marriages ever recorded in Hollywood, they parted. Yet, when Virginia visited Hollywood after their divorce, she and Cary went around together so much that several columnists predicted they'd re-marry. And even when

he was with Betsy last summer in Europe, it's a cinch that he went to see the ailing Barbara Hutton.

What caused Cary's divorce from Barbara could never happen with Miss Drake. In the first important place, Cary had absolutely nothing in common with Barbara. She didn't like the motion picture business or picture personalities. She hated living in Hollywood. All her close friends were European. Her house was always full of members of the international set. Her first and third husbands were Prince Midvani and Prince Troubetsky.

Cary, born in Britain, loves Hollywood. And he loathes society parties. He and Barbara battled continuously about the parties and what he should wear for them. Cary wanted to stay home in old clothes and read a book. Barbara insisted on a tuxedo and elegant conversation with the international set. Sometimes he'd go along with her on this. Sometimes he wouldn't. I remember Cary once walked out on one of Barbara's own parties at their mansion!

Betsy hates big parties as much as Cary does. And she is, if anything, more shy and reserved than he is. In fact, Cary has tried to teach her to expand with people because he thinks it will help her career.

"When in doubt, whisper in my ear," Cary has told Betsy. They are now two of the greatest whisperers in the world. When Betsy has anything important to say, she puts her lips close to Cary's always listening ear. Even in Alcatraz—for a scene in their picture, of course! Betsy kept pulling Cary into an unused cell for a whispering session. No matter where they are, she draws him apart and whispers. And Cary loves it!

With Betsy he doesn't have to worry about how to amuse her. She likes everything. Recently he took her to see the long-



critic's corner

WHAT PAPER DO YOU READ?

Blood On The Moon, a sombre Western, must have gone stodgy somewhere between scripts and editing. At the Globe, it unreels a dark and dismal picture, confusing to the city slicker through at least its whole first reel, then not so much to make yippee about!

Irene Thirer
New York Post

The Globe is showing a Western with a top-notch cast, the kind of cast usually absent from horse opera. *Blood On The Moon* is an action film, with plenty of melodrama, hard riding, murder and sudden death. . . . This is an outdoor drama which moves right along, something happens every minute, and that something usually in the homicidal line. *Blood On The Moon* lives up to its title.

Eileen Creelman
The New York Sun

Although Robert Mitchum gets himself shot, stabbed and beaten up during the course of *Blood On The Moon*, the new film at the Globe emerges as a curiously static Western.

Rose Pelwick
Daily Mirror

running and very popular Ken Murray's Blackouts. At the show, Ken turned the spotlight on Cary and he took a bow—something he'd never have done in his pre-Betsy Drake days.

Betty Hensel, the blonde beauty who followed blonde Barbara, was more on the Betsy Drake side than the other loves of Cary Grant. She is very simple in her tastes and, although a socialite, not too social—more on the intellectual side.

This romance came to a sudden end when Cary, who is usually very faithful to his loves while he is loving, suddenly found himself falling hard for one of his leading ladies—who, by the way, also has a B in her name. He did not, of course, declare himself, because the lady was—and still is—married. But Betty didn't like it—and took a powder. She is now working as a model at Adrian's.

Cary has hundreds of acquaintances, but few close friends. And yet, more than any man I know, he wants to be loved. And women want to love him—he is so fascinating and eligible and attractive! I remember how Marilyn Maxwell carried on when Cary asked for a dinner date. She was like a freshman escorted to a prom by the Yale football captain. And when Cary was starring in *Night and Day* at Warners, Dorothy Malone used to swoon, just about, at his feet. And Bette Davis, working on a nearby set, found lots of reasons to visit him for long, intimate chats. (During Mr. Grant's gay bachelor days with Randy Scott, when they shared the same house in Santa Monica, they could have used five secretaries to handle all the calls from girls.)

between romances . . .

Now, don't get me or Cary wrong—between his romances, he is like any other carefree wolf on the prowl. It's only when he's considering marriage that Cary clams up and brackets a girl's affection with his suspicion. But I do believe that Miss Drake has broken through the Grant caution of the past 10 years. It's true that he has already done more for her career than any ten agents could do, and even today Betsy is more interested in a career than in marriage—but she seems to love him and, I'm sure, he looks on her as being the square-shooter she obviously is.

Regardless of whether Betsy marries Cary or not, I am convinced she will continue as a movie actress. I don't think she'd be happy with anybody in married retirement. But to do a Mr.-and-Mrs. acting job like Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall or Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne—well, that would be very okay with Betsy.

There is an erroneous belief in Hollywood that Cary owns Miss Drake's movie contract, along with her heart. "I don't," Cary told me when I queried him. "But," he added with a smile, "I suppose I can always get her if I want her!"

Betsy's contract belongs 50 per cent to Howard Hughes and 50 per cent to David Selznick. When David could not sell his own girls to RKO for *Every Girl Should Be Married*, he did the next best thing—he bought half of Betsy. But both Selznick and Hughes have an understanding with Mr. Grant that any time he wants her for his pictures, he gets her. And that's good business for Selznick and Hughes—because every woman star in Hollywood yearns to get Cary as her co-star.

There's talk already of a follow-up for *Every Girl Should Be Married*—to show what happens after Betsy bags the man of her choice. That should be very interesting. The movie will, of course, have a happy ending.

And it's time for Cary to have a happy ending in his real-life mating. I think this time he will. THE END

Is this Young Wife WRECKING HER MARRIAGE . . .



because her knowledge about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS is not complete or scientific?

When a young wife doesn't get off on the right start in married life for this reason—often her husband begins to show a cool indifference and honeymoon days are definitely over.

All too often a woman foolishly follows *old-fashioned* and *wrong* advice of friends. If only married women would realize how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, charm, health and marriage happiness. And what's *more important*—if only they'd learn about this newer, scientific method of douching with modern ZONITE.

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HOLLYWOOD'S CRUELEST HOAXES

(Continued from page 57)

he usually picks on the most loved personalities.

A good friend of Clark Gable's reported that the worst day he ever spent in his life came when rumor swept through his Army camp that Gable had been killed.

"For some reason I can't explain," he said, "I actually believed it, perhaps by the sheer weight of the number of people who told me. I believed it so strongly that when on the same day there was a news broadcast concerning the death of President Roosevelt, I scoffed at that—it seemed so impossible."

Some day, perhaps, the arch fiend who has menaced the Bing Crosby family will be located, locked up in an insane asylum or dealt with otherwise, according to the proper legal methods. It's an unsolved mystery whether or not the person was insane, who somehow discovered the telephone number of the Crosby home some years ago and called to tell Dixie that Bing, then on tour with Bob Hope, had met sudden death. Nevertheless, a similar call has been repeated almost yearly. The last was in the form of a message to columnist Jimmy Starr. It was three a.m. when Jimmy was awakened by the insistent ringing of his telephone. Sleepily, he cursed the fates that had made him a news-hound and answered.

"Huh? What's that you say? . . . Crosby dropped dead just now on the golf course? . . . Why, nuts to you! You thought I'd be glad to get the scoop? . . . Well, I sure am. If Crosby is out playing golf at three a.m., he should drop dead—and so should you!"

Jimmy hung up and went back to sleep. The rumor didn't. A couple of other columnists had already given credence to the story, and as they checked its authenticity, the rumor began to spread.

Psychiatry has a definition for the warped minds capable of concocting such stories and deliberately launching them. The person who originates such a rumor is as temporarily insane as the fire bug who sets a blaze and then turns in the alarm so that he may watch the fire engines. The only difference is that the death rumor-monger is more difficult to detect since his presence on the scene may be in one of a hundred thousand homes as he looks feverishly through the morning papers to find news of the havoc he has wrought.

narrow escape . . .

An imaginative script-writer could concoct an amazing mystery over the recent events in the lives of Ida Lupino and her husband, Collier Young. Early one evening, shortly after dusk, the two were in their bedroom, dressing for dinner. Their conversation was punctuated by a flat noise like a slap, followed by a shower of glass. They turned to see a bullet hole in a bedroom window.

Both Ida and her husband are sensible people. It could have been an accident, for they live on the top of a mountain off Mulholland Drive and on occasions there has been illegal target-practice and rabbit-hunting. Immediately, they reported the matter to the police, who had a similar theory. They felt better, until two nights later both their dogs disappeared.

Now Ida was convinced that something was afoot. And she had sufficient reason. Only a few years ago, while a member of the Women's Ambulance Corps, she had suffered a cruel trick at the hands of some unknown tormentor. Early one evening, she received a telephone call, telling her to take her station wagon to a specified

corner and wait there for the arrival of a truck which was to bring an iron lung for an urgent hospital case. Ida didn't question the call. She hurried to the appointed place and waited. She waited for three hours, in her mind picturing the scene in which some patient was dying for want of the iron lung. Finally, she borrowed a nearby phone, checked every official contact she had, and finally became convinced that she was the victim of an unbelievable hoax.

Again, mysterious things have begun to happen to Ida. Of course, her fears were allayed in the case of her dogs' disappearance when they were discovered, several days later, in the pound where they had been mistakenly taken by some householder who lived at the bottom of the canyon. There may have been nothing to those recent events. But then again . . .

target for tonight . . .

Movie stars have for years been "target for tonight" for innumerable hoax artists. Some of the hoaxers are sad cases—people who have lost their sanity and whose hallucinations happen by accident to involve famous people. One of these was a former service man who came to Hollywood and began to hang around Van Johnson's home. He claimed that the actor had "sent for him." It developed that this poor lad suffered from severe mental dislocation due to his fighting in the South Seas, and his last memory seemed to be of a picture in which Van had appeared.

Sometimes a star may innocently start a chain of events that brings to light the number of hoaxers who live throughout the country. This happened to Ann Sothern, who once allowed a writer to tell the story of her missing sister. Ann had not seen the girl, who was actually her half-sister, since the two were youngsters. She sincerely wanted to get in touch with her, and after considerable convincing of a skeptical editor, the story was published. Immediately there came a flood of letters from young women. Some said they "thought" they might be the lost sister. Others, the majority, insisted that they were, and many of them asked for money.

Almost six weeks passed before a letter came from a young lady who described in detail what each had worn on the last day they had seen each other. In addition, she presented evidence that could not be contradicted. Ann welcomed the girl when she arrived in Hollywood for a visit, and as if all the other certainties were not enough proof, the sister stayed only a few weeks and then went happily home to the Middle West. Despite this, Ann still received letters for months from impostors.

Perhaps the worst of all hoax artists are the parents who deliberately offer their children for adoption. Then, after a year or two has passed, they manage to find out who has the child. They claim a "change of heart," and threaten court action unless the child is returned. Not so peculiarly, this seldom happens unless the parents are wealthy—or in the movie business. And also invariably, just before the child is returned there is the hint that they can be persuaded to forget all about it for a certain amount of money. Joan Crawford once suffered through such a trying experience, about which she refuses now to discuss details. To her credit, however, it may be said that this has not prevented her from further adoption plans, nor has she ever had anything but highest praise for legitimate agencies of adoption.

Another star, who must remain nameless,

endured perhaps the most cruel of all hoaxes, brought about by human avarice. While on a personal appearance tour, she offered to do charity work. One day she went into a poor section of an Eastern city, bringing a huge basket of food to a poor family in which there were eight children. She talked with the mother who said it would be wonderful if at least one of her children could have a real chance in life.

The star arranged to bring the baby to Hollywood, and further provided for clothes and a small income for the family. For three years the child remained with her. Then, to her utter amazement, the day came when the entire family arrived in a battered old car and demanded the child.

Reluctantly, the star gave up custody. Later she discovered that the woman's sister had talked her into demanding the youngster back in hopes of securing more money. Embittered, the star refused, and when some years later the boy came to her home and asked to see her, she refused.

Happily, the same star today has children of her own.

pathetic case . . .

Sometimes, but only rarely, one must feel a little sorry for the one who perpetrates a hoax, even if it does cause temporary heartache for the innocent victims. For instance, how would you have felt if you were Mrs. M. G. Mature of Louisville, Kentucky, and received a letter like this:

Dear Mrs. Mature:

Or shall I call you mother? You may be surprised to hear this, but your son Victor and I were married six months ago, just before he sailed for overseas.

