First color photos
RITA HAYWORTH AND THE BABY PRINCESS

THE FASCINATING FARLEY GRANGER story and color portrait
Claim new beauty for your own
with your first cake of Camay!

HOW ROMANCE CAME TO THIS CAMAY BRIDE!

A Ring for Christmas!
Mike played Santa at the Stork Club—with an engagement ring for lovely Alice. A Camay complexion has such winning ways! Alice says: "Camay is the only beauty soap for me. That creamy Camay lather is so-o-o gentle!"

Wedding Bells in the Fall!
Golfing at White Sulphur Springs on their honeymoon, Mike caddied and Alice scored—with her glorious Camay complexion! She says: "I won a softer, smoother skin with my very first cake of Camay. And you can, too!"

When your skin is soft and smooth, romance is at your beck and call! And you can win lovelier skin—with your very first cake of Camay! Just change to regular care—and use Camay and Camay alone. Let no lesser soap touch your skin. Your complexion will be fresher and clearer—actually younger-looking—with your first cake of Camay!

Where in the world will you find a finer beauty soap than Camay? Camay is so mild. It caresses your cheek with its gentle, creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured Camay's flattering fragrance. No wonder Camay is called "The Soap of Beautiful Women"—it can bring you new beauty with your very first cake!

Camay, the soap
of beautiful women
Snubbed ... definitely and deliberately ...
by the very man who, last night, simply begged to be introduced. Daisy
wasn’t accustomed to such treatment; once she met a man, she usually
managed to hold him because she was not only a pretty girl, but a witty
and wise one as well. What had she said or done to antagonize him
as they danced the night before? In vain she sought an explanation.

It can happen to you... any time
No matter what other charms you have, they're likely to be for-
gotten if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath). And, don't
forget, halitosis may be absent one time and present the next—
without your realizing it.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such
a simple, delightful, extra-careful precaution against offending?
Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when
you want to be at your best.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful
Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens and
sweetens the breath ... not for mere seconds or minutes ... but for
hours usually. So, don't trust make-shifs ... trust Listerine Antiseptic
before every date.

*Though sometimes systemic, most
cases of halitosis are due to the bac-
terial fermentation of tiny food par-
ticles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly
halts such oral fermentation, and
overcomes the odors it causes.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation's habits!

Millions now spray perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

A quick squeeze checks annoying perspiration, stops odor. You never touch Stopette ... hardly know it touches you. Wonderfully economical, harmless to normal skin or clothes.

Wonderful for men, too!

2 sizes: 2 1/2 oz. $1.25; 1 oz. 60c.
At cosmetic counters everywhere.

JULES MONTENIER, INC., Chicago

Stopette
THE ORIGINAL SPRAY DEODORANT

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M-G-M announces the event of the season!

THE BRIDE gets the thrills!

FATHER gets the bills!

"FATHER OF THE BRIDE"

All the fun, all the sentiment, all the romance that brought joy to millions of readers of the book come to life in a wonderful movie.

DON TAYLOR • BILLIE BURKE

SCREEN PLAY BY FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY EDWARD STREETER

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

DIRECTED BY VINCENTE MINNELLI • PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN
DEAR Miss Colbert:

I married much later than most girls do, because I wanted to select exactly the right man. When I fell in love, I thought that it was the most perfect experience that could come to a girl. For years we were completely happy. We have had no children, but I must admit that this has been a blessing for us. We have traveled a great deal and our comradship has never been interrupted by the inevitable demands which are made by children.

Last summer, we took a month’s vacation and visited one of my husband’s brothers. They hadn’t seen each other for eleven years, so they had a wonderful time. I liked my sister-in-law a great deal. She is pretty, neat, a marvelous cook and housekeeper; she entered into everything and was so attentive.

When we came home I noticed that my husband seemed changed. He went for long walks and asked me not to go along. He spent a good deal of time writing to his brother, a thing he had never done before. Finally, one night, he told me that he was in love with his brother’s wife, and asked for my understanding. He said that he hadn’t spoken a word to her, so he was sure she didn’t know. He also said that he would never break up his brother’s home, and he didn’t intend to break up our marriage, but that all his life there would be a yearning for this girl.

I don’t know what to tell you. I love my husband so much that it breaks my heart to think I am not first in his affections. Aside from the emotional consideration, I am tormented by the practical possibility that I may be wasting my life by trying to make a success of a marriage that is doomed.

Mrs. Willow E.

It is only natural for you to be hurt by this situation, but it seems to me that only your own conduct can turn the incident into real tragedy.

Actually, this sort of thing happens in almost everyone’s life. A man I know once told all about it to his wife in a small town on a train. During a brief stop, he saw a girl bidding goodbye to an elderly couple. There was something about the girl’s face, her hair blowing in the wind, that caught his imagination. He felt desperately in love with her and seriously considered remaining in the town so that he could get to know her. He is still in love with whatever it was she represented in his dream of the perfect girl. This man is devoted to his wife and family!

Since your husband has assured you that he wants to continue your marriage, and since, actually, there is no other course open to him, wouldn’t it be possible for you to ignore the situation?

I would say that the important thing for you to do would be to continue to love your husband and to regard your marriage as a constant adventure, sometimes blissful, sometimes very, which is much the nature of all adventure.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am twenty, a junior in college and an English major. I plan to be a writer and have been encouraged by my instructor in English composition for the past three years. He is married to a charming woman, but she cares nothing about his career, whereas I am deeply concerned with his future.

Please don’t dismiss this as a schoolgirl crush. I’ve thought a great deal about our love. I feel sure that my greatest happiness in life would lie in marrying this man, helping him with his work, and continuing my own writing. However, he hesitates, partly because he does not want to hurt his wife (he is a gentle person), and partly because our marriage might jeopardize his professional career.

I can see no way out. Matters stand now, for I know this situation is dangerous and might lead to my disgrace.

Doris M.

At this very moment, throughout the world, there are thousands of girls in love with married men. I think it is safe for me to assume that nearly every one of these girls, yourself included, is suffering from the realization of “The Great Love” of her life. However, I believe that it is also safe for me to assume that not too many men feel the same way.

In your own particular case, I believe it should be pointed out that a professor (particularly an attractive, attentive one) is almost an ordinary romantic object. You might express to them, your high school teachers, their college professors, and their employers.

I think your romance, which you are too intelligent to allow to become “disgraceful,” has been a valuable experience for you. A good writer should be a good analyst. If you analyze his reasons for hesitancy, they pertain only to himself. This may help you as a writer, but more important, as a person.

Don’t you think it would be a good idea for you to stop seeing this man outside of the classroom? I believe if you do this it will give you a definite start toward maturity.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:

Over two years ago I married a writer who has a two-year-old daughter, Miml. Prior to our marriage, Miml had lived with the sister of my husband’s deceased wife, but the understanding had always been that if he married again, he was to have the children.

She came to us after we had been married three months. Anyone who has ever had children knows what it means to—at

(Continued on page 6)
Awake or asleep—FILM IS gluing acid to your teeth!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What’s more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and “bad breath” germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It’s forming night and day on everyone’s teeth. Don’t neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent’s film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent’s gentle polishing agent.

Don’t let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU’LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

Pepsodent removes FILM—helps stop tooth decay!

(Continued from page 4) tend to a youngster just past two. When I explain that I was an only child of two other only children I’m sure that my problems are apparent. I have had to learn about children in a rush and to add to my difficulties, my husband’s sister-in-law has a habit of dropping in unannounced to spend weekends with us.

When she’s with us, she never lifts a hand; I cook for her, make her bed, clean her room, and even sew buttons on her clothing, while she goes for walks or for drives with Mimi.

I have put up with this for my husband’s sake, but I’m reaching the bursting point. For a week after she has gone, the child is impossible; she won’t mind and she cries for her aunt. Why shouldn’t she, because the aunt is always gorging her with candy, ice cream and pastry, which I do not allow.

What can I do without causing a lot of trouble? Does a second wife have to put up with hangover in-laws from a first marriage?

Stella O’R.

Obviously, you have not discussed this problem with your husband. Don’t you think it would be wiser to tell your husband frankly that you dislike his sister-in-law and that you don’t want her as a guest in your home?

In case he is very fond of this woman and wants to continue to see her, it seems to me that you would be justified in leaving her room unattended, and in allowing her to do her own errands. There is no reason why you should wait on her.

The problem of the little girl is extremely serious, as you have said. When the child has been put to bed, it might be wise for you to tell the aunt that she is welcome in your home just as long as she behaves like a guest—but not one instant longer.

No stranger can estimate how serious a family fuss would be caused by your speaking your mind; only you can judge that. And only you can judge whether breaking with the aunt for all time would be good for Mimi and good for you in the long run, or whether you would be wiser to try and make friends with the aunt.

This would appear to be one of those cases in which husband and wife must work together, each being frank with the other, in order to maintain a good marriage and to insure the welfare of a child.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

After graduating from busineess college last September, I took a position in a very nice office. One of the girls in the office instructed me in my work, so I became (Continued on page 8)

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Col., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
The most sensational revelations since 'Fugitive from a Chain Gang' burned into America's conscience!

Is she coming out "good", or is she coming out to avenge the terrors and the torments that make a prison for women a college for crime? This is the angry story of beautiful Marie Allen, a one-mistake girl that men betrayed ... and the law forgot!

Women Without Men... Except in Their Memories!

Starring ELEANOR PARKER AGNES MOOREHEAD ELLEN CORBY HOPE EMERSON BETTY GARDE JAN STERLING
PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD WRITTEN BY VIRGINIA KELLOGG AND BERNARDO C. SCHOENFELD MUSIC BY MAX STEINER DIRECTED BY JOHN CROMWELL
Beautiful, Heavenly Lips
For You
WITHOUT LIPSTICK

Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alight than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, this new Liquil Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup. It stays true to your lips alone and one make-up usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

Feels Marvelous on Your Lips...
...they stay delightfully soft and smooth.

PLEASE TRY LIQUID LIPTONE AT MY INVITATION

Once you experience the greater beauty of liquid color and know that your lip make-up will stay on no matter what your lips touch—I'm sure you'll thank me for this offer. Let me send you costume-size Liquid Liptone—one or more shades. Each is at least a two weeks' supply. Enclose 25c for each shade to cover postage, etc. You will be thrilled by the starting new beauty that Liquid Liptone instantly brings to your lips.

(Continued from page 6) 

(Continued from page 6) friendly with her. However, as time went by, I soon learned that she was very unpopular.

I understand why most of the girls can't stand her. She "horns in" on conversations which have nothing to do with her. She contradicts anything said by another person, if contradiction is at all possible. She talks about her troubles with her husband, the grocer, the cleaner, the bus driver. She talks about the weather, even in freeze. Four. As weather. When she is snowed under with work she quickly demands help, but when someone in the office asks her for help she says that everyone must do his own work and she does her own feet.

Because I have been friendly with her, I am not making some of the friends I might otherwise have. I have tried to tell this girl both blind and wrong. I have tried to explain her mistakes, but she gets offended easily. Should I drop her, or is there some way to help her overcome her personality flaws?

Janet S.

Candidly, I feel that from your outline of the situation you have done all that one interested person can do for this woman.

In this world we might as well face the fact that each of us must work out his own destiny. A helpful word here and there is certainly in order, but you can't be expected to fight this woman's battles for her and guide her in.
MADE BY A REVOLUTIONARY NEW LATEX PROCESS, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE DISPENSES BODY HEAT, SLIMS YOU IN COOL COMFORT.

NOW! The newest Playtex Girdle is the most talked about in the U. S. A.!

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

This is the amazing figure-slimming girdle that is causing such a stir all over America . . . the girdle acclaimed by designers as perfect for slender summer styles . . . the girdle that's cheered by women from coast to coast.

Made by a revolutionary new latex process, PLAYTEX Pink-Ice dispels body heat . . . slims you in cool comfort. It's the only girdle you can wear under your swim suit, pat dry, wear immediately under your street clothes.

Without a single seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX Pink-Ice melts away inches at waist, hips and thighs with a natural, all-way action stretch. It gives complete freedom of action—fits with second-skin smoothness. And it's absolutely invisible—even under the scantiest bathing suit.

Today, discover the wonderful things Pink-Ice can do for your summer figure—see how you can wear it all day, under all your clothes, and forget you have it on.

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . . . $3.95 to $4.95
In SLIM, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES . . . $3.50 to $3.95
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.
The little rabbit who wasn't there—in the stage play—appears as host at studio party on "Harvey" set. Jimmy Stewart, shown with Gloria and her two sons Michael and Ronald, is the star. Harvey, the rabbit, may be visible in the screen version of Out to U-I to lunch with Jimmy Stewart and Harvey, the invisible rabbit, "You'll have to excuse Harvey if he doesn't talk to us," said Jim drolly. "He went to a stag party last night and drank too much carrot juice." Next to Cal was a high-backed empty chair, tagged with Harvey's name. It sits at the lunch table daily. Howard Duff stopped by to say hello. "What's the matter, Harvey?" he inquired as he addressed the empty chair. "Been behaving like a rabbit again?" Alexis Smith, thrilled over making her first free-lance Western, hopped over to our table. "Hi, Bunny Boy," she greeted Harvey, as if he were actually there. When Anthony Curtis cracked, "Brother, you sure look like a wild hare," that did it! Cal struggled dazedly to his feet. "Where ya going?" inquired Jimmy, who plays the inebricated gent who does see Harvey. "On a lost weekend," we managed to mutter.

A conversation with Shirley Schrift, Bernard Schwartz and Rosetta Jacobs would mean you are actually talking to Shelley Winters, Anthony Curtis and Piper Laurie... As a kid, Ruth Roman wrote exactly one fan letter and it was to Gary Cooper, with whom she's now co-starring in "Dallas"... Celeste Holm and June Havoc, who are often up for the same role, will never share the same close-up if they can help it, for reasons that date back B.H. (Before Hollywood)... Rod Cameron, who's supposed to be a wolf in Western clothing, actually gives Bibles as presents to interested young ladies... Since she's bleached her hair for that role opposite Bing Crosby in "Mr. Music," Ruth now receives mail addressed to "The Blonde Hussey"... Rendezvousing in Mexico: Zach Scott and his fourteen-year-old daughter Waverly, who flew all the way from New York to meet her favorite "boy friend."

Greer Garson discusses script of her film with writer Ronald Miller. She's on location at Elstree, England, for sequel to "Mrs. Miniver".

Gene Tierney, husband Oleg Cassini and Chili Williams relax between scenes with director Otto Preminger. Oleg designed Gene's clothes for film "Where the Sidewalk Ends".
Here and There: Ginger Rogers, so charmingly evasive with the press, has now hired herself a personal press agent. Who knows, maybe her next revolutionaery step will be to cut that magnificent mane. . . . Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis sipping a champagne ice cream soda at Wil Wright's new Vine St. emporium . . . Tarzan and his partner dancing on a dime at Ciro's or, in other words, Lex Barker and Arlene Dahl never looked lovelier.

Baby Talk: "Why did you and Martha name your new son Ted?" Cal asked Mickey Rooney, who was serving cigars in the Hollywood Brown Derby, "Because we liked it," he answered—and we can't think of a better reason . . . John Derek's respect for motherhood now practically borders on reverence. While his new son Russell (named after his best friend, cameraman Russ Harlan) struggled into the world via Caesarian section, John never left his beloved Patti's side. "It was an amazing experience," he said when we called to congratulate him. Curiosity got the best of us. "What was your first thought when you saw your son?" John started to laugh. "I kept saying to myself—why he has a real nose!" . . . Cal wishes those politicians who attack Hollywood could have heard Eleanor Parker when we talked to her. "Were you disappointed when little Susan didn't get a baby brother?" we inquired. "Don't be silly," was the reply. "We adore Sharon and there's still plenty of time, Bert and I expect to have five."

All Brides Are Beautiful: And Joan Caulfield was no exception when she married Frank Ross in Beverly Hills. Cal had never seen Joan looking so radiant, and little wonder . . . 1950 was Joan's year. She married the man of her choice, her career flourished with "The Petty Girl" and Columbia offered her a long term contract. The ex-Mrs. Ross (Jean Arthur) also is glowing. Five days before Frank's wedding to Joan, she opened on Broadway as Peter Pan to receive the greatest ovation of her career.

Dis-a and Data: The one and only Clark Gable evidently takes his picture titles seriously. Just before he started "To Please a Lady," he personally selected an Adrian designed wardrobe for his adored Sylvia. After twenty-four ambitious Hollywood years, every picture Joan Crawford makes is still the "first" one. The day she started "The Lady of the House," she arrived at the studio at 7 a.m. and at 4 p.m. they finally shot her first scene. Mused producer Bill Dozier, "Joan reminded me of a race horse that had been locked too long in the stable" . . . Pity poor Rory Calhoun. He loves little pig sausages and he can't eat them on his Ojai ranch because they're made from the little pigs the soft-hearted guy raised himself . . . "I wanted a scar that's made in America," Cesar Romero told Cal when he called to say he was in the hospital for an appendectomy before leaving to make "Happy Go
Lovely" in London . . . Sex-appeal is what Van Johnson had for the British. Since his return, he's been mailing back those bright red numbers to be worn with dinner jackets.

Ridiculous Rumors: That there is trouble between Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley. To the contrary, the main reason she wanted to play Lydia in "Quo Vadis," was to be close to him while he is producing pictures in Europe. Little Melissa went along to share the house her fond father has already rented in Rome. Just before he sailed, Debby called Cal to tell him the exciting news that Tony had finally received a labor permit to work in this country. All three will be back quicker than you can say Leo the Lion! Those separation rumors probably started when Deborah attended the Academy Awards (in a party) with Stewart Granger, one of their oldest friends. So it was perfectly logical that Stewart would escort Tony's wife during his absence.

(Continued on page 14)
No Punches Pulled: Whenever your old pal Cal needs a story, all he has to do is seek out Mercedes McCambridge! Hollywood's newest and most exciting Oscar-totin' tootsie believes in speaking her mind, which she did when Warners called her back for retakes on "Lightning Strikes Twice." King Vidor was the original director, but for some unexplained reason Bretaigne Windust took over. Mercy walked on the set, discovered who was going to direct her and promptly exploded. It seems "Windy" fired her on her first job in the theater—a job she needed badly. Of course she did the retakes, because, before anything else, she's a troup. But she also had the satisfaction of saying a few thousand words she had been saving.

Africa Speaks: "Should we bring along a few Hollywood witch-women for local color?" This we asked Richard Carlson when he invited friends over to see his slides depicting life on the Dark Continent, during the five torturous months he was there making "King Solomon's Mines." Tribal dances, savage lions destroying zebras, battling hippopotami, were actually photographed in color by the trusty Carlson camera. For two spell-bound hours we sat there, the Dana Andrewses, celebrated artist Paul Clemens, Anne Shirley, and Ronald Reagan with Ruth Roman, all watching the exciting slides Richard threw on a sheet suspended from the living room ceiling. "At least Africa has one custom I love," beamed Richard, when the lights went on again. "The water was so dangerous, we had to wash our teeth in champagne." Said Ronnie Reagan in his quiet, deadpan manner: "What vintage?" And the party was over!

That Certain Party: Paging pretty-boy Freud! At a Hollywood party recently, famous femmes were given buttons and bows, trimmings and trappings; each was supposed to create her favorite doll. With one or two exceptions, the lovely ladies created darling dollsies that looked exactly like themselves!

Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced... held... kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration... prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor.
Amazing Shampoo
Guaranteed Not to Rob
Hair of Natural Oils

Doesn’t destroy precious oils nature provides
to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy

If your hair is
Dull-Lifeless
Dry-Brittle
Hard-to-Manage or Set

See how lovely it can be after a Shasta Shampoo

Nature provides its own natural oils to
make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy.
Without these natural oils, hair may
become dry, lifeless and brittle. Now, im-
proved Shasta is the amazing shampoo
guaranteed not to rob hair of these
precious oils nature provides to make
hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy.

Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks
unbelievably softer, shinier, more beau-
tifully groomed, under Shasta’s magic-
like touch. So, to see your hair looking
its loveliest, get new, improved Shasta
today. Remember, Shasta doesn’t rob
hair of its natural oils.

NEW, IMPROVED
Shasta Beauty Cream Shampoo

Procter & Gamble’s Guarantee
Shasta does not rob hair of its natural
oils. Leaves hair looking its loveliest.
Procter & Gamble guarantees this or
your money back.

INSIDE STUFF

Wedding March: Even about-to-be
brides look so beautiful, Cal declared to
Jan Sterling on the “United States Mail”
set. Come autumn, she marries Paul
Douglas, a second “try” for her, the third
for him. “Even though I’m under contract
to Paramount,” she told us, “I’m still
hoping Milo Anderson at Warners can
design a dress. When I made
Johnny Belinda” there, I could only
wear gingham. In ‘Caged’ I had one
outfit, a prison uniform. Poor Milo, he
was so discouraged he threatened to
sicket my house with a sign reading,
Jan Sterling unfair to Hollywood de-
signers!”

Studio Scuttlebutt: Movie moguls are
currently catering to Ann Sheridan and
it couldn’t happen to a more deserving
dream doll. So the story goes, Twentieth
needed her so badly for “Stella,” they
paid $50,000 to produce Howard Walsch
for postponing a commitment on the
Sheridan services. Also, for every week
she worked beyond a designated date,
there was supposed to be a $10,000
bonus. Not bad for a gal who played
small nurse roles and secretary bits for
eight years at Warners! After seeing the
rushes on “Stella,” boss-man Zanuck
sent La Sheridan a glowing letter of
thanks and encouragement. Result, An-
ie’s batting her beautiful brains out to
help bring the picture in on schedule.

Personality of the Month: She was the
center of attraction at our corner table
at Scandia’s intimate dining room in
Hollywood. And yet, a little over a year
ago, Ruth Roman was practically
unknown.

Cal’s friendship with the brown-eyed,
brown-haired, twenty-six-year-old beauty
began Christmas Eve a year ago when
Cal and Ty Power walked into Ty’s
mother’s home for a pre-holiday dinner.
Ruth was there with Bill Walsh, a friend
of the Powers, who then was the number
one man in her life. We were instantly
taken with Ruth’s good looks.

“She’s an actress,” Ty told me as we
rove home several hours later. But it

Wonder who’s calling her now? June
Haver holds wire on set of “I’ll Get By.”
NOW! Dental Science Shows That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Reports in Authoritative Dental Literature!

2 years' research at 5 great universities—case histories of hundreds of people who used Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—shows the Colgate way stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene known today! Yes, both clinical and X-ray examinations showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even one new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

Pat Neal and John Dall, whose friendship dates back to New York, sit out the fun at Mocambo, where Firehouse Five Plus Two keep customers Charlestoning.

INSIDE STUFF

remained for Kirk Douglas to discover how good an actress. Her work as Kirk's wife in “Champion” resulted in a Warner Brothers contract.

Now posters advertising “Colt .45” with Ruth's name sharing billing with Zachary Scott and Randolph Scott have her family in Boston agog. Her mother and three sisters who remain in Boston can't accustom themselves to her fame. Ruth, however, can. When she decided to become an actress, she headed straight to New York, giving herself ten years to make it, or quit. New York wasn't interested in her, but David O. Selznick was. So she came to Hollywood and when Selznick had no pictures for her she asked for her release.

Ruth, married once, has no current plans for another trip to the altar.

She'll be seen next in “Lightning Always Strikes Twice” with Richard Todd and Mercedes McCambridge. And those who have seen the rushes promise it will zoom her straight to the top. She has made it four years before her deadline.

Bravos for Betty: When Betty Hutton arrived in New York for the premiere of “Annie Get Your Gun,” her daughters Lindsay and Candace were with her. Her mother, too. So Betty got around. She saw the Broadway hit “The Member of the Wedding” with Robert Sterling who, “by coincidence,” was in New York at the same time. She also showed up at other places with other escorts—including Mike Todd, Joan Blondell's ex. Every one is cheering Betty's work in “Annie,” even Ethel Merman, the star of the stage version.

(Continued on page 21)

Beauty on the bench—at Hollywood Ball Park. Ginger Rogers starts the game off right with a smile for manager Fred Haney at Hollywood All Stars' opening game.
Cool, Fragrant Freshness

Spring-morning freshness, and fragrance, too—no matter how hot the day! A wonderful dream come true, thanks to satin-soft Cashmere Bouquet Talc! It thirstily absorbs any excess moisture left on your body after the bath, provides a silky-smooth sheath of protection for those many little "chafeable" spots. Yes, for day long daintiness... every day, twice a day... sprinkle yourself liberally with Cashmere Bouquet Talc!

Cashmere Bouquet
Talcum Powder

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It's the real egg* that makes the magic in this luxury shampoo... the very same smooth liquid creme used in the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon to make hair more manageable, tangle-free, easier to do, and permanents "take" better. Whisks in and out like a dream, removes loose dandruff, leaves hair extra lustrous because it's clean, clean, clean! Try this gentler, kinder, luxury shampoo today. Wonderfully good for children's hair, good for the whole family! $1.00; economy size $1.75

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut
ENRICHED CREME
Shampoo with egg

It's the real egg in Hudnut Shampoo that makes hair more manageable. Home permanents "take" better.

*powdered. 1%
Why don't we see more of that lovely and talented redhead, Arlene Dahl. I will even go far enough to say she is as lovely as Elizabeth Taylor. And that, in my opinion, is a great compliment! Why doesn't anyone ever write a letter about Anthony Curtis? He is much better-looking than John Derek.

ELEANOR ELLIOTT
Kansas City, Mo.

Request Granted:
I don't see why we don't see more of the new stars like Jean Hagen, Gary Merrill, Peggy Dow and Gene Nelson instead of those old tired faces of Esther Williams, Alan Ladd, Tyrone Power. They make me sick. Do something about it and give the new stars a break.

ALISON DE MARCO
Cleveland, O.

(For next month's issue containing "Choose Your Star" which covers most of the new people in pictures.)

Question Box:
In the April issue I noticed an advertisement for "Cheaper by the Dozen." In the corner there is a picture of Jeannie Crain with a handsome actor. Could you tell me the name of this actor, his age, the movies he has appeared in?

ESTHER PITMAN
Mt. Morris, Mich.

(Craig Hill, born in Laguna, Cal., in 1927. He has light brown hair, blue eyes and is unmarried. "Cheaper" was his first picture. "All About Eve," his next.)

Recently I heard about a new picture called "Toast of New Orleans." I would like to know if Mario Lanza is in this picture and when it will be released.

BETTY MOLIN
Detroit, Mich.

(Mario Lanza is in the film. M-G-M plans to release it in the fall.)

Could you please give me some information on Frank Lovejoy who played Doc in "South Sea Sinner." I recognized his voice as one I have heard on the radio. However, I cannot place him as being on any particular radio program.

BETTY ABAT
New Orleans, La.

(Frank Lovejoy, born in New York City March 28, 1914, is 6' tall, 170 pounds. He has brown eyes, brown hair and is married to Joan Banks. They have two children. He's on at least three major radio programs besides NBC's Monday night show, "Night Beat." Next picture, "The Sound of Fury.")

I would like to know whose voice was used for "Francis," the talking mule.

BETTY GILBERT
Bluefield, W. Va.

(Chill Wills was the "voice.")

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.

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...they're so good looking and practical. In style and color, they make this season's smartest combination. Stroller Playshoes are washable and colorfast, cool and fun to wear. The matching sport bags are waterproof inside, roomy enough for all my needs. Ask for Stroller Ensembles at your favorite store. They've got everything!"

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Cashmere Bouquet

—In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!

Now—At the Lowest Price In History!

LAUGHING STOCK
BY ERSKINE JOHNSON


Alan Ladd spotted this sign over a saloon in the small town of Miami, Arizona: “Always Rum For One More.”

Joel McCrea suggested to director Hugo Fregonese that he should buy some ranch property around the Rogue River. “It’s beautiful country up there,” said Joel. “It all depends on the housing,” said Fregonese. “I like to get in out of the scenery.”

Andre Previn, M-G-M’s musical director, says he writes more music for Lassie than for any star on the lot. He explains: “Lassie barks for two hours and runs across green fields. You have to fill in all that silence with music.”

Mrs. Robert Young sent the family dog to a famous Hollywood dog trainer. “If he’s successful with the dog,” she told Bob, “I’m going to send the children.”

The Hollywood Friars Club gave a banquet for Ronald Reagan. The invitations read “Formal.” George Jessel explained: “We decided to dress up for a change. It’s about time the members looked as good as the waiters.”

Joan Davis plays a soap salesgirl in the wild west in “The Traveling Saleswoman.” Foam on the range?

Henry Wilcoxon is killed when Samson pushes over a column in “Samson and Delilah.” But he’s not the first actor to be murdered by a column.

A new Palm Springs night spot, the Circus Room, features two live monkeys in a glass cage behind the bar. People flock in to entertain the monkeys.

Gracie Allen to costume company clerk: “That cowboy suit hanging there might look good on George.”

Clerk: “That’s from the picture ‘The Outlaw’ and I can give you the costume Jane Russell wore.”

Gracie: “Oh, no, thank you. I could never fill her shoes.”

“It’s not what you eat that gives you ulcers, but what’s eating you”: Jerry Wald, producer.

Eight years ago, Terry Moore played Vic Mature’s little sister in “My Gal Sal.” Now they’re lovers in “Alias Mike Fury.” As Terry puts it: “I’m maturing.”

There’s no argument about it at an Encino café. The ladies’ powder room is plainly marked: “Girls’ Gossip Room.”
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7. Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

Dancing in a Dream: To M-G-M with the most excited young lady this side of a yo-yo! "I'm going to dance with Fred Astaire!"

"Unless you explode first," Cal kidded his friend June Allyson, who literally was gasping.

"It's just like a dream come true," she sighed ecstatically. "I was still in school when I saw him (she said the word with reverence) in 'Gay Divorcee' fourteen times. Each time I'd go home, shut myself up in my room and practice the steps I saw him do. Finally, I tried out for the chorus and eventually came to Hollywood. One day, six years ago, I ran into him on the lot. My hair was tucked under a bandana, I wore no make-up. He smiled, but I couldn't speak. I was so mortified I thought I was going to die."

At this point we were joined by Dick Powell. "Another attack of Astaire-itis?" he gently prodded. "Ever since they told June she was going into 'Royal Wedding,' she's almost been ill. She wouldn't ski for fear something might happen. The other night, in her sleep, she kept saying 'I'm going to dance with Fred Astaire!'"

That's when Cal checked out, confidentially, feeling older than Fred Astaire's great-grandfather.

Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants. Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

New ODO-RO-NO CREAM The deodorant without a doubt

GUARANTEED FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.
DEAN MARTIN and Jerry Lewis, maddest, freshest and funniest comedy team in show business, have their own solution for solving the world's problems. "Tax the sourpusses" is their platform and any time they're on any platform, Hollywood's sides split at the seams.

The success of Martin and Lewis dates back to the time they decided to go heavy on everything. Jerry was appearing in an Atlantic City night club. When the management found itself minus an act, he suggested they hire his friend Dean; who was a singer. "He's very funny, too," Jerry promised. "He could be a straight man for me and we could be very funny together." It so happened—they weren't! A whole week went by with nary a snicker.

One night because they knew they were about to be fired, Jerry decided anything was in order. First he rattled dishes. Next he broke trays, gave weird impersonations and kidded the customers. Unexpectedly, they loved it! Dean got their message, pretended to protest, and thus an impromptu and spontaneous act was born.

It happened over four years ago and they've never been known to do an act more than once. They've never been known to have an argument, because all along the way they've honestly shared.

Jerry is the younger. He was born in Newark, New Jersey, on March 16, 1926, at which time Dean was a nine-year-old schoolboy in Steubenville, Ohio. Jerry's been married for six years to Patti Palmer, a former vocalist, and they have a son, four. Dean is now married to Jeannie Biegger, and divorced from Betty MacDonald, the mother of his four children.

Probably the only living man (besides Martin) to top the lean and lanky Lewis was Hal Wallis, the producer of "My Friend Irma Goes West." Pierre, a chimpanzee playing a prominent part in the picture, not only "aped" the comedian sensation-ally, but according to Martin, there was also quite a striking resemblance. "You'd better watch yourself," dead-panned Wallis, who was also watching the overhead. "You know, Jerry, it wouldn't be difficult to replace you!"

For real life drama, Sterling Drug's "MY TRUE STORY" rates as a great treat with millions of listeners. Every Monday through Friday at 10 AM, EDT, "MY TRUE STORY" presents its complete stories, absorbing tales that form the fabric of our lives and times. At 10:30 AM, EDT, America's favorite homemaker, BETTY CROCKER, gives food, fashion and decorating hints on her famous "MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." BETTY is always sure to have tips that make housekeeping lighter and brighter. General Mills sponsors the "BETTY CROCKER MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." Another high-light of the EIGHT GREAT ABC programming is Serutan's VICTOR LINDLAHR heard every day at 10:45 AM, EDT, giving expert advice and comment on nutrition and good living through good health.

The modern miss enjoys ABC's "MODERN ROMANCES" at 11 AM, EDT. This half hour of romance combines all the features of dramatic heart-throb, suspense and thrills. AUNT JEMINA'S boy, BILL CULLEN, comes around with "QUICK AS A FLASH" at 11:30 AM, EDT, with questions and prizes and cash . . . a breezy audience-participation show that's a real honey. At high noon, EDT, oh-JOHNNY OLSEN says "LADIES BE SEATED" for music, fun, an audience and listener frolic (for Philip Morris Cigarettes) . . . and at 12:25 PM, EDT, lovely CAROL DOUGLAS makes "BEAUTY AND FASHIONS" a daily five-minute twin delight for the Toni Company.

Yes, ma'am, any day in June (or July or any month) tune to your local American Broadcasting Company station and hear marvelous morning shows . . . the kind of wonderful entertainment and variety that rate as the GREAT EIGHT!
Altar antics: Marriage is no private affair for Don Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor in a comedy as gay as a wedding bouquet

°FATHER OF THE BRIDE (M-G-M)

TALK about timing! This funny and refreshing comedy about a wedding just couldn't have been timed more perfectly—what with Elizabeth Taylor, one of its stars, having marched off to the altar in May with young Nick Hilton, son of the hotel tycoon. However, this is really Spencer's picture. As the harassed father who gets all the headaches, the heartaches and the bills, Spence wraps it up and takes it home. Joan Bennett, beautiful enough to be a bride herself, plays the mother who married in a dull tailored suit, and is determined that her daughter shall have all the expensive trimmings; veil, church, cake, reception, orchestra, caterers, champagne, etc. Liz, of course, is the young daughter, all dewy-eyed over Don Taylor. All she wants is to get married quietly, and suddenly she finds herself in the year's biggest clam bake.

Burke and Moroni Olsen are the groom's parents. And, according to the father of the bride, they get off mighty easy in this marriage racket. All they have to supply is the groom! Leo G. Carroll shines as the snooty wedding dictator, as does Melville Cooper as the Reverend's busy assistant.

Your Reviewer Says: It's funny if you aren't a father.

Vital Statistics: Elizabeth's foster parents (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) and her real parents are pleased at her choice of a husband. After a honeymoon in Europe, the young Hitlons expect to live in a Hollywood apartment, and continue their respective careers . . . Spencer Tracy could lose some weight, don't you think? Bet he could split some of his old suits just as effectively as he did his striped pants in the picture . . . Joan Bennett, the youngest of the Hollywood grandmothers, looks more like Elizabeth's sister than her mother in this film. But Joan was never one to fuss about "swing" parts.

By Liza Wilson

In Old Chicago: Colorful musical of the Gay Nineties with Phil Harris, Vic Mature as rivals for Betty Grable's favor

°FABULOUS AVENUE (20th Century-Fox)

BETTY GRABLE is back in the kind of Betty Grable movie you like best. (And she likes best, too.) Again she dances plush production numbers, sings nostalgic songs, and shows those famous legs in pretty tights, which is good news for the millions of Grable fans. This time, Betty is an 1892 honky-tonk entertainer in a tough night club run by Phil Harris on Chicago's Wabash Avenue. Her specialty is the shimmy. And she shakes a mean one. But, before the picture is over, Betty has become a glamorous star of a lavish Broadway musical, and sings the popular "Wilhelmina." Vic Mature, fresh from the unbecoming haircut given him by Delilah Lamm, plays a breezy, fast-talking guy with a heart of gold. He and Phil outtrick each other for Betty. The usually immaculate Reginald Gardner plays a grubby panhandler, and James Barton a lovable old tosspot.

Your Reviewer Says: No messages, just wonderful fun.

Vital Statistics: For this picture Betty Grable's hair was dyed a white-gold color, which looks good in Technicolor. Latest measurements are: 36-inch bust, 23 waist, 35 hips, 10 1/4 thigh, 13 calf. Betty thinks her legs are much too skinny. "Sociable has better," she says. "Sociable" is a two-year-old thoroughbred she owns. She and Harry are mad for horses and have twenty-eight of them at their Calabasas ranch, near Hollywood . . . Director Henry Koster tried to make Vic do a bit of terpsichore with Betty, Vic just stuck out his feet, while Betty shuddered. "Size twelve-and-a-half," he said. But he did consent to take piano lessons, just long enough to play "Baby, Won't You Say You Love Me." Ben Gage does Vic's screen singing. Vic and his wife and child live in the same five-room house they've had for several years. "I'm the only actor in Hollywood with one bathroom," boasts Vic.

Outstanding Good Fair
F—For the whole family A—For adults
Locked in: Upon Eleanor Parker, who is a first offender, prison life and fellow inmates have a disastrous effect

\(\sqrt{1/2}\) (A) Caged (Warners)

ELEANOR PARKER is the star of this dramatic film which reports, in semi-documentary fashion, life in a women's prison. The story is based on the eye-witness account of writer Virginia Kellogg, who voluntarily had herself imprisoned in a state prison for women. Eleanor, giving a bang-up performance, has the pivotal role of Marie Allen, a nineteen-year-old girl who becomes involved in the holdup of a gasoline station. She enters prison as an innocent first offender, but comes out several years later a bitter, cynical woman, fully conditioned for a life of crime. The entire cast of women is outstanding, with special kudos to Betty Garde, head of a shoplifting syndicate; Agnes Moorehead, a kindly superintendent who tries to reform the horrors of prison life; Hope Emerson, a sadistic prison matron; Lee Patrick, an elegant vice-queen; Jan Sterling, a prostitute; Ellen Corby, a half-wit; and Gertrude Michael, a former society woman on the verge of insanity.

Your Reviewer Says: Grim, but well worth seeing.

Vital Statistics: No glamour for Eleanor Parker this time. In several sequences she even has her hair shaved off. She didn’t have to do much “padding” in her pregnancy scenes. She was pregnant. In April, she and her husband Bert Freedman announced the arrival of a second daughter. Strange indeed are the workings of fate and studios: Following this swell acting job, Eleanor was “dropped” from the contract list. . . . A notable switch in casting is that of Agnes Moorehead. The sharp-featured hag of many a picture role turns up as a warm-hearted superintendent. The preview audience applauded when an “inside” murdered 225 pound, six-feet-two Hope Emerson formerly a jolly backslapping New York entertainer. She’s well on her way to being “the woman you love to hate.”

Story of a paraplegic: Teresa Wright helps Marlon Brando struggle with the problem of a future in a wheel chair

\(\sqrt{\sqrt{2}}\) (A) The Men (Kramer-UA)

EVER SINCE Marlon Brando made his big hit in Tennessee Williams’s “A Streetcar Named Desire” on Broadway two years ago, producers have tried to lure him to the Coast. But Marlon preferred his New York cold-water flat, his African drums, and girl friends who wear outside sweatshirts with “U.S. Navy” across the chest. But when Stanley Kramer, Hollywood’s most exciting young producer (“Champion” and “Home of the Brave”), told him the story of his third film, Marlon said yes immediately. As the young paraplegic, paralyzed from the waist down in World War II, bitter, hopeless, hating his future in a wheel chair, Marlon makes a brilliant screen debut. With dramatic simplicity the film tells how he gradually learns to rehabilitate himself in a strange and difficult world. Teresa Wright is perfect as his girl who has a lot of adjusting to learn also. The picture was made at Birmingham Veterans Hospital, near Los Angeles, and forty-five paraplegics were signed to play themselves. Everett Sloane stands out as a hard-working doctor. Ditto Jack Webb as an intelligent and cynical paraplegic who gets “taken” by a floozie. Real veteran paraplegic Arthur Jurado plays Angel.

Your Reviewer Says: A new experience in entertainment.

Vital Statistics: New York actor Marlon Brando works overtime at being a “character.” But he is such a fine, hard-working actor that everyone forgives him. For four weeks before production he lived in a wheel chair at Birmingham Hospital. The boys there liked him. He arrived in Hollywood with three pairs of blue jeans and T-shirts. Announced he was allergic to ties, stuffed shirts and glamorous movie stars. Shelley Winters, in blue jeans and sweater, and her hair done by an egg-beater, finally wangled a date.

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PRESENTATION OF
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Treasure Island
Color by TECHNICOLOR

JIM HAWKINS
played by BOBBY DRISCOLL
(Academy Award winning boy actor of 1949)

LONG JOHN SILVER
played by ROBERT NEWTON

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT
played by BASIL SYDNEY

Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures • Produced by Percy Pearce • Directed by Byron Haskin
Screen play by Lawrence E. Watkin

It had to be Walt Disney! America's master storyteller captures all the white-hot excitement in this finest of adventure yarns.

Soon, his unforgettable cast will sweep you to a world of sea-tossed adventure and embattled men... of pirates whose hearts are as black as their gunpowder... of a one-legged rogue who led them to steal, only to have his own heart stolen by a boy's courage. You'll feel you've lived the greatest adventure of them all!

© 1940 Disney
So in action, Bogie's Baby is indeed in top form as the torching Polish ex-mill worker who operates "a rooming house for ladies." But Gary, the knock-kneed, is in love with rich and elegant Patricia Neal whose papa (Donald Crisp) considers former tenant-farmer Gary "po" white trash." Gary makes a mint of money with a little gadget called a cigarette machine, ruins Papa, and marries Patricia. And what that Southern belle does to him is one for the books!

Jeff Corey, Jack Carson, Elizabeth Patterson and Glidys George have good parts in this drama based on the novel, "The Bright Leaf," by Foster Fitz-Simons.

Your Reviewer Says: Drama in the tobacco country.

✓ (F) The Gun Fighter (20th Century-Fox)

HERE's a Western that's decidedly different. It tells in suspenseful detail of the ill-fated effort of a famous gun fighter to break with his bloodstained past. The action takes place in a little town in the Old West of the 1880's.

Gregory Peck, in a mustache that doesn't do a thing for him, plays the six-shooter Jimmie Ringo (patterned after real life John Ringo). Millard Mitchell, former New York actor who sports Hollywood, plays the sheriff who has a soft spot in his heart for Ringo. The duff side is well looked after by Helen Westcott and Jean Parker, absent from the screen for five years. Remember Jean as the fragile young girl in "Sequoya" and as Beth in the first talking production of "Little Women." Now she goes in for tough dame parts. Likes them better, she says.

Your Reviewer Says: More suspense than shooting.

✓ (F) The Lawless (Paramount)

ALL BIG-CITY reporters, all the legend goes, want to buy a small-town newspaper. In this picture Macdonald Carey does just that. The results are not exactly what he had in mind.

Carey attends a fruit pickers' dance on the wrong side of the Santa Marta, California, tracks. There he meets Gail Russell who, with her father, publishes a Mexican weekly. John Sands and John Davis, a couple of wealthy kids, crash the party, tangle with the Mexican boys, Lalo Rios and Maurice Jara. There's a free-for-all resulting in the death of a policeman. A lynch-minded mob runs down the frightened Lalo, Carey goes to his defense both with fists and editorials.

Your Reviewer Says: A crusade against mob rule.

✓ (A) The Sleeping City (U-I)

HERE's a semi-documentary drama based on the narcotics racket in New York. Reminiscent of Mark Hellinger's "The Naked City" it is realistic and without glamour. It was filmed in its entirety in New York.

Gotham's Confidential Squad is puzzled by the murder of Hugh Reilly, a young interne at New York's famous Bellevue Hospital. After a thorough briefing Richard Conte, one of their brightest young detectives, is passed off as an intern and assigned to the traumatism ward. There he meets the ward nurse, pretty, seductive Coleen Gray. And also meets the hospital janitor, a friendly old guy who plays the horses and loans money to the always broke internes. Although Conte is soft on nurse Coleen he soon discovers that she
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Best Pictures of the Month

“In a Lonely Place”

“The Men”

Best Performances of the Month

Lauren Bacall in “Bright Leaf”

Eleanor Parker in “Caged”

Clifton Webb in “Cheaper by the Dozen”

Kent Smith in “The Damned Don’t Cry”

Spencer Tracy in “Father of the Bride”

Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell in “The Gun Fighter”

Humphrey Bogart in “In a Lonely Place”

Marlon Brando, Everett Sloane, Jack Webb in “The Men”

Betty Grable in “We Ebb Avenue”

is the key to the disappearing morphine mystery, and that the janitor isn’t the friendly old cuss he pretends to be.

Peggy Dow is a nurse in love with Alex Nicol, an intern who commits suicide. Richard Taber is the janitor.

Your Reviewer Says: Visit a wicked city after dark.

THE Golden Age
(March of Time-RKO)

The “roaring twenties” costumes and customs are reviewed now—twenty years later—in a documentary film. A chronicle of America’s Jazz Age, the film is an assemblage of newsreels joined together with a modern commentary by Elmer Davis, Robert Q. Lewis, Frederick Allen, Allen Prescott and Red Barber.

And its stars are Rudolph Valentino, Franklin D. Roosevelt, The Duke of Windsor, Charles Lindbergh, Al Jolson, Babe Ruth and countless other famous and infamous personalities who contributed to the political, religious, entertainment, sport and industrial advancement of that turbulent decade.

There will be laughter for today’s generation, and nostalgia for those who were part of the era that began at the end of World War I—and came to a close with the Wall Street Crash.

Your Reviewer Says: History in the making.

(A) In a Lonely Place
(Columbia)

If you’re a murder mystery addict this is right down your dark alley. Starring grim-visaged Humphrey Bogart, it’s one of the year’s best murder mystery dramas.

Bogart plays, as only Bogart can, a once famous screenwriter who, having lost his touch, has become frustrated and often-times, violent. He invites a pretty hat check girl, Martha Stewart, to his apartment one night to read to him. Early the next morning she is found murdered in the Hollywood hills. Bogart is suspected. He has a police record of fighting and drinking. Hollywood thinks he is on the border of madness. Gloria Grahame allis him, later falls in love with him, and agrees to marry him. Then she, too, begins to have suspicions. The climax will have you on the edge of your seat.

In the supporting cast are Frank Lovejoy as a police detective, Carl Benton Reid as the police captain, Art Smith as a Hollywood agent, Jeff Donnell as a detective’s wife, and Robert Warwick as an old-time brandy-drinking actor.

Your Reviewer Says: A Bogart bombshell.

Best Pictures of the Month

“In a Lonely Place”

“The Men”

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Eleanor Parker in “Caged”

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Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell in “The Gun Fighter”

Humphrey Bogart in “In a Lonely Place”

Marlon Brando, Everett Sloane, Jack Webb in “The Men”

Betty Grable in “We Ebb Avenue”

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More “glory lights” in your hair

![Image]

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Perfumed with famous Old Spice 5¼ oz. 85¢

At Drug and Department Stores

SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York


Brief Reviews

(F) ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—M-G-M: Wonderful film version of the smash Broadway musical. Betty Hutton is outstanding as the world’s top girl sharpshooter. Howard Keel is a great new star as the object of her affections. With Keenan Wynn, Louis Calhern, John Carroll Naish. (May)

(F) A STONISHED HEART—THE—Rank-U: In this British triangle drama, stewed with lots of smart talk, Noel Coward plays a psychiatrist whose love life is a mess. With Margaret Leighton, Celia Johnson. Super-suspicion. This. (May)

(F) BIG HANGOVER, THE—M-G-M: Van Johnson’s nostrils to live when pockmarked student Elizabeth Taylor tries to cure him of his allergy to liquor. It’s gay and good looking. (June)

(F) BIG LEAP, THE—20th Century-Fox: Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas appear as a couple of GI’s who help run the air lift that beams the Russian blockade of Berlin. Cornell Borchers and Brunt Lobel are theirраницы. (June)


(F) CAPTAIN CAREY, U.S.A.—Paramount: This lively mystery thriller, jam-packed with intrigue, stars Alan Ladd as an ex-CSS officer who returns to Italy in search of a murderer. With Wanda Hendrix, Frances Lederer. Good suspense. (May)

(F) CAPTURE, THE—RKO: A psychological melodrama set in modern Mexico with Lew Ayres as a hunted murderer who tells his gripping story to priest Victor Jory. Teresa Wright is appealing as Lew’s wife. (June)

(F) CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR—Popkin-UA: Quiz shows and Big Business get quite a kicking in this satire which stars Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm, Vincent Price. (May)

(C) COMANCHE TERRITORY—U-I: A routine cowboy-and-Indian epic with Maureen O’Hara as a tough saloon operator, MacDonald Carey as the in- vincible of the fictitious knife, Peter Graves and Burt Lancaster as two cowboys. (June)

(F) CURTAIN CALL AT CACTUS CREEK—U-I: The hilarious trials of a broken-down repertory company with Donald O’Connor as a stage-rate hooch. A typical hoot. (June)

(F) DAUGHTER OF ROBIE ORDAWAY, THE—Warners: A St. Patrick’s Day special, starring Jane Haver and Gordon MacRae with James Barton, Gene Nelson. (May)

(F) D.O.A.—Popkin-UA: This unusual who-done-it has Edmond O’Brien solving his own murder. With Pamela Britton, Luther Adler. (April)

(F) EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE—Pine–Thomas–Paramount: John Payne, Rhonda Fleming and Dennis O’Keefe pool their talents in this elaborate Robin Hood. (May)

(F) I WAS A SHOPLIFTER—U-I: Routine melodrama centering on suçes With Joan Leslie, Mona Freeman, Andrea King. (May)

(F) JIGGERS AND MAGIC OUT WEST—M-G-M: Typical comedy. Come-clip users cut the tales by Joe Yule and Reino Rino and get involved in funin when they are taken claim to their mining property. (June)

(F) KEY TO THE CITY—M-G-M: Love and politics are the ingredients of a daffy comedy with Clark Cable, Loretta Young, Frank Morgan. (April)

(F) MOTHER DIDN’T TELL ME—20th Century-Fox: Dorothy McGuire and William Lundigan make a delightful team in an amusing story of marriage and medicine. With June Havoc. (April)

(F) NANCY GOES TO RIO—M-G-M: Jane Powell as a bonnie teenager sets out to cop her actress-mother’s part in a play and her boy friend. With Ann Sothern, Barry Sullivan, Carmen Miranda, Louis Calhern, Scotty Beckett. (May)

(F) ONE WAY STREET—Columbia: Rand Scott is on outlaw Forrest Tucker’s trail in this rugged action-packed Western. With George Macready, Frank Faylen, Jeff Corey, Dorothy Malone. (April)

(F) NO MAN OF HER OWN—Paramount: Barbara Stanwyck suffers in fine style in this melodrama. With John Lund, Lyle Bettger, Jane Cowl. (May)

(A) NO SAD SONGS FOR ME—Columbia. This poignant drama brings Margaret Sullivan back to the screen as an attractive young wife and mother dying of cancer. With Wendell Corey, Viveca Lindfors, Natale Wood. (May)

(F) ONE WAY STREET—U-I: James Mason is an uneasy self again as an illegal drug hiker by gangster, Dan Duryea, Marta Toren is Dan’s girl who runs off to Mexico with Mason and suffers the consequences. No for the appeared. (June)

(F) OUR VERY OWN—Goldwyn: A family drama of a young girl’s heartbreak upon discovering she was adopted. With Ann Blyth, Farley Granger, Joan Evans, Ann Dvorak, Jane Wyatt. (April)

(F) OUTSIDERS, THE—M-G-M: Joel McCrea, Barry Sullivan, James Whitmore, fugitives from Union prison camp, pose as outlaws for a wagon train, headed by Ramon Novarro, which is carrying a million dollars and Arlene Dahl. (June)

(F) PERFECT STRANGERS—Warners: Randolph Scott, Bette Davis, and Monty Woolley present their talents in an affecting courtroom drama. The gypsy. (June)

(F) PLEASE BELIEVE ME—M-G-M: Robert Walker, Peter Lawford and Mark Stevens compete for Deborah Kerr in a slimy attempt about a would-be British heroine. (June)

(F) POSSIBLE AND THE REDHEAD—THE—M-G-M: June Allyson and hubby Dick Powell team up in a comedy about a young lawyer, campaigning for mayor. There’s wonderful slapstick with a lovely hon. David Wayne, Cecil Kellaway, Mar- vin Kaplan has a long of time of it, too. (June)

(F) RIDING HIG—Paramount: Horse-enjoying Bob Crosby terrorizes trouble with a song and a joke in an entertaining racetrack romance. With Colleen Gray, Frances Crabtree, Charles Bickford, Raymond Walburn, William Demarest. (April)

(F) ROCK ISLAND TRAIL—Republic: A picture about the building of the Rock Island R.R. With Forrest Tucker, Adele Mara, Anne Jeffreys. (May)

(F) SECRET FURY, THE—RKO: A tantalizing thriller with Claudette Colbert confronting a couple of great detectives. With Peter Lawford as a couple of murders take place before Robert Ryan solves the mystery. With Paul Kelly, Jane Cowl. (June)
The deeper you cleanse... The prettier you look!

Your skin actually looks younger after cleansing with Woodbury Cold Cream! You'll discover your complexion is prettier than you knew.

For Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper! It contains Penaten—the amazing new penetrating agent that actually goes deeper into the pore openings. That means Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths more effectively, too. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that little-girl freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 20¢ to $1.39 plus tax.
ELIZABETH TAYLOR as she plays opposite DON TAYLOR in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "FATHER OF THE BRIDE"

"I'm a Lux Girl"
says ELIZABETH TAYLOR

A bride of dreamlike loveliness—that's Elizabeth Taylor in her latest picture. Notice the radiant beauty of her complexion—it's a Lux Complexion, given the gentlest, most cherishing care with Hollywood's own beauty soap.

"My Lux Soap facials with ACTIVE lather give my skin new loveliness—so quickly!" says Elizabeth. In recent tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time. Try this beautifying care! You'll love the generous bath size Lux Toilet Soap, too—so fragrant—so luxurious!

HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL:

1. Here's the Active-lather beauty facial screen stars never neglect: Smooth the creamy Lux Soap lather in well—

2. It's such rich, abundant lather, even in the hardest water. Just rinse with warm water, then splash on cold—

3. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry. Marvelous—how soft and smooth your skin feels now—how fresh it looks!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
LET THE HOLLYWOOD RECORD SPEAK

EARLY this spring, you'll remember, Senator Edwin C. Johnson, Chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, attacked Hollywood, made sensational charges against several stars and proposed that a Federal censorship pass upon the morals of the community and license those deemed fit to continue in their profession. Furthermore, he sent a special committee investigator, Stephen S. Jackson, to the film colony to gather material for presentation at public hearings.

But there were no hearings. Instead, when all the ballyhoo and headlined stories were over, Senator Johnson announced he would give industry leaders a chance to clean up on a voluntary basis. This continues to imply that Hollywood is an immoral place. And it dams the hundreds of decent men and women engaged in picture making because of the few who have transgressed the moral and legal codes.

There always are those who are wholly willing to believe Hollywood is a wicked place. But our readers, we are convinced, want the facts. We quote the findings of a recent research by an independent organization.*

<table>
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<td>One child</td>
<td>19.8%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Two children</td>
<td>25.2%</td>
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<tr>
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<td>66.5%</td>
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<td>College graduates</td>
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<tr>
<td>Attended college but did not graduate</td>
<td>36.1%</td>
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Let the Record Speak!

*Courtesy of the Hollywood Reporter

The Editors
This is the story the newspapers didn't get. For until now Bette Davis has refused to talk about her headlined marriage breakup.

BETTE DAVIS has never faced a graver or more complex drama in the movies than she now faces in her private life. Her new movie, "The Story of a Divorce," is pale stuff compared to her divorce from William Grant Sherry. For here is a situation so loaded with drama and fear and, yes, violence, that even a fiction writer might balk at the psychological elements involved.

The three characters are: Bette, a world-famous actress and brilliant woman who lives in the spotlight of acclaim. "Sherry," a former boxer and masseur, now struggling for recognition as an artist. Barbara, called "Beedee," the three-year-old daughter whose happiness lies in the balance.

The problem: Even with their marriage shattered around them, Sherry will not let Bette go. He wants...
Bette took Sherry back after their first separation because his analyst asked her to give her husband another chance, because Sherry loved her and she loved him. And because she thought that it would be better for their daughter

her, the glitter and enchantment of her fascinating world and the attention and attentions he commands as her husband.

It might be said that it is commendable for a man to so love a woman that he cannot bear to lose her. But is it commendable for a man to use his fists to prove his love until, and I can tell you this first-hand, his wife is so terrified she goes nowhere without a bodyguard?

The last person upon whom Sherry used his active fists was Barry Sullivan. When, uninvited and overwrought, he barged into the studio party Bette’s company gave to celebrate her birthday, Barry tried to pacify him. In vain. A scuffle followed.

It was a few days after this that Bette, with her sister Barbara, came to see me. (Continued on page 95)
He wanted to act—it was as simple as that. This is the delightfully human story of Farley Granger, who knew he’d been born for just one thing.

At fifteen, Farley knew what he wanted. At seventeen, after one fast week in a little theater, he didn’t find it too startling to be hired by Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. At twenty-four, he looks back and laughs at himself.

He’s a mature twenty-four. Seven years ago, his eyes were full of stars. Eagerness welled like water from a natural spring. Now, he’s reserved with all but his intimates. Along the way, he’s shed a few illusions about people and things. Since they were illusions, he’s glad to be rid of them. He no longer sees life as a glorious succession of magnificent roles. Learning the hard art of compromise, he’s grown more realistic, though not more cynical. The enthusiasm’s still there, only it’s channeled.

Hedda Hopper made some predictions for 1950. “I think Monty Clift’s a great bet. I think Farley Granger’s better. He’s deeper and more sensitive. He’s landed a role that could make 1950 an Academy Award year for him, even at his age. In ‘Edge of Doom,’ he’ll play a man who accidentally kills a priest, then wrestles with his own soul. I’m putting my money on Farley to have the world at his feet when it’s over.”

“Edge of Doom” is finished. Together with “Side Street” and “Our Very Own,” it’s unreleased at this writing. Considering only those pictures seen by the public, you come up against a curious realization. Some have done well enough at the (Continued on page 38)
(Continued from page 36) box office, some have won critical bravos, some have flopped. Run your eye down the list and, except for "North Star," you won't find an outstanding smash in the lot. Yet Granger's stock rises higher and higher.

Allow so much for the fine Goldwyn hand on the reins. So much for the boy's dark vivid good looks, and the pull of personality. On the screen he glows like a torch against darkness. But others have glowed before him, and since, and who knows or cares where their ashes lie scattered? Allow something for luck, which played its part, and that's still not enough. Luck can give you a shove, but not to the top of the heap. When you hear the whole story, you get a sense of inevitability. If it hadn't happened this way, it would have happened another.

Farley's first piece of luck lay in the nature of his parents. They neither spoiled their only child, nor tried to possess him. He was a third individual in the house, smaller, but just as free to express his opinions. They treated him as an equal, loved him without pressure and let him grow according to his bent.

Acting was his bent, though nobody paid it any mind except the kids whose fun he regularly ruined. Having gone with his mother to the movies Friday evening, he'd sally forth next morning and snag a pal or two.

"Saw the picture last night."
"Yeah? Well, skip it, we're goin' today."
"Okay, just this one little piece."

In five minutes the gang had collected, and Farley'd be doing the whole thing up brown. Toward the end an anguished voice might yell, "Not how it comes out! Don't tell us how it comes out!" The actor, lost in his art, didn't even hear, and the audience was much too enthralled to break away. Not till the fade-out, did the muttering start. "Aw, what's-a-use-a-goin' to the movies now?" They went anyway, but the edge was off.

On the whole, however, their chum proved an asset. Weekdays, after school, they'd all clamber through the joints of some unfinished house. Grabbing slats for swords, they'd be transformed by the magic of childhood into pirates or the three musketeers in the picture last Saturday. If memory failed, Farley could invariably supply the cue. Moreover, he played the villain by choice. Heroes bored him. Heroes stood around looking good. And dumb. Villains ranted, hissed and met (Continued on page 79)
Age 17: Under contract to Sam Goldwyn. He took his parents to a movie to settle their nerves.

Age 19: The Navy cut short his budding career—but it gave Farley a chance to grow up.

Today: The enthusiasm's still there, but it's channeled.
What is Rita Hayworth like today? Elsa makes a call—and contradicts the columnists

RITA HAYWORTH has changed. Inevitably! Her marriage to Prince Aly Khan introduced her to a life of great luxury. She now moves in the best circles of European society. She is the mother of a beautiful little princess. And daily she is exposed to her husband's man-of-the-world wit and charm.

However, the change in Rita is not the change you might expect. She hasn't gone chi chi. Oh, she talks with a beautifully clipped English diction that is reminiscent of Aly's speech. And she has more sophisticated tastes and greater discernment than before. But (Continued on page 42)
TITLE TO HAPPINESS

BY ELSA MAXWELL

color picture by Valeska
essentially, she's a far simpler woman than she used to be, a happier woman, too.

I don't think Rita ever was cut out to be a career girl. She had a living to earn and she earned it in the only way she knew; by dancing and by acting. The more success she attained, the more responsibilities she had to assume and the harder she had to work and neither of her previous marriages offered her any escape from this pattern.

Now it is different.

"If I find a story I like, I will make another picture," she told me, "perhaps in Hollywood, perhaps here in Europe." Her happy smile contradicted all the ominous items that have appeared in the gossip columns. "I have quite a big family now, Elsa. And I find that to be a good mother and wife is a full-time job, which I love."

At Gstaad, in Switzerland, where Rita and Aly spent the winter, she was content and happy with her quiet life in the chalet with its many windows curtained in starched white, the laundry dancing gaily in the wind and sunshine and the big pile of wood at the door for the fireplaces.

It delights Rita that Rebecca loves Jasmine so dearly. She laughs when Rebecca must show visitors how oddly Jasmine is dressed under her white woolen knitted dress, wearing diapers!

Rebecca is a serious child, much like Orson Welles, her father. But she is happy, too, with a five-year-old toothless smile that comes most quickly at the sight of her mother. During the five weeks at Gstaad when Aly was hospitalized after his skiing accident, Rita drove to see him several times a day. Between times, she and Rebecca went on walks, gathered flowers for the house and turned their luncheons and tea times into parties at which they played "two girls."

Rita's clothes both at Gstaad and Cannes are simple; slacks, sport coats and sport caps and sweaters. But with her red-gold hair thick and half-long, and her skin tanned by the good Swiss mountain air and sun, she wears a radiant look, young and healthy.

Also, it is a flattering thing for a woman to be in love. And Rita adores her charming, witty husband. Whatever he wants, (Continued on page 77)
During the five weeks Aly was hospitalized, Rita and Rebecca turned luncheon and tea into parties at which they played "two girls"

Rita, occupied with her family, has no definite plans for a picture—will do one if she finds the right story

Rebecca's smile comes most quickly for her mother

Rebecca, who dearly loves Jasmine, is intrigued with her underclothing, insists on showing it to visitors
It's a jubilee year for the Powells, who eagerly stepped in where other star couples fear to tread—to become Hollywood's gayest new star team.

the BEST YEAR of their LIVES

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

IN THE darkness of a downtown Los Angeles theater, June Allyson held onto her husband's tweeded arm excitedly. It was that magic moment after the flash, "Major Studio Feature Preview," when the crowds wait, hushed and expectant, to discover the star identities of their extra entree. At the words "June Allyson and Dick Powell . . ." they fairly screamed their applause.

"They like us!" said June happily.

Behind them, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives who, in co-starring them, had stepped in where angels, particularly those of the box office, have feared to tread, began to breathe again. Only too well did they remember the past, when teeming husbands and wives had spelled mutual oblivion.

But the public love the Powells' camera-derie. And out of that first preview applause was born Hollywood's gayest new star team. After "The Reformer and the Redhead," sure that starring with her husband only enhances June's romantic appeal, M-G-M lost no time in (Continued on page 101)

Working with June has its advantages, says Dick, who adds with a grin, "You can yell at your wife!"

"The Reformer and the Redhead" was filmed on the same stage where June, years ago, first saw Dick...
A dozen stars fought for this role. Jane Wyman gives it a haunting quality that won her Photoplay's Gold Medal.

"The Glass Menagerie," long a triumph on Broadway, now comes to the screen. Everyone in this Warner Brothers picture went all out for realism. Jane Wyman, to portray the crippled Laura, used no make-up and wore a specially constructed shoe in which it was painful to walk. Gertrude Lawrence, international stage star, makes her Hollywood debut in curlers and twenty pounds of padding. Kirk Douglas did his own singing and announced it was a greater ordeal than tooting a horn. But Arthur Kennedy enjoyed his first day's sleeping scene. He had spent the previous night flying in from New York.
Gertrude Lawrence accuses son, Arthur Kennedy, of neglecting her; implores him to find a “gentleman caller” for crippled sister ... 

... Jane Wyman, who lives in dream world with her glass animals; secretly visits zoo when she is supposed to be in school.

Arthur brings Kirk Douglas home but Jane, panicked by shyness and shame, becomes ill.

Kirk, sensitive enough to understand Jane, takes her dancing, kisses her. But Gertrude's hopes fade when he reveals he's engaged.

Arthur goes to sea but can't escape memories of home. Gertrude and Jane wait—for the future in which they, like everyone, must believe.
He’s fond of garlic and philosophic discussions. He goes into perpetual motion when he talks about himself. And at twenty-nine, he finds life is “full of regrets”—that’s Monty Clift.

He is constantly stocking up on shoe polish. He doesn’t like cats. He sleeps in a T-shirt.

He nurtures a conviction that money does not bring security. “It slips so easily through your fingers.”

He was baptized Montgomery Clift.

He eats four or five eggs with bacon or sausage for breakfast. He would like to have “a lot of children,” and is very self-conscious while being interviewed, dislikes talking about himself because “it implies one is worth talking about.”

He has never read “Forever Amber.”

He does not carry a comb and thinks Rome’s Colosseum at dusk the most impressive sight he has ever seen. He wears glasses only to watch...
He wishes he could go to a hospital for a rest—and to catch up on reading!

He has a keen sense of humor and an aversion for limburger cheese—and eats four or five eggs with bacon or sausage every day for breakfast.

Monty thinks few professional people are doing what they like best. But he's just completed a role he wanted to play all his life in "A Place in the Sun."
Adrian wanted a modern house—David, a traditional. So they compromised and bought a San Fernando Valley “antique.”

Adrian cooks like a dream but she gives her husband nightmares—about calories.

A FEW weeks ago, David Brian was invited to a party at Lou Wasserman’s. Mr. Wasserman is head of the mighty Music Corporation of America which holds David’s contract. An invitation to a party like this means, but definitely, that you are a hit, headed up. David didn’t need that assurance, particularly. He can read. He can hear what people are saying. And there is the critical response to his very few performances, starting with “Flamingo Road,” going on to “Intruder in the Dust,” “Beyond the Forest” and currently, “The Damned Don’t Cry.”

Nevertheless, David accepted the Wasserman invitation with the greatest pleasure. And on this occasion he wore his own dress clothes. That was an event, too. For less than a year ago, when he was ordered to attend the premiere of his debut picture, “Flamingo Road,” he went in Errol Flynn’s shoes and Mike Muzurki’s dress suit. In other words, he possessed neither.

He walked into the Wassermans’ as a rumba was being played in the celophane tent that covered the garden. All about him was wealth and celebrity. He took Joan Crawford into his arms for his first circuit around the floor. The next number was a waltz and for that Bette Davis was (Continued on page 74)
HE'S FAMOUS!

David has that Gable quality that makes a girl aware of being feminine. He's in "The Great Jewel Robber"
"Getting married isn't all spring and flowers... both of us are going to have careers and be successful at them... cooking and I were no strangers... they said we weren't getting along—how a rumor like that gets started I'll never know."

(Editor's Note: Twenty-one-year-old Jane Powell grew up in Hollywood and her life has long been bound up with the glamour of the screen. But in her marriage to Geary Steffen, Jane is like any average American girl.

To capture the full flavor of her speech and personality, this story was taken down on a wire recorder as she talked, with the moviestrip pictures made at the same time.)

Geary and I had a long engagement. We waited for him to build himself up in a new profession so that he was completely self-sufficient. We became engaged on January 5, 1949, but we didn't marry until eleven months later.

Both of us thought about our marriage and about marriage in general and about marriage in Hollywood (Continued on page 97)

All Hollywood is talking about

Jane Powell's attitude towards her marriage—which is just what Janie talks about here

"Lily Pons and Lauritz Melchior are our favorite recording stars... I hope to combine concert work with my movie job... people think no one in Hollywood is happy... Geary has only seen one of my pictures—I could tell he liked it"
LIKE THIS

BY JANE POWELL

recording for

ezra goodman

Mr. and Mrs. Geary Steffen: Jane Powell is in "The Tender Hours"
In her powder-puff skirts, she's absorbed in a whirl of her own. She's Liza Minnelli—Judy Garland’s talented daughter.
The age of anxiety: A quick look at teacher—and Liza begins her dance

Fancy free: Miss Minnelli gives her all as she swings into a graceful pirouette

When she goes into a pique turn her audience is forgotten

It's a great moment in any photographer's life when he captures the magic mood of unposed, unrehearsed pictures like these. They were taken in the Hollywood dancing studio of Nico Charisse, ex-husband of Cyd Charisse. While the photographer was working, Liza Minnelli, all absorbed in her dancing, gave him scant attention. Ask Liza, who appeared with her mother in "The Good Old Summertime," what she wants to be and she'll tell you—a ballerina!

Five little ballerinas point their toes. Liza is second from the right. Their instructor is "Miss Sylvia" Lescoulie

Babies take a bow: Carrie Rothschild, a four-year-old too, was Liza's partner in an arabesque
IT WAS A dream of a party

BY KAY MULVEY

There was music and dancing in a garden. But Hollywood, wise in the ways of romance, left the gayest part for the last—a swim in a starlit pool

WHEN girls in fluffy dresses and young men in formal white jackets come together in a garden, memories are likely to linger on. Especially when the party is as cleverly thought out as one given in Hollywood on a recent starlit night.

At this party, swimming was last on the program. Which meant there was no problem about make-up or hair or any other detail of grooming. A party that begins with swimming, let's face it, is held up by the time it takes the girls to get back in romantic-looking form—and some never make it.

Also from the beginning of this party to the end, there was music. Everyone brought records; Charleston music, ballads and classical selections for "listening around the fire." Even when the guests went swimming there was music. (Continued on page 91)

Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen

Camellias and gardenias floated in the pool where Vera-Ellen, Rock and Joan swam after midnight. There's something about a man in a white jacket, decide the girls. Here, Allene, Douglas, John, Joan, Barbara Lawrence, Bob Stack
Barbara and Bob find magic in the rose-covered patio. There's no denying that . . . nights like this bring men and girls moments of rare and warm understanding. Below, Rod Cameron and Wanda Hendrix
THE PARTY to see, if you have problems, is Miss Mona Freeman. The little monster of "Dear Wife" and "Dear Ruth" will not disappoint. She is Miss Fixit in person.

Mona knows from everything and info is cheerfully imparted. She can tell you the best buys in clothes, the place you should go to on your honeymoon, the way to have the sweet-
Baby Mona plays hostess to her parents. Twenty-three-year-old Mona is looking forward to the day she’ll be grandma!

Mona, a teen-ager in “Dear Wife,” discards her bobby-sox for widow’s weeds in “Copper Canyon”
THEIR PLACE IN THE SUN

Outdoor living rooms are in season again—and these happy ideas from the Alan Ladds won’t break your budget.

You’d be surprised at the number of stars in Hollywood who buy beautiful homes and then hole up as if they were afraid a ray of California sunshine might fade them along with the rugs.

And then there are the sun-worshippers who wander around their patios, stripped of their gear, even when the breeze from the Pacific comes by way of an Arctic ice floe.

Somewhere in between these extremes are the perfectly sane folk, like the Alan Ladds, who would have a patio, and enjoy outdoor living to its fullest, no matter whether they lived on the West Coast or the East Coast, the South or the Middle West.

When Sue and Alan planned to build their new home (they moved in a year ago), they naturally stressed outdoor living. They wanted a large and attractive patio where they could live comfortably, and entertain delightfully and inexpensively.

But Sue and Alan have lived in California for a number of years. And they understand the idiosyncrasies of the climate. Fogs can roll in without so much as a how-do-you-do. (And why not! With the Pacific Ocean next door.) Many a hostess has had to drag out (Continued on page 69)

The patio, an extension of garden room, carries on same color scheme

Photographs by George de Gennaro

Alan, of “United States Mail,” decorated living-room fireplace wall with paintings of children in mirror shadow box frames

Sliding glass doors in garden room open up to the patio, give clear view of Bel-Air hills

Let it rain, let it pour—the indoor barbecue, facing patio, keeps guests and hamburgers dry.
I was lunching with Jennifer Jones in the Twentieth Century-Fox cafe. She was sweet, friendly, cooperative, grateful, a little naive, and very humble. Afterwards on the set, I said to her director, "Now there's a girl who'll never change, no matter how famous she gets to be."

Which just goes to show you, there's no fool like a reporter on the Hollywood beat. Overnight almost, with the success of "The Song of Bernadette," Jennifer changed. She seemed to forget that in Hollywood no one person is responsible for a success. It's a conglomeration of talent, a good script, fine direction, a little luck, and a lot of publicity.

I've been covering the Hollywood beat for a long time now. I've seen the (Continued on page 99)
THEIR PUBLICITY

by Sheilah Graham

Some stars level off after that first glorious spin—but it's the ones who let fame go to their heads who have Sheilah clutching hers

Believing fiction, not facts, enables Errol Flynn to live the swashbuckling life he loves.

Paul Douglas wouldn't know about publicity—he's too busy keeping up with romance.

John Ireland's roles weren't to his taste, after he was married to Joanne Dru. So he switched to another brand—at another stand.
RECENTLY, Rhonda Fleming had occasion to visit Uncle Bernie's Toy Menagerie in Beverly Hills. She settled herself quietly among the dolls to wait for the photographer who was to photograph her for the March of Dimes. Suddenly, she saw a woman customer point at her and say to the salesman, "Is that a doll?"

Many a man has said what the lady said. In fact all the eligible males in Hollywood, not to mention the ineligibles, have made with the wolf whistle when they glimpsed Rhonda. She has them spinning. Happy they would be to say to Uncle Bernie, "Wrap her up and I'll take her home."

Rhonda, a natural redhead, long and slim of limb, with features so perfect that just looking at her sends her cinema competition scurrying to a psychiatrist, is one of the real beauties of Hollywood. Technicolor, of course, is her cup of tea. Second only to Maureen O'Hara who has an edge on her in the number of pictures, she is generally acclaimed Hollywood's Technicolor Queen. Photographers say of her, "Even a jerk can't take a bad picture of Rhonda."

With all this beauty, you'd expect her to be dull. But she isn't. Beneath the gorgeous red hair is a brain. She works it overtime. And she worries.

Traveling is old felt hat to most of the Hollywood beauties. They're a gallivanting lot. But until a few months ago, twenty- (Continued on page 104)

For a happier summer vacation, take along these tips from Rhonda Fleming, who had to travel the hard way before reaching her beauty conclusions

have a BEAUTIFUL
Radiant redhead: Selznick star Rhonda Fleming is in "The Eagle and the Hawk"

TIME

BY ANITA COLBY

Photoplay's beauty editor and adviser to the stars
Jean Peters of "Love That Brute" has a Victorian air in her Tina Leser dress of white linen-type fabric embroidered in black. But the balloon sleeves, all-around pleated skirt and dropped shoulders are strictly '50 fashion.
Looking pretty as a picture is easy—this enchanted season

Joy Lansing in Ernest Newman's cream wool lace dress, with black taffeta piping. Full skirt opens in front to reveal black taffeta underdress

June Haver of "I'll Get By" in Sophie Gimbel suit of royal blue wool. Jacket is lined in the same royal, black and white print of the collar

NEVER saw a month so filled with parties. Parties for newlyweds, for "visiting royalty" and "visiting firemen." The festivities furnished good excuses for the stars to show off their newest and gayest frocks.

Just before Sir Charles Mendl left Glamourtown to rush to the bedside of his very ill Lady Elsie, he dined in honor of the Clark Gables, who, besides spending weeks in Honolulu and then secluding themselves at Clark's farmhouse in the San Fernando Valley, waited weeks longer before making the "Hollywood rounds" of parties or night clubs. Evelyn Keyes, with her hair blonder than ever, Otto Preminger, Rhonda Fleming, Charles Brackett, Bob Coote, the Donald Nelsons, Dru Mallory, popular Harry Crocker, were among the guests at the table besides the Mike Romanoffs. And this time, instead of cute and well-dressed Gloria Romanoff taking the spotlight, it was Mike who got the glare. He came to the party in an almost bright green dinner coat to match the famous green and white decor of the Mendl home!

Sylvia Gable was wearing a very low-cut, strapless, black net evening gown and a necklace of two almost choker length strands of round diamonds. The stones graduated in size, but we'd bet that the smallest ones, at the back, are at least three carats each. She's had 'em for years. Clark amused
Midsummer MAGIC

a small group by telling about his very first movie job. It was in the old Lon Chaney film, "The Phantom of the Opera," and Clark said that in the scene where Chaney drops a huge chandelier on a theater audience, he and Don Alvarado, playing extras in the film, rushed to get under the contraption, figuring they just might get a close-up by being part of the wreckage!

Now then, if you think Romanoff's green tux is a gasp, don't faint when we tell you that Zachary Scott has been showing up at dressier occasions in a red plaid dinner jacket! No kidding! At this point let's tell you about something else that's been showing up at dressy to-do's and anytime from morn till night—pleats! All kinds, offering opportunities to vary the silhouette at every turn, with every kind of texture and color and style. Joan Bennett has a shadow-printed turquoise silk shantung that can go anywhere from brunch to midnight supper, and while her dress is simple and not pleated, the exquisite hip-length coat of deep violet faille is pleated—tiny knife-pleats. Even the full sleeves are a mass of billowing pleats!

Prince Bernadotte (of the Netherlands) got in Dutch with a lot of Hollywood people who had planned on entertaining him, because he only went to three parties during his visit to Filmtown (two were publicized and one wasn't), but the most lavish soirée in his honor was the dinner dance tossed by the Louis B. Mayers at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel's Mayfair Room, commandeered for the night. The Prince had to leave early but told the guests, "Not all of you must work tomorrow, please stay on and enjoy yourselves." And quite a few did. Sort of funny aftermath to that kind of an evening was finding Johnny Green at the piano, with Judy Garland, Dinah Shore (in a luscious, sea-foam green, ankle-length ball gown, with a low-cut bodice held up by shoe-string straps instead of those pesky "stays," and accessorized by a delicate matching lace stole and shortie lace gloves), director Mervyn Le Roy, Claudette Colbert and a few more, all raising their voices in "harmony" to "Take Me out to the Ball Game," as the dawn dawned!

There were parties galore for Sarah Churchill (Winston's daughter), when she and Jeffrey Lynn opened with (Continued on page 73)
Their Place in the Sun

(Continued from page 61) every sweater and blanket in the place, while the poor guests guzzled hot coffee laced with brandy to keep their teeth from chattering. And with all due respects to the Chamber of Commerce, it does rain in California. Also a blistering hot day can be followed by a night that's straight out of the deep-freeze.

When the Ladds were drawing their plans with builder Edward Warmington, Alan made a special point of what he calls "indoor-outdoor living." To obtain this he insisted upon a maximum of functional glassed areas. Every room in the Ladds' house faces on the patio, with the exception of the children's rooms and the kitchen. The playroom, dining room, garden room and living room are connected to the patio with sliding glass doors. When you enter the Ladd house, your eyes travel straight through the garden room out to the patio and pool. The glass doors give you the feeling that the walls are pushed aside. Looking out at the lush green hills of Bel-Air you have a feeling that you are outside, when you aren't. These glass doors slide back into the walls. The patio becomes a continuation of the garden room. Alan had very definite ideas about these glass sliding doors. And, by the way, they are just as cheap as the construction that would go into walls and windows.

LAN also had very definite ideas about his barbecue. Most barbecues in Hollywood, and everywhere else, are placed in the patios or back yards. Many a poor hamburger has been rain-drenched, or fog-bound. Ditto many a guest. So Alan, smart boy, had his barbecue built into the huge fireplace in the office. The glass doors of this room are always open, except in bad weather. But whether the weather is fair or foul, the office becomes an annex of the patio. And, thank heavens, you can eat in comfort.

A patio can be quite inexpensive, and practical too, especially if there are children. Saves the wear and tear on rugs and furniture. Saves tempers.

All the Ladds' patio furniture is made of wrought iron, with glass tops for the tables. The cushions for the seats of the chairs are raspberry to match the cushions of the garden room, and the backs are a printed pattern, dark green background with pink cabbage roses. (The lining of the parasols is of the same matching print.)

The Ladds noticed that these striking and brilliant prints were fading in the California sun, so now they've decided to use them only when "company comes." Sue ran up a set of soft green slip covers which can be zipped over the cushions. The furniture in their patio consists of one small and two large tables; two lounges with parasols; one umbrella for the small table. Under a portico at the entrance of the patio from the garden room is a large coffee table surrounded by sectional chairs. On each side of the patio doors there are two large camellia bushes which Sue transplanted from their former home. There are two olive trees planted in flagstone tree wells in the patio. The wells are planted in colorful potted plants. The far side of the patio is enclosed by a small flagstone fence, topped by a wrought-iron rail. A gate of matching wrought iron leads to the swimming pool. Because of the youngsters, David and Alana, the gate is always kept locked. The wrought-iron gate and the wrought iron above the flagstone fence were made removable so that they can be discarded when the children grow up. But they add such a decorative touch that the Ladds now think they'll keep (Continued on page 71)

"How does she do it?"

"Doesn't matter how many times a day I need it,
Mother always has a 'change' ready...
I don't know how she does it!"

Your Mother's a smart woman, Baby. She washes your diapers with Improved Fels-Naptha Soap.
You can thank Fels-Naptha for getting all your things so clean and sweet it makes you feel good, just to put 'em on. And there's so much EXTRA washing help in Fels-Naptha, it's easy to have fresh clothes ready whenever you need them.

Mother—Remember This:

ONLY IMPROVED FELS-NAPTHA GIVES YOU THESE THREE WASHING ADVANTAGES:

1. Mild, golden soap.
2. Gentle, active naptha.
3. Finer 'Sunshine' ingredients that get white things whiter than new—and make washable colors radiantly bright.

Look for Improved Fels-Naptha at your grocer's—NOW!
For Jimmy Stewart, the star of "Winchester 73," one Fourth of July came close to being not glorious but inglorious!

A kid in Indiana, Pa., Jimmy loved to hear his dad tell of their fighting ancestors.

One day he received a family treasure—an old signal pistol. No one could persuade him to shoot it...

...until the July 4th picnic. With all eyes on him, Jim pulled the trigger. But nothing happened!

Again and again Jim tried. He felt like a flop—a failure. Then—with a roar—the pistol went off...

...and threw Jimmy to the ground. But he came up laughing. He hadn't let his ancestors down.
He Broke the Date
because of that!

Don't Risk DEODORANT FAILURE...
Don't Risk Unhappiness! Use Heed®

The Amazing New Underarm Spray Deodorant!

Millions are now switching to new, spray-on Heed in the flexible squeeze bottle. Heed stops perspiration... prevents underarm odor all the live-long day. Heed is so easy, so dainty to use, say goodbye to messy fingers. No other type deodorant, no cream or old-fashioned liquid gives such long-lasting protection so quickly. So don't take chances with short-time deodorants... use Heed, America's fastest selling underarm spray deodorant. At all cosmetic counters, 49¢. Lasts many months!

Never be Heedless
and you'll always be safe!

(Continued from page 69) them. Top of
the flagstone fence is planted in brilliantly
red geraniums, one of California's most
inexpensive and hardy flowers.
The pool is not in the shape of a piano
(Frank Sinatra's) or in the shape of any-
thing. It's a strictly functional pool. Alan
was a champion high diver when he was in
school, and swimming is still his favorite
sport. He swims the year 'round. All
the children are avid swimmers. Three-
year-old David is taking lessons. Around
the pool are beach chairs and lounges
spread over the green grass. Flowers are
planted at the base of the fence that marks
the end of the property. It's a redwood
picket fence painted gray to give it a
weathered look. When the Ladds give
parties they place short stubby candles in
glass containers around the pool. Makes
a very dramatic picture.
The Ladds do nearly all of their enter-
taining in their patio, and those patio ex-
tensions, the office and the garden room.
At night they put up the card tables in the
patio, with gay cloths and napkins, and
use candles in hurricane lamps for light-
ing effect. Occasionally, they feel called
upon to give a formal party. But, for the
most part, their entertaining is casual and
comfortable. Their specialty is a barbecue
hamburger lunch or dinner. Alan likes to
do the barbecuing himself. In those finan-
cially bad days, before he made "Gun for
Hire," he cooked hamburgers at a stand
in the Valley, and he'll tell you he's an
authority. (Sue makes them too thick, he
says.) He stacks them professionally with
papers between.

The paneled office off the patio serves
many purposes. It's an office for Alan and
his secretary. It's also a projection room
where Alan can show pictures at night.
The screen comes down from the ceiling
at one end of the room. It also boasts
television and radio sets. Horsehead lamps
and prints on the wall give an equine
tHEME to the place. Alan has a great love
for horses. The fireplace and brass fitting
is both ornamental and practical in that
the fireplace serves as barbecue. The two
couches are covered with a brown cotton
quilted fabric on which horseheads have
been applied. The horseheads were cut
from material matching the glazed chintz
print draperies. The draperies can be
drawn to cover the glass doors which form
one entire wall of the room. Sue didn't
want a rug in this room as the heavy fur-
iture is constantly being moved around,
so the floors are perfectly bare pegged
hardwood. The color scheme is chocolate
brown and rich coral.
The office and the garden room are the
two rooms in the house that get the most
use. The garden room was the problem
child. They had to have it because they
wanted those glass panels and the straight
view from the doorway to the patio. "No
one will ever sit in it," sighed Sue who,
by the way, did her own decorating, as
well she could, being one of Hollywood's
most professional decorators. She has dis-
covered now that it is the favorite place
for everyone to sit who wants that won-
derful indoor-outdoor feeling. The rasp-
berry-colored couches in the room are
matched by the cushions in the patio. The
built-in pine paneled cabinets in the room
conceal a radio, a bar, and storage space.
George Montgomery made the three tri-
corn antique mirrored tables in the room.
This is Alan's favorite room for business
conferences, and as you can well imagine,
Alan has interminable business confer-
ces. When the kids are making too much
noise in the patio, all Alan has to do is
close the sliding doors and he has the quiet
and privacy of a vault.

On one side of this room is the dining
Are you in the know?

Should you talk to a house-party guest you haven’t met?

- Check with your hostess
- Give him the deep freeze
- Defrost

He didn't happen to be around when introductions were going on. So now, when he speaks—you're a snub-deb. Defrost! According to Emily you-know-who, it's correct to talk with any guest. Even if you haven't met officially. You can talk back to your calendar, too (when it taunts you with "outline" quails.) For Kotex has flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines. And your new kotex Wonderform belt is non-curling, non-twisting. Made with DuPont nylon elastic: washes and dries fast!

What helps, if you've that "lobster" look?

- Antiseptic lotion
- Tinted makeup base
- A flame-colored formal

You got yourself barbecued just before the big dance! And with white marks left by your swim-suit straps and bracelet. Next time, take your sunning sensibly. Meantime, ease the burn with antiseptic lotion; plus a tinted makeup base, to cover up. (The first two answers above are right.) On "difficult" days, likewise, you'll be comfortable. You see, Kotex gives downy softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!

Which neckline's best for your figure?

- Halter
- Camisola
- "Little Boy"

Could be you're the luxom type? Or maybe a build-up is what your figure lacks. No matter. Choose a "Little Boy" neckline and lament no more. It's the ideal camouflage for either figure fault. And for solving "certain" problems, why not let Kotex be your choice? Try all 3 absorbencies: you'll find Regular, Junior or Super just suited to you. And the extra protection you get with that special, safety center of Kotex helps little "accident" misgivings.

More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

room, and on the other side, the living room. The dining room is painted apple green, and the same soft gray-green carpeting extends through the dining room to the living room, which is a good way to give the effect of one big room. If your rooms are small, you might try this for that spacious effect. Sue brought over her dining room set from the old house because it is French Provincial furniture, and is quite appropriate in the new house, which is French Provincial (complete with shake roof), crossed with Modern. The Ladds are no sticklers for Period. They prefer comfort.

The living room is a cool, spacious room connecting, as I have said, the patio with sliding glass doors. It's furnished with two couches upholstered in tufted gaily printed chintz (with drapery over the sliding doors to match). A most unusual feature of the living room are the antique mirror shadow boxes which frame paintings of the four children: David, Alan, Laddie and Carol Lee.

Sue and Alan's bedroom is a complete break from the rest of the house. It's brown, dull green, lemon yellow and red. May be hard to imitate, but it is so skillfully done it looks most attractive. Sue chose a print with a brown background and all these other colors in it. She used the fabric for draperies, for her bedspread and headboard, on the fireside chair, and also on one wall.

IN THE old house, Sue and Alan shared a bathroom-dressing room. But now they each have their own. The two dressing rooms do not connect by a door, only by an open space near the ceiling. Sue's tub is backed against Alan's linen and tie closet, and while they cannot see each other, they can carry on a conversation while they are dressing without even raising their voices. Sue's dressing room is very feminine, of course, and Alan's is very masculine.

Alan designed a two-way leather chair for his dressing room. The connecting arm contains cigarettes, ashtray and lighter. The back of the chair has tiny drawers for studs and knickknacks.

Another interesting touch which you could easily copy is Sue's indoor planting. Alan used to say of Sue, "Don't give her any kind of a gadget she can plant anything in, next day there'll be a Philodendron." Sue has used indoor planting in every room in the house except the kitchen. This is not only decorative, but it's a money-saver. With her nice green growing plants all over the house Sue is never bothered with florist bills.