We were going to keep it a secret, but I lost my job and I am going to have a baby. That's the reason I am writing you this letter. I am not a Hollywood glamour girl—just a store clerk. I want to be a good wife and I know that the way things are, you will want me to come and live with you until Victor comes home.

I am very handy and can cook and sew. Until I can arrange to come to Louisville, will you please see that Victor's allotment is sent to me each month?

Love,

.....

Fortunately for the peace of mind of Vic's mother, she knew that he had been out of the country for over a year and that he had never been in the state from which the girl wrote. There was no other choice. The letter had to be turned over to the authorities. The girl was discovered to be temporarily deranged as a result of an unhappy love affair. She was treated kindly and the whole affair was soon forgotten.

Both Mickey Rooney and Shirley Temple have at different times, when they were youngsters, suffered from widespread rumors that they were midgets! These were curiously persistent for a long time, and visitors on the set frequently asked to have a close look at them to make sure they were "real, normal youngsters." In this case, studios have believed that some jealous mother, who wanted her own child to be a star and foolishly hoped that by getting Mickey or Shirley out of the way, she could achieve that ambition, was responsible.

No one can estimate the number of blackmail cases which annually are nipped in the bud. They have been familiar to Hollywood way back to the time that a girl named Daisy DeVoe, who had been secretary to Clara Bow, went to jail for allegedly trying to extract money from the star.

Recently there was the case of George Raft and a girl whose name was briefly linked with his, in a story that provided



*Memo to
a man with
a sore nose*

Congratulations, sir! Your bandaged beak is a badge of honor!

It's a symbol of service . . . a sure sign that you, like most of us these days, have been keeping your nose to the grindstone—working your hardest just to keep your family living the way you want them to live.

But what of the future? Your nose can't take it forever. Someday you'll want to retire, to follow the hobbies and take the trips and do the things that you've always dreamed of doing.

That's going to take just one thing—MONEY! And will you have it when you want it?

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Of course, you can always buy Bonds at any bank or post office. But the best way, the sure and steady way, is to buy 'em automatically!

Start doing it now! Keep on doing it! And in no time flat, you'll find that you're well on your way to a permanent separation of nose and grindstone!

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almost a week of juicy headlines. George had dated the girl several times. He had given her presents, including some jewelry. This was not unusual for George, who is noted for his generosity.

In this case, however, the story popped up that George had demanded the return of the presents.

This was not the truth. Then, as the story gained momentum, there was a threatened lawsuit. The stories grew more and more confusing, then faded abruptly.

Public opinion was that George had "settled" the case. He had done nothing of the sort. Instead, he hired a private detective. The sleuth got in touch with the "investigator" who had been digging into this chapter of George's life. He suggested that he had some inside on Raft that would pay off big. The alleged investigator fell for the trap, reported to his fellow conspirators and a hidden camera photographed them as they talked.

Faced with this evidence of a plot against Raft and the threat of court action, they backed off.

What have you heard whispered about movie stars recently? That Nelson Eddy is going blind? That a certain star couldn't get a divorce from her husband because she had, in fact, never married him? These are old Hollywood bromides, but in their day such rumors have driven studio investigators a little crazy.

Fortunately, the police in Los Angeles, Beverly Hills and other communities in which stars live are peculiarly alert to the problems of celebrities. Most hoax artists simply haven't a chance.

Loretta Young will now notify police of even the slightest suspicion. Not long ago, the nurse asked Loretta and her husband, Tom Lewis, whether they had been unable to sleep the night before.

"Sleep?" Loretta asked. "We slept like logs."

"And you weren't prowling around upstairs about three this morning?"

"No."
"Well," the nurse said, "somebody was."

Loretta paid little heed to the incident, and that day she and her husband left for a short Palm Springs vacation. The same night their home was robbed of several thousands of dollars in jewels and furs.

An ordinary robbery?
Not by any means. This "job" was pulled

by hoax artists—in the opinion of the police who investigated. The theory was that the thieves were former "servants" who had worked in the home before Loretta and Tom purchased it. They had keys and were able to leisurely "case" the place.

servant problem . . .

Do you wonder that stars investigate their servants with a thoroughness comparable to an FBI examination before hiring them? Is it so amazing that stars divulge their telephone numbers to only a few people, change those numbers with great frequency, and live behind electrically operated gates?

As you read this, a hoax artist is at work somewhere, figuring an idea to bring shame and misery to someone in Hollywood.

Let's hope that he'll be caught in the act and punished—but if he should happen to be successful, let him be like the little man who, in the long parade of cruel hoax fiends, provided a comic touch.

It happened when John Wayne and Johnny Weissmuller were living with two producer friends in a big penthouse apartment. They were enjoying a carefree bachelor life and the place was always filled with companions, some of whom almost lived there. Among these people was an omnipresent, personable fellow. He drank their liquor, made long-distance calls and enjoyed the run of the apartment.

One day, Johnny Wayne said to Johnny Weissmuller, "I don't like to pry into your private affairs, but I think that friend of yours, little What's-His-Name, is something of a louse—and on top of that, a deadly bore."

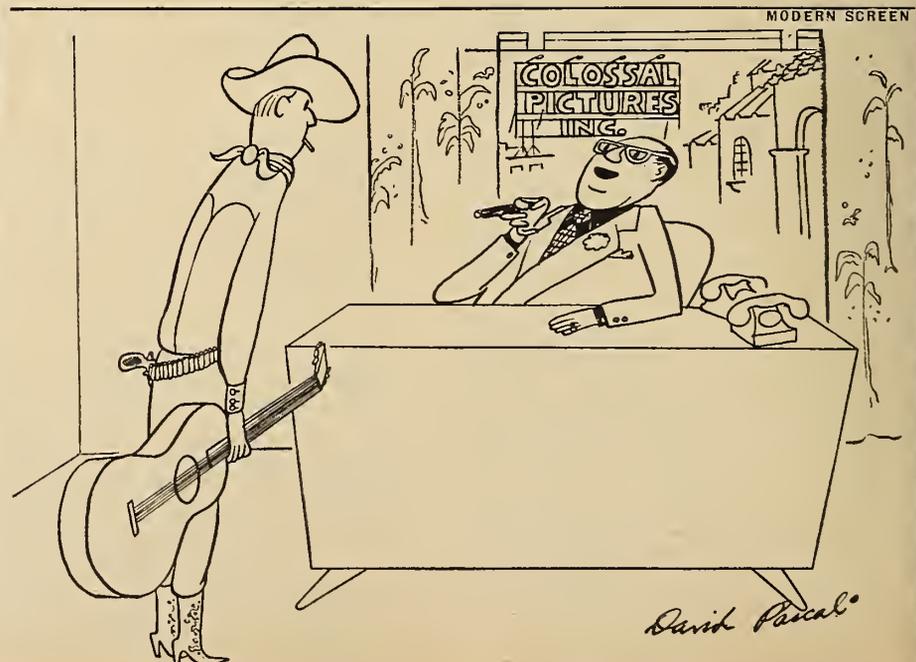
"Friend of mine?" Weissmuller exclaimed. "I thought he was a friend of yours!"

That night they compared notes with their two other roommates. Neither of them knew the little man and each assumed that he was the friend of one of the other tenants.

That night when the little man came in, mixed himself a drink and said, "What's cooking, fellows?" the Johns, Wayne and Weissmuller, laid large hands upon his person. They carried him to the swimming pool, tossed him in bodily.

Mr. Wayne said, "It's been nice knowing you."

End of hoax. THE END



"Coctus, I've been meoning to ask you—if o script should ever coll for it, you can ride o horse, can't you?"

"OH, BROTHER!"

(Continued from page 31)

of Irish choppers wouldn't leave any food. The first time I went hungry, Bing smuggled a sandwich up to the porch later.

The second time I figured on the same treatment. He gave me a dirty look instead, and after that I was on my own.

When I grew a little older, Bing said he didn't want a baby brother who couldn't take care of himself. I got a half-dozen bloody noses from him while he taught me to counter-punch. When I figured I was ready, I went out on the street looking for trouble. I picked on Tom (Boo) Shields. I was a year younger, so he took a lot of picking-on before he'd fight me.

"Well, kid," he said, "I hate to do this, but you asked for it."

the manly art . . .

We went around and around for about an hour while Bing watched. I have to admit there was a touch of class in me. I stepped around Boo and popped him with left jabs a dozen times to his once. Boo kept moving in and trying to slug it out. I circled and jabbed. Finally Boo couldn't stand it. He dropped his hands.

Tears flowed down his cheeks. "You big baby!" he blubbered in exasperation. "Come on in and fight!"

If I had, he'd have murdered me.

It was a dubious decision, but it had Bing's approval. On those rare occasions when I did something he liked he never came right out and said so. But the night of the fight with Boo he took a long look at his necktie rack. Next thing I knew, he'd handed me his best tie and beat it out of the room.

There never was much loose change kicking around in our family. I think George Harrigan, who brought up seven kids without going bankrupt, was a financial wizard. When the old man dug up some small change for necessary upkeep on his offspring we were always struck by a hot flash of temptation and I guess I was about the worst of the lot.

One Saturday night he gave me 50c for a haircut. I had other ideas about what to do with four bits. So I shagged myself over to the Spokane barber college. They must have given me to a guy who was flunking. When I got home I looked like I'd fallen into the lawn mower. I still have a small pie-slice in my ear where the scissors slipped. Dad took one look at me that night and brought out the razor strop. I yelled so loud that it touched Bing's heart. He gave me his catcher's mitt.

Of course, the only reason I say decent things about the guy is that a miracle might happen and one day he'll be writing a story about me. I got to have some insurance. The trouble with having Bing for the next oldest brother is that I could never tell when the switch was coming.

One day I tagged along down to the river swimming hole. I was wading around in shallow water when one of the kids spotted me. "Kid," he said, "it's time you learned to swim." He grabbed me and dragged me up on the diving board. I yelled bloody murder. A couple of kids grabbed my legs and a couple more, my arms. They were counting one, two, three and swinging me over the water when Bing arrived on the double.

"Let go of my kid brother!" he yelled. Gratitude welled up in my little chest. My tormentors looked at Bing with scorn. "Huh," somebody sneered. "Want him to grow up to be a Sissy?"

"Never mind what I want!" Bing snapped. "He's my kid brother and when

he learns to swim I'll teach him."

"Yeahhh!" I jeered. "That'll show you guys!" I started gingerly back off the diving board to safety.

Bing stood in my way.

"I said I'd teach you how to swim when the time came," he said. "Hold your nose!"

"What?" I gasped.

"Well then, *don't* hold it!" he snapped and pushed me off the board.

I came up, black fury in my heart but I was dog-paddling for dear life. I didn't talk to Bing for three days, but to anyone else who'd listen I bragged about how well I could swim.

When Bing went away to school I didn't miss him too much. I was relieved, and my other brothers and sisters were too much older or occupied or something to worry much about keeping me in line.

Of course, Bing still remained a big influence in my life. I wore his hand-me-downs until I was 17. But I'm not sore about this. After all, I've made a splendid living off his middle register for years. [Doesn't everybody?—Ed.]

I always wanted to catch up with Bing. I figured that I had to have an early start, so I quit school when I was 16, but I figured ways to work in a couple years of college. Every time I thought about what Bing was doing or the cracks he might make when I saw him next, I went on the hustle.

Bing was working with Paul Whiteman when he sent me a tennis racket for my birthday. There was a letter with it. "Learn to play tennis," he said. "You'll meet a good class of people—make something of yourself."

I played tennis every day until it got so dark I couldn't see the ball. I got to be a boy-champ. Finally I won the Pacific Coast Boys' Championship. Then I received another letter from Bing. "What's the idea?" he wrote. "We don't need any tennis bums in the family."

So I broke my tennis racket in little pieces and started singing.

all for one . . .

It's a funny thing with our family. Bing could do things to make me really sore. Same with Everett and Larry. We could bicker and argue like mad, but just let one outsider make a crack and the whole gang of us was ready to go to work on him.

That's been an unspoken policy since way back when I was in kindergarten. We were all crazy about our sisters, Katherine and Mary Rose. The smart alics in the neighborhood used to love to tease Mary Rose. When she walked down the street they'd tag after her, yelling, "*Mary Rose sat on a tack. Mary rose!*"

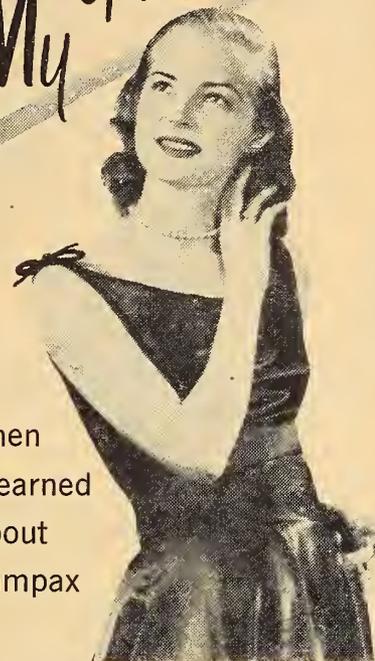
Then they'd roll on the lawns and laugh themselves sick, it was so funny. We didn't think so. We'd move in on the kids, pair off according to our respective ages and teach a few lessons on respect for young ladies. The result was a healthy attitude toward the Crosbys, but it cost us more than our quota of black eyes.

Funny thing, though, as a family we've never seemed to be very close. Maybe it's because, when there are too many in one tribe, too much obvious sentiment can turn into a case of inbred nausea. It's hard to explain. For instance, when I was married, I never even got a telegram from Bing, and I don't remember if I sent him one. The reason I can't talk about any of his high-school romances or his marriage is that I don't know anything about them. Bing figures certain things are personal.

Still, I don't want anybody coming up

soared...

My spirit



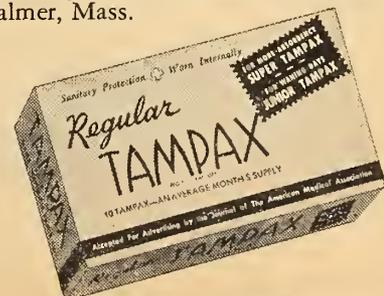
when
I learned
about
Tampax

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with slurring remarks. Sometimes Bing really lets go. Like the time he sent me to work with Anson Weeks in 'Frisco.

"I guess I need some advice," I said. "Sure," Bing replied. "Keep your nose clean."

I feel like a chump writing only about Bing. There's my brother Everett. He went to war in 1918. He was in uniform as a top sarge so long we figured he must have got caught in a crap game. Now he's an agent. The best in the business. If he wasn't, how could he keep on working for Bing? Me, I wouldn't last two weeks in Crosby Enterprises if I changed my name to J. P. Morgan III and disguised myself with a beard. The reason I'm eating regularly is that they let me sing and I never had to try a business career.

Talking about business, there's my brother Larry. Like Bing, Larry just doesn't believe in getting clubby before you know somebody. Also like Bing, Larry knows that the thing to do with a dollar is to hang onto it. Once I was broke on the road. I sent Larry a wire asking for a fast fifty to tide me over.

This was the reply: "YOU CAN'T REACH ME, LARRY."

Much to my surprise, I didn't starve to death. My brothers never worried about me, or I about them. We all picked cucumbers for 57 Varieties when we were youngsters. Anybody who picked cucumbers can get along in the world.

You hardly ever hear about our successful brother, Ted. Frankly, I don't think Bing's money will last. Sooner or later he'll have to go up to Spokane and borrow money from Ted. He's in the used-car business.

Might as well face it. Every now and then some misinformed citizen peddles the story that Bing is closer than two nickels in Jack Benny's pocketbook. The one with the combination lock on it. That's not true. Every time I pick up the sports section I see that Bing is playing a charity somewhere. (And I'm not being facetious.) Then there's the handicap Bob Hope always talks him out of. By this time Hope must have made enough money off Bing to give up caddying as a sideline. (And I am being facetious.)

i don't play golf with bing . . .

I don't play golf with Bing. He'd take me like the Big Nine does the Coast Conference. And if I have a complex, you can't blame me. Bing is one of the greatest competitors you'll ever find in golf.

Once he was playing with a guy who kept trying to get his goat. The match was all even on the 18th green. Bing's opponent had a 30-foot putt. Bing was just outside. Well, the guy fiddled around for about 10 minutes before making his putt. And the last thing he did before hitting the ball was to turn to his caddy and ask, "Did they cut the grass this morning?" Then he sank the putt.

Bing walked up to his ball, pulled the clubhead back, looked up at his caddy and said: "About that grass—what time did they cut it?" Then he sank his putt and took the match.

One more thing about Bing and money. Once Joe Frisco, the fabulous funny man, found himself a little short. Bing loaned him a hundred dollars. Joe went to the track and ran that C note in on a few good things to the tune of around \$3,000. Then Joe went to Palm Springs and began to splurge. Bing happened to walk in when Joe had just bought a round of drinks for the house.

"Kind of throwing your money around, aren't you Joe?" he asked.

Joe looked up as though he hadn't seen Bing in ten years. "Why, it's C-C-C-C-Crosby," he exclaimed. "Here,

B-Bing—here's a hundred dollars. S-s-sing 'Melancholy Baby' for the f-f-folks."

A friend of mine checked this story with Joe for accuracy. Frisco burned up. "It's a d-d-darned lie!" he shouted. "B-b-but there's a lot of truth in it."

You've heard of Club 15—I do hope! It's where I work on radio, along with Maggie Whiting. This show, which is sponsored by Campbell Soup hit a nice rating of 15. A few days later it was Christmas and I was over at Bing's on a pass, drinking egg-nogs, which he likes because they broaden him.

"I saw the Nielsen rating on your show, kid," Bing said. "Pretty nice." Then I could see a thought cross his mind. Bing had made a mistake and complimented me. He thought he'd better retrench before it went to my head. "By the way," he asked, "what network are you on?"

Sometimes Bing drops in to watch me rehearse my band. Picking up a few pointers I suppose. "Not a bad little group," he said one day. "How many men you got in it?"

"There's 11—how can I compete with you. You've got a band with 37 pieces and four acres of John Scott Trotter."

"Sure," Bing said, topping me as usual. "but you've got no reason to complain. You keep them blowing all the time. Besides, you've got a two-headed sax player."

I do the best I can to keep up. For instance, there's my family. The kids are Cathleen, Christopher, Bob Junior, and Stephen. We tried to name them all with the initial C because we figured that if times got tough they could all use the same luggage. It worked out all right until Bob Junior came along and spoiled the routine.

I complained to Bing that trying to have a family the size of his was keeping me broke. "You should care," he retorted. "You can show the girl to the other Crosbys and charge admission."

Bing's always been a little sensitive about that girl situation. When our brother Ted became the father of twin girls he wired Bing, "I've got a pair of queens." Later, when Dixie gave birth to the twin boys, Bing wired Ted, "Kings beat queens."

I'll have to admit that Bing is a solid citizen. He's been married a long time—18 years now. Bob Hope has been married 16 years. Al Jolson was married 60 years to his first wife, 20 years to his second



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ "Looks like the famous team of Astaire and Rogers has broken up for good. . . . This (*The Castles*) is the last picture on Fred's contract and there are no signs he will return to the fold."
—From a 1939 issue of *Modern Screen*

Martha Raye was starring in *Give Me A Sailor*. In a supporting role was a comic named Bob Hope. "Bob Hope scores decidedly," said our reviewer. . . .

A new sensation, John Garfield, was not yet sure if he liked Hollywood or not—From a 1938 issue of *Modern Screen*

and he's been three years with Larry Parks. But, man and boy, I've been married 11 years myself and I have three boys and a girl.

Few Crosbys can make that statement. For a long time I've been sensitive about people referring to me as What's-His-Name Crosby—you know, Bing's brother. Instead of asking me intelligent questions about me, they want to know if I've seen Bing lately. I've got an answer for that.

"Sure," I say. "I saw him just yesterday. He was up at his ranch in Elko . . . out on *The Connecticut Yankee* set . . . and he'd just finished a round of golf at Lakeside."

The schmo always bites and exclaims, "You're nuts—how could the guy be all those places at once?"

That's my cue to snap, "It's simple! He transcribes everything."

This has got to stop.

But I really want everybody to know how nice my brother actually is to me. That's a lot of junk about his treating me with studied indifference. Why, only last year I got it by grapevine that Bing was going to sell one of his Cadillacs. (Cutting himself down to fleet size.) I called him up and asked, "How much?"

"I can get \$4200 for it," Bing said, "But seeing it's you, I'll take \$2400."

I went right over with a check and drove the car home. The next morning Bing sent the butler over to take off the spotlight. He was nice about it. He said, "Begging your pardon, sir, the marster said this didn't go with the deal."

I think it would be nice to close my recollections with a tender, whimsical little touch. It happened last Christmas. Everett had just installed one of those

electric gates on his property. You know, the kind that has the loudspeaker. You drive your car up to the gate. You get out, press a button and a voice from somewhere a half mile away says "Whomff thrarf?" Translated, this means, "Who's there?" You talk into the speaker and say it's you. Nobody can understand you, so you don't get in unless you're a second-story man come to hijack the family silver.

Anyway, the kids around the neighborhood were so fascinated by Everett's gadget that all Christmas morning they'd been pressing the button and announcing Bob Hope, Mayor Bowron, the police department and Madman Muntz.

Everett, who is the finest tempered of the Crosbys, finally went a little berserk. The next time the buzzer rang inside the house he flipped the button and roared, "For the last time I'm telling you bums to get off my property!"

Outside at the gate there was a shocked silence. There stood Bing and his boys, all set to sing "Silent Night."

For a minute Bing was stopped. Then he shook his head and exclaimed, "A man never had such brothers. I never know what's going to happen next!"

Neither do they. Neither do I.

If you'll pardon me now, I have to go somewhere and sing "A Tree in the Meadow." (It's been done so many times, they say that even the dogs won't pause to listen.) And if the voice sounds like a Crosby, it's strictly coincidental and any resemblance to my brother is only because there's a touch of smog in the air.

That'll teach the guy to shove his five-year-old brother off a diving board!

THE END

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

(Continued from page 53)

Hollywood! The French papers said, 'How could Hollywood even begin to understand our own feeling about our national heroine?'"

The French papers also sneered at Hollywood pictures about other famous French figures. They said, "They take our people—Pasteur, Zola, Curie—and they fix them up!"

Ingrid, who'd finished her breakfast at a small table, drained the last few drops from her coffee cup, arose, moved onto a sofa opposite me, and said, "I'm sorry I wasn't quite ready when you got here. But I went up so late this morning."

I smiled at that "went up." She meant "got up." She speaks English beautifully and this was the major miscue.

She was wearing a simple black dress without ornaments, and sandals with flat wood soles.

"To make it still worse for me, the French had planned for their own star, Michele Morgan, to do *Joan of Arc*," she said. "I'd wanted to do *Joan* since 1940. But no one would listen. They said it had too much war and religion—and no love story. Later, when I did *Joan of Lorraine* on the stage, they changed their minds."

As I sat there with her now—by the way, the wind was getting chillier—I saw on the mantel a small statue of Joan of Arc. Every actress has one role she passionately wants to play. This one had haunted Ingrid.

But there were long periods of terror about it because of the French criticism.

"Victor Fleming, the great director, saw me do *Joan* on the stage, and he sat in the audience and cried," Ingrid said. "He said, 'I've got to do *Joan of Arc*. He used to sit all day and only read and read and read

and read about Joan of Arc. Then he'd go to museums and study her. And I also studied endlessly, because we wanted to prove to the French people that we could do their heroine.

"When we got ready to start the picture, I was so inspired, and kept asking, 'Where is the church? Where is the church?' There it was—one wall!" Her shoulders drooped, expressing her disappointment. "Not even two. The wall was about twice as large as this wall." She waved at the wall of her own room.

"To cut down expenses," she explained. "And the solyers!"

(She meant soldiers.)