The Ladds' kitchen boasts the latest in equipment and cheerful decor. The kitchen is big with a large work table in the center, a large refrigerator and a large stove. A very amusing touch is found over the kitchen stove. A friend of the Ladds' painted, on the tiles, a series of tasty dishes, fish for Friday, chicken for Sunday, roast beef for Wednesday, etc. If you have a friend who loves to paint, invite him over.

Casual, comfortable, gay and friendly. That describes the Ladds and their home.

THE END

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Midsummer Magic
(Continued from page 68) "The Philadelphia Story" in Los Angeles. There wasn't exactly an exciting turnout for the opening night, but lots of gala stuff ensued in Sarah's honor. One of the nicest was the supper party that the director Peter Godfrey gave. Among the guests were Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, the Ronnie Colmans, Barbara Bel Geddes, Rod Cameron, the Reggie Gardiners, Peter Lawford (pining out loud for Sharman Douglas).

Chinese lanterns and fantastic festoons of red paper decorations spotted the residence of Helen and Peter Rathvon (he's the former head of RKO Studios), when they partied for Mrs. Bob Considine, back from a visit to the Orient.

Rathvon gave the guests a tip-off that they were going to have an exotic evening of it when they were greeted by a staff of Chinese gals in flowered kimonos. And even the host and hostess were wearing authentic ancient ceremonial robes of blue covered with jade-colored flowers, and Mrs. Rathvon wore flowers fashioned of real jade in her hair! The luscious buffet was catered by one of Hollywood's newest food-purveyors, Peter Chang, who has opened a restaurant on the Sunset Strip. Ida Lupino and Collier Young were a two-some for this affair, but it doesn't mean a thing. They'll probably have "gotten together" just for the purpose of seeing a divorce court judge by the time you read this. Joan Fontaine, composer Lieth Stevens, Harriet Parsons, Allene Roberts, among the many there. Allene's semiformal dance frock was a lemon-colored lace affair, with a very pinched-in waist, very full skirt, over a black slip! Above the narrow belt of black velvet was a camisole-top bodice. Black satin pumps, gloves and a tiny black elbow-length capelet of black satin completed this unique and charming outfit.

(TAUGHT) Betty Hutton and her big crush on Bob Sterling laughing it up at La Rue, and Betty's dress was a two-piece job, semi-dressy. Fashioned of cocoa silk crepe, it had a shirtwaist top with a wide, tailored yoke, instead of the typical collar you'd expect. The skirt was a mere thirteen inches from the ground, pencil slim and even clinging, because the silk was triple accordian "permanent" pleated. The only trimming, outside of a narrow brown velvet belt, was the collar and cuff combination of deep, bright blue linen. (Dreamy color scheme, huh?) What's more, Betty is so nuts for pleats, that she had Paramount's Edith Head design her a gorgeous bolero of white lace for the premiere of "Annie Get Your Gun," the Hutton's biggest and best, yet. The gown is dead chalk white, but filmy, full and floor-length, with a strapless, slightly draped top. But the lace skirt over two skirts of white chiffon, plus a moderately full underskirt of white taffeta, fluntes a million pleats! You can make a bet that Betty will be the toast of Hollywood and points east when "Annie" gets around. And the whole thing has given the gal a yen to go back to Broadway and wow 'em as the star of a stage musical.

If you want to know about a really cute gimmick, a gift that will give your boyfriend, husband, sweetheart, or even your brother a big kick, it's the gift that John Derek's spouse had made for him, just for a gag, but, by golly, it's so practical and handy for "excuses." It's a huge white linen handkerchief, with a big red linen moon appliqued onto the center. You don't get it? Well, with a hanky like this, a gent can remove lipstick without smearing the kerchief, or shall we say, being detected?

That Other You Could Wreck Your Marriage!

Your married happiness depends on the real you... confident you, never doubting your intimate feminine hygiene. Don't risk becoming another you!

ALWAYS make sure of feminine daintiness... douche regularly with "Lysol"!

"Lysol" cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. No makeshift like soap, salt or soda can possibly act the same way!

"Lysol" is the famous disinfectant with amazing, proved power to kill germ-life quickly on contact!

Yet, gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Correct douching solution in the simple directions on every bottle. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol," just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as needed. No greasy aftereffect.

Don't run this risk! Don't let neglect create a "dual personality"...another you, full of doubts, misgivings and inhibitions! Don't let that other you destroy your love!

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today, and use it regularly.

Preferred 3¢/gal over any other liquid preparation for Feminine Hygiene!

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

The End
the NEW SHAPE is the NEWS

The new-shape sweater-top dress is news because there's an element of surprise to it. The little knitted top, worn with a day-length skirt, is shaped as dramatically as an evening gown... both front and back cut very low. That's imaginative designing!

The new-shape Modess box is news because it, too, is a triumph of imaginative designing. Cleverly shaped to resemble many other kinds of boxes. Wrapped, it might be bath salts, note paper, candy... no one would guess Modess. Another tacit feature... the new box is pre-wrapped before it even reaches your store.

Only Modess comes in the new-shape secret-shape box... pre-wrapped!

Look Ma, He's Famous!

(Continued from page 50) His partner, "I kept wishing my mother were there," David said. "I wanted to say, 'Look, Ma, with whom I'm dancing.'"

Consider this merely as one illustration of the way Mr. B. is taking his skyrocketing Hollywood success, not seriously, but with high delight.

One more payment and he will own his car. Three more payments and he will be put from under the second mortgage on his house in the Valley. There will remain the considerable sum of the first mortgage to go. But that doesn't worry David.

Yet, for the first time in his haphazard, colorful life, he's worrying. About calories. "Before 'Flamingo Road,'" he confesses, "I lived largely on a diet of parsley between two slices of newspaper. When I made the test, I weighed 180. At six-feet-three-and-a-half, that's thin. So what happens is that Warner Brothers dote on my looks at that weight and I fall for a girl who cooks like a master chef."

ADRIAN is, of course, Adrian Booth, the Republic actress, who has been Mrs. David Brian since June 20, 1949, which is only a few days after David got his divorce from Bonita Feidlar. David wishes that Adrian were the only Mrs. Brian there had ever been, he's that in love with her. Actually, she is his third wife. He is, you see, the romantic kind of guy who must have women around, and when he loves, he marries.

He and Adrian, in love in a wonderfully wacky way, are a clear example of like appealing to alike. Adrian didn't dance much when they first met. David is so good he has danced professionally at no less swank a spot than the Shoreham Hotel in Washington where good Senators go to relax. The team had the improbable name of Brian and Winsome. Winsome's other name being Courtney. "She weighed ninety-eight pounds and did all the dancing," David says, "while I did all the mugging." They weren't much of a hit. But they fell in love and married. That wasn't much of a hit, either. They divorced.

Adrian is very much of a family girl, with a deeply developed domestic sense, while, until they met, David's idea of a home was "anything with four walls that kept the rain out." When they married, Adrian announced she wanted a modern house. David wanted a traditional one. So they compromised. "We got a real antique," David explains, "Antique for the San Fernando Valley, that is. It was built way back in 1934."

In exchange for his lessons in the rumba, Adrian has given David lessons in the art of fine eating, and he finds it very pleasant when she does one of her specialties, such as stuffing a leg of lamb with wild rice and apricots. It's so unlike that time when he was on the road and he and a fellow actor kept body and soul together for months by means of an electric percolator. First they'd make coffee in the percolator. Then, washing it out, they'd use it to heat soup. It always meant that one or the other was cold by the time they consumed it, but it kept starvation at bay.

Having been in show business ever since he left New York's City College, David has suddenly fallen in love with the California soil. He gets up and into it with the sun. Come seven a.m., while Adrian slumbers, he's out gardening. By eight-thirty, he starts wondering which of their friends he can telephone. At nine, he's both sur-

MOVIES — FINE ENTERTAINMENT AT LOW COST
prised and annoyed when he discovers he has wasted much of the dough.

He did a little bit of everything to survive between acting jobs, acting being the only thing he has ever wanted to do. This is not his first excursion to Hollywood, but the last time he was out, the nearest he got to the industry was being a carpenter on Gladys Cooper's house.

Before this, while he was still going to college, and when the aunt, who was paying his tuition, wanted him to become a CPA, he was a doorman at the famous Roxy Theatre in New York. Then, as a result of his overhearing a conversation in front of the Roxy, about their being a "call" at the nearby Imperial Theatre, he became a chorus man.

He wasn't sure what a call was, but he hoped it might be stage work. He went through the stage door and the casting director saw that bright hair of his, those blue eyes and his really magnificent shoulders on his big frame. "You have to be able to sing for this job," the stage manager announced. "What's your range?"

David thought a range was either something you were home on, or that you cooked on. He said, very casually, and most truthfully, "I don't know."

"Well, go over to the piano and let's hear you," the stage manager ordered.

Five minutes and one tune later, David was in show business. The play was "The New Moon" and it ran such a goodly stretch that Mr. Brian actually accumulated $75 in cash money.

I had never had that much dough, all in one piece before. He planned to put it into the bank as a real nest egg against the future, but right then a cocker spaniel named "My Own Brucie" won best of show at the Westminster, New York's smartest canine event. David heard, somehow, that "My Own Brucie" had a pup for sale. The price was just seventy-five clams.

Now, he can't possibly remember why he had to have that pup, but he did, so he got him. His landlord later got David. You know how it is with pups in New York where they are too close to grass or trees. David reluctantly gave the pooch to some children in the suburbs.

The next few years clearly demonstrated that he had been born with grease paint on his veins because, while he was more often "between engagements" than in any show, carnival, dance act, comedy turn or whatnot, he still loved the theater. He existed in that day and world where many another great star has lived before him, or as he says, "You wake up in the morning, look at your dough and decide between two cups of coffee or a pack of butts. You decide on the latter because a fragrant puff is more apt to ask you in for a cup of coffee, and you just can't plain ask somebody to give you a pack of smokes."

He had the actor's pride that never lets you admit hunger when you don't have the price of a meal, or confess that you're not

---

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May 6—a date to remember, when Liz Taylor became Mrs. Conrad Hilton Jr. As she left the altar, Liz halted—and spontaneously kissed her parents.
(Continued from page 42) she wants. She has perfected her French because it is his favorite language. She has learned about horses, will spend this summer racing her stable, because with Aly horses are a passion. She is improving her golf so she will be a better partner.

"Madame," the servants call her, and the grocer and mailman who serve the house. It is only when she is asked for, or spoken of, that she is referred to as "princess."

The family made the move from Gstaad to Cannes by plane; Aly on a stretcher. Now, at the Chateau de l'Horizon, Aly spends his days in the sun on the terrace. And Rita continually runs to his lounge; between her household duties, following her golf lesson, after her marketing excursion into the town. Often she brings Jasmine to him. He is bewitched by his beautiful daughter with her fair skin, big hazel eyes and brown hair. But, again and again, with paternal pride, he points out that she has her short nose.

Not that Aly is lonely on his terrace; only fed up with his enforced inactivity. His sons and their tutor are with him. The Aga Khan calls everyday to see him and Jasmine to whom he is devoted and whom he thinks the most beautiful of babies. Friends call, too. It is an unusual day when six or eight guests do not sit down to luncheon; French generals, sportsmen, friends from Hollywood.

Rita is quietly equal to all this. But then her manners always have been excellent. From the day she married Aly, instead of acting upstage and silly, she has conducted herself with the natural simplicity and poise that is supposed to be the special birthright of princesses.

I long will remember an evening at the Chatellet, shortly after Rita and Aly were married, when a great benefit was given for the members of the Legion of Honour. Rita and Aly, who had the loge adjoining that of President Auriol, asked me to be their guest. Never have I seen so many men covered with so many decorations and Grand Cordens of the Legion. My little decoration looked exceedingly small by comparison. Still, I was proud to be the only woman there who wore one.

It was a brilliant scene; reminded me of "The Merry Widow." And later, M. Auriol invited us to the little anteroom behind his presidential loge for champagne. I drank to the health and safety of France. And the President, responding, drank to the health and safety of America. Then, before his eminent guests, he lifted his glass to toast Rita. I may be a sentimental idiot but I found myself moved that this little Hollywood girl, who, a handful of years ago had been an unknown dancer, should be so equal to this occasion.

They talk now, Rita and Aly, of remaining indefinitely at the chateau. Which is understandable. Aly has many houses all over the British Isles and Europe, including the house in Ireland he just bought, complete with a ghost, but this is the house they think of as home. Here Aly's famous paintings by Dufy and Renoir and Utrillo hang in the main room which they call the studio. It is a very large room with the sofas at the fireplace and many of the deep chairs done in yellow satin, with an Aubusson carpet handwoven in a light bright green with a yellow floral design. Fresh flowers are arranged everywhere. And the French windows open to the terrace which overlooks the curving coastline and the Mediterranean. It is in the big entrance hall here that Aly has hung his precious Gobelin tapestries. From this hall, two marble staircases lead to the upper floor of bedrooms and sitting rooms with balconies overlooking the gardens and the sea. The room which Jasmine shares with her nurse has been done in pink.

The gardens at the chateau are lovely, surrounding the pool, cascading down to the sea, lining the half-mile driveway from the entrance of the estate to the house itself, blooming in front of the small houses which shelter the gardening staff and guests.

At the moment there is talk, too, of larger quarters in Paris. Aly's brother pied-a-terre was scarcely big enough when they were bride and groom. I lunched there with them, one day, and Aly complained they were crowded. For their family, now, it is just not big enough. It is this contemplated move, undoubtedly, which gave rise to the rumors that Rita was buying a house in Paris. This, plus the fact that she and Aly decided her house in California should be sold. For even should they return it would not suit their needs.

Aly, let me make it clear, has no wish to keep Rita off the screen. He adores her as an actress. However, he is in a position to see that she gets a story that suits her. She will make a picture, come autumn, I believe. But I doubt she will do it in Hollywood. She would not leave Aly. His interests are over there. And it will be a simple matter for Harry Cohn and Columbia to arrange for production in Rome or Paris or England.

Rita, it would seem, came into two titles when she married. First—a title of princess. But better still—a title to happiness.

The End

Think, darling, think!

why pay high prices for nail polish and lipstick?

If you have looked in vain for nail polish at any price that would wear better and chip less... this important new discovery guarantees you an infinitely better-wearing polish for a very low price.

This is the true story of an amazing new miracle-wear ingredient called Enamelon.

It's found only in new low-priced, luxury CUTEX and it's guaranteed to give incredible wear... to last longer, chip less than your high-priced polish.

And new, miracle-wear CUTEX is so pure... even women with skins so sensitive they cannot use other polishes state they can safely use new CUTEX.

Thirteen luscious shades, including the new prize-winning, fashion shade—Prize Posy. New CUTEX 10¢; de luxe Nail Brilliancy size, 25¢.

Better lipstick, too... the new matching CUTEX Color-genic Lipstick... now made by an exclusive CUTEX electronic process. Won't bleed, cake or wear off like so many high-priced lipsticks. Only 49¢. Also new 25¢ size. Prices plus tax.
Why Tampax is ideal for beach and bathing

It is a marvel of discretion

It has no outside bulk whatever

It frees you from worry in bathing suits wet or dry

Women and girls galore are now going in swimming any time they want to—with their sanitary-protection needs on the “off days” cared for very discreetly by Tampax. Nobody can ever suspect the situation—not by any chance—with Tampax!

This modern Tampax discards belts, pins, external pads and all outside bulk whatever. It is worn internally and absorbs internally. Dainty applicators make insertion easy and the hands need never touch the Tampax. When in place it is invisible. It cannot even be felt!

Without external bulk, there can be no bulges and edge-lines. No chafing. No odor. Made entirely of cotton, highly absorbent and very compressed, Tampax was invented by a doctor for all-year-round use by women. Millions of them use Tampax every month.

Have Tampax handy for “next time.” Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. An average month’s supply will slip into your purse. Or get the economy box which holds 4 months’ supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
All His Life...

(Continued from page 38) with a horrible fate. Farley'd take his horrible fate between his teeth, and chew on it to the last delicious shudder.

Today, he's a better actor, but his views on heroes, or romantic juveniles, to give them their current name, remain unchanged. "They stand around in love scenes, they fight with the girl, they make up, they clinch. Nuts!"

Back in San José, Dad was an auto dealer, and a good one. There were no problems except, after Farley'd collected seven stray pups, Mother and Dad felt that an eighth might be superfluous. Even this wasn't insuperable. Out with his father one afternoon, Farley met the sad eyes of a pooch who clearly needed a home. Dad was torn. "Tell you what, son. Maybe he belongs to someone who'll come and find him. If he's still around tomorrow, well, we'll ask your mother." Mother's a softie.

Next day No. 8 joined the private SPCA.

It was the depression that finally toppled Dad's business. The Grangers reached a difficult decision: To leave the little town of their prosperous years and transplant themselves to Los Angeles, where maybe a man might find new opportunity. Farley's only tears were for the dogs, and Mother understood exactly how he felt, having shed a couple of tears herself. "Farley, here's a promise. I'll plant myself at this phone and I won't budge till every one of those dogs has a good home."

"Won't they miss me, though?"

"For awhile, yes. Then they'll learn to be happy with their new friends."

He thought it over. "Well, as long as they're happy."

The dogs were settled. So, presently, were the Grangers in a small house in the San Fernando Valley, a distinct advantage, from Farley's viewpoint, over San José. Because Republic Studios were close by. He and his new pals sneaked through the studio's back gate, and galloped imaginary steeds against real Western sets till somebody chased them out. This was high adventure.

Aware that money wasn't too plentiful and feeling that he was old enough to help, he found after-school jobs and reflected on his future. Little by little came the consciousness of this flair for what he called "carrying on." It crystallized and took shape during a high school course in public speaking. Having mulled things over by himself for awhile, he presented his findings to the folks.

"I'd like to be an actor."

"I've thought about it a lot," he went on, "and this is for sure."

"Fine!" said Dad. "Go ahead and try it. How d'you start?"

"I don't know that either, but somehow I'll find out."

Actually, he was as green as his parents. Training was the thing, and he knew that some actors trained at dramatic schools. But for dramatic schools you need money. In the back of his mind buzzed the notion that maybe after graduation he could earn enough to see himself through. From lawn-mowing jobs he progressed to sacking. A sacker's guy in the grocery store who stands next to the cashier and puts stuff into bags. From fifteen he progressed to seventeen, resolution unswerving. He didn't think in terms of movie cash or glamour. He just felt an inward assurance that acting was for him and, with the shining faith of his years, that somehow he'd get the chance to prove it.

"Wish we could send him to one of these dramatic schools," Dad would say after Farley'd gone to bed.

"He'll make it anyway," said Mother. Nevertheless, it was Dad who steered him toward the break. Dad was working at the Social Security Office, where actors came and went. One day, he talked to Harry Langdon. "I've got a kid who wants to act. Don't know if he's suited to it or not. What's the best way to find out? Dramatic school?"

"Waste of time," snapped Langdon. "Best thing is experience."

"How does he get experience?"

"Little theater work. I've got a friend who's casting a play right now. I'll speak to him. Maybe there'll be something."

Langdon was as good as his word. A few nights later, Dad came home with the news. Farley was to present himself at such-and-such a place, where they were putting on a play called "The Wookey."

"Tell them you're the boy Harry Langdon sent. They've got some parts open."

"Gee, Dad, that's swell!"

Mother had reached a tricky spot in her Argyle. She finished the row. "There! Didn't I say right along he'd make it?"

Next day, Farley presented himself. They had him read a scene, then said, "All right, we can use you." To keep the overhead down, they gave him not one part, but three, all small. In the wings, he felt nervous. On stage, he felt buoyant and self-possessed. "The Wookey" ran for a week. Mother and Dad, without prejudice, concluded that Farley was the best thing in it.

Maybe he was. Because, one night, a really unprejudiced observer came backstage and introduced himself. "I'm Bob McIntyre, casting director for Samuel..."
**Peg's pup upsets trash...**

and to Peg it's a dog's life! She has just finished vacuuming that rug, and now she must lug out the cleaner again. "Drat that dog!" says Peg.

---

**So does Meg's...**

but Meg is smart. She has a handy Bissell® for quick clean-ups, and saves her vacuum for heavy periodic cleaning. "It's easier with Biscuit!*" says Meg. "Easy on me, too!" says the pup.

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New Bissell Sweepers
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Brush Action as low
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- No make-believe here! That's why "My True Story" Radio Program is often called a "refreshingly different show." These real-life dramas, picked from the files of True Story Magazine, give you a further insight into life. You'll readily recognize situations which your closest friends, and even you, may have to face—and be interested in their solutions. A complete story every day, Monday through Friday.

**TUNE IN**

**"My True Story"**

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
paiding you to grow up. Just be patient.

"I want to work. I'm wasting time."

"You can wait, Farley. At twenty, you've got plenty of time to wait."

Cathy O'Donnell, also under contract to Goldwyn, was waiting, too. To keep their hands in, she and Farley met almost daily at the studio and did scenes from plays. Then, through mutual friends, he met Nick Ray. They talked a couple of times. You couldn't talk to Farley more than five minutes without tapping the well of his thirst to get going. So when Nick called and asked, "Do you want to work?" he laughed out loud. It sounded like a gag.

"Yes, I want to work."

"Well, I'm sending over a script. Let me know if you like it."

He more than liked it. So did Mr. Goldwyn.

"Fine," said Nick. "Is there anyone special you'd like to make the test with?"

"Yes, Cathy O'Donnell. We've worked together a lot at the studio, we feel comfortable together."

NO CATHY played in the test, and Nick hired them both for "They Live by Night." (In parentheses, we'd like to add that this is one of the better scenes.) It came out of Hollywood. It rated highly and got rave notices. For reasons we'll never understand, the public turned a lukewarm shoulder.

The day after its completion, Farley lit out for his first visit to New York. Bewitched by the city, he stayed two months. What brought him back was a call from Alfred Hitchcock, who'd seen "They Live by Night" and wanted him for "Rope."

The career was beginning to look up. Meantime, he'd taken the logical step of moving from his parents' home to a place of his own. Mother exacted just one promise. "I won't have anyone shrinking my Argyles. You bring those Argyles back here to be washed."

Since "Rope," his grown old enough to be starred in romantic parts in "Enchantment," "Roseanna McCoy" and "Our Very Own." As noted, he still prefers character parts and makes no bones about saying so, to his boss or anyone else. They agree on most points. In spite of his yen for character roles, Farley realizes that you need a change of pace. In spite of "Our Very Own," Goldwyn realizes that his boy has a feeling for drama, which is lost on straight parts. That's why he bought "Edge of Doom."

"Edge of Doom" deals with highly controversial material. Goldwyn was well aware of this when he snatched it from under the eager paws of other producers. Farley knew nothing about it till his eye fell on a press release. "Story of a youth who kills a priest, bought by Goldwyn for Farley Granger."

He made tracks for the studio.

"I expected you," said Goldwyn.

"Where can I get hold of the book?"

"You can't. It's not printed yet. I bought it from galleys. There's only one set, and the writers need it."

For the next few weeks he made a bowing nuisance of himself. No one who'd so much as touched the galleys was safe from him. "It's great, kid, great," they'd tell him soothingly. "Excuse me, there's a man I've gotta see about a script."

The book finally came. Farley took his copy home one afternoon and finished it before dinner. Part of him felt as if he were fresh out of a wringer, part like a soaring blimp. He called Mr. Goldwyn, his folks... and Shelley.

Now that it's over, he doesn't like to talk about it much. He'll tell you it's the most exciting picture he's worked on. He'll tell you that Mark Robson, as human being and director, can't be topped. Then...
Sad Sue

PERIODIC PAIN

Midol brings faster relief from menstrual suffering—because it acts three ways. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues." Sue now takes Midol at the first twinge of menstrual pain or distress.


Glad Sue

FOUNDED OUT ABOUT MIDOL

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Paintings have always stirred his imagination, and in a purely minor way he's started collecting. He has no artistic patten, but an intense curiosity about other people, other places and cultures. Breughel, with his rich earthiness and great love for the peasants, is one of his favorites. Standing in front of a Breughel, he's carried back through the force of another man's genius to a distant day and the other man's feeling for his times. Any good artist produces a similar reaction. You can't compare Toulouse-Lautrec with Breughel. Yet the Frenchman's decadent images of the seamy side of Parisian life are just as revealing as Breughel's "Imagination," says Farley, "is the gift of children. You lose it as you grow older. But through pictures and music and books, you can try to recapture it."

His next picture will probably be "Billion Dollar Baby." Goldwyn wants to give him a chance at comedy, his feeling for which has yet to come across. Then again, he's looking forward to "Earth and High Heaven," Mark Robson directing. Farley can hardly wait. With him, it's a case of all this, and Robson too.

On the other hand, he's against too much of Granger. Here, too, he and his boss see eye-to-eye. They don't believe in foisting him on the public. Some producers, when an actor hits, seem to feel he's going to drop dead next year, so let's make all the dough we can while he lasts. Goldwyn would rather have people asking for more, than groaning, "Look, here's that Granger guy again."

Between pictures, life has plenty to offer. Farley'd like to do a play, when, as and if the opportunity offers. His first bow on any stage since "The Wookey" came during a personal appearance tour for "Roseanna McCoy." There were six shows a day, and no written script. His job was to ad lib with the emcee. The prospect paralyzed him. But once he'd run through the deal a couple of times, you couldn't drag him offstage.

He's crazy to travel and anxious to settle down. Which isn't as large a paradox as it sounds. Settling down means buying a house. At the moment he lives in a very pleasant apartment, for which he pays rent. Since it seems more sensible to pay rent to yourself than a landlord, he's looking for a house.

What he'd really like would be to move the Pacific a few miles east, and set it at his doorstep, to swim in, to walk in, to watch, to hear the surf boom at night, the most restful sound in the world to Farley.

A Little More Color... A Lot More Romance!

You'll be thrilled at the difference that touch of Marchand color can mean to you. You're more alluring...and life is more exciting!

Show him how bewitching your hair can be! Follow your next shampoo with a Marchand Rinse. Whatever your hair shade...blonde, brunette, brown-ette or redhead, one of Marchand's 12 flattering shades will make it lovelier by adding warm, natural-looking color.

What's more, Marchand's Rinse removes dulling him...leaves your hair shimmering with highlight. Safe, easy to use.

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"MAKE-UP" HAIR RINSE
2 Rinses 10¢ • 6 Rinses 25¢

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Unwanted Hair

FORMULA

Pronounced "Eye-Are"

Hair Removing Lotion

Since this isn't feasible and the beach is too far away, he'll compromise on a house with a view somewhere above Sunset Strip.

His tastes are simple. He drives a Chevy convertible. Twice a week, his maid comes in to clean and prepare an occasional dinner, should the need arise. Mostly he eats out, a couple of times a week at his parents', when he's not working. "How'd you like to feed two starving gents? Okay, I'm coming over with So-and-so." Needless to say, this doesn't hurt Mother's feelings. She's the kind who can dish up inspired meals without turning a hair.

He can and does fix his own breakfast, and a sandwich for lunch if he's fooling round the house. This latter activity consists in reading or playing records. In both departments, his library's well stocked. His record collection leans heavily toward the moderns, but here, too, he's beginning to restore the balance. Most people work their way from the three B's to Copland and Hindemith. Farley did it the other way round. Stirred in boyhood by the new men who speak for the age we all live in, he's now turning to the old. The first classic album he bought was Brahms' "Violin Concerto."

His sports are tennis and anything in the water. Summers he goes down to Balboa to sail. There was a time when he looked on dressing up as a form of torture. But he learned in New York that a man could wear a tie without choking to death. He's a pushover for colorful sports shirts and jackets. Blue jeans are out, however, except 'round the house, and he draws a line between the casual and the sloppy.

There are few people he's close to. Those few he doesn't tire of, nor they of him. For a year he's been dating Shelley Winters most. They have dinner somewhere, sit around and talk, make a movie. Or they'll go to Saul Chaplin's for an evening of music. Or Judy Holliday will call. "Come on over, we're going to play 'The Game.'" "The Game," otherwise known as "Indications," still flourishes in Hollywood. Judy's mad about it. Farley used to fight shy of it. But it grew on him, and now he's in there making faces with the best.

The combination of Shelley and Farley presents something of a puzzle to outsiders who know neither very well. "They're such opposites. She's an extrovert; he keeps himself to himself. She's for parties, he doesn't care for them much."

They're not as opposite as all that. It's true that Shelley's more of an extrovert. But Farley's no introvert, except with strangers. It's true she likes parties better. Or rather, more consistently. Farley enjoys them in sports. But these are surface matters. Basically, they have much in common. They laugh at the same things. They consider the same things important and unimportant. He understands her drive, because he's had it himself. If he's more relaxed, it's because he's been luckier. Shelley's had to fight much harder for her career.

He feels great respect for her as an actress, and values her professional judgment. They read each other's scripts and talk endlessly about their work. What he values most are her kindness and warmth of heart.

Are they going steady? "Semi-steady," he'll tell you. "We're very good friends."

Comes the next cautious question. Could it turn out to be something more than good friendship?


The End
Don’t "just wash" your hair.

Condition it with NEW DRENE SHAMPOO

The sure way to natural sheen—natural softness

It’s starting a whole new trend in hair-beauty care... this wonderful New Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action! For New Drene does more than "just wash" your hair! It actually conditions as it cleanses... conditions your hair to all its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

Your hair is so beautifully clean and soft... so responsive to your hands. See how curls fall softly into place... how they last and last.

You'll see all this the very first time you try New Drene—the only shampoo with this Conditioning Action!

1. New Drene conditions your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen... yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!

2. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!

3. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes loose dandruff from hair and scalp!

4. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

Jane Powell, above, in the original dress designed by Helen Rose for her role in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Nancy Goes to Rio"

Right, Jane Powell refreshes the eye in the University adaptation—a cool mint-green cotton with white eyelet trim at the bare neckline and on the baby puffed sleeves. Hidden elastic allows dress to be worn on or off the shoulders. It buttons to the waist, with self-tie and softly flaring skirt. In dark and pastel colors, sizes 7-15. $10.95 at Oppenheim Collins, New York, N. Y.; Crowley's, Detroit, Mich., and stores listed on page 89. White accents—Coro's jewelry and Garay bag.

Photographed at the Beverly Hills Hotel

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 89
for the sunny side

Fair and cooler: A sleeveless sundress with solid black top, vivid leaf print on cream ground skirt. At the waist, a jaunty cord tie. There's a matching print jacket, above. $7.95 by Vicky Vaughn, sizes 9-15 at F & R Lazarus, Columbus, O.; Dayton Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Gloves by Grandoe

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS
Coleen Gray is featured in Paramount's "Riding High"

News in print: A chemise top cotton sundress goes sleeveless in comfort. Skirt is pleated all around. Solid color jacket (above) buttons down front. In brown or navy with white lace print, sizes 10-18. $7.95 by Jack Borgenicht at Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C.; Frederick Loeser, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 87
photoplay's pattern of the month

Jan Sterling in the original dress designed by Mary Kay Dodson for Paramount's "United States Mail"

You'll love the graceful, flattering lines of this smartly simple dress that will hold its own on many occasions. It's easy to make, easy to wear; you can also make it in the jumper version, sketched right. It will rate a second glance if you pattern it in Wesley Simpson's Satin Perennia—shown here—a fine Everglaze cotton with a lustrous finish. The colors are many and exciting. Crease resistant, it won't lose its lustre when washed. Jewelry by Kramer.
Wherever you live
you can buy

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

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CORO JEWELRY
47 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

VALKY VAUGHN DRESS
1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

GRANDOE GLOVES
244 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

JACK BORGENICH DRESS
1333 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SEAMPRUFE LINGERIE
412 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL BRA

FORMFIT GIRDLLE
400 South Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

Stores selling the University dress worn by Jane Powell on page 84

Baltimore, Md.
Hochschild Kohn

Buffalo, N. Y.
J. N. Adam Co.

Columbus, 0.
F. & R. Lazarus

Kansas City, Mo.
Emery, Bird, Thayer

Los Angeles, Cal.
Broadway Department Store

Minneapolis, Minn.
Dayton Co.

5-day pads
new miracle pad deodorant
WIPES AWAY ODOR-FORMING BACTERIA
—does not leave them under your arms!

8 times* more effective in killing odor-forming bacteria

throw away your perspiration and odor

5-day deodorant pads
Easier! Each pad contains right amount. No guessing! Even smooth penetration instantly.
Faster! Goes into action instantly. Dries in seconds.
Cooling, Refreshing! No clammy, sticky feeling. Cooling, refreshing sensation.

Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant...yet milder

No other deodorant tested is as effective in checking perspiration and stopping odor!

The miracle is in the pad! 5-Day Pads are circles of fabric saturated with refreshing, mild yet very effective deodorant. 5-Day's exclusive formula checks perspiration-stops odor longer.

Safely checks perspiration more effectively, too! Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant than an average of leading brands tested. Yet, laboratory pH tests prove 5-Day milder—harmless to skin and clothes.

Greater reserve protection! Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times* more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant or deodorant soap can keep you safe from underarm odor—so long.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK—if not completely satisfied.

*All comparative figures mentioned in this ad are based on the average of laboratory tests of leading deodorants. Home of independent laboratory available on request.

P H O T O P L A Y

89
Cool Notes

Dainty accompaniments to summer cottons

Nip 'n' tuck: Pretty twosome for the summer season—a matching camisole and petticoat with pin-tucked panel front, lace inserts. Camisole in sizes 32-38, $2.00. Skirt has elasticized waistband. Small, medium and large, $4.00. Both by Seamprufe in Wamsutta's sanforized cotton batiste at The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal., and Gimbel's, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lightweight champions: Strapless plunge bra in rayon satin and net. Sizes 32-38, A-C cups, white or black. $5.00 by Hollywood-Maxwell. Panty girdle of lightest nylon net lastex with elastic non-rolling waistband. Comes as a girdle, too. Small, medium, large in white or pink. $3.95 by Formfit. Both at Famous Barr, St. Louis, Mo. Bra at Emery, Bird, Thayer, Kansas City, Mo. Girdle at Schuster's, Milwaukee, Wis.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 89

DRAWINGS BY MIRIAM HOWARD
It Was a Dream of a Party

(Continued from page 56) Dusty serenaded with his guitar. The supper table stood before the barbecue pit. And there was a big white bowl filled with garnishments, corn flowers and Ranunculus. Hurricane lamps with candles cast a soft glow.

Before the supper there were games. In one, the guests had to enact scenes from their pictures. Vera-Ellen did a dance routine from "Three Little Words." Bob Stack, who is making "Torero," showed how to fight a bull. Dusty, who is one of the most popular TV stars and recording artists on the West Coast, did a fast take-off of his television show. Barbara Lawrence did a scene from "Peggy." Allene Roberts played the poor blind girl from "Union Station." Johnny Sands was a real threat as the heavy from "The Lawless." Joan Evans played one of her "brat scenes" from "Our Very Own." Wanda Hendrix, whose latest picture is "Saddle Tramp," and Rod Cameron, soon to be seen in "Lost Stage Valley," rigged up a sawhorse with a broom tail at the edge of the pool and "rode like the wind" to escape Rock Hudson, who was whooping it up around the barbecue pit, shades of his role as an Indian in "Winchester '73."

A good game this, and it can be adapted to any party, the guests enacting a movie role they've seen recently.

Undoubtedly, the most thrilled person at the party was young Mary Willis. Mary was the contest winner from the "Carnation Family Party" radio show, chosen as the real American movie fan and her reactions to the party were broadcast on the next CBS "Family Party."

The midsummer menu included: Mixed green salad with Roquefort French dressing, home baked breads and brown bread, hot dogs with chili in chafing dish, molded salmon mousse with sour cream dressing, whipped cream angel food cake and fruit festival punch. (Recipes given serve 6.)

ROQUEFORT FRENCH DRESSING

Makes 1/2 cup

Crumble: 2 tbsp. Roquefort or bleu cheese. Add this to 1/2 cup bottled French dressing, or to this homemade dressing:

Measure into bowl:

6 tablespoons salad oil
2 tablespoons wine vinegar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon sugar
1/4 teaspoon paprika

Pinch of dry mustard
Beat well together with rotary beater.

CHAFING DISH CHILI FRANKS

Cook 2 lbs. of frankfurters in boiling water for 6 to 8 minutes. Drain. Place in chafing dish. Empty 1 (12-oz.) bottle chili sauce into saucepan. Add 1 tsp. celery seed, 1 tbsp. prepared mustard, 1/2 cup sweet pickle relish, and 1/2 cup water. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until hot and well-blended. Pour over frankfurts and keep over low heat until serving time. Serve with buttered frankfurter rolls.

SALMON MOUSSE

Mix together:

1 envelope unflavored gelatine
1/2 cup cold water
1/2 cup vinegar

Let stand 5 minutes or until soft. Place over boiling water, and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add: 1 teaspoon each of sugar, salt, dry mustard. Stir until blended. Cool. Stir in:

2 cups flaked salmon or tuna
1 cup finely diced celery
1 tablespoon capers (if desired)

Beat until stiff. 1/2 cup heavy cream Fold into salmon mixture. Turn into large
Softly shirred princess panel suit with plunging Talon-zippered front—styled in California. 17.95. For him: Hawaiian Fish print Cabana set. 16.95

SOUR CREAM DRESSING
Wash, but do not pare: ¼ cucumber. Chop very fine, seeds and all. Drain well. Add: 1 tbsp. vinegar. Season to taste with salt, pepper, paprika and a bit of scraped onion or celery seed. Combine with 1 cup sour cream. Remove cores from a large green pepper. Trim to form a hollowed cup. Use as a container for dressing.

WHIPPED CREAM ANGEL FOOD CAKE
Makes two 8-inch layers
Sift and measure:
1 ½ cups cake flour
Sift again with:
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
Beat until stiff:
1 ½ cup egg whites (3-4)
Fold in:
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Beat with a rotary beater while adding gradually: 1 cup granulated sugar
Beat well after each addition.
Add:
1 teaspoon vanilla
Then fold in sifted dry ingredients. Pour batter into two ungreased 8"-layer pans. Bake in a slow oven (300° F.) 10 minutes. Increase heat to moderate (375° F.) and bake about 15 minutes more. Cool 5 minutes, then remove from pans. Cool completely. Frost with creamy butter frosting.

CREAMY BUTTER FROSTING
Work with spoon until soft:
1/2 cup butter or margarine
Sift 3 ½ cups confectioners’ sugar
Gradually beat 2 cups sugar into butter. Add:
2 unbeaten egg whites
2 teaspoons vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt
Beat well to combine. Gradually beat in remaining sugar.
Add:
1 ¾ cup light cream
Beat until smooth and light. Remove about 1 cup, tint, and set aside for decoration.
Spread remainder between and on top and sides of layers.

FRUIT FESTIVAL PUNCH
Makes 10 servings
Combine:
1 cup lemon juice, canned
1 ½ cups canned pineapple juice
1 ½ cups canned orange juice
1 ½ cups light corn syrup
1 cup grape juice
Place in punch bowl on ice. Just before serving, add 1 large (28 oz.) bottle pale dry gingerale. Garnish with lemon slices if desired.

Chafing dish courtesy Bazar Français

A dream of a dish for supper—and easy to keep until serving time—are these Chili Franks, served with hot buttered rolls.
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Mona's Charm

(Continued from page 59) also solves mysteries. She confronted the mystery man of Hollywood in his den at midnight. He has seen Harvey, but actually...

At age fourteen, phenomenon Miss Freeman became a movie queen in name only. She signed a contract ghosted for a producer she had never seen and who had not seen her. She drew no salary, did no work. It was all very lovely and mysterious.

Mrs. Pat

Andonda didn't mind being a star on zero salary. Already, she was an alluring career woman. Cute as a Girl Scout cookie, she modeled kids' clothes for New York firms while she was a freshman at Junior High in Pelham, N. Y. She made fifty dollars a week, helped support her folks and lived the opulent life of a film star, J.g., in the dazzled eyes of fellow freshmen.

Apple-cheeked as a Byzantine madonna and fashioned like a doll on a French music-box, Mona popped naturally onto magazine covers. These led a talent scout to sign her unseen for the unseen producer.

Before she could get around to investigating Hollywood, she became a John Powers model with $150 a week to spend. Sears Roebuck paid her that to swoon farmerettes by wearing children's clothes in their catalogue. Catalogue modeling is the model's dream because you get lovely chaperoned trips to shoot pictures in places like Texas, which is very educational, models being naturally interested in scenic splendors like tall Texans with oil derricks and longhorn steers.

Model movie queen Mona toted her contract along as a souvenir dance program for prestige value. Now she had the fine print to see if it said anything about money or a star dressing room. Nope.

After a year of still-life starring, Mona was rocked off her high heels by a check for four hundred dollars from her producer. It was designated for lessons in acting, which threatened to become the next Hollywood hobby after racing horses and lessons in painting.

This currency cyclone whirled Mona off her beat and set her down in Hollywood. Scarcely had she bounded the boulevards than Paramount started whistling and beckoning. Mona flitted right back. It looked like a deal until Mona's mystery man sent her a notice stating that her option would be taken up.

Mona was mad. She was tired of being left high and dry; she wanted to be a star with a swimming pool. It was time to see her invisible boss and learn what's with him. Where could she find a Mr. Howard Hughes?

Sleuthing his phone number, Mona called and asked for an appointment. A voice on the wire eerily set midnight as the hour. It sounded like the mischief of our Miss Freeman is a dauntless cherub.

Around Hollywood it is generally known that Mr. Hughes' office hours begin at midnight and end, presumably, when the cock crows at dawn. Anyhow, Mr. Hughes vanishes like Hamlet's father, and awed employees, who feel his presence but never see him, refer to him as Harvey.

At the stroke of midnight, into the den of the handsome, tall, dark mystery man, bantam Mona bounced as Daniel into the lion's den. Except that in this picture the characters were reversed, the lion breezing into Daniel's lair.

Lionsess Mona did not roar. Her policy, she states, is, "Be positive but nice as possible. You get absolutely no place being nasty. No one is interested if you are unpleasant."

Pleasantly, but to the point, she said,
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"When, Mr. Hughes, are you going to produce a picture?"

"That is none of your business," said Mr. Hughes, pleasantly pointed.

"It is my business," buzzed honeybee Freeman, nice as possible.

Mr. Hughes’s eyes had an amused, knowing glint. "I know, you want to go to Paramount. You will do nothing but stand around waiting to be discovered."

"I won’t even get that chance if I stay with you, making no pictures," she said, adding with a female consistency that he only deducted her as a loss from his income tax. "I can’t stand to be upset. I would quit rather than be pushed around," decried the Tax Deduction dramatically.

The logic was fraudulently fenced but much as Tax Deduction was not even being pushed to work, but the delivery was pure Duse.

Bewildered by the argument but impressed by the hysterics, Mr. Hughes exclaimed, "I believe you can act!"

"You betcha I could act if you would make a picture," said Mona, full of four hundred dollars’ worth of dramatic lessons.

Mr. Hughes, who has flown round the world in sixty seconds and licked Congressional Committees, gave up. He sold her contract to Paramount for $5,000.

AS Mr. Hughes and most everyone in Hollywood knows, Miss Freeman speaks her mind even when she is on the unpopular side. She always is on the side of the persecuted, such as Republicans and Roberto Rossellini.

When the Bergman-Rossellini business was hot in Hollywood a voice rang out, "I do wish you would lay off Miss Bergman and Mr. Rossellini; no woman could resist that man, he’s divine." When people looked around to see who put that shot, there stood Hercules Freeman.

Miss Freeman had attended a luncheon for Rossellini when he was in Hollywood. He gave the most wonderful talk, she said. No one could understand him, except Frank Capra, because Roberto spoke Italian. But Capra’s face lit, Mona says, and when he translated Rossellini’s stuff Mona felt her face lighting up. But, of course, no one noticed because Mona’s face is always lit up.

She married a pitiful Republican. Pat was just back from cleaning the Jap spots on Tarawa and even his freckles were pale. They lit up, though, when he saw Mona. Her maternal instinct was definitely not aroused. Pat had no life and Mona can’t stand people with no life. But life surged back when he saw her running around with his brother and he took trips.

There were no hard feelings between the brothers, the Nerneys being Republicans with faith in free enterprise and competition in an open market.

Pat’s pa has a big auto agency but Pat started at sixty a week and Mona, as observed, started her career at zero a week. The Nerneys are doing all right now. They just built a house for themselves and two-year-old daughter Mona II. "Sweeteat baby, full of beans and born personality."

A nurse takes care of the baby during the day but Mona takes over as soon as she gets home from work.

They built the fireplace first and it’s so big, she says, that she can stand up inside it. Must be colossal.

"We are building a small house around it," Mona says.

Pat, of the luminous freckles dashed in to say that he had just been talking to Bob Hope and a bunch of Airedales. "They said we ought to have a roof," he said. "A roof will cost two, six bits. Shall we have a roof or not on the mink?"

"You paid off on my mink," said Mona.

"I thought a roof came with the house."

This is a roof for part of the patio where we have the outdoor furniture," Pat said. "The Airedales said it would be worth, two, six bits to protect the stuff."

Two, six bits in the car dealer’s lingo is $275. Mona understands Pat’s spoken tongue. When he says he just took in a slick job with furnace and bing and live skins she knows he made a deal for a car with a heater, radio and new tires.

Pat too is bilingual. He comprehends when Mona comes home from the studio and says they threw the pan on her and hit her with baby. He doesn’t get his Irish up, thinking they’ve been abusing his wife and child: he knows she means that they put make-up on her and photographed her under the small spotlight.

The Nerney way of life is perfect, according to the Nerneys.

"No fights, all laughs," says Pat.

Mona is spunky but not temperamental. A touchy subject with her is her age. She is always being taken for younger than she is. She got canned out of her first picture because she looked twelve in the rushes and she hasn’t forgotten the ignominy. In “Dear Ruth” she was a riot and she feared her career would suffer infantile fixation on screen.

Mona was twenty-three last June.

"You wouldn’t call twenty-three young would you?" asks Mona, pleasantly defiant.

She got an adult role in “Streets of Laredo,” and was elated to play a матроz with a five-year-old child in “The Heiress.” Optimistic now, she hopes to play Grandmama Moses. She hopes to be Grandmama Nerney before too long. Of course it take time.

THE END

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94
Bette absolutely refuses to answer her husband's blast. It is her attitude that his intimate accusations are not to be dignified by denials. However, I happen to know that the things Sherry is now saying are true in direct contradiction to the things he said to the editors of Photoplay when they were entertained by Bette and him last February at the time of the Gold Medal dinner.

"It was Bette who came up with the idea," he said, referring to their previous separation. "She had the intelligence to know what should be done to give me the help I needed.

Those who heard him wondered if he was referring to the psychiatric treatment he had received or the interest Bette had taken in his painting career. She did not spare time money or effort to put over his show. That it was not a success, certainly, was not her fault.

Until this last hasel it looked as if Bette and Sherry were going to make a go of their reconciliation. She's been like her old self. She's looked better than she did for a long time—dressed better too. She has her old interest back. At Ciro's, where Ella Logan was singing, she sent back a note requesting "Ole Devil Moon." She danced every dance.

It was, you'll remember, last October that Bette asked the court in Santa Ana, to issue a small sum in which she has her house, to put Sherry under a restraining order. Until then no one knew there had been any trouble. It is Bette's way to keep her troubles to herself. So it was by the back door that she filed for divorce and asked protection.

Sherry admitted Bette's charge that he had an ungovernable temper he made her life miserable. He also admitted that he was in deadly fear that he would do her bodily harm. He begged for another chance saying he would try to solve his problems through an analyst.

"Why don't you take him back?" I asked.

"His analyst asked that he have another chance. Also I loved him. And I thought a reunion would be better for Barbara." Bette's and Sherry's devotion to their daughter undoubtedly has been a strong bond between them. Barbara's an enchanting little blonde girl as healthy and natural as can be.

Bette wants her to grow up naturally. She talked about the elegant English nurse she asked to find other employment because always this nurse insisted upon knocking on the kitchen door and saying, "Cook must have Barbara and I come into your kitchen?"

"I tried to explain that I wanted Barbara to feel every room in this house was part of her home, and she was welcome everywhere, always!" Bette explained.

There is no doubt that for a time Bette and Sherry managed to get on. Then it was the same old thing all over again. For instance...

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Lew Wasserman, one of the officials of Bette's business representatives, Music Corporation of America, gave a party at his home. Bette and Sherry attended. In the course of the evening something angered the high-towered gentleman and he started a battle. According to someone who overheard the whole bitter fight, Sherry threatened Bette and she, terrified, said the best thing to do was to leave with him, which she did.

The party at the studio when Sherry burst in and fought with Barry Sullivan was the last straw.

"Why did you leave with him?" I asked.

"This I was advised to," Bette said. "It seemed best. I didn't want a scandal."

"Surely, this time you are determined to go through with your divorce?" I said.

"Yes," she replied, "it's the only way. I must have peace of mind. But, more important, it is Barbara. It is so awful and frightening for a little girl to grow up in such an atmosphere."

"Why did you ever marry a man so far removed from your world?" I asked.

Bette sighed. "Sherry has many nice qualities," she said. "He loves a home and loved me. And, I, too, loved him."

"But when you were in constant fear, why didn't you break up your marriage?"


WHEN she was making her final pictures on her Warner contract I heard everywhere about her temperament and how difficult she was being. I can understand that. Business troubles and marriage troubles at the same time are almost more than anyone should have to take.

Well, one thing is for sure. Her professional worries are at an end. I wish you could have seen her face lighted up when she told me about "The Story of a Divorce." She considers it the best thing she has done in years.

It is apparent that Bette has never wanted to be difficult. She loves her work too much. She didn't mind in the least that she was having just twenty-four hours off between the finish of "Divorce" and the start of "All About Eve."

"Isn't that pretty strenuous?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Work is a solace. I am so happy that I have all this now."

I watched Bette sipping black coffee and thinking. She has that same stride about her.

She is the old Bette, a determined woman fighting for her child, her career and her happiness. But she's an older and wiser Bette, too, the emotional actress always, but with a difference.

All her marriages have ended in tragedy. Harmon Nelson she married when she was young. She was desperately in love with him but the strict demands of her soaring career came between them.

Her second husband was Arthur Farnsworth, a New Englander, and a friend of her family. He was much older than she and I always thought their marriage was based on companionship. "Farnie" died after they were married a few years. She mentions him with genuine affection.

"Bette," I said, "your lawyer cannot object to your answering one question for me. Will you ever marry again?"

"Not unless I meet a man who would be good to Barbara and someone she loved and who loved her. She is first in my life. I will be very happy with her and with my work. I am a lucky woman to have these two wonderful things in my life."

And I say that all of us who have long admired the one and only Bette Davis are lucky to have her back, a woman free to give herself completely to her art again.

The End

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Marriage Is Like This

(Continued from page 52) in particular. Getting married isn't all emotion, spring and flowers. Common sense enters into a successful marriage, too. And we came to certain decisions that we hope will keep our marriage safe from the average marriage pitfalls and also, the pitfalls of the picture business.

Before we tied the knot, it was essential for Geary to get settled in business. He never would have stood it otherwise. He wanted to select the kind of work that was right for him. He finally found he was happiest and most capable in the insurance business.

He was an ice skater and then he was in the Army. There's no future to skating. Once you're a skater, you're always a skater and there's nothing to do after you reach a certain age.

(EARY, as you can see, doesn't ever want to live off me. That was our whole idea in waiting as we did. That may be the fault with some Hollywood marriages where one partner has earning power and position and the other partner is not doing quite as well. That is one rule we're going to observe—both of us are going to have our careers and be successful at them. But we're not going to compete with each other. Geary has never been in the picture business and does not want to be. The fact that Geary has nothing to do with pictures will be good for both of us.

Career and marriage, we think, can be combined. We're going to have a marriage with a career, not in spite of it.

You see, we believe in each other and in our mutual and outside interests, Geary doesn't mind my being in this business at all and he never asked me to give it up and be just a housewife.

He says, "Why should you give up what you like and love when I don't have to give up what I like and love." He says my career should not interfere at all unless I have to start going out with someone for publicity or something. Which I never do. That's the only thing that worries him. I told him he doesn't have to worry about it because I never have to do it anyway.

These are some of the problems that have to do with Hollywood and the motion picture business. But actually, they're not just peculiar to Hollywood. Other women have careers, too. And they get along all right. And, outside of Hollywood there are some girls who are quite wealthy and they marry boys who are just getting started. And sometimes they get along, money problem or no. And sometimes they argue about the same things that people who don't have any money complications argue about.

I came to Hollywood from Portland, Oregon, when I was thirteen and I really grew up here. I think you can make growing up in Hollywood the same as in any other town, if you want to.

But, in my case, it was a little harder because I'd been used to going to grade school with all my chums and I'd been used to having little parties and all. But here I couldn't because I had to go to school on the studio lot and there were only about fifteen of us in the class. But that's about the only difference there was, that I didn't know as many people as I did at home.

People outside of Hollywood think no one in Hollywood is ever happy, but it's not true. The people in Hollywood have been publicized so much as being unhappy or wild that anything a person does in Hollywood is in the public eye, gets talked about, so consequently everyone thinks that Hollywood is a horrible place.
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with Demi (short for demitasse), our
Sommese cat. Although we have a bowl
of water for him in the kitchen, he pre-
ers to drink out of the flower bowls. And
often, I come home at night to find the
flowers scattered about the dining room and
daying carefully on a shelf draped all over the
couch.

When we are not working, Geary and I
just have fun. As I mentioned, we have people
erve or house or we visit our
friends. Sometimes we go swimming at
someone's house or square dance. We
don't go to the late spots unless there's
someone we particularly want to see.

As we speak, we have a
collect of more than 5000 of them.
Lily Pons and Lauritz Melchior are our
favorites. We go to the movies once a
week. We've only been to see one of
my pictures, "A Date with Judy." I guess
Geary liked it very much. He was so
happy. He was quiet all during the
performance. It's soft-spoken anyway and
we don't talk about things too much. I could
tell he liked it.

WE'RE both fond of sports, skiing, water
skiing, tennis, skating, and spend much of
our time and activities. When we got married, we decided to pattern our
marriage away from our careers. We leave
our work at the studio and office at the
end of the day.

In some ways I hope to be able to
combine concert work with my movie
job. I want to travel to all parts of the
world and I hope that such concert tours
will take me there. Geary wants to travel
too, and we plan to do so together when
he builds up his business to the point
where he can take trips with me.

As for the people we associate with,
they're mostly married people. For
unfortunately, we have been around people
that are happy. We go out with a lot of
non-professionals and the younger movie
crowd like the Marshall Thompsons, Bill
Williams and Barbara Hale, Elizabeth Tay-
lor, Conrad Hilton and Roddy McDowall.

There was a lot of gossip before our
marriage saying that we weren't getting
along, that our parents didn't get along,
but none of that was true. Geary and I
have never argued about one thing and
our parents, well, we're always going to
their house for dinner. And they're always
coming to our house and there's never
been any dissension. How a rumor like
that gets started, I'll never know.

There were several things I learned
while Geary and I were going together
that are helping our marriage along now.
One is never to leave an argument un-
settled. The other is not to let little things
bother you. I was, I guess you would
say, a little prick in a little bubble of
people. And Geary has helped me out
of that so much. I see people in a different
light now and little things don't bother me
as they did. I'm happy, too, that makes a
difference in house work.

The End
When They Believe Their Publicity

(Continued from page 62) stars come and I've seen 'em go. And it's the oddest thing, once you got a big tantrum going, they're cooperative, so eager-beaver. Ditto for when they're going. But that in-between time when they're sitting on top of the box office world, that's all, brother!

That's why I'm so grateful for boys and girls like Bob Hope, Dan Dailey, Loretta Young, Esther Williams, June Allyson, Gregory Peck, Linda Darnell, Alan Ladd and Victor Mature. They are the same nice people today, and wear the same size hats, as when I interviewed them when they first came to Hollywood.

I guess it's pretty hard to keep your head when all about you are losing theirs over yours.

And everyone certainly lost theirs over Hedy Lamarr. You can always tell when Hedy is upsy or devious. When the reviews rave, so do lamarr-paratively speaking. Like when Cecil B. De Mille asked her to do some publicity chores in New York for "Samson and Delilah," how much was paid for it. She received $100,000 for making the movie, and all the schemes, Delling the of the Bible would have said, "That's a lot of ducats," and thrown in a little, for free. But not Miss Lamarr.

Olivia de Havilland recently refused to attend a dinner, at which she was named one of the Best Actresses of the Year. Every topper was present, also the brightest stars in the business. Olivia's absence was explained this-a-way. She believed she'd be doing more for the dinner than it could do for her! This can't be the same as she was loved in her earlier Warner days. Or the same girl who used to hang around the Warner publicity department to get her name in print.

When Jane Wyman was trying to get going with her Hollywood career, there was that in-between time, reason, that she wouldn't do. I remember the stormy boat trip Jane took to San Francisco to publicize John Garfield's "Sea Wolf" which she wasn't even in!

Nine years and one Oscar later, Jane is always in a hurray going somewhere. And if she isn't on the run, she's laying down in her dressing room, saying to her a, "Won't you come in and sit down."

I didn't know Betty Grable when she was doing the Collegiate B Circuit at Paramount. But I did meet Betty when she returned here in triumph after her "Dubarry Was a Lady" hit in New York. No one could have been easier to handle then. Apparently they didn't believe in fussiness, so until they read all about it in the movie columns and movie magazines. Because with Betty's big pin-up fame in pictures, came the bigger letdown in publicity cooperation.

To be quite frank, Betty doesn't need the overblown blurbs at this stage of her career. She may, later, of course. When that time comes, as come it always unfortunately does, the magazine wanting that color shot of Betty in 1942 will remember what happened. The photographer sat on the set all day long, waiting for Betty to find ten minutes to pose for his picture. She was to be crowned queen of something. Came 6 p.m. Betty sauntered to her dressing room. The photographer stamped his feet to bring back the circulation, and arranged his equipment. Five minutes later, Betty emerged minus make-up and wearing slacks. Seeing the photographer, she had the grace to look horrified. "Oh, I forgot," she said. But, she didn't pose.

Robert Mitchum is always reading that he's an interesting character. Being an obliging feller, he does his best to live up to what his press agents write. He fabricates fascinatingly. Recently he told a reporter that the guard ordered by boss Howard Hughes to protect his body was getting into his hair. "He even came into our bedroom when my wife was getting dressed," said Robert. Came the dawn, I, the 1945 edition. The bodyguard threatened to knock his block off. Bob, who is really a nice quiet guy, went home in a hurry to avoid a really interesting front page story!

I SUPPOSE it's hard to believe you're like everyone else when you hear that sweet applause day in and day out. Robert Walker and I were discussing the before-and-after actor change recently. "You can't help changing," said Bob. "The fame, the money, the adulation, of course it goes to your head." Of course. But the fundamentally fine people level out after the first glorious spin.

To go back to Bob Hope. If he's never again mentioned in a column or a magazine, he could coast until he's ninety with all those wonderful things that have been said and printed already. But with Bob it isn't only "Thanks for the Memory," it's "Thanks forever." Only Hope could have done this. When he returned from his last gruelling flying tour, twenty-five cities in twenty-five days, he was met at the airport here by wife Dolores, plus the airline press photographer. It was two in the morning. Most tired stars would have said "Nuts," then made a dash for auto and home. Bob not only posed willingly for a dozen shots, but he made jokes to make the photographer feel less tired.

Robert Taylor has never been difficult, even when he was getting the gush and goofy about how beautiful he was. (It was more atomic than the Van Johnson discovery.) Bob is the honey darling of the M-G-M lot, and a pleasure to talk to and write nice items about.

They say that Mario Lanza is beginning to believe his publicity. I'm told he threw the tantrum on the set when the handling of his recordings was not to his liking. Well, I write as I find. And I still find Mario modest.

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When Errol Flynn arrived in Hollywood, Warners paid him $75 a week. After "Captive Blood," he was publicized as a swashbuckling, very brave character from 'way back in Ireland. He was once a clerk in Sydney, Australia, and was, at one time, I believe, a traffic cop in New Guinea. Believing in fantasy, ignoring facts, has paid off for Errol. His current $200,000 picture makes it possible for him to live as a swashbuckling Prince.

Humphrey Bogart won the Least Co-operative Movie Star lemon last year from the Women's Press Club. And believe me, this is never an accident. Bogart, who used to be such a lamb to his press public, should really stop reading his publicity and get back in the old intellgent groove. It was shocking to read the following conversation with Bogart in Erskine Johnson's column:

E.J.: "That Martha Stewart certainly did a wonderful job in your picture 'In a Lonely Place.'"

H.B. "Martha Stewart, who dat?"

E.J.: "She was in your picture, remember?"

H.B.: (Long Pause) "Oh...yes."

George Sanders didn't wait for his career to fall apart, before falling off that puff-up pojo stick he used to ride. I'm not easily scared but this guy used to make me tremble, mostly with rage at his supercilious silliness. Until I read too much of his publicity and said to him one day on the set, "Mr. Sanders, I read where you don't care about getting your name in print. That's fine with me, but I want you to remember this."

They tell me that Paul Douglas is getting to be just like Sanders used to was. But I don't think so. Like Bing Crosby, Paul just doesn't care. I think Paul is too busy playing the feminine field to have time to read his publicity, good or bad. In case he wants to know, it's been good, so far.

Harry Cohn believes that John Ireland believed too much of Dick Haymes's publicity! Because it wasn't until John married Dick's number one wife, Joanne Dru, that he decided to hate the movies he was getting at Columbia. So they let him go, with a long string attached, and, sixty-five percent of John's profit profits with other producers to be paid to Columbia and Cohn. John, who complained he wasn't getting good parts, immediately suggested to play that story in "The Return of Jesse James," for a non-major company!

Mary Pickford had an interesting attitude towards publicity. She didn't read it! "This good will has made me conscious, the bad might make me unhappy," said Mary. I think she said something there. Mary definitely wears the same size in hats as in private life, today, as when she starred in "The New York Hat" forty years ago!

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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS

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The Best Year of Their Lives (Continued from page 45) co-starring them again in "Right Cross."

"How lucky can a girl be?" June asks. This is the "happily-ever-after" of a fabulous seven-year-cycle for a small-town girl, born of poverty, whose daydreams and determination led her into a movie picture career. A girl who'd stood on the very same sound stage where "The Reformer and the Redhead" was made, watching wistfully in the background as the camera turned on the big musical number of Dick Powell's. Her was only a bit in "Meet the People," but she met the man she was to marry two years later, and hoped, even then, someday to work with him. This was the dream, the wish her heart had made. She married him. They have a beautiful two-year-old adopted daughter, Pamela; another arrival is expected any day; and, at long last, she is co-starring with Dick. For June, anything else that happens is velvet.

ACTUALLY, that happy combination of June and Dick working together is more like pink champagne. A laugh, a minute, an atmosphere of facetious gaiety.

"It's so wonderful working with your husband," says June dreamily. "It's so relaxing. You're so much closer to him."

An advantage, working with your wife," Dick says teasingly. "You can yell at her and you can't at strange girls. Not that I wouldn't love working with June anyway," he adds. "She's fun."

They had one-hour co-star in that tender love story, "Mrs. Mike." Their initial starrer, however, turned out to be a hilarious comedy and their love scenes were played with live lions stalking them. It was a pleasant contrast to that first morning when Dick walked on the stage to find June, who'd preceded him, had rigged up an oversized star on the front of her portable abode with the sign, "No. 1 Dressing Room," billboarded on it, and on Dick's, in elite type, the words "supporting cast." June's husky laugh had ended in a sentimental tear when she found his flowers in her dressing room.

It was agreed between them that neither was to tell the other how to read a line. Not one. They memorize their lines first by studying them aloud, so they repaired to their rooms, June to her bedroom, meeting later in the dining room to rehearse.

Dick began his line and June interjected with, "Oh, let's forget it, for sure." She was good. I hope you won't misunderstand me, that was fine but don't you think this line would be a little funnier if you'd..."

"No!" said Dick emphatically.

"Well, I do," she said.

"Then we got into a big hassle," she grins now, recalling it, "that wound up with me admitting Richard was right. A fair safe assumption, since he always is. I know I had my damned," she apologized. To be met with Dick's weakening, "That's all right, doll. You may be right. Maybe I should read it more..."

That ridiculous object June. He knows you're right. Then they were in another small hassle again. After that first night of homework they reagreed to abide by their agreement.

They arose together every 7:15, rode to work together, "Well, most of the way," June amends. "I'd leave before Richard did. I'd be three blocks down the sidewalk walking and he'd pick me up. I like to walk anyway and he would always be on the telephone. Even at 7:30 he talks..."

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on the phone. Someday I'm going to tear that phone out. But then he'd be living in the corner pay station, so...

This is one of them stealing scenes from each other in "The Reformer and the Redhead," in the presence of so many animals, but neither tried. "I was always trying to keep her face in the camera and she was always trying to keep mine in," grins Dick.

"I always wanted the scene to fade out on Richard his line. And he was always fading it out on me. It's nothing. 'No, it doesn't mean sense. June.' Then, too, he refused to take the top billing his contract always calls for, insisting June's name must go first on their pictures. "That's the only reason we're both upset about the billing," she says, "And he should have the star billing but he won't, with me. Most uncooperative," she teases, then, "but he's such a smart man. I learned so much working with him, he almost gave me an inferiority complex.

DICK isn't prompted by husbandly devotion but by some nineteen years of wisdom and experience in the business when he speaks of his wife's histrionic ability saying, "June's a fine actress. I don't think she's even scratched the surface yet. I have yet to see anyone with as much promise. She doesn't have her part yet, but someday her part will come along. They do for everyone. If they get a good script of 'Forever,' June would be fine for it. And "Sister Carrie," she could do that. He is not enthusiastic with the producer who once said, "If June could look any age, there isn't a part anywhere she couldn't play." He loves me. He thinks anything I do is good," remarks June, reentering at this point. "He cries all the way through 'Little Women.' It seemed so funny, a big man like Richard crying.

"I was crying over 'Little Women,'" he interposes drily, "I was crying at the picture. Everybody cries at 'Little Women.'"

When he made with Farrow with a vivacious blonde charmer, Marilyn Monroe, in "Dybbuk" the producer insists she was highly objective about the whole thing. "I just took a front seat right by the cameras, gave him a sweet, understanding glare and made right and left and made this romantic. I don't care how you do it. Of course, I was on the set every minute."

Dick hadn't encouraged June to take the part in "Ripley's Cross," because, "at the beginning, the girl's part wasn't big enough for her. I didn't want her to do it."

But June wanted to do it because Dick was already cast for it. "Then I had to work to help build the part and get her into the picture," he laughs.

During the production of this one, when June was ill with virus and laryngitis and was not able to participate, Dick would take her temperature every morning and say, "Now if you feel well enough, you should go to work." He didn't soften completely even when their little daughter, Peggy, began to sympathize. "Oh ter-bie, ter-bie," saying the important words twice, as she always does. "What's wrong, baby?" her mother asked.

"What kind of trouble can a little girl like you possibly have," she asked. "Oh, Mommy, bad cold, bad cold."

"He never babies me," says June of her star husband. But what she didn't hear were his concerned consultations with the doctors. "We made a set schedule, trying to find some sort loophole for her, worrying, 'She just can't keep on working with fever every day.'"

At eventide, when Dick and June come home together from the set, they rush to their rooms, put on their pajamas and

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robes, eat dinner, rehearse their lines, play with Pamela, and make plans for their expected new arrival. "I had a phone call this morning. I think we're having a baby," she announced one day to Dick. They didn't know when the new adopted baby will arrive. "They just call and say, 'Your baby is here.' We put in an order, a long time ago, saying we wanted another baby. When Pamela was two years old, and she's two now, I want a boy. Richard wants a girl. So we just said, 'Surprise us!'"

Every evening before rehearsing their scenes, June and Dick paddled up to the attic in pajamas to see how the new baby's nursery, still in a state of plaster and loose boards, is coming along. Blue-printing the walls, Dick had gone through "saying, the beds go there," pointing in one direction. "Where? Oh!" June would attempt to follow. A chest would go in that alcove. "Where? Oh!" Another bureau here. The tour to be eventually interrupted by June's "Ouch!" as a loose board met her, head on.

About that old temperament taboo of actor's taking things home with them. June says readily, "If you mean the 'Reformer,' well, yes!" Intimating by her mischievous tone that one Richard Powell didn't really have to take this role home with him, it seems he bears it well.

"He's always reminding me of things, 'Please, doll, answer the phone when it rings.' (I hate telephones.) "Please don't make this appearance and then forget about it and take Pamela for a pony ride instead. Please put gas in the car so I won't be stalling in the middle of Sunset Boulevard. And if I say meet me at Romanoff's for lunch, please, don't sit in La Rue's and wait.'"

"But he's very polite about it. It's always, 'Please.' She grins, "except once in a while it's 'For the luva . . . ! June, please!' I try. I mean, I really laugh. But I have so much on my mind."

Pamela's "Mommy" is prone to drift dreamily around the house from room to room carrying the new silver mink cape Dick just gave her. "It's so soft," she says, as she hangs it over the knob on the desk drawer in the den and gives it an unprecio-

rly loving caress.

The silver mink came as a joyful surprise. When Dick walked in with a big box and threw a line away, something about, "Honey, I bought myself some shirts, see if you like them." It seems June, realizing for some reason between "abashed," she says, for the new silver mink and having her engagement ring reset, decided on the engagement ring and Dick wound up by compromising, and giving her both. "I really think he gave them to me because he wants to go fishing. He's so cute," June grins.

When they make another picture together June would like it to be "Too Young to Kiss." It's a light comedy I'd love to do with him. He hasn't seen the script yet. Besides, he says he doesn't want to work with me all the time or we'll get in a rut. Which I think is pretty rude!"

Even Pamela, the older child, would like her to join them. Then the other baby will be growing up, and "Just call us the Perennial Powells," she laughs, then calls, "Richard, wherefore art thou?"

"Right here, you're having entered on her last line and giving him private-efly what is known as the stare."

"You know," he says with a semi-sad look, "on third thought I may make another picture with her picture with her picture with her picture!"

Says his leading lady, "You're so right."

The END

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Have a Beautiful Time

(Continued from page 64) Six-year-old Rhonda had never been on a trip. Born in Los Angeles, educated in grammar schools and high school in Beverly Hills, Rhonda has always been perfectly content with the City of the Angels. She is not the restless type. So, when her boss, David O. Selznick, arranged a personal appearance tour for her, Rhonda was delighted and a little bit frightened.

The tour lasted nine weeks. In the mornings there were rehearsals, press interviews, luncheons with exhibitors and townspeople. Followed by five shows. Rather strenuous. “It was the first time I ever had to take care of my clothes,” said Rhonda, who has been conditioned to studio spoiling and pampering. “It was rugged. There was no one to do my pressing or take care of rips and tears.”

Packing was a prize pain in the neck for, never having taken a trip before, Rhonda knew none of the tricks of a successful packer. When she arrived in the first city, St. Louis, and opened her luggage, she was greeted with thousands of wrinkles. She sat down and cried. And it was only the beginning of nine weeks of trains and hotels, packing and unpacking.

She put through an SOS call to her friend Edith Head, chief costume designer at Paramount Studios.

Edith gave her some excellent suggestions. Those who are planning a vacation trip this summer will find them helpful. After all, on a much-looked-forward-to vacation, you don’t want to spend your “good time” money on valet service. Or, if you plan to visit a friend, you don’t want to spend hours with an iron.

“In the case of your suits, coats and dresses,” said Edith, “use your lingerie and stockings. Roll them up in the shape of shoulders and bosoms and stuff them inside your dresses, coats and suits. That keeps them from getting too wrinkled.”

Edith assumed, of course, that her lingerie (bras, panties, slips) would be nylon, which rolls up without wrinkling.

“In the case of your evening gowns,” continued Edith, “use the lingerie for the shoulders and the bust line, and then line the skirt with white tissue paper, pleased to give it body. Around the hemline place additional tissue paper. This prevents the skirt hemline from having a creased look.”

For the suit skirts she suggested that she buy some clothespins which would enable her to hang as many as four skirts on one hanger. As far as coats and jackets are concerned, she should fasten the sleeves to the sides with the clothsepins to prevent them from sliding and becoming wrinkled.

The secret of good packing, Edith stressed, is layers and layers of tissue.

Rhonda found it quite an ordeal keeping “movie star fit” while traveling. The changes in climate, she says, “were particularly hard on my skin. I used a cleansing cream at night to remove the make-up, and then a special meal preparation to give my skin life and vigor. After that I cold-creamied my face, put vaseline on my lashes, and fell into bed.

“Never having traveled before,” said Rhonda, “I found myself without enough comfortable clothes. And especially did I suffer in the shoe department. Next time, believe me, I’ll take along several pairs of low-heeled slippers. I prefer high heels. And I think a tall girl looks better in high heels. But walking on high heels all day is extremely exhausting.”

So, take Rhonda’s advice, and when you go on your vacation save those elegant spiked heels for evening wear. All resorts feature a number of sports. And the man you hope to trap will undoubtedly be an avid golfer, shuffleboard or badminton player. A neat ankle can be just as neat without stilts.

One of Rhonda’s worst trials on her trip was trying to keep her hair shapumed. Rhonda believes that her hair looks better right after it is washed. So she tried to wash it every second day. “It was always dripping wet,” she said. “Seems to me I was constantly calling the hotel maid to bring me extra towels.”

Her hair is naturally curly except for the spot near her roots which is nearly dry, she sets it, and pins up the ends overnight. When facing a camera she uses lacquer on it. She uses lacquer also on those windy nights when she has to attend a premiere or party.

Although she is a true redhead, Rhonda does not have the usual china doll complexion that accompanies same. Her mother,atribute to Rhonda’s condition is a definite brunette. From him she inherited her olive skin. Unlike most redheads, she tans easily and doesn’t freckle, except across her nose.

Her mother says, “Rhonda was an ugly baby. When she was born she had a tuft of black hair here, a tuft of white hair there, checkered all over her head. I wouldn’t figure out whether she was going to be a blonde or a brunette. By the time she was three, she had lovely golden hair.”

Rhonda has a skin that is allergic to insect bites, especially mosquito bites. They swell up on her like goose eggs. Her most embarrassing experience occurred a couple of summers back when she was being interviewed for the part opposite Bing Crosby in “A Connecticut Yankee.”

The interview Rhonda appeared in a play in Santa Ana, right smack in the middle of the citrus belt. The mosquitos arrived in droves. When time for her audition she looked a mess. Bing laughed her out of her misery, and gave her the part.

What to do about mosquito bites? Consult your druggist about a good lotion. She said the best is to wear around a swimming pool, a tennis court or just lolling on the lawn. But if your vacation takes you on a camping trip in the mountains just forget your shorts and

Sun causes your eyes to squint, and squinting brings on eye wrinkles. Whenever you are in the sun you should wear sun glasses and sunbonnet. And when you are stretched out facing the sun, acquire your tan, be sure and put plenty of oil on your eyelids. The skin over your eyes is very tender.

After a day of romping, or just relaxing in the sunshine, you will return to your hotel room with your eyes aching. After you take your bath (and a hot bath, by the way), be sure to draw out sunburn-soak cotton pads in witch hazel, and lie down for ten minutes with these pads on your eyes. You’ll be wonderfully refreshed for the evening’s gala.

Remember, please, don’t try to acquire a luscious sun-tan the first day of your vacation. Better be safe than sorry.

The End
Jean and Jo Ann Corbett of Burbank, Calif. The Toni Twin says, "Toni always gives me a wave that's soft and natural-looking." Can you tell which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist

Which Twin has the Toni?

Toni looks as lovely as a $20* permanent —feels as soft as naturally curly hair

Now—any day and any time—for only one dollar you can get a wave that's caressably soft—like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set.)

What's Toni's Secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula developed through years of research. This gentle-action formula was especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizzines—a wave that feels and behaves like naturally curly hair. But remember, only Toni Home Permanent gives you this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine. So whether you are buying your first Toni Home Permanent or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as a $20 permanent—feels as soft as naturally curly hair.

Today, ask for Toni Home Permanent. Jean, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you, get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

NEW! TONI MIDGET SPIN CURLERS
For perfect neckline curls far easier—far faster!
Wonderful for new, short hair styles. Wind wispy ends closer to the head for longer-lasting curls.

SPECIAL! Toni Refill Kit with 6 Midget SPIN Curlers and Toni Creme Shampoo, $1.50 value . . . ONLY $1.33

"I'm not a twin, but since I tried Toni, no other permanent will do for me," says Mrs. Myron Albertson of Los Angeles. "Toni works wonders for my baby-fine hair. Never frizzes it . . . always gives me a soft, natural-looking wave."
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the sensational all-purpose baby skin care
that checks diaper odor . . . . checks diaper rash

In the Unbreakable Squeeze Bottle—the new, luxuriously fragrant, liquefied cream that soothes, smooths, and beautifies baby’s skin. Use all over baby’s body after bath and on diaper region at every change. Makes everyone say, “Sweetest baby I’ve ever seen!”

Only Mennen Baby Magic contains new miracle ingredient—gentle “Purateen”. More sanitary, easier to use . . . in the Unbreakable Safety-Squeeze Bottle.

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Bathe your way to beauty with mild Camay and the daily Camay Beauty Bath! Use the big, economical "Beauty-Bath" cake of Camay and give all your skin the finest kind of complexion care. Camay's lather is so quick and creamy, and it's gentle as a caress. Why, you'll rise from your bath lovelier from head to toes—touched with a perfume no other soap has ever quite captured—the flattering fragrance of Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women!

Plunge into a Camay Beauty Bath today!

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Your mouth and breath are more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles both. So don't risk halfway dental care. Rely on doubly-effective Ipana care for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better protection for your whole mouth.

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Wonderful for men, too!

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JULES MONTENIER, INC., Chicago

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FAVORITE OF AMERICA’S “FIRST MILLION” MOVIE-GOERS FOR 38 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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Design by Otto Storch

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VOL. 38, NO. 2
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of Esther Williams?

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WITH PAULA RAYMOND · CONNIE HAINES · CLINTON SUNDBERG

AND GUEST STARS · LENA HORNE · ELEANOR POWELL

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Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD · Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
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Sensational Songs, including: “Let's Choo Choo Choo To Idaho”, “Of All Things” “You Can't Do Wrong Doin' Right” . . . Hear the hits on M-G-M Records
Toni looks as lovely as a $20* permanent—feels as soft as naturally curly hair

When you choose Toni—for only one dollar you are getting the very finest permanent there is. A wave that's caressably soft like naturally curly hair... and guaranteed to look just as lovely—last just as long as a permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set.)

What is Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula—especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that feels and behaves like naturally curly hair. But remember, only Toni Home Permanent has this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 93 million lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni 10 times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair.

So whether it's your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that has that natural look. Priscilla, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you—get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

---

**ClauDETTE COLBERT**

**Dear Miss Colbert:**

I am twenty-five, and for nearly four years I have been married to a girl who is now twenty-one. We have a little boy just past two who is now in a nursery home for the second time in the past six months. His mother has run away again.

My wife simply won't settle down. She hates housework and our boy makes me nervous. Every few months she puts the baby in a nursery home (without a word to me) and goes home to her family when she goes to night clubs and parties, and stays out until all hours. Always before she has come back to me eventually, saying that she has to get away from every-thing or go crazy.

I have filed suit for divorce on the grounds of desertion, but I still do have feelings for the girl and I hate to break up our home because of the boy. Do you think she will settle down eventually?

Dave M.

I have a feeling that you haven't told me the full story. If this girl goes home to her family, they must be convinced that she is not entirely wrong in what she is doing. She must expect sympathy from them or she would "run away" in another direction.

Also, it seems strange to me that your wife always places the baby in a nursery home before she leaves. It would be more usual for her to take the boy with her or to leave him with you.

It would seem that your wife is young for her years. Perhaps greater understanding on your part would solve this problem. If your wife goes home to have what she regards as a good time, why couldn't you forestall this revolt by taking her out a few times a week? This need not be expensive, if you are trying to accumulate a bank account, but only ingenuous.

If your wife always returns after these "escapes" I think it is sensible to say that she must love you and the child, but she is under some sort of pressure within the home, or from in-laws. It might be wise for both of you to talk to a woman judge or to some older, wiser person who could adjust your difficulties so as to avoid further family separations.

ClauDETTE COLBERT

---

**YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT**

****

**HEAR Miss Colbert:**

My sister and I are fifteen and we are sophomores in high school. Our problem is one suffered by many girls, but no one seems to have found an answer.

When a girl goes with a boy for awhile and then, for some trivial reason, the (Continued on page 6)
A Border Empire of Danger and Treachery!

A Paramount Picture Starring

WALTER

Barbara

Wendell

Stanwyck

Corey

Huston

Judith

Gilbert

With

Thomas

Beulah

Anderson

Roland

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Directed by Anthony Mann • Screenplay by Charles Schnee
THE MOST EFFECTIVE DEODORANT YOU'VE EVER USED!

Only New ODO-RO-NO Cream gives you all these advantages:

1. Stops perspiration quickly and safely.
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3. The only cream deodorant that guarantees full protection for 24 hours.
4. Never irritates normal skin—use it daily. Can be used immediately after shaving.
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6. New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or cakes in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.
7. Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants. Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

New ODO-RO-NO CREAM

The deodorant without a doubt

GUARANTEED FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.

(Continued from page 4) break up, why does the boy stop speaking to the girl and why does he (sometimes) start mean stories about the girl?

What can a girl do to give up a boy as a steady, yet keep him as a friend?

Jeanne N.

There is one simple solution: Don't go steady. There are many graceful ways to keep from going steady, and one of the best is to say, "I'd love to go steady with you, but my mother won't allow me to have one particular boy friend until I am twenty."

The disadvantages of going steady far outweigh the advantages. Really.

As to the "why" of the boy's behavior after a romance is over, I can't answer. In some cases, I suppose, the boy or the man is afraid that he is going to be held up to ridicule or censure by the woman, so he has his say first.

In your school relationships, if you will always praise every boy you date, report of this praise will get back to him and he will probably remain friendly, even though he doesn't ask for another date. Never criticize a boy, even to your "best friend." Also, never admit that you are wild about a boy because that will only make him desirable in the eyes of your girl friends, who will broadcast your emotions and embarrass the boy.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and I am deeply in love with a boy of twenty-one. We went steady during his last two years of high school, which were my first two, then he went away to college. He is planning to be a doctor, so he has six more years of college to finish, then a year of internship, then a year as resident physician before he will be able to support a wife.

He says that he loves me more than any other girl he has ever known. He goes with other girls when he is away at college, because the college town is nearly five hundred miles from where I am living, but he writes to me regularly, and we see each other during holidays.

He wanted to get married during the summer, but when he talked it over with his family they said they were glad to send him to college but they couldn't afford to support him and a wife.

I have tried to tell him that actually I would save money for him. I could cook (which would save money on meals), keep up his clothes and help him study.

I think his family are taking a very selfish and shortsighted view of life. After all, money isn't everything when two people are in love. I am afraid that if we don't get married now, he will meet someone else and I will lose out.

(Continued on page 8)

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
HE HAD TO FIGHT FOR EVERYTHING HE OWNED... EXCEPT THIS WOMAN'S LIPS!

ADVENTURE SURGES OUT OF THE SOUTH'S VAST TOBACCO-LANDS

STARRING GARY COOPER

LAUREN BACALL

PATRICIA NEAL

as Big Brant—giant of the plantations!
as his Yankee lady love!
as his 'sometimes' girl!

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ
PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE
SCREEN PLAY BY RANALD MACDOUGALL
FROM THE NOVEL BY FOSTER FITZ-SIMONS
Awake or asleep—FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!

Pepsodent removes FILM—helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

(Continued from page 6)

How can I convince his parents that it wouldn't cost much to take care of both of us, and that I would be a real help to their son's career?

Doris W.

There are some problems in this world for which time, alone, appears to be the solution. A girl in your spot must take philosophy as her ally. There are many examples of faith kept between two people, and of a marriage celebrated at last after years of being in love and looking to the future.

There is no way, of course, in which you can convince the parents of this boy that they should accept the additional cost of your upkeep. It is likely that keeping him in school represents the greatest personal sacrifice of which they are capable.

I am a little surprised that it hasn't occurred to you to get a job, to work hard and apply yourself, and to build a career or profession for yourself. If you could become independent, if, even better, you should fit yourself to help this boy and his parents complete his education, there might be a good chance for an earlier marriage.

You seem to feel that it is your right to be supported by someone. Why don't you get started now to take care of yourself?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-six years old and a war widow. I have a little girl four years old whom I love very dearly. Because I work, I keep her in a fine nursery school. Several months ago, I met Tom, who is twenty-eight. We clicked right away. At first we were so busy getting acquainted that I didn't mention my child. Also I do not use the title of "Mrs." because I soon learned that the world is full of men who think a widow or a divorcee fair game, but who keep their distance when they think they are dealing with a single girl.

Tom is the oldest of eight children. He said that he had had enough of the jobs of bringing up children to last him forever, so he didn't want children of his own. Now, he has asked me to marry him, and I know that I am in love with him. I'm almost sure that if he knew about my little girl, he wouldn't want to marry me. Do you think it would be terribly wrong for me to marry Tom and then tell him about her?

Viola Mc.

How would you feel if you married a man whom you had considered a bachelor, then learned that he was a widower with a four-year-old daughter who had become your responsibility?

Wouldn't some of your trust in him be shaken? Wouldn't you feel that you had been misled, deliberately? Do you really believe that a man who would break his engagement to you, out of reluctance to share in rearing your child, would make a good husband anyway?

I don't have to supply answers. You know them in your own heart.

Claudette Colbert

Do Your Dates "Fizzle Out"?

SEE PAGE 79

Paid Notice
Top American designers say there's only one girdle for 'round-the-clock wear with all Summer clothes...even under swim suits!

**INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE**

Never before have designers chosen one girdle as the answer to all of Summer's slimmer clothes. Never before has there been a girdle you could wear under your bathing suit - then pat completely dry with a towel and wear again immediately.

**Pink-ice** looks, feels, fits and acts like a second skin, moulds your figure with comfort and freedom. It hasn't a single seam, stitch or bone - it's invisible under briefest bathing suit, the most clingling dress. And it washes in seconds, dries with a touch of the towel.

Made by a revolutionary new latex process, **Playtex Pink-ice** dispels body heat...slims you in cool comfort. Light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, **Pink-ice** actually "breathes" with you.

**In Slim shimmering pink tubes,** Playtex Pink-ice girdles $3.95 to $4.95
**In Slim silvery tubes,** Playtex Living® girdles $3.50 to $3.95
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large. Extra-large size slightly higher
At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION, Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.
Cal Predicts: An exciting romance for Joan Fontaine and advertising executive Roland Gillette because, in Joan's book, "He's a combination of Bill Dozier and Brian Aherne." A strong possibility that Ann Sheridan will inherit all the roles scheduled for Rita Hayworth, if Annie will sign that lucrative Columbia contract. A disturbance in the Clark Gable household, with Clark's long-time butler receiving his notice. A trip to the altar for Adele Jergens and Glenn Langan when his divorce becomes final. A new romance for Howard Duff (who knows nothing about it) with a big-time star who made a bet she'll "land" him. Further discouragement for Stewart Granger who got a big fat "no" the first time he tried to date Jane Wyman. A wonderful new deal with a rival studio for Mark Stevens if he succeeds in getting his release from 20th Century-Fox. No wedding bells for John Dall and Patricia Neal who love to listen to good music but not wedding bands. Complete indifference by Hopalong Cassidy to that silly story (spread by a rival, maybe?) that he hates kiddies. Continued popularity for Barbara Stanwyck despite Hal Wallis failing to pick up her option.

Hollywood is Talking About: Bette Davis, who may establish residence in Reno before you read this and may have to remain there three months if her divorce suit is contested. Louis Jourdan, who was so close to oblivion when he secured his release from David O. Selznick. Now that Darryl F. Zanuck has signed the handsome Frenchman, how will it affect future roles for Tyrone Power? Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart, Dennis Morgan and Joan Crawford, who receive six-figure salaries per picture and would make the frugal Warner Brothers happier if their term deals could be terminated. Kirk Douglas, who's showering personal gifts and attentions on Irene McEvoy, which leaves little doubt in the minds of intimates that they'll be Mister and Missus as soon as it's legally possible. Danny Kaye, who will make his next picture at 20th Century-Fox unaided by the talent or suggestions of Sylvia Fine Kaye, which some say is part of the deal to prevent recurrence of experiences on former pictures. Farley Granger, who despite rumors of "going Hollywood" when he refused "Lorna Doone," was following his agents' orders and still remains as unspoiled as the boy you first saw in "North Star."
When Alan Ladd asked Alana what she wanted for her birthday, she said, “Roy Rogers!” He came to party with son Dusty.

Seriously speaking. Kirk Douglas and Irene Wrightsman McEvoy, dining with friends at Ciro’s, begin to look like a real romance.

Nancy Davis, Bob Walker’s favorite date, attended Ice-Capades with Ronnie Reagan, Jane Powell and Geary Steffen.
Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced... held... kissed. Perhaps tonight. Be sure you're always lovely to love, sweet... alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant.

Test FRESH against any deodorant—see which stops perspiration, prevents odor better! FRESH is creamier, more luxurious and really effective!

Are you always Lovely to Love?

See for yourself how really effective FRESH is! Make this simple test.

Put your present deodorant under one arm. Put FRESH under the other arm. See which stops perspiration, prevents odor better.

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle to sensitive skin.

Bette's Birthday: There isn't another star with the family devotion of Bette Davis! Cal was pleased indeed to be included in a group of nonprofessional friends, invited by Barbara Berry to celebrate her famous sister's birthday. From a grueling day's shooting on "Story of a Divorce," Bette arrived at the charming little Mexican restaurant in Laguna Beach—carrying pad and pencil! From shouting dialogue over machinery noises, she'd broken a blood vessel in her throat. "It's wonderful to be here, but I feel just like Charlie McCarthy!" she wrote and passed the pad from table to table.

Into the talented hands of Wallace Seawell, young associate of Paul Hesse, was placed a two-bit flashlight camera (the amazing result is seen above) with which to record the festivities. Bette's mother, Ruth Davis, was escorted to the party by Otho W. Budd with whom she eloped a few weeks later.

The Velvet Touch: It could only happen in Hollywood. For days they stopped, looked and listened to recordings. A voice was needed to dub a special song number for Elizabeth Scott, but the voice of practically every singer in band business failed to sound as though it might have belonged to the sultry blonde. Then suddenly it happened. "That's the voice!" exclaimed producer Hal Wallis excitedly. "Quick, look on that record. What's the name of that singer?" The silence that followed roared like a cannon. "Mel Torme!" someone finally answered.