"The English solyers would change their helmets and become French solyers. I said to them, 'Good heavens, you're French today!' I told them, 'You shouldn't come so close to the cameras, you'll be recognized!'"

* * *

And so with all this apprehension having been built up in her mind, Miss Bergman, the supposed stalwart, was not a strong woman but another quaking, quivering female. The day last summer when she flew from London to Paris.

She was to appear at a charity show and face the furious French for the first time. After visiting France she would go on to Sweden and confront the people of her home land. They had sneered a little because she had supposedly said it "was the happiest day of my life" when she took out first citizenship papers. "Which," she said, "I never said."

The charity affair in France was to be held in an enormous tent under the Eiffel Tower. She learned on her arrival in

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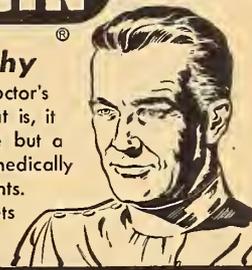
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France that crowds were already jostling in the boulevards but she didn't know their mood. She'd heard about these French riots. She didn't think anything like that could be happening, but the papers had certainly been rough. They had seemed to be stirring up the French people against her.

Five thousand people were waiting in the tent.

People in the streets were screaming and yelling and pounding each other.

Miss Bergman's escorts had arranged that she could go past Customs without the usual inspection. As she started hurrying past, an official angrily yelled at her, "What goes on?"

"This is it," thought Miss Bergman. As she explained to me, "I really thought he was going to shoot me if I didn't stop."

Her escort explained to the inspector, "This is Ingrid Bergman."

"Ingrid Bergman," said the inspector, blankly. "Who's she?"

"She's Jeanne d'Arc," patiently said her escort.

"Ohhh, Jeanne d'Arc, Jeanne d'Arc!" shouted the inspector happily. "Go right ahead, go right ahead! And welcome to France!"

That astonished Miss Bergman. But she was still apprehensive because of the reports she'd received about the street crowds. She sat back in the automobile—with her short hair brushed by the summer breeze—and was ready for come what would.

At first she heard what seemed to be a low growl.

Then all at once the French imagination was caught by this girl who'd dared to play their heroine—and suddenly they began acting as if they really thought this was the Maid of Orleans returning to life.

A few people began cheering, "Jeanne d'Arc, Jeanne d'Arc!" And it grew into one big roar that followed her up the boulevard and into the tent where she was greeted by—

The President of France.

hostile critics . . .

Still, she hadn't won the angry French movie critics. They continued to be hostile.

After the big charity affair, Miss Bergman made a tour along the very route than Joan of Arc had taken. People in the little French villages knew she was coming. Children came out in fancy clothes and bowed to her, some of them thinking in their confused way that this was Jeanne d'Arc. Indeed, at a flower show, a speaker said, "And now I want to introduce you to—Jeanne d'Arc."

"I'm so obsessed with her that nothing makes me happier than to be confused with her," Miss Bergman said.

At last she was ready to leave France. A final reception was given her. At this party, one of the French movie critics said to her, "You know, I suppose, that we have never been for you playing Jeanne d'Arc. We've been against you."

"I know," said Miss Bergman.

"But now that we've seen you, we're very glad that you did it," he said. Miss Bergman didn't kiss him, as that wouldn't have been like Joan of Arc.

"With Sweden," Miss Bergman told me—the window was still open and I was getting colder and she was merely getting redder-checked—"it was different because you are never a prophet in your own land. During the first seven years I'd been here the Swedish papers had said very few bad things about me. Everyone had been very nice and kind—the way you want to help a child.

"The last two years I'd noticed a change. They printed headlines on my picture,

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day on the way home from school I noticed a little girl playing in a yard. She was such a beautiful child I couldn't resist stopping to talk to her for a few minutes. As we spoke her mother called her and I took the little girl over to the porch where her mother waited. You can imagine my surprise when I realized her mother was Ingrid Bergman. And she was just as sweet and friendly as her daughter, Pia.

Shirley Mae Wolf
Rochester, New York

Arch of Triumph—how some critics didn't like it!

"In Sweden, though, there was even hostility to Garbo. She was not always box-office there. Sometimes they seemed to enjoy knocking her by running headlines like, 'Garbo Number 15 at Box Office.' I always felt they didn't have to put that in—or at least they could have put it in smaller type.

"Then about me taking out my first papers here. Of course it will make me a little sad to leave the citizenship of my home country. I had to practice speaking Swedish again with my husband. Oh, I knew that was important, because if I had ever said 'Hello,' or 'Okay,' that would really stab them."

Arriving finally in Stockholm, she met the press at the Grand Hotel.

Here was an assignment almost as difficult as any she'd ever played in pictures or on the stage—to make the reporters like her. To convince them that she hadn't gone big-headed, and hadn't forgotten that she was a Swede. "It was almost as full of suspense as a big opening," she said.

"I was very calm—maybe because I was almost numb. I knew some of the questions they would ask. 'Who is the No. 1 actress?' for example. If you say 'Greer Garson or Betty Grable,' they say, 'Oh, isn't she generous!' If you name yourself, they say, 'Oh, fine thing!' You see, you're never right.

"There was such a crowd. Some people crowded in front and they wouldn't budge. The others in back couldn't get to see me. I answered questions until I was almost unconscious, then I had to go on a radio program. When I finished that, they told me I could go to my room. I said, 'No, there are still people in there who want to ask me questions.' I went back and tried to see every one.

"And they wrote so nicely. I've never seen anything like it. They followed me around and wrote a lot about what I wore and what I ate. The morning and afternoon papers used to kid each other. One afternoon paper would print, 'The morning paper says Miss Bergman had dinner with two ladies. What ladies? Who are they?' Then the morning paper would say, 'The evening paper says Miss Bergman had breakfast. That's terrible. They didn't say what she had.'

"They said I went incognito to the theater. Was I supposed to wear a sign?"

While the papers were kind, Miss Bergman found herself so rushed giving interviews and posing for pictures that she and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, decided to go to her father-in-law's farm at Medelpad for a rest. Here she hoped to get away from the reporters for a while.

But the Swedish reporters were as enter-

prising as American. "The press had gone ahead and was lying around in the bushes," Miss Bergman smiled. "My father-in-law was flustered and flattered by the reporters. He invited everyone in to have a cup of coffee and he"—she laughed—"will tell everything!"

So the first crisis developed.

She really wanted to have rest and privacy, and so she decided one day to invite the press in from twelve to two, and then end it.

"But it didn't end it," she said. "Because there was always some newspaperman who wanted to interview me while I was swimming in the river, or something."

"That would have been me if I'd been a Swede," I said.

"Well, my husband was finally fed up with it, and I was, too. I got pretty angry and . . . well, I got so mad I cried. I said, 'I will not do any more. Throw them all out!'"

"The family was horrified but I stuck to it. And I guess their editors finally decided I'd done enough. They didn't bother me and for 10 days I had a nice time. And the things they wrote about me were just wonderful."

The trip that had frightened her turned out to be a great success—such a success that when she returned to New York, she was so exhausted that she rushed right back to Hollywood, went to bed, and told people who phoned, "I'm taking a little nap. Call me in about two weeks."

autograph headache . . .

In Sweden she also got the solution finally to the autograph headache. "I had tried just about every possible method," she told me. "For a while I told the children, 'Look, I can't sign here in the streets, or I'll attract a crowd. Send your books to my hotel.' That way you do nothing all day but sign your name. I wouldn't let anybody else sign for me. I got a rubber stamp and they didn't like that."

"And there were so many places I wanted to go! I wanted to go back to a candy store I knew as a girl. I told them, 'I used to buy candy here 20 years ago. I'm back. I want to buy some more candy.'"

"First I went around in a car. Then I said, 'I just don't want this car. I want to walk in the streets.'"

"And the children were always there."

Like they are always in New York. They stand there and freeze. And they love you so and they say, 'We are only three, and you signed last year, and we hope you're not getting stuck up.'

"But I decided it must end somewhere—so in Sweden I said no, not at all, not to anybody, not even to a friend's little girl. At first some didn't like it. The papers printed that I wasn't signing and after a while they quit asking me. And a lot of people told me they thought I had done right. The longer I live the more I think it is the right answer."

"It's the same with fan mail. Thousands of letters a week—how can I read it all?"

"And so you're not signing for anybody now?" I said.

"No to anybody—except to people I know. I'm going to try it, anyway."

"A man from RKO who had come with me said, 'Miss Bergman, I'm glad you said you'd sign for people you know, because—well, I just happen to have a picture of you in your nun's costume, and my wife ordered me to get it autographed. Would you . . . ?'"

She laughed and reached for a pen.

Don't have any worry about her getting stuck up, though. She objects to police escorts and such trappings. In New York she dropped into a drug store and sat down at the counter to have coffee and a muffin. A boy alongside her looked at her and did a double take. He got so astonished he couldn't hold himself and said, "Aren't you Ingrid Bergman?"

"Yes," she said.

The boy started telling the waitresses and the man next to him that this was Ingrid Bergman, and grew so agitated about his nearness to the great star that he could hardly drink his coffee. Finally she leaned over to him and said, "Take it easy."

"What?" he said.

"I want to enjoy some coffee, too," Miss Bergman said.

I've also noticed that when Miss Bergman goes to New York cafés, she refuses to sit on the ringside. She likes to sit in the back. She wants to see the show. She doesn't want to be the show.

But what a naturally glorious show she is. Of course the French and the Swedes didn't stay mad. How could they?

THE END

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MONTY?

(Continued from page 58)

and in tight-tuos, Monty Clift put on his sports jacket with the hole in the left sleeve, abused his 1940 car until it started, and returned to his one-room apartment where he played some Bing Crosby records for the rest of the evening.

Montgomery Clift, as every movie-goer knows by now, is far and away the hottest male newcomer to Hollywood. His two roles, in *The Search* and in *Red River* have already established him as a gent who inspires the most natural kind of impulses in young women, and also as an actor of towering technical skill and authority.

Also, at the same time, Monty has firmly established himself as a maverick. Hollywood, as you know, is an old-fashioned town, as rigid as Charleston, S. C., or Boston, Mass., in its social codes and way of life.

It expects its established glamor-folk to conform to certain standards, to drive certain brands of automobiles, to associate with other glamor-persons. But this Clift boy has got everybody all mixed up—him and his Murphy bed, hole-in-the-sleeve, and casual disregard for whether he ac-

quires a swimming pool with hot and cold running blondes or not. He hasn't appeared at a night club yet, let alone socked anybody, and various publicity men assigned to exploit him, long ago sighed and gave up any notion of pulling items out of Clift for the columns.

All kinds of reports have made the rounds. The chief rumor, current at the moment, is that Montgomery Clift is an uncooperative actor who insults producers, breaks contracts, does as he pleases, and as a result of these sins and heresies, is about to be black-balled by every studio in town and ignored by Broadway.

Actually, Hollywood knows Monty hardly at all. In *Red River* he was constantly on location, as he was in *The Search*. He worked almost every day in *The Heiress*, and immediately after the picture finished boarded a train for New York, made his manners with his family, and took off for France and Italy.

Let's have a good look at this young man—and see how false those rumors are.

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blue-green eyes. He has thick eyebrows. His features are not regular but his face is lively and interesting. Like Gregory Peck, who is not actually a pretty man, young Clift has the kind of dark handsomeness which photographs extraordinarily well.

"I have never been married or engaged, and currently I am not involved with anyone," he will, with some reluctance, assure you. "I like to travel. I like to read—Ernest Hemingway is one of my favorites. I like to sail and swim—but I'd hate to have a house with a swimming pool."

He enjoys staying up late at night, listening to music or rehearsing the next day's scenes. He'd like to become a director someday, but first he wants to prove himself as an actor. When he works, he likes to get up as late as possible. He rarely takes a drink, smokes very little, and never chews gum or munches candy or popcorn at the movies.

He likes loose, casual clothes, chooses them hurriedly, and is not fussy about food. He enjoys a good steak with all the trimmings, lamb chops and fresh peas, and very little dessert. He disposes of six eggs and two cups of coffee for breakfast. Salads are his favorite lunchtime dish.

Now, since there are possibly several thousand young actors who would cheerfully risk their necks for the chances Montgomery Clift daily throws away, it might be a good idea to examine why this fellow is so "stubborn."

no newcomer . . .

To begin with, although his fame has just burst out of Hollywood with skyrocketing acclaim, Monty Clift is far from new to the business of acting.

Some ten years ago, aged 18, Monty climbed the long steps to the top of the Theatre Guild building in New York for an interview with the celebrated actor Alfred Lunt.

He read some lines for Mr. Lunt. "Hmmm," said Mr. Lunt, "I think I had better introduce you to Miss Linnie." Miss Lynn Fontanne came in, heard Monty read, "hmmmed" and thought she had better introduce him to Robert Sherwood, the celebrated playwright.

Monty cannot recall Mr. Sherwood's part of the conversation, because there ensued a discussion about another candidate for the part in *There Shall Be No Night*.

Monty insisted that the other lad should get the part, and Miss Fontanne, Mr. Lunt and Mr. Sherwood agreed with him. But several days later he received a telephone call at home offering him the part and his career as a professional actor was firmly established.

He says now with a smile: "Honestly, I can't remember that I had much emotion about it. You know how matter-of-factly kids take things. I can't remember much about the part, or anything amusing that 'Miss Linnie' or Alfred Lunt said or did.

"You see, I had done a little work with a little theater in Florida, where my family spent the winter one time; and 'way back when I was 13, I appeared on Broadway for the first time in *Flyaway Home* with Thomas Mitchell. I never dreamed then that I'd land on the same stage with Lunt and Fontanne."

From then on, Monty played in such notable successes as *The Skin of Our Teeth* and *The Searching Wind*, and became sold, hard and fast, on the notion that he was an actor.

His father, William Brooks Clift, a stock and bond broker, was a patient man who hoped that his son would get over this foolishness and go to school. There was a distressing period between Monty's 17th

and 18th years when he was completely out of work, and it looked for a while as if he would have to give up and attend Harvard with his brother, W. B. Clift, Jr. His twin sister went to Bryn Mawr College.

But by dint of holding out and by avoiding family arguments whenever he could, Monty managed to avoid the perils of Harvard and to stay with the stage. Still, the family was patient.

Now here's a curious thing. Most child actors are prodigies who are promoted, coached and inspired by their mothers. But Mrs. Clift never once sought work for her son, and so far as Monty can recall now, was never backstage when he worked as a small boy on Broadway. He went to and from the theater by himself and made his own arrangements. Obviously, this explains a large measure of his independence today.

Another thing, for the record: the report is out that Monty is independent because his father is in Wall Street and money is no consideration. Monty laughs about this.

"My father isn't a big Wall Street operator," he explains. "He isn't rich, never was, never made large sums of money, and probably won't. Apparently I won't either."

What motivates this Montgomery Clift is pure professionalism—a rare motivation in any line of work.

"I want freedom, and believe me, it isn't self-esteem that makes me operate the way I do," he explains earnestly. "Look, I want to grow. I simply want to be free to do the play or the picture that means something to me, that I can do best. Considering the long career that an actor can have, it's understandable what I'm after, isn't it?"

The call of Hollywood almost sent Monty out west in 1946. He went out at the request of producer Milton Sperling, who was then releasing his pictures through Warner Brothers. He was given a test, but halfway through it realized he wasn't right for the part. He did finish the test, but when he got to his hotel he packed and left on the next train for New York.

Montgomery Clift's reputation for being hard to handle started right there. Script after script was given him to read—22, in fact—and they all came back with a neatly pencilled memo, as terse as most of his conversation. "Sorry, not for me, thank you."

that's hollywood!

To Alton Cook, who was interviewing him, Peter Lind Hayes told how Alan Hale won an argument with a producer who doubted Hale's drawing power.
"Hale insisted that if he walked down any New York street, everyone would recognize him and turn and look at him. A bet was made and they started down the street, the producer about ten feet behind Hale to watch what happened. Sure enough, everyone turned and looked at Hale.
"The producer walking behind, however, couldn't see that Hale was sticking his tongue out at everyone who passed."
*Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter*

It was Howard Hawks who finally induced him to try Hollywood again.

Hawks had seen the test Monty made for Milton Sperling and he liked it. He called Monty long distance and tried to explain what he wanted. That was for Monty to come right back and appear in a picture called *Red River*. But Monty wasn't having any. Whereupon Mr. Hawks, clinging to the receiver, started telling him the story of the film.

"I'm sorry," said Monty, "I don't think—"

Then the producer had a good idea. It is very hard to tell the plot of a picture over the telephone, especially that of such an epic as *Red River*. Instead, Hawks wired Montgomery Clift a sum of money to pay expenses for him to come to Hollywood and listen. If he didn't like it then, he could go back to New York. No promises made, no contract to be signed—Mr. Clift was free to do as he pleased.

Monty flew out, liked the story as told by Howard Hawks and made the picture. After that he felt he needed a vacation, so he hopped off to Europe. It was while he was staying in Switzerland that he was paged to play the role of the GI in *The Search*. He made it, and although it was his second picture, it was the first to be publicly released.

Monty's brother is in the export business and lives in New York, and his twin sister, now Mrs. Robert C. McGinnis, lives in Dallas, Texas. Monty is enthusiastic about her two beautiful young children, Mary Blair McGinnis and Edward Campbell McGinnis. Between plays and movies, and whenever else he can, he likes to hop over to Dallas merely to be able to play with his young niece and nephew.

The sister, incidentally, is beautiful. While on location for *Red River* one of the company asked Monty why she wasn't in the movies, too.

"She's not interested," said Monty with a smile. "She's the sensible twin."

Literally, the man has no hobbies.

"Why, I could list tennis and poker and sailing, things like that that everybody does," Monty will tell you. "But I'm just

average at them and I do them just now and then, like anybody else. I could say reading is a hobby, but I'm under the impression that almost everybody reads in this literate age. . . . Well, I do play records as a kind of a hobby—Crosby records."

Matter of fact, Crosby is a great celebrity to Monty. When he first came to Hollywood, he wanted to see the old Groaner on stage. It did not occur to him that since he worked for the same studio it would be absurdly easy for him to obtain tickets, sit in the sponsor's booth, hear the show in style, and meet Bing for a snack later.

Nope, none of that. Monty stood in line for tickets, looking extremely unimpressive in his unpressed suit, and barely managed to get a seat in the back row. He hasn't met Bing yet.

In New York, which he considers home, Monty maintains a small sub-let apartment at Lexington and 55th Street. Its one room is so small and so crowded that he bangs his shins on the furniture grabbing and stumbling every time the telephone rings.

As he left Hollywood the other day, he was told that all his fan mail had been delivered there, as he had requested. Bales of it.

"That'll be a problem," Monty said seriously. "I never saw fan mail before. Imagine all those people writing!"

According to preview cards received when *Red River* was first shown, and according to the way that unlooked-at fan mail is stacking up, Monty Clift is easily the town's hottest heart-throb. "A composite of Gary Cooper, Charles Boyer and Clark Gable," one excited young woman described him.

Miriam Hopkins, who also appears in *The Heiress*, heard about that and flung it up to Monty.

"What would you rather be," she asked, "Cooper in dress clothes or Boyer in dungarees?"

Monty considered the question. "I'd rather be back on the stage, Miriam," he told her.

THE END

LUCKY IN LOVE

(Continued from page 42)

smiled, raising his eyes to the sparkling spun-glass doll with her spangled wings and golden halo. "Why, that angel's almost as pretty as you, angel."

But then, even a far less biased spectator than her husband could easily mistake Jeanne Crain for an angel.

And if old Kris Kringle were scouting Hollywood for a girl to personify the "angel on the top," Jeanne, having rounded out three heavenly years, as of last New Year's Eve and the Brinkmans' third anniversary, would be perfect for the part.

Three years would be a long time to hang by your toes or to wait for a street-car. But three years in which all your dreams came true—three years that brought love, a successful marriage, a beautiful new home, the handsomest, smartest baby in the whole world, with a second on the way—all that and three outstanding picture successes that put you right up there in the illustrious company of the screen's really big actresses. . . . well, three brimful years like that zoom by with the speed of an Army jet showing off.

But as thrilling an event as it was, when Jeanne and Paul celebrated their third anniversary on New Year's Eve, the occasion was a quiet one. New Year's Eve in Hollywood is a highly glamorous night in a highly glamorous town. High-

tariff restaurants and clubs along the fabulous Sunset strip are filled with celebrities. There are big parties in private homes, too, where other filmland notables gather festively.

Knowing what a thrill Jeanne gets out of receiving a party invitation, Paul slipped a note under her plate at breakfast, the day after they'd decided to stay at home New Year's Eve. Opening it, Jeanne read: "Mr. Paul Brinkman requests the pleasure of Mrs. Paul Brinkman's company on Friday evening, December 31, in honor of their third anniversary. Cocktails (for Mr. Brinkman) at 7. Milk punch for Mrs. Brinkman. R. S. V. P. by kissing Mr. Brinkman on the forehead immediately."

Of course, their reason for spending their third anniversary quietly before their own fireplace was a double one. First of all, it makes Paul, who is an expectant father, very nervous to take Jeanne away from home when she's about to have a baby. If it's a boy, it'll be Michael Anthony. If it's a girl, it'll be Diane Jeanne. His anxiety starts early and continues right up to the door of the delivery room. Secondly, the Brinkmans' fireplace is a lovely one and they'd rather sit, lie or just sprawl in front of it than have a ringside table at the swankiest night club. Just stay



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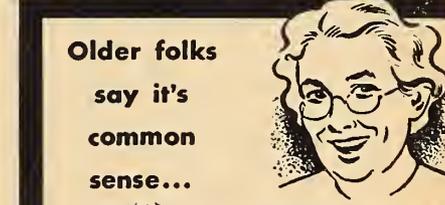
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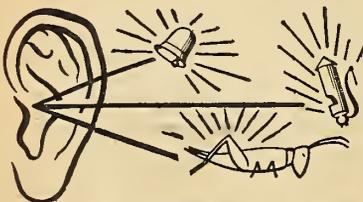
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there and reminisce about what a super-colossal three years it's been! . . .

Oddly enough, their first date was on a New Year's Eve, two years to the day before their marriage. Paul took her to a party at the home of some friends in Bel Air. And that was the night he said to himself, "Mr. Brinkman, you have just found Mrs. Brinkman."

The same friends repeat the party every year. And until this past New Year's the Brinkmans had gone there every year since they met, except the night of their wedding.

On the Eve of 1948, Jeanne and Paul slipped away from the gathering early to drink a toast in their own new home to future New Years as happy as the ones they'd shared so far.

The party had been fun, but all evening they'd looked forward to this special celebration. Before starting out, Paul had put a bottle of champagne, bought especially for the occasion, in the refrigerator. While Jeanne drew back the draperies from the high windows flanking the big stone fireplace and looked down over Hollywood, gala in a million multicolored lights, Paul stirred the banked fire alive and dancing.

"And now for the toast," he announced, heading for the refrigerator. "We'll have to hurry if it's going to be official . . . just 10 minutes to 12."

"Well, if it's really going to be official, Ba-ba has to be in on it," Jeanne said. "It's just time for his midnight feeding, anyway." ("Ba-ba" is Paul, Jr., and he manufactured his own nickname.)

"Of course!" said Paul. "You can't drink a toast to a new family without the head man. See if he's awake. I'll get the champagne—and, in my expert way, heat his bottle."

And so Paul, Jr., drank his first toast, taking his formula straight. (Evidently it went right to his head, for he fell asleep in the middle of the ceremony.)

looking backward . . .

Reminiscing over all the good fortune this third anniversary marks, Jeanne and Paul have a way of singling out the little things . . . the mingled scent of Christmas spruce and incense in the quiet of the church where they were married . . . the simple, beautiful words of the wedding service when they knelt before the priest that New Year's Eve morning three years ago . . . "I, Jeanne, take thee, Paul, for my lawful wedded husband . . . for better, for worse . . . in sickness and in health." . . . Furnace Creek Inn, where they spent their honeymoon. . . the desert sun rising against the purple hills and the wonderful hot cakes and syrup in the dilapidated old diner in Death Valley. . .