Round-up: According to rumor, Diana Lynn wants to make five pictures ahead of her can welcome the stork during 1951... Laughter and tears for June Allyson, who is heart-broken because she can't dance with Fred Astaire in "Royal Wedding," but so thrilled because she and Dick Powell are going to have a baby brother (they hope) for their little adopted daughter... Jan Sterling is now Mrs. Paul Douglas because they couldn't bear themselves to wait for that planned-on three months when neither would be working... Personal (Continued on page 14)
a completely new experience between men and women...
NOW! Dental Science Shows That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Reports in Authoritative Dental Literature!

2 years’ research at 5 great universities — case histories of hundreds of people who used Colgate Dental Cream right after eating — shows the Colgate way stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene known today! Yes, both clinical and X-ray examinations showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even one new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

(Continued from page 12)

to Marlon Brando: Since the preview of “The Men,” every Hollywood star is pinning her hopes of fame on this exciting dramatic role. Vincent Sherman, whose fifth wife is expecting his first child, is the most excited prospective father in filmland... The long rumored separation of Richard Greene and Patricia Medina is now reality.

Fabulous Female: Icicles practically hung from the rafters the way Cal visited Joan Crawford on the “Harriett Craig” set while sleuthing! The star and director Vincent Sherman weren’t seeing eye to eye on a certain scene. Joan, on the verge of tears, retired to her dressing room as she exclaimed: “Now I’m so mixed up I don’t know what you want!” In less time than it takes to tell, she marched back again and faced the company. “Ladies and Gentlemen,” she tried to control her voice as she said it. “I lost my temper and howled Mr. Sherman out in front of all of you. I think it only fair to apologize to him in front of all of you.” Cal never ceases to marvel over the humility of Joan Crawford.

We Wonder: Why Richard Todd never made the effort to send a single thank-you note back to studio people. He was so helpful when he made his first Hollywood picture... Why Yvonne De Carlo’s best friends say that, despite her romantic publicity, she’s one of the loneliest gals in town... Why Elizabeth Scott is so difficult to please in the fitting room... Why those who have Ava Gardner’s interests at heart don’t protect her with a constant companion who would keep her off the front pages... Why Mrs. Larry Parks usually looks as if she’s hurrying home from a square dance... Why Helmut Dantine (who’s being divorced again), who still receives hundreds of fan letters each month, can’t get a job in Hollywood... Why studio executives force their stars to “appear” temperamental, by offering them roles they’ll obviously refuse, which automatically puts them on suspension and “off salary.”

News You Should Know: That the Gary Cooper’s have signed a big blonde Norwegian ski expert to a personal contract and hope some studio will star him... That Jeff Chandler’s performance in “Andy Hardy” is an exciting departure. According to reports, he’s heading for one of Hollywood’s biggest build-ups... That Columbia has to pay $100,000 a year for ten years for the movie rights to “Born Yesterday” and then they revert to the author... That Shelley Winters insists she isn’t temperamental, just “highly emotional”... That future roles for Lauren Bacall may not inspire amiable studio relations, according to reports. The new star insists she can be the subtle intention... That director John Huston and his divorced wife Evelyn Keyes who were gambling together in Las Vegas were not together. She just happened to be there making a picture... That the Ronald Colman’s, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, are planning to sail the Seine on a barge with bicycles aboard for inland exploring... That Princess Margaret Rose was so intrigued with the gold dust sprinkled in Virginia Mayo’s hair, Virginia sent a bottle to Her Royal Highness... That Hollywood’s great marxist worried because, so far this year, stars making the most money for exhibitors are “Francis” and “Cinderella.”

Untold Story: It’s the untold stories that warm the heart and renew our faith in Hollywood. This one Cal came across unexpectedly when he called on Ann Sothern, who was convalescing from two major operations. “A nurse told me something wonderful about Van Johnson,” Ann said. “I know that he would never publicize it himself, but it’s such a sweet story I think it should be shared!” And that was born a deep-rooted gratitude for the man who would not let Van die. This year, like the last six, on the 31st day of March, Dr. Bill Branch received a magnificent friendship plant. As usual Van wrote on the card: “Thank you for saving my life.” Like Ann Sothern, we too want to share this story. In Hollywood, where people for
Peggy goes to College... and everybody goes for Peggy!

Two darling daughters— with a love-sick halfback in hot pursuit!...and Pop cutting capers with a college widow!

Queen of the Rose Bowl Parade

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

NEVER HAS COLLEGE BEEN SO MUCH FUN ... or so funny!

PEGGY

starring DIANA LYNN • CHARLES COBURN
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD • BARBARA LAWRENCE

with CHARLES DRAKE • ROCK HUDSON • JEROME COWAN

Written by GEORGE F. SLAVIN and GEORGE W. GEORGE • Directed by FREDERICK de CORDOVA
Produced by RALPH DIETRICH • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
TONI TWINS
Discover New Shampoo Magic

Soft Water Shampooing Even in Hardest Water

"Toni Creme Shampoo really worked wonders the very first time we tried it," said beautiful twins Joan and Jean McMillan of Houston. "Our hair was so shining soft... as if we washed it in rain water. And that really marvelous softness made it much easier to manage, too."

Soft Water Shampooing...that's the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo. Even in the hardest water, you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dandruff instantly. Never leaves a soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.

TONI CREME SHAMPOO

- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights.

Enriched with Lanolin

(Continued from page 14)

get so easily, we point with pride to Van Johnson—who remembers.

Preview Prattle: "You may be a bit depressed after the preview," laughed Jane Wyman at the other end of the phone. "Why don't you join us at Chasen's for a bite and a beaker?" Still under the magic spell of "The Glass Menagerie," Cal was grateful to be with the Billie Fairbanks, the Danny Thomases, Cesar Romero, the Paul Clemenses, Mona Carlson, the Francis Lederers, the Walter Langs and Burns and Allen. Along with Janie, we wish that Arthur Hunned could he'd heard the superlatives hurled in his direction. In the picture he's merely brilliant. "Where'd you get that silly hat?" kidded golf pro Clarke Hardwicke, who was Jane's date for her prestige preview. "I bought it to go with my silly face!" she came right back at him. There were more laughs when the diminutive Gracie Allen described the way she has to ask her fast-growing son to sit down—whenever she wants to bawl him out!

Roman Scandal: There's never a dull moment in Ruth Roman's life. I'm expected the day she dropped by Cal's for cocktails. "I'll never get another date in Hollywood!" We took one look at that face and figure and couldn't have been less sympathetic. "It's my Siamese cat," Ruth rambled on. "I love him—but he's a monster! Peter Lawford called for me the other evening and without warning my cat leaped through the air and landed clawing on Pete's back. I'll probably never see Peter again."

Seen and Heard: Ann Blyth with Dick Clayton, Betty Lynn with Dick Anderson, double-dating for weekly smorgasbord at popular Scandia restaurant... Susan Hayward and Jess Barker calling on a prominent Beverly Hills doctor, who just happens to be a baby specialist... Joan Fontaine on the eve of starting "Mr. and Miss Anonymous," back with Charles Feldman at the Col Porter party for Errol Flynn's Princess Ouida... Betty Hutton returning from her vacation with more luggage than they have in the May Co... Brod Crawford treating that "Oscar" to a ride in his brand new Jaguar. Bette Davis proclaiming to everyone within hearing distance that Gary Merrill (he plays opposite her in "All about Eve") will be the next screen sensation... Howard Duff tape-recording "Sam Spade" for forty-eight consecutive hours, to cover those weekly broadcasts while he vacations in Honolulu... Dan Dailey, accompanied by the Firehouse Five plus Two, doing a Charleston at Mocambo to end all Charleston... Clark Gable dashing off the golf course because, "I'm a married man now and promised to be home by five!"

Personal Previews: To George Murphy's charming new Beverly Hills home, formerly owned by the Robert Taylors. With four fabulous Murphys glowing over devastating décor by Helen Conway, who's decorated many a magnificent movie star manse... To White Oaks Park with the Walter Langs (he directed such hits as "Sitting Pretty" and "Cheaper by the Dozen") where custard pie graduates gathered to celebrate Keystone Comedy King Mack Sennett's 75th birthday. Mrs. Lang (Carole Lombard's beloved "Fieldsie") who was a sensational Sennett siren, introducing Chester Conklin, Joja Faye, Hank Mann, Sally Eilers, Juanna Hansen, Vera Stedman—telegrams from Mrs. Darryl Zanuck (the former Virginia Fox), Gloria Swanson, endless others who made their way from maritine to the Sylvia of the world—Canoga Park hilltop home of Francis Lederer and his vivacious Marion. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, the Bill Murphys, the Richard Caroleys, dining in a room lit by forty candles, exclaiming over architecture from rocks quarried from Lederer's land.

Personality of the Month: You saw him in "Jungle Patrol," "Sands of Iwo Jima," "Red Stallion in the Rockies." You wrote to Hollywood about him after "Roseanna McCoy" and "Red Light." You wanted to know more about Arthur Franz, which is your way of telling Hollywood that they certainly have a find, that you found him and for the studios to get busy and do something about him.

From the quality of his work, you probably guessed he came from the stage. He did, right from the east of Broadway's "Command Decision," from several Theatre Guild shows, "Ah, Wilderness!" among them, and before that, the Fredric March play "A Hope for a Harvest." In fact, he left his riding master's job at the boy's camp to join a Shakespearean company at the anemic salary of six dollars a week. That's how much he loved acting. He still does. Particularly stage acting.

(Continued on page 21)
YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE OR TYPE OF SKIN!

NOT JUST A PROMISE...
but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientifically conducted tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—have proved conclusively that in just 14 days a new method of cleansing with Palmolive Soap ... using nothing but Palmolive ... brings lovelier complexions to 2 out of every 3 women.

Here's the easy method:
1. Just wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap, massaging Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather onto your skin for 60 seconds each time ... as you would a cream.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.
It's these 60-second facials with Palmolive's rich and gentle lather that work such wonders.

Here's proof it works!
In 1285 tests on all types of skin—older and younger, dry and oily—2 out of every 3 women showed astonishing complexion improvement in just 14 days. Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. Start this new Palmolive way to beauty tonight.

You, Too, May Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 days!
- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

For Tub or Shower
Get Big
Bath Size Palmolive

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN! Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...

1. Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable. First wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2. Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight show him a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

Cheers and Jeers:

I thoroughly disagree with Sheilah Graham (May issue) about Farley Granger. Did she ever stop to think that this very same act of being a juvenile is the very thing that all the teen-agers like so well about him? It brings him down to our level. I know; I am a teen-ager and Mr. Granger is my very favorite of favorites.

JACKIE ANGLIN
Kansas City, Mo.

Please tell Marlon Brando to stop imitating Monty Clift. Doesn't he know there is only one Monty?

SHIRLEY THOMPSON
Saskatoon, Sask., Can.

Lansing, Michigan, is very proud to have helped give Betty Hutton her start in show business. When she was fourteen, she came here for a visit and while here she got a job at the lake, singing with a band. This gradually led to her getting her start in show business.

So, I say to Betty, Lansing is proud of you and the part it played in your success.

MARTIN SNIDER
Lansing, Mich.

On April 19, Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride were in Providence, R. I., appearing for their picture "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Town." They have always been our favorites and we never have missed a picture with them in it. My daughter and her friends were turned down when they asked for autographs and I am sure it has spoiled the pleasure of seeing those two on the screen.

MRS. WILLIAM HOWE
Riverside, R. I.

Casting:

Why couldn't Howard Duff be cast in some comical movie, such as Robert Cummings, Cary Grant and William Holden? It's true that he's the 'coppy' type, but he has the most engaging smile. He does have a moody expression most of the time but I believe that if put to the right effect, it might prove comical.

RITA FAYA
Greenville, Miss.

I have just read the 'Merchant of Venice' and think it would make a wonderful Technicolor picture. Have Howard Duff play Antonio and Ann Sothorn play Portia.

CLAIRE M. PEAFF
Detroit, Mich.

For outstanding movie entertainment, I suggest they remake 'Wuthering Heights' into a new Technicolor drama with Louis Turner and Montgomery Clift as the ill-fated lovers.

JOHN BLOODGOOD
Oak Park, Ill.
Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

And—

New tests by leading skin specialists PROVE the amazing mildness of Cashmere Bouquet on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this “fragrance men love”.

Cashmere Bouquet

—in a New Bath Size
Cake, Too!

Now—At the Lowest Price In History!
Maybe you’ve dreamed of being cast adrift on a magic tropical island. You’ll find yourself deep in the sultry enchantment of this dream when you wear “Tropic Dream,” an exciting, tawny shade of “Dream Stuff” for any girl who wants to look like a Sun Goddess!

“Dream Stuff” is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one brand new make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff—it clings for hours. And it can’t spill in your purse! One of four dreamy shades, for every skin type.

WOODBURY Dream Stuff
Here's Marvelous Deodorant News!

New finer Mum more effective longer!

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

Last winter he turned down a couple of pictures to go to Australia with his wife and appear in the stage version of "A Streetcar Named Desire." He discovered acting back in his high school days in Perth Amboy, N. J., where he was born, and at the small college of Blue Ridge, Maryland, where he organized and acted in the dramatic club plays.

He's six feet to be exact, brown-haired and greenish-blue-eyed, he was something to see up there on the stage. Only Adele Longmire saw him first and married him.

His stage work was interrupted by the war. Arthur was a tail-gunner and navigator in the Air Force. Twice, his plane was shot down and once, young Franz was the only survivor of the plane's crew. He woke up to that grim act in a concentration camp from which he was rescued by the Underground. To hear him tell it, it's nothing, of course.

He loves to take pictures of everyone and everything with his new camera which he got for a birthday present. Trouble is, Arthur has to wait four years or the birthday gifts other fellows get every year. Arthur happened to be born on February 29th in the year 1920.

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

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

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

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

Sara Churchill, daughter of England's ex-prime minister, with Jeffrey Lynn at Clement Brown party at the Stork Club

She's no dummy, said Vic Mature, when he met Ed Bergen's Podine Puffington
DeLong bob pins

You don't need a flair for hair styling to set this newest hair fashion. It's a breeze with DeLong bob pins.

Alluring, natural curls last longer, for DeLong's grip holds hair tighter. Take the blue DeLong card home today.

**How to set the "U" Bob**—styled by Mr. Larry, eminent New York hairdresser...

Set top hair in two rows, turning first row toward face, next row away from face. (Work with even strands.) Pin two vertical rows at left temple, the first row toward face, second away. Make circles across the back to right ear, in two clockwise rows. Do right temple alike. To comb out—brush hair up briskly, then down into a soft halo.

**DeLong**

Stronger grip—won't slip out

**Dreams Do Come True Department:** Farley Granger sounded like the happiest young man when he called Cal to say goodbye before leaving on that European jaunt he's dreamed of for about a year. He spent a few days in New York before taking off and, by some strange coincidence—or was it?—Shelley Winters was in the East at the very same time for the premiere of "Winchester, '73." Shelley, incidentally, had planned to go abroad this summer, too. But when she was offered the chance to appear in "Born Yesterday" on the Easter summer theatre circuit, she cancelled her European jaunt. Romance is all very nice, but to Shelley, her career is the only thing first. Speculation on how she'll feel if Farley returns with a new flame is now replacing Canasta as the number one game in Hollywood.

**Strange Romance:** Janet Leigh and Arthur Loew looked madly in love at Mocambo one Monday night, but the following week Arthur was escorting Nancy Sinatra to the Jack Cole opening at Ciro's and Janet was being seen with her "Little Women" leading man, Richard Stalpey. A trial separation, they call it.

**Guess What:** According to a secret source, Montgomery Clift not only was uncooperative with the director and producer of "The Big Lift," but gave the "A Place in the Sun" company a bad time too. While Bing Boy was seeing the sights of Paris, Dixie Crosby chatted a private plane and flew down from Pebble Beach to do some Hollywood shopping... General Hollywood opinion is that Mr. and Mrs. Clift's rumoured romance with a Spanish toreador: "It's just a lot of bull."

**Surprise Finish:** Hollywood was really caught off guard when Deanna Durbin announced from Paris that she was planning to marry her director Charles Vidor when her divorce from Felix Jackson becomes final in October. It was back in 1945 that David directed Deanna in "Lady on a Train." Her sixteenth picture, a murder mystery costing $500,000, this was probably one of the best. At any rate, it was one that Deanna's legion of fans liked her in the least. Oddly enough, shortly after its completion she married Felix Jackson, who produced it! To show you how wrong Hollywood can be, at the time it was the general impression that the celebrated songbird was anything but pleased with Charles David and his initial directorial effort. Deanna Durbin, whose first husband was Vaughn Paul, has never been especially attracted to immature men, or particularly handsome men. Charles David runs true to pattern.

Not for a single second does Hollywood doubt that an equally illustrious second career is waiting for Deanna. Especially in Europe where popular favorites are pleasingly plump or tantalizingly thin, the combination of Durbin and David spells sure-fire success for the future.

**Hollywood Highlights:** Having the last and lovely laugh is Television's glamour queen, Faye Emerson. Warner Bros., who once dropped her, now want her for a picture... Smiling like a sunbeam is talented Betty Lynn, whose option was picked up months in advance by Twentieth, with a pretty plump rise as a bonus... They say it's true, Republic say it's not, their press agents even believe it! That after six years and as many pictures, Adele Mara and Forest Tucker have fallen hook, line and sinker—have-you-been-all-my-life—for each other... The speculation for Hollywood's number one generous husband—Jimmy Stewart. In exchange for those forty-two candles on his birthday cake, he presented his wife Gloria with a robin's-egg-blue "Separation" for the Rotor Calhoun, but only because director Henry King wouldn't allow wives to go along on the "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" location... John Wayne's younger sister, Virginia, now starting on a European tour of historically religious cities... Howard Duff suffering from hay fever caused by those leis in Honolulu... Special dispensation from musicians' union leader Petrillo for Ann Sothern to broadcast a "Maisie" program from her bedside, while she's convalescing.

**Stork Stuff:** With Esther Williams, June Allyson and Cyd Charisise "expecting" and Janie Powell on that "rumored" list, it was bound to happen. That bad "widower" kiddie, Ann Blyth, just to mean Robert Skelton, now refers to his studio as "Maternity-Goldwyn-Mayer!"

**Paradise by Proxy:** The day the story broke you could have heard an option drop in Hollywood. "Ingrid Bergman Proxy Bride," boldly announced the fancy two-inch Mexican Marriage Unites Bergman and Rossellini. Thus marked the ending to one of the most dramatic love story of movietown history. Far away in Rome, Italy, two people who decided the wedding was a love that was greater than a fear of public scandal, are wearing yellow-gold rings that symbolize their unique wedding ceremony by "proxy." Pate and circumstances made it impossible for them to appear in Juarez, Mexico, and accept their marriage vows in person. The "proxy" ceremony (at which the bride and groom were represented by "standing" doubles in the Hollywood variety) was none the less sacred to the two who are the only two who know the real truth behind their illicit romance. Sides are not being taken. But we must point out that the face of tirade and tarnation at no time did Ingrid or Roberto either alibi, or ask for public indulgence. Hollywood regretted the episode, but like all fair communities, witheld judgment. And there's still another side to the picture—humorous and ironical. The week that followed the now famous "proxy" wedding endless full-page portraits appeared of little Renato Robertino, Giusto Rossellini, held in the loving arms of Ingrid Bergman, who refers to her adorable little son as "Little Robertino. A local glamour girl, famous for her love of publicity (see the fabulous newspaper coverage. "What wonderful space!" she exclaimed, as she sighed ecstatically."

**Cal Is:** Regretful over the loss of the Ty Powers' expected baby. This is the second time their happiness has been marred by such a disappointment—anxiously both want an heir so much... Amusement by the trouble M-G-M had with its dress extras with "Quo Vadis?" in Rome. Seems the extras wanted the clothes more than... (Continued on page 24)
The No. 1 catch of the town, hers for a whole evening on their first big date. She dreams this is to be the beginning of a real romance. But how wrong can a girl be? What an awful awakening she's in for! Because, once he gets her back on her own doorstep, he'll never darken it again... and she won't know why.* It could happen to any girl... even to you if you're careless about one little matter.*

Never take it for granted. Never risk offending others, needlessly. Halitosis (unpleasant breath)* is the fault unpardonable. It may be absent one day and present the next... without your realizing it. That's the insidious thing about it.

Play smart. Rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date when you want to be at your best. It's the extra-careful precaution against offending that fastidious people never omit.

Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens the breath... not for mere seconds or minutes... but for hours, usually. Popular people, attractive people consider it almost a passport to popularity.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Little Lulu says: WHEREVER YOU GO, CARRY KLEENEX POCKET-PACK TISSUES! SOFT, STRONG KLEENEX TISSUES (24 SHEETS - 12 PULLS) IN A TINY NEW PACKAGE THAT APRES ONE AT A TIME, ONLY 5¢
More and MORE MODELS Agree...

FOR naturally BEAUTIFUL HAIR...

"Pure Castile is the Best Shampoo!"

You probably recognize New York model Cindy Cameron because you've seen her so many times in leading magazines. Stunning Cindy says "I use Conti Castile Shampoo because it leaves my hair silky-soft, radiant and easy-to-manage." Typical of the hundreds of models who praise Conti, Cindy says "I agree with beauty authorities that pure castile is the best shampoo!"

Making the rounds "I always shampoo my hair with Conti the night before I visit the studios. The olive oil it contains helps my hair to set easily... hold its waves better... leaves it looking naturally beautiful!"

Works wonders "For important close-up shots, it's wonderful the way Conti leaves my hair shimmering with highlights!"

Conti THE PURE Castile SHAMPOO
Pioneer passions: The late Walter Huston, Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey in dynamic story of a Western ranch

\(\text{F} (F) \text{ Three Little Words (M-G-M)}\)

Fred Astaire, Red Skelton, Vera-Ellen and Arlene Dahl, representing millions of dollars of talent and beauty, are the stars of this musical which has in abundance what most musicals completely lack—heart! The big surprise is Red Skelton in a “straight” part for a change, and so good he has you gulping. Based on the song-writing careers of dapper, sophisticated Bert Kalmar (Fred Astaire) who always wanted to be a magician, and careless, impulsive Harry Ruby (Red Skelton) who always wanted to be a baseball player, the picture naturally features a number of dances and nostalgic songs. Vera-Ellen plays Jessie Brown, who becomes Mrs. Kalmar. She dances brilliantly. And Fred, of course, is tops as always. Beautiful Arlene Dahl plays Eileen Percy, who becomes Mrs. Ruby. Joining in the fun are Keenan Percy as a press agent, Gloria De Haven as her mother, Mrs. Carter De Haven, and Debbie Reynolds as Helen Kane, the famous “Boop-boop-a-doop” girl.

Your Reviewer Says: I’ll buy this.

Vital Statistics: Mrs. Kalmar, widow of Bert Kalmar, visited the Harry Rubys in Hollywood while the film was in production. She and Mrs. Ruby were delighted, as well they should be, by the way they were portrayed by Vera-Ellen and Arlene . . . As soon as he finished this film, Fred Astaire dashed off for Kentucky, where his famous Triplicate is now at stud. Fred believes that Triplicate has foaled a filly for him that will be as fast on the track as her old man . . . Frequent visitors on the set were Rock Hudson, calling on Vera-Ellen, and Lex Barker, Hollywood’s new socialite Tarzan, calling on Arlene . . . Helen Kane did the recording of “I Wanna Be Loved by You.”

\(\text{F} (F) \text{ The Furies (Wallis-Paramount)}\)

This colorful, dramatic Western, reminiscent of “Duel in the Sun,” has some of the best acting in it you’ll be seeing in a month of Sundays. And no wonder, with such stars as Walter Huston, Wendell Corey and Barbara Stanwyck, and such supporting actors as Judith Anderson, Gilbert Roland, Beulah Bondi, Blanche Yurka, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker and Wallace Ford. The late Walter Huston (this was his last picture) plays a despot, arrogant cattle baron in 1889, who calls his ranch “The Furies,” and rules his empire with an iron hand. His only weakness is his love for his self-willed daughter, Barbara Stanwyck, who is heiress-apparent to his dynasty. But their love for each other turns to bitter hatred when the cattle baron brings home a woman, Judith Anderson, who makes no secret of her plans to become the mistress of “The Furies.” Barbara outwits her father with the help of Wendell Corey, a smooth gambler, and Gilbert Roland, a Mexican squatter in love with her.

Your Reviewer Says: Passions rampant.

Vital Statistics: Barbara Stanwyck is about the busiest star in Hollywood. She made four pictures in 1949, and plans four for 1950. However, she intends to take a couple of months off to visit Robert Taylor who is making “Quo Vadis” in Italy. Barbara out of greasepaint is like a fish out of water . . . Wendell Corey, who hails from Dracut, Massachusetts, and loves everything New England, is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood’s most sought-after stars . . . Since his discharge from the Army in 1945, Gilbert Roland has specialized in “Cisco Kid” pictures. This should put him back in the big time. Divorced from Connie Bennett, who has remarried, he still speaks of her as “my wife.”

BY LIZA WILSON

\(\text{F}—\)For the whole family \(\text{A}—\)For adults
STAGE

For the love of mother: When Edmund Gwenn and Charles Coburn fight for Spring Byington—comedy breaks loose!

\( \vee \) (F) Louisa (U-I)

Here's a most delightful family comedy on a subject that is not often treated lightly. What to do about Mother! Mother, in this case, is Spring Byington who has come to live with her son, Ronnie Reagan, and within a month has completely upset his wife, children and servant with her interfering. Rebuked by Ronnie, she is well on her way to becoming a Christian martyr when, suddenly, Romance! She becomes engaged to Edmund Gwenn, a gallant old bachelor who owns the corner grocery store, when in walks millionaire Charles Coburn, Ronnie's bachelor boss. The old boys fight it out, literally, for their lady love, while her son and granddaughter look on in stuffy amazement.

Piper Laurie makes her screen debut as Ronnie's seventeen-year-old daughter. Scotty Beckett is her "intelligent" boy friend. Ruth Hussey is Ronnie's wife and freckle-faced Jimmy Hunt, their small son.

Your Reviewer Says: Fine family entertainment.

Vital Statistics: Piper Laurie is the girl you've been reading about who eats flowers. You can take it with a grain of salt. That's the way Piper takes her gardenias. Says they are simply delicious. Anyway, eighteen-year-old Piper (born Rosetta Jacobs in Detroit, Michigan) is going places according to U-I. She graduated this spring from the studio high school and her bosses gave her a luncheon with speeches and cameras. She wore a cap and gown—a very short gown, on account of leg art . . . Charles Coburn celebrated his seventy-third year as an actor while in production. The studio threw a big clambake for him with monos for everybody . . . For the first time in a picture Edmund Gwenn had to learn to drive a car.

Indian love song: Debra Paget and Jimmy Stewart in a tender romance woven into the exciting past of a great Apache chief

\( \vee \frac{1}{2} \) (F) Broken Arrow (20th Century-Fox)

The Indians are having their day in the sun in Hollywood. They get another break in this superior Western which was photographed in Technicolor in the Coconino National Forest, south of Flagstaff, Arizona. Based on American history, the film tells the story of the legendary Apache Chief, Cochise, whose name spelled terror to the pioneers of 1870. Jimmy Stewart plays Tom Jeffords, a fearless frontiersman, who respected Cochise as a great and honorable warrior. Through his friendship with the Apache Chief, Arizona became a peaceful territory. Cute little Debra Paget plays the Indian maiden Sonseealway, who falls in love with the lanky American. Basil Ruysdael is the Christian General Hazard sent to Arizona by President Grant to make peace with the Apaches. Will Geer leads the white men in sneaky treachery, and Jay Silverheels, as Geronimo, does the same by the red men.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the best of the Westerns.

Vital Statistics: Love has certainly done wonders for Jimmy Stewart. His celluloid lovemaking with Debra is tender and beautiful. At the end of the picture Jimmy, Hollywood's most confirmed bachelor, married socialite Gloria McLean, and promptly became the step-papa of two little boys . . . Debra Paget is the big excitement at the studio these days. Previously, sixteen-year-old Debra (her real name is Debrolee Griffin) played in "Cry of the City" and "House of Strangers" but this is her first big role. Debra is five-feet-two, weighs less than a hundred. She has big blue eyes ordinarily, but for her role of the Indian maiden she was fitted with plastic optics that made her pupils appear brown . . . Jeff Chandler was snatched out of radio by Universal, who loaned him for this picture.

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 36. For Best Pictures of the month and Best Performances See Page 102. For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 82.
THE "Brute" is Paul Douglas, in another of his big, lovable mug roles. And everybody loves him, just like it says. In this pleasant and often hilarious spoof of gangster days in the "roaring twenties," Paul plays Big Ed, outwardly a tough racketeer and killer, but in reality a sentimental thug who keeps his "victims" in his basement. He falls for Jean Peters, a city playground attendant, and persuades her to take the job of looking after his kids. Henchman Keenan Wynn hastily hustles up a kid and a respectable household for his bachelor boss. The kid is Paul Price, a regular little dead-ender. And the phony household consists of a brassy night club singer (Joan Davis) turned housekeeper, and a famous gunman (Arthur Treacher) turned butler. Paul's romance is progressing when in walks Pretty Willie (Cesar Romero), a gangster who shoots for keeps. How Big Ed outwits Pretty Willie makes for a pack of laughs. Joan Davis shows what comedy timing can do for a girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Whimsical, but very funny.

Vital Statistics: Paul Douglas, who has been going like a house afire ever since "A Letter to Three Wives," recently got himself married to witty, curvaceous Jan Sterling. Jan says he corrects her grammar and scolds her for not being tidy . . . Jean Peters wears her first movie evening gown in her song and dance number, a little thing consisting of twenty-eight pounds of imported shimmering bugle beads. It certainly brings out the sex in the ex-Ohio farm girl. Although Jean has dated the fabulous Howard Hughes quite often she still refuses to live and act like a movie star, hasn't a mink coat and invests her money in Ohio real estate.

(F) Love That Brute (20th Century-Fox)

Dana Andrews and Gene Tierney are reunited for a fourth time in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Where the Sidewalk Ends"
Your Reviewer Says: Well, if you like violence.

Vital Statistics: For his first Western role, Gordon MacRae, radio and record singer, had to learn to ride a horse. He found a good teacher in Rory Calhoun, who owns and manages a big ranch near Old, California. Between scenes in which they pummelled one other to jelly, Gordon and Rory made good-natured bets as to which man was the most happily married. Gordon married his leading lady in a stock company and has three children. Rory, one-time Hollywood man about town, is married to Lita Baron, who helps him run his dude ranch. Gordon now wears a ten-gallon hat around the house. Says it's the first time he's been able to impress the kids... When Alexis Smith refused to play this picture and went on suspension, Julie London was given the role. Alexis was right.

(F) Devil's Doorway (M-G-M)

ROBERT TAYLOR has been itching to play a Western character ever since his success as Billy the Kid some years ago. So, he got his wish. In this fair-to-middling Western he plays a full-blooded Shoshone Indian. The time is shortly after Gettysburg and Bob, a decorated ex-sergeant, returns to his ranch in Medicine Bow, Wyoming, only to discover that his war record means nothing. Folks in Medicine Bow just don't like Indians. He is subjected to all kinds of insults and is advised by a crooked lawyer, Louis Calhern, that his land is not legally his. A bloody fight follows. Stand-out in the film is young Paula Raymond, making her screen debut as the town's attractive woman attorney, who takes Bob's case.

Your Reviewer Says: So-so.

Vital Statistics: Paula Raymond has Metro all agog. She is a San Francisco girl, twenty-three and unmarried, who has been acting and dancing since she was six. Director George Cukor saw her on television and tipped off Metro. The studio thinks so well of her that she had hardly had time to finish this picture before she was given the lead opposite Gary Grant in "Crisis." This picture was shot in Aspen and Grand Junction, Colorado. It was suave New York actor Louis Calhern's first rugged location. The boys thought they would have some fun the first day Mr. Calhern had to ride a horse. But he surprised them. Rode like a veteran. Seems that he belonged to the Mounted Artillery in World War I and has kept his "seat"... Bob Taylor spent his off-set time trying to call wife Barbara Stanwyck on the local phone. After this film he started testing for his part in "Quo Vadis."

(F) Colt .45 (Warners)

RANDOLPH SCOTT and Technicolor are the two assets of this not very exciting Western. Big tall Randy (six-feet-two) is a popular lad with his fans, and he should have looked a better plot and better writing. Randy plays a gun salesman in the Old West, and it's his job to introduce the new "Colt Repeating Pistols." That other Scott boy, Zachary, swaps the guns, kills the sheriff, organizes a band of desperadoes dressed as Indians and becomes a big-shot highwayman, thanks to the guns. But Randy eventually mows him down, with his fists, not his guns, and brings peace to the West. Also, he falls in love with tough gal Ruth Roman. The late Alan Hale (this was his last picture) is excellent as always as the sheriff who connives secretly with the killers.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for kids.

(Continued on page 100)
Amazing!... This Waxtex Dispenser Box!

1. As You Buy It! Ready to Use!
2. Flip of Your Thumb—Paper at Your Finger tips!
3. Pull down... Tear up... ZIP!... It's off!
4. Ready Again... Paper at Your Finger tips!

ROLL JUST CAN'T PULL OR FALL OUT!

and in this Amazing Dispenser Box—
125 feet of excellent quality waxed paper—pressure-waxed WAXTEX—heavy, strong, transparent and protective...

Look for the familiar Orange and Brown WAXTEX Dispenser Box in your food store today!

A PRODUCT OF MARATHON CORPORATION
Protective Packaging FOR AMERICA'S FINEST FOODS
Far too frequently judgment is passed without the other side of a story ever being heard.

With editorial pride we offer, in this issue, the other side of the Hollywood story—a sharp contrast to impressions of the film colony fostered by recent scandals and headlines.

The information the editors present on the following pages took months of concentrated effort on the part of Photoplay's entire staff to accumulate. The simple facts of the stars' good lives and the everyday contributions of citizenship were not easily available.

"It is odd," said a public relations representative at one of the major studios, "how little we know about the activities of our players as citizens."

Photoplay's staff asked questions, examined records, checked and rechecked until the Photoplay chart—the first of its kind ever to be published listing the private lives, community services and honors of one hundred and fifty players—finally was ready to go to press.

Read this chart—the other side of the story, far more inspiring and exciting as a human chronicle than any report of transgressions. It will tell you things about Hollywood you never knew. It will answer the critics who, by inference, have questioned your intelligence quotient in liking Hollywood and its stars.

With this chart Photoplay salutes Hollywood as an American Community.

Fred Seamans
- STAR - MARRIAGE RECORD - FACTS OF HOME LIFE -

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Marital Status</th>
<th>Birth Year</th>
<th>Spouse</th>
<th>Occupations</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bud Abbott</td>
<td>M. 32 yrs.</td>
<td>Betty Pratt</td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Agar</td>
<td>M. 33 yrs. Dick Powell</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June Allyson</td>
<td>Wid. M. 11 yrs. Mary Todd</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dana Andrews</td>
<td>M. 18 yrs. Ina Mae Speivey</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gene Autry</td>
<td>2 div. Wid. '36</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lew Ayres</td>
<td>M. 5 yrs. Humphrey Bogart</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauren Bacall</td>
<td>M. 9 yrs. Desi Arnaz</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ethel Barrymore</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lionel Barrymore</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anne Baxter</td>
<td>M. 4 yrs. John Hodick</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Bendix</td>
<td>M. 25 yrs. Therese Stefannetty</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joan Bennett</td>
<td>2 div. M. 10 yrs. Walter Woltjer</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ingrid Bergman</td>
<td>1 div. M. 13 yrs. Grace Bradley</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humphrey Bogart</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Boyd</td>
<td>M. 16 yrs. Pat Patterson</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David Brian</td>
<td>M. 25 yrs. Frances Vernon</td>
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<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Cagney</td>
<td>M. 1/2 yrs. John Bromfield</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corinne Calvet</td>
<td>M. 8 yrs. Betty Hecksher</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rod Cameron</td>
<td>1 div. Has daughter</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacDonald Carey</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joan Caulfield</td>
<td>M. Frank Ross 4/50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charles Coburn</td>
<td>Wid. '37 after 31 yrs. of marriage</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Claudette Colbert</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ronald Colman</td>
<td>M. 12 yrs. Benita Hume</td>
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<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Conte</td>
<td>M. 7 yrs. Ruth Strohm</td>
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<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gary Cooper</td>
<td>M. 16 yrs. Sandra Shaw</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lou Costello</td>
<td>M. 16 yrs. Ann</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeanne Crain</td>
<td>M. 4 yrs. Paul Brinkman</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broderick Crawford</td>
<td>M. 9 yrs. Kay Griffith</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joan Crawford</td>
<td>3 div. Now unmarried</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bing Crosby</td>
<td>M. 20 yrs. Dixie Lee</td>
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<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Cummings</td>
<td>1 div. M. 5 yrs. Mary Elliott</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dan Dally</td>
<td>1 div. M. 7 yrs. Elizabeth Robit</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linda Darnell</td>
<td>M. 7 yrs. Peverell Morley</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Actor, screenwriter</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- COMMUNITY SERVICE AND HONORS -


Served in U.S. Army.

Has made post-war hospital visits. Active in Girl Scout Drive.

Member Baptist Church. Active in Screen Actors Guild. War Bond drives, hospital tours, during war and currently


Shares husband's activities (see Bogart).

Attends Catholic Church. Appears frequently for charity drives, Veterans' organizations. Rented 31/2 yrs. in Brentwood. Broadcasts for Catholic Family Hour and Rosary Crusade. Active in Catholic Church and with Actors Equity.


Rated A1 for war appearances. USO shows, Bond tours, U.S. Treasury Dept. and War Dept. Command-War. Excellent war record of broadcasts, Bond and hospital tours.


Makes frequent appearances at children's hospitals and orphanages.

Made broadcasts during war for OWI and State Dept. Sponsors Research Foundation with 20,000 volume library open to students.

Served with Coast Guard. Opens home frequently for civic meetings. Worked with School Board on Career Commencement Program.

Active in Audubon Society and Friends of the Soil (sod conservation). Was President Screen Actors Guild.

Visits Naval hospitals.

Bible student. Active in juvenile welfare, helps boys' schools and orphanages, notably St. Mary's School for Indian children.


Works with patroldogs at Birmingham Hospital.


Active in Catholic Church. Works with St. John's Hospital Guild, many small clinics and child welfare groups. Made Bond, camp, hospital tours. Worked in V.A.A.C. Made Broadcast. Aids Free French. Has 20 awards and citations from War Dept., OWI, Treasury Dept., etc.

Served World War I with British Army, disabled. Aids Greek Relief, UN, UNRRA, etc. Made camp, hospital visits. Inns for children.

Active in US Army 1 yr. Entertained in various camps.


Co-founder Lou Costello Youth Foundation With Abbott sold $83,000,000 in Bonds. Honorary Sheriff of Encino. Citations from B'nai B'rith Youth Organization, Hollywood Legion Post, VFW, Treasury Dept., and others.

Active in Catholic Church activities.

In Army, overseas 3 yrs. Active in community affairs. Voted "Outstanding Citizen" by San Fernando Valley Club.

Active in Christian Science Church and PTA. Maintains rooms at a hospital for needy. "49 Red Feather Woman for Community Chest.


Active in Church of Religious Science and Philosophy on Board of Academy of M. P. Arts and Sciences. Flight instructor during war. Honored by Canadian Gov't for contributions to safety in flying. Active in Aviation clubs.

In Service 4 yrs. Promoted in field in Italy. Works with Valley Hunt Club to get people to ride safely. Went to Phila. to inaugurate 1930 Bond Drive.

Visits hospitals.

One of earliest in war work, made 3 trips overseas, many in this country, continues now, visiting hospitals, etc. Was Nurses' Aide. Rated A1 for cooperation. Many government citations.

NOTE: The Hollywood Coordinating Committee arranges for daily appearances of Hollywood personalities, all of them in good causes.
Hollywood Story

- STAR • MARRIAGE RECORD • FACTS OF HOME LIFE • COMMUNITY SERVICE AND HONORS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Div.</th>
<th>Ch.</th>
<th>Facts of Home Life</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sette Davis</td>
<td>1 div.</td>
<td>Ch. Barbara 3. Owns home in Logan Beech, 7 yrs.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doris Day</td>
<td>2 div.</td>
<td>Ch. Terry 8. Owns home in San Fernando Valley</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Laraine Day</td>
<td>1 div.</td>
<td>Ad. Chris, Angel, Michele, Owns home in Santa Monica Canyon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Don De Forrester</td>
<td>1 div.</td>
<td>Ch. Penny 6. Owns home in San Fernando Valley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Olivia Haviland</td>
<td>M. 4 yrs.</td>
<td>Ch. Benjamin 1. Rents home in Brentwood</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>John Derek</td>
<td>M. 1 1/2 yrs. Patti Behrs</td>
<td>Ch. Russell Andre 4 mos. Rents home in Brentwood</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Kirk Douglas</td>
<td>1 div.</td>
<td>Ch. Michael 6. Owns home in Laurel Canyon</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Paul Douglas</td>
<td>3 div.</td>
<td>Ch. Margaret 5. Rents home in Malibu</td>
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<tr>
<td>Irene Dunne</td>
<td>M. 22 yrs.</td>
<td>Ch. Mary Frances 15. Owns home in Holmby Hills, 15 yrs.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Jimmy Durante</td>
<td>Wid. '43</td>
<td>Owns home in Beverly Hills</td>
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<tr>
<td>Erol Flynn</td>
<td>2 div.</td>
<td>Ch. Deborah Leslie 1 1/2. Owns home in Brinswood.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Glenn Ford</td>
<td>M. 7 yrs.</td>
<td>Owns home San Fernando Valley 12 yrs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Judy Garlund</td>
<td>M. 1 div.</td>
<td>Ch. Liza 4. Owns home in Beverly Hills</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greer Garson</td>
<td>2 div.</td>
<td>Owns home in Bel-Air, 8 yrs. Rents West Hollywood apartment, own Connecticut farm</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Betty Grable</td>
<td>1 div.</td>
<td>Owns home in Santa Monica.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Cary Grant</td>
<td>2 div.</td>
<td>Ch. Patricia Kathryn 2. Owns home in Santa Monica.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kathryn Grayson</td>
<td>1 div.</td>
<td>Building apartment house</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June Haver</td>
<td>1 div.</td>
<td>Ch. Timothy, Gregory 5. Owns home in San Fernando Valley.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Susan Hayward</td>
<td>M. 6 yrs.</td>
<td>Ch. Rebecca 51/2. Yasmin 8 mos.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Heflin</td>
<td>M. 8 yrs.</td>
<td>Lives in apartment in Hollywood</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wanda Hendrix</td>
<td>1 div.</td>
<td>Ad. Monica 7, Mimi 5. Owns home in Brentwood, 4 yrs.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Henred</td>
<td>M. 14 yrs.</td>
<td>Owns home in Beverly Hills 4 yrs.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Hidbrick</td>
<td>M. 8 yrs.</td>
<td>One of best records for wartime cooperation in all kinds of appearances</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Key: M: Married; Wid: Widowed; Div: Divorce or Divorces; Ch: Child or Children; Ad: Adopted

Co-founder, 1st president Hollywood Canteen. Now director of Canteen Foundation which aids veterans. Co-founder Tailwalkers. Aids in training, research, money for rehabilitation. Active in Drive for Children with Cancer Fund. Excellent record of wartime visits to camps, etc. Works for Motion Picture Relief Fund. Active member Christian Church, PTA. Aids League for Crippled Children, Easter Seal Campaign. Chief interest, child safety. Submitted 12 rules for prevention of accidents to children in home, which are now being used by National Safety Council.

Appears on Screen Guild Theater for Motion Picture Relief. Works for better conditions in mental hospital. Rated A1 for cooperation in worthy causes. Made overseas tours in wars. Many citations.

Served in airborne troops, Pacific.

Many wartime tours of camps, hospitals, etc. Made films for Treasury Dept. Three times mayor of Malibu. Sponsors flying clubs.

Served in Navy, injured. Speaks on behalf higher pay for teachers. Ad. addresses students to help curb disability. Helps many worthy causes.

Emcees many programs for local worthy causes.

Active in Little Brown Church (non-sectarian). Interested in child welfare, active in school work.


On Board of directors, PTA. Cub scout packmaster. Has Friday-night picture shows for neighborhood children, admissions go to Children's Hospital. Sings in choir Lutheran Church. Regular visitor to Veterans' hospitals, makes candy for vets.


Sings in Hollywood Presbyterian Church choir and is active in Bible Class.

Went to Alaska, Aleutians, with USO shows.


Hollywood Canteen. Rated A1 by Coordinating Committee. Aids United Jewish Relief, Red Cross, etc. Aids young actors' groups. Went on War Bonds and camp visits, USO overseas, 10 government citations.

Excellent record of wartime appearances. Activities curtailed now because of health.

Good record Bond tours, camp shows, hospital tours during war.

Excellent wartime record. First actress to "by the hump," appearing in CBI theaters; many Bond, camp, hospital tours. Many citations.

Has fine record of wartime activity.

Made hospital, Bond tours, camp shows during war. Is said to be "quietly phantom." Considered very cooperative by Coordinating Committee. Recently named only Hollywood sponsor of National Sunday School Week, Rotary Clubs' activity.

Active in Catholic Church. Makes frequent hospital visits.

Rated A1 for wartime camp and hospital shows; continues hospital appearances. Award from ASPCA for inestimable effort in its behalf.

Has dozen or more citations for war and postwar cooperation.

Excellent wartime appearance record.


Active in Unity Church.

Naturalized American citizen. Interested in good government, active Board-of-Trade.

One of best records for wartime cooperation in all kinds of appearances.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Facts of Home Life</th>
<th>Community Service and Honors</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John Ireland</td>
<td>M. 1 div. M. 1 yr. Joanna</td>
<td>Ch. John Anthony, Step-ch. Dick 8, Barbara 6, Helen Haymes 3</td>
<td>Has more than 40 awards and citations.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deborah Kerr</td>
<td>M. 5 yrs. Anthony Barley</td>
<td>Ch. Bridge 2, Owns home in Pacific Palisades 3 yrs.</td>
<td>Has entertained children all over country talking to them between numbers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Loughton</td>
<td>3 div. 3 yrs. Norma</td>
<td>Step-ch. James 3, Ch. William 2. Owns home in W. Los A.</td>
<td>Has donated more than 20 houses to Red Cross than any other actor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myrna Loy</td>
<td>2 div. M. 4 yrs. Gene</td>
<td>Owns home in Beverly Hills, where she lives with parents</td>
<td>Has more than 40 awards and citations.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victor Mature</td>
<td>2 div. M. 2 yrs. Dorothy</td>
<td>Owns home in Fox Hills. Building new one in Brentwood.</td>
<td>Went abroad to join American delegation to General Assembly UNESCO.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stephen Murphy</td>
<td>M. 10 yrs. Rita Louise</td>
<td>Ch. Horace 9, Bibo 7, Patricia 2, Terrence 1. Rents</td>
<td>Has been a member of US Nat'! Comm. Very active in community affairs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Mitchum</td>
<td>M. 10 yrs. Dorothy Spencer</td>
<td>Ch. James 9, Christopher 6. Owns home in Madison.</td>
<td>Has been a member of US Nat'! Comm. Very active in community affairs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dennis Morgan</td>
<td>M. 18 yrs. Lillian Morgan</td>
<td>Ch. Stanley 15, Kristin 12, James 8. Other home in La Canada.</td>
<td>Has been a member of US Nat'! Comm. Very active in community affairs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Murphy</td>
<td>M. 24 yrs. Juliette Johnson</td>
<td>Ch. Dennis Michael 12, Melissa 7. Owns home in Beverly</td>
<td>Has been a member of US Nat'! Comm. Very active in community affairs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loyal Nolm</td>
<td>M. 17 yrs. Mel Eflrid</td>
<td>Ch. Kathleen 16, John 14, James 8. Owns home in Beverly</td>
<td>Rated A1 by Coordinating Committee; makes Hospital visits.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>LA. Police.</td>
<td>Isolation and World War. Foster parent for Cub Scouts. Travels all over as unofficial</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Key: M: Married; W: Widowed; D: Divorce or Divorces;
Larry Parks
M. 6 yrs. Betty Garrett

Gregory Peck
M. 8 yrs. Greta Manon

Walter Pidgeon
Wid. 22, M. 19 yrs. Ruth Hollister

Dick Powell
2 Div. M. 5 yrs. June Allyson

Jane Powell
M. 9 mos. Georgy Staples

Tyron Power
1 Div. M. 1/2 yrs. Linda Christian

Vincent Price
1 Div. M. 1 y. Mary Grant

Ronald Reagan
1 Div. Now free

Edward G. Robinson
M. 25 yrs. Gladys Lloyd

Ginger Rogers
3 Div. Now free

Roy Rogers
Wid. '46, M. 2 1/2 yrs. Home

Jane Russell
M. 7 yrs. Robert Waterfield

Rosalind Russell
M. 9 yrs. Frederick Brisson

Robert Ryan
M. 11 yrs. Jessica Cadwalader

Ann Sheridan
2 Div. Now free

Frank Sinatra
M. 11 yrs. Nancy Barbato. Separated

Red Skelton
1 Div. M. 5 yrs. Georgia Taylor

Ann Sothern
2 Div. now free

Barbara Stanwyck
1 Div. M. 11 yrs. Robert Taylor

Mark Stevens
5 yrs. Annette Hayes

James Stewart
M. 1 yr. Gloria McLean

Gale Storm
M. 9 yrs. Lee Bonnell

Elizabeth Taylor
M. Conrad Hilton May, 1950

Robert Taylor
M. 11 yrs. Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
1 Div. Now free

Marshall Thompson
M. 1 yrs. Barbara Long

Gene Tierney
M. 9 yrs. Oleg Cassini

Spencer Tracy
M. 27 yrs. Louise Treadwell

Sonny Tutt
M. 13 yrs. Barbara Dare

Lana Turner
2 Div. M. 2 yrs. Bob Topping

Robert Walker
2 Div. Now free

John Wayne
1 Div. M. 4 yrs. Esperanza Sour

Richard Widmark
M. 8 yrs. Jean Haselwood

Edgar Williams
1 Div. M. 5 yrs. Ben Gage

Shelley Winters
1 Div. Now free

Teresa Wright
M. 8 yrs. Niven Busch

Jane Wyman
2 Div. Now free

Loretta Young
1 Div. M. 10 yrs. Tom Lewis

Robert Young
M. 17 yrs. Betty Hender son

Ch. Child or Children; Ad: Adopted

Ch. Garrett Christopher 6 mos. Owns home in Nichols Canyon

Ch. Edna 28. Owns home in Beverly Hills


Rents apartment in Westwood

Owns home in Brentwood, 2 yrs.

Ch. Vincent 10. Owns home in Beverly Hills

Ch. Maureen 9, Michael 5. Lives in Hollywood apartment

Ch. Manny 17. Owns home San Fernando Valley

Owns home, Beverly Hills and ranch in Oregon

Ch. Cheryl Darlene 10; Linda Lou 7. by 3 1/2 yrs. Owns home San Fernando Valley, 2 yrs.

Owns home in Sherman Oaks, 2 yrs.

Ch. Lance, 7. Owns home in Beverly Hills, 10 yrs.

Ad. Patricia 5 1/2 yrs. Owns home in Beverly Hills, 2 yrs.

Ad. Mark Richard 3 1/2 yrs. Owns home in Beverly Hills

Owns home in Beverly Hills


Ch. Nancy 10, Frank 8, Christian 2. Owns homes in San Fernando Valley and Palm Springs


Ch. Patricia 5 1/2 yrs. Owns home in Beverly Hills, 2 yrs.

Ad. Mary 2 yrs. Owns home in Beverly Hills

Ch. Doria 6 1/2 yrs. Christina 1 1/2 yrs. Owns home in Beverly Hills

Ch. Susan 18, John 15

Owns home, Hidden Valley, 6 yrs.

Ch. Cheryl Christine 7. Owns home in Bel-Air, 1 yr.

Ch. Robert 10; Michael 9. Owns home in Santa Monica, 2 yrs.


Ch. Anne 5. Owns home in Mandeville Canyon

Ch. Benjamin Stenton 1. Owns home in Pacific Palisades

Lives with her sister

Ch. Niven 5, Mary K. 3. Owns home in Encino 5 yrs.

Ch. Audra Elizabeth 9, Michael Edward 5. Owns home in W. Los A.

Ad. Judy 15, Ch. Christopher 6, Patricia 5. Rents home in Beverly Hills


Many quiet charities, contributes to fraternity scholarship fund. During war, he and Betty constantly gave time and talents

Rated 4. Considered a hero in his hometown, La Jolla. Donates radio fees to help build theater in Beverly Hills

One of the finest wartime records for appearances. Has many commendations and awards. Never received one.

Considered quite a humanitarian, appears at many benefits and contributes to varied charities

Makes frequent hospital visits, sings for veterans. Never refuses benefit records. He requests that time permit her to fulfill engagements

Served in South Pacific with Marines. Called "goodwill ambassador" because of his trips to Latin America, Africa and Europe

Rated in Army 1942-46. One of Hollywood's foremost citizens because of charitable and civic affairs. Served years as Red Cross, Salvation Army, United Jewish Relief

Has magnificent art collection and gallery which are available to all art lovers

Very cooperative during the war. Active in Christian Science Church

Active member of Fountain Avenue Baptist Church where he and Dolores sang in choir. Active PTA. First honorary mayor. Studio City. Headed local drive for National Safety Council Traffic Safety Campaign. Works to combat juvenile delinquency. Has made many Bond and hospital tours

Active church member, holds prayer meetings at home. Many benefit appearances. Particularly interested in housing for paraplegics

During war active in Red Cross, Hollywood Canteen, Hollywood Victory Committee. Now on Coordinating Committee, Officer of Screen Actors Guild. Chairman of Nurses Natl. Memorial Ctr. Vets. V.F.W. Auxiliary. Many valuable services to hospitals. Has made many trips to Europe. Gives unstintingly of time and money, especially in Youth movement and combating juvenile delinquency. Many wartime appearances

Rated Al. Served in Army, invalided out. Made appearances steadily toward the end of war. Has received the most remote "unclassified" award. Active in Foster Parents' plan. Has arranged support here for more than 100 European orphans. Very good wartime record

Many unpublicized charities, including work to broken individuals. Wartime record good, including camp tour through Canada

Turned down by every branch of service because of back injury. Did one of the most spectacular jobs of wartime appearance and cooperation

Three years in Army Air Force. Works with Boy Scouts, Veterans' organizations. Interested in child welfare

Teaches Sunday school, St. David's Episcopal Church. Very active in Campbell PTA.

Visits Birmingham and Sawtelle Hospital wards to entertain, read to and talk to wounded veterans

Served in Navy 1943-45, flying instructor, also worked on making training films for Navy. Served 2 yrs. with Will Rogers-Fox for USO.

Worked on Easter Seals Campaign, Society for Crippled Children

Lectures on Americaism at high schools. Active raising funds for hospitals. Combating anti-Semitism, Cancer, Heart and other diseases. Active in Kiwanis Club; charities and recreations for children

Made many Bond and hosp. tours during the war and continues hospital work. Has referred her eyes to National Eye Bank

With wife divorced and is active in John Tracy Clinic for deaf children. Served US Navy, World War I

Made numerous hospital tours during the war. Still a faithful visitor to hospitals

Good record of cooperation during war

Many appearances during war

Pres. Motion Picture Alliance for Preservation of American Ideals; contributes $1,000 annually to scholarship fund of his fraternity, Sigma Chi. "Sig Ch. Man of the Year" award for outstanding citizenship. Has Treasury Dept. and Presidents Award for USO tours

For 2½ yrs. did broadcast for Special Services, Armed Forces, etc.

Gives considerable time to teaching blind children and paraplegics to swim. Makes many appearances for benefits

Good record visiting hospitals during war and at present. Special citation from VA for hospital appearance

Active worker in St. Nicholas Church

Rated Al for wartime and postwar activity. 1930 Red Cross Woman of the Year. Interested in doing all she can for underprivileged children

President, St. Anne's Maternity Hosp. Guild. active PTA. Active in Catholic Church. Member F.B.I. During his famous drive on an air under slogan "Family that prays together stays together"

Touried Atlantic Seaboard on behalf of Natl. Safety Council signing young drivers in Good Drivers Club. Rated Al by Coordinating Committee. Numerous awards for contribution to Youth of America. Active in civic affairs
What can a husband do about a wife who makes a date and keeps it somewhere else, packs the refrigerator with orchids—and phones from Hawaii that another Gage is on the way.

Orchids in the moonlight. The soft strumming of guitars. Hula dancers. That's what the Hawaiian travel folders promised. And believe me, that's what we got. But there was a time there when I didn't think we'd ever make it—and the only mood music seemingly in order was the Hawaiian war chant.

Our plane was scheduled to leave at 1:15 P.M. And at one o'clock, even as I waited at the International Airport for her, worrying and watching the clock while the photographers paced and Benjie gooed excitedly—the subject of my own romantic reverie was also waiting for me—but at the studio.

"Why is it when we're going some place, I'm always mad at him?" Esther addressed to anybody in general, and a pal of mine in particular, as she rushed up to the airport to join me.

It seems to me I could write an entire story on "Going Places With Esther." The more important the occasion, the later we arrive. We've been late to three of her previews, to say nothing of parties given in our honor. As to whose fault this is—well, I have my own personal theory.

If it's true that bad beginnings breed happy endings, this Hawaiian trip was early destined to be a smash success. We'd been packed for days, but at the last minute everything had gone wrong. At eight o'clock on the night before our take-off, I was sitting at home reading when a very black-haired young lady came to our door.

"I'm sorry, Miss, but we don't want to buy anything," I was saying. Then I took another look—and she turned out to be my own wife. The operator at the beauty salon tinted her hair a funereal black shade. It was true that (Continued on page 77)
Hawaiian holiday: Ben and Benjie Gage turned a location trip into a vacation for three when Esther Williams went to Hawaii for her new picture "Pagan Love Song"
WHEN I returned to California recently, after an absence of months, I had a list of people I wanted to see and places where I wanted to go. My interest had been piqued by young stars like Farley Granger and Ruth Roman. I understood the new Alan Ladd house in Bel Air was divine. I had real curiosity about the new wolf pack, so devastating according to rumor that the gentlemen who comprise it need no call to attract attention. And I had been told, over and over, that I must not, above all, miss Mocambo with its Firehouse Five Plus Two and its Monday night Charleston contests.

Once again, however—even though the friends who had interested me in all these things are excellent reporters—I found myself most interested in and most excited by Hollywood's bachelor mothers: Betty Hutton, Joan Fontaine, Eve Arden, Jane Wyman, Doris Day, Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Hedy Lamarr, Ann Sothern and skumpety-umpety others.

The way these girls, like millions of other working women everywhere, handle complex careers, run gracious homes, pay their own bills and raise healthy, happy children is, I think, wonderful to see.

Take, for example, Betty Hutton. Betty goes to lengths to give her children the sense of security that children of divorce too often lack. Lindsay and Candace, too young to understand such things, never have (Continued on page 107)
HOLLYWOOD'S

Bachelor Mothers

There's no man in their house to guide them. But these Hollywood career girls prove that life with mother can be wonderful

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Deborah likes to talk—but not as much as Joan Fontaine likes to talk about her

When Hedy Lamarr has a problem, like Anthony's delicate health (he's at right), she discusses it with Denise, left, and her other son Jamsie

Doris Day didn't underestimate the power of a man's advice for Terry
Gene Nelson: He sings, dances in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady"

Marilyn Monroe: Called a younger Lana Turner. In "Asphalt Jungle"

Phyllis Kirk: Smart in many ways, she's in "Our Very Own"

Sally Forrest: Rediscovered by Ida Lupino, her next is "Never Fear"

Marlon Brando: This unconventional Broadway star makes first screen bid in "The Men"

Peggy Dow: No doubt about her looks or acting. Current film, "Sleeping City"

Craig Hill: A good start in "Cheaper by the Dozen"

Sally Forrest: Rediscovered by Ida Lupino, her next is "Never Fear"

Marilyn Monroe: Called a younger Lana Turner. In "Asphalt Jungle"

Phyllis Kirk: Smart in many ways, she's in "Our Very Own"

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Marlon Brando: This unconventional Broadway star makes first screen bid in "The Men"

Peggy Dow: No doubt about her looks or acting. Current film, "Sleeping City"

Craig Hill: A good start in "Cheaper by the Dozen"
It's time to choose your star again. In 1948, your average at picking the rising personalities among a flock of newcomers was very high. You surpassed, in fact, the average professional casting director. And last year in your list of preferred ten male newcomers, you gave your approval to John Derek, David Brian, Paul Douglas, Gordon MacRae and Scott Brady. Five out of the top ten, that is, who are now all stars. No single studio came within miles of that mark. Your other favorite five were Stephen McNally, whose career is proceeding slowly but nicely, Johnny Sands, who has had three pictures since winning No. 2 position, and then Douglas Dick, Michael Kirby and Rossano Brazzi. Not so good on the latter three, with Brazzi, returning discouraged to his native Italy.

Your score on the girls was standout, too. You missed at the top which is probably not your fault, nor the fault of sweet, small Allene Roberts, your winner. The factor we spoke about three years ago, in the first of these personality round-ups, probably worked against Allene. We mean that factor of impressing Hollywood, itself, enough to get into a picture wherein you can impress the public. Somehow, somewhere, when it comes down to the final casting, Allene so far is missing out.

Their future looks bright. But only you can decide whether they'll become stars. Here's your chance to put your favorites out front.
Jean Hagen: Stage trained, sultry. In “The Asphalt Jungle”

Rock Hudson: Looks terrific. Appears in “I Was a Shoplifter”

Jean Hagen: Stage trained, sultry. In “The Asphalt Jungle”

Dale Robertson: Boxer, law student, now movie threat in “Cariboo Trail”

Jan Sterling: Sex appeal with a sense of humor. She’s in “Union Station”

Margaret Phillips: Stage sensation: In “A Life of Her Own”

Ben Johnson: Cowboy with charm, he aims at hearts in “Wagon Master”

Micheline Presle: “Under My Skin” should decide her American future

John Barrymore II: The junior “profile.” His first, “The Sundowners”

Judy Holliday: Broadway’s loss, Hollywood’s gain in “Adam’s Rib”
But your runner-up to Allene has done beautifully—she's Cyd Charisse. The exquisite Arlene Dahl has advanced spectacularly, also closely tagged by Patricia Neal, Ruth Roman, Corinne Calvet and young Joan Evans. Barbara Lawrence, asking for her release from Twentieth Century-Fox, hasn't yet turned up with another company. Gigi Perreau hasn't been cast in anything new, largely due to Goldwyn's production low, the mighty Sam holding the Perreau contract. Betsy Drake, despite the lavish production given her in "Dancing in the Dark," seems to have stood still. Professionally, that is. Privately, she's in a dream world, as Mrs. Cary Grant, a bit of ideal casting, if you ask Cary.

1950 finds your positive insistence upon new faces more dominant than ever.

You prove that by the manner in which good pictures, cast with the older stars, are being avoided. Hence the eager young beavers on every lot.

A round of the studios at this time discloses seventy-three newcomers with promise. Some will falter on the way, others will go to the top.

Listing the studios alphabetically we come first to Columbia, which has never gone in for a big contract list. They are mighty happy over the two new Derek pictures and are whooping it up mightily over:

Judy Holliday: Current, "Adam's Rib." Next, a filming of her Broadway triumph, "Born Yesterday." Here's another lass with it all wrapped in one perfectly stacked package: Youth, looks, comedy sense, experience. Zop!

Lola Albright: Current, "Beauty on Parade." Next, "When You're Smiling." Lola has been around Hollywood for some time but got her big break as the flirtatious wife Kirk Douglas dallied with in "Champion." Columbia expects to keep her in such roles, thinking she's perfect for them.

Contrary to Columbia, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which used to sign almost no one new, has gone to the agents this year and signed eleven starlets, both genders. Here they are in alphabetical order:

Keefe Brasselle: Current, "The Young Lovers." Next, "The Violent Hour." Tall, not handsome, but with great sympathetic appeal. Brought up in the movie business, he knows how to conduct himself. Future rating AAA.

Carleton Carpenter: Current, "Three Little Words"; next, "Tender Hours." A lanky six-foot-three New Englander with a sharp intelligence and a wonderful grin, he can sing, dance, as well as act. Knows the angles, too, which is just about an unbeatable combination.

Teresa Celli: Current, "Black Hand"; next, "Crisis." These were acting parts and the first pictures were not so good, so it was a bad showcase for this girl with a terrific
choose your star

David Wayne: Polished his wit on Broadway, scores in “Reformer and the Redhead”

Mercedes McCambridge: Her first film won Oscar. Next in “Lightning Strikes Twice”

Lyle Bettger: Heavy on hearts in “No Man of Her Own”

Peggy O’Connor: A beauty with brains. She’s in “Where the Sidewalk Ends”

James Whitmore: No glamour, lots of talent. In “The Next Voice You Hear”

You’ve read the story
You’ve seen them on the screen
what is your verdict?

Vote for the actor and actress you think most likely to achieve stardom

choose: ........................................ actress

choose: ........................................ actor

Your Name..................................... Age........

Address.......................................... (Continued on page 92)
The casting offices had stopped calling, the pennies in Johnny Sands's gallon jug were getting low. Then you cast the votes that gave him the lift of his life

"YOU an actor?" the woman asked with an unwelcome look in her eyes, when I inquired about renting her room. Was I an actor? That, my dear lady, I thought to myself, is debatable. Particularly at this time. "Yes," I said, giving her my most assuring smile. I didn't add I'd begun to wonder if I was an actor after all. No one but me seemed to think so.

"Think you can pay the $15 a week rent?" she asked. It was as though her all-seeing eye had gone right through the empty pockets of my $150 suit.

To be asked if you can afford fifteen bucks a week when you've been living in a honey of a $125-a-month apartment is tough to take. But, without work for months, I'd reconciled myself to subleasing my apartment. This, in itself, was embarrassing. "Why do you want to move?" my friends all asked, and I stalled. Things can't get much (Continued on page 97)
The loves of Mr. Lawford, whose next film is "Please Believe Me," are likely to be strictly upper bracket.

Since Sharman and Pete first met there's been a lot of international commuting.
His name's been linked romantically with the most glamorous girls in Hollywood. But it took an Ambassador's daughter to find the passport to Peter's heart.

It was April in England, this past April of 1950, and Peter Lawford was walking down the streets of London for the first time in fourteen years. He was not there because every Britisher is supposed to sigh, "Oh, to be in England now that April's, etc." He was not there to work for M-G-M or even to see his tailor. None of that old stuff for the son of Sir Sidney Turing Lawford, KCB, who had said goodbye to his British relatives at the trusting age of thirteen and sailed, after traveling for a year on the Continent, for America, to become a movie star.

No, indeed, none of that, and yet the reason that Pete moved jauntily down the streets of the West End, and with Pete it would have to be the fashionable West End of London, was one of the oldest reasons in the history of man. There was a lilt in his step and a gleam in his humorous eyes all due to that old but dreamy combination of spring and a young man's fancy. Distinctly, Peter was thinking thoughts of love, and the atmosphere of London had much to do with it. Pete has, to be sure, thought thoughts of love on the sun- (Continued on page 83)

American ways still baffle Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford Pete's tastes are not as modest as his Hollywood home

IT BE ROMANTIC?

BY RUTH WATERBURY
"The next voice you hear"

It was made in fourteen days and it didn’t cost millions—this new production of Dore Schary’s, which may well start a vogue for movies with a spiritual theme.

The stage on which "The Next Voice You Hear" was produced was the most popular spot in the Metro studios. Those working on other movies came to visit. They were fascinated both with the idea of the story in which God’s Voice speaks to a tired world and with the direct way that Dore Schary, who produced "Crossfire" and "Battleground," insisted it be presented. Nancy Davis, who plays the pregnant wife, wore a specially designed wire form under her dress, to give her movements the heavy awkwardness her role required. Both she and James Whitmore forsook any attempt at glamour to appear as average, hardworking Americans.

Building model airplanes kept James Whitmore and Gary Gray, who play father and son in picture, busy between scenes. It’s a Whitmore hobby.

Nancy Davis, in costume for her role as Jim’s wife, with producer Dore Schary, director William Wellman and Jim. Nancy got first screen chance via television.
Aircraft worker, James Whitmore, listening to the radio, is startled to hear a Voice say, “This is God—I will be with you for a few days.” He mistrusts what he has heard. But the next day...

Shaken by the radio messages, fearful for wife Nancy Davis, who is pregnant, Jim quarrels violently with aunt Lillian Bronson. Later, he comes home drunk. This alienates his adored son, Gary Gray.

The sympathy Lillian shows for Jim, whom she has always disliked, makes Nancy wonder how far-reaching the effects of the Voice will be.

On Sunday night—after the Voice has been heard six days—men, women and children throng the churches. But the Voice does not come. As the seconds tick away, the clergy realizes why, explains, “We have forgotten. It is the Seventh Day. God rests”

That night, Nancy is rushed to the hospital. The miracle of birth culminates a week of miracles that has changed the whole world. The Voice is heard no more. God’s mission is completed
Blame Hollywood for the shape you’re in! For here’s proof—past and present—that the stars decide which way the feminine figure will go.

Marguerite Clark, one of the heroines of her day, was a mere four-feet-ten—and plump. But she matched the measurements of 1915 to 1922 when movie stars were cuddly items who definitely did not display bosoms.

The early villainesses carried a lot of weight. Theda Bara, five-feet-six, revealed a hearty 135 pounds.

An exception to the plump young heroines was Mary Pickford, a slight sixty inches. Actually, however, Mary was famous for her eyes, smile and golden curls rather than her figure.
IT'S NO SECRET that Hollywood is largely responsible for the passing vagues in women's figures. Today, no self-respecting girl would go around without a bosom. Lana Turner and Susan Hayward and Ruth Roman and Elizabeth Taylor have bosoms. If they didn't, like some stars who shall be nameless, they'd take two false steps.

It wasn't always like this. In the period from 1915-1922, when the movie industry was young, heroines did not display bosoms, not at all. Heroines then, innocents of sweetness and purity, were plump and small. An exception in this category was the fabulous Mary Pickford, who couldn't really be called plump, though she was indeed short, the crown of her curly head being barely sixty inches from the ground.
Almost as short were Margaret de la Motte and May McAvoy. And the shortest of all was Marguerite Clark, less than four-feet-ten. By the standards of their day these little girls were lovely. But in 1950 they might be thought a bit dumpy.

The villainess of the early movies, a sultry hellion of flamboyant evil and decadence, was moderately tall, also well-rounded. The leader of this smoldering school was Theda Bara, the original screen "vamp." Theda, who stretched her satin-clad length on a tiger skin and, proving her deplorably loose moral outlook, puffed cigarettes through a foot-long holder, was five-feet-six and tipped the beam at a hearty 135. Other prominent screen temptresses were Barbara La Marr, five-feet-five and Nita Naldi, five-feet-two. Both weighed in at 145.

Five-foot-two Gloria (Continued on page 75)

In 1929 Claudette Colbert's slender curves became the Hollywood ideal

Crawford, with Franchot Tone, made wide shoulders the vogue

Then Marlene "Legs" Dietrich—a buxom fraulein when she first appeared—boned down to 108 and the hollow-cheeked look became feminine fashion

Tall and willowy Carole Lombard followed Dietrich pattern—helped keep American women on starvation diet
Before malnutrition could set in, Jean Harlow saved the day with her natural curves. She was a sensation in "Red Dust," with co-star Clark Gable.

Mac West, with reason, helped further the impression that curves have charms for men.

At the beginning of the forties, the world looked—and followed Lana Turner's luscious lines.

Tall, heavy women came into their own when Viking Ingrid Bergman appeared—with big shoulders and thick waist.

June Allyson is tiny—but she's a big influence in making natural curves a must for the modern miss.

Bosoms no longer hide. Jane Russell, long-stemmed beauty, set star example that produced a million copies.
"The press wouldn’t let us stay married!" cry Hollywood’s divorced couples.
But this ace reporter counters with the facts behind the headlines of today

HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES
Aren’t My Fault

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

HOW much truth is there in the cry of famous divorcing couples, “We couldn’t make a go of it living in a Hollywood goldfish bowl—with the eyes and spies of the press exaggerating every quarrel”?

Stuff and nonsense!

In my position as Motion Picture Editor of International News Service I have had to break far too many Hollywood divorce stories. But I have never printed news of a broken marriage without first checking one or the other of the principals and making sure that they were willing to make their break official!

No marriage ever breaks up because of gossip, irrespective of how thick and fast the rumors fly. Marriages in Hollywood, as anywhere else, break up for just one reason; the two people involved have made a failure of (Continued on page 87)
Reporters couldn’t avoid what they’d always ignored when the Bing Crosbys’ lawyer released those statements to all the newspapers.

The press turned a deaf ear when the Agars quarreled—until Shirley talked for the record.

Ted Briskin told the press—but forgot to tell Betty Hutton—about his reconciliation plans.
About face!

BY ANITA COLBY
Photoplay's Beauty Editor and adviser to the stars

Lana's back—and
she's a changed woman,
with a new make-up
and a new life

THAT Turner girl's back—with the same sparkle but an added maturity. She's a far happier girl undoubtedly, than the girl who used to lead, and not always too happily, with her heart. Who night-clubbed constantly, who craved crowds around her, who couldn't stand to be alone.

Recently, when Lana and Bob celebrated their second wedding anniversary at the Chanteclair and Ciro's and, typically, with a very small party, Lana had many compliments. She wore a strapless sheer black and white lace dinner gown and the matching dazzle of diamonds on her wrist and ears. Bob was proudly showing the gold ring with the numeral two in the center that she gave him for his key ring, with its inscription, "Darling, I love you twice as much."

"We've been married two years now, and we're very happy. Only, nobody believes it but us," Lana remarked jokingly to friends who stopped by their table to congratulate them.

Like any devoted wife, Lana sees herself in her husband's attentive eyes. What Bob likes in clothes and make-up are terribly important to her, and she never chooses anything of which she thinks he might disapprove.

She has developed a natural flair for working with her own champagne-colored curls under the watchful eyes of her hairdresser, Helen Young. Her hair is a little more golden, richer in coloring than the white platinum she used to like. Right now, it's cut to give a short-cut effect. But her hair is neither choppy nor droopy long. It's waved and curled to give the illusion of being shorter than it is. A neat trick for girls who don't like the chopped look in back or go for the extreme "Charleston" cut, so fashionable now. Lana wears her hair usually with a slanting "11:30" part, a cockeyed part that angles toward the crown of her head, with a deep wave over the high part of her forehead and soft waves brushed back over each ear.

Lana has learned, too, how to give Nature a skillful assist in the application of make-up, to follow carefully the contours of her rounded features. To enhance the (Continued on page 103)

The Lana of yesterday

Lana Turner as she appears in "A Life of Her Own"—her make-up designed to match the new shade of her hair

Carpenter
It wasn't for Linda Christian's sake that Ty Power's secretary Bill Gallagher went to her rescue at their

Joan Crawford, with her four adopted children, demands get-up-and-go from her household

at their

IN the studios the stars have everything their way. Their noble or witty lines are written for them by dialogue experts. Their appearance is watched over by the finest hairdressers, make-up men and photographers in the world, checked and rechecked before a camera turns. Technicians stand guard at the microphones so the voice will register with warm timbre.

No wonder stars become the idols of millions.

But how do they appear to the men and women who work for them and with them, who see them off guard? That's the question!

Lana Turner does all right with her staff. She's a

Martha Giddings, her wardrobe girl, has such friendship for Ann Sheridan that Ann would rather part with a husband than with Martha
service

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

How close can you come to the stars without losing your illusions? That, Sheilah discovers, depends entirely on the star

Maureen O'Hara, shown with husband Will Price, pays attention when Fay Smith, her hairdresser, scolds John Monaghan spent so much time looking after the James Masons and daughter Pamela—he lost his wife!

“This is Joe Smith, American,” Lew Ayres’s cook says on the phone. He has more to say about Lew
at their service

warm and generous soul, of course; too warm and generous for her own good. Therefore, most of the people who work with or for Lana adore her. Especially Helen Young, her hairdresser. Lana took Helen on her honeymoon with Bob Topping. If Bob didn’t like this he kept quiet. Now, Lana is offering Helen whatever it will cost her to close her Beverly Hills salon and accompany her (and Bob, of course) to South America.

"Lana," Helen tells me, "is the nicest person in all the world!"

Hairdressers and stand-ins and those in similar jobs seem to understand their famous bosses better than the domestic help does. Judy Garland, forever hiring and firing her household help, has had her make-up girl, Dot Ponidiel, for years. Dot lives with Judy, fronts for her when she is unable to report to the studio and mothers her when the health-going gets too tough for Judy to take alone.

Most people who work for or with the stars blow off steam once in a while. Not Dotty. Judy always is tops with her.

Which reminds me of Ann Sheridan’s wardrobe girl, Martha Giddings. Fifteen years ago, when Ann went to the Warner studios, Martha was assigned to her. Later, Martha was to be one of the reasons Ann walked out on her marriage with George Brent. George gave Annie a “Me or Martha” ultimatum. “Me” lost out. And, now while her house is being enlarged, Ann is living at Martha’s.

It’s his secretary’s cream-colored Buick convertible that Kirk Douglas borrows when he wants to make a splash in cinema society.

“Hit it while you’re still young, Miss Haver,” June’s caddy has called to her on more than one occasion.

Between the stars and caddies, secretaries, stand-ins and hair-dressers there is, more often than not, a good camaraderie.

No one quite knows what John Monaghan does for the James Masons. But it keeps him busy at their house twenty-four hours a day. Monaghan’s wife, in her divorce complaint, stated that she never saw her husband because he always was with the Masons. John’s chief job, I believe, is acting as a foster-father to James and Pamela and their large family of cats.

Lou Costello and Bud Abbott pay Bobby Barber $15,000 a year to keep them amused on the set. It’s some joke when Bobby climbs into the rafters and pours water on his unsuspecting bosses below. After the drenching, the boys chase Bobby and whack him on the head with breakaway chairs and such. Then they’re in the mood to emote. If Lou and Bud are heroes to Bobby, I’ll eat one of the seven hundred pies he threw at them during the making of “Mexican Hayride.”

Gus Tallon, stand-in for that determined Irish bachelor, Barry Fitzgerald, not only lives with Barry but submits to wild rides on the back of Barry’s motor bike. The other day, however, he nearly quit. Barry tried to get him to take piano lessons with him.

No need to ask how Fred Fisher, Mark Stevens’s stand-in, feels about his boss. On a recent (Continued on page 80)
They make an ideal pair

**Vivacious Virginia Mayo, right, appears in Warner's "The Flame and the Arrow"**

Dyed-in-the-wool: Put one and one together and you have—a charming pair. The imported zephyr waist-length sweater, right, has the new three-quarter bat wing sleeve. Sizes 34-40, around $5.00. Separate skirt is worsted flannel, with two large slit pockets, zipper back. Sizes 10-18, $10.95 by Premier and Dunkirk at J. N. Adam, Buffalo, N. Y.; Denver Dry Goods, Denver, Col., and stores on page 79. Both dyed to match in tan, wine, green, navy and peacock. Shoes by Town and Country. Glentex Scarf.

**Lively Barbara Lawrence, left, appears in Universal-International film "Peggy"**

Keeping company: Choose this man-tailored cotton blouse, left, with its crisp white pique collar, fly-button front and tiny cuffed sleeve. $5.95. Match it with a Bates corduroy skirt, with unpressed pleated front, hip pockets. $8.95. Both, sizes 12-18, in apple green, burnt orange, taupe, black. By Alice Stuart at Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C., and Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.

*For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 79*
Elegance in blue satin: Vera-Ellen wore Helen Rose dress in “Three Little Words,” bought it for herself. Bodice and hip-length peplum are embroidered organdy. Satin sash ties in bow at back.
AND what are the top Hollywood designers showing, Maw?—Answer: Anything and almost everything in the way of lines and fabrics. No need to sprout gray hairs over sudden fashion "news" about something that makes you a horror! The sketches and creations of Filmville's top sketchers (and they are the tops for flattering all types!) give all smart shoppers such leeway that the sensible thing to do is to buy what does the most for you in length, line, material, etc., instead of being a "slave" to every new style edict.

We watched Sylvia Gable, Loretta Young, Louella Parsons, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Claudette Colbert, Janet Leigh, et al, virtually drool over some of Adrian's current collection that is, for the most part, so feminine, so utterly dreamy and which, in the large sense, "makes no sense" according to what's coming out of Paris! (Continued on page 105)
WHEN the John Bromfields (Corinne Calvet) invite their guests to dinner, they not only say “come and get it,” but “come and catch it!” And everyone accepts.

The Bromfields have the lovely blue Pacific almost at their front door and both John and Corinne are expert fishermen. John, as a matter of fact, was a deep-sea fisherman before he ever thought about acting. Fishing really is responsible for John getting into pictures because it was when he was mending a fishing net on the pier at Santa Monica that a Hollywood talent agent spotted him and said, “How would you like to be in pictures?” So now John fishes only as a hobby. And he has taught his French wife to be as good as he is at the sport.

One day, John came home with an unusually good catch of lobsters. He dives for them. Said Corinne: “Let’s give a party.” A good catch is always an excuse for a party with the Bromfields. They called Joan Caulfield and her husband, Frank Ross, Diana Lynn and her attractive architect husband, John (Continued on page 90)
Anglers' roost: Diana, John Lindsay, Corinne, John Bromfield, Joan Caulfield and Bob. Joan's new bridegroom, Frank Ross, arrived later—to admire the perch Joan had caught surf-casting.

An invitation from this star couple means beach clothes and fishing tackle—and a supper that's right out of the sea.

Surf-casting: Corinne's an expert, but Diana needs help from husband John.
BY HANS DREIER
Supervising Art Director of Paramount Pictures, Inc.

June Havoc's home is a dream by the sea but it has its practical side too, as you'll discover when you step indoors.

IN the old days Malibu was the fabulous summer playground of the Hollywood movie stars. Here the handsome muscle boys, Valentino, Warner Baxter and Douglas Fairbanks, dunked their bodies in the blue Pacific, while the Talmadge girls, Pola Negri and Mary Pickford strolled the beach in frilly, ruffled bathing suits and big, floppy sun hats. Everybody had a high old time of it during the summer months. Income taxes had not been invented. Every night was Saturday night. The howling could be heard clear to Santa Barbara.

Times have changed. Malibu is no longer a gay summer colony. Most of the folks with beach houses live in them the year round. And what's more, this the Glamour Boys and Girls of yesterday (Continued on page 72)

June's cabana room overlooks the sea. Everywhere are tables convenient for dining by the sea. June stored other silver, since sea air tarnishes.
There are two men who will tell you Rhonda Fleming has the most alluring eyelashes in Hollywood. And these two boys can prove it!

When Rhonda went to Arizona for "The Eagle and the Hawk," her make-up man, believing in preparedness, packed plenty of eyelashes!

John Payne and Dennis O'Keefe, on the same location trip, went prepared too—for fishing. The company camped near a lake. John and Dennis used all kinds...

... of expensive fish flies. But not a nibble, "Wait," said Rhonda, looking at their empty fish baskets. "I have an idea!" She dashed off—to return with her...

... make-up kit. "Maybe the fish would go for these," She offered her false eyelashes. Dennis and John hooted. Lashes for lures—the fish wouldn't rise for them!

But the next day, Dennis and John rushed jubilantly back to camp with their catch. Seven big fish had fallen—hook, line and sinker—for the Fleming eyelashes!
The news of the engagement of adorably pretty Joan Delany to tall, athletic Daniel Gerard Spaeth is giving New York’s younger set a gay flurry of excitement and parties. Theirs will be a formal church wedding, with five charming bridesmaids, and Joan a beautiful, beautiful bride.

You know you will love Joan the first minute you see her! Her face tells you so! Her happy eyes, her endearing smile, her luminous, petal-smooth complexion, send you a lovely picture of Joan’s delightful inner self—let you see that she is someone extra sweet!

You, too, will find this a magic treatment—use it every night as Joan does—mornings, too. This is the way:

**Hot Stimulation**—a quick hot water splash.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond’s Cold Cream over your face to soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off—clean.

**Cream Rinse**—more Pond’s now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

See how this simple Pond’s care makes your skin soft and fresh as petals!

It is not vanity to help your face look lovely. It gives you an air of happy confidence that glows out from the real you within, attracts people to you—on sight!

*Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!*
geles, she bought a bone-handled stainless-steel set of knives, forks and spoons, and sadly put her silver in storage, except the silver candelabrum in the living room, which she just couldn’t part with. Most of the family silver, and one other big item turned in for lamps with wooden bases.

The center of activity in the Havoc-Spier beach house is the “cabana room.” There’s a huge plate-glass window facing the sea. At low tide when the ocean is turbulent it comes right up to the windows. June says she sits by the hour watching the changing scenery from her “picture windows.” There are seas of furious movement even when the wind less, and many varieties of seagulls. The pelicans are a friendly folk who catch more fish than they can eat, so they let the seagulls swipe fish from them. The people who live at the beach say that “Old Blue” is the only one with their walls and pelicans on their lamp shades are insulating the fantastic display that nature affords,” says June.

At NIGHT the Venetian blinds, of the same pale aqua as the beamed ceiling, are drawn. And drapes charmingly fashioned of a fabric of green and white, with a small splash of red and black, are pulled across the windows which can easily be changed into beds. On those nights when she wants to hear the rumble of the ocean June sleeps on one of these couches. It’s a far cry from the President Harrington bed she used to sleep in in the antique-loaded house she shared with sister Gipsy Rose Lee in New York.

The lamps are gay and colorful. Two of them are Tony Duquette lamps, which have succeeded to the firmly Hormanning a silly hat. June keeps a box of paints on hand to touch them up a bit when the sea and the sun fade them. The living room is a huge wrought-iron and glass coffee table. In all, the furniture in the cabana room is wrought-iron and glass, with the exception of the portable bar and June’s desk. He has a good selection of magazines, books, and the inevitable telephone, all of which can be whisked aside at meals.

Unless, of course, the Spiers prefer to eat in the living room, the bedroom, or the kitchen. The chairs surrounding the coffee tables are low and comfortable, with cushions of the same print as the drapes. In this room there is a very short table, with a lamp shade. It is about the size of a four chairs around it. On it are more books and magazines, and a brass student lamp which so far seems to have withstood the ravages of sea air. The room also has a marble-topped cabinet which houses Bill’s fabulous record collection.

The fireplace, midway in the cabana room, is called a Bermuda fireplace. It can be opened up in times of need, and June can cook as many as twenty-eight steaks at a time. The Spiers do most of their entertaining at small barbecues. To the right of the fireplace is a ceiling shelf which contains an elegant set of large steak plates and coffee mugs, designed by Bill for June and made by Charv. Above the fireplace is a Toulouse-Lautrec. You can be sure that the fireplace does not smoke, even on a windy day. On the wall, nearby, hang two large straw hats which June bought in Paris. She wears one of them when she sits in front of the fireplace. Bill doesn’t think that all women look as fascinating as they think they do in a dark tan.

To the left of the fireplace is June’s desk. It’s a modern wooden desk, painted green, to correspond with the drapes. The two upper shelves are filled with books. There are two drawers in which June keeps her notes and personal correspondence. Bill can write any place in the house. He is not at all temperamental. But this desk is June’s private property.

The first room June rented in the cabana is the “Bee.” The Bee is in the nature of being a chandelier. It is made of cut glass of different vivid colors, and the idea of having it hanging in the living room is quite a cheerful glow at night. “It loves the beach,” says June. Some people wouldn’t care for The Bee. The man who sold it to them said as much. June, who thoroughly enjoys it, does not consider it an oddity, and she swears her antique collecting days are over, saw it in the window of a shop in Santa Barbara. She promptly fell in love with it, and persuaded to what she could afford for it. “Funny thing,” said the owner to Bill, “you have something like that sitting around for years. Then one day a sucker comes along and is willing to pay a small fortune for it.” Bill paid $85.

The FIRST thing that catches the eye in the living room is an indoor playground for the cats under the piano. June has four cats, Som-cat, Charlie-cat, Goliath and a lazy one which, for the present—a fur muff for a bed. Suzy prefers a regular dog-bed in the bathroom.

On one wall of the living room hangs a large painting by Julio Llano’s, Goya’s “The Third of May,” which paintings were done by Richard Worf. June designed the television set and mounted it on a Lazy Susan on the piano, the idea seems to have originated in any way she wants. The room is carpeted in beige wool broadloom. In front of a large forest-green couch against the wall is an ebonized coffee table with a silver caned—tufted seats, and a large fireplace. To the right of the fireplace is a combination couch and hassock, also in forest green. The couch against the wall has two giant-size tufted cushions, covered in red and green satin. The large mirror over the couch reflects the sea.

There is a beige chair to match the rug, a red leather chair, and a black leather
chair. Near the glass doors leading to the cabana room is a game-board coffee table, with a lamp on it which has a wooden pineapple base with a light red shade. Near the piano is a large lamp with an ebony base and white shade.

One corner of the room is glassed-in, and faces the patio and the ocean. In this alcove is a sand-colored walnut drop-leaf table, Bill’s favorite place to write. Also in the alcove is a matching (sand-colored walnut) secretary-desk combination, with a green plant lamp near it. On the cabana room side is a series of glass shelves on which June has her California glass collection. She started this collection ten years ago, when she found a glass in a New England antique shop, over three thousand miles from its native habitat.

“Glass,” says June, “is one of the few things in the antique world that lives happily at the beach.”

ALMOST one entire side of the living room is taken up by the fireplace, painted black, and surrounded on three sides by books. The books over the fireplace are June’s drama collection. She started collecting them when she was ten, and they are books pertaining to the theater and theater people. Quite a valuable collection.

On the left-hand side of the house, leading away from the living room, are the guest room and the master bedroom. On the right side are a large bathroom and a beautiful white kitchen with large windows facing the Malibu mountains.

“The room is girlie up with lace,” says June of her small guest room. One side of it is draped off with white batiste, which she uses as a dressing room. Against the white lace curtained window is a combination desk- vanity, very frilly. The beds are bunks, one over the other. Each bunk is equipped with shelves on which are gaily painted china Victorian lamps, radio, books, cigarettes and the latest magazines. On the walls of the guest room are newspaper clippings from the days when June was a child star.

At age five, June was a vaudeville headliner, making $1,500 a week, and billed as Dainty Baby June. When June was six, according to Gypsy, she was interviewed by a newspaper woman who asked her what she wanted to be when she grew up. Lispéd Dainty Baby June, “I want to be an actress. Like Alice Brady in 'Cassie Cook of the Yellow Sea.'” Specially when she says, Scum. That’s what you are. That’s what all girls are. You are only one thing from a woman. But you won’t get it from me.” While June poured her tiny chest, the newspaper woman, ’ts said, dropped her pencil, and was a long time finding it.

The master bedroom was designed especially for Bill. The walls are sea blue, with embroidered curtains to match. There is a sand-colored walnut secretary-desk that takes up one side of the room, and an oversized bed with gray velvet tufted headboard. There are black bookcases on each side of the bed, with reading lamps on them. June had framed a few wonderful old English song prints. There is another Toulouse-Lautrec. And dozens and dozens of pictures of June, not as a child star, but as the very beautiful young woman she is today. “It’s embarrassing,” says June, “but it’s Bill’s room, and he insists on it.” Bill is very definitely a man in love. And June is a very lucky girl.

MOVIES — FINE ENTERTAINMENT AT LOW COST

The makers of Improved Fels-Naptha Soap believe that any housekeeper will understand the plain facts about whiteness and cleanliness, stated below:

Improved Fels-Naptha contains the finest ingredients that give your washes extra, brilliant whiteness. And Fels-Naptha also gives you cleaner, sweeter washes — because it combines the EXTRA WASHING ENERGY of TWO GREAT CLEANERS — good, golden soap and gentle, active naptha.

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New Record for WHITENESS!
Whiter than Ever Before!
World's WHitest wash!
"How White can you get?"

“Almost one entire side of the living room is taken up by the fireplace, painted black, and surrounded on three sides by books. The books over the fireplace are June’s drama collection. She started collecting them when she was ten, and they are books pertaining to the theater and theater people. Quite a valuable collection.”

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Today, Eleanor Parker has all she asked for. And a new set of wishes to go on

SOME twenty-odd years ago back in Cedarville, Ohio, a wishful little girl scampered out of bed, pressed her serious face against the windowpane and looked up at the evening star. Someone had said this was the way to make your dreams come true.

"I wish I had a baby, and an accent, and legs that weren't skinny," she whispered reverently.

Halfway back to bed she hesitated, turned back to the window again, and added softly, "I also wish that I was a great actress."

Because she's a patient girl who believes in waiting for and not forcing the things she wants, her star continued to shine for Eleanor Parker. Today, as Mrs. Bert Friedlob, she has two babies and hopes to have five. Her legs are no longer too lean, in fact many people call them perfect. And as for the accent, she's satisfied to assume any accent a role might require. Currently, her performance as the good girl who goes bad in the gripping prison story, "Caged," is the top topic of Hollywood. Eleanor Parker once wished she was a great actress. Her nineteenth picture is positive proof that she definitely is.

Despite her taking the traditional route to Hollywood, it was a new switch to an old story when she was discovered in the audience of the Pasadena Playhouse. A Warner talent scout took one look at the beautiful starry-eyed miss and asked her if she'd like to sign a contract. All her life, Eleanor has despared because so much happens to her that never shows in her face. Here she was churning like a volcano and looking as cool as that legendary cucumber.

"I'll be glad to," said a quiet voice that turned out to be her own. "When do you want me to sign?"

Would tomorrow morning be convenient? Tomorrow, which turned out to be June 26, 1941, would. Tomorrow also turned out to be Eleanor's birthday and she couldn't think of a nicer way of celebrating.

With one exception, she's enjoyed every single second since. Eleanor rebels against living up to whatever illusions actresses are supposed to create. Basically, she's a shy person, oftentimes giving the impression of being anti-social. She's saved childhood possessions like paper dolls and school dance programs; she presses flowers in books and pencil-marks favorite passages. She also scoffs at the idea that she's a sentimentalist!

Eleanor likes people with good, strong emotions; hats which she can't resist buying and never wears; shoes which she buys by the dozens and does wear. She loves the sea, stray cats, bright colors, exploring vacant lots and being dominated "within reason." She dislikes quiz programs, the smell of gas, "because I once was almost asphyxiated," screen tests and high places. She's almost a chain smoker, she despairs because people laugh when she loses her temper. Without a home, husband and babies, life would be unbearable. Paradoxically, she can't even visualize an existence that didn't include acting.

"I must be two people and don't thoroughly understand either one of them," is her analysis.

Liking the company of men better than women, "because they never hold grudges," Eleanor Parker found "Caged" quite a challenge. There were sixty women in the cast. For ninety days they wore drab prison uniforms, no make-up, worked together in quarters that were dank, dark and cramped. After that great scene where a sadistic matron shaves Eleanor's head, one of the bit players said, "It must be wonderful to be a great actress and not have to wish for a single thing."

Eleanor couldn't have looked more surprised. "But it isn't true," she said. "I've never stopped wishing for things. I still wish I could play the piano and be a fine singer." And then with that same wishful look that belonged to the little girl who wished upon a star, she added, "I even wish I could wear bright spangled tights, and float through the air on my own power!"

Could there be any possible doubt that it isn't going to happen?
History of the Hollywood Figure

(Continued from page 52) Swanson was an exception in both classes. She played sugary good girls and De Mille seductresses with equal effectiveness, and scaled a slender 110. That's still her weight today and, in "Sunset Boulevard," she's still a star of the first magnitude.

All villanesses, tall or short or medium, had bosoms. That is, each had one bosom, a bulge whose large outline, without a definite beginning or end, was that of the chest of a pouter pigeon. "Uplift" and "separation" were unknown. The bosom was sternly corseted into a singular swell.

Then, in the early Twenties, came a fashion development that was to have a profound effect on the female figure. Bobbed hair!

Bobbed hair, by giving the head a boyish look, brought about a revolution in women's attire. For the boyish look spread to clothing which demanded a boyish figure. As usual, the moment Hollywood took up this fashion every girl in the nation did likewise. Curves became absolutely taboo.

Three of the most boyish Hollywood figures of the era belonged to Colleen Moore, Olive Borden and Dorothy Mackail. Their chests appeared as curvaceous as Jimmy Stewart's. For in the "Flapper Era" bosoms went completely into hiding. If a flattening brassiere wouldn't conceal them, they were stripped down with heavy tape. All of which was not comfortable, but it was fashionable.

Another anatomical feature, however, was brought out into the open—the leg. The short skirt, well above the knees, made America, and the world, thoroughly leg-conscious. Previously, a girl with a so-so-hot pair of gams could get by nicely. Who could tell what they were like beneath the low sweeping yards of skirt that hid them from view? Exercises to beautify the leg came into favor. So did stockings to flatter the leg and call attention to it.

Among the most displayed legs on the screen, in those free-and-easy days of relaxed censorship, were those of Clara Bow. Clara was "The It Girl." "It" was a term coined by writer Elinor Glyn as a catchy way to describe sex appeal. And Clara was the first and greatest of the "good-bad" girls, girls who might live in any average American town, belong to any nice American family, and yet "pet" "Pet," in case you don't remember, preceded "neck" by about ten years.

In the meantime, a young foreign actress, 125 pounds and five-feet-seven, strode dramatically on the Hollywood scene. She was the largest major feminine star the movies had had up to that time. With her broad shoulders, her distinct hips, her large feet, she was all wrong according to the current specifications. And she became the greatest legend Hollywood has ever known, the first of the love goddesses, one of the most superb actresses, a name that Hollywood will never forget—Greta Garbo.

Garbo's height shattered the rule against tall actresses and paved the way for the later advent of the Hepburns, Bergmans and Pat Neals. And when fashion designers abandoned the boyish look for slender, ultra-feminine elegance, the silhouette was the most potent individual example that Hollywood everupon presented, as it once again led the way in bringing universal acceptance of a style change.

The ideal of the straight-line female figure was supplanted by one that, while even thinner, was accompanied by lovely, gentle curves. Shortly after the arrival of sound in 1929, Claudette Colbert soared to film stardom. Five-feet-four and one-half,

---

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Diana Lynn co-starring in “Paid in Full” a Paramount Picture

she weighed 102, was hollow-cheeked and hungry-looking, yet her legs were beautifully modeled and her slim torso had definite curves. And about the same time, a former fat girl who’d Charletoned into pictures in 1925, quite unnoticed, began to be whistled at as she dropped to 110 while retaining the better features of her five-foot-four figure. She was Joan Crawford.

When Joan Crawford made up her long, generous mouth in a manner hitherto affected only by minstrel men, a million women followed her example. When she shook her bugle beads covering her most curvaceous posterior, a million other girls went bugle-bead happy in the same locale.

When Adrian designed dresses for her that deliberately exaggerated her naturally wide shoulders, a style was started that has died to this day, though Paris has been trying to kill it for years.

Marlene Dietrich sauntered in with in 1931, in “The Blue Angel,” a quite heavy German fraulein of five-feet-five. But, in “The Blonde Venus” the next year, she’d boned down to 108. Then a trend toward emaciation on the screen began. Garbo became a tall wisp. In 1932, a phenomenal newcomer arrived, taller even than Garbo, at five-feet-eight and apparently constructed of nothing but skin and bone—Katharine Hepburn. Joan Crawford’s cheekbones became as prominent as Claudette Colbert’s. The leggy Carole Lombard, five-foot-six, got into the swim via Dietrich’s starvation method. Ginger Rogers began to approach the figure of her dancing partner, Fred Astaire.

At this time there was Mae West, who like the less amusing and less direct sirens of the early days, had curves, but the curvingest curves ever seen. However, not being strictly in the heroine department, Mae did not make the American figure generally. It remained for another star to do this. Before the lovely ladies of Hollywood could become actually trans-parent and before the women of America, following their example, could all diet themselves into walking hatracks, the day was saved by the original “platinum blonde,” Jean Harlow, who burst upon the national awareness in “Hell’s Angels.”

Let’s face it. The highlights of Jean Harlow’s figure were true works of Nature’s art, and she was fully aware of it. Nobody then had heard of the “falsees” of the Forties, but Jean was to make them a necessity later for many a female.

The Hays Office had not yet made the wearing of a bra mandatory before the camera. The usual underwear was the “shimmy” or the “teddy”—shapeless tubes of cloth reaching to the thighs that in no way confined the breasts but which inevitably bunched around the hips. Har-low would have no part of either. When she dressed she put on a dress and that was it. For evening, she didn’t even wear hosiery, just high-heeled pumps and an evening gown. She drove the other screen sirens nuts, not as for the names of Hol-lywood and of the audience, wow!

Today, the voltage that Jean and Clark Gable generated in “Red Dust” makes the picture impossible to re-release, so much more censored have we become. But if Jean ever did any public harm with her uninhibitedly sexy performances, and that, to say the least, is open to question, it was certainly overwhelmingly outweighed by the solid constructive good she helped accomplish for the national health and happiness.

When she started flaunting that figure on the screen, in no time starvation diets in Hollywood and throughout the nation, were being tossed out the window.

By the beginning of the Forties, the Hollywood female figure was trim, curv-ing and full-breasted. Rita Hayworth, Alice Faye, Ann Sheridan, Betty Grable and Lana Turner were representative. All, except the five-foot-three Lana, were tall—Betty and Alice being five-foot-five, Rita and Annie five-foot-six. The long-legged, “typical American girl” was coming in.

Nonetheless, this period also saw two completely foreign tall gals become front-rank Hollywood stars—the five-foot-seven Hedy Lamarr and the five-foot-six Ingrid Bergman. When she first arrived, Hedy thought she’d achieved much publicity by sporting in her birthday suit in “Ecstasy,” was small—boomed and rather heavy below the waist; it was later on that she acquired the terrific figure she displays in “Samson and Delilah.” The Viking Bergman, large, broad-shouldered, thick-waisted, was able to make you disregard the evidence of your eyes by the magic of her acting. Hers was such a great art that she conveyed the conviction that she was frail and eternally, utterly spiritual.

On the other hand, we have Janie Powell, Wanda Hendrix and June Allyson—all hovering around the five-foot mark. Nowadays height isn’t the important thing in the female figure—it’s the way the figure is proportioned. And the Hollywood ideal female figure today is rounded but slender, curved and—always—bosomy.

Ava Gardner and Liz Taylor, for example, the five-foot-five and a half and five-foot-four and a half respectively. Esther Williams and Jane Russell are five-foot-seven, Lauren Bacall is five-eight, Pat Neal, five-seven and a half. Ten years from now—who can say? But whatever look the female figure may have then, one thing seems certain: It’ll be the one the ladies will be seeing in the movies.

The End

“Helps solve my own problems…” says one regular listener to the fascinating radio program “My True Story” heard every morning, Monday through Friday. Each day, hear their real-life stories taken from the pages of True Story Magazine. Each morning there’s a complete true drama, prepared in cooperation with the editors of True Story Magazine. Thousands of women rate this their favorite morning program because the people you meet . . . with their loves, their fears, their problems . . . could be you, could be your neighbor.

Tune in “MY TRUE STORY” AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
Hawaiian Lullaby

Continued from page 36 she had to have
er naturally light brown hair darkened
few shades in order to be a Tahitian
ark-skinned maiden in the picture, but
is was ridiculous! Esther was heartstic.
was I. She got up at 6 A.M. the next day
t get to the studio and have it lightened.
then, of course, she had to make the tests.
All of which explains why, with Benjie's
room luggage, I went on to the airport.
ne o'clock, when she still hadn't arrived,
asked myself what I could do in Hawaii with the warm beaches, the strumming
tar and the hula dancers, without Esth-
er along? And when, desperate, I finally
oned the studio, there she was—waiting
ming for the pick-up I'd failed to
me. That, she reminded me pointedly,ad
been our prearranged plan. I suppose
was, at that, but in all the confusion
afraid the plans weren't too thoroughly
asused. Ah me, well—they held the
one ten minutes and Esther made it.

Y the time we reached San Francisco
she was speaking to me again. We
even had a real fight since we've
been married. We have a few sudden
dspicous squalls now and then, but in
r family they're over almost before
ey begin. We never throw things or
ave home. We just dive into the pool
d cool off instead.

And so, we were finally en route to
wait on the Lurline. And together
hen you set off for two months with a
ild you prepare yourself for any even-
ty. Our baggage overflowed both
oms of our suite, together with such
le items as Benjie's high chair, his play
, his toys and a two month’s supply of
ned baby food. We didn't know how
uch would be available over there and
 didn't want our son to exist on a
urchy diet of poi.

Ours was a traditionally festive land-
g, with photographers, newspapermen,
icians, coin divers, hula dancers and
od. They loaded Benjie with leis un-
you could barely see his eyes and nose
ove them—he looked like one bundle
flowers. Aloha, we were to find, is an
clusive word over there meaning
"Farewell" and "Goodbye" and a lot of "Love"
between.

There were orchids in the moonlight,
lids in the sunlight, in fact—orchids!-
ack jet sand, rolling surf, and water as
rum as the hearts of the natives and as
tle as Benjie's eyes. M-G-M had ar-
aged for us to have a dream house at
base of Diamond Head, with its own
ivate 350-foot beach, rich furnishings
"Hawaiian moderne" and everywhere
looked—lanais.

For a couple of days at least, ours was
orchidaceois existence. Driving around
aptic roads on Oahu. Basking in pine-
le juice and husking coconuts. We
nt surfing and we went outriggering with
ke Kahanamoku, the famed Hawaiian
inner of all time. We wandered around
r own sands in matching mother-father-
son Prince Kahala beach togs. Benjie's
first official swim in the ocean and
less to say, Esther and I got in a lot
imming, too. "We had to get in
ape for the picture, she kept telling me.
lat was problematical, inasmuch as our
eseanese cook always had home-baked hot
t rolls waiting for breakfast on our
m, and "we never didn't even," they were
so "we" lani-ed some more.

We also managed to work in several
indreds holes of golf, Esther doesn't play
me. She started to learn the game
be and found she couldn't play eighteen
eas fast enough, so she gave it up. Then,
ically, she reasoned. "Darling, you don't

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

77
have a 'night off' with the boys like other men do. You don't take a night with the boys for poker or whatever 'the boys' do on their nights off. So let's get golf be your time with the boys—and I'll see you every night.' I'm not quite sure whether I'm ahead on the deal, but it works out fine. Anyhow, she plays such good, businesslike poker, we have a poker night once a week, and everybody is happy.

Admittedly I have long admired this girl, but my admiration was even to grow in Hawaii. Prejudiced though I may be—I was proud of Esther's was the 'busiest' vacation I've ever experienced. She served as an ambassador of good will—literally and figure-atively. Other stars may relax and demand that they're left alone on such outings, but when my wife plans a trip "doing nothing—let's just rest in the sun," things always happen—and usually Esther winds up leading them.

She was always dedicating something or other—like the new swimming pool at Hickam Field for the children of enlisted men. She did various broadcasts for the Red Cross, the cancer drive and many other worthy causes. She toured Pearl Harbor with Navy officers. And together, we judged a beauty contest at the University of Hawaii, one of the more pleasant jobs in line of duty—and what lines! This developed to be beauty "bank night" with six winners of different groups—Caucasian, Cosmopolitan, Japanese, Chinese, Korean and Filipino—with mine the official medal of presenting bouquets accompanied by a kiss.

Benjie, however, threatened to outshine his mother with the press. He made no secret of the fact that he loved his mom. Hawaiian clipped-on diapers in flashy prints of red, bright greens and blues, with little shirts to match. Reporters liked him and, at seven months, Benjie was particularly fascinated by the new-born "baby". He usually wound up taking over all the press conferences and by hogging any microphone available, refusing to let go and jabbering away a repertoire of assorted sounds. "He comes by his talents honestly, his pop is a radio announcer," Esther observed.

ESTHER'S young Hawaiian admirers were especially attentive. They kept our refrigerator fairly loaded with orchids for her. When we first arrived, Esther, who likes to wear a flower in her hair or her purse, or something, found she had no container for the big party we were attending that evening and kept eying me questioning.

"Why don't I have a flower tonight?" she finally inquired. "Have you looked in the icebox lately?" I countered sweetly. She did, and stood there, touched, gazing at all the orchids the kids had brought ever for her. In Hollywood it is usually my custom to send her flowers or a plant when she starts a picture, so I rented an orchid plant with 250 blossoms on it and surprised her with it the first day on "Pagan Love Song" at Kauai.

In "Pagan Love Song" you will see scenery too breath-taking to describe. There's good reason to call Kauai "The Garden Island." But you won't see the most exciting scene of the picture, the one that almost took Esther's breath away—and mine. This happened at Haena, when the outrigger Esther was paddling flipped over and flung her out of the boat, barely escaping a jagged coral reef. In the sequence Esther was to wave "Goodbye" to Howard Keel at his Tahitian plantation, and paddle away. What she got to the prescribed distance, she was to turn the outrigger about and come back. But without Esther's having noticed, the outrigger had drifted down perilously close to the coral reef, and when she tried to turn it around, a large wave hit it broadside and flipped the boat completely over, cracking it down against the coral and splintering it completely.

If the boat had hit her on the head—the wave had pulled away from the coral, leaving more of it exposed—or if she should have been knocked against it—she could have been cut to pieces. The seconds seemed hours before Esther, who was swimming under water, came up hulling and pulling—and smiling—at our feet. I'm sure she realized she had had a narrow escape, but her remark was typically Esther: "Look like I've got to learn about outriggers," she said.

All too soon it was Aloha—time for me again—with Esther and Benjie standing at the little airport strip waving me away. For there was no question of whether or not there were any accompanying hula dancers—I was feeling too lost seeing the stretch of blue widening between my family and me. But I had to get back to our restaurant, "The Trails," in Westchester, which is far from being a hobby with Esther and me. We got it for an annuity in the future. She's an officer in our corporation and takes it very seriously.

Back home I missed her far more than one usually misses a fellow vice-president. There must be some way of keeping on "outside" and not getting involved. I was peeling one, particularly lonely eve. For once it seemed of small importance to check the number of orders of "whol roast stuffed spring chicken on plank la Cages" that had been served. It didn't help any, either, to respond to the romantic request of a couple from Texas who asked me to sing, "Easy to Love"—Esther's and me. I was in the office with my Argyles propping up my desk surveying snapshots of three of us. Of Esther and me. Esther swimming with Benjie. Me bottling him Benjie. I guessed they probably perfected the Kauai Crawl—and his old man there to watch.

It was a likely moment for the phone to ring. And I heard a gay voice, which I was remembering only too well was quiring merrily from across the blue Pacific, "How's your business, partner? Can retire yet?" Because it looks as if I have another nice vacation coming up as soon as this picture is completed at home. We time an enforced one. But after all we've always said how much we want a long family vacation.

"Oh, no." I shouted into the phone. "When?"

"First part of December," she replied. When Esther arrived home the dogs correlated her hair arrangements and so by our plans to build our dream house we go into action immediately. Benjie will just that months older than his big brother and I know we'll be well on our way toward that large happy farm we've always wanted.

It's a wonderful world when you've got a gal like mine.
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Stores selling the Loomtogs separates worn by Ruth Roman on page 61.

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Beautiful Heavenly Lips For You WITHOUT LIPSTICK

(Continued from page 60) hunting trip in Colorado, Mark shot a rattlesnake that was about to strike Fred.

The other day Fay Smith was fixing Maureen O’Hara’s hair. “I don’t quite like it,” pouted Maureen, tugging at a curl there. Fay, who has been Maureen’s hairdresser for six years, said quietly, “Take your little movie star hands out of your hair, immediately!” Maureen did, too. But don’t get Fay wrong, she adores Maureen. And vice versa.

Charles Coburn’s driver-secretary, Ken Randall, must love Charles. For Charles, who makes appointments without telling Ken, brings over a hank of hair. Which is more than Fay ever asked for if Ken doesn’t remind him to keep them. Ernest Black must love Edmund Gwenn, too. For since Edmund learned to drive a car for his “Louisa” picture, he’s become a back-seat driver, nearly dragging Fay off his formerly well-balanced brain.

All of which makes Ernest Black an unusual Hollywood employee. The help in Hollywood can be very difficult, very snobbish. If a star doesn’t live up to their star standards, they won’t stay. They all have their own television sets. And June Havoc once interviewed a cook who asked to see her referrals from a boy who worked there. Fay before she would consider the job. She said, rather ominously, “I’ve worked for a movie star before.”

OVER, Lew Ayres has had his housekeeper-cook-valet for fifteen years. “Joe” was born in Hungary and named Schmidt. When he was naturalized, Lew gave him a big party. Now, when the man announced, he asked you to say, “This is Joe Smith, American.” Joe lives in a small wing of the Ayres house. He loves company for dinner because he enjoys cooking the rich dishes which Lew loathes.

Ty Power and his man Gallagher are the closest employer-employee combinations in Hollywood. What Bill doesn’t know about Ty just didn’t happen. Ty even gave Bill the custody of Linda. Ever the time she had the trouble with the immigration authorities. Instead of sending her back to Mexico at best, or putting her in jail at worst, Gallagher, on Ty’s instructions, promised the U. S. officials to look after Linda until her papers were straightened out.

Rita Hayworth’s butler-chefaurier, Dominguez, helped Rita through the difficult period of her romance with Prince Aly. He knew more about what was going on than Aly did. Dominguez, a Filipino who speaks perfect English, suddenly couldn’t speak the language at all when reporters called to check up on Rita. Dominguez would say, “No speak English. Missy Hayworth no home,” and then close the door to come back grinning to Rita and Aly. Dominguez, too valuable to lose, is now living with Princess Rita in Europe.

Victor Mature’s valet Alonzo used to object, loudly, to Vic’s sloppy way of dressing. “It’s a reflection on me and damaging to my reputation as a good servant,” Alonzo said one day, viewing with horror Vic’s talking about taking off his down-at-heel shoes and shabby jacket and pants. Too bad Alonzo didn’t stay, he found he could make more money and have less grief as a waiter, because Mr. Mature is doing for his wife’s new maid a valet—trying to dress like a movie star.

Nurses—they’re the real problems. Frank Sinatra and British movie actor Robert Douglas had a tug-of-war over a nurse. She was brought home from England by the Douglasses and paid what they thought was a whopping big salary of $100 a month. In England it would have been half. But speaking to the other nannies in Beverly Hills gave the nurse ideas. She decided to go to work for the Sinatras for $200 a month. Which made the Douglasses furious, since they had paid for her transportation from England.

Joan Crawford has always had such trouble with the nurses for her children that I wanted to give her a medal for courage when she adopted the last two. Now she’s going to hire a nurse for her kids so terrifically that it’s hard for any servant to please her. Of course, they’re not exactly mad about her.

The relationship between Larry Parks and his baby’s nurse is wonderful. Her name is Violet Currie. “She nursed my mother through her long illness,” Larry tells me. “And she told me, after my mother had passed away, that she was so tired of taking care of people who died. So I promised her if Betty and I ever had a baby she could be the nurse. And it was Violet who went with me to fetch Betty and our son home from the hospital.”

The hospital nurses who looked after Hedy Lamarr the first time she had a baby did not think of her as any heroine. The baby was a long time in arriving and Hedy didn’t spare the complaints. The second time Hedy had herself a Caesarean. Who said no man can be a hero to his valet? It’s not so!

At Their Service

Listen To: Bill Stern’s "SPORTS NEWSREEL" Every Friday NBC 10:30 p.m. Eastern Time Read Bill Stern's "SPORT SURPRISE" feature in the current issue of SPORT magazine now on newstands.
It was a casting performance for a Broadway play. The little dancer went through her routines with startling versatility. But the answer was “No.”

“Your dancing and reading are terrific,” the producer admitted, “but you’d look like a midget beside the others. I’m sorry.”

Sixteen-year-old Vera-Ellen was only 4’6” tall and weighed seventy-six pounds. Now she stands 5’4½” and weighs a solid 115 pounds. So it may truthfully be added that Vera-Ellen stretched her way to stardom. In those same years her dancing shoes have carried her to the top on Broadway and in Hollywood. The blithe, brown-eyed blonde from Cincinnati is a ballerina with brains—thinks, talks and learns as rapidly and neatly as she executes tap routines. She believes too many actresses worry about “contacts” in furthering their careers. Her answer: “Don’t fuss, do your job, and keep working to improve. If you get to be the best, the producers will use you.”

Vera-Ellen came to Manhattan at fifteen as a delegate to the dancing teachers’ convention and stayed to pursue a career. At eighteen she answered a call from Billy Rose. All the other applicants did a time step and a high kick. Vera-Ellen told Billy, “If you just want girls who can do that, I’m not interested.”

“We can get Eleanor Powell or Zorina if we need something better,” said Rose, unshaken. “What do you think you can do?”

“A specialty,” answered Vera-Ellen, and three weeks later Rose presented her at his Casa Manana. Following this she was signed by Samuel Goldwyn for pictures.

She was rushed into “Wonder Man” and followed that with “Three Little Girls in Blue,” and “Carnival in Costa Rica.” Then M-G-M borrowed her for “Words and Music.” That was just a one-picture deal, but she stayed on for “On the Town,” and “Three Little Words.” She’s in solid at the studio now.

Born Vera-Elaine Rohe, she needed only to drop the family name to provide a ready-made stage label so arresting that she has become known as “The Hyphen.” She would rather be known as “The Dash.”

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**Wouldn't It Be Romantic?**

Continued from page 47) Drenched streets of Hollywood and Beverly Hills, on the sunny streets of New York, in the balmy atmosphere of Palm Beach or Palm Springs — any other de luxe locale you care to mention.

Peter, you’ll remember, was one of the young gentlemen about Hollywood distinctly unhappy when Jimmy Stewart on the fair hand of Gloria McLean. In New York, Peter had hobnobbed with the hole McLean clan, often being their guest at the swank River House. The whole Marquess set, the Liz Whitney crowd, the yacht-and-hunting set of Manhattan, has been the debutante habitat of Peter by choice.

HE loves of Mr. Lawford are strictly upper bracket and top drawer because that is the way his romantic imagination aimes. And why not? Maybe the Russians don’t do it, but the rest of us, taking off on a hopper of a romantic dream, always see ourselves in very rosy circumstances. It isn’t a butcher boy, of whom Cinderella reamed, you remember, or a scullery maid for whom Romeo sighed.

With Peter, this spring in London, it as an Ambassador’s daughter. He was seek in London in open and very delightful pursuit of the daughter of our American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, ewis Douglas.

It wasn’t easy, but it was exciting, and ad to be done with tact and finesse. Peter ad the kind of competition that would ring out the best in any young man but which was particularly stimulating to one who was born with the Burke’s Peerage practically in his blood.

Item one, there was Sharmar’s looks, and her easy laughter and unspoiled charm. From her ash-golden hair to her feet, she had all the healthy ease of typical American girl, combined with a smooth good manners and breeding of the best-brought-up British girl.

Item two, there was her lively brain and even more lively sense of humor. Her way of putting things was such as to make even the King of England laugh and urge the Sixth is no easy man with the giggles. Elizabeth, the Queen, had often commented on her delightfully frank, American quality. The Duchess of Kent had been overheard to say, “A sweet child and unspoiled.” As for the Princesses, Elizabeth and madcap Margaret Rose, she was a truly chummy basis with them, and as only girl not of the royal circle of them that could possibly be said. All the amusing things happening around her didn’t spoil her. Her favorite phrase remained, “What would people think in Arizona?”

The other items making Peter’s pursuit to a real field day bore such various and elegant names as the Duke of Westminster, the Marquis of Blandford, the Honorable Peter Ardey, David Michael Mountbatten, John George Vanderbilt, Henry Spencer Churchill, and only recently, with marriage, the Marquis of Milford Haven, one of the chest young men on earth, ruled out.

Could a simple paycheck from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the tricks of charm had learned as an actor stand up to a deeply entrenched appeal these other young blades could offer?

If Peter had been born thirty years older, and Sharmar had been, too, he couldn’t have had to think about anything so proletarian as mere money. His mily then had houses in Reading and sford and a flat in Mayfair. But even the wacks of furniture that had remained...
to the Lawfords in 1944 had been de-
molished by an air raid.
Who has more money ever stopped the
thing called real love?
Sharman and Peter met originally in
New York, a little more than a year ago,
when he was exactly the right point
between girls. There had been a brief
rumors about Ava Gardner; another spell when he wanted to
be serious about Rita Hayworth. Rita had
her ideas that spoiled that. He had
dated June Havner. To put a fine edge on
it, he had dated practically every eligible
girl in Hollywood.

But Sharman was super-special. She
wanted something he wanted. If she wasn't as
beautiful as the Hollywood dolls, her
charm was more genuine. If she wasn't as
professionally glamorous as they, she was
infinitely more feminine. And that lovely,
unassumingly social background that she had!
Peter remembered her vividly after that first meeting, just as every other young
man who meets Sharman remembers her
vividly. It's like remembering a twenty-
carat diamond, in a setting by Tiffany.

Then she came to Hollywood for a visit
under just the right auspices, just social
even though, just enough to make
American enough, and she herself, seemed
utterly American with the added polish
of Europe. She was the house guest of
Elizabeth Firestone, who was in Hollywood
writing music for a Robert Montgomery
production. She is a lovely, deeply tal-
eted girl, this Elizabeth Firestone, and she
is also the daughter of Harvey Fire-
stone, the tire magnate.

To be on the list for Miss Firestone's
evenings proved you were highly accept-
able to the right people.

There was an enormous glamour party
given for Sharman at that time and Pete
was in even more stag. Very much the American Embassy,
you know how completely unaffected
Sharman is, she told several guests that
she knew her dress was no match for the
exquisite Hollywood gowns everywhere in
the room, but that she had chosen it
cause it didn't wrinkle when packed. She
also told on herself the story of how
Harvard's Hasty Pudding Club had named her
of their Waman of the Year, and then
had stood her up on their date with her.

This was for the unflattering reason that
they had forgotten it, but when Ben Gay-
lord, the club's master had quickly pro-
ferred an apology the next morning,
she had just as quickly laughed and forgiven
all and had gone to the Club's play the
next night.

Yes, she was unaffected, but Peter's
imagination was affected and then some.

During her entire Hollywood visit,
Peter was Sharman's escort, whenever and
wherever she gave him the opportunity.
They made a striking-looking couple to-
gether, and even now, a month and
half later, will be twenty-two next October, and
tall, dark Pete, not quite five years
her senior.

When they danced together, or ate a
quick buffet supper together, or laughed
together in the corner of some Hollywood
drawing room, there was about them a
quality that is rare in movetown: They
were of the young couple. They were high
style, in the most fashionable meaning of
that term, and they really glowed.

Now, perhaps one reason that Peter's
career hasn't quite attained the peak that
his talent and his good looks infinitely
merit is because he is always a little lost
between two worlds. His basic upbringing
and training were in England with Eng-
lish ways, yet, that is half his lifetime
behind him. He still lives in London, his
father and mother to whom there are still things
about America which prove a little baffling.
Sharman has confessed to friends that
she, too, lives in two worlds. She thinks
now she prefers life in England. She
likes the solidity of life abroad with its jumbled
combination of the modern and
the ancient, its pomp and its quiet luxury,
but in America, she is glad she can be less form
at home. At the Garter, in the Mall, or
Prince's Gate, there is always too much
going on, too many functions to attend for
her to have time for breakfast in bed, when
she is a luscious flower after the work of
wood. And she adored riding around in
convertibles, with the top down, and visiting
movie sets and fun stuff like that.

Peter followed her back to New York,
where with a certain amount of after
reporters, Sharman said, "Nothing to it,
absolutely," when they questioned her
about him. "I had my trip to Hollywood
planned before I ever met him." Peter
didn't try to impress her. M-G-M, sensing international
complications, told him to get back home and
quickly.

There is, however, that Cupid of modern
life, the telephone. Peter's long-distance
phone bills really became a caution. All
summer. All fall. Last winter, he went to
Palm Beach, fashionable Palm Beach.
There were many letters, many phone calls,
and a few from Hollywood, but what did
Peter do but call Sharman. There was\n
one night when he tracked her all over
London, found her, finally, in the most elegant
of her life, with a column of title.
It cost about five dollars a minute to talk, and he talked for about fifteen
minutes.

Maybe that isn't love, but it certainly is
romance.

And maybe it wasn't love that sent Peter
to London this past April fourth, but
it was close enough to the look of love to
have Mrs. Douglas issue a careful state-
ment. Very much the American Embasy,
that "Peter is just a good friend of the
family, and is visiting Sharman's brother
as much as herself."

However, when Peter was questioned
about the brothers, he said innocently,
"Both Sharman's brothers are back in
the States."

In every way, however, Peter behaved
exactly as was expected of him. He was
well above a whisper. It was Peter whom
Sharman chose for her escort at the most
select event of the London season, the
Hunt Ball of the Galway Blazers. Dav
twasn't too far away when they came back from
that ball, yet the very next night
they were together at "Sonny" Bland-
ford's birthday party. And not only that but
they were also together that day. Sharman
had been the evening before
in pale lavender tulle. That day, she was
sedately dressed as a nurse's aide, doing
her chores at the Children's Hospital
where she is a volunteer. Very, very, hard,
working hours each day.

Even while telling the English reporter:
(who are just as inquisitive as ours) that
there was positively no engagement be-
tween the two, Peter did not a
mention the birthday party for "Sonny
Blandford. And if he was doing a bit o
name-dropping, you really can't blame him there, for "Sonny" is a lot of name to drop. He's the Marquis of Blandford who is the most persistent escort of Princess Margaret Rose.

Besides, this was such an exclusive party at the very posh Ciro's. All the guests, save Peter and Sharman, were shoots from Britain's oldest family trees.

Nothing but champagne was served. Nothing but laughter was registered. Sharman wore a dress that wouldn't have packed worth a cent, it being an off-the-shoulder white tulle with a billowing two-tiered skirt. Around her slim throat, she had a double string of pearls. Real pearls, you may be sure, and unlike a Hollywood girl, she let it go at that.

The other guests danced until two-thirty, but Peter and Sharman slipped away at midnight.

Or almost. They had been dodging photographers all evening long, as they whirled, lost in one another's arms, around the dance floor. But, waiting by the taxi-stand for a cab, they couldn't dodge any longer. The photographs, published the next day, made them both look unhappy. But nobody knew then just why.

It turned out then that "Sonny's" party was their last date together. In April, in London, at any rate. The next morning Sharman left London to be a guest of the Royal Family at Windsor Castle, a mere matter of eighteen miles, but five thousand miles, if you haven't that entree.

Peter boarded a plane for France to visit there, not another fascinating girl, but an Army friend of Peter's father, an English captain.

Back in Hollywood, Peter says, talking of Sharman, "She's a most charming girl. She has so much poise, greater than anyone I know and it's remarkable because she's only twenty-one." Then he adds, "No, honestly, we aren't engaged and that ridiculous story that I gave her a diamond bracelet, well, really!"

However, just six weeks later, Sharman flew to New York where she was an attendant at the wedding of her friend Melissa Weston.

"I don't know," she told reporters, "whether or not Peter will fly in from Hollywood."

But Peter did, in time to accompany Sharman to all the pre-nuptial parties. On the day of the wedding Peter was among the first arrivals at the church. And during the ceremony and later at the reception his eyes never left Sharman, a lovely bridesmaid in pale peach tulle.

Doesn't it look as though he cares, quite a lot? Everyone close to him and Sharman say they both care quite a lot—and are only waiting for her parents' permission to tell the world.

We can't say it definitely will happen, of course. But if it did, wouldn't it be romantic?

THE END

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An Indian raid holds no terror for Gregg Martell, Anthony Curtis and James Best, who appear as members of the United States Cavalry in U-I’s “Winchester ’73.”

MCKESSON & ROBBINS

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Hollywood Divorces Aren't My Fault

(Continued from page 54) the most important of all relationships between a man and a woman.

How much did the press have to do with Frank Sinatra's wandering from home? Or with Shirley Temple's separation from John Agar? Or Betty Hutton's divorce from Ted Brickin? Or with the recent sensational "false alarm" about the Crosbys?

No reporter could have broken any one of these stories without firm foundation because: If there was not a journalistic sense of honor to restrain reputable reporters (the others do not count), the libel laws which govern newspapers, magazines and radio chatter would! All three news outlets maintain legal departments as protection against careless items.

I mention these legal protections to Hollywood marriages merely to prove how foolish is the old battle cry that writers and radio commentators say "anything" just to beat other reporters to the "scoop."

If THIS were true, the Frank Sinatras' troubles would have been aired a good six weeks before they were. Let me explain: I ignored dozens of tips that Frank and Nancy Sinatra were at the breaking point for the second time. The Sinatras had been having their ups and downs for several years, even to separating once before. So I believed any difficulties they might be having would and could be solved.

Then Frank moved out and I telephoned Nancy because an actual separation is news. Nancy said, at that time, "Yes, he has moved out—but I am sure he will come back. We have something too beautiful to break up. We just had a quarrel."

I used the story just that way in spite of added knowledge that had been given me that Frankie was being seen everywhere, and openly, with Ava Gardner.

I am sure that all the reporters were aware of this triangle and that Nancy was unhappy about it—but it was not until the Houston episode that Frank and Ava forced their friendship into the open—and I mean, forced.

Frank got into a fight with a photographer who was trying to take a picture of him and Ava at a dinner party. Who in his right mind could blame the photographer? Frank and Ava, both news, were dining in public in a public spot.

The cameraman would not have had any reason to try for such a picture if Ava had been in Hollywood where she belonged and not in Houston where Frank was fulfilling a singing engagement.

When Ava traveled to Texas to see Frankie—I say they asked for what they got. But from that moment on, Sinatra has blamed his troubles on the press.

Just how bitter he is was demonstrated during the last few weeks of his radio broadcasts when he closed his programs with a sarcastic "Good night, Louella" and sometimes mentioned other writers he held responsible for his triangle woes.

What did he think? That he could tell the world he was in love with glamorous Ava and still be ignored? Certainly not. Frank is far too important a figure.

He made the news (the press only reported) when he flew to Spain to see Ava—a desperate boy, I believe, who has hurt himself perhaps more than anyone else.

I do not know if a single columnist has not hoped out loud in print that when Frankie is all through being "all mixed up" that he will return to Nancy and his three children. And, with other Hollywood writers, I sincerely believe that the Sinatras will eventually be together again. Is this "meddling" by the press?

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Hear the Walter Winchell Program, ABC Network, Sunday Nights
Certainly if the true facts are told no one can accuse the press of criticizing the Bing Crosbys. There had been rumors for weeks that the Crosbys had made a property settlement and were on the verge of a separation. But not a word was printed.

Far from being "victims," Dixie and Bing and their wonderful family of four boys have long been the darlings of the writers, admired, respected and protected. The tiffs which occur in all marriages have always been completely ignored where the Crosbys are concerned.

I am sure Bing will be surprised if he reads this to know that a remark of his was responsible for setting off the fuse which eventually hit the headlines. When he was sailing for Europe, he said to ship reporters, "Yes, Dixie is cross with me because I am not taking her."

Dixie, in Hollywood, was making no secret to her friends that she felt her place was with Bing on his European vacation. But still I believe that nothing would have hit the headlines if, suddenly and unexpectedly, Bing's lawyer, John O'Melveny, had not issued a "statement" released to all newspapers.

In effect, the statement said that there had been no property settlement but there were "strained relations" between the Crosbys. Everything was in abeyance until Mr. Crosby's return from Europe. ... and their parting act — but Dixie and Bing. I telephoned Larry Crosby and he said Dixie and Bing had had some trouble last year, but he believed it had been patched up. "Statements" flew thick and fast for twenty-four hours until Bing officially ended the nonsense by saying there was nothing to it, "all was well."

Writers, as well as fans all over the world, were delighted that the estrangement between the Crosbys was not any more than just a little family quarrel. The denial was printed even more prominently than the story of their rift which, I repeat, would never have been printed except for that "handout" from lawyer O'Melveny.

I am always amused to read that Ted Briskin believes that a press unfriendly to him was one of the reasons for his marriage troubles with Betty Hutton. The honest truth is that Ted meddled with the press far more than the press meddled with him. I remember one occasion in particular. It was at the time when he and Betty parted the first time and before their actual reconciliation.

Betty, Ted learned, was planning to dine with a woman friend at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Although he knew Betty was not speaking to him, he called a photographer pal of his and told him that if he would show up at the Brown Derby that night he would get a "scoop" on the Hutton-Briskin reconciliation! But never, never was the photographer to mention that Ted had tipped him off. At the appointed time, Ted casually strolled into the Derby and pretended to be quite surprised to see Betty. They chatted for a minute and he sat down. "Thank heaven" — as he had been cued to do — the photographer bore down on them with his camera.

"Betty, completely unaware of what had gone on, was furious. She hit the ceiling, "And I eat in peace?" she cried, "My husband and I met tonight by chance. This is not a reconciliation."

It was the poor cameraman's turn to be made by this time — and he told her that Ted had tipped him to the story and that he was not trailing her nor attempting to get a phony news picture!

**BETTY** and Ted did reconcile about ten days after that — only to part again.

When the final break came, Ted did some more of his elaborate maneuvering with the press. He called his favorite columnist and gave the story of his break with Betty as an "exclusive" in exchange for a good break for himself. He said, "She has always walked out before, I'm the one who is through this time."

When his "friend" printed this exact remark, the press took it on the chin again for being unglamorous about Betty in the Briskin break. But, may I ask you, who was really "unglamorous" about their parting — not only in his statement but in not giving the lady the chance to speak first?

It is an entirely erroneous impression that the Hollywood press delights in breaking divorce stories. Reporters are well aware of the fact that sensational divorces are bad business for Hollywood and what is bad business for Hollywood is bad business for all of us involved in this industry.

No one with an ounce of sympathy wants to see any marriage break up! And I can say for the everlasting credit of the press that Shirley Temple and John Agar were wonderfully protected right up until that final explosion which so greatly shocked their fans — Shirley's admission that she was leaving her husband.

It may be hard to believe but the "news hungry" press of our town was fully aware of trouble between the Agars a full six months before the rift broke. Shirley and John frequently quarreled in public, oftentimes in night clubs (a favorite spot for reporters) — but the most eager news hawk did not want to put Shirley's troubles into print.

Somehow, the little girl who grew up in our midst, whose marriage seemed to be a part of our own lives and whose baby seemed to belong to all of her friends and fans must have her marriage saved. We wanted Shirley and her young husband to

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save their marriage if it was humanly possible. It wasn't!

As a reporter who is supposed to love scoops (and do love all of them but divorces) I have been asked if I have ever withheld a "news" break if there was a chance of troubled couples working out their problems. The answer is "Yes"—and I am sure I speak for many reputable reporters.

How many times have I heard from one or both members of a totering family, "Yes, Louella—we are having trouble. But we hope we can solve our problem. Please don't say anything about it while we are trying to work out their troubles."

I have never violated such a confidence—and I never shall. I can also tell you that seeing an endangered marriage work out successfully is far more of a thrill than breaking a divorce story!

WITHOUT mentioning names, let me tell you the story of how two famous stars worked out the problem of rumors vs. their marriage. I had heard that all was far from well. So I called the actress and put it on the line to her.

"Yes, Louella," she regretfully admitted. "We have hit a big snag. My husband does not want me to continue my career. He thinks one career in the family is enough but, just like a male, he is convinced his should be the career to continue. He believes that a woman's place is in the home. But I have worked all my life—my work means a lot to me, too. We are still living under the same roof—but we are a house divided.

"I think I could even stand that—but how much longer can I stand up under the gossip? On every hand I hear whispers about us—as though people want our marriage to break up.

"The other day a press agent for one of the small cafes called me and asked if that was my husband dining there the previous night with his leading lady? Of course, his excuse was that the man may have just looked like my husband—but his real motive was to let me know my husband was there! Sometimes I think I can't take any more of that—people prying, whispering, guessing. Sometimes I think it would be easier to shout, 'Yes, it's all over between us. If we admit that—will you leave us alone?' Louella, she almost sobbed, 'what can I do?'"

"Listen to me," I said, "and listen straight. Does your marriage mean anything to you?"

"Of course," she replied, "it's my whole happiness when it's right.”

"Then make it right," I went on, "Get rid of the idea that people want you to be unhappy—because no one does. Then get at the thing that is making you unhappy. You have just one decision to make: Which means the most to you, your husband or your career?"

"My husband!" she replied without an instant's hesitation.

"Then, for heaven's sake, tell him so!" said I. And she did!

That was a year ago—and the sequel to this story is that the husband was so touched by her sacrifice that he told her he wanted her to accept screen roles occasionally because he thought she was the best actress on the screen!

Today they are again a happy couple and the only people who know they were on the verge of breaking up are certain reporters, like myself, who checked a story and kept a confidence.

And this is no isolated example. There have been many such in Hollywood, when the stars have played fair with the press. Believe me, gossip writers do not break up Hollywood marriages.

The End
Here's how to take the worry out of child care

It's not a simple job to raise a healthy, happy baby. When baby is cranky and irritable you fret and worry—and then you can't do a good job. But if you can have expert advice, available at all times, you know what to do and you eliminate worry.

Your baby may have his own doctor, but there are many ways in which you can help him by knowing how to handle the many everyday problems that constantly confront you. Here is your opportunity to get expert advice from someone who really knows about babies and small children. In his new book, How to Raise Your Baby, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, the famous "quintuplet" doctor, gives you valuable information you need to know about your child.

You'll be interested to know how Dr. Dafoe answers the breast-fed versus bottle-fed baby problem. Or how Dr. Dafoe gets the fussy child who won't eat vegetables or drink milk to take to these necessary foods—and relish them! Then there is the question of the afternoon nap...and the child who won't take it. Dr. Dafoe's sound method for solving this complaint is amazing. And if you follow the doctor's tricks for training in toilet habit, you'll save yourself time and work.

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FRESH BROILED PERCH

Hold fish by tail under cold water and scrape against scales to remove them. Remove fins, head and tail. Split along bottom from head to tail and remove entrails. Wash with cold water and wipe dry. Brush with melted butter or salad oil and salt and pepper to taste. Place on hot, well-greased broiler pan 2 inches from heat, broil 5 minutes. Turn, brush again with butter and cook 10 minutes longer. Serve with 1/4 cup lemon juice combined with 1/4 cup melted butter.

BOILED LOBSTER

Allow 1 small or half a large lobster per serving. Fill large kettle 1/2 full of water, adding 2 tbsp. salt for each quart. Bring to rapid boil. Plunge lobsters head downward into water. Boil covered, 20 minutes. Remove and place on back until cool enough to handle. Chop off small claws, using a stainless steel or silver knife. Cut off head to tail. Remove and discard stomach sac (near head) and black vein running from head to tail. Discard spongy tissue. Serve hot, garnished with parsley or lemon.

CRACKED CRAB ON ICE

Hard-shelled crabs may be purchased already cooked. Allow one to two crabs per serving, and chill well. One may be cooked and kept hot in a kettle for 15 minutes. Drain. When cool enough to handle, remove legs and claws by bending backwards so that they break. Break shell with a hammer. To remove body shell, turn crab on its back. Insert point of knife under "apron" that folds under body from rear, and remove. Insert both thumbs in tail opening, and pull shells apart. Hold lower shell with attached meat under running water and wash out cavity. Remove gills and spongy material between the two halves and at sides of shell. Boil 15 minutes. Pluck out claws along outer edge. Chill thoroughly. Garnish with parsley and lemon wedges.

Serve two seafood sauces with the crab and lobster—mayonnaise mixed with lemon juice, catsup mixed with hot meat sauce.
GREEN GODDESS SALAD
Cut into 1/2-inch pieces:
8 fillets of anchovies
Add:
2 tablespoons finely chopped chives
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 teaspoon seasoning salt
1/4 cup finely chopped parsley and
tarragon leaves
1/4 cup red wine vinegar
3 cups mayonnaise
Beet together until well blended. Rub a
large wooden salad bowl with garlic.
Wash, trim, and pat dry:
2 heads of romaine
2 heads of endive
1 head of chicory
Break into bowl.
Peel, pit: 2 avocados
Cut into 1-inch chunks. Sprinkle
with lemon juice. Peel and cut 2 grapefruits
into sections. Add fruits to greens in bowl.
Pour dressing over all and toss lightly.

INDIVIDUAL PEACH PIES
Combine in saucepan:
2 cups sugar
5 tablespoons cornstarch
1 1/4 teaspoons salt
Add 1 cup water gradually.
Add: 10 cups peaches, peeled and sliced.
Bring to a boil, and boil 1 minute. Cool.
Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice.
Make up according to directions 3 boxes of
pastry mix, or this recipe for
Plain Pastry:
Sift together into bowl:
5 cups sifted flour
2% teaspoons salt
Add:
1 1/3 cups shortening
Cut fat into flour mixture with pastry
blender or two knives until mixture
resembles coarse corn meal. Sprinkle 1 cup
cold water gradually over mixture. Toss
constantly and lightly with fork to combine.
Chill 15 minutes. Divide pastry
into four parts; place one on board, return
remainder to refrigerator. Roll out
dough 1/8-inch thick, and cut into four 6
1/2-inch rounds. Line two pans with rounds.
Place in each pan about 1/4 (little more
than a cup) of the cooled filling. Cut out
different shapes from centers of the two
remaining rounds. (Use tea-cake cutters
or cardboard patterns.) Place over peaches.
Moisten edge and turn under lower crust.
Form a standing rim. To make fancy
edge: Hold thumb and forefinger on inside of pastry. Press together. Continue
around rim. Bake pies on lower shelf of
hot oven (425° F) 20 to 30 minutes, or
until delicately browned. Repeat, until 8
pies are finished.
(Corinne Calvet will be seen in Hal
Wallis's "My Friend Irma Goes West," John
Bromfield in "The Furies," Diana Lynn in
"Peggy," Joan Caulfield in "The Petty
Girl," Bob Stack in "Torero.")

The End
Choose Your Star

Phyllis Kirk: Current, "Our Very Own"; next, "The Tender Hours." Very smart in both meanings of the word, wearing her clothes beautifully and concealing her brains so neatly, boys go for her. Like a young Eve Arden at a higher temperature reading.

Pamela Raymond: Current, "Devil's Doorway." Next, Crisis, opposite Cary Grant, no less! She's like a very young, extra pretty Myrna Loy (Mr. Grant's favorite leading lady, except for Mrs. Grant). Has the same type of delightful warmth Myrna radiates. It's done ginger-peachy by Myrna, so it looks peachier for Paula.

Debbie Reynolds: Current, "Three Little Words." Next, "The Tender Hours." A cutie-pie, with a cute voice, cute face and brains enough not to act goofy. Dances, too, and her only danger is being overtyped as a "itty bitty fing."

James Whitmore: Current, "Ashphalt Jungle." Next, "The Next Voice You Hear." Didn't get the Oscar for best supporting role this year in "Battleground," but was nominated for it. No glamour boy, but a terrific actor, which is often more lasting, if less exciting.

Paramount—which used to be the prize "discoveror," unearthed no one important last year and this year has only three new people under contract, and even at that, only them. Nancy Olson, is left over from last year.

Nancy Olson: Current, "Sunset Boulevard." Next, "Union Station." Then "Mr. Music." Distinctive to look at, young, brainy, she can make the top if she wants to. Recently, she married millionaire Alan Jay Lerner, or how lucky can a girl be?

Lyle Bettger: First picture, "No Man of Her Own." Next, "Union Station." So distinctive, he's a blond who plays heavies, and so smoky-eyed and voiced, preview audiences, female sector, sat up and yelled "gimme." Paramount is rushing him into pictures faster than they can say "Standing Room Only."

Jan Sterling: Current, "Caged." Next, "Union Station." Blonde, sexy, but with a blissful sense of humor. Should make the grade.

The course of RKO under the management of Howard Hughes still makes it a studio hard to calculate accurately. Hughes is a great individualist, and he can afford to do as he desires. Right now, Jack Beutel, whom he has had under contract for years, is getting his first break with the general release of "The Outlaw." Hughes says he plans "big things" for Jack now, such as co-starring with Robert Ryan in "Half-Breed."

Currently, Mr. Hughes has four other new personalities under contract. The most important one is:

Faith Domergue: Like Beutel, this shrewd millionaire has had Faith under wraps for years. She's a beautiful girl, a true Creole, with dark hair and eyes and a beautiful figure. She has two already finished pictures, "Vendetta," which she made nearly five years ago, and "Where Danger Lives," opposite Robert Mitchum. Probably the latter will be released first, but this is a guess.

Joan Dixon: Current, "Bunco Squad." Next, not yet set. A thin, long-haired girl, she has distinctive acting ability.

William Talman: Current, "The Woman on Pier 12." Next, "Armored Car Robbery." Not handsome, but a good actor, it's hard to tell anything about his chances under a studio banner where so few pictures are being immediately shot. This also applies to:

Charles McGraw: Also in "Armored Car Robbery," and next in "His Kind of Woman." Charlie, too, isn't handsome but he is forceful, the rugged gangster type.

Maybe it's because the major studios, with smaller contract lists than ever before, tend not to loan their players as frequently, or maybe it's also because new discoveries cost less money, but whatever it is, the smaller studios this year are the signingest. Tiny Republic, as an example, contrary to all precedents, actually has five new names signed on their various dotted lines. Two are the property of John Ford, now releasing through Republic. Meaning:

Ben Johnson: Current, "Wagon Master." What comes next only Ford knows but it will be good, that's for sure. Surely you remember Ben in "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon." A real cowboy with a cowman's low gait, quiet ease, persuasive voice and eyes. Ford declares he'll be the next great outdoor star.

Harry Carey Jr.: Current, "Wagon Master"; next, "Rio Bravo." Folksy quality that did so much for his father may do the same for him.

Barbra Fuller: Current, "Savage Horde"; next, "Lonely Heart Bandits." Barbra isn't beautiful, but then neither is Betty Davis. And young Miss Fuller already shows much of the Davis dynamic and versatility. She should have only a short way to go to stardom.

Penny Edwards: Current, "Sunset in the

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Personal Products Corporation
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Hugh O'Brian: Another Ida Lupino
finds clicks in "Rocketship X M"

Paula Raymond: Debut in "Devil's Doorway," boosted stock sky high
William Ching: Current, "In a Lonely Place." Next, "Showdown." He's not at all the "Republic" type, being English by birth, a singer and a serious dramatic actor. Will have to fight to avoid miscasting, perhaps.

Twentieth Century-Fox—has the largest crop of young players under contract. Of its junior grade stars, we would personally put a large, fat wager on these four: Marilyn Monroe, Dale Robertson, Robert Patten and small Debra Puget. The others look impressive, but here's the list for you to choose from:

Marilyn Monroe: Current, "Asphalt Jungle." Beautiful as a young Turner (Lana we mean). Same kind of scorcher. Twentieth discovered her, dropped her and has now re-signed her to a contract after her standout in "Jungle."

Robert Patten: Current, "Twelve O'Clock High." next, "An American Guerrilla in the Philippines." Darkly handsome, Bob is more than a glamour boy. He's had excellent little theater training; his studio executives like him; he knows his way around.

Dale Robertson: Current, "Cariboo Trail"; next, "Two Flags West." He has the height, the darkness, the swoon sock important for stardom, plus a background more than a bit fantastic, having majored in law at college and having earned his way through his law course as a boxer. Really solid, this one.


Lee MacGregor: Current, "Twelve O'Clock High"; next, not set. A charmer, he began by being office boy to Darryl Zanuck, boss of Twentieth, got promoted to actor by the studio secretaries' feminine giggles of enthusiasm.

Hugh Marlowe: Current, "Night and the City"; next, "Rawhide," which it's whispered, he all but steals from star Tyman Power. Will probably stand out more for acting than for thrill-sending.

Gary Merrill: Current, "Twelve O'Clock High"; next, "Where the Sidewalk Ends." An excellent actor, he may be handicapped by being considerably older than the other contenders.

Craig Hill: Current, "Cheaper by the Dozen"; next, "All About Eve." On his tall, handsome frame, there's draped a lot of youthful, very male come-hither. Very serious about his acting, he has great promise, shall.

Twentieth is also grooming an interesting and varied group of feminine contenders for a star position on the lot.


Cecil Aubry: Current, "The Black Rose"; no further assignment. Twentieth's other French girl, but in teen-age contrast to Prelle. Excellent dramatic training, pert, very cooperative, the studio is waiting to see what you do about her.

Helen Westcott: Current, "The Gunfighter." Extra tall, very serious, highly ambitious, happily married. If complete concentration on every aspect of career will do, Helen's in.

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Richard Hylton: Resumes stalled career in “The Halls of Montezuma”

Debra Paget: Worked three years for chance in “Broken Arrow”
Tom Bosell: Current, "No Life of Her Own." Next, "Mr. Music." Very funny comedian with great stage background.

John Barrymore Jr.: His first, "The Sundowners." Next, "Deadfall." Definitely inherited his father's famous profile; his beautiful mother's (Dolores Costello) charm. Only seventeen; a little unsure of himself, but wildly ambitious.


Finally, there is that large, eager group who have clicked in pictures, but not sufficiently to make the studios grab them or critics cry for them. This can be said for the lot of them: They are all hopeful. In a way, they are also the hope of Hollywood, for their ambition, their sacrifices, spur on all the others. And who can tell, someday one of them may get that break, may even become a Garbo, a Gable. Because Clark did kick around in the freelances ranks for years, you remember.

Here, at least, are the most outstanding of the eager kids.


Helen Stanley: Current, "I'll Get By." Luscious redhead, but has probably been around too many studios.

Bruni Lobel and Cornell Borchers: German girls in "The Big Lift." No options.

Jean Ruth: Current, "Riding High." Cute little blonde.

Lois Choryrand: Current, "A Place in the Sun." Young character actress.

Johnny Davis: Current, "The Lawless." Dark, good-looking.

Paul Christians: Current, "Bagdad.

Handsome European.


Todd Andrews: Current, "Outrage." Fairish looks.


Leo Penn: Last picture. "Not Wanted."

Sultry, sex boy.


Johnny Miles: Current, "The Tattooed Stranger." Nice kid.


Margaret Phillips: Current, "A Life of Her Own." Fine stage background.

And that's it. Cast your vote on the ballot on page 44. All votes must be marked by midnight on August 20. The winners will be announced in the November issue. Following the close of the contest, Photoplay will feature the actresses and actors you choose with stories and portraits in color.

Who are the "most likely to succeed" in 1937? We want you, always the jury, to tell us.

THE END

Are you as lovely as you can be? See page 12

Paid Notice
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The Murphy Plan

It’s the reason why George is called “Hollywood’s Ambassador of Good Will”

Murph, as George is called, has been married to Juliette for twenty-four years

FOR more years than he has fingers and toes, George Murphy has been serving the people. Brains, brawn, wit and willingness keep him constantly in demand. However, his is a deep-rooted desire to dedicate time and talent to activities in film, civic and charity circles. “Murph,” as he’s affectionately called from California to Kalamazoo, loves people. Loving people, in his quiet, sincere way, he says: “To have faith in each other, people must understand each other. If my presence or my spoken word will help to bring about a universal understanding, the least I can do is—to try.”

Since 1936 when he signed at M-G-M, they refer to Murphy as “The Culver City Ambassador of Good Will.” First and foremost his heart belongs to show business. His faith in Hollywood’s power for good remains so unshaken, he’s determined our town shall not be judged by the irresponsible few who have transgressed. Murphy could well point to himself as one of many shining examples. Like such friends as the Jimmy Cagneys, the Fred Astaires, the Robert Montgomerys and the Pat O’Briens, the Murphys have been married for many years. Twenty-four if you care to count. Besides George and Julie, there’s Dennis who is eleven, Melissa who is six.

“THERE’ve been a few rough spots along the way.” That “map” of Ireland beams when he says it. “But it certainly has never been dull.”

From September of last year to February of this, it’s estimated he’s covered 35,000 miles. Stop-offs included Chicago, Detroit, Washington (D. C.), London, Dublin and Paris. Murphy talked, people listened.

George calls more people in more cities by their first names, than any other actor. The good will this catapults toward Hollywood could never be garnered by gold. His take-home pay is a satisfied heart that tells him a few thousand more people know what’s right with the town he loves.

Being a modest man, Murph couldn’t possibly recognize the reverence held for him by his fellow actors. Probably master of ceremonies Paul Douglas best summed it up when he introduced Murphy at this year’s Academy Awards. “So many say so many nice things about George Murphy,” Paul declared, “you’d actually think he was dead!”

When he isn’t addressing church groups, Rotary Clubs or helping to curb juvenile delinquency, Murphy serves as Vice-President of the Screen Actors Guild—which recalls a recent incident, so typical of the Murphy charm and humor. “In five weeks’ time I was in nineteen newsreels,” George grins. “But I hadn’t made a movie in two years!”

“Being away so much, I have to keep reminding M-G-M that I’m still an actor who wants to act—to say nothing of those appetites that keep getting bigger and bigger at home. I’m ready any time to make another ‘Battleground,’ or ‘Little Nelly Kelly,’ my two favorite pictures. As a matter of record, I sent the studio front office a wire recently, that read: ‘Actor at liberty, My suit is pressed. Will work with or without beard!’ With George Murphy in mind primarily, it was his friend, the eminent Herbert Hoover (once President of the United States), who said: “Actors are the only people who give away the thing they have to sell.”

Hollywood’s Number One giver replied: “It’s worth it if you get results.”
Story of a Last Year's Winner

(Continued from page 45) worse, I consoled myself, unpacking in my new nine-by-nine abode. But they did. Until finally, just before Photoplay's 1944 "Choose Your Star" contest results hit the stands, I had to part with my 30-06 rifle, which I prized not only because of a man's natural pride in his gun, but because Sue had given it to me for a Christmas present before we were married. Sue still doesn't know (until she reads this) that I sold it for $50. Or that I had to.

I was down to my last pennies then, and literally. For no particular reason, other than getting them out of my pockets, I've always had the habit of saving pennies. For a year, I'd been depositing pennies in a gallon jug.

Brother, those were in truth pennies from Heaven. Never will I forget that whole day I spent down on the floor "dressing" them. The bank won't buy them unless they're in $1 packages.

THEN, just when I was scraping bottom with my pride, and the penny jar, as to whether to keep on hoping or give up and go home, I was voted second in Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" Poll.

I must explain, to go back a bit, that I broke into pictures almost too easily. When I'd hitch-hiked out from West Texas to Hollywood four years before, I'd been an adventurous wanderer of seventeen, determined to write, to travel, to take a tramp steamer, and all the rest of it. But never, by any stretch of even my imagination, had I thought of becoming a motion picture star. I had no genuine desire to act. I'd thought that was sissy stuff. I did join a little theater group in Hollywood, but I didn't seriously expect anything ever to come of it. It was just that most of the other kids I met were working at acting and it sounded like fun.

Very shortly, I was "discovered." At that time, I was parking cars days at the Hollywood Brown Derby and working nights acting at the theater. This particular evening after I'd been working all day in the rain, I was so tired I just drifted on and off stage.

Which is probably why Henry Willson, then talent executive for Selznick International Studios, told the director enthusiastically, "He's the most relaxed kid I've ever seen!" Relaxed? I couldn't even move. He telephoned next day saying David O. Selznick was postponing a trip to New York just to see me.

The studio let me borrow a suit from wardrobe to replace my levis. Shirley Temple graciously agreed to make the test with me. Shirley had her back to the camera and whenever she sensed I was getting nervous she'd make faces at me or wisecrack. She kept me laughing so much I couldn't be self-conscious and Mr. Selznick, when he saw my test, was impressed with my naturalness.

I was given a good part in "Till the End of Time," followed by "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," and was then loaned out to Paramount for "Blaze of Noon."

Feeling that I was really set, soon after my eighteenth birthday I phoned Sue Allen, my best girl friend back home, asking her to fly out and marry me. And she did.

I "went Hollywood," I'm afraid, in a hurry. After parking cars, that weekly $300 paycheck looked pretty impressive. I bought a car, got myself an apartment in Beverly Hills, amassed a flashy wardrobe, and Sue and I frequented all the top Sunset Strip night clubs. Acting, I philosophized, was a ball. Instead of making the most of the opportunity given me, I usually ditched my dramatic lessons at the studio. Unluckily (for me), I got fair reviews in the pictures I made. "Watch this boy," one critic wrote. "He shows great promise." By this time I thoroughly agreed with him.

But the joy ride was soon over. You can't, I was told to learn, just hitch-hike through a Hollywood career.

After "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," Dore Schary, then a producer at RKO, bought most of my contract. Mr. Selznick was inactive in production at that time. Later, when Mr. Schary went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, nobody else at RKO, where I'd made no effort to become acquainted, had anything for me. Rather than risk having my option dropped, I asked for my release. And had no difficulty obtaining it.

During the long idle months that followed I was worried and moody. This, added to the fact that I was too immature emotionally to handle the responsibilities I'd assumed, was as much to blame as anything else for the fact that my marriage, too, washed up. Certainly it was no fault of Sue's. She's still my best friend, and with us, that's no cliche.

Lean days ensued. And from where I sat, and sat, I looked at life if it'd be a lot leaner. They were, too. Motion picture production in general had fallen off. And nobody, absolutely nobody required the relaxed services of one Johnny Sands.

I did some summer stock at Laguna. Finally, I got a part with Guy Madison and Rory Calhoun in "Massacre River." Then,
ex except for an occasional call for Lux Radio Theatre, for eighteen months I didn't work at all. My only performance (the toughest) was keeping face and swelling pride, in my case a king-sized Texas mouthful.

After I made the touch on the penny jug I started fishing for a living. Fishing kept me in shape and in hamburgers. Seven months I found my way down the bank at Santa Monica ready to board the fishing boat that went out in quest of halibut, barracuda and bass. I paid $4.50 fare and hopped to get more than my money back. When the boat got back in the evening I'd stop at the fish market and weigh and sell my catch. Some days I'd make $30 profit; others I'd barely break even with my initial investment. And if any of my pals had anything to say when I staggered home tired, dirty, and smelling of the briny deep, I'd go into enthusiastic details about my new "hobby" and what they expected, Chanel No. 87?

BUT I really didn't realize just how far off the gold standard I'd gotten until one afternoon when I stopped by to see a friend. He had a script he wanted me to see. He thought there might be something in it for me. In answer to his concerned, "How have you been?" I said kiddingly (I hoped), "Oh, starving." But I must have read the wrong line for he was in there quick, with, "Look, don't ever do that. I'm an old friend. I don't have any dough, but you can always tap the refrigerator. Don't ever go hungry." How much this touched me I'll never know. But it also made me still more ashamed of my inactivity. What was a big husky guy like myself coming to? Things were really sad when my friends started offering me handouts.

It's when self-doubt sets in and your own confidence is shaken that you really start falling to pieces inside. You finally decide you have no inherent ability. You get shaky and ask yourself constantly, "If I give up here, what else can I do?" And the answer always comes out, "Nothing!" Nothing in a professional way, that is. I'd never been to college. I'd had no experience in any one job other than parking cars, working as a bus boy, and setting up pins in a bowling alley. None of them offered exciting future prospects. And after my whirl as a motion picture personality I knew I couldn't be satisfied going through life punching time-clocks in and out. However, I always wound up with the decision to stick around another month. Or two. Or twelve. "Something will happen," I kept telling myself.

Constructively, something good already had happened, even then. For while an Eastern trip I had taken hadn't netted a job, it had provided the incentive that formulated a whole new attitude about my career. I had seen the shows and met a number of the great stars of the theater. I was inspired and humbled by fine performances. For the first time I realized the great and constant effort such performances entail. For the first time I felt a fierce pride in my profession and realized how gratifying is the privilege of entertaining the public, of providing people, even for a little while, with an escape from the disappointments and discouraging lows in their own lives. I was ashamed of all the time I'd wasted in not working or studying, in being satisfied just to get by.

I knew, too, that being a good actor was the one thing I wanted from life. I began studying with Lester Luther, a wonderful drama coach who had faith in me. For months, I worked days and nights and Sundays. But I still couldn't get a part in a picture. I was too young. I wasn't the type. And now I was truly becoming discouraged. For here I was really going all out, working as hard as I could, trying to become a good actor, and still nothing happened. I wondered whether I would ever have a chance to prove to producers and directors that I had given the opportunity, I would really deliver.

Then, when I'd almost given up, you, the readers of Photoplay, gave me new opportunity. When you voted me second in the "Choose Your Star" Poll, I hadn't been in a picture for almost two years, and to say that I was surprised even to be in the running—much less a winner—would be putting it mildly. It's such a thrill to find that people not only remember you but are actually pulling for you! It gave me the lift of my life.

When the people speak, Hollywood listens. Producers were sufficiently impressed by your votes to give me other opportunities. When people take the trouble and time to write in and vote for you, it means they must like you. If they like you they'll pay to see you in pictures. That's simple.

In the last year I've been given an important role in "The Lawless," a Pine and Thomas production for Paramount, for which I'll always be grateful. Not only because it was quite a break, but because it provided the chance to play a different kind of role, a small comedy part. That has opened a whole new career for me. Such off-casting is invaluable for any young actor.

I received, too, my first real crack at comedy. I played a great part with Edmond O'Brien and Wanda Hendrix in that United Artists' laugh smash, "The Admiral Was a Lady." So now, at last long, thanks to Photoplay and its readers, the fortunes of these Sands are again shifting. This time in the right direction.

The End
Beach heat, girls, the ABC way! Yes, ma'am, your local American Broadcasting Company station offers the kind of programs that are refreshing summer "coolers"... programs that win-in-a-breeze for originality and interest.

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Vital Statistics: Producer-director Al Rogell went all the way to New York to find a pretty little comedianie to play the Wave. He wandered into a movie one night and saw Wanda Hendrix in "Prince of Foxes." She wasn't being comic. But Rogell decided then and there she was his girl. Another night he wandered in to see "I, O.A. (The Man's a Movie Fiend)" and decided that dramatic actor Edmund O'Brien would make a fine farcical comedian: Johnny Sands is the lad who placed second in the Bill Photo play poll for "best bets for stardom."

(F) The Admiral Was a Lady (Roxbury-IA)

Here's a picture made strictly for laughs. And it heaps up a goodly number of them too. Edmond O'Brien is an ex-GI with a pronounced aversion for work. He has it all figured out how he can parlay the Veterans Rehabilitation Program of twenty dollars a week into twenty-four hours of the day for his three combat buddies and himself. The buddies are Steve Brodie, Johnny Sands, and Dick Erdman. Their happy life is disturbed by Wanda Hendrix, the wife of a Washington, D.C. lawyer, who is trying to locate her missing fiancé. The fiancé is in the clutches of Hilary Brooke, the wife of judge box king Rudy Vallee, who threatens to give Eddie his job unless he returns to him. Eddie can take anything but a job. It's dizzy and breezy and fun. Rudy plays another of his fuddy-duddy tycoons, which started way back yonder in 'The Palm Beach Story' and Eddie makes a very amusing comedy team.

Your Reviewer Says: An off-the-beaten-track comedy.

Vital Statistics: Producer-director Al Rogell took time off from the Dodgers to play himself in the Hollywood story of his life. He does a good job of it, too. The picture tells it in a very American and heart-warming manner, how Jackie grew up a poor kid in Pasadena, California, who was nuts about baseball; how he entered the U. S. Navy boy in World War II; how he played baseball with an all-Negro team for less than peanuts; how Branch Rickey of the Brooklyn Dodgers picked him to break the desert league; and how he did it after many insults, and became a national hero. It makes a good movie. Ruby Dee plays Mrs. Rae Robinson, Jackie's wife. That fine actress, Louise Beavers, plays his mother.

(F) The Jackie Robinson Story (Jewel-Eagle Lion)

Baseball player Jack Roosevelt Robinson took time off from the Dodgers to play himself in the Hollywood story of his life. He does a good job of it, too. The picture tells it in a very American and heart-warming manner, how Jackie grew up a poor kid in Pasadena, California, who was nuts about baseball; how he entered the U. S. Navy boy in World War II; how he played baseball with an all-Negro team for less than peanuts; how Branch Rickey of the Brooklyn Dodgers picked him to break the desert league; and how he did it after many insults, and became a national hero. It makes a good movie. Ruby Dee plays Mrs. Rae Robinson, Jackie's wife. That fine actress, Louise Beavers, plays his mother.

(F) Mystery Street (M-G-M)

That Technicolor dancing boy, Ricardo Montalban, is turning out to be one of our better actors. Following his dramatic parts in "Battleground" and "Border Incident," Metro signed him to a long-term contract with a big boost in salary, and handed him the role of a police lieutenant in this mystery thriller. The story is told in seven different settings with an incident from the Department of Legal Medicine at Harvard. In fact, all the exteriors were taken around Boston and Cape Cod, which gives the film excellent authenticity. Wellent supporting actress B-girl (Jan Sterling) is found murdered at Cape Cod,
Marshall Thompson, who had berried the boy, is suspected. His wife, Sally Forrest, stands by him and helps the young police lieutenant solve his case. Elsa Lancaster is a snobby landlady who is not above a bit of blackmailing. You'll find the backstage workings of Harvard's famous Department of Legal Medicine highly interesting.

Your Reviewer Says: The scientists are mucilin.

Vital Statistics: Ricardo Montalban celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday on the set during production. The cast and crew surprised him with a huge chocolate cake, his favorite. While on location in the East, Ricardo was mobbed by Wellesley girls, had to be rescued by the police, which all goes to show that girls are girls, higher learning not or not... Pretty Sally Forrest was a chorine at Metro until she received her pink slip. Nearly broke her heart. Then Dean named her one of the useless mothers in "Not Wanted" and suddenly every studio in town wanted her, including Metro. Sally got her first car while making this picture, Ricardo nicknamed her "No Fenders Forrest" for obvious reasons. Sally's recently become engaged to agent Milo Frank.

(F) The Next Voice You Hear (M-G-M)

This is the vanguard of the "religious" films which, according to a survey, will be the next picture trend in Hollywood. Dore Schary was the first producer to make a film against anti-Semitism ("Crossfire") which started a trend now is the first one with the religious films. James Whitmore and Nancy Davis are cast as Mr. and Mrs. Joe Smith, Americans, and they live in suburban Los Angeles, near a plane plant where Joe is employed. Their son, Gary Gray, who has a paper route, and they are "expecting" their second any moment. At eight-thirty on a Tuesday night, as they are finishing up the dinner dishes, "God" suddenly speaks on the radio. Every night until the following Monday "He" speaks at eight-thirty. Adapted from a story by George Summer Albee, this, as you can readily surmise, is a most unusual picture.

Your Reviewer Says: It will be greatly dis-cussed.

Vital Statistics: James Whitmore, who played stand-out parts in "Battleground" and "Asphalt Jungle," was attending classes at Yale when he enlisted in the Marines. He had been described as "Mohawk's younger Tracy," and is rapidly becoming the white-haired boy at Metro. Nancy Davis is a graduate of Smith. She has appeared in four pic-tures at Metro but this is her first important role. The idea in this film was to concentrate on good acting, not on big glamorous "names."

(A) Night and the City (20th-Century-Fox)

That nasty boy, and excellent actor, Richard Widmark, has himself a field day in this film version of the sordid Ger-al Kersh novel of the same title. Complete with sneer, smirk and hysterical giggle, Dick plays a fast-talking, cheap-tongued for a tawdry London night club, an unwholesome young man who takes money from women. Two gals are in love with Dick: Gene Tierney, playing a dance hostess at the Silver Fox; and Googie Withers, the promiscuous wife of the owner of the joint, hefty Francis L. Sullivan. Hugh Marlowe, an altrusitic sculptor, is in love with Gene, and finally wins her. The crafty Dick makes a crooked deal with a dull-witted champion wrestler from Athens, and finds himself in the wrestling business, until The Law (Kelson) steps out of the fog.

Carpenters for Dickie, Mike Mazurki plays The Stranger, and Zbyrzycko the aging wrestler.

Your Reviewer Says: Seamy side up.

Housework Easy Without Nagging Backache

As we get older, stress and strain, over-excitement, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging thirst, loss of energy and appetite, headaches and dizziness. Getting up nights or frequent passages may result from minor blood irritations due to cold, dampsome or dietary indiscretions.

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Vital Statistics: This picture was made in London last summer, with the real Limehouse and Soho sections as locations. Googie Withers and Francis L. Sullivan are, as you know, English actors, as are most of the supporting players. Gene's husband, Oleg Cassini, designed her night club costumes for her. Oleg also took time off from his dress company in New York to see a second honeymoon with Gene. "My husband had the honeymoon," says Gene. "They kept me so busy on the picture I didn't get but one weekend in Paris."

✓ (A) Kind Hearts and Coronets (Rank-Eagle Lion)

PLAYED with British restraint and tongue-in-cheek humor this J. Arthur Rank import makes for an enjoyable evening at the movies. It's definitely for grownups who aren't stuffy. Dennis Price plays the English claimant who is eighth in line to the powerful Duchy of Chalfont. Snubbed by his royal relatives (his mother eloped with a lowly Italian singer), he plots vengeance when they refuse his mother's dying wish to be buried in the family vault. A young man of great charm and gentle wit he blithely commits a series of unsuspected murders that clear his way to the duchy.

Unfortunately, he commits a series of indiscretions, too, with Joan Greenwood, sort of a British Joan Fontaine. He becomes the tenth Duke of Chalfont; all right, marries the socially prominent Valerie Hobson, and carelessly outs himself right into the hanger's noose. That superb actor, Alec Guinness, plays all eight of the Ascoynes who are due for elimination.

Your Reviewer Says: Leave the kiddies at home with Hopalong Cassidy.

Vital Statistics: Alec Guinness is as busy as a beaver changing his make-up. He appears as The Duke, The Blood of the Panther, The General, The Admiral, Young Ascoyne, Young Henry and Lady Agatha. Guinness is now playing Disraeli to Irene Dunne's Queen Victoria in "The Mudlark."

✓ (F) Kill the Umpire (Columbia)

A.TER playing Babe Ruth in the film version of the Babe's life, William Bendix feels right at home on the baseball diamond. In this funny comedy Bill plays an ex-ballplayer whose life is so full of baseball that he gets fired from one job after another. His wife (Una Merkel) tells him she is leaving him for economic reasons. But his father-in-law, a former umpire (Ray Collins) comes up with a bright idea. He has Bill enroll in a school for umpires operated by tough guy William Frawley. When Bill gets a job to act as umpire in the championship play-off between the Gophers and the Redshackle Longhorns the future is bright, but Bill is too fond of the game. One moment he's a hero and the next it's "Kill the umpire!" Gloria Henry and Richard Taylor carry on a youthful romance.

Your Reviewer Says: A switch on the baseball formula.

Vital Statistics: Bill "Life of Riley" Bendix played professional baseball for a time in his younger days. So much for giving him that "no baseball" thing! It's nice to see Una Merkel again on the screen. There's a girl who, like Joan Davis, knows her comedy timing.

✓ (F) Beyond the Purple Hills (Columbia)

WHEN Gene Autry and Champion recover money stolen from the Cottowood National Bank, Gene is appointed sheriff by the town's judge. The judge's two boys, Hugh O'Brien and Don Reynolds, are "pardners" of Gene's, and when Gene arrests Hugh for his father's murder, tempers flare like a Roman candle. However, it is only a protective measure, and Gene loses no time, with the help of Pat Buttram, in tracking down the real murderer. This picture, a spectacular gun fight in which Gene and Champion start an avalanche to drive the murderer into the open. Jo Dennison has a moment of romance with Hugh O'Brien.

Your Reviewer Says: Typical Gene Autry.

Vital Statistics: Don Reynolds, known as "Little Brown Jug" to his Western fans, has been performing in rodeos since the age of three. Gene thinks enough of Don, now twelve, to let him play Little Champ through his tricks in this picture... Gene, who never kisses a girl in his pictures, very nearly gets kissed by pretty Jo Dennison in this one. But mindful of cinematic Western tradition Gene, the boy, goes astray... Jo, who learned to ride at the age of six when she was traveling with her father's medicine show, was "Miss America" at Atlantic City in 1942. This is her first Western.

✓ (F) Sunset in the West (Republic)

THIS time Roy Rogers and Trigger (billed by Republic as "The Smartest Horse in the Movies") have a gun-running problem on their hands. The sheriff of Bordertown (Will Wright, who is encouraged because he can't capture the gangsters who are smuggling guns into Mexico via freight trains that he is all set to retire. With a little help his pretty niece (Penny Edwards) But Roy Rogers, playing a cattle buyer, Trigger and the Purple Sagers arrive in town, talk the old boy out of retiring and pitch in to help him corral the crooks. After much fun they catch 'em with an assist from the FBI. There's an exciting chase climax with Roy and Trigger making better time than the villain and an engine.

Your Reviewer Says: Typical Roy Rogers.

Vital Statistics: Penny Edwards substitue for Dale Evans in this one. Dale has retired from the screen temporarily to have th Rogers heir, due in August. After seeing her in this picture Republic offered her a seven-year contract. Penny made a couple of pictures for Warners several years ago. When they dropped her from the contract list she went on a two-year night club tour. When he "act" in Los Angeles she was rediscovered by Republic's casting head, Jack Grant.

Best Pictures of the Month
Broken Arrow
Three Little Words

Best Performances of the Month
Jimmy Stewart in "Broken Arrow"
Walter Huston in "The Furies"
Jackie Robinson in "The Jackie Robinson Story"
Alec Guinness in "Kind Hearts and Coronets"
Charles Coburn, Edmund Gwenn in "Loosid"
Joan Davis in "Love That Brute"
James Whitmore in "The Next Voice You Hear"
Red Skelton in "Three Little Words"
About Face!

(Continued from page 56) roundness, she uses the same contouring Del Armstrong, her special make-up artist, uses to emphasize her curvy natural loveliness on the screen.

Contouring make-up symmetrically is very important, Lana emphasizes. She advises every girl to look herself straight in the eyes in the mirror and carefully study her face to get an idea of where and level on the way make-up should be applied. To do this, Lana explains, draw two imaginary lines across your face from your eyebrows to your chin. Your nose will be the center of the "x." The top peaks of your lips should come right underneath the iris of your eyes and just inside the arch line of your brows. The eyebrow arch should break just a bit to the outside of the iris. This may sound too scientific, but the results prove it worthwhile.

To make up her mouth, Lana uses a long-handled brush and follows her naturally rounded lips which are so fully peaked she does not have to extend her lip line.

Lana’s eyebrows have been insufficient ever since her second picture, "The Adventures of Marco Polo." She portrayed a Mongolian girl and an uninformed make-up man shaved her eyebrows to give her the desired high-caste Oriental eyes. Her brows never have grown back to the desired thickness. So with a razor-sharp eyebrow pencil with a chisel edge, she draws in eyebrows with quick, sharp, short hairline strokes about an eighth-of-an-inch long. She doesn’t, you see, apply her eyebrows in elongated strokes, but in hair-thin thin slanting strokes, penciling vertically from the top of the eyebrow arch down, to give a soft, natural-looking frame.

After years of experimentation and research, Del Armstrong created for her a new make-up that follows her pink and white skin. To accentuate Lana’s eyes and give them even more soft depth and brilliance, she also developed an eye make-up that incorporates three shades—dark brown at the top of her eyelid, then a soft blue-brown, and close to that, a still softer shade of brown.

In "A Life of Her Own," Lana’s first picture after her two years' absence from the screen, you’ll see her new make-up. To create this make-up, Armstrong worked with basic oils for foundations and compounded a soft base of cream with a little rose and light pink added—all of them blended together with a mudder until there are no separate pigments. It’s about the consistency of vanishing cream and gives a dewy radiant finish.

So, if you want the latest glamour à la Lana, study your face carefully when you sit for a self-portrait, experiment when contouring your lips and eyebrows and apply your make-up with a fingertip touch.

THE END
He made "The Outlaw" then dropped out of sight—but those ten years of waiting weren't wasted.

Jack Beutel at 32. His philosophy paid off

"I WAS Hollywood's most over-paid, underworked actor, I guess," Jack Beutel will tell you now, without a trace of irony in his voice. "But at least my success story is different.

Different? It's fantastic. It couldn't happen. It's unheard-of, even for Hollywood, to have a young, able-bodied man draw an enormous salary for ten years for doing nothing but waiting. Waiting for the release of a picture that encountered every censorship difficulty in the book. Waiting until the irresistible force (Howard Hughes) met and overcame the immovable object (the Johnson office).

Jack waited and was completely forgotten by everyone except boss Hughes who kept assuring him that "The Outlaw" would be released, that Jack would be working before he knew it, and why was he worrying—he was being taken care of—doing much better financially than a lot of young actors.

Ten years is a long time. Do you wonder what Jack thought about, how he felt and what he did while his talent and his looks had been tucked away in cold storage? Well, here it is.

Jack Beutel is the fellow who saved a hundred dollars, came to Hollywood, got himself a starring part in a two-million-dollar picture, in the space of three weeks, and while people thought his career was slipping away from him, Jack learned what Hollywood is all about and showed a quality remarkable in a man so new to pictures. Many an old timer faced with a similar situation might have gone mad beating his head against the wall of inaction.

Time is agonizingly important when you're young in the picture game—or even when you are old. You may lose whatever it was that you had. Public taste may change. Picture trends may change. The Hollywood bible tells you to cash in while you're hot. Jack did his bit of chafing at first, and then he sat and thought and worked out a useful philosophy.

"Howard Hughes is smart," he concluded. "He won't run the chance of one of his stars being cast in anything which will take the edge off one of his own pictures. If he wanted me to stay off the screen for all that time, well, I figured he knew his business."

So Jack achieved the absolutely impossible feat of learning how to take it—the inaction, the uncertainty, the questions, the speculative looks, the lack of a status in Hollywood. It was such a strange set-up. He was either the hottest star of a Howard Hughes production, or he was not one at all, and had no picture credit to his name. Even headwaiters found it difficult to peg him... and headwaiters in Hollywood are experts.

There was a break in the monotony of this ten-year period of inactivity. The war broke out, and Uncle Sam provided Jack with a room, board and clothes of Nation's best. He served with the U. S. Naval Aviation forces for three years. It was during this period that he was married, by Cereatha Brown, his childhood sweetheart from Texas, whom he had married when he was just eighteen.

The war ended, Jack was released from service, but "The Outlaw" wasn't. The waiting began anew, but in 1947 he married Gloria Bailey and the loneliness ended. Gloria and Jack became acquainted with a young group of Hollywoodites—ate with them, went dancing with them, played games with them. They were always on the go... and time passed quickly.

Gloria and Jack both enjoy the same things, the same kind of food, the same kind of sports, like hunting, swimming, and a bit of amateur cow-punching, and lots of riding. You would sense something of this if you watched Jack move across the room.

He is dark, sun-darkened, with curly hair which defies him to keep it slick and completely tidy. You might almost think he's swarthy until those blue eyes flash at you and you realize that if it hadn't been for the Texas sun he might have been a blond. He's improved in looks these past ten years. A little of the boyishness has gone—but at thirty-two he's more masculine-looking and self-assured.

And now, with "The Outlaw" finally in national release, the waiting is over. Movie stars everywhere are aware of Jack—asking for him. And Howard Hughes is busy making plans for him—important plans for important pictures. The first of these is to be "The Half-Breed" of Native, especially for Jack. Mr. Beutel is on his way—no longer Hollywood's forgotten man.
Evening Glow
(Continued from page 65) Adrian, with his bywording printed chiffons, his ways of making broad (but not square) shoulders with ruffles, reminiscent of the famed "Letty Lynton" clothes; his flowing, floor-length evening gowns; his complete gamut of colors, surely "wised up" many a woman who otherwise might not have had the courage to swing against certain fashion tides.

His fabrics and silhouettes in this most recent collection are but the most beautiful and flattering we have ever seen! He had one whole group of dresses, for instance, made of chiffons and organdies—starched and limp, long and ankle-length, quilted or smooth, printed or solid color—that were just plain out of this world! And what suits! And not one of them, whether strictly tailored or "dressmakerish" featured the disfiguring "no shoulder" look, nor the too-top-heavy accent that has been getting so much publicity via Paris!

Rex, who is just about Hollywood's favorite milliner (no reflection on Keneth Hopkins, et al, who are as happily entrenched) is showing just about every kind of a bonnet you could name, short of a gauziness! He makes everything and his "Dance Caps" for cocktail or evening wear. They follow the hairline, mostly, being fashioned of little leaves, spiced with sparkling "gems" or head-hugging jobs of silk, satin or lace, with lace overlays and stiffened veils.

Irene, long-time favorite of Filmtown fjanes, provides a treat with her wonderfully elegant and simple suits and favors the slim sheath look whether in suits or dresses. Also the "cardigan ensemble" with a pulled-in hip-band. She even shows suits with short sleeves! Her dress-up coast features shoulder straps and a chemise neckline, in case you happen to have a really lovely neck, chest and shoulders! And none of those uncomfortable, unfashionable dolman (Paris-inspired again) sleeves!