In the three years since her marriage, Jeanne has scored three of her biggest box-office hits in *Margie*, *You Were Meant For Me* and *Apartment For Peggy*. But the Brinkmans have crowded a lot of living into those three years, too. Even when Jeanne was away on location, Paul always managed to fly up North or East or wherever the company would be working, for a day or two.

The Brinkmans have recently completed their modern redwood and fieldstone farmhouse in the beautiful Outpost section overlooking Hollywood. It's a very fine house and equipped with seats of high-powered time-and-labor-saving devices that Paul, who is an engineer, installs as quickly as he thinks them up. Paul is gadget-happy, as he cheerfully admits, and is now working on a window-drapery control for the bedroom which will operate from the bed. Object: cheery morning sun without putting a toe outside the covers.

Earl's Pearls

■ Ed Gardner defines opera: "When a guy gets stabbed, instead of bleeding, he sings."

■ Milton Berle: "I saw a woman knitting three socks and asked her why. She said, 'I just got a letter from my son in the Army. He said he's grown another foot.'"

■ Out on the *Knock On Any Door* set in Hollywood, a buttinsky told Humphrey Bogart, "You're not as tough as you are in the movies." Bogie walked away growling, "And I'm not as polite as I am at home."

—Earl Wilson

The big sunny nursery wing on the house, which couldn't be built before, owing to wartime restrictions, is rapidly nearing completion. Jeanne herself has designed the murals for it. One day on the patio she was working away at the early sketches for them while the Pauls, big and little, were sun-bathing. After a while, big Paul arose and stood by the drawing board upon which her crayons were busily creating demure little pink-and-blue angels.

"How do you like them?" she asked.

"Hmmm," he said, "I dunno. . . . They're very nice. . . . But, honey, don't you think maybe you're sort of getting too definite a 'girl' feeling into them? I mean—well, maybe it's going to be another boy."

"Oh," said Jeanne, "I don't see why you should worry about that. You know we're going to have a houseful, assorted, one of these days."

Just then the telephone rang and Jeanne went off to answer it. It was a long conversation, and it was several minutes before she returned to the patio. Paul was again stretched out absorbing sunbeams.

Jeanne picked up her crayon—and gasped. All the little angels on the drawing board now sported football gear, cowboy outfits and policemen uniforms.

"What's the matter, darling?" murmured Paul.

"Now, who could have done this?" inquired Jeanne, hands on hips.

Paul craned his neck and frowned at the drawing board.

"Mice," he theorized.

"Well," sighed Jeanne, getting to work with her eraser, "I still love you, anyhow."

The completion of the nursery wing can't come a minute too soon, according to Paul. The overflow of baby accessories, including a bassinet and a pram, and the toys outgrown by Paul, Jr.—now a strapping young lad of 20 months—have spilled over into big Paul's work-room, crowding his gun collection into a small corner. Since most of the gun collection was stolen some time ago, Jeanne feels that the storage problem has worked out very well. Paul suspects that the lady of the house may have engineered the whole business, robbery and all!

Jeanne calls Paul's workshop "Peggy's Apartment" because its piles of baby furniture and assorted and lumpy stacks of boxes could very well have been the inspiration for the Professor's attic before Peggy and her ex-GI husband transformed it into their home in *Apartment For Peggy*.

Paul insists *Apartment For Peggy* was

in reality a sneak preview of what he has dubbed "Baby For Jeanne." As the young wife of an ex-GI student, Jeanne's costumes had to be padded to give an authentic touch to her make-believe state of expectancy. She neglected to mention this to Paul, until one day when he dropped by the studio for luncheon. Arriving first, he sat down at their favorite table to wait for her. After a moment, there she was, smiling and coming toward him. But it wasn't—it couldn't be Jeanne! Not this roly-poly ball of a girl, plumping down in the chair opposite him. He gazed at her open-mouthed. Jeanne caught on at once and shouted with laughter.

But Paul really had the last laugh weeks later, near the final shooting on Peggy. Stopping off at his office after she'd been to the doctor's, Jeanne was the one who looked a little incredulous and slightly dazed, as she reported to Paul: "He says I am!"

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed. "I told you to keep out of those padded costumes, gal. That sort of thing's contagious.

"That's all right, though, angel," he consoled her between two bear hugs and a kiss on her nose. "It just goes to show how you really get right into the spirit of a role."

Typical of Jeanne's admirable old-fashioned ideas about wanting babies was her instinctive reluctance to have the news about the new one leak out in gossip before she had a chance to tell her friends and her studio. When her doctor gave her a list of the dozen-and-one vitamins and tonics and builder-uppers prescribed for today's young mothers-to-be, she commissioned Paul to round them up—quietly.

"Don't go to Schwab's," she cautioned. "Everybody knows you there. And don't get them all at the same drug store—that'd be a dead give-away. Sort of shop around, will you, dear?"

As always, Paul was off like a streak to do her bidding. But his imagination warmed to the intrigue of his mission, and instead of simply asking for each item, he embroidered the plot as he moved from pharmacy to pharmacy.

"I'd like to get some calcium tablets, please." Could he let it go at that? He could not. "Having trouble with my

teeth," he confided chattily to the druggist, tapping his strong white uppers with a forefinger.

Elaborating in this vein at each stop along his drugstore safari, Brinkman, the dramatist, came a cropper when he asked an elderly lady clerk for a specific iodine compound.

"I'm anemic," he explained dejectedly. "Anemic?" she repeated hopefully. "Well, young man, I have something much better for that. You take this bottle of Wingbottom's Wonder Tonic. My brother was anemic, too, and it did him a world of good."

Murmuring something like perhaps he ought to see a doctor, Brinkman, the realist, beat a hasty exit, summarily finishing his pharmaceutical shopping elsewhere. And with no further ad libbing. Reaching home and triumphantly dumping his loot in Jeanne's lap, he counted 11 assorted bottles and packets in the great Brinkman undercover pill roundup.

Paul and the vitamins . . . Jeanne sketching nursery murals in a paint-daubed smock, with a blob of cherub blue on her chin . . . evenings by a fire . . . home movies of a little boy with brown eyes like his daddy's . . . maid's night-out barbecues for two . . . Ba-ba's newest and sturdiest tooth . . . the cuddly white lamb waiting in the white-skirted bassinette for its new owner . . . these—according to a couple of experts named Jeanne and Paul Brinkman—are the little things that make for great anniversaries.

But this attitude leads to false rumors like the one started by a hotel clerk in San Francisco where the Brinkmans enjoyed a short holiday not so long ago. Observing them wander off, hand in hand and oblivious to the world in general and the people in the lobby in particular, he winked at a lounging bell boy.

"Honeymooners," observed the wise behind the desk. "I can spot 'em every time." THE END

The screen story of Jeanne Crain's latest movie, Letter To Three Wives, is a feature of the February issue of SCREEN STORIES magazine.

THREE LOVES THAT THRILLED THE WORLD

(Continued from page 29)

never made of *papier maché*. I won't go into the amazingly intelligent, level-headed, down-to-earth way George and Gertrude Temple raised Shirley and gave her the character to ward off the very real dangers of becoming an artificial personality. But I saw it—we all did—pay off when Shirley Temple suddenly bloomed as a young woman in love—seeing what she wanted, knowing what she wanted, getting what she wanted and finding real love and happiness far beyond the kind she ever played before a camera.

What Shirley wanted wasn't a foreign title, or a glamor playboy or a millionaire social snob—although she certainly could have had her pick of those one-way streets to false love and unhappiness if she'd tossed one coy, flirting look around. But Shirley wasn't interested. She didn't shop around or dangle hearts from her fickle fingers. The fact that she was Shirley Temple, the world's most treasured valentine in person, didn't warp her direct mind or honest heart. Jack Agar was the first and only true love of her life.

He was a buck private when Shirley first looked up into his blue eyes, in his strong, unsophisticated young face—and

she knew love when she saw it. He wasn't clever and flashy or snappy with a fast line of bedazzling chatter. He was shy, modest and reserved. He hadn't a famous name, or too much money, but he did have the same solid American background that Shirley had, the same sincerity and sweetness (yep, men have it too). He was her match in every way—handsome, well-bred, manly, real. He was 22, Shirley was 15. But Juliet was less than that when she died for Romeo's love. Shirley was 16 when Jack slipped an engagement ring on her third finger, left hand, 17 when a wedding band joined it.

Too young? She was grown up—birthdays not counting—after they'd looked in each other's eyes. Shirley had been out with boys before, dated decorously around in her sheltered set. But the day Ann Gallery, Zasu Pitts' daughter and Shirley's neighbor, brought her friend from Chicago to Shirley's pool for a swim, was the day that changed her life.

There wasn't any pretentious hullabaloo about their courtship. You couldn't make much ballyhoo of the absolutely typical, tender, boy-and-girl romance they lived, as so many other couples lived it in those

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frantic days. Letters from Army camps from Jack; and too, too short leaves for visits; sweet-sorrow partings, eased by plans and promises. They'd promised Shirley's parents to wait two years—but when Jack thought he might sail for duty in Europe, those sensible Temples saw no reason for denying a marriage they knew was right and a happiness that Shirley Temple, young as she was but grown-up in her emotions, deserved.

I suppose there have been more elegant and lavishly-bedecked brides than Shirley Temple as she stood in her simple ivory satin wedding dress at the altar of the Wilshire Methodist church that wedding day—but in my memory I don't recall ever seeing a sweeter one. In her dainty, still doll-like figure, too, there lived the earnest hopes and dreams of every girl in the world as she stood beside the handsome young soldier who adored her, and heard the minister intone, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here. . ."

It wasn't the most fashionable church she could have picked; in fact, it wasn't fashionable at all. Shirley Temple had picked it, not for swank, but because it was big—where more of the people who had loved her as a girl could see her become a bride. The altar was high and she liked that too. "So my friends can see us get married—all the way." Proud of her love, she was, and wanting all who could to see her in her happiness.

Jack Agar didn't marry a gossamer package of glamour or a fictitious legend. He married a very real girl.

Since that day I've watched with interest that love in the "ever after" and it's stood the test—from the time Shirley and Jack ran down the side steps and drove away glowing, in a car whose door handle wouldn't work. From the big reception at Shirley's old home, where all who knew her stepped up to plant a kiss and shake a hand. From their modest honeymoon in Santa Barbara to the home they soon made out of Shirley's girlish playhouse. Through the expectant bliss of young motherhood before her twentieth birthday, and through the adult problems that married love has solved—such as Jack's own future and career as an actor himself. When David Selznick dangled an actor's future before him, there was the question: Should he go on and finish college or tackle a screen career?

movie career for jack . . .

Shirley pointed out, as a good wife should, both the advantages and disadvantages—but she told Jack he was the boss, it was his decision. ("But you could make a living a lot worse ways," she told him with her new wifely wisdom. "I ought to know.") So John decided—and played opposite his wife in *Fort Apache*. John Ford tells me he's sure to be a star.

But whether or not Jack and Shirley Agar become another pair of Lunts or not, isn't important. They have something much more important than mutual fame. They have mutual love—strong, young and sincere—and last Valentine's Day, as I gazed down into the sweet results of that love, little Linda Susan, cradled in her pink bassinette, I thought: This is the kind of love that makes the world go 'round, indeed. The fact that it blossomed right in and in spite of Hollywood makes it all the more wonderful to me.

The perfect, though tragic romance of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard was an entirely different sort of love—more adult and mature, but just as rich and strong and satisfying, even if it wasn't colored with Cupid's rosy young dream like Shirley and Jack Agar's. People write me all the time to ask, "When is Clark Gable going to get married again?"—and I can't answer them. I've asked Clark the same

question to his handsome face time and again and got just a crooked grin from the King. I don't know any more than anyone else—and sometimes I wonder if Clark himself does. I think he probably will marry again, because he's a lonely man. Though I'm not sure but that a very large part of his heart rests forever on a Nevada mountainside where his perfect mate, Carole, lost her life—the first Hollywood star to give it in the service of her country during the war.