Deborah Kerr caused a sigh that could be heard all the way to Santa Monica when she walked into a Hollywood premiere wearing a little pink mink wrap, with just enough of her "Rosebud" gown made by Christian Dior to get an extra gasp! It combined the delicate colors of pale yellow and pink, the skin being ders of soft silken touch, the mass of swirling pets, too! Jeanne Crain, on the same occasion, wore white ermine over a strapless pink lace gown, the midriff of which was skinlight pink satin.

Arlene Dahl has a lovely white net and satin, the tiered skirt being spotted here and there with wisteria roses. Tiers are still very much "in." Peggy Dow, the new starlet, has a gown with a three-tier skirt trimmed with silver sequins and pulled to a side drape where one enormous dark red rose anchors it.

At Mocambo we gazed at Susan Hayward. Her very, very low-cut gown was of black. Strapless, heart-shaped bodice, ankle-length full skirt. Susie was wearing gold and diamond jewelry, a choker with diamonds around the front of her throat, matching ring and bracelet. Evelyn Keyes, in ankle-length white starched chiffon gown, was there with Bob Stack. Evelyn lost a gold and diamond just as her midnight "snack" (steak, potatoes, vegetables, etc.) arrived, and almost broke a bunch of teeth before she found it. Because she finally found the bauble just where Bob bet her it was—in her plate of food!

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105
Another party found Marie McDonald (just before her latest illness) entertaining in her farm-type Encino house for her husband Harry Karl's birthday. She had tiny trees of red carnations and white phlox decorating the individual tables at which she seated six. And the large center table on which was spread the dinner buffet, had the same floral theme (but bigger) with long red streamers from its centerpiece. The streamer in big gold lettering was, "Happy Birthday." Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston, John Payne with Elaine White (the stinging who is to date Clark Gable), Betty Garrett and Larry Parks, were among those at Marie's table.

The Joan Bennett-Walter Wanger soiree for the departing James Masons (off for a four-week tour) was one of the season's most spectacular. Doris Duke, after which one had ordered a dress flown out especially for it from New York and then, the night of the ball, got sick and couldn't go. But at least a hundred others met her to the cellophane tent that the Wangers had had erected on the grounds of their home. The Ty Powers, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Jane Greer and Ed Lasker, Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas, Stewart Granger, Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer, Ethel Barrymore, just a few on hand to dine, dance and say "Bon Voyage" And Joan Bennett really carried out to the "Voyage." (You know you'll do it even for a pal who was crossing Lake Erie, y'know?)

As each guest entered the house, he was given a First Class ticket baggage label that carried his table number. From the center of the buffet table rested a large reproduction of the liner, "Ile de France," with little electric lights rigged up to duplicate the deck and portholes of the famous transatlantic liner. (Heck, you could reproduce a rowboat and make a terrific splash, too!)

How wild can Hollywood life get? At the opening of the newest Wil Wright Ice Cream Parlors, Keefe Brasselle, the devil! got behind the counter and dished out sodas and sundaes like crazy. He gave in and admitted he had a right, because he was once a soda-jerk, himself. (Before fame, via Lida Lupino and her debut in her production "Not Wanted" sent him on to stardom's road.) Stewart Granger dated Ruth Roman for this event, and while Virginia Field with Rod Cameron and John Agar with Joan Courtland (Jerome's sister and John's big heart throb) were other who gathered 'round the very innocent "bar."

The End

Ala Bld went to a ball and won a trip to Hollywood as Canada's "Cinderella Girl." Here, Humphrey Bogart entertains the pretty visitor. Contest was sponsored by the Toronto Telegram, Walt Disney and the Odeon Theater chain.
Hollywood's Bachelor Mothers

(Continued from page 39) been told that their mother and father do not plan to live together again. This knowledge will come slowly, so they will accept it without any sense of shock. In the meantime, Ted Briskin talks to them every day on the telephone and sees them whenever he wishes.

Wednesday, maid's day out, is a special treat. Early in the morning, Betty and the children go marketing, gather the groceries, the fruit and vegetables and the meats in the little wire cart. Later, when everything has been stowed away in the car they repair to the fountain of the Brentwood Market for ice-cream sodas.

Let it be said to the credit of Hollywood's bachelor-mothers that they do not underestimate a child's need of two parents. As Eve Arden, who has two adopted children, which makes her a real bachelor-mother, says, "Angry, confused, crying children without a man around the house is that they become personalities for your pleasure and you give them too much attention. We should love our children and let them know we love them. But we should see to it that they have a good life independent of us, engage in activities with boys and girls their own age."

Doris Day faced a real problem with her son, Terry. During the years when Doris was on the road earning her living as a singer, Terry lived with her mother. Then she found herself and a strange job in California. Terry and her mother joined her. She found Terry to be spoiled. However, "Mrs. Chocolate Chip Wing," as everyone calls Doris's mother because of her cookies, is a very sensible woman. She told Terry, he must obey his mother. Terry finally changed for the better. But Doris feared he might feel henpecked abiding by the wishes of two women all the time. She talked things over with Marty Melcher, whom it is expected will be Terry's step-dad before long. Marty promptly devised a contract by which Terry earned an allowance of one dollar a week. This was fine, until Terry needed more money.

"You'll have to find some way of earning more," Doris told him.

A few weeks later, Bill Holden, meeting Doris on the radio, asked if she would take fifteen cents home to Terry. "I owe it to him," she explained, "for a shoeshine. I had a five-dollar bill and I couldn't change it.

"Shoeshine?" repeated Doris stupidly. "Have you seen Terry's shoeshine kit?" Bill asked. "It's sharp. He tells me he saved out of his allowance to buy it. Doris took the money home to Terry, very proud. Glad, too, that she had gone to Marty for counsel. It's a wise bachelor-mother who doesn't underrate masculine influence.

Which answers the often repeated question of why Bette Davis went back to William Grant Sherry when she knew, too well, about his terrible temper. Bette wanted her three-year-old Barbara's home to have a father in it. Now, however, reconciled to the fact that life with Sherry is impossible, Bette is bringing to her job of bachelor-mother the same warm wisdom she brings to all of her personal relationships.

Fortunately, Bette has her sister Barbara to depend upon when she must be out and a nurse fails her. Nurses, interestingly enough, do not remain with Bette as long as her other domestic employees who often stay on for years. Too many nurses are elegant, in the chi chi sense of that word, and Bette will have no chi chi where Beedee is concerned.
high man on the reader poll!

Farley Granger holds the voting line again as your leading man of the month. But the girls keep changing. Last month Jane Powell rocked June Allyson out of first position. Now it's Elizabeth Taylor who wins by a pretty nose.

My favorite actor  My favorite actress

Mail your votes to: READERS' POLL EDITOR c/o PHOTOPLAY 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

This Month's Leading Stars:
4. June Havener 5. Esther Williams

She wants Beebee to get her dress dirty making mud pies, to skin her knees in attempts to scale fences and climb trees, to shout when she's excited, and to hobnob with other children who do these things.

Joan Fontaine, another recently bachelored-mother, also is doing magnificently. When Joan was in New York recently, she telephoned to tell me Deborah was coming with her nurse to pay a call.

"You will receive her?" she asked.

"I don't know about babies," I protested, a little scared.

"Joan assured me, "Debbie is very individual. She'll do the talking. You'll see!"

Debbie did do the talking, too. "Have you a cow?" she asked.

"Could I see them sometime?" she asked, eyes brightening.

"Well," I had to admit, "the monkeys who come to see me are not the kind of monkeys you mean."

She left, I'm afraid, disappointed in her mother's friend.

Joan like better since she's had Deborah. This in spite of the fact that she talks about her child often and at length. To hear her you wouldn't believe she had so many other interests, among them, men. Currently, or at least when I saw her this spring, the man in her life was Charlie Feldman, the producer.

I took a young Italian friend to supper with Joan and Charlie one night. Shortly after we were seated Joan turned to my young friend and said, "We might as well admit that we have met before, haven't we?"

"You were so wonderful to me last summer."

"What's this?" Charlie demanded.

"My mother has a villa in Florence," my Italian friend explained, "and Miss Fontaine did us the honor to visit us."

They talked then, Joan and he, about the tennis they had played, the museums they had seen, drives along the banks of the Arno. It all sounded very romantic, Charlie thought too, so, too. For while, when they were dancing, I said I must take my leave, Charlie made it clear enough he would appreciate it if I would take my "boy friend" with me.

In the car he turned to me, "You know, of course, that I never saw Miss Fontaine before in my life. She nudged me gently with her foot when she said we had met. And I was pleased to go along with her, she is so gay and charming, to make Mr. Feldman a little jealous. I think we succeeded, do you agree?"

All of which is my roundabout way saying I doubt Debbie Dozier will face the adjustment children are likely to know when they grow up with no man in the house. "Joan knows, I don't mean she will marry Charlie Feldman. I only mean she will marry."

I would not be believed should I record the number of nights a week Jane Wyman has dinner with her children, Maureen, nine, and Michael, five. Jane would be the first to say this isn't entirely from choice. As she told Eve Arden, "The only men who call me for dates are men I wouldn't go out with." Obviously the younger, less known actors wouldn't ask to be one of Jane's "gentlemen callers" lest it appear their names are looked for the publicity that accrues from escorting a famous star. And the more established players are, almost without exception, married. This leaves only those unattached gentlemen who take out anyone and everyone who will go with them.

However, even if Jane had an ideal date every night in the week she would, of course, do the same things with her children. She is very serious about her maternal responsibilities. She reads books on child-raising and psychology. She chose the private school which Maureen and Michael attend only after the greatest study and consideration. And she enjoys her children, has them visit her on the set frequently. Only rarely, however, does she permit them to be photographed with her. She doesn't want them spoiled by publicity. And her fear of kidnapping is greater than ever, now there's no man in her family.

On Easter, the Fourth of July, birthdays, these are Occasions in Jane's household, just as they are in all good homes. On Maureen's last birthday, for which Jane cut short a New York holiday, Maureen's party dress was designed by Milon Anderson; Maureen was permitted to stay up until midnight and, as was fitting and proper even though Jane and Ronnie Reagan are divorced, he was there, as a little girl's father should be.

Think of Hedy Lamarr as she appears on the screen, especially as Delilah, considered by the millionaires munitions king, Fritz Mandl, and Hedy emerges a siren. Appearances are deceitful! For whatever Hiles uses to ensnare men she is, in her daily round, as simple and practical as a peasant.

Hedy's children always look pretty and groomed. But she spends no fortune on hand-knitted sweaters, bench-made shoes or custom made clothes, but in the Indies.

"The way children grow, that is nonsense," is her realistic sentiment.

With her last-born, Anthony, Hedy had the distinction of discovering mothers who do not have to go off to work and who have husbands who come home every night. Anthony, not a strong child, had to be kept inactive while his brothers played. But not Hedy. Hedy did not try to face this alone. She made it a family problem. Always she talks things out with her children, sees to it they have a sense of responsibility not only towards her but towards each other.

Which reminds me of the "tell-the-truth" meetings Joan Crawford holds with her four: Christina, 10, Christopher, 7, the twins, Cathy and Cynthia, 3. Anyone with a child will recognize these meetings shocking. For not only do Joan's children tell her the things they did that were wrong; they also tell her what is wrong with her behavior towards them.

Joan doesn't find it too much to run her beautiful house beautifully, to raise four children meticulously and to handle the practice of her career. She is, in fact, about to adopt a fifth child. Whereupon, more than ever, one of the highlights of Sunday morning will be to see Joan and her five, scrubbed and brushed, marching down the aisle of the Brentwood Science Church the way she and her four do now.

I can't help but wonder, watching these bachelor-mothers with their families, how their children will grow up, what effect it will have upon their personalities to have had no fathers, to have been reared, albeit fondly and wisely, by beautiful, famous, successful and imaginative women. Will they have such a mother complex that they never will be quite able to belong to anyone else? Will they, in imitation, become successful, aggressive men and women. Or will they, in reaction, settle down as husbands and wives whose world is bounded by the walls of their home, however humble.

Of one thing I am sure: These children of whom I write will not grow up with the emotional insecurity that psychiatrists tell us comes from little boys and girls not being certain that they are loved.

Somer months past winter and spring, typifies the devotion of bachelor-mothers. She saw her little girl, Tisha, every day or, when she was in the hospital, the house, every day, and the telephone. At Easter, she had an egg hunt for Tisha in the hospital. Tisha thought to cut it great fun to hunt eggs hidden under beds and in corridors, with every one who was able to walk, joining in the search.

They're an exciting group, these Hollywood bachelor-mothers and their children. I wish them well! I wish them the devotion and care mothers without whom we would never have grown, the love and ability may be, and without whom children, however ably guided and loved they may be, cannot know their greatest happiness.
The new-shape “sheath plus” makes news... so cleverly! Designed to attract by being as contradictory as Woman herself! First... the severest, plainest, sheath of a dress. Then, over it, an intricately draped apron, to lend softness and a romantic air. That’s design with a plan behind it!

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**FRAN WARREN**

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Three is Company...Four's a Nuisance

The moonlight...the whisper of the sea...the fire’s after-glow...and the new man in your life, yours for the evening! Could there be any more romantic set-up? Yet Lily had been having a rough time of it from the start. Everybody...Bill in particular...seemed to be politely trying to avoid her. It was a case of three being company and four a nuisance—and she was the nuisance! The reason* for this neglect she would be the last to suspect. It can happen to any girl—even you—but quick! And without your knowing why.

No matter what your good points, they can be quickly forgotten when you have *halitosis (unpleasant breath). It can turn a winsome miss into a wallflower, and change ardor to indifference...just like that! And the insidious thing about halitosis is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, delightful, extra-careful precaution against offending? So many attractive people, popular people, make Listerine Antiseptic a “must” night and morning, and especially before any business or social engagement.

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While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

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FAVORITE OF AMERICA’S “FIRST MILLION” MOVIE-GOERS FOR 38 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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Member of The True Story Women’s Group.
M-G-M presents

FRED ASTAIRE • RED SKELTON
VERA-ELLEN • ARLENE DAHL
in
THREE LITTLE WORDS
KEENAN WYNN • GALE ROBBINS • GLORIA DE HAVEN

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

Based on the lives and music of
BERT KALMAR and HARRY RUBY
Screen Play by GEORGE WELLS
Directed by RICHARD THORPE
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

2 LOVE STORIES!
The true-life drama of songwriters Kalmar and Ruby, whose hits spanned a lifetime of romance and adventure!

4 BIG STARS!
Fred Astaire dances with Vera-Ellen, the “On The Town” girl! Red Skelton in a new kind of role… Arlene Dahl gorgeous in Technicolor!

15 HIT TUNES!
including:
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“WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GIRL?”
“I WANNA BE LOVED BY YOU”
“WHO’S SORRY NOW”
“ALL ALONE MONDAY”
“I LOVE YOU SO MUCH”
Hear the stars sing the hits in the M-G-M Records album!

1000 LAUGHS!
with that dancing...singing... laughing team, Fred and Red!
Best Deodorant News Ever!

New finer Mum more effective longer!

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

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

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

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

WHAT SHOULD I DO
YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Dear Miss Colbert:

I live on a large farm, with a lot of work on it. My daddy died last spring. I have three brothers and one sister. One of my brothers ran away and joined the Marines, and the other two are too small to work. That means that my sister, Nita, and I have to go outside and do very hard work. Nita is sixteen and I am seventeen.

In the spring when the sheep—we have six hundred—have their lambs, we take care of them and help them to have their young. I tell you, it’s no fun.

We needed milk this last winter so it was up to Nita and me to work some cows and milk them. Our uncle brags about us but I am not happy over it. The girls at school make fun of us for doing a man’s work. My hands are large and my arms have heavy muscles.

I would like to be the kind of girl who wears that white filmy stuff to dances. Here I am, seventeen, and I have never had a date.

Please tell me how to be the kind of girl that other girls and boys like.

Dora A.

Don’t worry about what you regard as popularity; it is a superficial thing, fleeting at best. You will notice that the popular freshman is not the most popular sophomore—she has had to make way for someone else. In time to come a really worthwhile man will appreciate you and grieve you his love, and that, after all, is the best thing that the greatest of all popularity could bring you.

What you are doing is one of the few really necessary jobs in the world. Be proud of your status as a farm girl who is doing something for the welfare of mankind. We can manage without almost anything in life except food.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-one and my fiancé is twenty-six. When we became engaged two years ago, he had saved up nearly four hundred dollars, and with this we were going to get a start in life. He picked me up one night and said he was practically broke. He and his mother had gambled away his savings.

Since that time he and I have worked ever so hard to try to get some money together, but just when we have fifty or sixty dollars ahead, he hears of “a sure thing” and the next day he is broke.

I talked to his mother and she said it was in his blood, just as it is in her blood. How can I get my fiancé to marry me right away? I’m sure that he will change, once we are married.

Stella N.

Marriage does not change a man’s fundamental disposition. This man is a gambler; even more serious is the fact that his mother is also a gambler. Apparently there is quite a strong tie between mother

(Continued from page 6)
Hit the laff-trail, pardner...

HOPE is whooping it up in the wild, wild west!

Meet the man who's going to teach the West manners!
And the things he's gonna learn from Lucille... you won't find anywhere in books!

Paramount's hilarious successor to "The Paleface"!

Fancy Pants
Color by Technicolor

Starring
BOB HOPE and LUCILLE BALL
with BRUCE CABOT, JACK KIRKWOOD

Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH, GEORGE MARSHALL
Directed by ROBERT L. WELCH, GEORGE MARSHALL
Screenplay by Edmund Hartmann and Robert O'Brien
Based on a Story by Harry Leon Wilson
Look closely! Compare the shining softness . . the live, long-lasting "spring" . . . the lovely natural look of both permanents. Which is which? You can't tell! Not even experts can find any difference between the $1 Toni and the beauty shop wave. Because a Toni looks as natural, feels as soft—is actually guaranteed to be as beautiful and last as long—as a $20 wave (including shampoo and set.) Your Toni has that natural look from the first day. There's no frizz! Even if your hair is baby-fine, bleached or tinted, Toni's gentle Creme Waving Lotion leaves your wave as satin-soft and easy to set as Nancy Fletcher's (at left.) You can be sure of this—only Toni has given over 93 million natural-looking waves to all types of hair. Try a Toni—you'll love it!

Toni alone, of all home permanents—looks so natural, feels so soft! That's why more women choose Toni than all other home permanents combined.

Here's the reason! Toni contains an exclusive blend of the very same waving ingredients used in most expensive beauty shop lotions. Yet Toni costs . . . only $1 with SPIN curlers $2.29

One of these Twins has a Toni, the other has a $20* permanent. Can you tell—

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI?

Dear Miss Colbert:

Mine is the age-old story of a young girl who fell in love with a man who wasn't legally free. When I met Don he and Marjorie were separated and she had filed suit for divorce. However, the hearing was postponed month after month because they couldn't reach a property settlement.

For two years Don and I went together steadily. I felt sure that eventually he and I would be married.

Abruptly Marjorie decided that she didn't want a divorce. She came to the building where I was employed and caused horrible scenes. As a result of my humiliation, I resigned a very good position.

Since that time I haven't seen Don although he telephones me regularly and tells me that he is not happy with Marjorie. I have gone out with other men, but I don't enjoy myself. I still love Don and I know he feels the same about me, but what can we do against such a woman?

I'm so confused that I will be grateful for any sort of direction, no matter how drastic.

Shirley O'B.

I want you to know you have my complete sympathy and understanding.

What has happened to you has happened to many girls. In some respects, the precepts of our grandmothers were wise: They believed, as you know, that it was a great mistake for a girl to accept the attentions of a man who was not totally free to pay those attentions. This convention forestalled the difficulty in which you find yourself.

I suspect that some of your friends may have pointed out to you that this man is spineless. If, during his separation from his wife, he was still in love with her, he should have made this fact plain to you. He should have told you that he enjoyed your company and valued your friendship, waiting for his wife to grow up or to come to her senses. Then when he returned to his wife, he should have stopped telephoning you. Having made the decision to resume his marriage.

(Continued from page 4)
"The woman goes with me," he shouted.

AND A THOUSAND FLAMES LIGHTED HIS WAY...!

All the adventure a man can live he lives!... Two breathless hours of the most far-flung excitement ever within theatre walls!

Burt LANCASTER
performing actual feats of daring unmatched by any star

and Virginia MAYO

FROM WARNER BROS. COMES

THE FLAME AND THE ARROW
ALL ITS COUNTLESS SPLENDORS IN COLOR BY

TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY
JACQUES TOURNEUR
WRITTEN BY WALDO SALT

MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

A NORMA F. R. PRODUCTION DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.
Awake or asleep—FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!

Pepsodent removes FILM—helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is caused by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What’s more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and “bad breath” germs that collect in film.

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Don’t let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU’LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

(Continued from page 6)

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband has two sisters. Both are pretty girls, friendly and enthusiastic. The trouble is that they haven’t been given basic training in good manners.

I work. When I come home from the office, I’m tired. I like to lie down for thirty minutes before I start dinner. Because we are living on a budget, I plan every meal to the last detail. On Sunday we go to church, then we like to have time to ourselves.

For the first few months of our marriage this worked out fine. However, we have now been married nearly two years, and I must say that we have almost no time alone together. One or the other of his sisters, and sometimes both, simply show up without warning. We have one or dinner guest at least twice a week. Last week, we had one girl three nights, the other two.

I don’t think I can stand it much longer, but I don’t know what to do about it without turning the liking my sisters-in-law have for me into animosity.

Alberta T.

Every reader will agree, I believe, when I say this situation is extremely unfair to you. Something should be done about it at once.

The mistake that most people make is postponing action on a problem of this kind until it becomes so serious that a huge family blow-up occurs during which angry words are exchanged and lasting damage is done.

The average young wife would be tempted to ask her husband to speak to his sisters, suggesting that they remain away until invited to be guests. Unfortunately, men feel defensive in such a spot. The husband, without quite meaning to, is likely to give the impression that he is glad to have his relatives around all the time but his wife objects. So it is better for the wife to handle the matter.

Wouldn’t you invite both girls to come to dinner some night, and ask them to come a bit early. Perhaps you could sit down with them, and in as pleasant and effective a manner as possible explain that you would like to have them come over one night a week, or one night every two weeks, and set a “family dinner” day. Ask them to understand how tired you are; don’t be afraid to say that you like them, and want their affection, but that you would appreciate their visiting only on stated nights.

It is a shame the girls weren’t given better training in their home. Nearly everyone knows nowadays that it is considered a breach of etiquette for guests to drop in, unannounced. Except in the one where a family has stated “at home” hours, a note several days in advance or a telephone call from a prospective guest is obligatory.

Claudette Colbert

Are YOU a "ONE-TIME" Date?

SEE PAGE 82

Paid Notice
MAN-BAIT!

Trouble never came in a more desirable package!

The rare and racy adventures of a female savage in a jungle of intrigue!

JOAN FONTAINÉ
ROBERT RYAN • ZACHARY SCOTT

in

“Born to be Bad”

and JOAN LESLIE • MEL FERRER

Produced by Robert Sparks • Directed by Nicholas Ray • Screenplay by Edith Sommer
Fun fare: Doris Day and Gordon MacRae make light of their work while rehearsing for scene in new Warner musical “Tea for Two”

Still going steady: Kirk Douglas and Irene MeEvoy at the premiere of “The Flame and the Arrow”

Eleanor Parker, with her two daughters, baby Sharon and Susan. Eleanor, who left Warners after “Three Secrets,” to have baby, is in movie about silent star Valentino
CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

It was a big night in Hollywood when “Louisa” was previewed—initations included everyone’s entire family. Ronnie Reagan, the star, took his mother and leading lady, pert Piper Laurie

Sights You See: Lana Turner shopping for Ezio Pinza recordings, they co-star in “Mr. Imperium” . . . Dan Dailey waiting on tables, beating the drums and greeting customers at “The Curtain Call,” his restaurant-bar in the Valley . . . John Derek giving an autograph to the diaper service delivery man . . . Maddest about America is Swedish siren Marta Toren. Since returning from her native land, she dresses in red, white and blue . . . For the first time, Fred Astaire attended a preview of one of his own pictures—“Three Little Words.”

Inside Hollywood: The town wonders what Tyrone Power meant when he dashed home to dub dialogue for “An American Guerrilla,” then back again to rejoin Linda Christian in London. “Next time we expect a baby we’ll handle it my way,” he’s reported saying. The inference could be that too much traveling caused his wife to lose the baby both wanted so badly . . . He may not be a body-beautiful boy, but don’t be surprised if Louis Jourdan ends up in a sarong. Boss-man Zanuck ordered extensive tests on the fabulous Frenchman for the remake of “Bird of Paradise” . . . June Haver’s many friends are hoping she won’t become too serious over writer Cy Bartlett when she recovers from her serious abdominal ailment. Opinion is that Cy’s mighty nice but too sophisticated for Twentieth’s idealistic blonde beauty.

Me-ow Department: So help us, we heard this conversation between two junior glamour girls, who would love to land one of those fat and fancy acting roles usually allotted top-flight stars. “Isn’t it wonderful,” exclaimed the first, “that June Allyson’s going to have a baby!” The second looked a bit bewildered. “But I thought you couldn’t stand her,” she replied. “That’s just it,” came the ready answer. “I can’t! But she’ll be off the screen for a whole year. Maybe now I’ll have a chance.”
Visit with Farley: He met us at the door; shirt hanging out, in old slacks and beat-up loafers; book in hand, horn rims on his nose. "Oh? Come in!" There was sort of a surprised but friendly note in Farley Granger's voice, almost as if he hadn't invited us for cocktails the day before. Cal's known Farley since his post Navy days, when he used to drop by to see us (for a Coke instead of a cocktail). To his growth and maturity, we noted something new's been added—a restless eager kind of energy. He prowled the room as he talked, stopped by a table, glanced fondly at two "Tree of Life" figures he'd carefully carried by hand from Mexico. Almost unconsciously the words, "Shelley says this"—or "Shelley says that," crept into his conversation. Probably next to Shelley, good books and music, Farley adores New York. Humorously, he told us about the girl who followed him through Central Park one early morning. Finally, he stopped and asked her if there was anything she wanted. "Yes," she answered, "I wanted to see if you are a regular guy!" We've got a flash for the young lady. He is—and always will be.

Dahl Face: Next to Ava Gardner, seems to Cal as if Arlene Dahl is the most discussed belle of Hollywood. At a recent dinner party, for example, four eligible bachelors who had dated the beautiful Dahl were having a lovely, lively corner conversation. Arlene was charming, intelligent and most appreciative of their attentions. However, it seemed the second they became serious, the sudden change in room temperature forced them to run for their overcoats. As one of the Dahl devotees expressed it: "Whenever I hear them play, 'I Can't Get Started with You,' I think of Arlene."

Rampant Rumor: That there will be enough film on the cutting room floor after "A Place in the Sun" is edited to make a second feature.
Brilliant director George Stevens always knows what he wants and never hesitates to "shoot" for it. Stevens conducts endless rehearsals. However, oftentimes just before a "take," Montgomery Clift retired to his dressing room where his good friend Myra Rosovskaya was waiting. A few minutes later he was in front of the camera but to everyone's complete consternation, he had an entirely new interpretation of the scene they had rehearsed for hours!

Names in the News: Red Skelton says, as a wedding present from his father, Nicky Hilton received a hotel called "His" and Liz Taylor one called "Hers"... A sensational social season being planned for Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, returning to Hollywood after ten years... Cal predicts a Honolulu honeymoon for Ida Lupino and Howard Duff (if and when they marry) who vacationed on the fabulous island and yearn to return... An announcement from Hedy Lamarr, who should know, she has no plots to become Mrs. Herbert Klotz.

Merrily He Rolls Along: Had you mentioned the name of Gary Merrill six months ago, the answer would have been: Oh, he's that actor who played the commanding officer in "Twelve O'Clock High." Mention his name today in any Hollywood drawing room and the answer is: Oh, he's the actor who plays opposite Bette Davis in "All About Eve" and may marry her! At this writing Bette has yet to secure her divorce, so the future is problematic. However, the fact remains that now something more than one actor's regard for another does exist between herself and Gary. Upon completion of their picture, he announced his fourth separation from actress Barbara Leeds, whom he married in 1941. Since the break-up of her marriage, Bette has been lonely and, needless to say, not too pleased over the front page publicity given her private life.

Lana Turner put her footprint in Grauman's Chinese and met Officer Walker Jacobs—he used to patrol Hollywood High when she was student there

Just for the laughs: Director Bretaigne Windust, right, rehearses Dennis Morgan and Betsy Drake for scene in comedy, "Pretty Baby"
Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.

INSIDE STUFF

Modest Maiden: For being the most "regular" girl in Hollywood, we personally nominate Ann Blyth. Possessing rich Irish humor, the lovely little lass is still quite serious about life and her profession. What others say or do concerns her not one bit. On the other hand, she doesn't smoke or care for cocktails. Nor has anyone ever heard her use profanity. Put these ingredients together and place them on the set of "Katie"—where they adore Ann and show it by teasing her. One day when Mark Stevens was holding her in his arms, director Fred De Cordova rehearsed their love scenes again and again. Finally, Ann's cheeks began to turn a pretty pink. "I'm sorry, Mark," she apologized. "But your whiskers are so rough—they're bruising my face." He began to grin. "You've gone out with so many young boys," Mark kidded her, "you're just not used to it!" When the whole set roared, the best little sport of all laughed with them. No wonder everyone loves her.

Nature Boys: This month Cal went that-a-way! Out to the "Kansas Raiders" location, where men are men and the plumbing's something that shouldn't happen to a movie star! "The Bronx was never like this," Anthony Curtis hailed us with gun on hip. "One more hour in this boiling sun and they can poke an apple in our mouths," grinned Scott Brady. "Sho am goin' to miss this lovely dust," sighed James Best. "Me, too, pardney," chimed in Richard Long. "Also these friendly fleas!" "Who-o-o-Who-o-o" screeched an owl in a tree. "Why use of course," kidded Audie Murphy as he stood up and took a bow. Following several unsuccessful takes, the man in charge of horses broke in: "Look fellows, these animals have been acting in Westerns for fifteen years and they know what they're doing. You-all are just new, so let them have their way." Step right up folks and meet Cal, the cowboy from Hollywood and Vine!

Now You Know: That Virginia Mayo has been anemic since she returned from making "Captain Horatio Hornblower" in England and must have medical attention . . . That (Continued on page 10)
Here’s the girdle that leading fashion designers praise for every season, every occasion, every time of day!

**INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE**

PINK-ICE washes in ten seconds, dries with a towel, ready to wear again immediately. Made of tree-grown liquid latex, PINK-ICE moulds your figure comfortably, whether you’re sitting, standing or walking. In panty, panty with garter, and garter girdle styles at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

In SLIM, silvery tubes,
PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES, $2.50 to $2.95
In SLIM, shimmering Pink Tules,
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Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher

**MADE BY A REVOLUTIONARY NEW LATEX PROCESS, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE DISPELS BODY HEAT, SLIMS YOU IN COOL COMFORT.**
(Continued from page 14) Wanda Hendrix is now a carrot-colored brunette, has gained seven pounds, is taking ballet lessons, learning to ride cowboy fashion and has completely altered her personality—which only adds to her enchantment... That Rhonda Fleming, who secured her release from her long term contract with David O. Selznick, declares she'll never be caught alive signing with another studio... That Jeff Chandler is so fond of spinach he could even "take" it in a sandwich.

Racquet-ears: Cal can't tell you what they do on a rainy night in Rio, but here's what happens on a Sunday afternoon at Lana Turner's. "Don't get dressed up and don't make a date for dinner," she warned us. No arm-twisting was necessary! Our tennis opponents were such super servers as Errol Flynn and the Princess Ghika, Bruce Cabot, Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer. Looking lush and lovely in a white pique tennis dress, Lana managed to swat a few swift ones and be graciously attentive to everyone. The game stopped promptly at six. Colder cocktails followed cold showers and at seven forty-five, the famished folk descended upon the Topping barbecue pit. We had ribs, rolls, salad, hot dogs, beans. While his Princess watched adoringly, Errol quietly consumed five ears of beautifully barbecued corn! With enchanting music pouring forth from the pool house, a magic moon suddenly appeared. Fun-loving Lana looked up. "Those M-G-M prop men!" she cracked. "They can do anything."

Grant Takes Anderson: His face has never appeared in movie magazines but, take it from Cal, it won't be long now! Cary Grant agrees with us, but we're getting ahead of our story. We first saw Dick on the set, playing a small part opposite Bette Davis in "The Story of a Divorce." With the combined charm of Farley Granger and Gregory Peck this boy still has a personal quality that leaves a deep and lasting impression. Cary Grant recognized it the second he saw him in "Lights, Camera, Action" or Television. Imagine Richard's surprise and shock when a voice called him after the broadcast and said: "This is Cary Grant. I just saw your excellent performance and I was wondering if you've come out to M-G-M and have lunch. I'd like to talk to you." And that's the way it happened. Richard Anderson, still dazed by it all, not only has an M-G-M contract, he's already playing in "Ground for Divorce" with Van Johnson and Kathryn Grayson. He even has the right to make one outside picture a year for the man who had the kindness and foresight to give a talented boy the chance he deserves.

The Bouncing Berle: According to our special spy, "Always Leave Them Laughing"—didn't! That is, Milton Berle's cinema salad clicked in certain cities but it still didn't garner gigantic gold, a surprise. Now it's announced that TV's famous comedian needs a rest and won't make a picture this summer. Could be Also could be as rumored that Warren would just as soon not make a picture with Miltie-Wilty and with this in mind offered him "Call Me a Doctor," the script that Danny Kaye and Lauren Bacall turned down. Seems like yesterday that Cal that Milton Berle was up there in Hollywood red carpets. How fickle can fame be.

Roman Deal: "If you'll do me a favor I'll take you to (Continued on page 19)
Smooth Lip Loveliness that Lasts!

Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick

8 fashionable shades that go on, stay on, without smearing!

Smoothly, evenly does it with exciting Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick—never a fear of a rub or smear! So clinging, creamy, caressing, your lips take on a new look... an alive look... one that says, plain as day, "I dare you!" And of course no other lipstick, at any price, betters Cashmere Bouquet's range of fashionable reds. Get Cashmere Bouquet today, and then, try to go back to your previous brand. Yes, you're sentenced for life... but you'll love it!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet
Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

And—

New tests by leading skin specialists PROVE the amazing mildness of Cashmere Bouquet on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this “fragrance men love”.

Cashmere Bouquet

—in a New Bath Size Cake, Too!

Now—At the Lowest Price In History!

LAUGHING STOCK
BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Tune in Erskine Johnson’s “Hollywood Story,” Mutual Broadcasting System, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 5:35 p.m.

A couple of make-up men went to a projection room to check on Jane Russell’s make-up in screen tests for her next film. Jane was wearing a sweater in the scenes. After the tests were run, the first make-up man turned to the other and said: “Now let’s run it again. This time we’ll watch the make-up.”

A movie starlet went to the Griffith Park Zoo the other day and threw a terrible tantrum. She discovered a mink with a coat exactly like her.

When “South Pacific” played in Cleveland, an ad in a local newspaper announced: “Plenty of tickets available to ‘South Pacific.’” Callers discovered it was a travel agency office and that there were plenty of tickets available to South Pacific, including Java, Guam and other points, either by air or boat.

Talking about marriage, Ed Gardner quipped: “It takes two to make a marriage—a single girl and an anxious mother.”

Credit Bob Hawk with the crack that Charlie McCarthy plans to leave his fortune to his next of kindling.

Overheard at the Marquis: “A family tree is a device for tracing yourself back to better people than you are.”

Joan Fontaine plays an alcoholic in “Mr. and Miss Anonymous.” She says: “It is my most staggering role.”

Irving Hoffman claims there’s a Hollywood actor who sees plenty of flying saucers. Every night right in his own dining room. But he loves her still.

Sign in a Beverly Hills bakery store: “Pies—like Mack Sennett used to make.”

Carolina Cotton will play a feminine Hopalong Cassidy in “In Old Utah.” She was telling a friend about the plot and said: “Everyone in the picture is scared of a cattle-rustling gang. But I’m not scared because I’ve read the script.”

Definition of a music lover: A man who hears a beautiful blonde singing in the bathroom and puts his ear to the keyhole.
(Continued from page 18) dinner!" And that's how Cal and luscious Ruth Roman wound up in the Brown Derby. "Will you please firmly deny that I'm married to Bill Walsh," pleaded our favorite steak-and-potato girl. "Ever since the rumor started, no man will take a chance and invite me out. The phone hasn't rung in a week." With our ol' fat heart breaking, we parried, "But what's to prevent you from changing your mind before this even gets into print?" Declared rugged Roman, "I'll put it in writing." On the back of a Derby menu she wrote: "Bill Walsh is a wonderful guy, but we are not going to get married!" P.S. She picked up the check too.

Stars in Straw Hats: Almost every day for the last few weeks, Cal was bidding goodbye to friends who heard the call of the summer theater managers — and who were bravely going forth to do their first play in years. Paulette Goddard went Shavian in "Caesar and Cleopatra." Lon McCallister took his first crack at comedy in an oldie called "The Poor Nut" which Bill Eythe supervised and directed in roaring twenties style. Zachary Scott rode the subway circuit for four weeks as the manic killer of "Blind Alley," facing New York audiences for the first time since Warners discovered him in "Those Endearing Young Charms." Among others who bravely sunburn and mosquitoes were Laraine Day, Eve Arden, Franchot Tone, Susan Peters, Shelley Winters, Tom Drake and Celeste Holm. The Sunset Strip looked absolutely deserted.

Keeling Over: Metro knew they had something in Howard Keel right from the start—but the national reaction to this new star has surpassed their fondest expectations. Back from Hawaii and "Pagan Love Song," Keel was rushed into a non-singing lead opposite Jane Wyman in "Three Guys Named Mike." After this he'll have only a short respite before he makes "Show Boat." M-G-M waited four years for the right leading man for their remake of this musical classic. Now that they have Keel, they want to start the cameras rolling—but fast.

INSIDE STUFF

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WHEN YOU BUY 79¢ SIZE

Special offer to introduce

amazing Shasta Shampoo

guaranteed not to rob
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needed for naturally soft, shiny, healthy hair

HERE’S WHY YOU SHOULD ACCEPT THIS
SENSATIONAL MONEY-SAVING OFFER!

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new, improved Shasta. You’ll get a 49¢ jar free when you do. This is a $1.28 value for
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Your dealer has a limited supply of this
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49¢ jar first: If not overjoyed with the results, return 79¢ jar
and get your money back in full.

P.S. No other shampoo on earth has this
true guarantee. Your dealer cannot hold
you to this offer. Use it today while you
have the chance.
Cheers and Jeers:

After seeing a sneak preview of "The Furies," I left the theater with a new favorite actor. He played the brother of Barbara Stanwyck. His name is John Bromfield. Seeing him in action, I'm convinced that he is a mixture of Gable and Lancaster and just as rugged!

Dick Cone
Hollywood, Cal.

So "Tarzan and the Slave Girl" is "too fantastic" for your reviewer? Hah! I can hardly wait until most of the movies produced and exhibited are fantasy and science-fiction! And that day is not far distant. The world has at last become science-fiction conscious and so has Hollywood. Too bad, though, that it took the atom bomb to do it!

J. Wasso Jr.
Pen Argyl, Pa.

When Elizabeth Taylor says, "I just love everything about getting married" (June Photoplay), I laugh. I wonder how many dishes she will wash, how many diapers she will wash, how many days and nights she will take care of sick babies and still have a good dinner made and the house cleaned when her husband gets home, how many times she will go from one market to another in order to feed her family on the little money she has until next pay day. I am not envious or discontented with my lot but I don't think movie stars know what marriage really is. Maybe if they had to work and suffer to keep their families fed, clothed and a roof over their heads, they wouldn't all end up in Reno.

Georgia Henderson
Buffalo, N. Y.

I have just come from seeing "Wagon Master" and am just a little angry over the way the motion picture companies handle their billings. Two youngsters and a girl have top credits and Ward Bond is hardly mentioned, and it was he who was the strong character of the picture. I think the story revolved around him. I am sure many others feel as I do. How about letting us mothers of your teen-age buyers get "in the know" about our "dream men" too?

Mrs. Ewan Olson
Los Angeles, Cal.

Casting:

It has been reported that M-G-M will remake "The Merry Widow" starring Lana Turner and Ricardo Montalban. I ask M-G-M to change their plans, and to please remake "The Merry Widow" as a glorious musical romance, as it should be, with singers in the principal roles. I might suggest Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel. Please give us a "Merry Widow" who can sing.

Jean Ritch
Ferndale, Mich.

Question Box:

Would you please give me some information on Harry Carey Jr. I liked his acting very much in "Three Godfathers"

and "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon."

Joan Thielemann
Portland, Ore.

(He was born May 16, 1921. Is 6'4" weights 155, has blue eyes and red hair. He is married to Marilyn Fix and has two children, Steven, four and Melinda, three. Next picture, "Río Bravo."

Could you please tell me how many actors have portrayed Tarzan on the screen? I have a wager with a friend who says there were only two, Johnny Weissmuller and Lex Barker, but I think there were some before the ones listed.

Mrs. G. Barstow
Chicago, Ill.

(Yes, it was.)

I have just returned from seeing "Wa-hash Avenue." In my estimation, it was one of Betty Grable's best. I think her dancing partner was terrific. I would like some information about him.

Eleanor Hercka
Chicago, Ill.

The girls of Boston would like to know where Hollywood has been hiding handsome Audie Murphy. We thought that John Derek was handsome, but Audie has it all over him. Could you give us more information on him? What studio can we write to receive a picture of him?

Jeanne Marie Tallant
Jean Rogers
Boston, Mass.

(Audie Murphy was born June 29, 1924 in Kingston, Tex. He's a hazel-eyed brunet, is 5'8", 140 lbs., and was divorced from Wanda Hendrix. Next picture "Sierra." Write him at Universal-International Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.
I'm a Lux Girl

says BETTY GRABLE

Betty Grable is more sparkling, more irresistible than ever in her latest singing and dancing role. You'll thrill to the beauty of her Lux Complexion in the close-ups.

"I've been a Lux Girl for years," says lovely Betty, "never skip my active-lather facials a single day."

Try this gentle care Betty Grable uses for her million-dollar complexion. See what fresh new loveliness it gives your skin!
Medieval adventure: Burt Lancaster relaxes between heroic deeds to have a romantic idyl with peasant-girl Sue Casey.

**// (F) The Flame and the Arrow (Norma-Warners)**

*THE SHOUTING* in Hollywood you hear these days is for Burt Lancaster and his first Norma Production re-release. Burt has brought back the grand traditions of Douglas Fairbanks Sr.—in Technicolor. Not even the beloved Doug ever did so many hazardous tumbles, leaps and climbs as does this former circus acrobat. And no finer figure of manhood has ever before been seen on the screen. Burt plays *Dardo, the Arrow*, a leader of the people in medieval Italy at the time when Frederick Barbarossa’s henchman, *Ulrich of Hesse* (Frank Allenby) ruled the conquered people with ruthless cruelty. When the tyrant kidnaps his son, *Dardo* swings into action and there follows an exciting adventure tale. Virginia Mayo is beautiful as the haughty *Anne of Hesse*; Robert Douglas plays a nobleman with a sense of humor, Lynne Baggett plays *Ulrich’s* mistress. Nick Cravat, who plays the mute blacksmith Piccolo, steals everybody’s scenes.

Your Reviewer Says: You’ll buy this.

Program Notes: Nick Cravat, the scene stealer, makes his movie debut in this picture. He has been Burt Lancaster’s pal for twenty-six years. They used to be tough kids together in New York, and for eight years Nick worked as Burt’s partner in the acrobatic acts they put on for circuses, carnivals, vaudeville theaters, night clubs and charities... Burt’s four-year-old son has acrobatic ambitions, too. He could always be found in the gym, rigged up on one of the stages, working out on the bars and rings... Virginia Mayo’s best scene in the picture was cut, by request of the censor. With almost nothing on she took a bath in the mountain stream while Dardo held on to the chain around her neck.

**// (F) Peggy (UI)**

*PASADENA’S* world famous New Year’s Day pageant, the Tournament of Roses and the Rose Bowl football game, is the star of this pleasant Technicolor comedy. Semi-documentary in part, the picture was filmed in Pasadena and tells in detail how Rose Queens are chosen each year. Charles Coburn plays a retired history professor who settles in Pasadena with his two pretty daughters, Diana Lynn and Barbara Lawrence, both of whom are chosen as Rose Queens. Diana is secretly married to Rock Hudson, an Ohio State half-back who is poison to her father. Wonderful Mr. Coburn has his troubles with Charlotte Greenwood, a domineering neighbor who takes a fancy to him. Aiding in the fun is comedienne Connie Gilchrist. Charles Drake is the moon-eyed young man who falls in love with Barbara.

Your Reviewer Says: Family style.

Program Notes: The colorful Tournament of Roses, that brings 1,500,000 people to Pasadena every year, is well worth seeing... None of Ohio State’s grid heroes are present in the football scenes. Rock Hudson leads the Buckeyes on the Rose Bowl field, followed by three USC Trojans, four UCLA Bruins, and three professional... Diana Lynn was well on her way to becoming a child prodigy on the piano when she got sidetracked in pictures. Diana still clings to her career as a pianist (“just in case”) and records albums between pictures. Irony Department: She plays the piano in “Peggy” but has to play badly... Barbara Lawrence is the native of Carnegie, Ohio, and stands 5’8”. Charlotte Greenwood a tall gal herself, is writing a book on advice to tall girls and Barbara has offered to pose for the illustrations... Monocles Charles Coburn was born in Macon, Georgia. He’s seventy-three and is one of the smoothest dancers in Hollywood.

//// Outstanding // Good // Fa
F—For the whole family A—For adults

BY LIZA WILSON

22
STAGE

Sun Valley serenade: Esther Williams, Van Johnson fall in love beneath the snow-capped peaks of romantic Idaho

(F) Duchess of Idaho (M-G-M)

Esther Williams and Van Johnson are teamed again in this big Technicolor musical. The story is as weak as water, but the talent is superman strong. The story is the oldie about the secretary (Paula Raymond) who is in love with her rich, girl-happy boss (John Lund) but doesn't get anywhere until her roommate (Esther) takes matters into her own hands—with the usual complications; the chief complication being a bandleader (Van) who falls in love with Esther. Eleanor Powell dances, after six years' absence from the screen. Lena Horne sings, for the first time since "Words and Music." And singer Connie Haines makes her screen debut. For some strange reason, Mel Torme, that popular boy with the "velvet voice," doesn't sing at all—just bellhops. The "Torch Parade" on skis in which members of the Sun Valley Patrol ski down Dollar Mountain at night, each carrying a torch, is mighty pretty. Esther Williams, as always, swims divinely. Van sings, which should thrill a goodly portion of the female sex.

Your Reviewer Says: Summertime fare.

Program Notes: Esther Williams did her swimming routines in the huge Metro tank at the studio, but a double did her skiing for her at Sun Valley. A special camera unit shot the Sun Valley scenery, but the stars never left the studio. Esther's starting bathing suits were designed by Helen Rose, Metro designer. During production Esther, who is rapidly becoming a big business woman, opened her "The Trails" restaurant in Los Angeles. At lunchtime she always drove some of the cast there for lunch. If business happened to be hopping Esther would put on an apron and help wait on tables. Van Johnson always brings his lunch. Wife Eva packs three lunch boxes every morning, one for Van and two for her boys who go to a nearby school.

New Orleans manhunt: Richard Widmark and Paul Douglas join forces to find the criminal carriers of a deadly plague

(F) Panic in the Streets (20th Century-Fox)

Richard Widmark and Paul Douglas are the stars of this dramatic story of how a plague epidemic was averted in New Orleans. Widmark plays a young doctor who stubbornly tracks down the persons infected by a plague victim. As these persons are criminals, hiding out from the law, it is a doubly hard job. Paul Douglas plays a captain in the police department assigned to work with the doctor, whom he considers an alarmist. An Armenian is smuggled into New Orleans, and is murdered by a small time gangster called Blackie. At the morgue it's discovered he had the plague in its most virulent form. The chase is on, and it's a thriller, ending in a coffee warehouse on the New Orleans waterfront. Jack Palance makes a terrifying Blackie. Zero Mostel is his greedy henchman. Barbara Bel Geddes has a small part as Widmark's sympathetic wife.

Your Reviewer Says: A killer chiller.

Program Notes: This picture was made entirely in New Orleans. The company was on location there last December and January. Widmark, a shy sort of guy who hates crowds, spent his off-set time playing records and reading in his hotel room. Paul Douglas has no inhibitions about places and people and took in all the sights. Widmark went AWOL over Christmas and flew to New York to spend the day with his wife and child. Douglas celebrated Christmas on Bourbon Street visiting the Dixieland jazz places. He ran into a former New York friend, playwright Lillian Hellman, and they joined forces. This is the first picture for Jack Palance who plays Blackie. An ex-Pennsylvania coal miner, he crashed in a plane in '44 and graduated from Stanford in '46. He became interested in acting while at Stanford.

Don't look now...

there's Esther Williams...

Your Reviewer Says: A real treat.

Program Notes: The picture was photographed for the most part on a huge Hollywood stage, which was always jammed with scientific visitors. The preparation for the film took more than a year. The rocket you see in the picture is the result of hundreds of hours of consultation with the Army and Navy Rocket Engineers at Cal-Tech. The moon surface set is an exact reproduction made from photographs taken by the technicians at the Mt. Palomar Observatory... Dick Wesson is a night club and television comedian. This is his first picture... Robert A. Heinlein, one of the country's leading science-fiction writers, wrote the story especially for the screen.

**F** (F) Destination Moon (Pal-Eagle Lion)

HERE is the most thrilling excitement you've seen on the screen in many moons. It's the story of the greatest adventure awaiting mankind—a trip to the Moon. The scientists say that this trip will be actually made some time within the next ten or fifteen years. Completely without hokum, sensationalism and romantic goo, producer George Pal and director Irving Fichel have made a picture based on scientific fact. And they prove that fact is not only stranger than fiction, but more exciting. Four daring men take the first perilous expedition to the Moon: General Thayer (Tom Powers), a long time Army proponent of rocket development, Dr. Cargraves (Warner Anderson), a leading atomic physicist, Jim Barnes (John Archer), a progressive and brilliant young industrialist, and Joe Sweeney (Dick Wesson), a radio and radar man, who doesn’t really believe that the rocket will work, goes along for the laughs. What takes place will have you glued to your seats.

Your Reviewer Says: Sophisticated fare.

Program Notes: At fifty-one Gloria is slim and wrinkle free, and retains the famous Swanson sparkle. She is five feet two, has big blue eyes, and favors a saltless and almost meatless diet which “eaters to the chemical balance of her body”... Since he returned from war, William Holden has been one of Hollywood's busiest young actors. His (Continued on page 26)

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Are you lovely...
Or lonely?

See page 14

Paid Notice
The Admiral was a Lady but she taught these ex-GI's maneuvers they'll never forget!!

...it's zany in a wandaful sort of way!

All about the ex-Wave with no place to go... and the guys who helped her get there...

"Where's Henry!!"

Stops. kill

Twenty-year-old

famous

and lost

burning

Cream,

Don't

dries

trust

ordinary

field

—

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Would you let Your Man take the first flight to the Moon?

IT'S CLOSER THAN YOU THINK! Rocket experts say that in our lifetime the moon-trip will be made exactly as you see it in this tense, believable picture! Will you have to say woman's most heart-breaking good-bye? Will your man take off on man's adventure into tomorrow? (2 years in the making—the picture you've been reading about.)

DESTINATION MOON

Produced by GEORGE PAL. Directed by IRVING PICHÉL. Screenplay by RIP VAN RONKEL, ROBERT HEINLEIN and JAMES O'HANLON.
5-day deodorant pads

new miracle pad deodorant\nWIPES AWAY ODOR-FORMING BACTERIA
—does not leave them under your arms!

Laboratory Proof

TEST X
Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S action in removing odor-forming skin bacteria

This microscopic photo proves that when you throw away your 5-Day Pad you throw away hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria. Does not leave them under your arms.

TEST XX
Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S reserve effectiveness

This laboratory photo was taken hours after application of a 5-Day Pad. Note the amazing difference. This is because 5-Day's exclusive formula prevents the growth of odor-forming bacteria and keeps you safe from underarm odor longer.

No other deodorant tested is as effective in checking perspiration and stopping odor!

The miracle is in the pad! 5-Day Pads are circles of fabric saturated with refreshing, mild yet very effective deodorant. 5-Day's exclusive formula checks perspiration—stops odor longer.

Safely checks perspiration more effectively, too! Contains twice as much active anti-perspirant than an average of leading brands tested. Yet, laboratory pH tests prove 5-Day milder—harmless to skin and clothes.

Greater reserve protection! Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant or deodorant soap can keep you so safe from underarm odor—so long.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK—if not completely satisfied.

25c 55c 1.00

Changes twice as much active anti-perspirant... yet milder

5-day deodorant pads

Easier! Each pad contains right amount, No guessing! Even smooth penetration instantly.

Faster! Goes into action instantly, Dries in seconds.

Cooling, Refreshing! No clammy, sticky feeling. Cooling, refreshing sensation.

Not a Cream! Not a Spray! Not a Liquid!

Harmless to skin and clothes

(Continued from page 26)

is top drawer, especially that of Gary Merrill, who plays the deadly racketeer.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong fare, this.

Program Notes: Gary Merrill, a New York stage actor, is the actor whose name has been linked romantically recently with that of Betty Davis... This picture was so physically brutal on the set that the cost retilted it "As Childrenedly Alive." Dana accidentally clipped the chin of former welterweight Jack Perry when he forgot to duck and knocked him out cold. Later he split open the head of fight-technical advisor John Dukein. Then Dana himself suffered a split nose when he collided with ex-boxer Bob Evans' nose. General George Marshall was on the set that day and hadn't seen such a flow of blood since World War II.

\( F \) This Side of the Law (Warners)

WELL, if it's melodrama you have a yen for, here it is, complete with creepy estate and ill-tempered dog. When lawyer Robert Douglas finds a genial vagrant with a butch haircut facing him in court he gets quite a jolt. Seems that Kent Smith, the vagrant, is the spitting image of a long missing millionaire whose estate, including the formidable Sara Souci, awaits distribution. The lawyer gives Kent five grand to impersonate the missing man, and he momentarily fools the sister-in-law (Janis Paige), the widow (Vivica Lindfors), and the disagreeable dog named Angel. There's murder and attempted murder, and a skeleton in a cistern.

Your Reviewer Says: Wasted talent.

Program Notes: Since making this picture both Janis Paige and Vivica Lindfors have been dropped from the Warners contract list. This was Janis's honeymoon picture. Shortly before it started she married Frank Martinelli.... During the filming Swedish Vivica separated from her Swedish husband, and started romancing with Don Siegel who directed her first American picture. They have since married... Kent Smith is now playing on Broadway with Helen Hayes in "The Wisteria Tree."

\( F \) It's a Small World (Castle-Eagle Lion)

THIS film, which treats the midget problem as that of a minority, is highly instructive and entertaining. It conveys clearly the little people's abhorrence for exhibitionism, and their hopes to find themselves a normal place in a world that is too eager to regard them as freaks.

When Paul Dale (he realized at twelve he was a midget) is twenty-one he runs away from his father's farm, has an unpleasant experience with a carnival, and takes up shoeshining in a big city. He falls in love with a cheap girl (Lorraine Miller) who gets him involved with a bunch of crooks, including Nina Koshetz and Steve Brodie, the girl's real sweetie.

The gang, with the exception of the midget, are sent to jail. Paul is packed off to Florida to join the Cole Brothers Circus. Here he meets Anne Sholter, an attractive Liliputian, whom he marries.

Your Reviewer Says: A big view of little people.

Program Notes: Paul Dale is a Des Moines disc jockey who was selected for the part from some three hundred applicants. He made enough money out of the picture to buy himself a farm. For a while it seemed that the diminutive Paul and Anne were really falling in love, but she up and b

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo

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

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!
Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...

1 Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable...first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lustrous, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world’s leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show him a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

(intended page)

The chase, that backbone of the American movie, comes to full flower in this cops and robbers comedy. Jack Carson plays a Good Humor salesman who is adored by a bunch of comic-book-reading kids. Jack loves Lola Albright, who is also being wooed by solid citizen George Reeves. Nice Jack gets involved unwittingly with a platinum blonde babe (Jean Wallace), and gets roughed up considerably by his hoodlum friends. He is suspected of lifting a huge sum of money from an industrial plant, and to clear himself he turns detective with the help of the precocious kids.

Your Reviewer Says: Jack Carson’s show.

Program Notes: During the making of the film, Jack, a natural born comedian, had everyone on the set in stitches—but couldn’t get a smile out of his wife. She was divorcing him...Lola Albright is best remembered as one of Kirk Douglas’s girl friends in “The Champion”...Beautiful, luscious Jean Wallace, Franchot Tone’s ex-wife, in a period of depression, tried to commit suicide during production.
Blemishes®—Charm School Director Patricia Vance of Chicago, Ill., says, "I've used Noxzema for years for blemishes® and for cleansing. I've found it such an excellent and reliable all-purpose cream that I recommend it to my students!"

Dry Skin—"The new Noxzema Home Facial is wonderful," says Colleen Nelson of Sacramento, Cal. "It helped make my skin look softer and smoother and was extremely helpful in relieving a very dry condition. And it feels so refreshing, too!"

NEW HOME FACIAL

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

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

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

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

Step 4—Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face and neck. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes®, too. That's why daily use of Noxzema, in this easy Home Facial, can help your skin look lovelier, too!

Very dry, tender skin is Mrs. Christine London's beauty problem. "But Noxzema gives my complexion the needed protection," says this charming Miami housewife. "I use Noxzema every day— it's the ideal all-purpose cream for me!"

Money Back Offer! Try the new Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If your skin doesn't show real improvement, return your jar of Noxzema, with the unused contents, to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! Get Noxzema today, 40¢, 60¢ and $1.00, plus tax, at any drug or cosmetic counter.

LIKE AN ANGEL OF MERCY TO YOUR SKIN

NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM

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

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

THE WINNERS

"WIN A Hollywood Holiday" Photoplay offered in its May issue, "complete with travel wardrobe and luggage." One winner to go by Santa Fe; another by Greyhound Bus. There were other prizes, too, suits, pearls, sun dresses, bathing suits, a shoe wardrobe. Soon the mail bags came bursting with entries, each envelope containing a "last line" for the contest jingle. A special staff working weeks, handled the entries, giving each individual attention. At last the list was narrowed down to the ten voted the best by the group of judges.

Photoplay’s congratulations to:
1. Mrs. Lorraine Rzeszutko, 3806 S. Wood Street, Chicago, Ill.: A trip to Hollywood for two people via Santa Fe’s Super-Chief, return on Santa Fe’s Grand Canyon, plus a set of Samsonite luggage and travel wardrobe.
2. Claire O’Mara, 80 High Street, Yonkers, N. Y.: A round trip to Hollywood for two, via Greyhound Bus, plus a set of Samsonite luggage and travel wardrobe.
5. Mrs. W. R. Richardson, 5114 Hall Street, Dallas, Texas: All purpose raincoat, smart enough for an important date, by Sherbrooke Rainwear.
7. Mrs. John Whitehead, Carrington Road, Bethany, Conn.: A play shoe wardrobe by Honeydebs.
9. Mrs. Tom Siedjak, 7525 23rd Avenue, Kenosha, Wis.: Two summer dresses by Betty Barclay.

The Editors
She was lighthearted and gay in the days when she and Mickey Rooney were a starring team.

She seemed enchanted, as Dorothy in the "Wizard of Oz," when she sang "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." With Jack Haley, Ray Bolger.

...AN Judy Garland—whose attempt at suicide by slashing her throat with a jagged glass put her on the front pages—ever come back? I think so.

However, she must make the fight herself. Unless she does this, even those who love her best cannot help her.

At twenty-seven, when her life and her career should be at its brightest peak, she faces the need to give up everything she holds dear and put herself in the hands of wise psychiatrists. Her battle back to mental and physical health must be made in a world of strangers—men and women in the white armor of the medical world.

It won't be easy, the long fight ahead. But she can take courage in the knowledge that others, some of them her friends, have waged battles just as difficult—and won.

Robert Walker spent months and months at Menninger's Clinic near Kansas City where his tired nerves were healed and his bitterness against the world forgotten. Bob, too, knew what it meant not to be able to make pictures, not to be able to live his normal life. But because he had indomitable will he proved that it is possible to win a losing fight with yourself.

Twenty-five years ago, I also had a battle to wage. Out of the blue, when tuberculosis struck me down, I had to leave my bright world and go into retirement among strangers. But that...
BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

There's one road that will bring Judy back to happiness. But whether she can take it is the question.

For it means she must travel alone—too young and idealistic to accept a woman's world of toil and struggle, of a husband's love and a child's need, in which death would seem almost welcome, and soon I forgot those black months away from home and loved ones. Judy can know this wonderful triumph of the spirit too.

How did this girl ever get herself into a place where death seemed preferable to life? Surrounded by everything wonderful—a devoted husband, a wonderful and talented little girl and a world of friends—let me repeat, what can possibly have brought her so close to the precipice of personal ruin?

Some of her friends say she has worked too hard from the time she was twelve years old, when as little (Continued on page 75)
Ruth Roman has a way with men. If he's an oil man he goes out and digs another well. If he's a novelist he's sure he's a best seller. And dull men feel like Marco Polo

I didn't realize it would be such a tough job to choose the sexiest girl in Hollywood. Sex appeal is a subtle quality. It's usually accepted without analysis, as I found out when I called up members of the local wolf pack and asked them who they thought was the sexiest girl on the screen.

I never heard such hemming and hawing. "Lana Turner?" I'd suggest. "Well, now," the gents would reply, "Lana's certainly beautiful, but—" Then the men would pause and fumble for words. "Esther Williams?" I'd say. "No," they'd answer. "Esther would qualify for All-American Girl, but sex—" Then I'd spring Jane Russell. They all agreed that nature had been generous in endowing her with natural charms, but—

At that point, I'd bring up my ace, Elizabeth Taylor. "Now," the boys would say, "Liz has got everything, but—" I waited this one out. "But what?" I asked. I could almost see them (continued on page 94)
There's no argument about "Battleground," with Dick Jaeckel, Van Johnson. It leads

Second: "All the King's Men" (Brod Crawford, J. Ireland, M. McCambridge)

WHO WILL BE YOUR

The halfway mark is reached, the race is close—as stars and pictures compete for Photoplay's Gold Medals

Public agrees with critics on Olivia de Havilland's performance in "The Heiress," gives her first place

Sixth: "Lost Boundaries"—Sue Douglas, Dick Hylton, Mel Ferrer, Bea Pearson

Running seventh in race is "Samson and Delilah," with Hedy Lamarr, Vic Mature
IT IS now six months since your favorite movie stars of 1949—Jane Wyman and Jimmy Stewart—received their Photoplay Gold Medal Awards. The race was close, the finish exciting.

Now, once again, we are at the halfway mark of this thrilling competition in which you, the people, decide which stars will be the Photoplay Gold Medal Award winners for 1950. Through the year Audience Research, Inc. has kept a careful check on the preferences you have voiced to its representatives who are stationed all over the land, in small towns and villages, in farming areas as well as in the great cities.

The actress whose performance you have most enjoyed, thus far in 1950, is Olivia de Havilland, in the picture "The Heiress." Whether or not she will win the Gold Medal Award, six months from now, no one can tell — yet. But we do know that her current contenders for her position as queen of the people are (alphabetically) Lucille Ball in "Miss Grant Takes Richmond," Jeanne Crain in "Pinky," Katharine Hepburn in "Adam's Rib," and (Continued on page 92)

Leading honors among men goes to John Wayne for his performance in popular war picture "Iwo Jima"

Eighth in lead line-up: "Jolson Sings Again," with Barbara Hale, Larry Parks

Ninth among leaders: "The Hasty Heart"—Ronald Reagan, Richard Todd, Pat Neal

Tenth on list: "Pinky," with Jeanne Crain, Ethel Waters
Beginning a New Series

How A Star Is
Born

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

So you want to be a motion picture star? But you've read so many discouraging stories about the slim chances anyone has of breaking into Hollywood that you've almost given up the idea. It is difficult to get into pictures. It's difficult to get an initial break in any work, actually. But remember this: Talent scouts are always on the lookout for the girl or boy who may be developed into a star. It makes no difference whether you live in a small town, on a farm, or in a big city. The important thing is, first, a quality that makes you stand out of the crowd; then the proper preparation.

To help aspiring actors and actresses, Photoplay presents "How a Star Is Born." No effort has been spared to make this series one hundred per cent accurate and complete—a blueprint by which to build a career.

First let us consider the natural endowment that a man or girl, planning a theatrical career, should have:

Talent.
Robust health.
Perseverance.
Enthusiasm (personality or emotional warmth).
Honesty of purpose (a talent scout can spot a phony at four miles).
Intellect (the day of the beautiful blonde dumbbell is done). (Continued on next page)

Marilyn Monroe, of "All About Eve":
Bright proof that if you have what Hollywood wants you can find your way to stardom Miss Monroe's dress by Charles LeMaire
Color Photo by John Engstead
A sense of humor if possible.
A measure of physical attractiveness (particularly large eyes).

Additional desirable male assets:
- Height of 5'10" or over.
- Rugged, athletic appearance.
- Resonant voice, deep register.

Additional desirable female assets:
- Height around 5'5".
- Slender, rounded figure.
- Flawless skin.
- Low, resonant voice.

These natural flaws can be corrected:
- Irregular teeth.
- Freckles (however, a generally bad skin usually indicates a physical problem).
- A large or misshapen nose (however, plastic surgery is expensive and must be done before a studio will evince interest in a newcomer).
- Sight defects which cause the wearing of glasses (if the wearer of glasses can move about a room without bumping into things when the glasses are removed).
- A strong accent of any kind.

Marilyn Monroe's modeling job landed her on covers of four magazines, resulting in Twentieth contract. When a second studio dropped her, Marilyn began to study dramatics, took role as blonde chased by Groucho Marx in "Love Happy".

Starlets like Donald Buka and Marilyn know the value of publicity, traveled far to help present Photoplay's Dream House to winner.
### THE HOLLYWOOD TALENT SITUATION AT A GLANCE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Studio</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Executive in search of Talent</th>
<th>Current situation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer</td>
<td>10202 W. Washington Blvd. Cuver City, Cal.</td>
<td><img src="image" alt="Lucille Ryman" /></td>
<td>Active search for talent; entire department under Miss Ryman works as discovery-school-career advancing unit. Great plans here captained by great intellect and heart.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paramount</td>
<td>5451 Marathon Street Hollywood 38, Cal.</td>
<td><img src="image" alt="Milton Lewis" /></td>
<td>Studio loves comics and singers. Constant quest for talent; just signed salesgirl from Saks discovered at soda fountain. Paramount’s “gold fish bowl” room decorated in home style, in which players may read scenes without knowing how many people are watching through one-way vision glass wall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Republic</td>
<td>4024 Radford Street N. Hollywood, Cal.</td>
<td><img src="image" alt="Jack Grant" /></td>
<td>Home of Roy Rogers. Studio talent interest is more general now than in past but western types, good riders or other active sportsmen or women get their breaks here.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RKO</td>
<td>780 N. Gower Street Hollywood 38, Cal.</td>
<td><img src="image" alt="Dick Stockton" /></td>
<td>This is the Howard Hughes plant. He still has Faith Domergue, Jack Beutel and Donald Buka under wraps, but will win with all three when time comes. Studio believes in long build-up, extensive training; signing occasional outstanding newcomers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20th Century-Fox</td>
<td>10201 W. Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 34, Cal.</td>
<td><img src="image" alt="Ivan Kahn" /></td>
<td>Doors always wide open here for singers and dancers, dramatic players. Every little theater production or play of any kind within a 150-mile radius of Los Angeles is seen by Twentieth representatives.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Universal-International</td>
<td>Universal City Cal.</td>
<td><img src="image" alt="Robert Palmer" /></td>
<td>An enthusiastic talent department, seeking and developing trained newcomers. One of the “opportunity” studios, alert and progressive.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warner Brothers</td>
<td>4000 West Olive Street Burbank, Cal.</td>
<td><img src="image" alt="S. J. Baiano" /></td>
<td>Mr. Baiano is one of best-loved men in town; truly interested in youngsters. Warners has, however, closed its training school and is currently interested only in people who have had wide theatrical experience.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These natural flaws can not be corrected (hence make a theatrical career intolerably difficult if not impossible altogether). Any malformation or serious disease of the eyes. Any serious speech impediment. A strange voice (exceptionally high, raucous or exceptionally deep and coarse). A swollen head (no studio has a place for anyone who thinks he knows more about developing talent than the studio officials know).

What can one do during junior high school and high school to begin theatrical training?

Take ballet instruction if possible, because even an hour a week spent in learning grace and body rhythm will be useful throughout life. If family means can’t encompass dancing lessons, an enterprising person can always get in touch with a friend who is studying dancing, and learn from that friend. Mark Platt learned the rudiments of the dance by watching little girls in his mother’s dancing class. Dan Dailey learned by observing old-time hoofers in theatrical restaurants.

Take music lessons of some kind if it is possible. Earn a record player (if (Continued on page 100))
HOLLYWOOD BACHELOR
BY MAXINE ARNOLD

No low-slung roadsters for Scott Brady. He's making headway with the kind of charm that makes girls feel cherished.

LIKE being smitten with a shillelagh—that's the way the fairer sex is reacting to Scott Brady, Universal-International's popular new charmer. He has an expressive face, Scott, that speaks with deviltry and laughter, with integrity and strength. He's tanned and husky, of lifeguard proportions—and equally strong of chin. He's a breezy conversationalist, has a restless energy, and is just about as full-Irish as they come. On his parents' side and their parents' before them—"Anyway you look at us Tierneys, we're Irish, I guess," he grins.

In the charm department he's old-fashioned—in a 1950 way. His is a sincere "just-leave-everything-to-me . . . I'll-take-care-of-you, Doll" approach. "And with Scott you feel he is taking care of you," says his favorite girl friend, Dorothy Malone. And she adds, "Scott makes any woman—be she girl friend, aunt, mother or grandmother, eight years old or eighty—feel cherished like a Queen Bee."

He's also a "William Saroyan kind of character"—devoted to the "little people" and ever ready to champion them. He acknowledges—and gratefully—his indebtedness to his family, his new profession, his country and his (Continued on page 88)
Parties, Parties,

The Hollywood kind are world-famous, for a variety of reasons.
This party-giver points out why

The invitation, opposite, should have prepared guests for role Portland Mason played until early hours of the morning.

It came on pink paper, this invitation, looking for all the world like an old theatrical handbill. There was the same sense of excitement about it, too. Which, of course, induced the Wangers' guests to arrive in a gay mood. And their gay mood was sustained because the food, drink and music were excellent and the tent which covered the back lawn was well ventilated. However, the pièce de résistance of the evening was Portland Mason. Sixteen-months-old Portland sat in her high chair, helped herself carefully to the white meat of chicken and played with any object that was left on her chair tray. She smiled at all who stopped to talk to her, too, until this party concluded early the following morning. For young Miss Mason keeps the same hours as her parents, goes wherever they go and does, more or less, whatever they do. I find this as amazing as Ethel Barrymore did when she called out, horrified, to Pamela Mason, that Portland was dipping her finger into a tired old high-ball. Whereupon Pamela laughed and assured Miss Barrymore there was no cause for alarm since Portland wouldn't drink it. I really wouldn't know. Pediatricians really don't know either, apparently. For the eminent doctors in California and New York who have examined Portland can only exclaim over her general well being.

Hollywood parties . . . That, the world over, is a phrase to conjure curiosity and the imagination. With reason.

For Hollywood parties, year in, year out, are typical of the current social scene. The style of Hollywood par-
Parties

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Hosts thank their lucky stars when Walt Disney, shown with the Begum Liaquat of Pakistan, accepts a party invitation.

It's no movie production when Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and his wife, Mary Lee Hartford, entertain. Above, with Elsa Maxwell, at another Hollywood party.

Sonja Henie and her mother make a party team that can't be beat.

Katie Hepburn, shown with director George Cukor, doesn't like parties. But his are too good to miss.

Ties has changed many times, but always to reflect the growing pains of this community which, in a handful of years, has developed from an outlandish and often vulgar place into one of the most charming and cosmopolitan centers in the world.

In the beginning Hollywood parties were wild. Those were the days when you were asked to a party the same day it was given. No preparation was involved. A party simply meant a lot of people getting together with plenty of liquor. It was for all the world like the old mining days.

Then the pendulum swung in the opposite direction and a party was only as good as the crazy idea that prompted it. Outstanding in the early '30's were the parties Carole Lombard, then. (Continued on page 86)
Van remembers . . . her middy blouses, those chipmunks, the day she became his leading lady, that frightened kiss . . .

PLAIN to see that Liz and Nick Hilton still are "that way" about each other. You only have to look at the news pictures of them to see that the soft lovelight is still in Elizabeth Taylor's big violet eyes, just as it was last May when Evie and I saw her married. So much publicity surrounded the wedding, so much stress was placed on her glamorous bride's gown, the bridesmaids' dresses, the important guests, the flowers, the whole magnificent, colorful spectacle, that the eager, youthful naiveté of the bride herself was overlooked.

But, as I watched her that evening, I was embarrassed at the great big catch in my throat. The years had gone by so fast. I could remember so well . . .

I was waiting in Lillian Burns's office that day when the little girl came in. She was a dainty child in middy blouse and pleated skirt, with long dark hair, a clipped British accent, and eyes, ye gods! those great violet eyes. I stared after her as she disappeared into the dramatic coach's office. How dared anybody look like that! As soon as she was out of earshot, I asked who she was.

"Why, she's the little English girl who'll play the lead in 'National Velvet.' Her name is Elizabeth Taylor."

Elizabeth Taylor! I think I was a fan of hers from that day.

Several times out at the Riviera Country Club, a group of us (Continued on page 96)
The world expected too much of Liz Taylor, Van says. Everyone forgot how young she was.
Just Plain

With Blitzen and Trinka in her home overlooking the Valley, Jane chokes when anyone calls it her dream house.

It took an agent three days to get Jane in for test for sensational role in “The Outlaw” with Jack Buetel.

He calls her Wife, she calls him Robert. The Waterfields don’t believe in making a production of love.
Her manner is offhand and her clothes are casual. She’s allergic to worry, loathes cooking and compliments and thinks her job is strictly wacky.

Tell Jane Russell she’s gorgeous, and she’ll pull in like a snail. Persist, and you’ll find yourself talking to vacancy. Jane has withdrawn. Inside herself, if that’s the best she can do. Headed for the nearest exit, if she can manage it. The quickest way not to make a hit with Russell is to feed her taffy.

She’s gorgeous, all right, and not only the much touted anatomy. Give yourself a chance, and the face is worth looking at, too. So is the character behind the face. Here’s that rare bird who remains what she was before they dunked her into the Hollywood klieg lights. Head clear and feet on the firm, firm ground. Straight-thinking, outspoken and blessed with a comic sense that she plays on herself like a hose. A strictly well-balanced human. The only compliment she’ll thank you for is to treat her as such, instead of making with the horsefeathers.

Husband, family, old friends, the ways she grew up in—these are the heart of life to Jane. She thinks her job’s swell and the money remarkable, but continues to regard the whole business with a wary eye—like a duck who’s mothered some strange egg, hatched out a peacock, and concludes there’s something wacky about it because there is.

The last thing she intended to be was an actress, though at school her three loves were art, music and the drama. Everything else she hated. Math was a jungle. All the way through math, she (Continued on page 83)
He was always a model husband . . .
a devoted father
. . . a man who never
left home without
Sue and the children. But now
it's a different story—
and a changed Alan Ladd

"I'm lucky," Sue says, "if he calls up to say he'll be home late for dinner." Below, with Lloyd Nolan Their caddy, an old hand at the game, decided Lloyd and Alan "had set golf back a hundred years." Alan's latest is "United States Mail"
IT WILL be different when we’re in our new home,” Sue Ladd used to tell herself. “We’re so crowded here, it’s no wonder Alan packs us out to the ranch all the time.”

And Sue would picture, as women will, the leisurely Sundays ahead, when she and Alan, their kids and their friends would enjoy the new place. She could just see Alan and herself settling down to the Sunday papers and a second cup of coffee after the children had left for Sunday School. She dreamed of the lazy hours when they all would stretch out in the sun or swim in the pool.

The day they moved to Holmby Hills it became evident Alan had been thinking in the same terms. “It’s going to be pretty swell, having all this room,” he told Sue. “I have a feeling we won’t be going to the ranch so often, that we’ll just stay home and relax.”

But it isn’t like that!

Last November, after a strenuous tour of northern California veterans’ hospitals, Alan visited friends on the Monterey Peninsula. When his host suggested a golf match at the famous Pebble Beach links, Alan—yearning for exercise and fresh air—compromised. “No golf,” he said, “but I’ll go along for the walk.”

The Pebble Beach course is one of the most beautiful in the world, sprawled along a breath-taking stretch of the Pacific Coast. But Alan—about halfway around—found himself interested more in his friend’s game than in the view.

“Give me one of those things,” he said at last, and his host loaned him a driver.

“Unfortunately,” Alan recalls, “I hit a good ball. I was done for.”

Back home again, he began (Continued on page 80)
Benson Fong, who plays Charlie Chan's son in the movies, taught Barbara how to make the Chinese dishes she served. Left to right, Nancy Davis, Richard Long, Jane Powell, Marshall Thompson, Geary Steffen and Barbara Thompson.

Light Up The Lanterns

BY KAY MULVEY

Take one budget, two lively imaginations, some congenial friends and you have the Marshall Thompson party plan.

Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen
Marshall couldn’t wait for party to begin, sampled radish roses Barbara was making.

INNER parties that are different—yet simple and fun: That’s the Marshall Thompsons’ plan for entertaining at home. They have guests for dinner about once a week—usually one couple, sometimes two. Their apartment, like the apartments of most young married couples these days, is very small. And they must watch their budget.

They’re very serious about their budget—Barbara and Marshall. Twenty per cent of Marshall’s salary pays the rent of their Westwood apartment. Fifteen per cent goes to food and household. Thirty-five per cent is saved. And the remaining thirty per cent is divided between their allowances, trips, clothes, furniture, entertainment and extra things like Christmas presents. They never charge anything. They save until they have enough to buy whatever they want.

On a recent Friday evening, the Thompsons invited Jane Powell and Geary Steffen, Nancy Davis and Barbara Thompson’s brother, Dick Long, to a Chinese dinner. To make the party extra festive they carried out the Chinese theme all (Continued on page 77)

A game of Chinese checkers proved more fun than Canasta. Clockwise are Nancy, Richard, Jane, Geary, hosts Barbara and Marshall
Too good to miss: "Sneak" of June Allyson, kidding Dick Powell when he visited her set.

Fair game: Gene Kelly was caught while practicing for baseball game between Comedians and Straight Men.

Turnabout is fair play! A slumbering George Sidney gave Lana Turner her chance—to win this prize.

Caught—with their glamour down! It's pictures like these that keep stars on the alert for George Sidney's candid camera.

Ballet blues: Janet Leigh stopped to rub her feet on "Red Danube" set—when along came George.
Too late, Spencer Tracy realizes he's caught — sticking his tongue out at Lana Turner, clowning on the set.

Little boy blue: Clark Cable, all dressed up for scene in "Key to the City," didn't like what he saw in mirror—but George did.

Burlesque on beauty: Lana Turner was so busy making faces at Spencer Tracy she forgot to keep her eyes on George.

JUDGMENTS

When someone cries, "Here's that man again," no one dares to relax. It means M-G-M director George Sidney ("Annie Get Your Gun," "Red Danube," "Cass Timberlane") is out hunting—with his camera. One day the stars rebelled and offered a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best candid of George. He was a hunted man—but getting him was tough. He knew all the tricks. Until Lana Turner captured him and won the prize. Not that this cured George. He's still keeping Hollywood on the alert!
VERA-ELLEN had a simply knockout traveling wardrobe when she took off for England to be in “Happy Go Lovely” with David Niven and Cesar Romero. It’s the interchangeability of almost everything in her trunk that makes it so smart and money-saving. For instance: she considered the most important item in the wardrobe a brown and white checked suit, very simple—and with matching vest. With this she took a plain brown flannel skirt, slightly flared. Also with this particular set of “combinations” (Continued on page 73)
Vanities

BY EDITH GWYNN

With the summer show almost over, Hollywood prepares, with exciting new styles, for the season ahead.

For evening, Gloria Swanson's daughter, Michele Farmer, wears white chiffon over taffeta with green sash, matching roses.

Arlene Dahl of "Three Little Words" in Irene's polonaise-styled dress. Tunic top of deep rose is trimmed with swags of Irish lace. Very full skirt is pale flesh pink starched marquisette over taffeta.
Building a room at a time keeps the Nerney budget balanced and gives Mona Freeman a chance to plan for the full house she wants.

COMES September Mona Freeman and her husband, Pat Nerney, will celebrate their first year in their first home. Pat will surprise Mona with a check for a dining room. She hopes. For a year now they have been giving each other very practical presents like Venetian blinds, a dishwasher, a garage, and a landscape job on the front lawn. The landscape job, an expensive gift in California, was Pat's present to Mona on Mother's Day. Though she could easily pass for a teen-ager, Mona is twenty-four, has been married four years, and is the mother of a beautiful two-and-a-half-year-old daughter named Mona, and called Little Mona, or Monie.

Mona and Pat are typical of young Hollywood couples—and there are quite a few of them—who want a home of their own, but who do not want to go up to their eyebrows in debt to get it. "All young married couples," says Mona, (Continued on page 72)
Milking stools surround Lazy Susan in center of Nerney living room. Mona used apartment furniture in new home—doesn’t mind rag rug being too small—it shows her pegged hardwood floor. Lamp, right, is old French phone.
For years, whenever she saw Lucille and Desi, Sheilah was grateful for her kids. If you're one of the lucky ones who enjoy good health, you won't be envious of Bob Hope, says Sheilah husband Fred Brisson.

Bill Holden wasn't joking when he said he was afraid to go home to his wife Brenda Marshall and children Scott, Virginia and West. Linda Darnell, here with husband and daughter, is still burning over the way her money disappeared.
I'll confess it now. When I first came to Hollywood I was quite envious of the movie stars. They had everything, I thought, to make them happy—money, fame, fancy houses, fancy figgers, fabulous furs, jewels, tennis courts and swimming pools which, if they were not exactly ermine-lined, were star-lined, which was better. But, after years of typewriter-scratching beneath the translucent surface, I've decided they can have it. There's nary a one of them whose problems I'd rather have than my own!

Even Elizabeth Taylor. She really does have everything. "Except," said Lizzie wistfully on her honeymoon in Europe, "a little privacy." Of course, that's to be expected. The great pleasure of personal privacy is denied to all movie stars. So be very grateful for your own anonymity—especially when you're off somewhere with the man you love. You can register as Mr. and Mrs. Smith. But let Clark Gable try it—or Montgomery Clift!

Bing Crosby. Wouldn't you love to be in his casual, carefree, easy-going shoes? I always thought I would, until I had a heart-to-heart (Continued on page 89)

Don't get Sheilah wrong, she has troubles, too. But after looking at these star problems, she began counting her blessings.

If you feel like a million, you won't want to change places with June Haver
For the girl who wants the casual look: Careful shaping gives June Allyson’s hair its un-studied appearance. She's in “Right Cross”

For the lucky girl with curls, a short wind-blown bob like Elizabeth Taylor’s, of “A Place in the Sun”

If, like Jane Powell, star of “The Tender Hours,” you’re a hold-out for long hair, you’ll appreciate her grooming tricks

Blackwell Jr.

Photoplay Feature Attraction

Style your

BY VICKY RILEY

Tired of your old hair-do? Afraid to take a chance? You won’t be when you read these easy directions for shaping your hair like a star’s
All of a sudden, out here in Hollywood, there is a completely new face on beauty. And when this happens in Hollywood, suddenly or otherwise, it goes round the world faster than a speeding bullet.

For the glamour that has been created for a doll like Elizabeth Taylor is so clearly outlined that it immediately is in reach of every girl. We can’t all have Elizabeth’s exquisite nose or lovely eyes or piquant mouth. Or that figure either. But the glamour mood of Elizabeth, or of Janie Wyman, or of saucy June Allyson, that can be had.

With the start of this autumn of 1950 there is not only a complete change of hair styling, but of make-up and figure-styling too. Hairlines are completely unlike those of last fall. Mouthlines are very (Continued on page 110)

Turn page for sketches and directions

Pat Neal of “Three Secrets” gives her fine hair body with “blunt” cut, softens it with a forward curl

Fink and Smith
Cut hair in short, windblown curls. Liz Taylor cuts her own natural curls, but straight hair would need professional trimming.

For windblown effect, hair should be cut high around the neckline.

Cut front hair in bangs which can be combed over forehead or to one side in deep, loose curl, depending on way hair is parted.

If hair is straight or natural curl is too loose, set entire hair in small pin curls.

For formal appearances, hair can be parted in center or at side and bangs brushed back into rest of hair.

Part hair in center. Comb down in front, over face and cut bangs to half-forehead length.

Rest of hair should be cut "bluntly," not "feathered," to give cap effect. Set bangs in two large pin curls.

Set rest of hair in large, loose pin curls. June never uses more than six curlers on her hair.

Allow to dry naturally. Then brush (do not comb) hair out and up to give ends a soft, upward curl.

Cup hair softly over ears. Brush bangs to right and left for casual, fluffy effect.

Have long hair thinned out, contoured to the head and cut to about three inches below ears. Part hair at the left.

Set hair on top of head in a loose, deep finger wave. If hair is not curly, use a wave lotion to set it and hold down with bobby pins.

Set rest of hair in medium pin curls. When dry, brush into soft, full curls.

Comh forehead wave backwards. Brush hair upwards at temples and pin up for straight, clean line.

Brush hair at the sides into a long, full curl—turning under, against the face.
Make a one-inch center part at top of head. Cut hair to short, straight bangs in front, about four inches from beginning of center part.

Hair over ears should be only two inches long, shaping to four inches in back. Do not curl.

Comb bangs straight down, merging into hair at both sides of the head.

Comb back hair to a V at base of the skull. For sleek effect, trim any stray hairs.

Brush hair around ears up and forward, keeping it to cap-like contour.

Part hair at the side. Cut to contour of head, just below the ears.

Set front hair in large pin curls, with medium size pin curls at the sides.

Set back hair in large flat curls, not too tight, for full, wide waves.

Brush out vigorously so that hair falls naturally. Brush hair up and over on either side of forehead, cupping slightly forward on the cheeks.

For loose bang effect, part front hair in three sections, combing each section down and around toward part.

Part hair at left. Cut "Bluntly," do not “feather.” This gives fine hair body.

Cut hair eight inches from the crown to end of “bob” in back, straight at the neckline but tapering to one-and-a-half inches in front.

Comb lock of hair over forehead and set in large pin curl. Set hair over ears in one loose pin curl at each side, leaving back of hair straight.

Comb hair straight in back, bringing to slight curl at the sides.

Comb forehead hair into soft, deep curl, turned under, for bang effect. Best way is to comb hair over whole band and hold down against forehead.
See your public this fall in plaid. Nancy Olson wears an unlined wool suit with detachable white pique collar and cuffs. The jacket can be worn belted or loose. Three-quarter sleeves leave new wide armhole. In red, navy or black ground plaid, sizes 10-18. $17.95 by McArthur at Creery's, New York, N. Y., Debels, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Hecht Co., Washington, D.C. Jewelry on both pages by Agnew. Write direct to manufacturer listed on page 71.

Naturally lovely, Nancy Olson is in Paramount’s “Sunset Boulevard”

Liz Scott in the original suit designed by Michael Woulfe for RKO’s “The Wall Outside”

Opposite page: The Handmacher adaptation of the original Liz Scott-Michael Woulfe suit. A fashion first in gray flannel, its tailored trimness is accentuated by high, tiny collar, interesting side pockets and slim skirt. Also in brown and blue, sizes 10-20. $55.00 at Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y., Kresge Newark, Newark, N. J., and Jordan, Marsh Co., Boston, Mass. Oversized plaid bag by Town and Country. $7.95 plus tax.
To wear in town or country:

Ready to go—anywhere. A wool jersey with simple lines that can be accessorized to meet any occasion. Here it stresses the casual look in two-tone wool with round neck, zipper back, three-quarter sleeves, and deep pockets at the sides of the full skirt. Belt is in contrasting suede. In green and darker green, beige and brown gray and darker gray. Sizes 9-11: $14.95 by Betty Barelay at Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y., Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal., and Kresge Newark, Newark, N. J. Glentex tie. Cloche by Madea.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 7.

Clothes modeled by Nancy Olson were photographed at her country farm in Suffern, N. Y.
the very least we can do!

we love to do wonderful little things to make you feel small and light and free as the air...little things like this, for example...a few inches of Trafford nylon marquisette, a few inches of peer elasticized nylon...a bit of dainty lace but a lot of Jantzen figure-making genius! ey're dream girdles and panty-girdles white...5.00 and 5.95...at most stores. Jantzen has the most wonderful w bras...with concentric-stitched cups all with forever uplift...2.00 to 5.00.
Lead the fall fashion parade in this striking four-in-one ensemble — form-fitting weskit with button front, graceful, fringed stole, trimly tucked, long-sleeved blouse with French cuffs and slim skirt. For variety, wear the stole with the skirt or the weskit with the skirt. Or match them with other pieces in your wardrobe. Give it a Scottish flair by making part of the ensemble in one of the striking clan tartans offered by Cerey woolens. For pattern drawings see page 71.

Photoplay Patterns
205 East 42nd Street
New York 17, New York

Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Joan Caulfield "The Petty Girl" ensemble in sizes 12-14-16-18-20.

Name ........................ Size ........

Street ........................

City ........................ State ......

Joan Caulfield wears the original ensemble designed by Jean Louis for her role in Columbia's "The Petty Girl"
Wherever you live you can buy

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Gray flannel suit on Liz Scott
Handmacher-Vogel
512 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Plaid bag
Town & Country
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Plaid suit
McArthur
1372 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Jersey dress
Betty Barelay
40 North Sixth Street

Velvet cloche
Madelaps
28 West 39th Street
New York, N. Y.

All jewelry
Agnew
5 East 47th Street
New York, N. Y.

You'll never forget the day you try

IMPROVED
FELS-NAPTHA!

You'll say it's a 'WHITE' LETTER Day in your life... the first day you wash one of hubby's shirts with Improved Fels-Naptha Soap! That shirt will be cleaned as only good soap can clean it. And you'll both agree you've never seen a WHITER shirt!

Make every washday a 'WHITE' LETTER Day. Always use Improved Fels-Naptha—the only laundry product that gives you three washday advantages—

1. Mild, golden soap.
2. Gentle, active naptha.
3. Finer 'Sunshine' Ingredients for extra, brilliant whiteness and clearer, brighter colors.

PHOTOPLAY PATTERN
OF THE MONTH

Detailed drawings, above, of the Joan Caulfield ensemble on page 70

IMPROVED
Fels-Naptha Soap
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
Mona had undoubtedly paid a large price for that chair. 

The fourth lamp in the room, on a table between two overstuffed chairs, is made of a champagne bottle, with a bright red pleated cover. The night Mona and Pat decided to get married they drove out to the Nerneys' apartment in the West Hollywood Riviera section, formerly a big lemon grove, near Pacific Palisades. They kissed $7,500 goodbye sadly, but assured each other they had done the right thing. Now, they sail back again on the same boat for the next five years.

The arrival of Little Mona and her nurse, the small apartment with the paper-thin walls became a problem. One day when Mona was on the phone with a friend because the baby didn't have a back yard to play in like other babies, Pat said, "to heck with waiting." He grabbed the phone and called Paul Williams, famous architect. He had designed the apartment, and Pat explained their financial situation (not good) to him, and he drew them basic plans for a Connecticut farmhouse, with a fieldstone front and a shake roof, that could be built later. Their infant soul, insisted only that the bath leading off the master bedroom have two washbasins. Mona was more practical. She wanted a sunken living room with a pegged hardwood floor and a huge bay window. Huge bay windows, she discovered to her horror, cost like the diamonds. So she settled for the sunken living room and the pegged hardwood floor. (In the early fifties when windows were on the patio side of the living room goes out, and the huge bay window comes in.)

During the nine months that Mona and Pat have lived in their new home they haven't spent an moment thinking of the furniture they have brought from the apartment is very good, and some, she hastily adds, is very bad. Eventually she will weed out the bad stuff. Early Americans is a firm where she got a baby chair. Mona's mother brought it out on the train with her when she came out to meet her granddaughter.

There are four other interesting pieces in the Nerneys' apartment from the antique and secondhand shops. An old cranberry picker which Mona uses as a magazine rack. A dry sink which was once lined with lead and used to hold buckets of water. Mona keeps some of her blue china on it, and a picture of a silver frame she and Pat took the day they were married. A ladder-back Windsor chair "not my taste," and a dining room chair covered in gold filigree upholstery. She paid $65 for the latter. Her father, visiting Los Angeles at the time, scraped off the layers of paint on it, and found it to be beautifully mahogany. It took him about three months to refinish it. He also did a scraping and refinishing job on the long Windsor carriage bench which Mona has in her front hall. Over the dry sink hang two sets of unusual painting - the one for a piece of tapestry.

"It's a rather expensive antique," says Mona, "and the first thing Pat bought for the apartment after we were married. For a long time the only things we had in our apartment was that painting, a mattress and a box spring.

The baby's room, however, is complete. And a joy to behold. All the Nerney children and grandchildren have slept in the same youth spool bed. Mona is the only one who has been trained to keep her toys in an antique trunk, she manages to scatter her dolls, of which she has a goodly number, all over the room. She has a large dollhouse on a table, and the children have purchased a four-poster canopy bed which Pat's father made. There's a slipper chair covered in plaid gingham, and an old pine table covered in the same fabric. The walls are papered in pink-and-white striped wallpaper. The curtains are dotted Swiss trimmed in eyelet ruffles. The floor is covered with blue linoleum, and over it sits a red and blue and blue and blue scatter rug which Mona has been forced to hold against the Early American flavor. The floor is covered in natural blocked linoleum outlined in rose. Mona's chief delight in the kitchen is a meat block which she found in a secondhand shop and which makes a most unusual kitchen table.

In my peregrinations around Hollywood I have found some awful sloppy kitchens. They seem to be catchalls for just about anything. A number bottle of wine, a bar of blue jeans and cast-off mattresses. Mona's garage opens on the court in front of the house. It's spick-and-span. It is papered in yellow wallpaper featuring old-time turkeys. The back of the garage is lined with cabinets instead of open shelves. Here she can store the usual eyeores.

What kind of a car is in the garage? Why a Ford, but, of course.

The End
Hollywood Vanities

(Continued from page 58) want a brown-
and-white checked cloth top-coat that
could be worn not only over the suit-
changes, but over solid color wool dresses.

One little close-fitting back-on-the-head
hat of brown felt went along for all the
suit and dress-with-coat ensembles—plus
brown accessories. Of course there were a
few blouses to interchange with the vest.

Then there was a lovely gray tafta
lunch-through-cocktail-time dress, said
dark red, flaring silk coat to go with it.

Same coat would naturally be a perfect
evening wrap for almost any shade of
gown. A simple black faille suit, the
dress of which could be worn with the
cost, two “fancy” hats and a few more ac-
cessories were everything Vera toted along,
besides her undies and lounging robes.

She expected to blow herself to at least
a couple of new evening gowns “over
there”—as who wouldn’t?

We just simply gotta talk about lane.
And we don’t mean lace ball gowns—far
from it! We mean it in the sense of lace
that makes news this summer—and
with so many practical variations that
the current craze for it may well carry on
through fall and winter. And so, what’s
more, besides being soft and flowy—or starched into
tailored or free-swinging daytime skirts?

Adele Jergens has a scrumptious starched
crepe de chine dress with an evening coat she
would wear to a “heavy date” for lunch on a
warm summer day, or to a club social.

It’s a luscious shade of aquamarine that is
just heavenly on blondes or brunettes.

(Adele is a blonde who does not mind wearing
gowns which have been worn before by several
times a year—and usually is!) Anyway,
its snug, rather long-waistid bodice has
short, tight sleeves, a straight-across-
the-shoulder shoulder. The full, calf-
length skirt flares out in a heavy matching
taffeta slip beneath.

Patricia Neal, lunching at Romanoff’s,
was wearing a street dress of oyster-
white linen lace, over a strapless linen slip.

She says that with this she might
wear a “modest” street suit dress, or
the slip becomes a sun-back dress all
by itself! Now there’s a idea for you!
Because whether oyster white, beige, or
gray, such a slip with the oyster shade
of linen lace dress (the skirt of which
could be slit from hem to waistline for
peeping contrast) would furnish the
basis for at least three distinct costumes.

All alone it’s a dressy outfit, but with a
matching linen lace dress over it,
it becomes a lovely redingote type of
costume. With perhaps another brightly col-
ored lace over-dress, a third smart outfit.

Then, too, if the linen over-dress and slip
were of matching gray or beige or oyster white,
the crushed girdle with bag to match
(as in Pat’s case) could be of bright
cerise velvet. Or there could be any
number of matching accessory combi-
nations to make this basic idea give you
at least the above-mentioned three out-
fits for the price of one.

Ricardo Montalban’s “bride” (she’s Lor-
etta Young’s sister, you know) looked so
smart in a taffa-gray chiffon dress, the
skirt of which had shimmered ruffles. The
ruffles were very narrow up toward the waistline,
but graduated in width as they
reached the hemline, until they were at
least five inches wide. Over this, Mrs. M.
Tossed a silver-blue mink stole.

Yvonne De Carlo has an exact replica,
in beige satin, of the pale blue crepe
dress that Rita Hayworth was wed in. Yeah
and both of course, made by Jacques Fath.

Now, we ask you! Yvonne says she bought
it in Paris and didn’t know at the time she
was buying practically the Hayworth
bridal outfit. Her small, close-fitting hat
of matching color, though, is nothing like
the large lid on Rita when she said “I do.”

Joan Caulfield has really slimmed down
to actual “Petty Girl” proportions. Saw her
dress of which she wore a cocktail party the Henry Rogers
gave and she looked like a doll in a pale
yellow afternoon dress of voile (that virt-
ually matched her hair), topped by a
huge, flopping hat of yellow straw, trimmed
with small old-fashioned flowers.

Claire Trevor was at this soiree which
lasted through a veritable dinner feast served buffet style. Claire wore a
smart street-length dress of gray silk doted
with white; Evelyn Keyes was there
with Bob Stack; Marie Wilson with her
Alan Nixon who is showing off all his old
football muscles in the new picture “Pre-
historic Woman.” The Lloyd Nolans, Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer, Jane Wy-
man, by herself (she’s been dating Ronnie Reagan again—but it don’t mean nuttin’!),
the Bill Lundigans, Mercedes McCam-
bridge—just a few others on hand.

We went to the Charlie Morrisons’ party
for Mack Sennett’s birthday and the even-
ing really wound up in the nostalgic man-
er with Mae Murray’s opening with her
dance-act at Mocamo. What a reunion of
the one-time star of “The Merry Widow”
(the new version of which will star Lana
Turner) got from the crowd.

Two gals who looked like a breeze while
the temperature soared, were Ruth Roman
and Arlene Dahl—but in different places.

Arlene was dining at La Rue with Mexi-
can Consulate General Salvador Duhart
and her blonde beauty was framed in a
severely simple short-sleeved black and
silver evening gown, already had a low,
very wide waistline, was outlined and
glazed red with delicate little ruffles. Ruth
Roman was caught sipping a soda at
Wilton Wright’s in a sheer imported white
dotted Swiss dress that gave her plenty of
“air.” Of street length, it was full-skirted,
with an off-the-shoulder neckline. The
big hip-pockets of the skirt were embroidered
with big splashes of garden strawberries
outlined with red and green bugle beads.

A similar border of the berries formed a
wide border on the hemline of the matching
white underskirt! Ruth carried a big
white linen bag, matching white linen
pumps, and white shortie gloves.

No hat. And no jewelry—but gee—it was hot!

Instead of cooling on those hectic Mon-
day night Charleston contests at Mocamo,
the Hollywood glamourpuss seems to be
turning out in even greater crowds for them!

Pretty soon, you’ll have to be a sardine,
not a movie star, to squeeze into the place.

The End

honeyymoon special! Elsa Maxwell welcomed them—Europe
welcomed them. Read Elsa’s exciting story, with snaps taken by

LIZ TAYLOR AND NICK HILTON
plus color photographs of their honeymoon in Europe

In the October issue—on sale September 8
YOUR PHOTOPLAY

Photo-Plays

Howard Duff of "Spy Hunt," out on a personal appearance tour, had been told that a welcoming committee would greet him. The reception he got exceeded his fondest expectations. As he left the plane, a blonde rushed up, said "Welcome"—and kissed him.

Nice, he thought. Very nice. Up dashed another blonde, said "Welcome"—and kissed him. Howard was ready for the third. He embraced and kissed her...

... first! "What do you think you're doing," blared a voice. Howard grinned at the irate elderly gentleman who had spoken. "Welcoming my welcoming committee!"

"That young lady is my secretary," the man replied icily. He introduced himself. He was the Chamber of Commerce president. He was the welcoming committee.

Later, at home, Howard felt pretty good, telling his pals about the first two blondes. Until he learned those gals had been paid to kiss him—for a gag!
The Only Hope

Continued from page 33) Frances Gumm, a sister act, she first attracted the attention of Louis B. Mayer and was brought to M-G-M as a child star. These friends argue that she never had the proper rest or diet in her formative years, and that he is the victim of her sensationa...
were already in preparation for her when she recovered her health. It was L. B. who soothed her to the point of her decision to go East for treatment under the care of fine doctors.

When she returned—after three months—everyone was so happy because she seemed to be herself, glowing with health and happiness and added weight.

Once again she went to parties and had fun. Almost every Sunday Night I would see her at the popular La Rue cafe holding hands with Vince and looking for all the world as though she had not a care or a problem on her mind.

Far from being forced back to work against her will, she was actually begging M-G-M to put her to work. "I've worked all my life," she pleaded with them. "I'm not restless being idle."

And, believing her, they put her to work in "Summer Stock."

ALMOST from the beginning, it was obvious that a mistake had been made. But everybody from the bosses down "covered" for her. Halfway through, everyone connected with the picture realized that the trip to Boston had not cured her.

As she grew more and more pitifully nervous, it was decided to send for Professor Rose, the man who had done so much for her in Boston. He stood by during the final weeks of the picture so she was able to finish it.

Judy had promised the psychiatrist that she would return with him to Boston. But at the end of the picture she begged Vince Minnelli not to send her.

Poor, loyal Vince. He may have known that Judy should go back to a hospital. But he loves her so much he cannot bring himself to do anything that makes her unhappy.

She coaxed him into going with her to Carmel where she promised to rest—and she did. In fact, she was coming along so well that June Allyson had to be replaced in "Royal Wedding" because she was expecting a baby. Judy was suggested as a possibility.

"Do I want to do it?" she almost yelled over the telephone. "Oh, making another picture with Fred Astaire (their 'Easter Parade' had been sensational) is the best medicine I could have."

But everything still depended on the decision of the doctor. Impressed by Judy's happiness and the big improvement in her health, he gave his okay.

The picture was still in the rehearsal stage—had not even gone into production—when the same old routine started all over again.... Temperamental words with the producer.... Being late to rehearse with Astaire... Finally, not showing up at all... Those who knew anything about the situation were aware that Judy's not showing up for an hour's work was not the real reason for her third suspension, news of which I broke on my radio show.

Fred Astaire, the kindest man in the world, was a nervous wreck himself before Judy was removed from the picture. Her emotional outbursts and hysteria had caused Charles Walters, who had directed "Summer Stock," to ask for his release from "Royal Wedding."

But even those close to her did not know how deeply sick she was until that black Monday night when she rushed into the bathroom of her home during a business conference—and slashed at her throat.

Unfortunately the story got to the papers, when someone close to Judy talked at one of Hollywood's night spots. "Sorry for her impulsive act? Of course She cried and cried in Vince's arms."

We all are sorry for her—to the point of heartbreak. But one thing is vitally clear—by this action she has proven that she can no longer control herself.

As heartbreaking as it may be to Vince he must let her go away for a long time forget Hollywood, forget career, forget him and the baby—until she can come back well and happy again.

As we go to press things seem brighter certainly. For again Judy called her friend, L. B. Mayer, and asked him to come and see her. He told me himself he was delighted with her condition. Her eyes were bright. She was alert. More than anything else in the world, she told him, she wanted to get well. Whereupon Mr. Mayer telephoned Nick Schenck, another M-G-M executive, and it was agreed Judy would be paid by the studio until she is well again. Also the possibility of her starring in "Show Boat" was discussed—if she is completely recovered when this picture starts in the fall.

Judy's ready to face facts, it seem She's going to turn down the offer to go to London for an engagement at the Palladium. She's going to make the fight that she must make if she's to be wholly well again.

It could be, as Mr. Mayer says, that this recent tragedy was a blessing in disguise because now Judy knows what can happen if you let yourself go too far.

The End
Light up the Lanterns

(Continued from page 53) around—in decoration and games as well as food.

There were no cocktails. Barbara and Marshall agree that cocktails are a complete waste of time and money, except, of course, on special occasions.

When Barbara and Marshall were first married all the cooking she knew was how to make waffles and mashed potatoes. But since eating in restaurants just didn't go with their budget, she soon learned to cook. It was Benson Fong, who owns the Ah Fong Restaurant in Hollywood, who taught Barbara to make the delicious Chinese dishes she served at her party. Benson, who plays Charlie Chan's son in the movies, was in Marshall's first picture almost seven years ago.

After the hors-d'oeuvres (barbecued spareribs, sliced pork and egg roll) the Thompsons brought out the lovely chafing dish in which they kept their Chow Mein Chop Suey, piping hot. This main course was served with crisp fried noodles, pork, fried rice, and tea. For dessert there were rice cookies, almond cake and litchi nuts.

After dinner came the games. Some of the predictions from the fortune sticks were a little amazing. Nancy Davis was told, "Don't waste your talents, they're ready to work for you." This you'll believe when you see Nancy in "The Next Voice You Hear."

When Geary Steffen read his fortune, "Curb your partner's tendency to extravagance or risky plans," Janie swore that she never shopped anywhere except Ohrbach's. Janie and Geary also live in a small apartment which they furnished without the aid of a decorator, so they are far from extravagant.

Chinese checkers was the next game, everybody agreeing that he or she was tired of Canasta. And as the grande finale for the evening, Nancy Davis read everyone's tea leaves. In Marshall's and Barbara's cups she saw as much happiness in the future as the two have had since they met a little over two years ago, when Marshall was playing in stock with Dick Long at Laguna. At that time Barbara Long was a combination stagehand and scenery painter. It was almost love at first sight. A few months later Marshall willingly pinned her with his Phi Gamma Delta pin and, after a six months' engagement, they were quietly married at the Westwood Community Church.

Now, through their gay and well-planned conservative way of living, Barbara and Marshall have saved enough to pay cash for a lovely hilltop lot in Brentwood where they hope to build in the very near future. Marshall has made many of their early

---

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Made of flexible, airy nylon, this is a guide to control your pounds, extoll your curves. Giving you hips you'll howupy, a waist worth buying a belt for. All at a purse-easy price—with money over for the matching bra. Style 542-14" sizes 25 to 32. Style 5652-16" sizes 26 to 36. White and pink $5.00. Matching nylon bra-style 6091 $1.50

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American tables and casual pieces himself, working in an obiliger neighbor's workshop.

It was in this same workshop that Marshall made the sign that was to cause the biggest laugh of the evening. It read: "Ah Young Thompson's Very Fine Chop Suey." How was he to know that two pedestrians passing the apartment would take the sign seriously and stop to inquire about the price of the dinner?

Here's the menu of the dinner the passer-by didn't get (all recipes serve 8):

**EGG ROLL**

Beat together until well-mixed but not frothy: 3 eggs
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup water
1/2 cup flour (optional). It will make egg roll much easier to fry. Lightly grease a 9" or 10" heavy iron skillet, and heat to moderate temperature. Add about 2 tablespoons egg mixture and tip skillet so mixture forms a 7" round, in a very thin sheet. Cook without stirring until browned. Remove with large spatula and set aside to cool while filling is made.

For filling, combine in skillet:
1/2 cup cooked bean sprouts
1 tablespoon finely chopped green onions
1/4 cup finely chopped water chestnuts
1 tablespoon soy sauce
1/2 teaspoon soy sauce
2 tablespoons steamed rice
1/2 cup chopped cooked pork or chicken
1/4 cup chopped cooked shrimp

Mix gently and heat until warm. Heat cooking fat about 2 inches deep in pan to 360°F. Spread each egg 'pancake' with the above mixture. Begin rolling one end, fold in sides, and continue rolling as for jelly roll. Fasten with tooth pick.

Place in fat and cook until well browned (12 to 15 minutes). Drain on paper toweling and serve hot with dunking sauce.

**SLICED PORK**

Place a whole fresh pork tenderloin on a rack in an open pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in a moderate oven (325°F.) 30 to 35 minutes per pound or until well done, with all pink color gone. Cool. Slice 1/4 inch thick and serve with Chinese dunking sauce.

**BARBECUED SPARERIBS**

Have cut into fingers or riblets for Chinese spareribs: 8 lbs. lean spareribs
Place in open roasting pan and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in a moderate oven (325°F.) about 11/2 hours, or until tender—but not separating from bone. Spread on cookie sheet or broiling pan.

Combine: 1 cup barbecue sauce
2 tablespoons brown sugar
3 tablespoons soy sauce
Brush this mixture on ribs. Place in pre-heated broiler 3 to 5 minutes or until crisp and brown. (In an outdoor barbecue brush sauce on when almost done.) Serve with dunking sauce.

**DUNKING SAUCE**

Mix 1/4 cup dry mustard with 3 to 4 tbsp. water, to make consistency of gravy. Fill saucers with catsup. Place tsp. of mustard mixture in center of each.

**CHOW MEIN CHOP SUEY**

Place in moderately hot skillet:
1 tablespoon salad oil
Add: 2 cups finely chopped raw pork
1 cup diced bamboo shoots
1/2 cup finely sliced water chestnuts
1 tablespoon soy sauce
1 1/2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon soy sauce
Chinese flavoring powder
2 cups chicken broth
Mix thoroughly. Let steam 5 minutes. Add: 3 cups bean sprouts
Cover again and cook 2 minutes. Combine: 4 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons cold water
Add cornstarch mixture gradually to part mixture. Bring to boil, cook 1 minute longer, stirring constantly. Serve at once over crisp noodles.

**CANTONESE FRIED RICE**

Place in moderately hot skillet:
2 tablespoons salad oil
Add: 2 eggs, lightly beaten
Cook, stirring frequently until egg has set
Add: 4 cups cooked rice
Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly.
Stir in: 1/2 cup chopped roasted pork
1/4 cup sliced water chestnuts
1/4 cup diced bamboo shoots
2 tablespoons soy sauce
Cook and stir one minute more.
Add: 1/2 cup chopped green onion
Serve at once.

Are you in the know?

If your makeup melts, should you try—

- A cold splash
- The scrubbed-and-shiny look
- Patchwork

How to save face on humid evenings? First, before the shindig, use an astrigent lotion (fresh from the ice box)—for a drying effect. Next, apply sponge cake makeup base, sparingly, and splash on cold water to "set it." Blot; then pat on the dazzledust. At calendar time, too, you can save yourself many an anxious moment. With Kotex, you're set to cope with any problem—day emergency ... for that special safety center gives you extra protection.

Which color compliments a suntan?

- Orange
- Chartreuse
- Cerise

However you're toasted—well-done or medium—wear colors that flatten your suntan. Thumbs down on all three answers above (fooled you!). Choose cool hues; blues, for instance. Of course white outwows them all. And on certain days, it pays to be choosy—about sanitary protection. That's why Kotex comes in 3 absorbencies (different sizes, for different days), so you can select what's best for you. Try Regular, Junior, Super. Find the one just exactly right.

How to score with the hiring squad?

- "I can do anything"
- "I want to get experience"
- "Sell" yourself

You may want a job for some extra jingle—jangle—or a stepping-stone to a Dream Career. But why should the company want you? Suggest specific work you believe you can do, giving the boss-man (or lady) good reasons. "Sell" yourself. It inspires confidence. You can be confident, even on "those" days, with the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it. For Kotex gives softness that holds its shape ... comfort that helps you hold that job!

When shaking hands do you think it's smooth to—

- Remove your gloves
- Keep them on
- Say "Pardon my glove"

Remove your mitt or apologize for same? 'Taint fittin', kitten! A lady's gloves should "stay put." At least 'til she's seated in the theatre,or at a restaurant table. To stay hand-in-glove with confidence on "trying" days—put certain worries out of mind. Choose Kotex! Those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And for extra poise, get the extra comfort of the new Kotex Wonderform* Belt made with DuPont nylon elastic! It's non-curling. Non-twisting. Washable; dries like magic!

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

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

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How to learn your social P's and Q's?
How lovely your hair will look when you use this exciting New Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action! For New Drene does far more than "just wash" your hair. It actually conditions as it cleanses—conditions your hair to thrilling natural sheen, natural softness!

Your hair is so wonderfully easy to manage...it's so clean, so soft, so responsive to your hands.

No other shampoo has this Conditioning Action. Get New Drene today!

1. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
2. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Removes loose dandruff!
3. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

The sure way to Natural Sheen—Natural Softness

(Continued from page 51) alerting his friends—borrowed a set of clubs from Vern Carstensen, some books on the game from his pal Lloyd Nolan, took a few lessons from a pro Lew Ayres recommended.

Christmas came and Sue ("my own worst enemy," she says) gave him a complete set of clubs and a membership in the swanky Bel-Air Country Club.

"Now it's golf-golf-golf every day he's not working, golf jokes at the dinner table, golf books on the bedside table. I'm lucky," Sue says, laughing, "if he calls me up to say he'll be home late for dinner."

"I'm lucky," Alan retorts, "if the line isn't busy." This "busy" line is a squelcher, an old standby argument-stopper for Alan. Stems, he says, from the blackest, bitterest night of his life.

It was a cold, rainy, autumn night in 1943, and he had just been inducted into the Army at the induction center at Ft. McArthur. He and a million other poor guys took the long day of standing in lines for processing without grumbling too much because he knew that as soon as the processing was over he would get a five-hour pass. He had promised Sue to call her the minute he had the pass in hand. She'd pick him up at the post and he'd have a whole five hours of civilian warmth and comfort.

There was a line-up for the phone, too—the million other guys had the same idea. Alan waited his turn, trying to be patient, grabbed the phone eagerly and dialed his home number. The line was busy. He had to go back again to the end of the line—inch up again for another try. It was dark, and getting late, and the rain was coming down in sheets. He got to the phone booth again, called the house again. The line was busy.

Livid, he walked to the nearest trolley stop, got on a train heading for Los Angeles. Everything was fine until midway in the run when the train reached a wash-out in the tracks and was forced to back all the way to San Pedro.

This time Alan called a cab and rode home in style. He got there at three-thirty A.M. and he had to be back at the post at five o'clock.

Sue had a second phone line installed the next day and told no one but Alan the number. "It worked for awhile," he concedes, "but now we have three lines and they're all busy."

Actually one of the reasons Alan has failed is that he's so hard for golf is that his life—now that he has become a top-ranking star—is just about as tense and complicated as the busy phone lines would indicate.

"There are no phones on the golf course," he says. "When you're playing you can't even think about anything else." He finds that all the tensions accumulated in his busy schedule float away as he whams away at the little white ball.

If anybody had told Alan even last summer that 1950 would find him trudging daily—when he wasn't in production on a picture—around eighteen holes of a rugged golf course, sweating his way out of sand traps and from behind unfriendly tree trunks, watching the masters with almost a booby-soxer's brand of admiration, talking the game, reading about it, living it...

"I'd have said he was crazy," Alan sums it up himself.

Until last November, when his pals in Paramount's publicity department used to invite him to join their Sunday foursome at the Griffith Park course, he'd run.

"Anything else you name," he'd tell
"This mud-pack was no beauty treatment!"

says IRENE DUNNE, co-starring with FRED MACMURRAY in RKO's "COME SHARE MY LOVE"

We spent 5 hours rehearsing and retaking this scene in "Come Share My Love." The cold, wet mud left my hands taut and rough.

A dust storm sandpapered my hands and face...

But Jergens Lotion kept my skin smooth and soft...

So it was lovely in close-ups with Fred MacMurray.

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Read NANCY CRAIG's COOKING PAGES
in this month's RADIO MIRROR Magazine

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

Prove it with this simple test described above...

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

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world
Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax)
He said “Good Night” but he meant “Goodbye” because of that!

Don’t let DEODORANT FAILURE rob you of popularity...

Use Heed® new spray deodorant... stops perspiration

No wonder women everywhere are changing to new, spray-on HEED in the flexible squeeze bottle. HEED stops perspiration... prevents underarm odor all the live-long day. HEED is so easy, so dainty to use—no more messy fingers. No other type deodorant, no cream or old-fashioned liquid gives such long-lasting protection so quickly. So don’t take chances with short-time deodorants... use HEED. At all cosmetic counters, 49¢. Lasts many months!

Never be Heed-less and you’ll always be safe!

In the thunderous silence which ensued, Everett dropped ten balls in the gulley. Then he walked over to his caddy, grabbed his loaded golf bag and threw it after the balls. He didn’t play again, the legend goes, for a solid year.

“Isn’t it enough,” Alan says, “to be able to sing better than anybody else?” Ladd hasn’t tackled Crosby on the greens, as yet, although he admits he has ventured out of his beginner’s class.

He was so awed by Frank Ross’s superior skill in a recent game that he was “not worth anything” for the first eight holes. Then one good shot on the ninth kept him going to finish the eighteen.

Everyone Alan sees these days, everyone he meets, is a prospective golf partner. His friend Lynn Howard hadn’t played in ten years but agreed to go out one day “just to walk around.” He liked it. Now when Lynn telephones for Alan to set up a golf date it’s always with the phrase, “tell Mr. Hogan that Mr. Snead called.”

ALAN and Lynn Howard, and “ten thousand other fans,” followed Hogan around for the four days he played in the recent California Open tournament.

“There we were,” said Alan, “running from hole to hole, looking through people’s legs trying to see the players, cold and miserable in the rain.

“You know where we ought to be,” Alan remarked at one point, “at the movies. Nice warm, dry theater, comfortable easy chairs...” And then Hogan approached the green and nobody talked.

“Those ten thousand people froze,” Alan reports, “you could have heard a pin drop.”

Alan has a secret hankering to play the Hogan story on the screen—and not just for the golf angle; he thinks it is a great human story. “Hogan says he is nervous in these matches,” he explains, “but he looks like ice.”

If Alan thought that watching Hogan play would improve his game, he was disappointed. He went out the next day, he recalls, took a massive sweat at the ball and chopped. Observing the master added ten strokes to his own game.

But it didn’t diminish his enthusiasm. He continued to go out, rain or shine, every day that he was free. He was given an honorary membership in the Globe Country Club when his company went to Arizona to shoot location scenes for “Branded.” Then he spoiled everything by coming down with a virus infection on his one day off.

“I’m amazed you didn’t play anyway,” Sue says, reminding him that he went out one day when it was so foggy he couldn’t possibly have seen the ball.

“But I did see the ball,” he argues, “That’s more, I saw one other player. Fred Sammis.

“I—and golf—have lured Fred Sammis away from Photoplay. I have coaxed Lynn Howard away from his Buicks. I have almost convinced my old ranching pal, Chet Root, that he should sell his ranch, move into town and take up the game. But I can’t interest Sue,” Alan says sadly. “Can you imagine, she’s more interested in her house and her children.

“I bought her lessons. She took one and quit. I bought her golf dresses and spiked shoes. Can’t wear spiked shoes on these carpets.”

“Oh, be patient,” Sue said at last. “I’ll go with you soon. I’ll have to take up golf in self-defense.”

Just Plain Jane

(Continued from page 49) sensibly spent her time drawing pictures and planning her future as a designer. After graduation Mom asked, "How about dramatic school? They teach dancing and diction, which can't do you any harm."

So Jane went to Reinhardt's. But there was too much watching, and not enough doing. Jane was glad when a good school of design turned up. With the tuition check in her pocket, she stopped at Ouspenskaya's to see her best friend who was studying dramatics. Pat seemed to be having run, and Jane reached a decision. For Jane, to decide is to act. She turned over her check. Design's loss was Ouspenskaya's gain.

While studying, Jane worked as a model to earn money. At the same time, two Howards were making a deal. Hughes (Howard) signed Hawks (Howard) to direct "The Outlaw." For the leads they wanted new faces. Agents ransacked the town, scooping up photos. One of them appeared at Tom Kelly's studio. Shortly thereafter, he reappeared in a fine glow of triumph. "This one," he said—

Kelly took a look, and groaned. "Oh no, not that one—"

"Whaddaya mean, not that one? I showed the whole bunch to Hawks, and this one he picked—"

"Leave her alone, she's a nice little country kid—"

"Look, are you the girl's father? Let her decide."

Reluctantly, Kelly supplied Jane's number. She was at a ranch, visiting cousins, not expected back for three days.

"Can't you get her in sooner?"

"That's up to her," said Jane's mother, and gave him the ranch number.

Indulgent but skeptical, Jane heard the agent out. "That's fine," she said. "I'll be back in three days."

His blood pressure moved up, "Hey, don't you want to be a movie star?"

"Sure, sure," she soothed him. "I'll see you in three days—"

Three days later he took her to Howard Hawks's office. "We'll test her with the others," said Hawks. The others included six girls and eight boys.

"Who do you think'll get it?" she asked Hawks.

He grinned. "Jack Beutel. And you—"

Jane felt fine. Her mother felt fine. But Robert Waterfield felt the reverse of fine. She was seventeen when they started going together. She was nineteen when fate and "The Outlaw" struck. The news, you'll remember, broke fast—and with illustrations. At UCLA, where Bob flour-

———

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**READ DETAILS IN SEPTEMBER RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR**

**ON NEWSSTANDS FRIDAY AUGUST 11**

———

Here's a deep, deep beauty secret!

Whoever said "Beauty is skin deep," probably had Woodbury Cold Cream in mind.

For the secret of a beautiful skin is deep, deep cleansing.

Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper because it contains Penaten—the amazing new penetrating agent that actually goes deeper into the pore openings. That means Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths more effectively, too. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that little-girl freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 20¢ to $1.39 plus tax.

Woodbury Cold Cream penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten
The new-shape “poncho” jacket. News because, though it takes its shape from the traditional blanket-like South American cloak, it’s a high-style modern fashion. That’s new design with an interesting inspiration!

The new-shape Modess box. News because it, too, is an example of inspired design! Cleverly takes its shape from many kinds of boxes ... you’d never guess the wrapped package held Modess. Another tactful feature ... the new box is pre-wrapped before it even reaches your store.

Only Modess comes in the new-shape, secret-shape box...pre-wrapped!

ished as the team’s star quarterback, he bowed his head to the storm.

His feelings have gone through several revolutions since. Robert saw that this was a hard-working industry of hard-working people. He relaxed. When he’s ready to give up pro football with the Rams, he may go into Westerns himself. Meantime Jane’s pictures don’t interest him. Having sat through one, he’ll say, “It was all right,” and turn to a discussion of fishing or football. Or he’ll say: “Are you making money? If you’re making money, okay—”

Which tickles his wife. “He should have been an agent, that one.”

THEY were married in 1942. You’ve heard that no two people could be more different, nor happier together. You ask Jane about these differences.

“He’s a boy, I’m a girl,” she starts off drollly. “He’s conservative—that’s the English in him. I’m not—maybe that’s the Polish in me. He likes sports, except the ones I like—swimming and riding. Football I can take so much of, and no more. He loves golf, I loathe it. All his friends are in the sports world. My gal friends are the art, music and drama kids I went to school with. Robert doesn’t know or want to know from art, music and drama. We have huge arguments about it, and that’s all. No nagging, no picking.

“We’re not the kind who make a production of our feelings, or think you have to hold hands till twelve o’clock high. If he goes on a football trip, I may meet him somewhere—then fly to New York, see plays, hear concerts, tramp galleries. This would kill Robert. Why should I make him suffer? Why should I suffer through too much football? We let each other live.”

They’re living in what Jane refuses to call the dream house—a sticky term, over which she chokes. “Call it a paradox too. Modern, with old Chinese furniture. Vines trained outside to cover the rough brown planks. So it’ll soon look a million years old—I hope.” Robert’s project was the downstairs playroom for football brawls.

“We live such a sort of cornball life,” says Jane. “It’s so much easier to be with the old friends. Two of the movie crowd who really fit in are Bob and Dorothy Mitchum. He and Jane have just been teamed for the first time in “His Kind of Woman.”

Until three months ago the Waterfield household was maidless. That’s how Robert wanted it. One day a friend called.

“Jane, there’s this marvelous Swedish woman. D’you know anyone who could use her?”

“No one but me,” Jane heard herself saying. That night she approached Robert.

“I’ll be going back to work soon. It won’t be so easy to keep my end of things up. Why don’t we try her?”

He marshaled the usual arguments. Jane marshaled hers. “We’re not marrying her. If she doesn’t work out, what have we got to lose but a month’s salary?”

“Oh, I suppose so.” The male, fed up, giving in to a woman’s caprice.

She’d been there two days. She’d served them their second dinner. Jane watched Robert’s eyes follow her from the room.

“Wife, I just had a horrid thought. She may leave us someday.”

Since the time of their marriage, he’s never called her anything but “Wife.” Her four younger brothers call her “Daughter.” The girls call her “Our Movie Star Friend” or “The Queen”—very sarcastic. “We’re going to ‘Our Movie Star Friend’s’ house to use the pool.”

Jane’s deeply devoted to her schoolday crowd, and they to her. They talk her language. “What made you do the scene that way, it absolutely stinks—” This is the kind of candor she understands.
“I’m the Russell gal they’ve known from a pup,” Jane says. “My job gives me more money than the rest of them. Like anyone else, I find money a comfortable thing. Yet half the time I feel like a big chintz. Why? Because some of these kids are writers, some are painters. They’ve got twice as much talent as I have. Only I got the break, and they didn’t.”

On the subject of her sex build-up, she flaps a weary hand. “Someday I’ll have to dream up an answer to that one. It’s what I have to pay for the money I’m getting. Don’t ask me to talk about it. Don’t even ask why I don’t want to talk about it. The reason’s obvious.”

From sex to religion may seem a long step. To Jane, one is as normal as the other. Her mother’s a Bible teacher. They used to hold family worship at home. It’s a large, close-knit family. “Thousands of them,” Jane assures you slyly. “All of us mad about each other. Friends began coming in, and the place threatened to break apart at the seams. So, they built their own chapel. A most unorthodox modern House of God around a garden enclosure. Here, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, Jane’s Mom teaches the Bible. Here the kids give ten per cent of their earnings, which is sent out where it will do the most good.

Her manner’s offhand and her clothes are casual. Too casual for the conservative Robert, who looks disapproving as she makes for the village in slacks. But once in a blue moon when she dresses up, it’s in something real sexy.

Except for the Bible, she’s no reader. “I do not prefer to curl up with a good book.”

She’s all edge to worry. Robert takes care of that department for both. Without being passionately maternal, she’d like to date the stork if the stork’s willing. “So would my old man.”

Robert’s deliberate as Jane is brisk. Two seconds, and her mind’s made up. He agrees to nothing till he’s thought it over good. This clash of temperaments could create a strain. Humor relieves it.

They both shy away from the sentimental and prefer to keep it light. But there came a night when Robert forgot himself. Academy Award night, with Jane due to sing “Buttons and Bows.”

She’d sung in public before, but he’d never heard her—except long ago at high school when it didn’t matter. Now, here they were, surrounded by the highpowered greats of the industry.

Jane walked to the stage. The orchestra started. Jane started. “A western ranch is just a branch of Nowhere Junction to me—” On she went through rolling verse after verse to the jackpot finish. “Silks and satins and linen that shows, and you’re all mine in buttons and bows.”

The applause thundered. For the song of course, Jane decided, not for her. But at least she hadn’t disgraced the family.

Undisgraced, she returned to her husband. The color was back in his face. There was something else in his face that startled her. “You were all right, Wife—” And for the first time he kissed her in public.

Jane makes nothing of it. But don’t let her kid you. Telling about it a year and a half later, she can’t quite keep the glow of pleasure from her eyes.

The End

*Published by Famous Music Corporation

How do YOUR dates say GOODNIGHT?
SEE PAGE 82
Paid Notice

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PARTIES, PARTIES, PARTIES
(Continued from page 45) Mrs. William Powell, contrived. One, I remember, was inspired by an obstetrical ward. We came dressed as nurses and doctors. We dined at an operating table. We ate with surgical instruments. We were served by waiters wearing rubber gloves. It was most uncomfortable. But it was also the talk of the town.

In those days parties had neither elegance nor charm. Except at Pickfair. The lovely hilltop house of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Sr., then was the town’s social capital. It was at Pickfair that the Duke of Alba and Prince George and other eminent visitors were entertained. I remember Joan Crawford’s panic when, shortly after she married Doug Jr., she was invited to a party at Pickfair. She had heard about the rooms filled with flowers, orchid trees in the foyer with its floor of tessellated marble. She had heard, too, about the gold dining service. (Those were the days before taxes were so high.) Only a year or two before, Joan had been Hollywood’s Hey Hey Charleston girl. She desperately wanted to be a credit to young Doug. And she was, too. Because she’s attractive, of course, and during her first few Pickfair visits she kept quiet, too deathly sick with nervous nausea to speak.

At the smaller Hollywood parties—dinner parties of from twelve to twenty people—movies used to provide the evening entertainment. No starry home was complete without a projection booth and a full-size screen. Sam Goldwyn still shows movies after dinner. When you go to dine with Sam and Frances, you know, in advance, that the picture Sam will show will have been made by someone else—and that it won’t be too good. It’s Sam’s subconscious I’m sure that makes it impossible for him to choose a rival’s superior product.

To ask the stars to perform at parties was unheard of until I did it. Having decided it was a crime to let Hollywood parties continue so much less exciting than they might be—because everyone was so precious about asking the home talent to perform—I turned rebel.

It was in the late 1930’s and I was staying with Constance Bennett. Big parties now were The Thing. A tent was erected in the garden to accommodate the bar, the buffet and the tables since most houses just couldn’t accommodate the two or three hundred guests called for at a party, Hollywood size.

“Are you really going to ask people to perform?” Connie asked nervously as the party was being planned. “You really don’t think they’ll mind, Elsa?”

I shook my head. “They wouldn’t be actors and actresses if they weren’t exhibitionists at heart and you know it,” I said. “Besides, party participation is what makes parties a success. Wait and see.”

She saw too. Edgar Bergen, I remember, was fairly new to Hollywood. He and Charlie McCarthy fascinated our guests. So did Bea Lillie, who sang. For the first time I asked both society people and stars. And the stars had as much fun watching the blue-bloods as the blue-bloods had fun watching the stars.

Successful parties aren’t accidents. They’re the result of work and plans. And, above all, they must in some way reflect the host, the hostess, or both. I remember too well when Hollywood parties failed to do the latter, to become boring and monotonous.

This was before 1942. It was the thing then to plan parties weeks ahead. You telegraphed your guests—a good party
HOW CLOSE ARE YOU TO YOUR DAUGHTER
...CAN YOU TELL HER THESE
Intimate Physical Facts?

GE! IT'S SWELL TO BE ABLE TO TALK THINGS OVER WITH YOU, MOM.

AND ABOVE ALL ELSE, REMEMBER THERE'S A WOMANLY OFFENSE GREATER THAN BAD BREATH OR BODY ODOR

SONJA HENIE came into her own as a war hostess. Sonja knows the magic of presents. Always at her parties there was a huge table with crocks of caviar, magnums of champagne, baskets of rare fruits and candies, gifts galore. These went to guests as door prizes, for games, for dancing. Any one of the stars present could have gone out and bought any one of the prizes without difficulty or extravagance, of course. But a present—that was different. Other things contributed to the success of the Henie parties were: the imagination, planning and work which both Sonja and her mother put into them. Mrs. Henie frequently made the dessert herself. It was either to have fa- sters or phantasts or quail flown out from New York. It never fazed her either to pay a small fortune for the best dance band in the land. Sonja presented the good old Norwegian adage: "If it's going to be Christmas let it be Christmas."

Now for the man who gives the best parties in town. Others may give bigger parties and more elaborate parties. But it's at George Cukor's that you have the most wonderful time. George, with his great gift for people, knows whom to bring together. And whoever he invites is sure to accept. Greta Garbo, who goes to George's parties. And listens, spellbound, with Marlene Dietrich, Ethel Barrymore, W. Somerset Maugham and Katharine Hepburn, to Lionel Barrymore, one of the greatest raconteurs in the world, tell a simple story, so simply, that it becomes enchanted.

Through the years, as you can see, a great many things have gone into making Hollywood parties memorable. But it remained, this spring, for Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger to present as a piece de résistance a baby who, from her high chair, presided as a guest of honor until the small hours of the morning.

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More "glory lights" in your hair

Hollywood Bachelor

(Continued from page 43) God, he readily admits "I hate the Comies—and I cheer loud for the Star-Spangled Banner—and if that's on the corny side—then so am I." He's deeply devoted to his mother "who raised three such big huskies," and to his brothers Lawrence, and the late Terry. Beverly

Born in Brooklyn, the son of Lawrence H. and Marian Tierney, Scott, for some bizarre reason nobody has figured out, was christened "Gerard." In school he studied mostly to be a football coach and he was torn between this ambition and his secret yen to be a radio announcer "but my Brooklynese wasn't too conducive to that," He enlisted in the Navy at the age of eighteen, and when he got out of the Service—with the encouragement of Larry and a director friend, Jack Gage, who insisted he should be in pictures—Scott, living at the Elise-Hayden little theater on the G.I. bill. He had only three weeks left of the nine months' course and was considering switching to something else, when he was cast in the comedy hit "Heaven with a Woman." Larry, who was out of town and returned just in time to catch Scott before the play closed, sat beside their mother and kept repeating proudly aloud, "I knew he could do it.

A DOMESTICATED bachelor of many arts, Scott lives without ostentation in a single apartment in Beverly Hills, sans maid service, for which he pays $85 rent—which is about $90 too much—"such a dreary place—but I got stuck with it." The management at first wanted to give him an apartment with a hot plate instead of a kitchen, "but I wouldn't go for it. I like to cook." In his little kitchen Scott is somewhat of a whiz (he admits modestly) when it comes to frying chicken, tossing salads, and plying his guests with the real "specialties of the house—candlelight and wine." He will admit, however, when pressured that there's small opportunity of his living in any Sheiky style, due to his immense informal drop-in trade. " Might as well be living at Hell and Vine," he observes mischievously. "I keep telling my friends that I'm a big fat movie actor now, but seemingly they cannot accept that fact. They never ring before they come. Just knock on the door and there they are," he grins. Let him plan a dinner for a few friends complete with candlelight and "my folks show—unfortunately. So I just throw more steaks on the fire and we all sit down family-style.

When he isn't working, Scott's time for arising "depends on the previous evening—otherwise at ten a.m." He rustles his coffee and what-have-you in his little kitchen, and takes off for the beach to swim and tan "and get in line for the volley ball game." Thence to Terry Hunt's Health Club, where he works out four hours and steam—utilizing the steam room for shaving and pondering any problems on hand.

Occasionally Scott dines at Chasen's or Romanoff's—but for the same dough I can eat like a king at home for a week," he comments. Usually he takes his date to the "Encore Room" where he can hear Matt Dennis play "and get dinner for two and a cocktail and still get out for eight bucks." The "Strip" night club he shrugs off with, "I've kind of outgrown that phase. If you've been there once—you've been there.

Because of his dislike for anyphony show, his casualness, simplicity and, independence of thought—Scott is "the poor man's Bing Crosby" to his pals. They appreciate him for remaining so un-actor-ish; for still getting a bigger kick out of yarning about the old days in the little old post office when he had improved status as a motion picture star.

Ever frank and unafraid, Scott will stand up to anybody for that which he believes—no matter how impressive the opponent or how close to the heart of the locale. He himself admits, "I'm always putting my foot into it—and that's saying a lot—at size 12½.

"Scott stands pat for what he thinks—even when it could hurt him," says Dorothy Malone. "And that I admire."

Scott's first meeting with Dorothy was strictly American—1930 . . . on a public beach at Santa Monica with Scott under the impression she was a drive-in. Nor did she know Scott's real identity. After the first contrived opening he started making conversation with her. Whereupon he launched into a glowing account of the favours of those in the motion picture profession. Not that he himself was lucky enough to be in it—but he knew some movie people and they were exciting and great fun. He went on—giving himself a subtle build-up all the way.

Dorothy listened, seemingly wide-eyed, and accepted Scott's invitation to have dinner with him that evening—provided a girl friend of hers could go along. Remembering that her own Ford convertible might look too elegant for a waitress, when Dorothy left she picked out an old beat-up car on the beach—and sat there as long as Scott watched. Dorothy teasingly insists that it was Scott who broke first. "When he arrived to take us to dinner—he had all his clippings along.

Questioned on his preferences concerning the fairer sex, Scott admits he likes a girl "who commands your respect and with whom you know from the first you're going to have to catch your P's and Q's." He likes a girl "preferably pretty," one who "gives straight answers, likes football games and enjoys swimming, and has an enlarged sense of humor. If she bores me seriously—it would be pretty tragic," he says. He admits a regard for the scrubbed cotton look. "There's something about a peasant skirt and blouse I like. Something so fresh and clean. To me nothing is 'sexier' than cleanliness."

Matrimony? "Not yet," says Scott. "At twenty-five a man isn't really mature. Besides, I wouldn't know what to do with a wife," he adds, "and what do you do with a girl around the house—take her along with you to the gymnasium?"

Besides, Scott and Larry are sharing the family's financial responsibilities. "I'd like to get Mother set up in a place of her own," Scott says. "It's about time she took it easy. Those G.I. loans are a good deal. You can get a $7,500 loan now with twenty-five years to pay. I'll be fifty by then and can drop dead. We can hold a housewarming with a paid-for wake."

Warm even a wake would be—with Scott around. With his love for laughter he would haunt it just to make sure the party, particularly his own, didn't die. THE END

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MACFADDE Y PUBLICATIONS, INC., 205 E. 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.
They Have Troubles

(Continued from page 91) talk with his brother Larry during that long, trying period. "Bing Crosby" stands for so much to so many millions of people. Bing can't, and I'm sure won't, ever let them down. "But," Larry told me, "Bing is sometimes desperately unhappy in his personal life. That's why he's so restless, always going somewhere."

Bob Hope has a happy home life but swears there's a king-size gremlin who just hates it when Bob is healthy. Robert has had three major and one minor accident in the past year. In "The Great Lover" he injured his leg. In "Fancy Pants" he was thrown off a horse and wrecked the small of his back. Driving home from Palm Springs Bob's car collided with a tree, tossed the comedians for a very bad fall leaving him with a sprained shoulder that may never be completely right again. Yes, Bob also burned his hand, when a box of matches caught fire in his pants pocket. So, if you enjoy good luck physically, you have nothing to envy Bob Hope for.

Lucille Ball has desperately hoped for a child. Loving children as she does, she had wanted to adopt a baby, but Desi Arnaz referred that they signed on before they might have a child of their own. For years I've wished them luck while I thanked God for allowing me to have my two young sons. But now, after long waiting, their dearest wish is to come true.

Jean Fontaine is beautiful, bewitching—but bothered by her business partnership with her estranged marriage partner, William Dozier. Their community property, mostly on paper from their, so far, non-profitable picture company, Rampart Productions, is so involved, even the bank experts are baffled. It adds up to an exasperating delay in the divorce.

Robert Mitchum earns $4,000 a week now, but Robert told me it will be another eighteen months "before I'm halfway out of debt." And one of these days he has to start paying Howard Hughes the $50,000 loaned him for the new home in Mandeville Canyon. "Come up and see us," Robert told me. "You'll simply love our lovely unfurnished rooms." With so much money on Mitchum's mind, the mere thought of breaking a finger gives him a near nervous breakdown.

W.ROL FLYNN, for all his $200,000 per picture, recently told the judge that he owes $150,000 in income taxes and he screamed for relief—chiefly to cut down the tax he has to pay on the $18,000 a year alimony for his first wife, Lili Damita. It would be awful if his Princess Irene Ghika found herself marrying a pauper.

So you'd like to be Rita Hayworth. You would naturally enjoy reading that you had married one of the richest princes in the world. Would you also enjoy reading, week in, week out, that your Prince was dallying with a dancer while you were expecting his baby? Well, if Rita is really secure and sure of Aly's love, she can be happy on that score. But there is going to be a problem if Rita is reluctant to return to her career, as I hear she is. Prince Aly is proud to be the groom of a glamour queen. Rita would rather be a plain princess and forget that five-thirty-in-the-morning career routine. "But, if she's really smart and wants to hold Aly, she'll work," said Aly's pop, the Aga Khan, a very wise old gentleman.

Rosalind Russell has real problems. She gets panned when she makes heavy dramatic movies. She gets panned in print for her screwball comedies. Now she's having the darndest time picking her next picture because she just doesn't know what the public wants from her. Will you do her a favor and let her know? It's a question of career life and death.Personally, I hope Roz can find herself something like "The Women." She was great in that. (P.S. I think she's great period.) Will happiness catch up with Wanda Hendrix, or Audie Murphy? What a sad ending for such a beautiful beginning?

Two young right people, with ulcers yet—something for each to remember from one of the most miserable matings ever to hit Hollywood. "We were just wrong for each other," Audie told me recently. "But I guess we had to get married to find out."

June Haver has been in and out of the hospital ever since I can remember. Worst of her problems was her mistaken marriage to Jimmy Zito, followed by the heart-breaking death of Dr. John Duzik, the man she hoped to marry with the permission of her church. Now her own bad health is troubling her again. Nothing is worse anything if you are ill.

That brings me to William Holden. "I'm afraid to go home," Bill told me during his recent nonstop spell of sickness in the family. First the children came down with measles, which was followed by chicken pox, then mumps. Sure, every family of children goes through this. But not every mother. Mrs. Holden—Brenda Marshall—was raised in the Philippines where they have such things as malaria, maybe, but not measles, mumps or chicken pox. Poor Brenda caught all (Continued on page 91)

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ANNOUNCING
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How To Can Tomatoes
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"Garlic Is Awful!" vs. "Garlic Is Wonderful!"
You Can Set A Smart Table From The Five and Ten
From Grandmother's Cookbook—Pickles and Relishes
Cookies from Cake Mixes
Little Girls Love Playing Hostess
Come To Dinner
Savory Meat Loaf
It's Grape Time
Taste Test
The Just Married Cook
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Back To School—With A Good Lunch
What Every Home Bartender Should Know
The Kitchen Bookshelf
They Eat Well In The Southwest
Housedresses Designed To Fit You
These Embroidered Placemats Are Easy To Make
Demi Tasse
"I hear that so and so is out of jail," I mentioned casually to Linda Darnell, referring to one of her former business associates. I didn't know I was opening a wound that will never close for Linda. "That man!" the beautiful brunette star shouted. "He not only took every cent of my savings (around $74,000) but he took the $12,000 I gave him to pay for my mink coat. And on top of everything, he had the colossal nerve to borrow $10,000 from me. If he's really out of jail, I'm going to the district attorney to put him right back."

Linda, in pictures eleven years, had planned to take her career a little easier after twenty-five. She is now twenty-six—and I'll have to work very hard for the next ten years to make up for what I've lost.

Are you beginning to love your own troubles? I'm beginning to be glad I never had much money to lose!

Ava Gardner's not-so-secret sorrow today is a frustrated longing to have a husband and children. People who know her say Ava will always be in love with Artie Shaw. That's only just a little better than being in love with Frank Sinatra. At least Artie can re-marry her.

Fred MacMurray, like Robert Taylor, is the open air huntin' and fishin' type of feller. Both have to play in the great outdoors without their wives. Fred's wife can't. Bob's won't. Lilian MacMurray has been a semi-invalid for years. It's wonderful to see Fred's devotion to her. His outdoor sports are always close to home.

Barbara Stanwyck is strictly an indoors girl. She is also strictly fair so she encourages Robert to live the way he likes to. Makes them both quite lonely people sometimes—a lot of the time.

You don't hear Spencer Tracy complain. Or his wife. They're the kind of people who do something about it when things go wrong. Mrs. Tracy taught their son how to overcome the handicap of deafness. Mr. and Mrs. Tracy sponsor the John Tracy Clinic to help other deaf children.

Jennifer Jones, who loves her two sons, is parted from them constantly because her boss and husband, David Selznick, finds it expedient to have her work in Europe. There isn't enough fame or money in the world to keep me away from my children.

Don't get me wrong. I have troubles too. I just wouldn't swap 'em for anyone else's. It's taken a long time for me to learn that the grass is not greener in the next field.

The End

Send postcard for FREE leaflet with 42 tips on "Good Taste Today," Box D-6, Oneida, N. Y.

What about olive pits? Take pits or bones from your mouth with fingers. Don't use napkin as a screen! As important as good manners is the good taste of your table appointments... your silverware. See the 36-piece set of 1881 (R) Rogers (R)* Silverplate. It's handsome, correct, only $30.75, chest included. A remarkable value! 4 lovely patterns. Pattern shown below is Del Mar®.

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Here Sylvia explains what you can do for yourself to improve your figure. There is no magic about the Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in this book you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

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Now we have just published a brand new edition of Sylvia's famous book, No More Alibis! This edition contains all the text matter of the original book, plus the greater part of her splendid book on personality development entitled Pull Yourself Together, Baby. Now get Sylvia's secrets of charm as well as beauty! The price of this new edition is only $1. Order today while supply is still available.

Who Will Be Your Favorites for 1950?

(Continued from page 37) Betty Hutton in "Red, Hot and Blue." In liking Miss de Havilland's performance in "The Heiress," you wholeheartedly agreed with Hollywood's Academy Awards, for she received the Oscar for her acting ability in that picture. However, when it came to picking your most-enjoyed male star, you went to the opposite direction from the Academy Awards—which "Oscared" Broderick Crawford for his role in "All the King's Men."

The actor whose performance was most enjoyed thus far in 1950 was John Wayne, in the picture "Sand of Iwo Jima." After him, you liked the four male performances of James Cagney in "White Heat," Broderick Crawford in "All the King's Men," Larry Parks in "Jolson Sings Again," and Gregory Peck in "Twelve O'Clock High.

Your favorite picture, right now, is without any argument the melodrama "Battleground." Your next nine favorites are:


Everything about this list is interesting—beginning with your top-choice picture "Battleground." "Battleground" is further proof that a good picture needs no star-studded cast—other proofs have been Photoplay Gold Medal Award winners like 1949's "That Certain Age," acted by the then little publicized Clifton Webb, and 1947's "The Jolson Story," with the equally unknown Larry Parks.

How different the pictures in this list are from the pictures you chose a few years back. Now comedies and musicals held you spellbound. Now you do not seem to want to "escape" by means of the movie theaters. Instead, you are eagerly seeing four war-based melodramas ("Battleground," "Twelve O'Clock High," "Sand of Iwo Jima," and "The Hasty Heart"), two "message" pictures dealing with the Negro problem ("Lost Boundaries" and "Pinky") and one melodrama concerning U.S. politics ("All the King's Men").

You prefer better pictures now. Nearly every one of your Top Ten pictures got excellent reviews from the critics. In bygone days, you and the critics were usually in opposite corners.

This new trend is, we believe, due to two things: one is that Hollywood is making better pictures these days—undoubtedly due to the fact that the public began staying away from poor ones. The other fact is that you, the people, have excellent judgment. A really good picture, the record shows, will please people of all ages.

Hollywood has a theory that women make the decisions about what pictures are seen by the bulk of audiences. Nothing could be further from the truth. The facts are that every week some 50,000-000 of you attend the movies. Of this number, half are couples—a man and a woman together. A fourth consists of women either alone or with other women; and the last fourth is made up of men—alone or with other men. It is high time that Hollywood accepted the fact that masculine taste should be considered.

Sylvia of Hollywood's No More Alibis

"Continued from page 37" Sylvia of Hollywood's No More Alibis

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Send me postpaid a copy of Sylvia of Hollywood's NO MORE ALIBIS COMBINED WITH PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER BABY. I enclose $1.00.
Just to prove the point: Last year, as you recall, "The Stratton Story" won the Photoplay Gold Medal Award as the most popular movie of 1949. Men considered it the most enjoyable picture of the year—but women most enjoyed quite another film: "Johnny Belinda."

Actually, the only credit women merit as deciding factors is that they read more than men to the fact that they know ahead of time something about a coming movie, and so may influence men.

The actor showing the greatest increase in popularity in the past six months is Broderick Crawford. Right behind him is Kirk Douglas, while the actress who has shot up in your estimation is Olivia de Havilland. But as a runner-up there's a surprise package: Doris Day.

It might interest you to learn about how you feel toward Olivia de Havilland. Did you know that she appeals more to women than to men? What is more, it is women over the age of thirty-one who like her best. Boys from twelve to seventeen aren't much moved by her. However, she's both a big-city girl and a country cousin—her appeal is fifty-fifty for small towns and for cities with a population over 500,000. Also, people in the higher income brackets like her better than those in the lower.

The most enjoyed actor John Wayne, on the other hand, appeals slightly more to men than to women. However, upon study of the facts, it turns out that his big killing among males is with boys from twelve to seventeen. Girls between twelve and seventeen are highly impressed by him. People with lower incomes like John Wayne better than do rich people—and his biggest audience is found in cities with populations from 100,000 to 500,000.

Did you know that during December of each year you don't go to the movies as much—because of Christmas shopping? To make up for this, you can't seem to see enough movies in January and February.

Did you know that you go to the movies in your late teens and early twenties more than at any other time? Although movies were invented by Americans, and movies are the favorite entertainment in America, did you know that people in Great Britain go to the movies with greater frequency than you? Forty-two per cent of the Britons asked in a survey by the British Institute of Public Opinion said that they went once a week or more often; only twenty-five per cent of you Americans do the same as indicated by a recent Audience Research, Inc. survey.

And did you further know that this year, 1950, marks the seventh year of this unique poll—wherein you, the people of America, tell Audience Research, Inc. your likes and dislikes about Hollywood's actors and pictures, so that Photoplay may learn them and make its Gold Medal Awards?

That sizes up the situation at the half-way mark in 1950. Until the end of the year, the representatives of Audience Research, Inc. will continue questioning you and listening to your answers—and by the end of 1950, we shall know (and so will you) which actor, actress, and film will win the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards for this half-century year!

THE END

Are you as lovely as you can be?

See page 14

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New Bissell Sweepers with “Bisco-matic” Brush Action as low as $6.95. Illustrated: the "Vomit" at $8.95. Prices a little more in the West.

The Sexiest Girl in Town

(Continued from page 34) squirming, “I think she’s too beautiful,” one replied. “It’s like seeing candy under glass without the penny to buy it. A girl like Liz is so far out of reach, I’ll just skip her.” The wolf boys gave me a lot of stammering and stuttering, but no answer.

Then, as I sat thinking over the town’s girls, I remembered a scene in “Champion” in which Ruth Roman had appeared in a bathing suit. You could literally see the men in the audience hold their breath for a better look; and when the picture ended they were still restless. There was a girl, pretty but not beautiful, vital but not hard, warm but not sizzling. The kind about which the average man asks, “I’m anxious to marry and have two kids.”

Ruth lives alone, except for two dogs and a cat, in a five-room house in North Hollywood. I call her a pretty woman’s worst wife. But I’m anxious to try. I need a man who’ll dominate me, or I’ll be no good.” Recently she promised to sew twenty curtain panels for her windows.

“IT was like being in chains until I finished it,” she said.

With a career, she won’t have to bother with housework. Servants will take care of that. But there’s always that type of husband who wants his meals cooked by his wife’s own lilly-white hands. I asked Ruth what would happen if she fell in love with a guy who objected to her career activity. “I would try to explain, like Goldilocks, she found them just right.

Her first crush came at the age of thirteen. She was playing tennis on the public courts in Boston when a boy accidently hit her in the chest with a tennis ball. He came over to apologize; and a teen-age romance was born. Both her tennis and her sex appeal developed rapidly from that incident.

Her suitor could be, the boy was indicative of her theory. Ruth still believes that a girl should know on first meeting whether it’s possible to fall for a certain man. She’s a veritable mine of opposite sex. “If men like me, they have to take me just as I am,” she said. “If a girl puts on pretenses, the fellow will eventually know it. What does it get you?”

Her suitor could be, the boy was looking for.

“Now you’ve got me,” she said. “I want a man who’s bright, but I’m not looking for a genius. He doesn’t have to be handsome; I don’t like them homely. Every girl wants a fellow who’s physically attractive. But over and above everything else there has to be a certain spark. When you get that, you have no box.”

Among her recent Hollywood beaux have been Ronald Reagan, Peter Lawford, and Bill Phipps, who supplied the voice for Walt Disney’s Prince Charming in “Snow White.” Almost every young man — or woman — who has met Ruth has been charmed by her. “She’s like a fighter punching a feather pillow instead of flesh and blood. But when you’re playing to Ruth, you know there’s a woman on the receiving end.”

At twenty-five, Ruth is one of our most eligible bachelor girls. She has plenty of suitors, but, she insists, no real romance.

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THE END
**Hey, Sugar**

It was Nibbles who found her again. The chimpan-maid of Birchwood Manor, the one we all thought was lost forever, was found waving. That was wonderful news.

Once we had located Nibbles, the downtown animal-loving center, we decided to take her to the M-G-M administration building. Elizabeth was at the animal-loving stage then.

You should have seen the faces of some of the guests at that party watching a chimpan-maid named Nibbles running up and down her arm while she ate ice cream. She had just written a book about him named "Nibbles and Me." I bought a copy and had her autograph it.

THAT seems such a short while ago. Then one day at the studio, I was through work early and ran a picture in one of the projection rooms that was being released. Out on the screen walked an exquisite girl with violet eyes. It was unbelievable! Little Elizabeth had grown up overnight and she was so beautiful the picture was handed over before the十几 of the world. She was a good actress she was. I came home in a daze. "Evie," I said, "this girl is terrific. I'm going to call her up and tell her so. Tonight."

So about nine o'clock I called Malibu v. "Hi, the Taylors want to see me and my mother, Sara, who answered the phone. "It's impossible to tell Elizabeth because she's so young and so unaware."

But I told Sara and the next Saturday I ran "A Date with Judy" for Evie and the boys. They exploded as I had been. The following Sunday, Sara invited us to come up to Malibu.

Francis Taylor was barbecuing the "red-hots" when we got there, Sara began opening the soft drinks and we all always make snacks for the kids like a duck to water. I shot movies of the three of them playing with the big beach ball and in swimming.

The B.B. is the B.B.; she always has been. She rides and swims and isn't a bit afraid of sun or salt water.

What's more, she loves children. I've watched her for years, for my dressing-room is at the Pacific overlook in the Bliard, and at noon, eating my lunch, I've watched them play ball. Elizabeth was never too big nor too old to play, and the younger kids accepted her—Butch Jenkins and Margaret O'Brien talk a long time.

After the Sunday at Malibu, I didn't see her again, except from my window, until she walked on the set of "The Big Hangover," where I have to work late and, while the lights were being set, some of the people started making jokes about it. I waved "hello" because I didn't know what to say to her. When we went inside the lights, I saw her chin shaking. "Listen," I said, "I undervs and, baby, believe me, I understand."

Those eyes of hers filled with tears but the chin stopped wobbling. She blew me a kiss and went into the scene like a trouper.

A few days after this, I was out at Lana Turner's when some outside people started talking about Elizabeth. They'd read all the stories that day, not knowing what she felt about romance and the rest of it. Someone asked Lana what advice she would give Elizabeth.

Lana just looked at him. "I have no advice to give," she said. "That questioner was persistent. What he meant, he said, was that Taylor was getting the same sort of publicity, her name linked with romance, that Lana has had. That did it. Lana let him have it.

"I think all the gossips should be strung up," she said. "Here is the nicest, cleanest youngster you can imagine and, if anything happens to her reputation, it's not her fault but the fault of outsiders who love to build up heroes and then tear them down. I'm betting that Elizabeth can override this petty, silly talk, that she'll never lose her balance and she'll be a great star."

And Lana was so right. The world expected too much of Elizabeth. They forgot the little girl who was Nibbles and remember what you were like yourself when you were that age? If a girl isn't in love then, she's not normal. And this kid, instead of just having the guys in high school to choose from, had the world. She was so anxious to grow up! While we were working, she'd say wistfully, "What are you and Evie doing tonight, Van? Are you going somewhere?" and I'd laugh and tell her the truth—"I'm going to have dinner on trays, read, play with the kids, and hit the hay."

She was dying to go dancing instead of getting to bed early so she could be fresh tomorrow.

Well, it's different now. She's met and married Nick Hilton, and all the warmth of her young affections is centered on him.

To outsiders, she's still a glamour girl and they expect a sophistication that would do credit to a Hedda Lamarr. At the time I spoke of she was just a kid. She had at an enormous appetite and during the whole time of shooting "The Big Hangover" she was given half my lunch. I brought the most terrific lunches with me from home. I usually ate half at lunchtime and half at dinner."

"Sara's a good cook."

"The Big Hangover," I never got that four o'clock feeding. Liz loved food and lots of it.

AND she needed it, for she worked hard. There were many long speeches in the picture, and I personally am dead on those longies. I get self-conscious hearing my own voice and try to hurry it. There was one scene we did on a park bench. Bill had to throw her into the bushes and then Elizabeth and I had to make love. I'm high and she knew she bored me away from the basket to save my face. When I took her in my arms, I could feel her little heart pounding—n for me but with embarrassment at all the dozens of people in the camera room. When I kissed her, and when I rehearse, I play the scene the way I hope to do it for the cameras. I gave Elizabeth a real kiss and found my self kissing a statue with folded lips.

"Hey!" I yelled, "don't tell me that's the way you're going to do it." It was astonishing: an looked so funny, she brooked it.
right out laughing and couldn’t stop. When she rehearsed with Bob Taylor, she said, why they had just faked it.

"Well, we’re not going to do it that way," I said. "We’re going to do it just like this." And that time she was relaxed from laughing, so it was easy.

Elizabeth is so natural. There’s nothing small, petulant or complicated about her. One night while we were working, I invited her home to dinner. She wasn’t going out much then and I thought it would be fun and that spending an evening with Evie would be swell for her. So we invited Liz and Morgan Hudgins, the publicity man who was working on our picture, and Janet Leigh and Arthur Loew. You know how it is when you are entertaining other than your intimate friends. It could be fun—or it could be awful—and I arrived home from the studio shouting to Evie, asking what she’d bought for dinner and were the candles lit and was the fire going and did she have plenty of peanuts and stuff?

The minute Elizabeth got there she frowned down on the floor and started gobbling all the peanuts and candy in sight. Of course, the evening turned out to be fun.

She has such a gift of gab. Just before Christmas, I went over to the Sawtell hospital where I often drop in to chat with the fellows. Well, this night, instead of letting me go to the wards, they ushered me into the big auditorium and my heart began to sink. I smelled a microphone. Those are the moments when I’d give a lot to be a Bob Hope or a Sonny Tufts. I walked onto the platform and there, sitting all alone, was Elizabeth looking like she looks. I was so delighted to see her, I forgot where I was, grabbed her a big kiss, and the fellows loved it.

I said my say into the mike and then Elizabeth got up and I listened. It’s an art in itself, this radiant, friendly manner, as if she were speaking to one person instead of to a packed auditorium. The boys ate it to the last comma. This was two days before Christmas. We played bingo and raffled off prizes, and as we were leaving late that night, they asked Elizabeth if she would be over on Christmas Day to deliver the presents. Why, of course she would!

Because she takes that every matter of course. She does it the way she does everything, the way she stands in line for her lunch when we’re on location. That’s the way she was brought up, without any undue emphasis in celebrity. She was still going to school when we were making the picture, getting ready for the final high school exams. One day when I passed her dressing room, there was a small book in her hand, but gazing at the ceiling with a tragic look.

"Hey, Sugar," I said. "What’s wrong?"

"Oh, Van, I’m depressed," she sighed. "I just feel as if I’d like to die today."

You couldn’t laugh, you remember too well how it was when we were having growing pains yourself. "Do me a favor, will you, honey? Just get up and take a look in the mirror, will you?"

I don’t know, even then, if she could see in that mirror what is evident to those of us who know her. Beauty, yes, but so much more than beauty. There is girlishness with every facet on and there is the promise of womanhood, a wonderful womanhood with all the instinct, emotion and intellect to assure it.

Nick Hilton is a lucky guy.

The End

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97
Reynolds, a sexy career girl, played by Alice Talton, and a wealthy society divorcee played by Jacqueline de Wit. The role of the mayor of New Rochelle, New York, is played by Stanley Church, the mayor of New Rochelle, New York. Columnist Harry Crocker and Columnist and Photoplay writer Sheila Graham have their moments, brief but effective.

Your Reviewer Says: Cops and robber.

Program Notes: Before David Brian and Adrian Booth were married, Adrian's Beverly Hills apartment was robbed of all her furs and jewelry. The police blamed it on that boy Dennis... Claudia Barrett is a native of Los Angeles. A talent scout sent her to the Van Nuys High School... Perdita Chandler is also a native of Los Angeles. She studied dramatics at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, and paid her tuition by modeling (Powers). She's Swedish and related to Greta Garbo. Alice Talton is one of the original members of the Navy Blues Sextette that created such a furor at Warners some years ago.

✓ (F) Rogues of Sherwood Forest (Columbia)

SCOOP for Winchell! Robin Hood has a son! And when cruel King John of England imposes back-breaking taxes on his poor subjects in order to hire mercenary troops, Mr. Hale, son of the street fighter, calls in all his dad's famous fighters and rides with them to the rescue. John Derek is a handsome young knight who is determined to win the love of beautiful Diana Lynn. It's rather fun to have Sherwood Forest alive again with flashing swordplay, intrigue, romance, swashbuckling and rich colorful costumes. Just like the old good days. The late Alan Hale plays Little John, George Macready nasty King John, Billy House Friar Tuck, Lester Matthews Alan-a-dale, and William Bevan Will Scarlett.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun for all.

Program Notes: John Derek did all his riding and fencing in the film. He is one of the best riders in the movie colony, scores a saddle for a month before production he took daily fencing lessons... The film was made last summer when the heat was breaking year records. Seated in yards and yards of velvet Diane Lynn swore she'd never make another costume picture in the summertime... The late Alan Hale, who played Little John to Fairbanks's and Flynn's Robin Hood, and that many more extras were used in the old days. Production costs have mounted so that an extra will soon be the forgotten man.

✓ (A) Crisis (M-G-M)

ARY GRANT forsoaks comedy at which she is so adept in this grim drama which takes place in an unidentified Latin-American country. Cary plays a brain surgeon who is vacationing with his wife (Paula Raymond) and he has a revolution break out. They quickly head for home, are kidnapped on the road by a band of soldiers, and taken to the palace of the Fascist dictator who is suffering from a brain tumor and is dying. Cary is held prisoner and forced to operate on the hated tyrant, his wife is held hostage by the revolutionists who threaten to kill her if the dictator lives and there is much excitement. Sigourney West plays the tragic role of the dictator. Old-timers Ramon Novarro, Antonio Moreno and Gilbert Roland are perfect in their roles. Top acting honors go to Jose Ferrer.

Your Reviewer Says: Fine cast, picture not so fine.

Program Notes: This picture was made shortly after Cary and Betsy Drake were married. Betsy was a frequent visitor on the set and pretty much demanded that she had to spend her honeymoon watching Cary make love to Paula... During production Ramon Novarro, the idol of yesterday's bobby soxers, added his plans to visit Rome for the Holy Year. He said it would be his first visit to that famous city since 1924 when he made "Ben Hur" there. The set of "Crisis" was practically a meeting of the United Nations. Cary and一周 later, Sigourney West from Sweden, Ramon Novarro from Mexico Antonio Moreno from Spain, Jose Ferrer from Puerto Rico, Teresa Celi from Italy and Paula Raymond from the U.S.A. Jos Ferrer's wife, Phyllis Hill, a ballet dancer made her movie debut in a small bit in this picture. She only wants to appear in pictures. Joe is in, she says.

✓ 1/2 (A) Where Danger Lives (RKO)

THE big news of this film is the unveiling, at long last, of Howard Hughes' muchly publicized new protégé, a young lady of dark smoldering beauty named Faith Domergue. She has been under contract to the eccentric millionaire producer (he discovered Jean Harlow, Jane Russell and Jack Beutel) for eight years. Except for a few quick scenes in "Young Widow," she made some four years ago, this is Faith's first movie. ("Vendetta," made first will be released second.) While far from being a fiery, passionate Anna Magnani, a touted, she does rate, as an actress and beauty, a much better picture than this. Faith plays an exotic young woman on the edge of madness who tries to commit suicide, is brought back to life by a slightly contemptuous young doctor (sleepy-eyed Bo Mitchum) and proceeds to ruin his low life (Maureen O'Sullivan) and his mediocre career—almost. The shocker comes when Bob discovers that Claude Rains is not her tyrannical father, as he has said, but her wealthy husband.

Your Reviewer Says: Meet Miss Domergue.

Program Notes: Faith Domergue was born of French and Spanish parents in the French Quarter of New Orleans, June 16, 1925. Her parents moved to California in the '30s when she attended Los Angeles City College and Santa Monica's Convent and she studied voice and dramatics (she had a lip) in her determination to become a movie star. Reoperating at Balboa, following an auto accident, the kind he likes to tied a small boat to the top of his car and drove around the countryside stopping to catch and fish when he found a nice lake.

✓ 1/2 (F) Treasure Island (Disney-RKO)

WALT DISNEY'S production of this famous adventure story is colorful and exciting. The kids will be crazy about it. As so will most of the grown-ups. As in all Disney pictures there is a orgy and go sequence, but the youngsters don't mi
Every Woman Has Hidden Beauty

Unlock the doorway to your own special beauty with True Story's "Seven Keys To Loveliness" coming your way in the October issue (on newstands Friday, September 8). You'll find the key to a more glamorous YOU in this 17-page complete home beauty plan; "Seven Keys To Loveliness!"

so why carp! Once again young Jim Hawkins finds the map of Treasure Island—where pirate gold is buried—and the Hispaniola sails the sea with the mysterious one-legged Long John Silver aboard. With the exception of Bobby Driscoll as Jim Hawkins, and mighty good he is, the cast is English. Stand-outs are Robert Newton as Long John Silver and Geoffrey Wilkinson as the demented Old Ben Gunn.

Your Reviewer Says: Take the entire family.

Program Notes: The last remake of Stevenson's popular story was done by Metro with Jackie Cooper as Jim and Wally Beery as Long John Silver . . . The Disney production is all live action, no animation. It was made in England last summer, in part on location at famous old Bristol, where much of the action of the Stevenson story is supposed to have taken place . . . Bobby Driscoll, the only American in the film, while on location lived with his mother and father at an inn near Bristol. He became quite chummy with the innkeeper's children and went on long bike rides with them on his days off.

Frightened City (Columbia)

Here's another of those disease pictures.

Bace yourself, there's going to be a whole cycle of them. This one is based on the actual smallpox scare in New York City in 1946 when thousands of panicky people really thought they had caught the Bread disease. Evelyn Keyes plays a young married woman intent upon smuggling diamonds into the country from Havana. She's unaware, until near the end of the picture, that she is carrying the virus of smallpox. With the Treasury Department in hot pursuit she collapses on the street, is taken to a clinic run by William Bishop, where she infects a child, the first victim. When she discovers that her husband (Charles Korvin) not only has made off with the diamonds, but has also been having an affair with her sister (Lola Albright) she goes all out for revenge. Grotesque in spots, the chase sequences are exciting.

Your Reviewer Says: Is there a doctor in the house?

Program Notes: To give it an authentic atmosphere most of this film was shot in New York, including such famous spots as Gracie Mansion, residence of New York mayors . . . This is the first "heavy" part for Evelyn Keyes ("Mrs. Mike"). She dyed her hair a light blonde. The company nicknamed her the "new Pearl White" because of the dangerous feats she had to perform.

Best Pictures of the Month

"The Flame and the Arrow"
"Destination Moon"
"Sunset Boulevard"
"Treasure Island"

Best Performances of the Month

Richard Widmark in "Panic in the Streets"
Burt Lancaster in "The Flame and the Arrow"
Jose Ferrer in "Crissi"
Gloria Swanson in "Sunset Boulevard"
Dana Andrews in "Where the Sidewalk Ends"
Robert Newton in "Treasure Island"

Moore's Hair's Right. He has to overcome his own...
You'll find this three-star concoction a ready-made treat for your leisure-pleasure listening right at your finger-tips via your local ABC station. It's a mighty terrific trio, too. Starting at 11:30 AM (EDT) every Monday through Friday BILL CULLEN emcees "QUICK AS A FLASH," an audience participation show that sets ladies throughout the nation comfortably aglow. BILL comes calling with questions and prizes and cash... all of which make "QUICK AS A FLASH" a smash radio program.

At 12:25 PM (EDT) famous commentator CAROL DOUGLAS makes "BEAUTY AND FASHIONS" a daily delight on your local ABC station. CAROL is a bright,"fresh up" tackle... and her ideas and suggestions on beautifying are useful to every gal from eight to eighty. Eventually, BILL CULLEN is featured with CAROL, too, which makes "BEAUTY AND FASHIONS" a treat for everyone.

Later in the day, at 2:30 PM (EDT) to be exact, another breezy audience participation show is heard on your local ABC station—"CHANCE OF A LIFETIME"—a program full of amazing give-aways, zip and zing! JOHN REX KING hands out the fabulous prizes and keeps matters humming in honey-smooth fashion every Monday through Friday.

The Toni Company rules the ABC airwaves with these three great shows... all designed for YOUR permanent at-home pleasure. Which station has the Toni trio of outstanding programs? YOUR LOCAL ABC station... a sparkling summer guide to "keep cool" listening throughout the nation.

For better or worse:

"Which twin has the Toni?"
No one ever knows—
But this I can tell you... ABC has the Toni shows!
Amaze your friends with your knowledge of this exciting new game that’s sweeping the country. Get the most comprehensive and easy-to-understand book on the subject.

GOREN’S CANASTA
UP-TO-DATE
Only 35.
Published by PERMABOOKS
On Newsstands Now
Other great PERMABOOKS titles:
* The Handy Book Of Gardening
* Favorite Verse Of Edgar A. Guest
* Meditations and My Daily Strength

Ask for PERMABOOKS Today
Your Best Book Buy for 35c

INGROWN NAIL
Hurtful You?
Immediate
Relief!

A few drops of OUTGROW® bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGROW brings the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to lie flat and thus prevents further pain and discomfit. OUTGROW is available at all drug counters.

Promises from Tampax

Tampax is a word full of meaning for every woman who faces each month the problem of sanitary protection. Millions of women are using the Tampax method today; how about you?

Tampax promises you
complete freedom from belts, pins and external pads—freedom from odor, chafing and binding. Gone is the fear that bulges or ridges may be revealed under your dress or skirt. With Tampax this cannot happen.

Tampax promises you
a thoroughly scientific, doctor-invented method, combining efficiency and delicacy. Pure surgical cotton is contained in slender patented disposable applicators designed for easy insertion. The Tampax, in place, is absolutely invisible and unliftable.

Tampax promises you
a new peace of mind and confidence during "those unpleasant days." Buy it now at drug or notion counter and tuck a month’s supply into purse. (3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior.) Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
ent scout receives hundreds of letters each week from theater owners, dramatic coaches, and local pageants, and other judges of talent. Whenever possible, these recommendations are checked. This is positive: If you are equipped by nature and training for a Hollywood chance, you will get it.

Warning
Do not pay anyone a penny for an “introduction” or a letter to a talent scout, a director, a producer, an agent, or even to a studio gateman. If anyone suggests that, for such a sum as twenty-five dollars, he can introduce you to an influential person who can get you into motion pictures, give the suggester’s name to your local police chief.

Do not pay anyone except your hometown photographer for having pictures taken. Too many traveling photographers have stimulated business by implying that studies made by them would be forwarded to casting directors in Hollywood for a fee. Your local photographer can do more for you than anyone else; he, too, has the privilege of submitting beautiful pictures.

Do not pay a penny for a screen test. If a scout decides to screen you test, the studio will pay the cost. (Incidentally, a black-and-white test costs from $250 upward; color test considerably more.)

If you are in doubt about the authenticity of a talent scout who approaches you, simply wire the studio which the scout says he represents, asking that studio to identify the person by telegraph.

In brief: Don’t pay a stranger one cent for anything reported as entree to the motion picture industry. Don’t pay to have your picture published in a “casting directory.” Don’t pay to have your picture put “on file.” Don’t be gullible.

How Does One Go About Getting an Agent?
A neophyte never “needs” an agent. It is the agent who gets the neophyte. It is only fair to point out, in regard to agency–player relationships, that a newcomer will be given as many different opinions about the value of certain agencies as there are agencies and clients who are served by them.

Basically, an agent’s function is to keep a player working. For this, the agent collects the player’s salary.

An untrained newcomer to Hollywood cannot, usually, get an agent because an untrained newcomer has nothing of the theoretical value to sell. However, some agents work as informal talent scouts and take their provisional clients on a round of casting offices; if no interest is shown by studios, the protégé is dropped. An agent wants to represent a group of players who work constantly at large salaries, and who have the career potential of commanding larger and yet larger salaries.

When a studio becomes interested in a partially trained, serious-minded newcomer, that person will be given a list of agencies and will have no trouble securing an agent to negotiate a contract.

However, if you would like a list of West Coast Artists’ Agents, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Artists’ Editors, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

At What Salary Are Players Started?
Starting salary depends entirely upon the amount of training a newcomer has had. Some high school and college students at $75 per week, and insist that the young hopefuls complete their education. More seasoned players who have had stock experience are usually signed at $125 per week. One studio, which takes seasoned players and gives them

**STOP 'STEWING' OVER WHAT TO USE**
here's the modern slant on
**INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE**

This Medicated Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Protection!

Young wives who "keep posted" are most enthusiastic about the extra advantages of Zonitors—a much easier, daintier and less embarrassing method for intimate feminine cleanliness. Zonitors are continuous-action greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories which give powerful germicidal and effective protection for hours. Yet Zonitors are safe to the most delicate tissues. Strictly non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.

Easy To Carry If Away From Home
Zonitors come twelve in a package and each separately sealed in a dainty glass vial. No mixing—no extra equipment is required. All you need is just this dainty snow-white suppository!

Easy To Use...
Zonitors are so easily inserted and they keep on releasing powerful germ-killing and deodorizing properties for hours. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ and stop them from multiplying. Be sure to use Zonitors—the new, modernized method.

Zonitors

Each sealed in separate glass vial

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZFP-90, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name__________
Address__________
City State__________

*Offer good only in U. S.
further training, usually starts a new
ophyty at $200 per week.
To a person living in a small town and
getting by at school on an allowance of
five dollars per week, these salaries seem,
at first glance, to be princely.
They should be analyzed. A person
drawing a weekly salary of $75 must pay:
10 per cent agent fee ............. 7.50
Income and Soc. Security taxes 12.00
Rent (2 girls in $100 mo. apt.) .... 12.50
Food (expensive in L.A.) ........ 15.00
Transportation (bus fares) ...... 2.50
(a car would be too expensive)
Clothing and cosmetics .......... 12.50

It is clear that, if the absolute essentials
of life cost the newcomer $62 per week,
even Einstein can find no greater a re-
main ing sum than $13 with which to pay
Guild dues, make church gifts, and provide
dental and medical care, insurance pre-
miums, and some recreation.

How Long, in General, Does It Take
to Get One's First Big Part?
Approximately five years from the time
one starts training. This fact is modified
by exceptions, of course, but it is safe to
advise a struggling actor to give up and try
another field if, at the end of five years
(study of classroom work or dra-
matic school training) there has been no
indication that success is imminent.

To illustrate the points presented in
this article, Photoplay has selected certain
Hollywood newcomers, at present unknown
to motion picture audiences, who—in the
opinion of the magazine—are destined to be
the great stars of tomorrow. The first of
these is Marilyn Monroe. Others will be
described in later issues.
Marilyn Monroe was born Norma Jean
Dougherty, June 1, 1928, in Los Angeles.
She is a natural blonde; her eyes are
green, her eyebrows and eyelashes are dark
brown and her eyelashes are exceptionally
long. She is 5 feet 5½ inches tall and she
weighs 118 pounds. Her skin is flawless
except for one small, fascinating mole on
her left cheek. Her face is heart-shaped,
teeth perfect, lips full.
Marilyn’s family could not afford danc-
ing lessons (Marilyn spent most of her
life with her aunt, Mrs. Ana Lower), but
several of Marilyn’s girl friends were
studying, so she persuaded them to teach
her the steps they learned.

She was spotted by a talent scout for the

Mary’s
DULL
PERIODIC PAIN
Menstrual pain had Mary down
but Midol brought quick com-
fort. Midol acts three ways
to bring faster relief from
menstrual distress. It relieves
cramps, eases headache and
chases “blues”.

FREE 24-page book, “What Women Want to
Know”, explains menstruation. (Free copy to
Write Dept. B-30, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.
Mary’s SHARP
WITH MIDOL
Here’s
BIG MONEY-SAVING NEWS!
TRUE EXPERIENCES! 15¢
IN SALE FOR
WITH THE OCTOBER ISSUE ON
NEWSPAPERS FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8
TRUE EXPERIENCES will continue to bring you the thrilling true dramas by real people you enjoy now at 25c. For
reading that is an experience—read America’s most exciting magazine—
TRUE EXPERIENCES
Mary’s
DULL
FURTHER TRAINING, USUALLY STARTS A NEW-O-PHYTE AT $200 PER WEEK.

TO A PERSON LIVING IN A SMALL TOWN AND GETTING BY AT SCHOOL ON AN ALLOWANCE OF FIVE DOLLARS PER WEEK, THESE SALARIES SEEM, AT FIRST GLANCE, TO BE PRINCELY.

THEY SHOULD BE ANALYZED. A PERSON DRAWING A WEEKLY SALARY OF $75 MUST PAY:
10 PER CENT AGENT FEE ............. 7.50
INCOME AND SOC. SECURITY TAXES 12.00
RENT (2 GIRLS IN $100 MO. APART.) .... 12.50
FOOD (EXPENSIVE IN L.A.) ........ 15.00
TRANSPORTATION (BUS FARES) ...... 2.50
(A CAR WOULD BE TOO EXPENSIVE)
CLOTHING AND COSMETICS .......... 12.50

IT IS CLEAR THAT, IF THE ABSOLUTE ESSENTIALS OF LIFE COST THE NEWCOMER $62 PER WEEK, EVEN EINSTEIN CAN FIND NO GREATER A REMAINING SUM THAN $13 WITH WHICH TO PAY GUILD DUES, MAKE CHURCH GIFTS, AND PROVIDE DENTAL AND MEDICAL CARE, INSURANCE PREMIUMS, AND SOME RECREATION.

HOW LONG, IN GENERAL, DOES IT TAKE TO GET ONE'S FIRST BIG PART?
APPROXIMATELY FIVE YEARS FROM THE TIME ONE STARTS TRAINING. THIS FACT IS MODIFIED BY EXCEPTIONS, OF COURSE, BUT IT IS SAFE TO ADVISE A STRUGGLING ACTOR TO GIVE UP AND TRY ANOTHER FIELD IF, AT THE END OF FIVE YEARS (STUDY OF CLASSROOM WORK OR DRAMATIC SCHOOL TRAINING) THERE HAS BEEN NO INDICATION THAT SUCCESS IS IMMINENT.

TO ILLUSTRATE THE POINTS PRESENTED IN THIS ARTICLE, PHOTOPLAY HAS SELECTED CERTAIN HOLLYWOOD NEWCOMERS, AT PRESENT UNKNOWN TO MOTION PICTURE AUDIENCES, WHO—IN THE OPINION OF THE MAGAZINE—ARE DESTINED TO BE THE GREAT STARS OF TOMORROW. THE FIRST OF THESE IS MARILYN MONROE. OTHERS WILL BE DESCRIBED IN LATER ISSUES.