I know about the living room at Clark's ranch-house furnished just the way Carole left it. Clark has never allowed one stick of it to be rearranged. I know why he rushed into the Air Corps so swiftly—to cover his grief with action and impelled to risk his own life as Carole had hers. I know about the ruby clip—all they found of the mortal Carole Lombard in that lonely plane-crash pyre—which he himself found in the ashes, had mounted and still carries with him always. Yet, in fashioning a valentine in the memory of that great Hollywood love, I'd never edge it with sombre black; I'd trim it with the gayest colors I could find. For that was the kind of king and queen they were, and the theme song of their wonderful love was life and laughter.

in love with life . . .

Carole loved life and she lived it to the full. I've never known a girl who squeezed more living out of every moment and I knew Carole long before she ever knew and loved Clark Gable. She adored people, excitement, talk, action. I think that essential part of her, that hungry, vital all-out living side of her was what made Carole Lombard such a brilliant star. She was glowing and happy making other people happy, giving them fun, and that radiant exuberance sparkled through in every part she played.

I remember, and so does most of Hollywood, one party Carole staged in honor of William Rhinelandier Stewart, the New York millionaire, at the Ocean Park fun pier. It was a walloping credit to her social leadership and personality power that she collected all the great glamor lords and ladies of the screen for that sailor-on-leave outing, broke their tinsel dignities to pieces and made them love it. Skirts whisked up over startled necks and glamor gowns tumbled on dusty boards, male star tailor's dummies shouted and yelled and reverted to their natural selves, to big kids, on that night.

I can still see Claudette Colbert sprawling in six different directions in the rolling tunnel of the fun house and Marlene Dietrich sent skittering on the whirl-around, skinning her million-dollar legs—abrasions she exhibited proudly for days, to prove she wasn't the austere Garbo-copy Josef Von Sternberg had made her. That party made Marlene and a host of other Hollywood stars real people and Carole chuckled to see it happen thus.

When Carole Lombard tackled anything it was with all her heart and soul—and that's the way she fell for Clark Gable, that's the way she made herself over to his style, staged a complete reverse, which, for a strong character like Carole, could have been worked only by the miracle that makes hearts beat faster on Valentine's Day.

I saw their first dramatic debut as a team. It was at a party—the last big one Carole Lombard ever threw her high tension energies into, the last one she wanted to attend. It was that famous White May Fair, the annual elite movie-world winter ball that she was selected to stage one year. As usual, she knocked herself out making it perfect and her theme was—all white for the ladies, every glamor gown snowy. It was easily the social event of

Hollywood's year. And that was the night Norma Shearer crossed Carole up, with a feminine dagger thrust, by making a grand entrance in scarlet red—the only color gown there. (Bette Davis later used that incident for a striking scene in a swell movie of hers, *Jezebel*.) Carole turned whiter than her satin gown, swiftly picked up her skirts and left the ballroom. A big guy left the stag line and strode hurriedly after her. That was the first time Clark Gable took Carole Lombard home, and that was the night they fell in love.

Clark was truly Hollywood's king then. And Carole, with her slashing comedy-drama performances, was at the height of her career, too. She made news every minute. She was the screen's best-dressed woman, among its sharpest female wits, at the peak of her alabaster, violet-eyed beauty. She rated a fabulous salary, startled people by saying she was happy and privileged to pay her gigantic income tax. She was out in front, leading the parade, a fit mate for the king. Everyone who knew Carole loved her; everyone loved Gable, too—and when they loved each other it was a romance fit for the gods. Carole and Clark measured up, and matched. She saw to that.

gags and gaiety . . .

The theme of their merry courtship could have been taken from the title of a picture of Carole's, *Nothing Sacred*, that of their attraction from another, *They Knew What They Wanted*. Some of the outrageous pranks and fun they had with each other are still classics—the gags they tossed to and fro like a couple of big, happy kids. I remember one Christmas when Clark parked an ancient jalopy on the front yard of Carole's Hollywood home and she had to have a junk dealer come cart it off! They made news every day in wacky ways that were columnists' delights—but the biggest, most significant news was the way Carole made herself over to please the man she loved. The way her Paris gowns gave way to levis and riding breeches, her tailored suits to tweed jackets, sweaters, skirts and outdoor gear. Carole loved the open, and she loved Clark. She learned to shoot a

gun, whip a bass rod, drive swift and long at the wheel, even climb up behind the king on his motorcycle.

They had both lived and loved before. But they found new youth and spirit together in a love such as neither had yet known. It was as if they'd never loved before—and they made as handsome, vital, electric a pair as I've ever seen together in Hollywood or anywhere else.

Carole deserted her big home on Hollywood Boulevard and together they planned and built Clark's dream ranch-house. Everything—she saw to that—was for a man: Huge, walk-in freeze rooms to hang whole deer carcasses, stables, kennels, deep leather chairs, gun racks, tool sheds and stalls for the fast cars and powerful tractors Clark loved. They had a pair of matched horses to ride, side by side, over the Malibu hills. They rigged up a special station wagon equipped for almost anything you'd want on a camping trip, double bunks and all. Carole, the party girl, turned into Clark's outdoor gal.

Her friends became his and his, hers. Carole loved Clark's dad, and insisted Clark find a place near the ranch for him. She loved to sit with Clark and Pop Gable, who died last year, late at night around the kitchen table, frying bacon and eggs, drinking bottles of beer and listening to the salty tales Pop would tell of his crazy kid, Clark. She went bass fishing with Clark and his pals at Lake Mead, back of Hoover Dam; she soon was shooting skeet up near his own high score; and Carole was the first lady gunner to go down into Mexico after ducks with her guy. They rolled all over Arizona, Nevada, and Oregon looking for a bigger, more rugged ranch. They had plans and dreams and team projects galore. They were both living and loving fully in perfect harmony in a perfect marriage.

Then Pearl Harbor shot up in flames.

Clark and Carole Gable had been married barely three blissful years when she flew East in the early war days to throw her dynamic gifts selflessly into the new cause, war bonds. Her mother, who traveled with her, and Clark's MGM publicity pal, Otto Winkler, tried to talk Carole out of taking the plane back home. It



Clark Gable and his ill-fated Carole at a Hollywood Greek Relief broadcast in February 1941 with Ann Rutherford, Dick Powell, Frank Morgan and a kid named Shirley Temple.



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was overloaded. But she knew that at the Los Angeles Airport a big, black-haired, grinning guy would be waiting to sweep her off the step and wrap her in his arms. So she hastened aboard. . . .

When the end came, I know, what Carole was thinking of was her guy, Clark, out in Hollywood, waiting to meet her.

They never found anything mortal of her—except that ruby clip Clark still carries with him—although he stalked the blackened canyon for days and nights with the rescue party, sleepless, with red-rimmed, hollow eyes, silent and tearless in his grief. . . .

That's been seven years ago now, and they say seven years is a full chapter in any man's life. It is in Clark Gable's, too. I hope he goes on to a new one.

But I wonder, on this Valentine's Day, if there will ever be for him a chapter dedicated so completely to the heart—so perfectly, so ideally as it was with Carole Lombard, the love of his life.

undramatic devotion . . .

But deep devotion is not necessarily dramatic—even in Hollywood, where that's the town specialty—nor does it inevitably follow the primrose path that fairy princesses and prince charming's tread. In one Hollywood home shared by two of the most publicly spotlighted and privately plain people that I know—Betty Grable and Harry James—dwells as great a love and understanding as ever blessed a pair.

Yet it isn't spectacular or showy at all. True, it was the combination of a glitter girl whose looks and legs made her a wolf-whistle wherever her picture was pinned—and a brassy trumpeter whose name personified the strident up-to-the-minute blasts and beats of red-hot jive and jazz. A high kick and a hot lick! Yet that's not the real Betty and Harry—and it never was, to everyone's surprise.

She met him not in Hollywood but Chicago, that cradle of American dance and rhythm. Harry was tooting out his golden notes, as the new king of swing, at the College Inn, Chicago's famous café where great bandleaders have held forth ever since jazz came up the Mississippi. Betty was displaying her twin beauties and ivory smile at the Chicago Theatre on a personal appearance. After one post-performance visit to the College Inn, she headed there every night—and she took her mama along every time, too, which might have been a tip-off. From there the scenario progressed to Hollywood, just as it has in a score of musical movies, but the twist was—wartime, the Hollywood Canteen—with Harry James sending sweet notes for the service boys on Monday nights and Betty giving her Hollywood glamor there the very same night of the week. Then they made a picture together as Harry James' radio fame inevitably led him before Hollywood cameras. Boy and girl who met way back in show business found love and happiness at the rainbow's end—that's the plot, and it's been used for a make-believe movie many more times than once.

Only that's what really happened to Harry and Betty James. Maybe that's why it's so hard for us all to believe. Or perhaps it's just because Harry and Betty are too busy living their love to waste words or show off trying to prove it. I doubt if they even know when Valentine's Day rolls around, myself. Every day is that for those two—but not the sticky, sentimental kind. That's not their style.

Every time I call on Betty, I come away warmed by the refreshing sincerity of a show girl utterly dedicated to her husband, home and children. Every time, too, I confess, I search for a chink in her armor, some tell-tale giveaway of a con-

viction I've toted around ever since I stepped on a stage myself—that two careers in the same family strike sparks. But each time, after brief exposure to Betty at home, my old skeptic heart settles right down and purrs meekly, undisturbed by a doubt. Each time the unpretentious girl who draws in more box-office gold than any other lady star in Hollywood, who married the shy King of the Cornet, shames me by her direct declarations of the way her heart beats.

Last time, I remember, we sat side by side on a great sofa beside her homey, copper-cluttered fireplace, while her darling daughters, Vicki and Jess, romped around. Betty told me then how in tune she and Harry were in their way of life, in the things they love, their interests, hopes and plans. "It's almost spooky," she smiled. "Sometimes we burst out saying the same things, and we can almost send messages without a telephone. Everything Harry has ever fallen for—horses, baseball, music, ranch life—I suddenly love and want too." Love does that. And it was not, somehow, ho-hum or trite to hear Betty Grable say steadily: "Harry and I couldn't live without each other now. Our love has grown and deepened with every day we've been married. We don't talk about it much—it's just there." No, you don't talk about a love that's as real as Harry and Betty's—you live it every minute, in big ways, little ways.

Like Betty's locking her bedroom door each night when Harry's playing late with his band, so he'll have to wake her up and she can welcome him home even if it's past midnight and she's due at seven on her studio set. . . . Like seeing him off and meeting him coming home no matter when a train or plane arrives or departs. . . . Like cutting short a scene at six o'clock, no matter how important, to shop in person at the market for the foods Harry likes and her family thrives on. . . . Like following Harry's band tours whenever she can break away from her job, arranging her own film vacations to suit his so they can share them together, in some sport they both love, a horse-race meet or a world's series. . . . Like cooking Harry's breakfast on Sunday mornings and helping groom the horses on the ranch. . . . Like a lot of things that make two people one in all the married moments that add up to a life of love.

the hidden hearts . . .

That their kind of devotion can grow and endure in Hollywood against the tugging tides of two extremely opposite, demanding careers is to me a marriage miracle, caused by two large hearts worn not on sleeves but hidden inside, where they do the most good.

Yes, love blooms—and not just on Valentine's Day—in Hollywood as everywhere else. It's a hardy perennial likely to pop up practically any day the year round in giddy, sweet-scented profusion. Not always are the blossoms spectacular and dazzling—sometimes they're just tender buds and sometimes the petals are seared and torn at the edges. Well, I'm no poet and I know it. But, at the risk of sounding silly to some people, I believe that loves grow here in Hollywood every bit as luxuriant and lovely as anywhere else—despite the parodies they suffer sometimes in print and on celluloid.

And because the spotlight shines on them everlastingly, when they are full-blown and glorious they can thrill the world—as the loves of Shirley and Jack, and Clark and Carole, and Harry and Betty have proved to me. At least, that's the way I'm feeling as this St. Valentine's Day, A.D. 1949, approaches—and I hope it lasts, because it's a perfectly gorgeous feeling, believe you me!