MARILYN MONROE WAS BORN NORMA JEAN DOUGHERTY, JUNE 1, 1928, IN LOS ANGELES. SHE IS A NATURAL BLONDE; HER EYES ARE GREEN, HER EYEBROWS AND EYELASHES ARE DARK BROWN AND HER EYELASHES ARE EXCEPTIONALLY LONG. SHE IS 5 FEET 5½ INCHES TALL AND SHE WEIGHS 118 POUNDS. HER SKIN IS FLAWLESS EXCEPT FOR ONE SMALL, FASCINATING MOLE ON HER LEFT CHEEK. HER FACE IS HEART-SHAPED, TEETH PERFECT, LIPS FULL.
Marilyn’s family could not afford dancing lessons (Marilyn spent most of her life with her aunt, Mrs. Ana Lower), but several of Marilyn’s girl friends were studying, so she persuaded them to teach her the steps they learned.

She was spotted by a talent scout for the
first time when she was thirteen and was a student at Emerson Junior High School in Westwood. At the time she was taller than her classmates, so she had to play male parts in school plays.

During her high school days, Marilyn tried repeatedly to try out for school plays, but by that time she had become self-conscious and timid that, as try as she would, she couldn't make the words come out when she attempted to read parts. She never won a single part.

When she was sixteen she married a neighborhood boy who was going to war. Her marriage didn't last long with her high school training. After she was graduated, she and this boy (who has been far more a friend than a sweetheart) were divorced. They are still good friends.

She took work as a model for David Conover. His color studies of hers were so beautiful that the photographic processing company recommended her to other photographers. She became so interested in photography that she decided to become a professional photographer; meanwhile, she posed for Andre de Dienes and for Valentina Serra, who photographs the men of distinction.

Abruptly, Marilyn's picture appeared, in one month, on the covers of four magazines. Everything happened in one day: the talent scout for RKO telephoned for an appointment; she was asked to work for several eager photographers, Twentieth Century-Fox asked her to report for a test. She went to Twentieth, nearly died of fright when Academy Award winner Lee Tracy taught her to do her color test. He was understanding, kind, appreciative. Marilyn was signed at a beginning salary of $125 per week.

For six months Marilyn was put through the Twentieth Century-Fox talent school; she was given singing and dancing lessons; she was taught voice management, pantomime, camera technique. At the end of the first option period, she was offered to remain and was sent to the Actor's Laboratory Theatre for further seasoning.

At the end of her first motion picture year, Marilyn was dropped by the studio. She had worked, without lines, in "Mother Wore Tights" with Betty Grable. She had said "Hello" to June Haver in a church party in "Scudda-Ho!" in the furdrags, the scene had been cut. June told Marilyn, "Don't be discouraged; I once said 'Hello' to Alice Faye in a picture."

For a month, Marilyn was without a job. She had not been able to save any money. She sold some personal to buy bread; she worried. She wondered about the future.

Then she was signed by Columbia. She worked there for one year, during which she worked in a nine-day musical called "Leslie of the Cheyenne." At the end of a year, Columbia dropped her option.

Something happened to Miss Monroe's pride, to her determination, and to her spunk. This thing had gone far enough, she decided. Things simply weren't "going to happen" to give her success. She was going to have to work for it. She employed a dramatic coach, Natasha Lytess, who had worked with Max Reinhardt, and she began to study, study.

She worked for a few weeks in "Love Happy" during which she was one of the blondes chased by Groucho Marx. She took whatever modeling jobs she could get. She changed agencies, moving to William Morris, who secured work for Marilyn in "A Ticket to Tomahawk." She spent five weeks in Durango, Colorado, on location, and she studied her line of every day when she was free from the camera. Her resolution was noted and admired by the rest of the company, including Anne Baxter and Dan Dailey. The William Morris Agency recorded several tests on her.

She was put to work in "Asphalt Jungle." After Marilyn had read for John Huston, he said quietly, "Well, you're an actress."

This was in the nature of graduation.

Her next picture was "The Big Wheel," in which she had three lines, followed by six or eight lines in "Right Cross."

The William Morris Agency then secured a small part for Marilyn in "All About Eve" at Twentieth, and after watching Marilyn's workmanlike approach to her small part, the officials decided to sign her.

Because she has all the essential equipment—talent, intelligence, beauty, and flexibility—and because she is now determined to study, to improve herself in every possible way, and to be guided by those who are successful in their own line, Marilyn Monroe is destined for stardom.

In the next chapter, you will be told exactly what sort of training is given to talented and partly-prepared newcomers.

Active Summer Theaters—1950
As Photoplay goes to press, the summer Straw-hat Theaters are still active. In your town or near you, a group of players is demonstrating what must be learned.

In general there are three types of summer theater: the Equity companies which use Equity members (Equity is the theatrical labor union) which often have a school in connection with the theater Tuition for a summer of speech and body work, association with professionals, and the usual benefits of organized drama. Usually costs around $200, sometimes more sometimes less, depending upon locality.

The second type is the Guest Star Theater which usually has an Equity quota (certain number of non-union persons may be employed).

The third type is the amateur theater (Little Theater) which is usually coached by a professional teacher, or which may be an extension of a university program. If you would like a list of summer theaters, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Theater Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42 St. New York 17, N. Y.
BY JERRY ASHER

that new guy

Previous to his Whiffenpoof days, he was very active in sports, mainly around Buffalo. Eventually he dived into dramatics and came up in Gilbert and Sullivan operas. He appeared with the Yale Drama School Players and during the war, from combat instructor he became a lieutenant in the Marine Corps. With them he saw serious action, which only added to his enthusiasm for living.

At M-G-M, Whitmore, who hates crowds but loves people, is the best mixer on the lot. He likes to read Joseph Conrad and listen to modern composers. He has two tremendous talents—for mimicry and for eating like a horse!

Like Van Johnson and John Hodiak, he belongs to the bring-your-own-lunch-bucket brigade. Unlike John and Van, he comes out of a scene like a punchy perfectionist. In other words, he's still so intense in acting, he hasn't learned how to relax.

Jim isn't publicity minded, which didn't prevent him from marrying Nancy Mygatt, press agent for the Peterborough summer stock company in 1947. Following this engagement, he played his first Broadway role as the wise-cracking sergeant in "Command Decision," which won him several distinguished acting awards and beautiful beckoning from Hollywood.

When his studio sent him to New York to attend the opening of "The Next Voice You Hear," naturally he had to stop off and greet the folks in Buffalo. "What's Hollywood like?" was the first question they asked him. The nice guy began beaming from ear to ear.

"Just like Buffalo—without snow!" he answered.

COLORINSE YOUR HAIR to Shining Glory
and win that man "FOR KEEPS"

One minute to use Nestle Colorinse can make a thrilling difference in your looks and in your life! Men adore the gorgeous, natural-looking color and lustre Nestle Colorinse secretly gives. Rinses in! Shampoos out! No other way glorifies your hair so quickly, so easily, so safely. Ten enchanting shades. Insist on genuine Colorinse . . . made only by Nestle.
Brief Reviews

✓ (F) ADMIRAL IS A LADY—U.A.: An off-the-beaten path comedy by the lives of four ex-GIs (Edmond O'Brien, Johnny Sands, Dick Emery, and Peter O'Toole) complicated by the arrival of ex-Wave Wanda Hendrix, who's trying to locate her fiancé, With Rudy Vallee. (Aug.)

✓ (F) ANY GI GUN—M-G-M: Wonderful film version of the smash Broadway musical, "Ballyhoo," as the life of a gun gal sharpshooter. Howard Keel is a new find as the object of her affections, With Kenan Wynn, Louis Calhern, Janis Jaffee, James Whitmore, and Jean Hawes. The entire cast is notable. (Aug.)

✓ (F) AROUND THE WORLD—Columbia: This is the story of a couple of GI's who help run the air lift that results in the air blockade of Berlin, East Berliners and Bruni Lobel are their friends. (June)

✓ (F) BRIGHT LEAF—Warners: A colorful Mexican West of the 1890's, with Gary Cooper as a tenant farmer who becomes rich by the invention of the cigarette machine. With Pat Neal, Lauren Bacall, Jack Carson. (July)

✓ (F) BOLD ROVER—20th Century-Fox: A bold frontiersman and his six-foot-tall wife (Maureen O'Hara) try to effect a peace treaty with the Comanches, whose encampment is less than ten miles away from both British and Rednecks. Wanda Hendrix is a scarlet woman. (July)

✓ (F) CARGO TO CAPETOWN—Columbia: Brides and neighbors get in the act when -/Aexporting one American with a beautiful, but eccentric wife. Myrna Loy, an understanding friend and Jean Arthur, Barbara Bates, the two elder daughters. (July)

✓ (F) WOMEN ON THE MOVE—Warner: The amazing and epic adventures of a large group of women in the United States, Web plays a leading part in this lout but eccentric partner. (Aug.)

✓ (F) CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN—20th Century-Fox: The adventures of a large group of women in the United States, Web plays a leading part in this lout but eccentric partner. (Aug.)

✓ (F) CIRCUS SAGA—Columbia: An interesting adventure of a group of women who are stuck on a train as a result of the Cotl repeating episode. Randolph Scott's the salesman and Barbara Stanwyck the woman in the wagon. Zachary Scott's the nastily villainous. (Aug.)

✓ (F) COLD AS HELL—U.S.A.: The hilarious adventures of a large group of women in the United States, Web plays a leading part in this lout but eccentric partner. (Aug.)

✓ (F) FATHER OF THE BRIDE—M-G-M: A hilarious comedy about the complications of wedding preparations. Liz Taylor is breathtakingly beautiful as Don Taylor's bride and Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett make delightful parents. (Aug.)

✓ (F) FURIES, THE—Warner: A cattle ranch with an iron rod, his daughter Barbara Stanwyck with kid gloves. With Frank Lovejoy and Anne Revere. (Aug.)

✓ (F) GOLDEN AGE, THE—March of Time: The story of the wedding of the century, both the gowns, the flowers, the makeup, and the scenery, all authentic and a charming picture of the "raving twenties." Its stars are the real-life people who figured prominently in that turbulent decade. (Aug.)

✓ (F) GUNFIGHTER, THE—20th Century-Fox: Off the beaten path in Mexico with more suspense than an outlaw George Peck, fighting against time, pestering a deranged wife. Wanda Hendrix, who's trying to steal a horse, with Milly Mitchell, Joan Percy. (July)

✓ (F) IN A LONELY PLACE—Columbia: One of the year's best murder mysteries, with Humphrey Bogart as the chief suspect; Gloria Grahame a typically beautiful wool; and Frank Lovejoy a cop. (Aug.)

✓ (F) JACKIE ROBINSON STORY, THE—20th Century-Fox: Baseball fans will love this true life story of the famous Brooklyn Dodger second baseman with Jackie himself in the leading role. Robert Blake and Lloyd Bentsen lending able support. (Aug.)

✓ (F) KILLER OF THE CUCKOO—Columbia: Ex-ball player William Bendix, longing for his home on the diamond, gets a job as an umpire and discovers what this much abused fellow goes through. It's funny in spots. With Una Merkel, Ray Collins. (Aug.)

✓ (F) KID HEARTS AND CORONETS—Rank-East Lion: Delightfully different type of satire in which Dennis Price merely sets itself to...
Free to Stoutheads

DEPT.

lynching.

Richard

THE

Showing

comedy

young

PROVAL

SURPRISED

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Please

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drama

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B'way,

Exciting

Exclusive

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famous

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Hats,

styles,

hats,

B’way,

Glam-

Beautifully

glam-

Style

Style

in

in

...
EARN CHEERFUL Flanders, for Mall 60th Make I OLD Address $1 Junior LANE Cards show for only In PAPn EXTRA Book can 50% for You! FRIENDSHIP throughout UU., FREE STYLE Assortments Cards to also your ST., NO 2, YOU E.HAPPY sana; des; Brocco; Waldo Moreno; Minotis, R. Minoc; Stanley Space; Paul JEWEL Egan; George Egan; Douglas; Paul E. Bride, Scotty Matson, Gilbert Powell, Christine Helen Celli; Nonna Hallet, Columbia: Charles John, 20th Charls Halle. ALLIMIN receives distemning nervous stomach—bloating, breaking off after meals, belching, fast release Di-Bon®. ALLIMIN has been scientifically proven to be highly effective. More than $5 billion sold. At all drug stores.

ALLIMIN Garlic Tablets

EARTI MONEY SHOWING FREE SAMPLE FABRICS

Write me, and I'll send you this big package of Garments, linens, and other products ABSOLUTELY FREE. You'll see genuine Colorful and - quality fabrics. Take orders from friends outside your area. I will take care of shipping, handling and all mailing expenses. Get FREE SAMPLES and know that you are getting the very best.

THE MELVILLE CO., Dept. 512, CINCINNATI 3, OH.

NOVEMBER 14, 1961

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS

Makin $50 fast! Sell Christmas cards, get $50 for it with名 WITH NAME IMPRINTED. Christmas card box assortments under 60¢. All cards hand-crafted. Send for free samples. No money to invest.

EMLORK, Dept. 9
5920 S. Western Ave., Chicago 36, Illinois

NERVOUS STOMACH

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS

PLENTY OF CASH FOR YOU!

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS

P regeneration containing 30 full color sheets. Christmas tree extras. Assortments include personalized pencils, Santa stocking with Christmas card designs. Send for free samples on new Christmas card assortments and surprise forms. No money to invest.

EMLORK, Dept. 9
5920 S. Western Ave., Chicago 36, Illinois

MADE IN DILLON, CO.

MAKING 800 fast! Sell Southern Christmas Card, Longfellow's box of 50 for $1 WITH NAME IMPRINTED. Christmas card box assortments under 60¢. All cards hand-crafted. Send for free samples. No money to invest.

EMLORK, Dept. 9
5920 S. Western Ave., Chicago 36, Illinois

ALLIMIN relieves distemning nervous stomach—bloating, breaking off after meals, belching, fast release Di-Bon®. ALLIMIN has been scientifically proven to be highly effective. More than $5 billion sold. At all drug stores.

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EARTI MONEY SHOWING FREE SAMPLE FABRICS

Write me, and I'll send you this big package of Garments, linens, and other products ABSOLUTELY FREE. You'll see genuine Colorful and - quality fabrics. Take orders from friends outside your area. I will take care of shipping, handling and all mailing expenses. Get FREE SAMPLES and know that you are getting the very best.

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ALLIMIN Garlic Tablets

EARTI MONEY SHOWING FREE SAMPLE FABRICS

Write me, and I'll send you this big package of Garments, linens, and other products ABSOLUTELY FREE. You'll see genuine Colorful and - quality fabrics. Take orders from friends outside your area. I will take care of shipping, handling and all mailing expenses. Get FREE SAMPLES and know that you are getting the very best.

THE MELVILLE CO., Dept. 512, CINCINNATI 3, OH.

NOVEMBER 14, 1961

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS

PLENTY OF CASH FOR YOU!

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS

P regeneration containing 30 full color sheets. Christmas tree extras. Assortments include personalized pencils, Santa stocking with Christmas card designs. Send for free samples on new Christmas card assortments and surprise forms. No money to invest.

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NERVOUS STOMACH

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS

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THE MELVILLE CO., Dept. 512, CINCINNATI 3, OH.
Christmas Money!... to earn in your spare time, plus cash bonus and commissions. Organic & Soap Christmas box assortments and Deluxe Personals...they sell on sight. Big money-making idea. 48 fast-selling items, new, exclusive to sell. 50 for $1 home-improved Christmas Personals, 25-cent each; 24-page color catalog, free. COMMISSION, fund-raising plan for organizations. Write today for free catalog and sample. 

Get the new 35c PERRMABOOKS NOW AT NEWSSTANDS

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Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"
Without Painful Backache

As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and other symptoms. The solution is a well-balanced diet and exercise. These alone may not prevent all backaches, but they can help. If your discomforts are due to these causes, don't wait, try Donn's Pills, a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. While these symptoms may often occur, it's amazing how many people feel a definite relief—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Donn's Pills today!

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You can earn while you are learning. For full particulars, write today on your letterhead. Chicago School of Nursing, Dept. A-39, Chicago, Ill. 416 East Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 10 sample lesson pages.
Style Your Hair Like a Star

(Continued from page 63) new. The doe-eyed look is also here. This is entirely a make-up trick but amusing when you want to go in for it. More cheek rouge than has been worn for years is now very fashionable. And even costume jewelry is related to your make-up. 

This being my debut as Photoplay’s beauty editor, and hairlines being the biggest new beauty change, I’ll get on with them first. Look about you on these pages: June Allyson, Jane Wyman, Elizabeth Taylor, Pat Neal, Barbara Stanwyck and Jane Powell. Your personal type should be somewhere in such a company. But remember this: Even if you copy your pet, almost exactly, you should also try to give your hair-do, your make-up and your figure its unique “you” touch.

While the coiffures Photoplay shows here are all distinctive, they all, with the exception of Jane Powell’s, follow the newest edict about outlines. This is it: You must have a “light” look to your hair. No longer should your hair swing like a mop on your neck (remember June Allyson last year?). The heavy look is definitely out. The super-curly look is definitely dated. Your head should look small, style ten and days your jewelry. Try Sydney Guilaroff of M-G-M.

Let me digress for one moment. The interesting sidelight on the current haircuts is that men do prefer them. Dick Powell was the main influence that got June Allyson’s hair cut. Junie was also head-styled by Sydney Guilaroff, though her own regular hairdresser, Ethel Nee fus, at the studio, has done all the work since Guilaroff’s original clipping. But there the resemblance between her hair style and Stanwyck’s ends.

Bob Taylor had long argued that Barbara’s hair was too long, too thick and too curled. Guilaroff gave Barbara what he called “soft, tailored neckline” in back. This means no curls but the hair brushed softly up. With the front and sides thoroughly thinned out, he gave Barbara the kind of permanent you can give yourself or go to your hair shop.

Jane Allyson says Guilaroff just “whoops” her hair. Translated, that means it is thinned and even more casually set. It was Dick Powell’s idea that Jane have the center part—Guilaroff’s idea that she wear the bangs and “my own idea,” she grins, “that they leave me some little hair on my head.” Junie has the problem that not many of us face; her hair is actually too curly. It never has a permanent. It can’t be “set” in the conventional meaning of the word. Usually it’s combed with the lightest setting lotion, gently pressed into shape. Jane has always been a “brusher,” five hundred strokes a day being nothing unusual to her. Junie knows, however, that every smart star soon learns—and you should memorize—“Chin” hair always has “shape.” Don’t just jarge around and hope when your boss says, “Dreadlocks,” you’re all right. Style your hair in the interest of all concerned.

My favorite actor: My favorite actress:

My favorite actor: My favorite actress:

Just because Farley Granger and June Allyson are still leading the parade doesn’t mean your favorites haven’t a chance to outdistance them and come in first. Maybe you are the ones needed to put your choices in the “favorite” spots.

Don’t think about it—do it now!

Mail your votes to:
READERS’ POLL EDITOR c/o PHOTOPHAY
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

never say die...say your favorites’ names

The secret of all wonderful hair-do lies in the original pin curls you get. But do you know how to set standing pin curls to glorify your brow, flat pin curls to make the sides prettiest and those perky pin curls are so cute at the back of your neck? Well, Vicky Riley will show you just how to put up these pin curls, plus other beauty tricks in October Photoplay.

The End
What a happy holiday you can have—with money worries off your mind! Starting right away, you can earn up to $23 a week in spare time, just by showing Fashion Frock's to your friends and neighbors. Like some exceptional Fashion Fooks representatives, that would mean up to $460 in the 20 weeks before Christmas, to spend any way you want! And get your own lovely dresses, too, as a bonus! — without paying a cent! This remarkable opportunity is offered by FASHION FROCKS, INC. Our dresses are bought by women in every state, and nearly every county. We need new representatives right away to take orders in spare time and send them to us. Any woman, even without previous experience, can act as our representative. Whether you are married or single—housewife or employed—you can get the chance to obtain stunning dresses as a bonus—dresses that will not cost you a penny. In addition, you can make splendid weekly cash commissions—up to $23 and $25 a week, or more! You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS—gorgeous originals of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably low-priced down to $2.98. For every order, you get paid in cash on the spot.

NO CANVASSING—NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

Each dress carries the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval and our own unconditional guarantee of satisfaction or money back. No house-to-house canvassing is needed. When women see these exclusive styles—so different from run-of-the-mill dresses—so easy to buy without going to crowded stores—they just can't help but order 2 and 3 at a time! Amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves, and patterns. Famous fabrics that are soft, rich, enduring. And a complete range of sizes for every type of figure—Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors and Stouts. With these features, you don't need previous experience to take in steady cash earnings, week after week! Can't you use a handy extra income—especially with Christmas coming on? And wouldn't you like your own lovely dresses without cost? Just mail the coupon!

START EARNING RIGHT AWAY!

Christmas will be here before you know it. So don't put off writing in. Get started earning extra money for the things you want. Your Style Portfolio—with samples of America's finest fabrics—is absolutely free. Make up your mind right now—then send the coupon. There's no obligation, nothing to pay. Paste the coupon on a postcard, and mail it today!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk E3053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—mail now!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk E3053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me everything I need to start right away, without obligation.

Name ______________________________
Address ______________________________
City __________________ Zone ______ State ______
Age _______ Dress Size _______
"Yes, Chesterfields are so much Milder"
Joan Caulfield

STARRING IN "THE PETTY GIRL"
A COLUMBIA TECHNOCOLOR PICTURE

Which cigarette is Milder...

BE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE EXPERT
says - Ralph A. Goss
PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMER
DURHAM, N. C.

A) YOU buy a pack of Chesterfields and you open it up.

B) YOU smell that milder Chesterfield aroma. No other cigarette has it.

C) YOU smoke Chesterfields and prove what every tobacco man knows...

tobaccos that Smell Milder
Smoke Milder

Ralph A. Goss

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD
THE CIGARETTE THAT SMELLS MILD AND SMOKES MILD

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HONEYMOON LIMITED

Romantic Color Pictures and Stories ... Liz Taylor and Nick Hilton in New York, Paris, London, the Riviera
Show the world a lovelier complexion—
with your very first cake of Camay!

Wonderful things happen when your skin is soft and smooth! And you can be lovelier with your first cake of Camay! Change to regular care—use Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap touch your skin. You’ll have a fresher, clearer complexion—very soon!

Where in the world will you find a finer beauty soap than Camay?
It’s so mild and gentle—so quick with its rich, creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured the flattering fragrance of Camay. Yes—Camay gives you the finest kind of complexion care—your very first cake brings a lovelier complexion!

SCENES FROM JANE’S ROMANCE

Courtship in Hipboots! A trout stream can set the scene for romance—when one of the anglers has a complexion like Jane’s! She says: “Camay is my best beauty aid. Camay’s lather is so kind to my skin!”

Honeymoon on Wheels! Luray Caverns in Virginia was one of the exciting stops on Jane and Albert’s auto trip through the South. Camay went along in Jane’s beauty kit! Her first cake of Camay brought new skin beauty. It can do the same for you!

Camay—the soap of beautiful women
You can count on keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—if you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles both. So don't risk halfway dental care. Use doubly-effective Ipana care for better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

**Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!**

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!* 

To enjoy a healthier, more wholesome mouth—you must fight tooth decay. But, dentists warn—you must fight gum troubles, too!

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

Now, today, start this double protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome." You'll like Ipana's wholesome, refreshing flavor, too. Get Ipana!

NEW! Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

**"I have confidence in Ipana . . . Bristol-Myers makes it,"** says Bobbie Snow of Woodside, N. Y.

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums both. It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

**IPANA**

For healthier teeth, healthier gums
for lasting
PIN CURL BEAUTY...

De Long bob pins
stronger grip—won’t slip out.

You don’t need a flair for hair styling to set this newest hair fashion. It’s a breeze with De Long bob pins.

Alluring, natural curls last longer, for De Long’s grip holds hair tighter. Take the blue De Long card home today.

How to set the “U” Bob—styled by Mr. Larry, eminent New York hairdresser...

Set top hair in two rows, turning first row toward face, next row away from face. (Work with even strands.) Pin two vertical rows at left temple, the first row toward face, second away. Make circles across the back to right ear, in two clockwise rows. Do right temple like left. To comb out-brush hair up briskly, then down into a soft halo.

HIGHLIGHTS

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Natural Color Portrait by John Engstead Design by Otto Storch

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October, 1950

Member of The True Story Women’s Group
The story of Lily James... the girl from Kansas... who took New York by storm... became a famous, fascinating model and really lived A Life Of Her Own.........
New finer Mum more effective longer!

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

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

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

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

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

Now at your cosmetic counter!

CHEERS AND JEERS:

Whoever stated (July) that they prefer Joan Evans rather than Shelley Winters as a perfect girl for Farley Granger definitely has poor taste. They might make a grand combination on the screen but that doesn't mean that they're the same off screen. To begin with, I'd prefer Shelley to that overgrown fifteen-year-old who tries to look years older than she is. Then again, why don't we mind our business and let Farley pick his own girls? MARY SCHROFANI Elizabeth, N. J.

Ingrid Bergman has made a decision not a mistake. I've read no helpful defense of her yet by all those "nice" Photoplay readers who voted her the best year after year. Was your loyalty to a great actress so weak that at the first sign of being human, you turned against her? Bergman is an actress above all. It is true, of course, that we imitate our favorite actresses or actors. Maybe that is what Miss Bergman was doing. HARRY TURNER Beaumont, Tex.

I liked the article, "How June Haver Overcame Heartache" (June). It put God in the picture where He should be. If more articles like this were written, perhaps the public would have a higher opinion of movie stars.

DOROTHEA SCHMITT Ridgewood, N. J.

She's been "Chained," "Possessed" and, in her latest film, "Damned." Brutality and tears have been her lot and she has suffered through too many sordid sagas. Hers is the loveliest smile and the most heart-warming laugh in Hollywood, but she seldom has the opportunity to use either on the screen. May Joan Crawford soon leave her torture rack and let her hair down in a gay comedy.

MRS. WILLIAM W. GRUENER Hartford, Conn.

This is to let Ava Gardner know what I really think of her. She is nothing but a heartbreaker and if Frank Sinatra and Howard Duff are smart they will stay as far away from her as possible.

MISS J. PAGNONE Asbury Park, N. J.

AGE-OLD QUESTION:

It's about time that Hollywood started picking people on the basis of merit, rather than because they are new, young and inexpensive.

That's why the box office is on the decline; too many youngsters who look alike, act alike and talk alike are cluttering up the screen. Five minutes after you see them you forget them.

MRS. HELEN JOHNSTONE Chicago, Ill.

On behalf of myself and my thirty-five...
Where hundreds of thousands of people pass through every day...

...AND THIS DAY...
ONE OF THEM WAS A DANGEROUS KILLER!

Straight from the pages of the "Saturday Evening Post," and best-selling novel, "Nightmare in Manhattan," acclaimed by millions of readers...comes a story of suspense!
I did a slow burn for 180 days!

says DEBORAH KERR, co-starring with STEWART GRANGER in MGM's "KING SOLOMON'S MINES"

Color by Technicolor

We trekked 6 months in Africa for "King Solomon's Mines." Sizzling heat parched me to the bone... made my skin unbearably dry!

Acting thirsty took no talent. Even my skin was thirsty! Even between scenes the African sun scared me. But Jergens kept my hands soft for romantic scenes.

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin. Prove it with this simple test described above... You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax)

Casting:
What's the matter with these movie producers anyhow? All you see nowadays are lovey-dovey and musical pictures. Let's have some more pictures like "Adventures of Don Juan" or some bloodthirsty pirate picture. As for the actor, I'd put Errol Flynn in it.

ANNA MAR STERN

Why doesn't Hollywood make more movies from Broadway productions? Whenever they do, the result is always sure to be a success. I think that "Oklahoma" would make a wonderful movie with Gordon MacRae as Curly.

BARBARA LEE
Houston, Tex.

Question Box:
Could you please send me a picture of Sterling Hayden? Could you send me some information about him too? I saw him in "The Asphalt Jungle" and thought he was about the most terrific thing I've seen since Laurence Olivier in "Hamlet."

KITTIE CORR
Chatham, Mass.

(He was born in Montclair, N. J., is 33, 6'3", 200 lbs., has blond hair, blue eyes. He was divorced from Madeleine Carroll, is now married to Betty De Noo. He free lancees has no contract. Photoplay cannot send pictures. For pictures of stars, write in care of studio that produced their latest picture.)

I have just seen "No Sad Songs for Me" and would like to know the composer and name of the song that was played as a duet at the end of the picture.

ANNE SPENCER
Oklahoma City, Okla.

(It was the fourth movement of Brahms' First Symphony.)

I have just seen Elizabeth Taylor's picture, "Father of the Bride," and would like to know if the wedding dress she wore in the picture was the same one she wore for her wedding?

MARILYN MATTHEWS
Decatur, Ga.

(Different dresses, but both designed by Helen Rose, head designer of M-G-M.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.
Here are three girls who never met before. They are brought together by a strange quirk of fate. Each in her past hid the one reckless mis-step that seals a girl’s reputation. Here in one of the most heart-arresting pictures in the long history of Warner Bros. are three girls whose pasts cannot be judged until you know their

**Three Secrets**

*Starring Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal, Ruth Roman*

Pat, visiting dad John Wayne on "Rio Bravo" set, meets Maureen O'Hara and Rex Allen, new Republic star, who went to Utah to do broadcast of Rex Allen show with Sons of the Pioneers. This CBS broadcast is heard Fridays, 10 p.m. EDT.

Movietown Mutterings: Greer Garson, quietly searching for a new Bel Air home and, for some unexplained reason, trying to keep it a deep, dark secret. One place that pleased her had a fully equipped nursery ... A big M-G-M build-up is in the works for lanky, likable Carlton Carpenter, whose fan following is on the rise ... Mark Stevens (remember Cal told you this would happen two months ago) celebrating his release from Twentieth by talking terms at U-I ... Convincing proof for sunny boy Skelton, who collapsed at the Coliseum during the Shrine's convention, that a let-up from his grueling schedule is imperative.

Quip Tease: "Sorry, Betsy darling, I'm leaving town at once. No, I can't explain. You'll just have to understand." Cal couldn't believe his ears, but there was no mistaking the voice of Cary Grant as it floated over a partition in the publicity office at Universal-International. Sensing a sensational news story, we opened the door and bearded the boy in his den. There, doubled up at the telephone, was that perennial prankster, Anthony Curtis, doing the best impersonation of Cary...
Grant this side of Cary Grant we've ever heard!
Poor bewildered Betsy Drake actually thought she was talking to her handsome husband. Tony finally came clean.

Nudging the News: Six-foot-four Jeff Chandler having a heck of a time making connections with five-foot-three Evelyn Keyes for a love scene in "Smuggler's Island"... Esther Williams posing for portraits to last a year so she can concentrate on the new baby... A search for a "new" Gabby Hayes at Republic. The "old" one, it seems, is now freelancing... Just as Cal predicted, after six tempestuous years, Lauren Bacall is free from her Warner contract. When they offered her a role in a low-budget Dennis Morgan (he didn't like the script either) Western, Mrs. Bogart asked for her release again and finally got it... Rumored tax troubles for Joan Fontaine that supposedly concern the period prior to her separation from Bill Dozier... Eight pictures in two years have convinced Virginia Mayo a long rest is necessary. For her studio's information, a nursery may be added to her newly decorated ranch house during this respite... In "The Mating Season," his first movie role in fifteen years, Ethel Barrymore's son saying he was "nervous as a colt." The gentleman's name? Sammy Colt!

Jane Powell, wearing a cute new hair-do, attended party for Vic Damone at Mocambo. Vic, now with M-G-M, may do picture with Janie...
Happy Day: Doris and her agent-fiancé Marty Melcher add their smiles to Hollywood premiere

Double celebration: Gary Cooper, 25 years in movies, has been wed 17 years to Sandra, above, with Pete Lawford and friends

INSIDE STUFF

Rock-a-bye Baby Talk: It’s a tall toss, as far as your reporter is concerned, whether June Allyson or Lana Turner is the most pleased over the pending patter of little feet! "It was awfully soon to make an announcement," laments Lana. "But just in case I have an off-day while making Mr. Imperium, I didn’t want those tired old ‘temperamental’ rumors to get started." Only the scene where Lana was supposed to ride horseback had to be rewritten. The Toppings told the wonderful news to Lana’s little daughter Cheryl, when she celebrated her seventh birthday with a kiddies’ South Sea Island party. "I hope to keep right on working for as long as possible," Lana tells us. "After all, the average woman doing her own housework keeps up a daily routine. Making pictures isn’t a bit more strenuous"... "The little woman just can’t seem to satisfy her craving for ice cream!" It was Dick Powell talking; he was referring of course to June Allyson and her "delicate" condition. The Justin Darts (he’s the Rexall Drug executive and she’s the former Jane Bryan) remembered that conversation. Several quarts of vanilla later, June received a portable soda fountain. It was filled with ice cream and came complete with cones and all the fixings! Junie’s theme song (if you’ll pardon the corn) is no longer: "I scream for ice cream!"... Cal recalls the morning the papers announced the Humphrey Bogarts had stalked the stork. "You know Lauren Bacall and I don’t," Lucille Ball exclaimed excitedly over the phone. "I know how badly she’s wanted a baby and so have I. Please find out who her doctor is." Then, after ten years of marriage, Lucy and Desi Arnaz were thrilled to be adding a nursery to their Desi-Lu Ranch in Chatsworth. So it was a sad day for Cal when he learned later that Lucille had lost the baby that she and Desi wanted so much.

New Look: We just happened to see her sitting there in Westmore’s Beauty Salon. Perhaps Cal was substituting his own sympathetic reaction, but Nancy Sinatra’s warm, dark eyes did seem to hold an added sadness. Under make-up wizard Perc Westmore’s supervision, her hair was being shortened and re-styled. As Cal, on his way to Bob the barber, passed the open doorway of her booth, he couldn’t help overhearing her say: "Have to get myself fixed up, you know. Guess I have to find myself a new fellow." Of course, Nancy Sinatra was kidding. There’s no room on her sleeve for her heart. But like everyone else, Cal, too, believes their marriage will always remain sacred to her—even if Frankie never comes home. And the tone of her voice still seemed to sound so wistful.

Across a Crowded Room: They were all there at Clifton Webb’s party for the Ezio Pinzas—Bogart and Bacall, Jan and Paul Douglas, Cole Porter, Gene Tierney, Kirk Douglass, many more. But for Cal’s cash, the star that outshone them all was still the buoyant beauty. Completely captivated by Hollywood’s hospitality, the Pinzas announced they were expecting to meet another little stranger. So it was a double celebration. Highly amusing was the guest of honor with the middle-age magic of his humor and concern over the welfare of "Larch," a pet Dalmatian named after Larchmont, N. Y., the town where the Pinzas live. It seemed his secretary was driving cross-country with Larch by his side. No word of their whereabouts had been received for days. "I hope he enjoys the ride," sighed Ezio. He was referring—of course—to his dog!

On the Town: The Randy Scotts importing a New York decorator for their new house, which has a new nursery for the new baby they expect to adopt... Mail addressed to "The Nose" is automatically delivered to Jose Ferrer who is playing "Cyrano de Bergerac"... The Brown Derby requested Allan Nixon to don a necktie when he walked in with wife Marie Wilson, who was wearing the lowest neckline in town... Noel Coward stuff: Ida Lupino sunning and swimming at the home of estranged husband Collier Young, while current Casanova Howard Duff rehearses his radio show. Louis Hayward, who was Ida’s first husband, making it a threesome!... Clark Gable’s inimitable description of himself, Ray Milland and Gary Cooper, all of whom own those expensive imported Jaguars: "Just kids—in de luxe hot rods!"... Magnificent movie-star-mimic Arthur Blake (You’ll see him in "Cyrano de Bergerac" too) gave the most unusual party of the month, with Miriam Hopkins and Marjorie Main as guests of honor.
No rumors disturb the happily married Montalbans. Ricardo is a fighter in June Allyson-Dick Powell film "Right Cross."

Parents-to-be-again, the Ezio Pinzas are hit of Hollywood. He scored as star of "South Pacific."

The Dana Andrews at Hollywood premiere. Dana plays a forest ranger in his next for Twentieth
INSIDE STUFF

Younger Than Springtime: In exchange for a good story, Cal promised Richard Widmark we'd visit him on the set of "Halls of Montezuma." He didn't disappoint us. "When I took my daughter, Annie, to the market," he grinned, "she was decked out in a Hopalong Cassidy outfit, complete with twirling guns. While I was at the checking stand, an old lady turned to Annie and said, 'Little girl, you shouldn't be dressed like that. You should be wearing a pretty dress.' Annie didn't answer, but outside she asked if I had heard the remark. When I admitted I had, there was a pause. Then my five-year-old shook her head sadly and sighed: 'Daddy, I guess she was just too old to understand.'" P.S. Annie's still got her gun!

Did You Know That: There's an M-G-M executive who wishes he had the power to make Ann Blyth one of our greatest stars... Howard Duff and Ann Sheridan aren't aware of it, but mutual friends are plotting because they believe they'd be good for each other... Garbo's beauty left everyone gasping at a Sunday brunch, when the silent Swede appeared in a pink turtle neck sweater and black suede jodhpurs... Contrary to rumor, Robert Walker has never been in finer fettle and dotes on those dates with Nancy Davis... Everyone sees why Amanda Blake is so attracted to Ron Randall, but no one can understand why she is so demonstrative—especially in public... The Steve McNallys have so many children, so when number six came along, because they couldn't decide on a name, they just called it "Pixie"... Famous designer Orry-Kelly had to create a hat with accommodating ear holes for "Harvey" the invisible rabbit... Anne Baxter and John Hodiak kiddingly admitted they were "expecting," but neglected to (Continued on page 14)

Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced... held... kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration... prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.

Jimmy Cagney spent lunch time practicing dancing for "The West Point Story"
She surrendered herself to him

...and then his dark past rolled in like a black fog!

The Stars of “The 3rd Man” in a new, exciting adventure!

JOSEPH COTTEN and VALLI in
WALK SOFTLY, STRANGER

with SPRING BYINGTON • PAUL STEWART • A DORE SCHARY Presentation
Produced by ROBERT SPARKS • Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON • Screen Play by FRANK FENTON
Amazing Shampoo Guaranteed Not to Rob Hair of Natural Oils

Shasta gets out beauty-robbing film and stale surface oils—Leaves in glamour-giving natural oils

Nature provides its own natural oils to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy. Without these natural oils, hair may become dry, lifeless and brittle. New, improved Shasta is the amazing shampoo guaranteed not to rob hair of these precious oils. Nature provides to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy.

Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, more beautifully groomed, under Shasta’s magic-touch. So, to see your hair looking its loveliest, get new, improved Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn’t rob hair of its natural oils.

INSIDE STUFF

Barbara Stanwyck was overcome by surprise birthday party given by Bill Holden and pals on eve of trip to Italy to join Bob Taylor, who sent orchids

(Continued from page 12) specify it was “Shoofly,” their French poodle, who was about to become a mother.

Behind Dark Lenses: A friend of Cal’s called from the Windy City the night it happened to let us in on the news of the reconciliation between Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin and to tell an amusing incident. Betty and Ted were dining with his brothers and sisters at Chicago’s Chez Paree. The sparkling Hutton eyes were obscured by very, very dark glasses. Still it would take more than dark glasses to keep Betty’s presence unknown from Buff Cobb and Myron Wallace who do a midnight celebrity show from the club. They approached Betty and asked if she wouldn’t be introduced and interviewed. “I’d love to,” replied Betty, “but I’m afraid I can’t be interviewed. Would you just introduce me and leave it at that? You see, I’m here incognito tonight.”

Around the Town: Heartfelt feeling for Richard Basehart, whose wife failed to recover from brain surgery just as his career was working out so wonderfully . . . A salute to Rita Hayworth for laughing off those rumors from Rome that she was either “expecting” or gaining so much weight it “looked” like it . . . Thanks to Clifton Webb for always being amusing, even when his fabulous mother, Maybelle, hurt her hip; because she was walking with a cane he kiddingly called her “The Colonel” . . . High hopes for Linda Darnell for a reconciliation with cameraman Pev Marley, though this time friends feel (Continued on page 15)
INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® LIVING GIRLDE Gives
More Figure Control with Greater Freedom of Action than girdles costing more than three times as much!

"You can't buy a better girdle for three times the price!" say the makers of Playtex. As proof, they authorized the U. S. Testing Company, Inc. to test this girdle against girdles costing up to $15!

Six large New York department stores were asked by consumers to send a girdle, costing about $15, which, in the stores' opinions, offered "the most figure-control." Each store sent a different girdle—ranging from $14.09 to $15.00.

Playtex—famous for amazing figure-slimming power—proved 40% lighter, demonstrated 60% greater freedom of action than the average of all other girdles tested. And Playtex was the only girdle you could wash in ten seconds, dry with a towel! It does more for you than any other girdle!

In SLIM, silvery tubes,
PLAYTEX LIVING GIRLDES . . $3.50 to $3.95

In SLIM, shimmering Pink Tubes,
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRLDES . $3.95 to $4.95
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large Extra-large size slightly higher

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
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Made of tree-grown liquid latex, PLAYTEX slims without a seam, stitch or bone. It fits invisibly under clothes, washes in seconds, dries with a towel.

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ANTHONY BLOTTA, New York originator: "Playtex gives a lithe silhouette, fits invisibly under any slimmest clothes."

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IRENE, Hollywood designer: "When you wear Playtex your silhouette is slender and supple, with smooth youthful lines."

PAULINE TRIGERE, winner of Fashion Critics Award: "Every woman can have this lithe, slender silhouette with a Playtex."

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Inside Stuff

Riding high at Howard Hughes party for the press at Las Vegas Desert Inn are Janet Leigh, Jack Buñel, starring in different pictures for producer Hughes.

Donald O'Connor and New Orleans beauty Faith Domergue pair off for Ping-pong at Las Vegas party. Audiences will see Faith first time in "Where Danger Lives."

(Continued from page 14) their separation is final... Admiration for Keefe Brasselle, who was in a serious motorboat accident and never once adopted a "this had to happen to me" attitude... Good luck to Mrs. Clark Gable, who is going to cook for the "king" on that range he sent to the remote "Across the Wide Missouri" location... Congratulations to Joseph Cotten, Hollywood's newest step-grandfather... Encouraging cheers to little Judy Garland, who day by day, in every way, is getting better and better.

House-Happy: Remember, Cal told you it would happen! Ruth Elizabeth Davis Nelson Farnsworth Sherry is now Mrs. Gary Merrill. Or, in other words, Bette Davis acquired a fourth husband in Juarez, Mexico, in a "quickie" ceremony that took place a few hours after Gary obtained his divorce. So much in so little time has happened to Bette, Hollywood more or less hailed the marriage of the forty-two-year-old actress to the thirty-four-year-old actor as an anti-climax. Naturally, her Laguna Beach home was not conducive to a happy honeymoon. In that town, Bette's ex-husband, William Grant Sherry, is very much in evidence. Her Toluca Lake residence was hardly appropriate (you can see Warner Brothers on a sunny day) and her beautiful farm in New Hampshire is minus the furniture Bette had shipped out to Hollywood. The newly-weds settled for a rented house in Massachusetts. When Gary goes to Berlin to make "Legion of the Damned," Bette may go along to accept one of her many European offers.

Personality of the Month: It was a case of Cal calling the FBI, or doing a bit of supersleuthing. You see, the "Valentino Story" set is closed tighter than that proverbial tick. Actually, a terrific effort is being made not to publicize Tony Dexter, who plays the immortal "Rudy." According to our secret sources, they're taking no chances on overselling the man who may make the great lover (Continued on page 19).
Get the Luxurious Big BATH SIZE!

For velvet-smooth Beauty lather that caresses your skin, leaves your body glowing with a warm blush of fragrant loveliness, enjoy a Beauty Bath with Bath Size Palmolive Soap.

IT'S EXQUISITE . . . It's economical. Big, big Bath Size Palmolive is perfect for tub or shower. Just the gentlest massage over your body creates a glorious beauty lather that leaves your skin glowing, alluring. Proper cleansing with this long-lasting Bath Size smooths and softens your arms, back and shoulders... really gives you a lovelier complexion all over.

And its delicate, exciting scent leaves the merest hint of perfume on your skin—a delightful invitation to romance. Get Bath Size Palmolive today—for Palmolive's marvelous beauty lather means you, too, may have a lovelier complexion head-to-toe.
Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...

1 Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable...first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show him a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

Better than a soap! Better than a liquid!
Kay Daumit's cream shampoo with lanolin. Jars: $2, $1.
Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON


MARIE WILSON and husband Allan Nixon nixed a bid to enter a Charleston contest with: "We're old-fashioned. All we know is jitterbug." * * *

Mike Connolly asked Miriam Hopkins what her sprout Michael was majoring in at Lawrenceville. She replied: "Track, wrestling and girls." * * *

Overheard: "He wants to marry a girl just like the girl his movie producer father is running after." * * *

Sign in a Hollywood hosiery store: "Your face is your fortune, but your legs still draw the interest." * * *

Sarah Churchill, daughter of Winston, filled out a biography form for the M-G-M publicity department. After the question, "Father's occupation?" she wrote: "Painter." * * *

Children of movie stars, it seems, have private tutors for almost everything. There are tutors for education, swimming, horseback riding, French, etc. One moppet of famous parents is an expert at a yo-yo top. He's so good, in fact, that one day a schoolmate asked him: "Tell me, who is your yo-yo tutor?" * * *

Hal Wallis previewed a picture titled, "Dark City." One of the preview cards, now framed on a wall of his office, read: "This is a fine picture. Everything I expected to happen, didn't." * * *

Marjorie Reynolds, who is 5'4", was cast in a movie with 6'4" Vincent Price. She was delighted. She said: "Looking up at him gives a girl such a nice chin line." * * *

Overheard: "Her age is like a used car speedometer. She's always setting it back." * * *

Someone said that Jane Russell's successful career was simply due to her having a big studio behind her. To which Mack Sennett replied: "Son, it isn't what Jane Russell has behind her." * * *

Sign on a dinner in Beverly Hills: "Snacks Fifth Avenue." * * *

Wally Vernon's squeal to a night club heckler: "I don't know what I'd do without you but I sure would like to." * * *

Sam Goldwyn, in Paris: "I'd like these French films much more if they weren't in a foreign language." * * *

Marquee sign: Tonight: "No Man of Her Own." Tomorrow night: "All the King's Men."
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) "live" again, it's a terrific gamble, with the public deciding the results. Three years ago Katharine Cornell wired producer Edward Small: If they really wanted an unknown, the famous stage star had an actor in her company named Wallie Craig who was "Valentino." Tests were made, a contract was signed and Anthony Dexter was "born." Every day until the cameras rolled, he practiced dancing, fencing—everything to perfect himself. The wise and sincere Tony knows he's sticking his neck out, which is undoubtedly why each year at option time (he signed at a small salary) he's wangled a good raise. The sound stage doors remain closed on the "new" Valentino. Just once they were opened; then, only to admit a new Cadillac which was Eleanor Parker's birthday gift from her husband.

Hollywood Is Talking About: The heartwarming rumor that a reconciliation between Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan seems imminent, because of his daily visits to her house. The now remote possibility of a marriage between Parley Granger, who has new interests, and Shelley Winters, who never lost interest in the writer-brother of Edmond O'Brien. The wisdom of Joan Blondell, now divorced from Mike Todd and making a movie comeback in "For Heaven's Sake," who takes little Ellen Powell calling on daddy Dick Powell, now married to June Allyson. The thoughtfulness of Vic Damone, who remembers his fans outside when he's in a night club and sends out Cokes for refreshment. John Agar's lack of discretion, which bewildered and disappointed townspeople on the "Breakthrough" location. Ann Sothern's complete convalescence, aided and abetted by the devoted attentions of Richard Egan, handsome U-I leading man. The sadness of Arlene Dahl when she learned she had lost her kind friend and sponsor, Lady Mendil. The rumor that there is trouble between the Gary Coopers. Betsy Drake "auditing" Pat Neal for "Dianetics," Hollywood's new craze—which didn't reveal Pat's secret romance.

Wise women long have known this treasured secret: Use perfume where you feel the heart beat.

There, body heat holds the fragrance longest—a delicate, subtle, always-with-you fragrance that makes you enchanting, desirable, night and day.

Fragrances by Richard Hudnut

Mel Ferrer, a bullfighter in "The Brave Bulls," with Miroslava, popular Mexican actress, who makes U. S. debut in film
DEAR Miss Colbert:
I am now twenty-three and, after five years of marriage, am getting a divorce. I wish that every eighteen-year-old girl who is planning to get married could talk to me. I should tell her to wait, at least until she is twenty-two, and to learn a profession or a craft in the meantime so that she would be able to support herself.
I have a girl four and a boy two.
I have met a man whom I love deeply; in his way he loves me, I think, but his family disapproves of me because I am a divorcée. This man is very fond of my little girl and says he wants her to live with us if we marry, but he has taken a strong dislike to my son and wants me to give up my boy to his husband's parents.
Sometimes I think I am going to lose my mind. I love this man, but I love my little boy, too. How can I give up either? What complicates the whole business is that I am not equipped to earn my own way in the world. If I were independent, I could employ a good nurse. I could marry this man and have my own life as well as guarding the welfare of my babies.
(Mrs.) George O'K.

Yours is, indeed, a universal problem. However, may I assure you that even if you were self-supporting, your problem would still remain. The husband of a working wife (I have learned from my correspondence) is inclined to believe that his wife's earnings should add to the creature comforts of his home.
I should think that, if there is any way at all for you to do it, you should make arrangements for the care of your children while you learn secretarial or clerical work. Then you can care for your children without outside interference. Your contacts would be broadened so that you could, eventually, meet a worthwhile man.
This man and his family would only bring you more problems, I'm afraid.
Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:
About a year ago my cousin, who is in the Army, gave one of his buddies my picture and address. Tom wrote to me and I answered, and for ten or eleven months we have been corresponding regularly. We have many tastes in common.
Tom is coming home on leave before he goes overseas and he wants to marry me. He says we probably know one another better than most couples do before marriage, even though we have never met.

My mother says that even if I find I am in love with him when we meet, it is foolish to marry a man who is going to leave at the end of fifteen days. I don't agree with her. I want the satisfaction of being married and settled. I am nineteen, and I know my own mind. I will be able to save my money and make plans for a future with Tom if we are married, but if I'm single I'll just fritter away my salary.
Do you think I'm right, and that it is possible to fall in love by mail?
Staffa J.

I don't think you can fall in love by mail. I do think that a strong and permanent friendship (an intellectual understanding) can be established, but I'm certain that it is possible to be extremely friendly with a boy whom it would be impossible to love.
I am in agreement with your mother about the folly of marrying a man who is going to be with you for only fifteen days and who will then be away for two years. That isn't marriage; it is a legal adventure, and your correspondent is selfish to suggest such a thing.
As to the way in which you save or fritter away your money, marriage has nothing to do with it. It depends on your own character. After you have met this lad in person, your ideas may change.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
Recently my husband left me. We had been married only three years and have no children so I do not wish to ask him for alimony; therefore I must go to work. I want to change my environment at once, so I have been thinking of going to California and signing up as an apprentice in the interior decorating department of one of the studios. I have always shown marked aptitude in home decoration.
Will you tell me how I should go about entering this profession? I'd like a list of the names of the heads of these departments. I could write to each one and get myself established before going west.
Marian C.

I realize that unless a person were familiar with the motion picture studio set-up, she wouldn't know that the positions in which you are interested are among the most difficult to get. Studios have a choice of the celebrated people in the field, and no apprentices are taken, of course, because the posi- (Continued on page 22)
"I'm sure of all-over Lux Loveliness with this big Bath Size!"

says Doris Day

"Leaves my skin so fresh, exquisitely fragrant, too!"

"This big luxurious bath size Lux Soap makes such a wonderfully refreshing beauty bath," says charming Doris Day. "It leaves my skin softer, smoother, perfumed with such a lovely clinging fragrance!"

You will love the generous new bath size. It gives rich abundant lather, even in hardest water. After a Lux Soap beauty bath, arms and shoulders look satin-smooth; skin all over is fresh, really sweet!

Try Hollywood's favorite beauty soap in the luxurious new bath size!

DORIS DAY and GORDON MACRAE in a romantic scene from WARNER BROS.' "TEA FOR TWO"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Want to discover how naturally lovely your hair can be? Then use New Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action! This New Drene does far more than "just wash" your hair. It actually conditions as it cleanses . . . conditions your hair to its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

You'll love the way your hair "manages" . . . it's so clean, so silky-soft, so responsive to your hands! No other shampoo has this Conditioning Action. Try New Drene right away!

1. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
2. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Removes loose dandruff!
3. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!
HUNTED! HAUNTED! HOUNDED!

The UNKNOWN, the UNSEEN, HAUNTED his footsteps... PERILED his life...
DARED him to expose them!

STARRING

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.

in

HIGH LONESOME

Color by Technicolour

COSTARRING

JOHN ARCHER • LOIS BUTLER • KRISTINE MILLER

CHILL WILLS

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ALAN LE MAY • PRODUCED BY GEORGE TEMPLETON • A LE MAY-TEMPLETON PICTURE
**SHADOW**

Making hay: Gene Kelly turns Judy Garland’s farm into a straw-hat success in this gay young song and dance parade

*** (F) Summer Stock (M-G-M)

A VERY plump Judy Garland and a sort of plump Gene Kelly are the stars of this enjoyable Technicolor musical. Even with their extra pounds Judy and Gene do well by their dance routines, their songs and their romancing. Judy is the owner of Falbury Farm in Connecticut, which isn't doing too well. In town she desperately promotes a tractor from her boy friend and his papa (Eddie Bracken and Ray Collins) and returns to the farm to find it in a frenzy of activity. Seems that sister Gloria de Haven, who has theatrical ambitions, has invited a group of actors to use their barn for summer stock. The energetic director is Gene Kelly, and he's supposedly in love with Gloria. Well, naturally, Judy is "again" actors, but she gradually falls in love with Gene and greasepaint. High spots are the comedy of Eddie Bracken and Marjorie Main.

Your Reviewer Says: Good entertainment.

Program Notes: This is Judy Garland's thirteenth picture and her fifteenth year in pictures. Frequent visitors on the set were Liza, Judy's four-year-old daughter, and John, her toy poodle. Both have acting ambitions, which Judy isn't discouraging. She made her dancing debut at four, Liza made hers at three... Gene Kelly makes no secret of his dislike of the Charleston and will be glad when this dance craze is over. If people only knew how awful they look when they're dancing it, Gene says with a sigh... Eddie Bracken hasn't had a good part since "The Miracle of Morgan’s Creek." This film should bring him some good roles... Metro, hop to her huge success in the "Ma and Pa Kettle" pictures, has decided to star the raucous-voiced Marjorie Main in some of the old Marie Dressler hits. Marjorie likes to go to Alcoholic Anonymous meetings. Not because she drinks, or ever did drink, she just likes the meetings.

**BY LIZA WILSON**

Domestic delight: Ruth Warrick, Eve Arden, Emlyn Williams and Shepperd Strudwick in a gay marital mix-up

*** (A) Three Husbands (Gloria-UA)

SOMEWHAT sophisticated, completely delightful, is this comedy of marital relations, which makes no secret about being inspired by the popular "A Letter to Three Wives." Whereas it was infidelity on the part of the three husbands that provided the suspense element in the former picture, in this picture it is the infidelity (or did they?) of the three wives. English actor Emlyn Williams is perfect as the gay millionaire charmer who leaves the letters, to be opened the day of his funeral, to husbands Howard Da Silva, Shepperd Strudwick and Robert Karnes, telling each that he has been carrying on an illicit romance with his wife. The wives are Eve Arden, Ruth Warrick and Vanessa Brown. Louise Erickson plays an off-beat blonde menace and Billie Burke a conventional mother-in-law. Eve Arden steals all the footage for miles around. Your Reviewer Says: It's for laughs.

Program Notes: Emlyn Williams was the star of such stage hits as "Night Must Fall," "The Corn Is Green" and "The Late Christopher Bean," all of which he also wrote. He was getting killed nightly on Broadway in Lillian Hellman's "Montserrat," so he rather welcomed the chance to make his bow to American movie-goers as a gay and pleasant fellow. He's married, and at present is treading the boards back in dear old London... Lucille McIcade is perfect casting for Eve Arden. Eve was roaring with laughter before she had read five pages of the script and said someone else would play Lucille over her dead body... Howard Da Silva, who always plays heavies in films, reveals the fact that he's a knockout as a comedian... Vanessa Brown is an ex-Quiz Kid. Now twenty-two, she recently graduated from the University of California... Louise Erickson made a name for herself on radio, especially as Judy in "A Date with Judy."
Midtown melodrama: Nancy Olson and Bill Holden are central figures in expose of crime in a large railroad terminal

(F) Union Station (Paramount)

WILLIAM HOLDEN, Barry Fitzgerald and newcomer Nancy Olson are the stars of this jet-paced melodrama which takes place in the bustling railroad station of a big city. A train terminal, and its subterranean tunnels and tracks, have never been used for a chase before. Bill Holden plays a tough, grim lieutenant of railway police. Barry Fitzgerald plays a city cop, reminiscent of his role in "Naked City." The plot concerns the kidnapping of a blinded teen-ager (Allene Roberts) by a hew gang of snatchers who demand $100,000 ransom from her wealthy father. Their carefully laid plans hit a snag when Nancy Olson, a suspicious young secretary, reports her suspicions to Holden. As the "brains" of the gang, Lyle Bettger sets a new high in heels. Jan Sterling stands out as his girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Exciting.

Program Notes: Nancy Olson has three top-line releases for 1950: This picture, "Sunset Boulevard" and "Mr. Music." Nice going for a girl who two years ago was attending classes at the University of California. Since becoming a "movie star" Nancy has married Broadway playwright Alan Lerner ... Bill Holden, besides being about the busiest actor in Hollywood, is a high executive of the Screen Actors Guild and an officer of the PTA in Toluca Lake ... Jan Sterling, a former New York society girl turned actress, is married to Paul Douglas. She's twenty-six, has a grand sense of humor, and likes being "typed" as a "bad girl." "In some twenty plays on the stage," she says, "I was either a sweet ingenue or a coolly detached English damsel. In pictures I'm a tramp, and I get kicked, slugged and shot. It's a pleasure" ... This is New York actor Lyle Bettger's second picture (his first the heel who did wrong by Barbara Stanwyck in "No Man of Her Own"). Lyle is happily married, has a couple of kids, and isn't a heel at all.

(F) Three Secrets (Warner's)

ELEANOR PARKER, Patricia Neal and Ruth Roman are three women with the secrets in this drama of mother love. When a five-year-old boy survives a plane crash which kills his foster parents in the Sierra Mountains, three women rush frantically to the Lodge near the mountain to await the rescuers. Each has reason to believe that the child is hers—each had given a son to the same adoption home on the same day five years before. Eleanor had an illegitimate child during the hectic war years and never told her husband (Leif Erickson). Patricia, a sophisticated and successful newspaper woman, learned after she was divorced from her husband (Frank Lovejoy) that she was pregnant. Ruth, a showgirl recently released from prison, was betrayed by her racketeer boy friend whom she consequently murdered. Her baby was born in prison. Whose baby does it turn out to be? No fair telling.

Your Reviewer Says: Bring three handkerchiefs.

Program Notes: Eleanor Parker was expecting her second child during production, and the cameraman had a heck of a time trying not to shoot her in profile. But he had a wonderful time shooting close-ups of her face with the tears flowing. There's no actress in Hollywood, according to the cameramen, who cries more touchingly and convincingly than Eleanor ... Pat Neal, one of Hollywood's bachelor girls, was dating Robert Stack at the time this picture was made. Nothing came of it ... Ruth Roman, after years of being pushed around in Hollywood, finally decided that the breaks were coming her way at last and bought her first house—a small house in the hills ... The boys don't get much of a chance in this picture, but Frank Lovejoy managed to stand out brilliantly. This impressed Jack Warner who immediately signed him on a long-term contract.
For naturally BEAUTIFUL Hair...

"Pure Castile is the Best Shampoo!"

LOVELY MRS. ROBERT INCH of Queens Village, Long Island, says “I like Conti because it leaves my hair soft, easy-to-manage and glowing with highlights.” Mrs. Inch is typical of the thousands of attractive young wives who agree with beauty authorities that pure castile is the best shampoo. “Try Conti,” says Mrs. Inch, “for naturally beautiful hair!”

GROOM-UP TIME “I’ll tell you my beauty secret—the olive oil in Conti helps keep my hair silky-soft and radiant at all times.”

THE GLASS MENAGERIE (WARNERS)

THE big news of the movie version of Tennessee Williams’s prize-winning play is Gertrude Lawrence. In her first Hollywood screen role, that of Amanda Wingfield, a drab mother of indomitable will who clings frantically to her childhood memories of the Old South, British-born, sophisticated Gertrude Lawrence gives a performance of great feeling and heart-breaking pathos. In its translation to the screen the much discussed play comes off well, except for the traditional happy ending which the Brothers seem to feel they must tack on to their pictures. It is still a simple story of a St Louis family caught in the undertow of poverty, unrest and unhappiness. Jane Wyman plays the crippled daughter who lives in a world of small glass animals and phonograph records, left by her father who walked out on the family years before. The “gentleman caller” with the wise philosophy is played by Kirk Douglas. Arthur Kennedy is the brooding son, nagged by his mother, who hates his job in the warehouse and longs for the sea. The writing is, of course, magnificent. Mr. Williams saw to that.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for adults.

Program Notes: London and New York playgoers who are accustomed to seeing the svelte Miss Lawrence in such plays as “Lady in the Dark,” “Skylark,” and Noel Coward’s “Private Lives” will get quite a shock when they see her on the screen in curlers, a shabby nightgown and faded old bathrobe. To please her the studio wrote a “flashback” sequence where she can look lovely and glamorous. On the set Miss Lawrence knitted a pair of mittens for her old friend, George Bernard Shaw. Jane Wyman collects small glass animals and loaned her collection to the studio. While in production Kirk Douglas had to take time off one day to accept the Golden Apple from the Hollywood Women’s Press Club, for being the most cooperative actor of the year.

[Continued on page 28]
How could he treat her this way?

Her first date with a most attractive man... and here she was, back home, and on the point of tears, by half-past ten. What had she said... what had she done to change his eagerness to indifference? She would never know... didn't even suspect!

Can You Be Sure?

How dare any woman assume that her breath is always beyond reproach?

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) has a habit of cropping up when you least expect it... of putting you in the worst sort of light when you want to be at your best. And you, of course; may not know when you're guilty.

Isn't it foolish to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such an extra-careful, wholly delightful precaution?

You merely rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and always before any date and, lo! your breath becomes fresher and sweeter. Moreover, it stays that way, too... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours, usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri
Now, any woman can actually change even the most drab, off-color skin into flawless, even-toned new beauty

In just seconds, before your very eyes, Pan-Cake, Hollywood's magic make-up, actually conceals freckles and off-color spots. Its delicate veil of natural color hides the unsightly blemishes that may often mar your beauty.

Pan-Cake protects your skin from wind and cold, guards against dryness, helps keep your skin soft, smooth, young-looking.

Screen Stars apply Pan-Cake sparingly to achieve the sheer, porcelain-fine complexion beauty you admire.

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9 Color Harmony skin tones $1.50 plus tax

DISCOVER HOW YOU CAN CHANGE TO NEW BEAUTY WITH PAN-CAKE!
Simply mail the coupon to receive your trial-size Pan-Cake in the Color Harmony shade most flattering to your coloring...plus your individual Color Harmony Make-Up Chart...plus the 32-page, color-illustrated book, "The New Art of Make-Up", all by Max Factor.

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Max Factor Make Up Studio, Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, Calif.
Please send me your exciting Pan-Cake offer. I enclose 104 104 in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.
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Address
City
Age
State

(A) Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye (Cagney-Warners)

A FOLLOW-UP to his recent brutal "White Heat," this film has Jimmy Cagney playing a rough, tough escaped convict who likes to live dangerously. His racket is "stick-ups" and he has worked out a fine system with the cooperation of a couple of greedy cops (Ward Bond and Barton MacLane). He rides high, wide and handsome for a while, but eventually, of course, is slapped down by justice and the Johnston Office. As in all Cagney gangster films, there's plenty of action, suspense, and brutality. But this time romance, with comedy overtones, has been added. Barbara Payton and Helena Carter play the two dolls who fall for the educated tough guy. Remember when Jimmy hurled a grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face? Times have changed. This time...

(Continued from page 26)
Barbara does the hurling—a coffee pot at her double-crossing boy friend. Luther Adler plays the smooth "mouthpiece," and Steve Brodie a fellow hood.

Your Reviewer Says: Better than average cops and robbers.

Program Notes: This is the first picture for Warner Brothers release produced by Jimmy and his brother Bill. Bill Cagney saw Barbara Payton in a small part in "Trapped" and signed her for their first production. He and Jimmy were so pleased with her that they gave her a contract and a fat bonus. Barbara is blonde and blue-eyed, was born in Minnesota, and brought up in Odessa, Texas, which accounts for the soft drawl. She has a child, is divorced, but doesn't want to talk about it. Visitors on the set had the shock of their lives when they saw big tough Barton MacLane, one of Hollywood's most famous villains, working on needlepoint. MacLane recently finished covering six dining room chairs in needlepoint for his ranch near Madera, California. Jimmy was still considerably on the hefty side when he started this picture. But when he learned that he would start immediately in a Warner musical, "West Point Story," he started reducing like crazy. He went without lunch, and spent his lunch time brushing up on his dancing.

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight the way Nature intended you to! A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want... all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet... no massage... no exercise.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day, when you follow the Ayds Plan.

Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box ($2.89) or your money back. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today—a full month's supply, $2.89.

● "Once you've tried Ayds, I think you'll understand why I'm so enthusiastic about them," says Ann Sheridan. "They help you to look and feel better while you're losing weight. Ayds let you reduce the way nature intended you to."

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

SEE PAGE 12
This is an adult picture

...with a great courageous theme

...with seven new conceptions
of dramatic portrayal that
reach new heights of screen dynamics

an Entertainment that
challenges your own ability to experience
the emotions of others

Darryl F. Zanuck presents No Way Out
starring: Richard Widmark
Linda Darnell
Stephen McNally
with: Sidney Poitier, Mildred Joanne Smith
Harry Bellaver, Stanley Ridges, Dots Johnson

produced by: Darryl F. Zanuck
directed by: Joseph L. Mankiewicz

Written by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Lesser Samuels
THE cable was addressed:
Miss Elsa Maxwell
Le Sault Auribeau
Cannes, France

It read:
See Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton, Paris. Perhaps
Entertain Them Luncheon. Have Photographers. Letter
Follows.

Photoplay, with the help of its distinguished international cor-
respondent, was happily rounding up the last of its salute to the
Honeymoon of the Year:
First photos had come from the bride and groom's stay at
Del Monte, lush California resort, romantic enough to make even
a visit of fifty-year-olds seem a honeymoon.

Trailing across the continent to New York, Photoplay's reporters
and lensmen continued to record the blithe progress of The
Honeymoon. Highlight among highlights: The last breathless
moments before the Queen Mary's sailing—destination the foggy
grandeur of London, the brilliance of Paris, the soft enchantment
of the Riviera.

In this issue, it is all there to be seen—and relived by Photo-
play's romantic-minded readers. As for the bride and groom,
they are back now in Bel Air, taking up their married life as Mr.
and Mrs. Conrad Hilton Jr.

Photoplay, smiling mistily with nostalgia, sends the year's most
famous young lovers its sincerest hopes for like happiness in the
marriage years to come.

The Editors
Now it can be told—

John and Patti aren't afraid any more, Russell André is thriving—and Patti is prepared. John
"JOHN, IT'S ridiculous," said Patti. "If you ride with me in the ambulance, you come home in a cab. And to find a cab now, that will take you at least an hour." Patti retains a trace of charming accent, and a trace of foreign flavor in her speech. "If you follow in the car, then we're still not together. Please go to bed, John. I'll call you tomorrow morning—"

Technically, it was already tomorrow morning: three-fifteen A.M. of April the 13th. The baby wasn't due for two weeks yet. But Patti had wakened at three, feeling not quite right. They'd called the doctor. "I think I'd better send an ambulance for you," he'd said.

John chain-smoked. The housekeeper hovered. Patti wrote checks with sublime calm, and gave instructions. In between, she brightly outlined things for her husband.

"I'm just going to the hospital and rest there for two weeks till the baby comes."

John stubbed his cigarette. "If it's that simple, why the ambulance?"

"Because in an ambulance you can lie down—"

"Then what are you sitting up now for?"

"Because," she returned with deadly feminine logic, "the ambulance isn't here yet. John, do me a favor, darling, don't be nervous. Be nervous in two weeks, but now let me go to the hospital alone."

What, John wondered to himself, was the proper procedure? Do you follow your own inclinations or those of your pregnant wife? Someday he'd have to read a book and find out. Meantime he'd better let Patti have her way. As they slid the stretcher into the ambulance, his heart misgave him. But Patti assured him that she felt wonderful. Five minutes later, when they started the siren wailing, she felt like a queen.

To find her doctor waiting came as a pleasant surprise, and merely confirmed her already deep-seated conviction that there wasn't another like him in the world. Most doctors, she'd heard, just checked with the hospital and said: "Uh-huh. Well, call me when the time comes—" Hers arrived to welcome her for a (Continued on page 80)
Photoplay's ace reporter is frankly baffled by Betty Hutton's reconciliation with the husband she insisted she never could live with again.

As I write this, Betty Hutton has reconciled with Ted Briskin after a secret plane trip to Chicago.

Frankly, I am popeyed reading her exciting "recipe" for her third try at marriage with Ted. She says it is going to be "ideal." Ted will keep his job with his wealthy father in Chicago. She will continue working in Hollywood.

But between times, says my favorite dreamboat, they will commute—Betty taking the children to Chicago when Ted can't come to the Coast; or, when she is working, he will fly here to be with his family.

This, says she, will solve all their problems. I hope so, say I, with a sigh. But you'll have to pardon me if my cynicism is showing where beautiful, blonde bombshell Betty is concerned.

I love this girl, whose heart is as big as all outdoors and whose beauty is as fresh and scrubbed as a kindergarten child's. (Continued on page 94)
Bill Holden, the star of "Union Station," still wishes his face had more character.

At Bill's home the fragrance of jasmine mingles with the flavor of barbecued beef.
Dear Husband

BY HERB HOWE

He'd need a psychiatrist if it wasn't for Brenda, who sets him right when he's wrong, adores his cooking, hopes he'll never find out what a grand guy he is

Ten years ago Bill Holden got fifty bucks a week. Today he has a butler, a beautiful home in Hidden Village, a bike with his name on it and Brenda Marshall.

Bill's got everything—and he can cook too.

"My wife has a genius for making me cook," he says. "I would be terribly hurt if denied the right of preparing dinner on cook's night out."

One night when Brenda expressed a sudden whim for cracked crab, not on the night's menu, Bill said, "Oui, Madame," jumped on his bike and pedaled off to the Red Snapper after one.

"All I had to do," said Bill, "was pedal a mile and back, prepare the thing, make the sauce, set the table."  

(Continued on page 83)
Party invitation to honeymoon luncheon given by Elsa Maxwell during the Hiltons' Paris stay.
The exclusive story of Liz Taylor's and
Nicky Hilton's honeymoon trail

By Elsa Maxwell

It's a good marriage, this marriage of Elizabeth Taylor and Conrad Hilton Jr. They both have the attitude that it is forever. And Nicky definitely wears the pants. From my observation, when this is true, it's not only the man who is happier; the girl is, too.

I saw much of the Hiltons when they were on their honeymoon. We were together in Paris and later they visited my farm in southern France. I saw them when they were having a quiet morning on the beach at Cannes, being entertained aboard the U. S. S. Leyte off the French coast, when they were at Monte Carlo, when I feted them in Paris. And I had word of them from friends in London.

Nick calls her "Elizabeth" or "Sweetie"; she calls him "Sweetie." "I'll have whatever you have, Sweetie," she'll say, always casual about food, as she holds his hand under the table. Now and then, when he thinks no one is looking, he lifts her hand and kisses it.

Photographs by Walter Carone
Paris in springtime: From the terrace of their hotel, Nicky and Liz could see famed Eiffel Tower, at right

Summer on the Riviera: A dazzling beach in Southern France and the young Hiltons—in dazzling beach clothes

Portrait in Paris: Although she had trunks full of clothes, Liz couldn't resist a trip to the dressmaker—for a Paris gown

About her career he is especially understanding. But he will have no part in her publicity. And he will not permit her work to interfere with their life together. Which is why, in spite of the studio's desire for her to stay in Europe and make "Quo Vadis," it was arranged for Deborah Kerr to play opposite Bob Taylor so Elizabeth might come home from Europe with Nicky, as a bride should.

Their budget they will work out along pretty much the lines Jane Powell and Geary Steffen use. They'll live on the money Nicky will earn managing one of his father's hotels. Elizabeth's money, over and beyond the expenses incidental to her position, they will save.

Elizabeth, I must admit, has been one of my favorite Hollywood girls from the first time I met her when, at thirteen, she was playing in "Jane Eyre" with Orson Welles directing. So, of course, when she and her Nicky arrived in Paris I gave a party for them.

Navy day: During stay at Cannes, the Hiltons were entertained aboard the USS Leyte

Official photograph U. S. Navy
London: The honeymooners stayed at the luxurious Savoy Hotel. Nicky tried to keep the honeymoon a private affair.

With Hildegarde, when she opened in the Savoy Grill. The singer tossed Liz a rose, then joined the Hilton party later.

Bon voyage: Eager New Yorkers crowded on the docks to wave farewell to the Hiltons as they posed on deck for cameramen.

On deck: Every now and then, when he feels certain that no one is looking, Nicky lifts his wife's hand and kisses it.

All aboard: Liz and Nicky take off on their European adventure as passengers on the luxurious Queen Mary.

Honeymoon luncheon: Liz wore her going-away suit and hat to pre-sailing luncheon in Chicago's Pump Room. Mrs. E. Pauley, Ann Miller, Conrad Hilton Sr., Liz, Nicky.

Sailing pictures by Heppner. London pictures by Mirrpic.
Romantic as an old English novel. Old trees, ferns and flowers surround the lovely house.

Liz loves to entertain, will have plenty of space in living room for fun and parties.

Gateway to happiness: Entrance to the Hiltons' private patio at Bel Air Hotel.

Small bedroom follows modern decor.

Color pictures by Ornits, Fink and Smith.
I chose Maxim’s, this being the rendezvous for Kings and Queens of romance since The Prince and “The Merry Widow” met there, in the operetta of that name.

“Whom would you like me to invite?” I queried Elizabeth.

“Both Nicky and I would like to meet a Maharajah,” she said. “We plan to go to India later on . . . I would love to see Orson Welles. He was so thoughtful and considerate when I was playing in ‘Jane Eyre’ . . . Maurice Chevalier I would adore to see. When I was a little girl I used to love his pictures: he really was my first Pin-up Boy . . . And I would be fascinated to know any of the young Parisiennes whose pictures I see in fashion magazines . . .”

In addition to the Maharajah of Kapurthala—who immediately invited Elizabeth and Nicky to visit his principality when they make their Indian junket—Maurice Chevalier and Orson Welles, I invited M. Hervé Alphand, one of the brilliant young ministers largely responsible for the new and healthy French economy. I asked the Baron and Baronne F. de Cabrol too, a charming young couple without whom no Parisian party is a success; and Mme. Martine Dewavrin, a great Parisian beauty.

Also among my guests were M. Louis Claverie, the Paquin designer; James Donahue, grandson of the founder of the Woolworth five-and-ten-cent stores and Barbara Hutton’s cousin, the Marquise de la Falaise, one of the best dressed women in Paris; Dickie Fellowes Gordon, my great friend; the Earl and Countess of Granard; the Baron and Baronne Roland de L’Espee; Sir Charles Mendil, a permanent guide-post between Hollywood and Paris, and Mme. Patenotre, a leader of the Parisian artistic set.

A cosmopolitan group, certainly. But they were charmed, every last one of them, by Elizabeth’s simplicity and loveliness and by Nicky’s outstanding manliness.

A few nights earlier I had dined with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. The Duchess, a twinkle in her eye, had murmured, “Elsa, you’ll never guess who is coming for dinner.” At that moment the telephone had rung and the butler had announced that reporters and photographers were downstairs. The Duchess had replied it was a private party, that she wished no press.

We were all in the salon when her last guests arrived. Elizabeth and Nicky Hilton. And the Duchess had taken Elizabeth by the hand as she (Continued on page 87)
Bridesmaids Barbara Thompson, Betty Sullivan, Jane Powell. Betty’s dad is famous Ed Sullivan, columnist and TV star.

**THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT**

**BETTY SULLIVAN**

**IS A FULL MEMBER OF**

**THE SLOB CLUB**

When Liz married, Betty became Veep of the Single, Lonely, Obliging Babes Club.

We met in the lobby of the George V Hotel in Paris, Elizabeth Taylor Hilton and I and rushed towards each other, utterly oblivious of the crowds waiting to honor some visiting French Colonial officer. We hadn’t seen each other in two months since the day we had walked down the aisle of the Good Shepherd Church in Beverly Hills, Elizabeth a bride—the most beautiful bride I have ever seen—and I one of her six bridesmaids.

Those in the lobby, recognizing Elizabeth, moved closer and looked very startled when she asked:

“Betty, how are all the slobs back home?”

It sounded frightfully inelegant, of course, but as a technical director of the S. L. O. B. (our sorority of Single, Lonely, Obliging Babes, organized after Elizabeth and I, at the same moment, caught Janie Powell’s bridal bouquet) she was simply asking a question close to her heart.

Elizabeth has been promoted to technical adviser of the S. L. O. B., like Janie Powell, now that she is married—a technical adviser’s duty being to advise the unmarried members how to snare a husband.

Before she dis-

(Continued on page 89)

**REUNION IN PARIS**

She was the beautiful Mrs. Conrad Hilton Jr. on her honeymoon. But to bridesmaid Betty, Liz was the same sweet S.L.O.B.

By Betty Sullivan

Two feet ahead: Liz and Nicky wanted a picture together—so crossed feet and snapped
Candid classic: Nicky's shot of Liz, who was too happy to be serious.

Snapshots from the Hiltons' honeymoon album.

Liz was so absorbed in getting a close-up of her husband that she didn't realize Nicky was practically in the lens!
I've been a father for half a year now. I like it. I like being the parent of my particular son. Also, any shared experience draws you closer to the whole human race. You think, "So-and-so's got a kid of his own, he must have had the same sensations I'm having." All of a sudden you feel kindly toward him.

Betty didn't tell me she was going to have a baby. I noticed that she was acting unlike herself, floating around in a semi-detached way, dreamy, absent-minded. I'd talk, and she wouldn't answer. I'd touch her, and she'd come trailing down off her cloud—

"You all right, honey?"
"Never felt better. Why?"
"You look funny to me."
"I'm just hungry. How about you?"

We'd just finished dinner. What ailed the girl eating like that? That's when it hit me. "I wonder if you're going to have a baby."

Next day Betty went to the doctor. He made the tests, and said he'd phone. (Continued on page 73)
wonderful!

This wasn't the world he wanted for his baby, he argued before Garry was born. But something Betty said started Larry Parks thinking. And changed his tune to a lullaby.

BY LARRY PARKS

Betty and Larry became interested in children's records before Garry was born, plan to go on with them. They made three recordings for him.
For nearly two years, Sally Forrest, center, stood in line with other hopeful extras outside studio casting offices. She knew the heartbreak of auditioning for casting directors who often didn't give full attention.

Studios are likely to be a long way from home. Sally spent many weary hours waiting—for buses and trolleys.

Sally soon learned the extra's routine, the need to hoard precious pennies. However, one luxury extras rarely forego is coffee in between times.

Her first break came when M-G-M dance director Jack Donahue auditioned her. For two years she was a top Metro dancer, wound up with a few close-ups—no job.

*How A Star Is Born*

BY FREDDA DUDLEY
A year of disappointment followed. She took many tests—but was always too small, too "something" for the parts. Until Ida Lupino saw her—and tested her for "Not Wanted"

Sally and Ida look amazingly alike, although Ida insists she didn't notice the resemblance when she chose Sally out of nearly 150 girls

You’re off—ready for your first job. This story will help you avoid the difficulties that lie ahead on the exciting road to stardom

B EFORE anyone leaves home to look for a job in Hollywood, he should know he has the qualities and the training this takes. In the first chapter of "How a Star is Born" you learned what attributes incline one toward a theatrical career, and what to do during junior and senior high school days to lay an early but sound foundation. Now, to go on from there:

Someone who is reading these words may be the person to win the New York Film Critics' Award in 1960. Someone, perhaps now in South Spud, Idaho, or in Tomahontas, Maine, may well be the Photoplay Gold Medal Award winner in 1965.

It might be you!

When a person graduates from high school, the time for decision has come. If this person lives in a university town, or in a city of twenty thousand or more, there will be no need to venture away from home for at least two, perhaps four more years. But if the hopeful neophyte lives in a city of less than twenty thousand, he or she is almost obliged to venture forth in order to seek further dramatic preparation. However, stay away from New York and Hollywood.

Before taking the big step into one of these crowded metropolises, the smart student moves first to the largest town near his own home in order to get experience at being on his own, to learn to manage
June Haver wrote, directed, acted in dramas over Rock Island airwaves.

Agent Sue Carol heard Alan Ladd on L.A. radio, started his film career.

Valeska

Jane Powell began as singer over KOIN, later won a Hollywood radio contest.

Robert Arthur boosted dog-food sales and himself as all-night disc jockey.

How A Star

himself successfully among strangers, and for further dramatic seasoning.

Before the various means of career advancement away from home are mentioned, two very positive ways of advancing a career in one’s own hometown should be specified and explained. If there is no theater group in the town, and if there is no summer theater in your locality, you should organize an acting group. This will require so much determination, work, and ingenuity to keep alive that it will be fine character exercise.

First, you will need a place in which to rehearse. Consider the hall of some fraternal or union group, a church or the high school. Perhaps you can get a local literary or dramatic teacher or some local person who has had theatrical experience to serve as your coach.

You will be able to get plays by writing to Samuel French, Inc., 25 West 45 Street, New York City and asking for a catalogue, or using some of the plays available in bound volumes in your school or public library.

Finally, you will need an audience to view your completed play, and this is most often and easily found if your performance is for a fund-raising project for some local organization or charity.

If you have a member or a town friend owning an eight- or sixteen-millimeter movie camera, you might perform the play in daylight against some celebrated local scenery and have it photographed. Also send the film of your play to one of the studio talent scouts in Hollywood. You’d be surprised at how much can be told...
Is Born

by such a film if it is clear.

Also, once you have attained some of the polish of a near-professional group, you might invite your local theater operator to be your guest at a performance. Ask him to invite any Hollywood representatives he knows to see your work.

In addition to forming an active theater group, the second stay-at-home activity which is possible for an energetic person is working for the local radio station. Almost every section of the country boasts small stations which give talented newcomers a break.

The big city radio stations are so bound by union rules and their program needs so satisfied by national hook-ups and the presence of tested talent that they can do very little for beginners, but the friendly local towers offer many opportunities.

In order to be eligible for consideration by a local program director, a candidate should be able to sing or play a musical instrument well, or he should belong to a community theater group capable of presenting dramatic air skits and plays.

One local California station uses amateurs for many of its public service programs such as National Safety Council programs, Red Cross drives and such sustainers.

Another small California station has, for several years, used a girl vocalist and piano player who receives no pay but who broadcasts almost daily for fifteen minutes. As a result of her free radio work, she earns an excellent living by singing at parties. (Continued on page 108)
If the studios played Sidney's hunch, Bogey and Bacall would give audiences a big laugh.

Joan Crawford, watching a movie, hasn't dropped a stitch yet.

Pajamas leave Van Johnson cold. He likes something different.

Ask Mrs. Wayne where she buys her clothes and she'll refer you to husband John.

That's Hollywood For You

By Sidney Skolsky

It isn't all glamour the way he tells it but it never fails to be fun.
I have a hunch that Lauren Bacall could be a good comedienne. Can't arrest a guy for being a hunch-player. I'd like to see Baby and Bogey in a comedy together . . .

Joan Crawford can knit and watch a movie simultaneously, which is a bit more difficult than looking at a movie and eating popcorn . . . I don't buy the movies' latest slogan, "Movies Are Better Than Ever," because I don't like the rap it implies for some of my past favorites . . . No comedian can get the howl Jane Russell does when, on her personal appearances, she comes out singing, "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Cocoanuts" . . .

There must be a toastmaster in all of Hollywood other than George Jessel. I would like to go to a banquet at which Jessel was a member of the audience, just once . . . The movies are a strange art, to say the least. "Sunset Boulevard" gets its name from the fact that Gloria Swanson resides in a house on that thoroughfare. However, Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder couldn't find a house on Sunset Boulevard that looked as if it belonged there; so they rented a house on Wilshire Boulevard for Miss Swanson's residence in the film . . . Sometimes I think Walt Disney's success is due to the fact that he believes people don't like people.

There isn't an actress on stage or screen who has the potentialities of Susan Hayward. Susie could be just (Continued on page 75)
Gene Tierney, in far corner of living room, is appearing in "Where the Sidewalk Ends" and "The Mating Season"

Gene Tierney proves that no house is too small to make the most of the things you love

Gene uses huge couch in den for guests. Built-in cabinets serve as a bar. Lamp was a samovar

Tina, going on two, has her name painted on bed. Walls are rose gingham, curtains of dotted Swiss
Even an old French bureau is at home in the dinette which, like living room, is lovely blend of 18th Century French and Venetian. Mantel portrait is of Gene and daughter, Daria. Coffee table is antique tray mounted on black lacquer base.

Two years ago Gene Tierney bought a small house in a charming but unpretentious section of Beverly Hills. It's in a neighborly neighborhood. Kids run up and down the sidewalks on scooters, and mothers chat over the back fence.

The house is an English Tudor cottage with a miniature lawn and prim hedges. There are five rooms and a small terrace leading off the den. Gene needs only one servant to take care of the house. "I could easily do all the housework myself," she says, "if I did not work at the studios." Very few movie stars of Gene's glamorous caliber could (Continued on page 96)
Joan Evans, of "Our Very Own," first gives hair good brushing to stimulate scalp—has water, comb and pin curlers within handy reach.

To divide the hair evenly is most important. Each curl should be one inch wide, one inch deep. Joan holds hair firmly at scalp, wets entire length of strand and makes sure it is neither twisted nor snarled.

Joan wraps hair once around finger for tight curls, twice for looser curls. She turns each strand towards nose, finishing in that direction. Then pins tightly to head.

The curls framing face, left and right sides, should always turn towards nose. Before pinning up back hair, Joan makes parts just behind each ear.

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put 'em UP

BY VICKY RILEY

Two bright girls from Hollywood show what pin curlers can do to give your hair that naturally curly look

LAST MONTH we showed you how gorgeous you could look, like Liz Taylor—or cute, like June Allyson—or, if you are more mature, simply ravishing, like Barbara Stanwyck. But this month we're right down to fundamentals.

It is perfectly possible, without spending more than a few cents a day on a year's average, to keep your hair plumb perfect. All you have to invest is time and thought, plus shampoos or soap, pins and a hair net.

To look super, you should set your hair every single day. Or have it set by a hairdresser. Actually, once you learn how to put it up, it looks better if you do it at home. That's because even the most skillful hairdresser doesn't understand (Continued on page 98)

Terry Moore, of "He's a Cock-eyed Wonder," uses her hair to gain appearance of height. For her "standup" curls, she uses longer pins. Curls are started same as Joan's. But...
Back curls all should end in one direction—clockwise or counter-clockwise, depending upon most becoming line. Never twist curls in different directions.

Joan uses hairnet to keep finished curls in place. She anchors curl pins down by putting net firmly over them and fastening it at the base of her skull.

Finished result: After drying hair for an hour in the sun or twenty minutes under dryer, Joan brushes into shape.

... Terry turns hair on finger, then slips clip through center of curl so it stands up and out along crown of head. For convenience, she wears a magnet on her wrist to hold the pins.

For long back hair, Terry winds each strand up and over finger, exactly as thread is rolled on spool. She fastens these “spools” with pins at either end. When hair is set, Terry fastens down with net.

After hair is thoroughly dry and pins removed, Terry uses a deeper clip to set deep, forward-falling wave in front; leaves it in fifteen minutes, then brushes hair and sets in place.
GREATEST since Gable!” That’s the consensus about Howard Keel, the guy who made a smash success making love to Betty Hutton in “Annie Get Your Gun.”

Howard is a man’s man, strong, tall and well-built, weighing in at 195 pounds. He is rugged and romantic, with brown hair, blue eyes and flashing white teeth. He has a wonderfully rich laugh and his speaking voice sounds as though he were about to embark upon “Deep River” at any moment.

Howard alone disagrees about the Gable comparison. “I don’t think anybody can fill his shoes,” he maintains. “They’re pretty big boots.”

In the little suburban community of Brentwood (Continued on page 103)

The girl that he married: He met his wife, Helen Anderson, when she was a dancer in the Broadway play “Oklahoma”

Rugged and romantic: Howard Keel appears next in “Pagan Love Song”

Fink and Smith
Mother was amused—but Marion Marshall said next time she washes windows she'll wear party clothes.

Hostess Barbara Lawrence, right, captured rocket man Don Gordon on set of TV's "Space Patrol." His wife Helen Westcott came from ballet class.

One guest was washing windows, two guests had gone to bed. But the wire said come as you are. And that's how the party began.

**Come as you are**

**BY KAY MULVEY**

Left to right, Helen, Barbara, Don Gordon and Bob Wagner. Bob was doing nothing in blue jeans when his wire came.

A red-headed witch couldn't scare the guests away from Barbara's buffet.

Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen.
BARBARA LAWRENCE handed a sheaf of telegrams to the girl behind the counter.

"Be sure," she requested, "that each wire is sent at a different hour."

Then, Operation Invitations completed, she went home to make further preparations for her unusual party. For the wires which Barbara sent stagger system required each guest to come in whatever costume he or she was wearing when the invitation arrived.

Adele Jergens received the first wire. Having just finished her bath, she had slipped into a new leopard-cloth robe to answer the door. She was lucky—for her robe was as lovely as an evening gown.

At 10 a.m. the second telegram was delivered. It caught Glenn Langan as he returned from a yachting trip, in a turtle-neck sweater and captain's hat.

Sally Forrest and her agent-fiancé, Milo Frank, having just completed a set of tennis, arrived at Sally's house for lunch in the same moment the messenger rang the doorbell. So their tennis outfits became their party attire. (Continued on page 71)
can they TAKE IT?