THE END

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

The Winners: Once again the points have been tallied, the totals added up, and the winners in our Eighth Semi-Annual MSFCA Trophy Cup Contest are ready to be announced. Three lucky clubs—one in each of our three leagues—whose high standards of performance, valuable services to their stars, and fine work in fulfilling the broader and generally worthwhile functions of a club have earned them the most coveted award in the fan club world! Here they are:

League One: (clubs with 500 members or over) Nelson Eddy Music Club (Rita and Jo Mottola, co-presidents). This two-time cup winner rolled up a Trophy-pulling total of 1600 points! **League Two** (201 to 499 members): Jeanette MacDonald Club (Martha Farrington, prexy). A first win for this fine club—and it took 1550 points! **League Three:** Joseph Cotten Club (Florence Steingraber, prexy). This club changed hands only about a year ago, but never slackened its consistently excellent pace! Total points: 1600! Congratulations and thanks to the winners for setting the goals for all MSFCA clubs and paving the way for the victors of tomorrow.

Runners-Up: In every Trophy Cup contest there are always those almost-winners, clubs every bit as excellent as the three League-toppers—fun to join, filled with surprises and fascinating activities, yet clubs which just miss out on the prize by a few hundred points or less. Very often they are cup-winners of the past. Chances are they're cup-winners of the future. At any rate, we hope they won't get discouraged, but will keep on trying until that inevitable day comes when they'll wind up with the highest score! So



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director
GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

we salute the runners-up: In League 1, The Gene Autry Friendship Club (a two-time former winner) and the Bill Boyd Club (Nancy Sue Bryan, prexy). In League 2, Mary Ruth Bond's Musical Notes Club and Glenna Riley's Jeanette MacDonald Club (16 years old and still going strong!). In League 3, the comparative newcomer, the Freddie Stewart Club (Irene Ashcroft, prexy), the June Allyson Club (recently reorganized by Lois Carnahan) and Betty Gottschalk's Arthur Kennedy Club. We're proud of you all!

Fresh Start: Okay, clubbers! The scoreboards are cleared and everybody starts fresh, with an equal chance to win in the next series. And remember, winning points isn't the job of the prexy or the journal editor. It's the job of every rank-and-file member. Contribute stories and art work to your journals, submit your favorite snaps in our Candid Snap Contest, back up your charity drives; in other words, be ACTIVE.

8TH MSFCA TROPHY CUP CONTEST

It was a swell contest and we hated to see it go. But the new one's already begun—the ninth in our series! This is only the beginning, and remember, there are monthly prizes in addition to those silver Trophy Cups for the final league leaders. Winners in our THIS IS MY BEST contest can still try for those 4 luscious HELENA RUBINSTEIN lipsticks all packed in a lucite holder, to match their own particular hair coloring. Club artists have lots to gain by sending in sketches to their club journals. The TANGEE people have wonderful travel kits all packed with creams and powders, and ready to go along with you on that vacation trip. Don't forget, we have prizes for boys too—Dell mysteries, and subscriptions to the magazine of your choice, such as RADIO ALBUM, SCREEN ALBUM, FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE and many more.

LAST LAP

This Is My Best: (100 points) "From Me to You," Betty Gottschalk, Arthur Kennedy Journal. "Fun with Ginni and Maggie," Betty Bayre, Virginia Field Journal. "Spring in New York," Dorothy McCaw, Desi Arnaz (Martinjak) Journal. "What Do I Say," Dwayne Armstead, Ron Randell (Hreha) Journal. "My Journey To The USA," Tess Burton, Randell (Hreha) Journal. "Fantasy Impromptu," Robert Stockbridge, Burt Lancaster Club News. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1, Nelson Eddy (Mottola) Journal. League 2, Bob Crosby Journal. League 3, (tied) Freddie Stewart and Arthur Kennedy Journals. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1, Jamie Hamilton, Bill Boyd Journal. League 2, Joann Julian, Burt Lancaster Club News. League 3, Virginia Haywood, Televisor. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1, none qualified. League 2, Jeanette MacDonald (Riley) Journal. League 3, (tied) Anthony Quinn, Sinatra (Wolfenstein) and Arthur Kennedy Journals. **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1, No entries. League 2, Alan Ladd (Pearl). League 3, Vaughn Monroe (Staub). **Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1, No entries. League 2, Mel Torme Club (collected toys for underprivileged children). Musical Notes Club (donated \$30 to Cancer Fund). League 3, Frank Latimore Club (sent 2 packages of clothing to a member in England). **Best Artist:** (150 points) none qualified. **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points to first prize winner, 50 to others) Margie Hummell, Ginger Rogers Club. Joan Fox, Sinatra Club of Staten Island. Kaye Criss, Jack Smith Club. Joyce Moisson, Sinatra Club. Irene Ashcroft, Freddie Stewart Club. Ann Glatz, Rise Stevens Club. **Best Correspondents:** League 1, Rita and Jo Mottola, Nelson Eddy Club. League 2, Nell Ambrose, Club Friendship. League 3, Lois Carnahan, June Allyson Club.



At the Roy Rogers Fan Club Convention in Chicago, Roy helps Jacqueline Turner of Chicago into her Frontier Jacket (similar to the one Roy wears) which was one of 35 door prizes awarded at the Convention. Highlight of the week-end festivities was the reception Roy gave for the delegates at the Stevens Hotel. Helping him entertain were his wife, Dale Evans, and the Riders of the Purple Sage, all appearing at the Roy Rogers Championship Rodeo in Chicago.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 22)

keeper, and Frankie's out to fix things for him. "I'll take my father's place," he promises. Trouble is, Frankie's father had only been an innkeeper in his spare time. His main occupation was banditry. He'd been known as "The Kissing Bandit." Kissed every woman he robbed. Made 'em faint. When Frankie hears this, he's terrified. He can't ride a horse, he's never kissed a woman, and he doesn't think robbery's ethical. But Chico and his father's old gang sell him on the idea of the clean, outdoor life banditry offers. "Fresh air, the blue sky, adventure . . ." And Frankie does try very hard. When the gang holds up the coach of the governor's daughter (Kathryn Grayson), Frankie even almost kisses her. Not quite, though. No nerve. He returns to Chico's inn, sorrowful and ashamed, and that night, the inn has important visitors. A count and a general who've come all the way from Spain to collect California's taxes, or the governor's head. They're a most unpleasant couple (call everybody "peasants") and they wind up tied in neat little bundles, while Frankie and Chico borrow their fine clothes and their carriage. Then, masquerading as the noble strangers, Frankie and Chico go off to visit the governor. Chico's thinking of the nice tax money; Frankie's thinking of Kathryn. Kathryn doesn't betray them, even though she remembers Frankie very well, and they both sing a lot of songs, and Ricardo Montalban and Ann Miller and Cyd Charisse do a dance, and the Technicolor is blinding. Frankie finally confesses he'd rather be honest than glamorous, Kathryn decides she can love him even if



Don Juan: Errol Flynn dashes back to Spain and proceeds to fall for Queen Viveca Lindfors.

he isn't a big brave bandit, and the goings-on get really joyfui. J. Carrol Naish, who portrays Chico with a big putty nose and a Mexican accent, walks away with the picture, but he's such a terrific actor it's a pleasure to watch him walk.—M-G-M.

DON JUAN

Don Juan acted out in such atrociously hammy fashion you keep thinking it's a play within a play. You wait for the curtain to ring down, and for the characters involved to step forward and say a few lines with matter-of-fact inflection. This never happens. In addition to which, Spanish history takes such a drubbing about the head and shoulders that Christopher Columbus is surely turning in his grave, sorry he ever discovered the country capable of spawning Hollywood.

To get to the Technicolor point, Don Juan (Errol Flynn) the infamous Spanish lover of ladies, is languishing in England, in disgrace for his various misdeeds. He's given a dressing-down by the Spanish ambassador (Robert Warwick), who says Spain is in bad trouble. Why doesn't Juan change his way of living? the ambassador wants to know. Go home, in fact. Keep the wicked advisors of the Spanish king (Romney Brent) from making war on England. This is a big order, but not for Errol Flynn. With his trusty henchman (Alan Hale—who else?) he goes rushing back to Spain and discovers the lovely Queen (Viveca Lindfors) to be the only person with all her buttons at the whole court. The Duke De Lorca (Robert Douglas) has the king under his thumb, and the duke wants war. Errol proceeds to fall in love with the queen, but this time it's a finer love than he's ever known before. It gives him the strength to outwit De Lorca, kill half the palace guards (they were on De Lorca's side) and keep the peace. The queen, who's fought against the dreadful knowledge, admits finally that she loves Don Juan, and that's a nice pickle too. She's got her duties to her country on one hand; she's got Errol on the other. It reminds you of the Thurber cartoon that's captioned, "With you, I have known peace, Leda, and now you say you are going insane." Errol tells the queen she must be strong, as he bids her farewell, and rides away, on the trail of the other prettier ladies. Well, it all adds up to good fun, if you're feeling childish.—Warners

also showing . . .

APARTMENT FOR PEGGY (20th-Fox)—G.I. student Bill Holden and his wife Jeanne Crain find campus quarters with old professor Edmund Gwynn and save him from despair. A superb comedy-drama.

BLOOD ON THE MOON (RKO)—A taut, exciting Western with Robert Mitchum, Robert Preston, Phyllis Thaxter. Very intelligently done.

ENCHANTMENT (Goldwyn)—Seven-year-old Gigi Perreau walks off with the honors in this superb film of three generations of an English family—but David Niven, Jayne Meadows, Teresa Wright, Farley Granger, Evelyn Keyes and a number of other first-rate actors are wonderful too. Guaranteed to please.

JUNE BRIDE (Warners)—Bette Davis and Robert Montgomery seem to be enjoying themselves in this bright comedy—and you'll enjoy yourself.

KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS (Univ.-Int.)—Burt Lancaster, a murderous fellow, woos and wins Joan Fontaine in post-war London and they come to no good end. A well-executed but seamy exercise.

MISS TATLOCK'S MILLIONS (Para.)—John Lund is hired by Barry Fitzgerald to impersonate

an idiot heir to millions. An absolute riot. With Monty Woolley and Wanda Hendrix.

RED RIVER (U.A.)—This huge Technicolor Western really gives you your money's worth. John Wayne, Monty Clift and Joanne Dru get involved in stampedes and Indian fighting and feuds and everything. Great stuff.

RETURN OF OCTOBER (Col.)—College professor Glenn Ford, horse-lover Terry Moore and some whimsical doings concerning a racehorse named October. Complicated and amusing.

ROAD HOUSE (20th-Fox)—Cornel Wilde, Ida Lupino and Celeste Holm get all fouled up by villain Richard Widmark in this wild and woolly crime tale.

THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR (U.A.)—Youngster Dean Stockwell awakes one morning to find his hair has turned green. Because of this, he becomes an outcast. A very worthwhile film that shows how silly bigotry is. With Barbara Hale and Pat O'Brien.

THE DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE (Warners)—A story of the effect on a 12-year-old of his parents' getting divorced. Pretty phony fare. With Ted Donaldson, Alexis Smith and Robert Douglas.

THE GALLANT BLADE (Col.)—Larry Parks, Victor Jory and Marguerite Chapman in a Cinecolor costume swashbuckler. Lots of dash and swordplay.

THE PALEFACE (Para.)—Bob Hope, a tenderfoot dentist in the old Wild West, meets up with the Jane Russell version of Calamity Jane. One of the funniest Hope pictures ever.

THE RED SHOES (Eagle-Lion)—A Technicolor backstage drama of the ballet—which features a long, original ballet that is one of the most thrilling things ever put on film. Moira Shearer is the ballerina chiefly concerned. Don't miss it if you like magnificent dancing.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (MGM)—A spectacular production, in Technicolor, of the 16th-Century France adventure classic. Gene Kelly, Lana Turner, June Allyson, Van Heflin, and Vincent Price help make it all look awfully expensive.

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS (20th-Fox)—Rex Harrison is a symphony conductor who daydreams of the various dramatic ways in which he can handle the supposed unfaithfulness of his wife, Linda Darnell. Unusual comedy.

WOMEN

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