With her mind on the present and her eyes on the future, Sheilah makes some predictions about today’s young stars.

The young players in Hollywood today are an exciting group. Some of them are already stars. Others are destined to reach this glittery state very soon. They all have many physical attractions and their own brand of charm. They all have a native dramatic sense. They’re smart, too. And they’re workers. They have what it takes to become stars.

But have they what it takes to remain stars? Who among them, you wonder, will fall by the wayside (Continued on page 105)

Whether or not Shirley Temple stays in movies depends upon love. She doesn’t need the money.
There's a danger signal Farley Granger can't afford to miss, even though he's going ahead fast

*Fink and Smith*

**BY SHEILAH GRAHAM**

You can pay too much for anything. Janet Leigh may find she's paying too much for her career

*T. & E. Hall*

Gordon MacRae will linger long in Hollywood if he keeps the attitude that goes with his success

*Fink and Smith*
Bright company
News and views from Hollywood, where the Charleston and the Polka bring the ladies out in style.

AS THOUGH those Monday Charleston contest nights at Mocambo every week weren't back-bending and ear-rending enough, darned if swanky Ocean House on the Santa Monica beach didn't have its seasonal opening with just such a madhouse evening. Mocambo's Firehouse Five Plus Two was "borrowed" for the occasion. About five hundred (Continued on page 85)

Barbara Stanwyck of "To Please a Lady," in Helen Rose's green silk surah cocktail dress. Bias-cut hand of fabric edges skirt, jacket

Dorothy Hart of "Outside the Wall" wears silver blue stole to match mink trim on gray and blue gown by Lili of Beverly Hills

At home, Ruth Roman of "Three Secrets" wears Dorothy Thompson's rust, beige and green suede skirt with brown suede sash and beige crepe blouse

For cocktails, Peggy O'Connor of "Where the Sidewalk Ends" wears Adele of California's suit in a new fabric—brocaded black and red satin
with a touch of velvet . . . .

Right, Nancy Davis in a suit to make you sit up and take notice! In wool tweed with smartly self-buttoned front, it strikes a new fall fashion note with its detachable velvet collar. Trimly fitted jacket has a half-belt in back. Slim skirt has low back kick-pleat. Sizes 10-18 in rust, green, wine, brown or plum. Also in sheen gabardine, $45.00 by Joselli at Crowley's, Detroit, Mich.; Franklin Simon, New York, N.Y.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 69.

Lovely Nancy Davis, M-G-M star of “The Next Voice You Hear”

PHOTOPLAY’S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Pert June Allyson, opposite, wears the original suit designed by Helen Rose for M-G-M’s “Right Cross”

Buttons on the double: Create a fall flurry in this gay young suit with its jaunty cut-away front, velvet collar. Slim skirt has a slight flare at the hem. We suggest making it in Southdown flannel by Burlington—a crease-resistant cross-dyed rayon flannel suiting in neutral shades. For detailed pattern drawings see page 69.
Autumn asset

For the girl on the go—a beguiling two-tone all wool jacket dress. Brief little bolero transforms it into a perfect ensemble for dating. Underneath, a basic short-sleeved dress with jewel neck, self-belt and soft skirt. Sizes 7-15 in red, blue or toffee with black, also tan with nut-brown. $19.95 by Carole King at Wanamaker's, New York, N. Y., Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind. and McKelvey's, Youngstown, Ohio. Pert velvet cloche by Colby

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 69

Modeled for Photoplay by Betty Underwood, now appearing in RKO's "Alias Mike Fury"
Wherever you live you can buy PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Tweed suit
Joselli, 512 Seventh Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Rain suit
Sherbrooke, 205 West 39 St.
New York, N. Y.

Jacket dress
Carole King, 1641 Washington Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

Velvet hat
Colby, 1 West 39 St.
New York, N. Y.

Fabric for pattern suit worn by June Allyson on page 66.
Burlington Mills, 1410 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

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

PHOTOPLAY
PATTERN OF THE MONTH
Detailed drawings, above, of the June Allyson suit on page 66

V-ETTE* Whirlpool* BRA
BY HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL

Identify America's Most-Requested Bras with original continuous Whirlpool* stitch by this label.

The regular V-Ette*, in cotton, nylon, or satin, A, B, C cups. 2.50 to 3.95.
Curvette Whirlpool* for the "modified look"; Cotton, Satin, Nylon—
with net; A, B, C cups. 2.50 to 3.50.

HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL COMPANY / 6773 HOLLYWOOD BLVD. / HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA
double play

Fool the weatherman in this double-duty rain suit with reversible box jacket lined with natural wool fleece on one side, tiny red and green wool check on the other. It can be worn separately as a topper. Matching tiny check skirt has all-around pleats. Sizes 8-18, $49.95 by Sherbrooke. At Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y., Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. and The Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pa. Matching cloche under $6.00

Patrician Pat Neal, who models this suit for Photoplay, is in Warner's "Three Secrets"
Come As You Are

(Continued from page 61) Helen Westott was taking ballet lessons when her wire arrived. She called her husband Bob Gordon at the TV station where he was going through dress rehearsal for his "Space Patrol" show. Consequently she and Bob were a most unusual couple—a ballerina escorted by a Space-Ship pilot.

Blue jeans and levis are the favorite leisses of the young Hollywood set at home, so it isn't surprising that three of Barbara's guests were caught wearing them. Tony Curtis, who had been puttering in his garden, Robert Wagner, who had been out on the grounds of his Bel Air home, and Marion Marshall, who had been washing windows in her new duplex. Aside from the jeans and T-shirt, Marion wore old bedroom slippers. And no make-up. She accepted her invitation by wiring her thanks to Barbara with a P.S. "And you come as you are when you receive this!"

Since Barbara's mother delivered this wire while Barbara was in the tub, Barbara decided against it. There had to be a limit somewhere.

Ron Randall was the best dressed. He had received his invitation as he was leaving for an evening on the town. So he showed up at Barbara's in an elegant tux—a far cry from the Keefe Brasses who had been in their pajamas, reading a bed, when their wire had arrived.

I soon as Barbara's guests arrived, she routed them to her large playroom, recently built in her basement. It's decorated in a Hawaiian motif and equipped with all sorts of games and records.

Awaiting the hungry crowd was a delicious dinner: Beef Stroganoff, buttered noodles, Waldorf salad, fresh corn, corn wine, fresh fruit, gingerbread cookies, coffee, cider, and nuts.

Barbara had covered half the Ping-pong table with a gay paper tablecloth, upon which were placed attractive individual buffet plates. A red-haired black-paper witch riding a broomstick made a striking centerpiece and cornstalks in the background helped create a harvest mood.

After dinner the gang was briefed on Tricks or Treat. Each couple was given a paper sack which had to be filled with goodies they collected. No one was permitted to return until his sack was filled. A hula skirt was the prize for the feminine half of the couple who brought in the most attractive loot. The Keefe Brasses won—and Norma promptly donned the skirt over her pajamas.

Ron Gordon had the maddest experience. At one home at which he called he had hardly had a chance to explain his mission when the tenant—pointing to his rocket costume—began screaming "Invasion from
Marl!” When Don grew panic-y the woman started laughing. Tony Curtis already had been there, collected his goodies, and, seeing Don and Helen approaching, had asked the woman to go along with the gag. Sally Forrest and Glenn Langan, who were back first, helped Barbara make spook-y home recordings which they played later when all the couples had returned.

Then there was dancing and all the seasonal games, with a final midnight raid on the icebox.

If you're planning a Hallow-en or Har-vest Moon party this year, try Barbara's idea. A "Come As You Are" party is fun and inexpensive. To duplicate the delicious dishes served, read recipes below. Each recipe serves six.


BEEF STROGANOFF
Cut into strips ½ x 3 inches:
2½ pounds round steak
Combine:
½ cup flour
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Dip beef in flour mixture until well coated. Melt in large skillet:
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
Add: 1 large onion, chopped fine
Cook until onion is soft.
Add meat to onions. Fry briskly 5 minutes. Drain, reserving juice:
2 small cans whole mushrooms
Cut mushrooms in half. Place mushroom broth in 2-cup measure. Add canned beef bouillon to make 2 cups. Add mushrooms to meat and cook, stirring gently, for one minute.
Combine:
2 tablespoons tomato paste
2 teaspoons dry mustard
Stir in beef bouillon mixture gradually. Add to beef in skillet. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat. Simmer gently 30 minutes, or until almost tender. Add:
1 cup (8 oz.) sour cream
Cook 1 minute more. Serve with buttered noodles.

CORN PONE
Use a brush to grease cornstick pans thoroughly. Place in a hot oven (425° F.) and allow to heat while ingredients are combined. Sift, then measure:
1 cup flour
Add, and sift again:
3 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
Add:
1½ cups yellow corn meal
Separate: 3 eggs. Beat the yolks until thick and lemon-colored.
Add:
3 tablespoons melted butter
1 cup milk
Make a well in corn-meal mixture. Into this pour egg-milk mixture. Mix lightly until just combined. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold into corn-meal mixture. Remove pans from oven. Fill one pan full. Place other pan on top, as a cover. Batter will rise to form round corn sticks. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 25 minutes or until well browned.

WALDORF SALAD
Wash, quarter, and core:
3 medium-sized eating apples
Remove skins from half. Chop all three. Sprinkle immediately with:
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Add:
3 cups chopped celery
½ cup chopped walnuts
Combine thoroughly.
Add:
½ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing Mix lightly until well combined.

GINGERBREAD MEN
(Makes 3 dozen 4-inch cookies)
Sift, then measure:
3 cups flour
Add and sift again with:
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
2 teaspoons ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
Beat with a wooden spoon until fluffy:
2¼ cups shortening
Add gradually:
½ cup sugar
Beat after each addition until fluffy and light. Gradually blend in:
2¼ cups molasses
Beat until light and smooth.
Beat in: 1 egg
Stir in dry ingredients. Mix until well blended. Chill dough in refrigerator for 1 hour. Roll out about ¼ inch thick or lightly floured board. Cut, with cookie cutter. Place cookies on greased baking sheet and bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 8 to 10 minutes.

The Glamor Touch
Use rolls, muffins or biscuits, split and buttered. Stack bread slices three deep, trim corners, crusts for fun.
Combine meat and cheese in sandwiches. Use process cheese instead of bread for meat sandwiches. Spread meat with soft cheese and roll up. Season imaginatively.
As cocoa, chocolate milk, cottage cheese, soup or pudding.
Use garnishes — radish roses, celery curls, carrot sticks.
Pack soft and canned fruits in covered paper cups to prevent damage or spilling. Carry peeled and sectioned. Split an apple, core and fill with lemon juice, fill hollow with cream cheese and jelly. Press halves back together again, wrap in foil.
Include puddings, as well as cakes and cookies. Candy offers compact calories.
A Sweetheart of a Figure
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Youthfully slimmer, excellingly better. That’s you in the right. For no other foundation does it so much. For no other foundation keeps you high, young, separated. . . waist and hips slimmer. For no other does it provide such easy fullness. For no other foundation keeps your figure type to assure you an exact fit. Formfit’s own special tailoring makes every figure type fit. Exact figure fit. For no other foundation assures the right fit for every contour figure type. For no other foundation does it make the right fit for every contour figure type. For no other foundation does it make the right fit for every contour figure type. For no other foundation does it make the right fit for every contour figure type.

Formfit, by Formfit, disregards of previous foundation disappointments. For no other foundation has it all. Formfit is the only foundation that gives you the perfect fit. For no other foundation does it assure you the perfect fit. Formfit is the only foundation that gives you the perfect fit. For no other foundation does it assure you the perfect fit. Formfit is the only foundation that gives you the perfect fit. For no other foundation does it assure you the perfect fit. Formfit is the only foundation that gives you the perfect fit. For no other foundation does it assure you the perfect fit. Formfit is the only foundation that gives you the perfect fit. For no other foundation does it assure you the perfect fit. Formfit is the only foundation that gives you the perfect fit.
You can't prove it by me. All I remember is driving to the doctor's at midnight. He was as close as I could get to Betty and the baby, and a glimpse of the place he lived in would be better than nothing. This doctor, however, is a prince among men. I'd hauled him out of bed at five that morning. At twelve, a light burned in the window of the baby's room. I dashed my hand to the window pane, and there sat our doctor and wife, drinking hot coffee. They took me in, they fed and comforted me. They gave me further details about that fine fellow, my God.

After a visit with my radiant wife next day, I felt more relaxed. Except for one thing. They wouldn't let me see the baby. By four o'clock that afternoon, they keep the kids in cold storage, as far as his male parent is concerned. Which leads to another situation. When they do let the bars down, your wife never sees you. You dump a load of magazines on her bed, and spend visiting time drooling over your child through the nursery window, and exchanging vital statistics with other fathers.

AFTE'r your child's born, the next great day is the day you take him home. I picked Curry up, and we drove to the hospital. Curry's the wonderful nurse who looked after my mother during her last illness. She said then: "If you and Betty ever have a baby, will you let me take care of it? I've had so much experience with unhappy endings, I'd like to be in with you a little. And I'd come to the house as a member of the family. We asked nothing better than to have her with us.

So we went to the hospital, Curry and I. And Betty goes along. And the next minute, she's back in the hospital. Betty sat up front with me. For days I'd been figuring what back roads to take. In the end I drove straight up Sunset at twenty miles an hour, and let the horns holler, and the badgered citizen pulled alongside. "Why doncha walk? Be a lot quicker—"

Beaming, Betty pointed her thumb backward. We've got a boy. Do you care? We all had time to note the jaw, dropping. But his voice thundered after us on the breeze. "Hey, Pop! Take it easy with that kid!"

We're as foolish as other parents. Pictures of Garry line the mantelshelf. A book of cradle songs stands on the piano. Betty's learned most of them. But when it comes down to real lullabying, she makes up her own words and music to me, they sound cute.

We've made three records for him—though not, we trust, exclusively for him. Before he was born, we grew interested in children's records, and found there weren't too many we really went for. So

Jill Jackson wrote some material, and we put it on wax for the M-G-M Record Company. Betty did "Fantissimo" alone—a little horse with bells in his heart. I did "Wizzy the Owl" alone. Together we did "The Beaver Who Didn't Want to Work," and tried them all out on our friends' kids with encouraging results. That was a shameless plug.

Betty and I have always wanted to work together. When the baby came, that desire crystallized. She asked for her release from M-G-M. Apart from one picture a year at Columbia, my time is my own. We've worked up an act for personal appearances. We're planning a picture called "Stakeout," owned by us and our new lawyer, Lew Mandel. It's going to be a challenge and an adventure. Our income will be more uncertain, but we'll belong to ourselves, and this is of prime importance to both of us. Someday we may need a bigger house to take care of more kids. If and when the time comes, we hope to be able to afford it. If not, we'll tack up a sleeping porch, and give 'em fresh air.

I haven't shed the sense of responsibility that closed in on me the morning our doctor called. But it's different now. Then the baby was just an idea, an abstraction. Now he's real, he's a person, you hold him and his head brushes your cheek, and he's yours and you love him. You look down at this helpless scrap in the crib, and your bones kind of melt. One day he opened his eyes and winked at me. Anyway, it looked like a wink. So I winked back.

"Hi, Burgoyne—"

"Why Burgoyne?" asked Betty.

Do I know? Because Burgoyne couldn't fight the Indians, and neither can he."

My wife's laughing face went pensive. There'll be other things to fight. All we can do for him is set an example. Whatever we are, he'll be. She hooked her arm through mine. "Which means, Mr. Parks, we'll have to do quite a bit of renovating on our own characters."

On the subject of moral responsibility, we said. "It's tough. Sitting for the sickness of today's world, we can only begin with ourselves. We can only try to keep our open door, so our son may learn to understand other humans, and to value them for what they are. Prejudice closes the door, and prejudice comes from grown-ups. Kids don't care whom they play with—Chinese, Negro or Jewish—not till their elders start butting in."

Greed closes the door too. If enough of us think like that and can bring up our children to think the same way, maybe the bombs won't drop. Maybe your Burgoyne and mine will live their lives out in a better world than ours.

The End

DON'T BLAME US

A landslide of votes gave Farley Granger and June Allyson the lead again this month. The proof is in the November issue—color portraits of Farley and June.

If you want your favorites to win you can't just sit and sigh. You have to let us know.

My favorite actor My favorite actress

Mail your votes to:

READERS' POLL EDITOR c/o PHOToplay, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.
That's Hollywood for You

(Continued from page 53) The best! Of the newcomers in pictures, I favor Margaret Phillips. She isn't selling glamour, but ability . . . Gary Cooper may portray the shy guy on the screen, but he isn't a bit shy when asking for a salary to do it. I don’t blame him, either . . . Ruth Roman is getting a little too chesty, and I don’t mean in appearance . . . Lana Turner is a gal who wears her clothes too tight in the right places, and that’s the fashion I favor.

I happen to know that Van Johnson frequently sleeps in only a slipover sweater . . . Sue Carol is always on the set when Alan Ladd is making a movie, and I often wonder how it is that Sue doesn’t get into a scene in a Ladd picture . . . Howard Hughes has had good taste in dolls throughout the years. I know that I could go on a blind date with females Hughes picks and not be disappointed . . . Dore Schary, Darryl Zanuck and any other studio executive will tell you that the only thing that comes easy to some actresses is being difficult.

Lucille Ball, who has her quarrels with Desi Arnaz, insists that a husband and wife must never go to sleep on a quarrel . . . My favorite actor is Mickey Rooney. My selection is strictly personal, because of all the kid actors from Freddie Bartholomew to Claude Jarman Jr., Mickey is the only one who, in growing up, didn’t grow taller than I. I still tower over him. I’ve got to favor an actor who is so considerate . . . Paul Douglas, during an interview, was asked, “What’s the funniest thing that happened to you in Hollywood?” Paul replied: “Success” . . . I agree with Denise Darcel, who says that the plunging neckline will never be popular in Hollywood. It might reveal too much of nothing.

It’s ABOUT time that the movies took a poke at the legit theater, and Joseph Mankiewicz does exactly that in his latest, “All About Eve” . . . John Wayne, the he-man, often selects the clothes for his Frau . . . I’d stack Virginia Mayo’s figure up against any, for that is what could be called good stacking . . . Bob Hope defines the Academy Awards as a function where the actors and actresses gather to see what someone else thinks about their acting besides their press agents.

I wish Guy Madison and Gail Russell would stop acting as if they were playing a scenario when they should be playing house . . . Broderick Crawford still denies that he portrayed Huey Long in “All the King’s Men,” but I think his Oscar knows better . . . The movies came to Hollywood because of the climate, and not happened to the climate! There are times that a person can’t see the fog because of the smog. You can walk along a street and it looks like a television screen. It is now usual in Hollywood to have unusual weather . . . Betty Grable is a performer who knows her limitations and assets. Betty declares that she is no actress and she wants to display her assets in Technicolor . . . I think that the most personal actress and off the screen is Shelley Winters. Shelley gives with free-wheeling dialogue. She will tell you that the trouble with most of the eligible men is that they’re married . . . Despite all the yarns about his numerous romances, I actually saw Kirk Douglas going to the movies all by himself . . . I think the actress who has made the most improvement as an actress is Linda Darnell . . . Marie Wilson has fantastically long eyelashes, or hadn’t you ever noticed? At a cocktail party recently, Marie said to
The turned Fred. Yes, bra. Wanna can’t. Vera-Ellen. No. so. their. There dangerous. "refreshingly too. discovered, realize don’t. told. 

Mennen Baby Magic in Unbreakable Safety-Squeeze Bottle. New sensational skin care, checks diaper odor and diaper rash! Smooth this fragrant liquefied cream on baby’s body after bath, on diaper area at every change. Choice of nursery colors. Only 49c.

Mennen Baby Powder. Now—new Nursery Rhyme pictures on the famous can with the Built-in Rattle! Collect a set of 6 cans of heavenly soft Mennen Baby Powder, each illustrated with different Mother Goose characters. Only 25c and 49c.

"Refreshing"

- No make-believe here! That’s why “My True Story” Radio Program is so often called a "refreshingly different show."
- These real life dramas, picked from the files of True Story Magazine, give you a further insight into life. You’ll read it—recognize situations which your closest friends, and even you, may have to face—and be interested in their solutions.
- A complete story every day, Monday through Friday.

TUNE IN

"my True Story"

American Broadcasting Stations
Sweet and lovely Nancy Ann Heston is wearing a bright new diamond ring—and giving out news of her engagement to J. Thomas Ligget, Jr., Yale, Class of 1950. They'll be married this fall in the Presbyterian Church of beautiful Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania—a big wedding and reception, with eight bridesmaids and Nancy, a completely adorable bride.

Nancy Heston has the captivating sort of face that makes everyone want to know her better! Her eyes are like blue sky—her lips curve in an irresistible smile—and her complexion is smooth as cream. It's a face that sends out the special magic of her Inner Self—lets you see the darling girl she is!

Nancy Heston—she has a velvety look about her complexion that makes you want to know how she cares for it. "I just never skip my Pond's creamings," Nancy says.

"When you look pretty—you feel more confident"...Nancy believes

Haven't you noticed it...that much more confident feeling you have when you are looking especially nice?

One of a girl's biggest assets is lovely skin, Nancy feels. "I always clean my face with Pond's Cold Cream—it's extra softening, just wonderful," she says.

You'll find a magic in this treatment, too! Use it every night—this way:
Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face to soften and sweep skin-dulling dirt and old make-up from pore openings. Tissue off clean.
Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

See your super-clean face! So soft—too!
It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. You owe it to others—you owe it to yourself. It sends a happy confidence sparkling out from your Inner Self—attracts people to you on sight.
There was a time when they paid for their groceries by delivering other people’s groceries — Bob Mitchum of “His Kind of Woman” and brother Jack. Their pay was small but tips, the boss said when he hired them, were good!

Tips! How could they collect tips from people they never saw? In the apartment houses in this section, everything was delivered by dumbwaiter.

A gentle hint has been known to work. Bob tried lettering TIP on an empty milk bottle. Their customers, they decided, couldn't read. It always came back empty. Bob...

... tried another stunt. Climbing into the dumbwaiter with the groceries, he told Jack to haul him up. This time he'd give the personal “touch.” Up creaked the dumbwaiter.

Bob was heavy. Jack held on grimly—hoisted Bob to the first floor. Then he lost his grip. The rope slipped. The dumbwaiter crashed down. Bob, falling out, was...

... really a butter and egg man! They didn't have to ask who'd pay for the damage. They knew! Time had come for the Mitchum brothers to fade—out of the grocery picture.
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Proof! Barbizons Are Made To Your Measure! Have any Barbizon department in your favorite store take your "Body-Contour" measurements. Then you'll be sure your Barbizon slip was made to fit you...waist, hips, bust, all accurately proportioned to your height...perfectly fitted so your slip wears longer, looks lovelier always.


Proof! Barbizons Are Better Value. Only Barbizon weaves, dyes, designs their own slips from start to finish...to give you extra value and finer quality. That's why you'll see and feel the difference in Barbizon's own treasured silks, soft new nyons, rich satins and crepes, exclusive all-nylon lace trims...that's why Barbizons give you more for the money!

"EBONAIRe," Barbizon slip above, in exclusive Barbizon-woven rayon crepe in white or debonaire black—$1.00. This is only one of the dozens of Barbizon styles from $2.50 to $7.00 at better stores all across the country.

THE BARBIZON CORPORATION, 475 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. C.
Little new-born amen, E business Andre was throwing He declared, "What's second heavy to the doctor?"

"It's time, you, John," and brave, went the receiver, leaving Papa Derek indignant. He might have said something. When people told John they'd had kids, he always said something. You don't have to get them something in that, but you make some show of enthusiasm, that's only decent. John sighed. He wished he could call Russell, but Russell was shooting a picture in Australia. So what? He had other friends. He called them all, and they all said something, which comforted John's feelings. He even plucked up the nerve to sneak a box of cigars into the studio. He knew that the most important thing was that any cigars was a simple matter, if you didn't mind taking fifty pokes in the ribs.

At seven p.m. he returned to the hospital. Patti's only complaint was that she had been left alone. John could not have done more to comfort her. John's hands had gripped the rail of the bed. But Patti didn't break down. "He looks happy," she said. "He doesn't look sad, like this morning. Now take him, please.""To you, John. You carry him. I'll drive the car."

But John was afraid to carry him. John drove the car.

VER at Children's Hospital, they told him exactly what they were doing and what they proposed to do. Right now they were matching blood for transfusions. "Your wife's operation," said the surgeon. "If we can join the ends right of the tube, if they stay joined, your baby will live.

After which, being a humanitarian as well as a surgeon, he went to see Patti. "I don't know how you feel, Mrs. Derek," he said gently, "and all I can tell you is this. Ten years ago there wouldn't have been a chance. Today there is. But it's going to be quite a long deal—about three hours. We'll know in about three hours if we've got the news? Or would you rather have your husband?"

His kindness brought the first singing tears to her throat. "Thank you," she whispered, "for everything. But please my husband—"

Then the nurse came with a sleeping pill. "I don't want it," said Patti. "Oh, doctor, please."

"Phone him. Tell him I don't want to sleep. He'll understand."

He understood. "Let her do as she likes," he said. So Patti turned out the light and prayed. She had no bent toward self-torment. She felt no desire to mark her anguish by the ticking clock. But she had something useful to do, and meant to do it. You can't pray if you're dead to the world.

Half a block away, things were about ready. The surgeon walked down the hall with the pediatrician. John sat in the waiting room. A name came into his head, a name blanked in which the baby had been wrapped, and the string of blue beads that spelled Baby Derek. The ends of the beads were joined.

He's superstitious, and the instinctive answer would be no. But he's been infected—by Patti, by the baby's sudden illness, by something old and hereditary in the blood. He resented this but he couldn't gainsay it. The words kept sounding in his ears. "If we can join the ends and if they stay joined—" John wanted to keep the end of the beads joined.
He rolled his son's blankets into a pillow and leaned his head against them. His first closed tight around the beads. The contact with both brought him some sense of comfort. On a merry-go-round for two days, he must have passed out. Coming to with a start, he felt the beads in his hand and took a swift look. The beads were unjoined. Carefully he knotted the ends of the beads together, so they couldn't possibly come untied again. Again he put the blankets under his head.

The minutes climbed to an hour, to another, to most of a third. Outside, John heard something that brought him to his feet. Down the hall came an intern, and the pediatrician, wheeling his son. They looked haggard. "Everything's fine," called the pediatrician. "Be back as soon as we've taken care of the baby."

Everything's fine. That meant the baby was alive. Did it mean he'd go on living? Down the hall came the assistant surgeon. "The baby's fine," he said, and dropped into a chair. The mask still hung around his neck, the shoulders drooped, the arms fell inert between his knees, he gleamed with sweat. A nurse brought a towel and started methodically rubbing the back of his neck.

OPERATIONS, thought John. We talk about operations, and don't know what these men go through to save a life.

Then the surgeon came, unruffled, not a hair out of place. "Well, I think everything's fine."

Now John could ask his question. He wanted it straight. "Do babies generally die on the table? Or—later—"

The answer was as direct as the question. "Some die on the table, some later. In this case, we succeeded in joining the ends, and your child came through beautifully. Whether they'll stay joined, it's hard to say now. For twelve days, he'll be fed through the stomach. Once we start feeding him orally, we'll know."

John thanked them as best he could, and went to tell Patti. She heard him through quietly. So far, it was good and God had answered her prayers. There was nothing left but to wait. She looked at her husband's eyes, red-rimmed with sleeplessness. "Go home, John, and I will take that sleeping pill. Only one thing—"

She caught at his hand. "All day people have called and I was happy to talk. Now I don't want to talk to anyone, John. I don't want to see anyone except you."

But as the days passed, hope grew stronger. The news from Children's Hospital was encouraging. Their baby didn't act like a sick baby. He put on weight, he threw and seemed content. John took Patti home, where doctor's orders kept her in bed. It was he who went to the hospital, saw the baby, got the reports and raced to phone his wife. Late one afternoon Patti answered the phone to hear John's voice trying—and failing—to keep his excitement under everything's swell. The baby threw up. That shows the tube is holding, or he couldn't have done it."

Two days later they fed him orally and the food stayed down. On Thursday, May 11th, four weeks after his birthday, he came home. Patti was almost afraid to touch him. The shock and terror of his illness had taken their toll. All parents are vulnerable, and these two were doubly so. The nurse knew all about babies, Patti knew nothing. After a while, she'd learn. For the present, she couldn't trust herself with that baby...

On Saturday morning John went...
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Woodbury Cold Cream
penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN

pibly off to football practice for "The Hero," his new Columbia picture. Patti sat happily over her coffee when a scream froze her. "Get the doctor, quick!" She reacted like a robot. With the scream ringing through every nerve in her body, she dialed the number. "Doctor—"

"Get the fire department," cried the nurse.

Patti hung up on the doctor and called the fire department. Then she called the doctor back. Then she moved like a sleep-walker to the bedroom. Her son lay on the big bed, his face black, his small arms stiff.

NOW the nurse was blowing hard into his mouth. And as she blew, the little face turned slowly from black to gray, the arms relaxed, Patti heard the blessed sound of a whimper. And the nurse continued to blow till the firemen arrived with their life-saving oxygen.

Hard on their heels came the doctor. "What is it?" cried Patti. "Is it the pipe? Has it burst?"

"I don't think so, but we'd better take him back to the hospital. Can you get hold of John?"

And so for the second time in a month. John found himself breaking the speed regulations—first to his home, then to the hospital. He heard his son's heavy breathing. Beside him sat the tense figure of his wife. And there was the hospital. Again they waited in sick suspense while X-rays were taken.

"It's not the tube," said the doctor. "The tube is holding—"

"Then what?"

"There's something in his lungs. We'll have to do a bronchoscopy to find out—"

They had to do three bronchoscopies, not one, and it took two anxious weeks for the lung to clear up.

Meantime Patti had reached a decision. "You know who's going to take care of that baby? Me! It's stupid that a mother shouldn't know what to do for her child. That terrible day—it was worse because I felt so helpless. The doctor said I can go to the hospital and learn."

John drew her arm through his. "Who am I to contradict the doctor—?"

At this writing, the baby is past five months and doing great. The way Patti handles him, you'd think she'd had seven. And John's way with a bottle is nothing to sneer at either. They're not afraid any more. But to make assurance doubly sure, they've had an amplifier installed, so wherever you go in the house, you can hear the baby breathe. It's a good sound, which most parents take for granted. When your child's almost stopped doing it twice, it sounds twice as good.

One evening Patti took a box from a shelf. "I didn't want that dog to play till our baby came home. Now he can play, John. Wind him up to the end."

"They were much too busy watching the baby to let their thoughts go straying to another night. "Look at him!" cried his mother. "He likes it."

"Oh sure," said his father. "He's going to be another Toscanini."

Maybe he is. As you can see from his picture and tell from his story, this Russell André is a truly remarkable fellow.

THE END
Dear Husband

(Continued from page 37) Brenda did the rest. Brenda said “Yummmm.”

The appetizing life of the Holdens is enjoyed in a four-bedroom house which they felt was due after their third baby arrived. It is a house of shakes and flagstones, Bermuda modern in a blend with California rancho.

Fragrance of night-blooming jasmine and barbecued beef floats over the patio wall and Bill says he hopes to spend the rest of his life messimg around this beautiful place. “No boats, no race horses—just home and work,” he says. “When you love your work as I love acting you need no other recreation. I’m never bored.”

All he wants in future is to have Brenda yarning opposite him in his pictures. She likes acting as much as he does but lately she has been enthralled by house and children. Virginia, her daughter by a previous marriage, is eleven. Peter and Scott Holden are six and four.

THOUGH Brenda regards the kitchen as man’s place, she is no sluggard elsewhere. She is a yard bird. She rakes, hoes and sprays. She also is a spit-and-polish artist who would delight the Navy, especially in her nylons perched on a ladder. Thus arranged she was washing windows one day when a sight-seeing bus stopped in front of the house. Six buses of clutching tourists inspect the Holden premises each day on their tour of Hollywood sights.

Ladies and gentlemen!” the speaker cried. “You see here the home of famous film stars William Holden and Brenda Marshall.”

Brenda, wiping windows, caroled: “Step right inside and see famous William Holden in the kitchen. The notorious Brenda Marshall is the slavery on the ladder.”

It is doubtful if her voice reached the sight-seers. If it did they probably put her down as a sample of that fresh help you must put up with nowadays.

Sight-seers really got a show the night the master wrestled in the moonlight with the television aerial.

He had invited friends in to see the Legion fights. But those assembled saw only ghosts. Host Holden climbed to the roof where he wrestled like Hercules with the head-heavy aerial to get it in line.

“Are the fights coming in?” he hollered down the chimney.

“Fine,” his guests hollered. “Hold it.”

He held, wrestling the whirligig, until there was a knockout. It was a stirring spectacle and a sight-seer looking up at it cried: “Look! Gorgeous George wrestling moonbeams.”

In common with such concentrated, intense gents as Fred Allen and Fred Astaire, Bill is a worrier. He can match Allen for aches and pains. He has been treated for all of them and, despite the doctors, remains a very healthy specimen, as demonstrated by the comic stuff he spins about himself. Hearing him, you would not suspect he ever had a conflict of any kind. He probably would need a psychiatrist, though, were it not that his wife has a levelling influence. She sets him right when he’s wrong; they have furious word battles but are madly in love. Bill was a hot-tempered youth and still feels the need of controls.

It is becoming more and more difficult for him to find things to nourish his anxiety complex. He is even getting the mature character parts he has the intelligence to play. His happiest moment, professionally, was when Gloria Swanson observed that he looked too old for the part of her boyish lover in “Sunset Boulevard.” Amused by the delight of the erstwhile Golden Boy, Gloria would hiss each day at the make-

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Bright Company

(Continued from page 69) of the town’s top socialites and millionaires gathered to kick their heels into the air and the clothes ranged from the most elaborate of the evening gowns to the most informal beach wear.

Joan Fontaine, Pat di Cicco, Myrna Dell, Bruce Cabot and Johnny Meyer were among those on the jury who judged the winning couple—and a rich grocer named Robert Balzer, who has become a familiar figure around the Hollywood night spots, won with his partner, actress Elizabeth Talbot Martin.

Betty Hutton, prettier and gayer than we’ve ever seen her, was all over the place! At one point, we could have sworn she Dixie-land-ed on the ceiling! She sang with the band, didn’t sit still long enough to eat even half her dinner; did a short, wild exhibition Charleston with Balzer to “Yes Sir! That’s My Baby.” When we asked her why she didn’t dance longer, Betty screamed, “I can’t! My dress will fall off!” It almost did, too! On account of it was strapless, and though it was tight-fitting when she arrived, we’d guess that Betty danced off at least three pounds by the time she made that crack—and we don’t doubt the lovely white, low-cut chiffon was a lot looser at that hour! Its skirt was made of layers and layers of the white chiffon, very full and rather short. A long, wide white chiffon scarf started over on the left side of the bodice at the bust line, and draped up across the neck and hung down the back—almost to hem length.

The hair-do that the Hutton is sporting now is by far her most becoming to date. Quite short, but framing her face—in fact, all around her head are soft ringlets, with the curls even high across the forehead—but not giving the effect of bangs.

Jana Turner and Bob Topping, who are reported tiffing yet again, were on hand. About three a.m. Joan Fontaine told us without a yawn that she’d have to go home because she was getting up at six a.m. to do some deep-sea fishing! How rugged can you get?

Charlie Morrison, Mocambo’s Boniface, has started Thursday night Polka dancing! And don’t think for a minute that the Filmtown folks didn’t take to that sorta thing just as avidly as the Charleston revival! (Hey! Maybe people just like to dance. And whatever became of square-dancing? We hope they gave it back to the squares!) Roxy Russell and Fred Brisson, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, Lorraine Cugat with moneybags Virgil Moore, Ann Sheridan and Pat di Cicco and many more said these Polka nights would be a “pleasant change” from the usual din.

On opening night, famous Frank Yan-
kovic and his band drove up to the plush jent in a farm cart, pulled by a very much be-ribboned jackass and the musicians were all done up in Slovenian costumes.

Two awfully fancy parties dotted the past month and the first was given by the Louis B. Mayers in honor of the visiting Henry Fords. Loretta Young got a gasp with her filmy gown that had a panel down the front composed of gold scales, giving a mermaid effect; Joan Crawford, with Bill Dozier, wore palest green chiffon trimmed with huge red roses—a gorgeous and striking color combination! Ginger Rogers with Greg Bautzer, Esther Williams and Ben Gage; the Bob Youngs;

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SLIPS • PETTICOATS • PAJAMAS • GOWNS
June Allyson and Dick Powell, happy like crazy about their coming blessed event; the Red Skeltons; Janet Gaynor and Adrian, who keeps her so chic—were just a few of the celebs at the Mayer soiree.

Mrs. M. was in a diaphanous gown of white organza trimmed with tiny daisies and its creator, Orry Kelly, was there to beam upon it.

Another tremendous shindig was tossed by so wealthy Watson Webb. He has enough money to buy Twentieth Century-Fox where he toils now as head cutter, but he just loves his work—and loves giving lavish parties. Now, this feller didn’t just put up one big tent like most extravagant party-tossers do. He put up three on the grounds of his lovely home near the beach! Didn’t have just one dance band, either. He furnished two. Plus food and viands along the lines of a bacchanalian feast. All shapes, sizes and colors of balloons floated in the big swimming pool as the Van Johnsons, the Glenn Fords, the Bill Holdens, the Darryl Zanucks, the Dan Daileys and at least a hundred more glamour-pusses just floated—over the dance floor.

The V. Johnsons were about to move into their new home in Beverly and Van had already bought a lawn-mower. Said he was going to do the gardening of the place (which doesn’t have huge grounds himself). Haw! We give him about two weeks of this and will take bets he drops that kinda exercise for a return to his beloved tennis.

Want to get back to Esther Williams and June Allyson, two expectant mommas (as we write this) because both are wearing things that would never let you know unless you knew! The classic cardigan and its many variations are right up Esther’s alley, and she carries this style to all extremes with wonderful effects. Like her cocktail or tea-party-through-dinner combination of garnet red tulle (the layers of it to make a typical “sweater” cardigan) which she wears over dresses, or with white blouses and black skirt combinations. At night, her cardigans of red or bright green silk or net go over long or short evening gowns of pale gray, black or white materials that are filmy, flowing and oh, so deceiving.

June Allyson is crazy about a dress that Dick Powell, believe it or not, designed for her and she’s had it copied in various colors and fabrics. It’s a sort of adaptation of a period dress—a period around the 1900’s roughly. But the modern version of June’s comes out as a bodice not too tight, snug as possible to a long-waisted line, full flaring skirt with most of the fullness being toward the front. The neckline is rather high, with a round collar of delicate lace—and the lace is repeated as cuffs on the sleeves, whether the sleeves be long or short. At the point where the collar opens and dips a bit, Junie wears a large, antique locket. She has this dress in many shades, but her favorite is the bachelor-button blue one—with short sleeves and made of a lightweight crepe. It can go on her and with her from morn till late at night—under the circumstances—natch!

The End
Honeymoon Unlimited

(Continued from page 43) introduced her and Nicky to each guest in turn.

The honeymooners had come over on the “Queen Mary” with the Duke and Duchess—and the Duchess, always alive to youth and beauty, had invited them to shipboard cocktails that they might become acquainted.

“You know Elsa Maxwell, of course,” the Duchess had said. And Elizabeth had laughed. “The last time we met was in the Oval Room at the White House—about four years ago. I was, I remember, just fourteen.”

“And now,” I said, “you are married, with all the world before you.”

“I am married to a wonderful man,” Elizabeth had answered simply, “and (turning to Nicky) he is the only world I want.”

Remarks like this from Elizabeth are unusual, for she is shy; surprisingly shy for a girl who has been so long in the public eye. It is her great sensitivity, of course, that keeps her from being utterly self-assured—so far from anything like this, in fact, that if she is the least bit excited she actually stutters.

 WHICH reminds me of the time Joanne Courtyard, Jerome’s sister, asked Elizabeth to get Spencer Tracy’s autograph for her. “Here’s your chance,” she nudged Elizabeth one day when they were lunching in the M-G-M commissary and Spence came in. Elizabeth said, “Okay.” Then, “No, I can’t!” Then, “I’ll go over right after we’ve had our ice cream.” Then again, “No, I can’t.” This went on, Joanne says, until Elizabeth, half rising from her chair, then dropping back again half a dozen times, finally forced herself to go to Spence’s table.

When they worked together in “Father of the Bride,” she got to know Spence well enough to relax with him in spite of her even greater regard for his artistry. She and Nicky were secretly engaged when this movie was being filmed, so the wedding sequence was doubly important to her. She says, “Every time we did the shot of me walking up the aisle to the altar I was living it.”

Everyone wants to know if marriage has changed Elizabeth. In many ways she is more grown up. But she still sits on the floor, cross-legged. And she still loves to sing when she’s driving along in a car. And she still loves to laugh—for the sheer pleasure of laughing.

And she’s gotten thinner. No need for any waist-cincher these days. Not that there ever was, really, with her waist measuring twenty-one inches—an inch more than it measures now. But she wore a waist-cincher none the less. And one day, wearing it to a singing lesson, she found she couldn’t get a note out, that she had no breath. The skirt band of her dirndl, it seems, was a waist-cincher too.

She detests planning ahead, would have no plans for her honeymoon beyond the fact that Paris would be their first stop. After that, she and Nicky were agreed, they would get into their car, which they brought over, and drive whenever and wherever the spirit led them.

So it is not surprising that it was on the impulse of the moment that they took off for London, leaving most of their luggage in Paris. The London premiere of “Father of the Bride” influenced the time of this visit somewhat, of course. This was the one “business” thing Elizabeth had agreed to do. And except for this occasion—on which she wore one of her trousseau gowns, a stiffened muslin with a strapless bodice and long, flowing skirt printed with squares of pastel blues, greens and violet—

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her studio did not permit their emissaries to make any demands upon her.

The Hilions stopped in London at the Savoy, just off the Strand. When they arrived at their river suite, in which one wall of the sitting room was a window overlooking the Thames, the rooms were filled with flowers; roses, rhododendrons, orchids and sweet Williams.

They were not locked after eleven o'clock and, after a breakfast of orange juice, coffee, rolls and bacon, went out to roam the town and the shops. On Bond Street, Nicky indulged his passion for colorful ties. One he bought, of English woven silk, displays a skull and crossbones in white on a black background.

On Ascot's Gold Cup Day, however, they were abroad early. They wanted to be sure of a vantage place from which to view the King and Queen on their traditional ride around the course. Elizabeth wore a pale blue gabardine suit and a wide-brimmed cream straw hat, the crown of which was covered with white daisies. Nicky, foregoing the traditional gray topper, wore gray flannel and went hatless.

**Oftentimes** enough, entertaining friends at Canasta parties—Elizabeth is mad about the game—the Hilions would have dinner served in their suite. Always the menu was left entirely to the discretion of the headwaiter. But, on the night that Hildegarde opened at the Savoy Grill, they had a table for their party just to the left of Hildegarde's piano. She tossed Elizabeth a rose from her bouquet and later joined them for a drink. Elizabeth drinks nothing more than a half glass of less than cham-pagne. Nicky, on the other hand, likes to mix his own, has the waiter bring the bottles to his table.

Nicky, let me say, is influencing Elizabeth's appearance for the better. While they were honeymooned she was meticulous about giving the maid everything she meant to wear each day so it might be pressed. She was far less casual about her appearance than in the past.

A curious thing about Elizabeth. She loves clothes. Of their honeymoon luggage, Nicky's share was four bags while she had fourteen bags and two trunks. One trunk was filled with shoes and pocketbooks. Another held hats. Another carried her bath-powders and other toiletries, but mostly the special soaps she so loves. Every piece of luggage was carefully labeled. "Bathing suits and play clothes," "Evening dresses," "Suits," "Furs." How proud she was of her white mink stole, blue mink jacket and blue mink stole, all honeymoon finery.

But in spite of this love for clothes, never before has she quite taken the time to see that all her buttons were buttoned or that her zipper was zipped all the way. She isn't given to spending nearly enough time before her mirror.

She seems to have no idea, really, of how beautiful she is. Time and time again people would stop her on one of the boulevards and say, "Aren't you Elizabeth Taylor?" She would smile and answer, "Yes, I am." Invariably then she would be told, "You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen." When one man would say, "Why, thank you," and go on talking to her companion as if there had been no interruption. Which goes to prove that you can, in time, get used to anything—even to looking like Elizabeth Taylor.

She wears almost no make-up, only lipstick. And very little jewelry except earrings, which she wears even to breakfast, and a string of pearls.

The southern coast of France, from whence Nicky and Elizabeth traveled to Rome for an audience with His Holiness, the Pope, reminded Elizabeth of California: the palm trees, the houses—white, pistachio, strawberry and lemon-colored—all bright in the sunshine, the contoured hills rising steeply from the sea. So it was natural enough, as their time in Europe drew to a close, that both Elizabeth and Nicky should think more and more of their first home, the suite that awaited them at the Bel Air Hotel just beyond Beverly Hills.

"We have a fireplace," Elizabeth would say wistfully. "And the opposite side of our living room is all windows—with pull curtains. It will be cozy when the night is cold and we light a fire..."

"We're going to stay at the Bel Air until we know just what kind of a house we want," Nicky would say.

The Bel Air Hotel is a divinely beautiful place. The rambling, ranch-type building, mostly one story, is surrounded by a dense growth of trees and ferns and flowers. Set in the gardens is the oval swimming pool, blue as the sky and bordered with lounging chairs, tables, gay parasols.

There was no talk of children. In fact, when the rumor spread that Elizabeth was going to have a baby she was most embarrassed, and when she talked to her mother on the trans-Atlantic phone she protested regarding the columnists who had used this item. But knowing how well she loves small, helpless things—her pet chipmunk, kittens, dogs—I think it's safe to assume there will be a family.

Nicky's determination not to let her career interfere with their normal living is so intense; as is her love for Nicky...
Reunion in Paris

(Continued from page 44) qualified herself from office by marriage, she was our President, an office now handled by Margie Dillon, her stand-in. I'm the Veep, moving up from Treasurer. Terry Moore probably will be elected to my old post, not as important as it might be because we pay no dues and, therefore, have no money. There are three technical advisers now, Liz, Janie, and Barbara Long Thompson. And they're qualified to advise certainly, because of the happiness of their marriages.

It was shortly after Janie's wedding that we SLOBs had our first official meeting. Janie invited us to her new apartment for a homecooked dinner. Afterwards, Liz and I took over the dinner dishes. She was in charge of the washing. I was in charge of the drying. When we finished, the Steffens were minus two plates, one saucer and one cup. Patiently, Janie commented, "Liz, you'd better marry someone who owns a hotel. You'll never make a good housewife."

Many a true word is spoken in jest. We'd all heard that Liz and Nick Hilton were dating but she'd been very reticent on the subject. This in itself should have told us how serious it was, of course. Previously Liz had always been quick to tell us, in great detail, about any new romance.

While Liz and I still sat chatting of the SLOBs, of her travels with Nicky, of Nicky, of the fun we would have when we all were back home again, the French Colonial dignitary departed. As his motor cavalcade got under way, sirens started screaming. "Remember our sirens?" demanded Liz, laughing.

On her wedding day when the bridal party left her home for the church, a big husky motorcycle cop named Ed was assigned to us. Ed and Liz were old friends. He'd guarded the Taylor house when they'd received threatening letters. So when Liz asked him if he would sound the siren on the way to church, he said gallantly: "Well, Elizabeth, it's against the rules, but the department will give it to you as a wedding present."

Janie, Barbara and I were in the car directly in front of Liz's car and we waved back and forth as we sped down Santa Monica Boulevard, accompanied by the screaming of the siren.

IT WAS as we all assembled in the vestibule that she, for the first time, was nervous. And no wonder! For we were greeted by the organist, who announced that the organ was broken.

"Never mind," we all told Elizabeth. "We'll hum 'Here Comes the Bride' as we walk down the aisle!"

However, Ted Louisbert, who handles Liz's publicity at the studio, had a better idea. He rushed out, found an electrician and hurried him to the organ loft.

"This organ will never play," the electrician announced.

"Never?" gasped the frantic organist. "Never," smiled the electrician, "until you turn on the 'juice.'"

In his excitement at the arrival of the bridal party the organist had forgotten to turn the switch!

What sort of a girl is Elizabeth really? Friends forever ask me that. Above all, she is not even remotely spoiled—thanks to the wonderful manner in which her mother and dad brought her up. Thanks, too, no doubt to the hazing of her older brother, Howard. Her mother was a famous Ziegfeld beauty and her understanding of show business and show people made her the perfect mother for a girl destined to become internationally celebrated as a beauty.

Even those of us who see Elizabeth all the time are often taken unaware by her loveliness. We were, on her wedding day.

We all waited in the lower hall to see her come down the staircase. I've never seen a girl look as beautiful as she did.

She's a tremendously sensitive person. She knows that as a movie star she must be a matter of news. But I've seen her break down and cry when radio commentators rebuked her for such silly little things as any girl might do.

Unkindness hurts her all the more, I think, because she is generous and kind of heart by instinct. I have never known her to be malicious or catty or mean. She'sE 2 8

Who me? pay high prices for nail polish and lipstick?

I SHOULD SAY NOT!

No longer need you look in vain for nail polish at any price that won't chip or flake. This tremendous polish discovery guarantees you incredible wear at an incredibly low price. Look into it now...

This is the true story of an amazing nail polish discovery—a new miracle-wear ingredient called Enamelon.

It's found only in new low-priced, luxury Cutex—and it's guaranteed to give incredible wear...to last longer, chip less than your high-priced polish.

Cutex with Enamelon stays lovely, day after day after day as no polish ever did before. And, new miracle-wear Cutex is so pure...even women with skins so sensitive they cannot use other polishes state that they can safely use new Cutex.

Thirteen luscious shades. New Cutex 10¢; de luxe Nail Brilliance size 25¢. Prices plus tax.
ever seen her, she greeted each of us at the door with a gardenia and a tiny scroll on which was written "Liz and Nick—May 6th." Right away I asked to see her engagement ring. With great pride and seriousness she extended her third finger, left hand, on which rested a minute diamond. Flustered, I didn't know what to say, but finally remarked how lovely it was. At which point Liz burst out laughing and produced her real engagement ring, a magnificent four-carat, emerald-cut diamond.

She loves dogs in general and Butch in particular. Butch is quite a character in his own right. When Liz bought him she believed she was buying a miniature French poodle but at eight months of age, Butch, black and shaggy and the most affectionate little-big dog who's ever bowled me over, had grown far beyond miniature size and was still growing when I last saw him.

Liz has faults, too. But they're minor. Her chronic lateness exasperates those who don't know her and has infuriated newspapermen who misconstrued tardiness as an expression of her disregard for lesser mortals. Nothing could be further from the truth because she is the friendliest of persons. But the only time, actually, I ever knew her to be ready ahead of time was on her wedding day.

I've known Liz for two years and I'd say she is a regular down-to-earth pleasant American girl, the kind you'd want for a friend or the kind any mother would want for her daughter. Remaining with me is one vivid impression of her wedding. As she neared the pew where her mother was seated she halted her father imperceptibly and, leaning toward her mother, threw her a kiss that was freighted with tenderness.

All the time we had been talking in the George V lobby that day, Elizabeth had been watching the door. Suddenly she jumped to her feet. "Here's Nicky!" And tall, big-shouldered Nicky Hilton, grinning and wearing the handsome new tie that had been Elizabeth's surprise for him that morning, came striding towards us.

He's a lucky guy, Nicky Hilton. And he deserves to be. Because he's a nice guy, too.

**The End**

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**The new-shape rounded coat**—news because it keeps the new slim-silhouette. Yet it is curved ever so subtly from collar to hem, to flatter your natural contour.

**The new-shape Modess box**—news because it, too, is designed with a subtle silhouette. The box is cleverly shaped to look like so many other kinds of boxes, you'd never guess it held Modess! Another discreet feature—Modess is now pre-wrapped even before reaching your store!

Same number of fine napkins. Same price. Regular, Junior, and Super sizes.

*Only Modess comes in the new-shape, secret-shape box . . . pre-wrapped!*

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When Betty Sullivan and Liz Taylor caught the bridal bouquet together at Jane Powell's wedding, they formed the S. L. O. B. Club, with Janie as adviser.
Brief Reviews

**OFFICIAL REPORT**—UA: An off-the-beaten-track comedy on how the lives of four ex-GI’s (Edmond O’Brien, Johnny Sand, Dick Erdman and Steve Brodie) are complicated by the arrival of ex-Wave Wanda Hendrix, who’s trying to locate her old beau. With Pauline Stone, Judson Pratt, Millard Mitchell and Billie Frechette. (Aug.)

**CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN**—M-G-M: A funny, entertaining tale about the lives of the Harman family; the kids, Claudette Colbert, Robert Young, Louis Calhern and Jack Carson; and the parents, Spencer Tracy and Myrna Loy. With Jean Parker, Gloria Jean, Dorothy Granger and Gene Lockhart. (Aug.)

**THE CATFISH KING**—M-G-M: A dull, tepid Western, which attempts to tell the story of a young boy’s growth into manhood. With Audie Murphy, Grahame Jackson, Joanne Dru and Slim Pickens. (Aug.)

**THE GREAT SADIST**—M-G-M: A well-acted melodrama about a man who becomes a madman after discovering that his wife has been unfaithful. With Charles Coburn, Agnes Moorehead, James Cagney and Ginger Rogers. (Aug.)

**THE TRAVELER**—M-G-M: A dull, predictable melodrama about a pilot who becomes a criminal. With William Tabbert, Elizabeth Patterson and Russell Samler. (Aug.)

**THE TENDERLOIN**—M-G-M: A Canadian melodrama, which follows the lives of the workers at a factory. With Robert Mitchum, Jane Wyman and Sid Caesar. (Aug.)

**THE TROUBLE WITH DOG**—M-G-M: A dull, predictable Western, which follows the adventures of a young boy and his dog. With Brian Keith, Martha Hyer and Jack Elam. (Aug.)

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NEW HOME FACIAL

Look lovelier in 10 days with this Quick Beauty Routine—or your money back!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations...no complicated rituals! With one cream you can cleanse...help protect...and help heal! The secret is a marvelous new Home Facial, using only greaseless Noxzema. And it's here to help you bring lovelier-looking skin in 10 days—or your money back!

Here's all you do:

1. Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly.

   After drying, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. It not only holds makeup beautifully, but it also helps protect your skin—all day!

2. Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" with Noxzema again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you’ve washed away make-up, the day’s dirt and grime—without rubbing!

   Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face and neck. Pat a little extra over blemishes.* While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal them—helps your skin look softer, smoother. It’s greaseless! No "smear" face or pillow!

   A skin doctor developed this new Noxzema Home Facial. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women to lovelier-looking skin. And you’ll be thrilled to see how it can help your skin look lovelier, too! Noxzema is a medicated formula—a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion—helps normalize both dry and oily skin.

Money-back Offer! Try the new Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If your skin doesn’t show real improvement, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! Get Noxzema today—while you can get the 85¢ jar for only 59¢—almost half again as much for your money as in the Small size! Limited time only—at any drug or cosmetic counter.

No complexion troubles for Betty Jane Hokenson of Minneapolis who says, "I use Noxzema every night and morning to help my skin look soft and smooth. I keep a jar handy in my desk at work..."*externally-caused.


MONEY SAVING OFFER

BIG 85¢ JAR
now only 59¢ plus 6¢ tax
Limited offer—stock up now!

* irritated skin. "I have skin allergy problems," said Mrs. J. M. Brautbauer of Miami Shores. "Noxzema helps relieve the itching of the resultant skin irritation. It's my stand-by as an aid to softer, smoother looking skin."
Begrudge sharing your football date? Not you! You appreciate a steady Freddy who's considerate of his parents. As he treats them he'll be treating you, someday. And a good man's worth hanging on to. Wherever you go, on "those" days, defeat discomfort with Kotex. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that holds its shape. Keeps you extra comfortable, when teamed with your new Kotex Wonderform® Belt. It's made with nylon elastic (non-curling, non-twisting). Washable. Dries fast!

If your beau brings his Mom and Dad to the game, should you—

- Consider him a "Momo's boy"
- Make with the green eyes
- Hang on him

For that "peaches" look, dry complications need credit-pani (lanolin-rich). No call to smear Mom's best pillow cases. Just slather your face and retreat to a steamy shower. Then blot off excess cream with Kleenex® tissues. Saves face. And at calendar-time, to save embarrassment, make it a habit to choose Kotex—get extra protection with that special safety center. By trying all 3 absorbencies you'll learn which one suits you.

Which helps sidestep dry skin problems?

- A creamy pillow
- A steamy shower
- Stay indoors

When asked where you'd like to go—

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

If he leaves the doings up to you—the "I don't care" routine's no help. Have a plan or two. But don't insist on dinner at the Plush Room. Make several suggestions and let him choose whatever's in line with his financial bracket. You can gallivant confidently, even on "certain" occasions—with Kotex. There's no sign of a telltale line, for those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. Won't betray your secret.
(Continued from page 34) But it is utterly impossible to outguess her where her heart is concerned.

Was she really carrying a torch for Ted all these months since their separation when she seemed to be the gayest "bachelor girl" in Hollywood, then running from one date to another with Bob Sterling or Milton Berle or Milt Pickman? I don’t believe so—and I know Betty well. I think she loved her freedom and enjoyed every bit of it in the beginning.

NOT LONG after her second separation from Ted I ran into Betty at a cocktail party. She had just been married, and was still excited over having been teamed with Fred Astaire. Her eyes aglow, her cheeks tanned to a deep golden color, there was no trace of the moody listlessness I had seen so many times during the years she and Ted were trying to work out their on-again-off-again marriage.

She was very adamant about not turning to Ted. After we had found a quiet corner in which to do a little girl-talk, she told me: "No, Louella, I am not reconciling with Ted. He is living in Chicago where he is much happier. I certainly have more peace and contentment now than I had when I was trying to keep our marriage from breaking up without completely wrecking myself.

She seemed to be speaking on the anger of a fresh hurt as she went on to say, "I may be wrong—your thinking gets twisted when you are angry. But I feel that Ted was actually never in love with the girl, Betty. He was in love with a motion picture actress and that was all he wanted. No woman wants to feel it is not her real self a man cares for.

"If I ever marry again, I want a man who does not lean on me, but one independent enough to say, 'Come on, Betty, no more pictures this year. You’ve worked hard enough.' I want him to love me for myself, not because I am in the limelight. "I’ve worked all my life. I would even consider retiring if I married a man who could take care of me. I want most of all a man who will share responsibilities, who is tender and thoughtful and good to my two children, and who will cherish me without hysterical outbursts of jealousy.

"I would be a good wife to a man. I can cook, keep house, and I wouldn’t need a house full of servants to make him or myself comfortable. I want to earn enough money to support my two daughters, little Lindsay and Candace, until they are twenty-one. After that they will be independently rich. Their grandfather has settled a million-dollar trust fund in each of their names.

"Until I meet the man, and I know he is somewhere in this world, I want the laughter of love, the fun of dating and getting flowers and phone calls and drives in the moonlight and holding hands without getting my heart seriously involved."

If she felt like that just a few short months ago you may well be asking, "Why in the world is she trying marriage again with the same man?"

It would take a psychoanalyst to answer that, and I am not one. But let’s go over the case history:

Betty parted from Briskin right after the strain of the greatest professional success she has ever made, "Annie Get Your Gun." She was so eager to make a success in Irving Berlin’s great musical that her nerves were frayed.

During the making of the picture, nothing else mattered to her and anything outside only irritated and diverted her. She worked on her songs and dances like a dog—and she would come home exhausted.

Everything was exaggerated out of proportion. What might have been just minor differences between her and her husband became mountains of trouble. They parted just before "Annie" was released.

Even Betty, with all her prayers and hopes, did not dream that the picture would be a triumph from the start. Suddenly she was the girl of the hour in Hollywood. As the brilliant star of the top box office musical, she reached a peak of achievement known to few musical actresses.

The excitement and dizzy success of "Annie" served well to carry her past the first wrench of her rift with Ted. It was impossible to keep her content — at least for a week — over one climax in her life and unhappy over another—at the same time.

It was only human that Betty should respond to the flattery and attentions she received, not only as the star of the hour—but as a gay and unattached "bachelor girl." And she loved it.

But even the giddiest pace must subside, and when she had a chance time to catch her breath I think Betty began to think.

She is honest enough to know that it takes two to quarrel. She began to do some thinking and realize that she and Ted were parted. They thought that their marriage was just on a long business trip "back in Chicago." It came as a stab in the heart, suddenly, when they would ask her, "When is Daddy coming back?"

For she had no wish to talk about it—under all that bung and zing of the Hutton personality is a deep maternal instinct and devotion to family and home.

Knowing Betty as I do—I know she must have begun to think, "Have I done wrong to deprive my children of their father, whom they love very much?"

Yes, as the gay whirl of the merrymaking began to slow down, I believe Betty began to think very serious things and to question the wisdom of her action in leaving Ted.

LOVE has never been an easy, comfortable emotion in Betty’s life. Of course, I cannot think of any Hollywood girl who has ever been more deeply hurt by love, unless it was her husb and dynamic Jean Harlow. But where Jean’s heartaches were exposed to the world to see, many of Betty’s hurts have never been known except to the people who love her best.

I remember when Betty first came to Hollywood, a big-eyed, eager kid. She was consumed by ambition. She wanted to prove she could achieve great triumphs. And in a hurry! Her career was the only thing that counted with her. And then, she met a man—a handsome, oh-so-attractive man. But she was not free to marry him, although he sent her orchids with cards saying, "I adore you."

During the two years this romance lasted Betty became depressed and lost weight at an alarming rate. She was so deeply in love that she would do nothing except sit at home in the apartment she shared with her mother and wait for this man to call her up. A telephone call from him was more than the most glamorous date with any of the eligible men with whom she could have stepped out.

It was one of the few who knew about this tragedy in Betty’s life, and I was amazed at her depth of feeling (she was just out of her teens then). She had my deepest sympathy, because there is no heartache for a woman that’s worse than deeply and truly falling in love with a man who is not free.
Eventually this love which had so consumed her wore itself out—as it had to. There is an innate spunk and firmness in Betty that would not permit her to throw her life away in a hopeless love. She, at last, made up her mind that this unhappy chapter was over in her life. But it cost her a lot to close the door on her love.

I've always believed it was just the "rebound" that caused her to announce a brief "engagement" to a good looking writer named Charles Martin. She wanted to fall in love with another man so much that I think she hypnotized herself into believing she cared for Martin.

I think, too, that she wanted to prove to that former man in her life that she was completely free of him when, on a personal appearance tour, she announced her engagement to Martin from a stage in New York, because she had no real, sincere feeling for Martin. It did not even hurt her, I'm sure, when he, ungallantly, told reporters no engagement existed.

After that, she became a little cynical about men. Once, bitterly, she said, "I want a home and children more than anything else in the world. But, darn it, I wish I could have them without a man."

She met Ted Briskin, the man she married, on a flying trip through Chicago. Betty and her press agent and close friend, Margaret Ettinger, happened to be dining alone there one evening. Across the room was a tall, dark and attractive man—Ted Briskin, son of a wealthy Illinois family.

Ted looked at Betty. Betty looked at Ted. And the first thing she realized after that first electric shock was that he had been a mutual friend and was standing in front of her table being introduced.

The story of their romance and marriage needs no long recounting here. For awhile, with the birth of their two daughters, I believe they were very happy. But Ted, who knows nothing about the picture business, made the fatal error of trying to manage Betty's career.

They had serious quarrels, always ending with Betty's tears and Ted's promises that he would not interfere any more. But he did. With Betty's career soaring higher and higher, his domineering ways—both in their private life and in her work—created an intolerable situation. They made a break six months ago, only to reconcile again because of the children, then part again in bitterness.

Now Betty and Ted will try again with the new "recipe."

Maybe these months they have been apart have washed away all the wrong things between them. I sincerely hope so—particularly for the sake of their beautiful little girls, who love them both so much.

THE END

Ted Briskin and Betty Hutton believe they have found a "recipe" for marriage
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leading you to the conclusion that it's the perfect answer for the woman who wants an antique look without the expense. Gene has found a way to do it without spending a fortune. And she's done it in style. She has created a collection of antique furniture that looks like it could have been made just yesterday.

The living room is the heart of any house, and this one is no exception. The walls are painted a soft beige color, and the floor is covered with thick, plush carpeting. The windows are draped with heavy, silk curtains that filter in just the right amount of light. The fireplace is the focal point of the room, with its crackling flames and inviting mantel. The mantel is decorated with a collection of antique vases and bowls, each one more beautiful than the last.

The dining room is just as stunning. The table is made of fine wood, and is topped with a lavish tablecloth and fine china. The chairs are upholstered in rich, velvet fabric, and are topped with cushions that are as comfortable as they are beautiful.

The kitchen is the perfect blend of old and new. The cabinets are made of solid wood, and are topped with countertops that are both beautiful and functional. The appliances are state-of-the-art, but they are made to look like they belong in the 19th century.

The bedrooms are just as charming. The beds are made of fine wood, and are topped with quilts that are as comfortable as they are beautiful. The curtains are made of soft, silk fabric, and are tied back with elegant ribbons.

Gene has also created a collection of antique clothing that is sure to make anyone feel special. The dresses are made of fine silk, and are decorated with intricate beadwork. The hats are made of fine straw, and are adorned with flowers and ribbons.

The accessories are just as beautiful. The jewelry is made of fine gold, and is set with diamonds and pearls. The shoes are made of soft leather, and are adorned with flowers and ribbons.

Gene has created a collection of antique furniture, clothing, and accessories that is sure to make anyone feel special. The pieces are made of the finest materials, and are decorated with intricate details. The collection is as beautiful as it is functional, and is sure to make anyone who sees it feel special.
provincial desk where Gene writes letters and keeps those accounts straight.
The extra size couch Gene calls her “guest room.” It sleeps two very comfortably. The coffee table in front of the couch is imitation French provincial. On a built-in bookshelf, which serves as a bar when necessary, is a large samovar lamp. The samovar Gene bought at auction for $30, and the shade is made of beige linen over parchment, with red piping. The room has a cornice of books and old-fashioned knick-knacks picked up all the way from New England to Santa Barbara. There are two 1874 “horse-y” prints on the walls, and the usual array of handsome relatives in silver frames on the desk and cabinet. The carpet is beige, and the drapes are made of white chintz with green roses.
Tina’s room is ideal for a little girl going on two. The walls are dusty rose gingham, the curtains are dotted Swiss, and the furniture is white with roses, hearts, and cups painted on it in gay colors. Painted on her little bed is her name, “Tina.” There’s a rocking chair which Gene bought in a secondhand store in Los Angeles, and painted white. There’s a Venetian chair on the floor for practicality. On the walls are pictures of Gene and Olek when they were Tina’s age, and on the dresser are pictures of Tina’s little friends.
The Carnegie bedroom has sloping beamed ceilings, and the walls are covered with a pale green French wallpaper. The clothes closet in the room has sliding doors, so Gene has had them covered with the wallpaper, and they now look like a very attractive screen. Which gives you an idea what to do with those always unattractive closet doors. The room has a Venetian love seat in green tafta, and two matching Venetian chairs. The twin beds were bought at auction. They were painted a violent color. So Gene promptly had them stripped. Gene’s dressing table is 18th Century French style, and quite a lovely piece. The lamps on her dressing table were formerly very ugly candlesticks. But a little pruning here and there did the job. The drapes are real Irish linen which Gene bought in England last summer for two dollars a yard.
Gene owns a cooperative apartment in New York, and a small house in Westport, Connecticut. These, too, are antiqued to the hilt. Her business manager has put his foot down. No more antiques, he says. Gene just smiles.

The End

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Put 'Em Up
(Continued from page 56) your face as well as you do.

Joan Evans illustrates the most fundamental type of pin curls this issue. These are not only the easiest to do, but they are most suited to the average face and head of hair. Joan's hair is heavy, healthy and naturally straight. She sets it every single morning, sometimes resets it in the late afternoon if she has a heavy date. Since she uses only plain water, and usually sun-dries it, her hair never looks "set." In fact, a mere male would think it grew in those soft waves.

That is what all men should believe of any woman's hair.

If you follow Joan's rules (which were given to Photoplay and Joan by Edith Brown, the famous "Brownie" of the Anne Meredith Shop, Beverly Hills' most expensive beauty parlor) you can't go wrong. Practice here, as anywhere, makes perfect. At the end of the week, you'll be skillful and at the end of a year, you should be perfect.

The kind of pin curls which Terry Moore likes for her "lifted from the face" do are a bit more difficult to do, because they must be pinned so that they stand up on top of the head, like small, round doughnuts. You'll need a bit more extra practice on these, if you find them becoming.

Terry wears her hair twice as long as Joan does. Her back-of-the-head hair is rolled up over her two fingers exactly the way you'd roll thread on a spool. She fastens these "spools" with hairpins at either end, then nets them.

The net deal is important. Be sure you use a net to hold the basic hair pins in place till your hair is absolutely dry.

For drying, the sun is best. Next, if you can afford it, comes the large professional standing dryer which most Hollywood girls own for their own homes. But the small standing dryers or the small hand dryers are excellent, too. Why not buy a dryer for yourself as a birthday present? It will pay you terrific dividends.

It is all right to take the pins out a little before your hair is thoroughly dry. But don't start unrolling until it feels dry and warm. The least cold feeling means it is still slightly moist.

Never comb out your wave; brush it out until all apparent "set" disappears. Then comb, once through lightly, as it falls in the waves you want. Any loose special curls near your face should be brushed up over your fingers.

Now step into your dress. (If it's a dress you have to put on over your head, you will, of course, put it on before you start to brush your hair. All you have to do now is swing into the living room and face that man in your life.

Chances are he'll say, "What I like about you is that you never fuss with your looks, you're just natural."

Next month: To doe eyes or not to doe eyes. Look for the result on saucy Diana Lynn, Geraldine Brooks, Yvonne De Carlo, Arlene Dahl, and Phyllis Kirk.

The End

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Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 29)
real wrestler who tips the scales at a mild 300 . . . Most of the comedy was shot on location in Death Valley where the thermometer hovered around 123 degrees.

\( F \) (F) Fancy Pants (Paramount)
IN HIS newest comedy, done up splendidly in plush and Technicolor, Bob Hope plays an American actor trying to pick up a bunch of swells in an English music hall at the turn of the century. Temporarily employed as "Humphrey, a gentleman's gentleman" at an Earl's stately home he is engaged by the southerner Efie Floid (Lea Penman) to return to Big Squaw, New Mexico, with her and give polish and culture to her self-made millionaire husband (Jack Kirkwood) and his gorgeous, vigorous daughter Aggie (Lucille Ball). Paw Floid gets confused and breezes it around Big Squaw that "Mae is bringing home a real Earl who is making goo-goo eyes at Aggie."

This doesn't set well with Aggie's surly cowboy-boss (Bruce Cabot) who plans to annihilate him as quickly as possible. Somehow or other Teddy Roosevelt (John Alexander), on a presidential tour, gets involved in the mad proceedings, becomes pals with the bogus Earl, and is guest of honor at a ride to hounds—the likes of which will cause England to cringe. Of the three Livingston and Evans songs, composed for this comedy, "Home Cookin'," is the one most likely to succeed.

Our Reviewer Says: Bob Hope. Is that bad?

Program Notes: This set was the mecca for hundreds of tourists and visitors. Bob is never too busy to shake hands and pose for a picture for the homefolks. Pandemonium was as rampant behind the camera as before it. Lucille Ball put it neatly when she said, "Coming to work with Bob is like going to a party every day. I've never had so much fun," . . . When Director Marshall called the actors for scenes he'd shout, "Let's bake the ham." Which always delighted the tourists . . . This picture will always be remembered by Bob as the picture on which he struck oil. It was a thrilling day on the set for him when he received word that oil was discovered on the property in Texas that he owns with Bing Crosby . . . Bob and radio comic Jack Kirkwood, who makes his movie debut as Paw, are old pals, having met twenty years ago when they were both doing an act in vaudeville . . . Lucille Ball broke two toes in the saloon fight with Bruce Cabot—he stepped on them.

\( F \) (F) Tea for Two (Warner's)
HERE'S a gay musical in color, loaded with nostalgic songs of the "Twentyies sung delightfully by Doris Day and Gordon MacRae. Two teenagers, prying among the contents of an old trunk, give S. Z. Sakall an excuse to shake his many thins and recall, in flashback, how career-ent Doris and singer-composer Gordon and their fellow Thespian put on a show, "No, No, Nanette," way back in 1929 when they Wall Street crash almost ruined show business. The picture abounds in top comedians and talented youngsters. Among the former are Billy De Wolfe, Eve Arden, "Gidgets" Sakall and Bill Goodwin. Doris makes her movie debut, and Patrice Wymore, another newcomer, tears into "Crazy rhythm."

Our Reviewer Says: A nostalgic song spree.
**Program Notes:** Doris Day was a bit wary about dancing with talented Gene Nelson when "Tea for Two" went into production. She devoted two weeks to rehearsal, eight hours daily. Gene said of her, "She's a great dancer. And what vitality. Just about wore me out." Doris now leads at Warners in the number of fan letters received weekly. Tal1, alluring Patrice Wymore, who plays the catty manservant, is one of Broadway's outstanding young singing and dancing stars. However, Kansas-born Patrice got her first real break in the Hollywood Bowl in Hollywood when she took over the leading role in "Up in Central Park" on a few hours' notice. Virginia Gibson was Virginia Gorski in New York where she played in a number of musicals. The studio changed Gorski to Gibson at the start of "Tea for Two" and Virginia expects to keep it that way. She was born in St. Louis and got her early acting experience with the Municipal Opera in that town. Designer Leah Rhodes raided the studio's wardrobe department for costumes for the picture. She found some "period" pieces worn by Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Dorothy Mackail and Billie Dove, stars of the Twenties.

**½ (F) King Solomon's Mines**

Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger are the stars of this elaborate Technicolor version of H. Rider Haggard's famous old classic. Filmed in Africa, the picture is highlighted by wild animals, lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, crocodiles and deadly snakes, in their native domain, and by thrilling encounters with primitive African tribes—including the tall, graceful Watussi. There's a roaring stampede of 6000 wild animals that alone is well worth the price of admission. The action takes place in Darkest Africa, the mysterious and brooding Africa of 1897. Elizabeth Curtis (Deborah) has a guilt complex that forces her to search for her husband who has disappeared in Africa. Looking for the legendary King Solomon's Mines, Allan Quatermain (Granger) agrees to be her guide. Richard Carlson, her brother, goes along as chauffeur. Naturally the fashionable lady and the guide start out hating and end up in the traditional clinch. The story often cracks with Victorian melodrama. But the scenery, animals and natives are magnificent. And there's a dreamboat Stewart Granger, stripped to the waist.

Your Reviewer Says: Different.

**Program Notes:** London-born Stewart Granger is a foremost screen and stage idol in England. His real name is James Stewart but he changed it when he started his film career for obvious reasons. He's 6'3", and weighs 190 pounds. He's a great outdoorsman, works out regularly in the boxing ring and on the tennis court, but most of all he likes to hunt. His role as the White Hunter was a natural for him. As soon as the picture was finished in Hollywood (interiors) he hied out for Africa to hunt wild lions. But he'd be back in Hollywood soon to play the title role in Metro's production of "Robinson Crusoe". Richard Carlson wrote a series of articles for a national magazine describing the rugged location. The troupe spent five months in Africa, covering 14,000 miles. Deborah had a chance to kiss her baby back in Hollywood before Metro sent her to Rome for "Quo Vadis?"

**W (F) Eye Witness**

Because a British sergeant saved his life in the Italian campaign, Robert Montgomery, a former U.S. major and now a successful New York lawyer, flies to England when he learns that his war...
huddy is being tried on a murder charge, Bob turns detective to save his friend, tangles with the local police, and becomes suspicious of an English widow (Patricia Wayne) with whom he falls in love. 

Filmed in England, the locale of this sly comedy is, of course, authentic and charming. As in most British films the acting honors go to the character actors, among them, Felix Aylmer, Harcourt Williams, Wylie Watson and Leslie Banks. Ann Stephens plays the sheriff’s daughter who becomes involved in the scandal.

Your Reviewer Says: Montgomery in England.

Program Notes: Robert Montgomery flew to England last fall to direct and star in this murder mystery with overtones of comedy. 

The part of the lawyer-sleuth appealed to him. When he finished this film job Bob returned to New York to take over his radio program—that of news commentator. And good he is there. The picture was produced by Joan Harrison, an English script-writer who became a Hollywood producer. Joan served her apprenticeship with the master of mystery, Alfred Hitchcock, so she knows a thing when she sees one ... This is Patricia Wayne's first picture. She somewhat resembles a Lauren Bacall, but with a becoming English robustness.

♀ (F) Stella (20th Century-Fox)

THE BEVINSES are about the daintiest family to live up the screen in many a month. The family includes such wonderful zanies as David Wayne, Evelyn Tarden and Frank Fontaine. Ann Sheridan, as Stella, is the breadwinner of the family. When Uncle Joe, a souse in the habit of going off on long benders, dies accidentally his relatives decide it looks like murder, so they just bury the old boy and pretend he's on another spree. Later it is discovered that Uncle Joe carried a double indemnity insurance policy, so the lan hastily starts identifying various bodies as that of Uncle Joe. Victor Mature lures Ann away from her stubby, ambitious boss (Leif Erickson), and makes it difficult for the greedy, job-dodging relatives. Randy Stuart, Marion Marshall and Lea Penman lend able support. Red-headed Ann and muscle man Vic make a very handsome romantic couple.

our Reviewer Says: Good imaginative fun.

Program Notes: This picture was a big reason for Ann Sheridan and director Claude Linney. It is Mr. Branyon, a dialogue writer at Paramount at the time, who wrote "must have" across the back of Ann's beauty photograph, thereby making her eligible for Paramount's "Search for Beauty," some fifteen years ago. Texas Clark, Louis Jean Heyward is the only one who made the grade in that contest. Victor Mature has more "lines" in this film than he's had yet, so he hired Herschel Haughey to coach him. It was Haughtery, he will tell you, who taught the Southern accent out of him when he played Shakespeare with the Pasadena Community Playhouse. "I was the only Laertes in history with a Louisville drawl," says Vic. David Wayne will next be seen in Betty Grable's "My Blue Heaven."

♀ (F) Convicted (Columbia)

THIS is a better than usual picture of modern prison life. Broderick Crawford plays, with great heart, a district tomy who sends to prison ex-Marine Ben Ford, guilty of accidental murder. 

Her Brod is appointed warden of the prison and he tries to befriend the boy, but his now Glenn is steeled in "the lisoner's code." Acting as the warden's vauffeur Glenn meets his pretty daugh-

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Your Reader Says: "Caged" with boys.

Program Notes: In his second picture since his Award-winning "All the King's Men," Brod gives another excellent performance. (Let's be sweet and forget his "Cargo to Cape-town." ) He is now busy playing the millionaire junk man in "Born Yesterday" with Judy Holliday . . . Glenn Ford left Columbia, his alma mater, over a year ago to free lance. He had a good time in Europe making "The White Tower" for RKO, but he was darkened lately to get back on his home lot where he knows everybody . . . Millard Mitchell and Carl Benton Reid are well-seasoned New York stage actors. Just try and steal a scene from them.

Martha Stewart, once married to comedian Joe E. Lewis, was last seen as the hash-check girl who got murdered in "In a Lonely Place." Background scenes were shot in California's largest prison, San Quentin.

(F) A Lady without Passport

EDY LAMARR, as easy on the eyes as ever, and John Hodiak take care of the romance in this melodrama which has to do with refugees trying to enter the United States illegally. Inspector James Craig has reason to believe that there is a big time smuggling ring operating in Havana, so he sends John, his bright young assistant to Cuba. Posing as a Hungarian refugee, John meets George Macready, the leader of the gang—and he also meets Hedy, who is trying to enter the country without an entry visa. Making like a male, he falls hopelessly in love with this beautiful dish. Climax of the picture is an exciting plane chase over the hazardous Florida Everglades.

Your Reviewer Says: Familiar.

Program Notes: For the past few years Hedy has been in a picture slump, but since her sensational triumph in "Samson and Delilah" she's hot as a firecracker again with producers. She has put her large home in Beverly Hills up for sale, and told her friends that from now on she will live in the East ... John Hodiak and his Anne Baxter continue to be one of Hollywood's happiest young couples. Their big problem at present seems to be getting their home finished. It's six months off schedule now . . . George Macready, a former New York stage star, specializes in smooth screen villainy. Remember him in "Gilda"?

Best Pictures of the Month
Summer Stock
Three Husbands
King Solomon's Mines

Best Performances of the Month
Bob Hope in "Flame PANTS"
Gertrude Lawrence in "The Glass Menagerie"
Emlyn Williams and Eve Arden in "Three Husbands"
David Wayne in "Stella"
Broderick Crawford in "Convicted"

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"HOW TO TRAVEL FOR FUN
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Even Keel

(Continued from page 58) Where Howard lives in a small pink stucco house with his wife, Helen, and their baby daughter, practically nobody knows he's a motion picture star. He sees to that. For to him the whole celebrity routine is pretty awesome. He likes to walk the streets unrecognized, doing what he wants to do, going where he wants to go. He likes to take long drives on Sundays with his wife and their friends; play a spirited game of pitch for pennies; take kids down to the pike at Ocean Park and ride the roller coaster.

When you first meet him there's a small sense of surprise that there's an actor. He has, rather, the look of an engineer, a geologist or a cattle man—the sensitive hands of the surgeon he once thought he might be. Equally surprising is the fact that as a youth he suffered from a terrible inferiority complex. "I used to be so tall and thin—a silly complex—but you know how kids get them," he says. He never went with a girl until he was a junior in high school. "I was at that long and gawky age then—and I was there for an awful long time."

It's become a confirmed fatalist. "I never meant to be in the movies—never even thought about it. A concert singer, maybe, if not a surgeon—thats what I meant to be." For a guy who never took an acting lesson, who "flunked out" on his only two screen tests and who couldn't even make the high school glee club back in Gillespie, Illinois, Howard Keel believes he's the luckiest mortal alive today.

But his background reveals more than luck. He has a single-minded determination. He has always achieved the thing he wanted, whether it involved learning to play golf, painting, shooting (after three lessons he took third prize in the California State Shooting Championship, and was soon hitting 98 out of 100), or working in an aircraft plant (at twenty, he rose to "lead man" in three months' time and had 350 men working under him). His ambition now is to become a good actor.

Howard has an intensity which belies his outwardly relaxed manner. "I'm too serious about whatever I'm doing," he says. "When you ask too much of yourself, you fume and thrash around, get too disappointed if you fail." His has been a life of ups and downs. But he has sufficient strength of character, purpose and emotion to rise above personal tragedies and emerge stronger. There are unhappy pages in his biography that will remain closed. Concerning matters about which he doesn't wish to elucidate, he gives a simple "yes" or "no" and a steady gaze that defies further questioning.

His story begins in Gillespie, Illinois, a small coal mining community of some 8,000. It isn't always a pretty story. Poverty seldom is. His father, Homer, worked in the coal mines and "he was killed at the beginning of the crash of 1930." Howard's mother, Grace Keel, "a good solid woman—she was sick most of the time we lived there, but she 'thought it through. I'll never know how,'" was a paperhanger by trade and "she took in washing or whatever—on the side."

Kids in Gillespie looked forward to a future as dark as the coal their fathers dug. "When they graduated, they'd start out as apprentices working in the slate pits outside the mines, or sometimes be taken straight inside to dig," Howard explains. "Some of them got out of Gillespie. If it hadn't—they'd have worked as was happening, I might still be there. But I think I would have gotten out anyway. The closest I ever came to working there was..."
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Can They Take It?

(Continued from page 62) because they lack what it takes to withstand the pitfalls that are the other side of stardom's bright coin.

This became an especially significant question one evening lately when Holywood's young set was invited to a preview of "Sunset Boulevard" in which Gloria Swanson plays a tragic, old-time movie star—one of her generation who did not survive the pitfalls. The Paramount studios, where this movie was made, wanted the younger set's reaction to a star of yesterday.

When the lights went on after the picture ended, Janet Leigh turned to John Derek who sat beside her. His wife, Pati Benr, was "baby-sitting at home," he explained.

"Do you think," she asked him, "that such things could happen to any one of us today? I don't! We're different!" Her words, however, were belied by the concern in her eyes. And John hesitated perceptibly before he agreed she probably was right.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE came with her new heart quickener, Charles Black. Near by sat John Agar, dateless and down in the dumps. Farley Granger was with Shelley Winters, Jane Powell with husband Geary Steffen, Arlene Dahl with Lex Barker. Gordon MacRae with his wife Sheila, Wanda Hendrix was there, too, and Gail Russell, all of them the crème de la crème of Hollywood's young acting aristocracy.

It looked around at them, one by one, and wondered where each would be professionally and personally twenty, ten, five years hence. The future is sometimes predicated on the past. In which case Janet Leigh should be sitting pretty—career wise. From obscurity to stardom, in three quick years. "It's still like a dream," says Janet dreamily. But her private life is more like a nightmare. Janet never talks about it, but she was married to a sailor (and the marriage annulled) before she married and divorced music man Stanley Reames. That's a lot of marrying and parting for a girl who isn't more than twenty-three.

Some people say Janet dropped Stan because he handicapped her rise to stardom. The actual truth is that Reames was fed up with her and went appendage to a popular movie starlet. Everyone talking to her, ignoring him. Demanding her autograph, pushing him aside.

"What happened to Arthur Loew?" I asked Janet recently. "We'll always be good friends," said Janet, giving me the old Hollywood bromide. "But I don't see him much now. I'm not ready to marry until I feel more secure in my career.

Young Loew, grandson of the founder of the firm—M-G-M—for whom Janet works, inherited a million-dollar trust fund when he was twenty-one years old. And he's nice to boot. When a girl gives a well-heeled guy like Arthur the go-by, she really is serious about her career. So I think Janet will probably have the same sort of career even at the cost of her private life. Which isn't always a good idea. I just hope that when Janet reaches Miss Swanson's age, she'll be able to say, "It was worth it."

It used to be the kiss of career death for an actor to admit that little ones were running around his hearth and home. Nowadays actors, even when very young, boast of their progeny, especially young singing star Gordon MacRae. I first met Gordon and his blonde youngsters at a party given by Judy Garland for her little daughter Liza. He also introduced me to...
MR. GRANGER's love-life remains an uncertain quantity. I've never known a man of any age who was so undecided about which girl he's in love with. When you talk to him about Shelley Winters, he says, "She's swell, but I'm seeing Geraldine Brooks tomorrow." When you ask after Gerry, he says, "I never met a girl I liked more." That same evening, he'll be a coosome tawson with Pat Neal. Well, Farley, he's an excellent actor, and Sam is too good a business man to cut off a star with Farley's potentials. But will Farley's popularity increase as it did when he and Mr. Goldwyn were in complete accord about what Farley should do? Two people pulling two ways produce a stalemate; progress halts.

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TISSUES

SOFTEST, FINEST, STRONGEST YET!

WILL JANE stay as sweet as she is? Will she bet a week's salary she will. This is a real person. So is her husband. "I never live on Jane's salary," Geary once told me. They each put dollar for dollar into the little, inexpressive apartment, with Jane saving the rest of her four-figure-week income. And just to make Jane's future happiness even more of a certainty, Geary is now selling insurance hand-over-foot, as much because of his own persuasive personality as because his fame as the husband of Jane Powell does not ever want to marry again. Shirley Temple told me emphatically that her doll's house of a home, soon after he was recently suspended for refusing to make a movie. Something new has been added. Farley now feels secure enough in his screen future to say, "No, I won't do that picture, it isn't good for me." Boss Goldwyn has never taken to that kind of talk with a smile. He could break Farley just as easily as he made him a star. Fortunately for Farley's future, he is an excellent actor, and Sam is too good a business man to cut off a star with Farley's potentials. But will Farley's popularity increase as it did when he and Mr. Goldwyn were in complete accord about what Farley should do? Two people pulling two ways produce a stalemate; progress halts.

Mr. Farley's virile, masculine-looking surface, there is apparently no change. But if I see a rippling smile on his face, I may be recently suspended for refusing to make a movie. Something new has been added. Farley now feels secure enough in his screen future to say, "No, I won't do that picture, it isn't good for me." Boss Goldwyn has never taken to that kind of talk with a smile. He could break Farley just as easily as he made him a star. Fortunately for Farley's future, he is an excellent actor, and Sam is too good a business man to cut off a star with Farley's potentials. But will Farley's popularity increase as it did when he and Mr. Goldwyn were in complete accord about what Farley should do? Two people pulling two ways produce a stalemate; progress halts.

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How A Star Is Born

(Continued from page 51) weddings, funeral services, and similar gatherings. Once an amateur is given a permanent job, he or she becomes a professional and must join AFR (American Federation of Radio Artists). Requirements for joining: You must have a job in radio, but you need not join until thirty days have elapsed. The initiation fee is $15 and dues for the first year are about $28. The second year, your dues are figured according to the size of your earnings.

In almost every small town radio log there is room for a weekly half-hour commentary by a high school student and high school newspaper; such a commentator might be doubly welcomed if he could bring in, not only the planned program and a number of the sample scripts for the projected show, but a commercial sponsor as well.

A high school disc jockey and a high school fashionista, society, and what's-going-on-around-town commentator might well make places for themselves over the local air. These jobs could also be done by post high school students able both to keep in touch with school news and to bring the beginning of maturity to the broadcasting task.

What About Radio Schools?

No legitimate radio school will promise to get a would-be student a job when the school course is finished. Like high schools, radio schools give courses of study followed by a diploma, then students are on their own.

One of the most highly regarded radio schools in Los Angeles gives a nine-month course in voice technique, drama and advertising, of twenty-five hours of work each week (5 hours a day, 5 days per week), and the charge for tuition is $74.50 per month.

Anyone with $780.50 to invest in a year of schooling (nine months' tuition at $74.50 per month as listed above) might do well to consider that the tuition at Pasadena Community Playhouse is $600 per year. The student, in both cases, must pay for room and board and incidental living expenses in addition to paying his tuition.

The minimum on which a student can live in Los Angeles is full time is $15 per month. The most reasonable way to live in Pasadena or in Los Angeles is to share a room or in a guest house. Two girls or two boys to a room, the tariff usually starts at $60 per month, for room and board and accommodations and run as high as $25 per week. In any case, this price includes two meals a day. The weekend, or on Sunday.

The budget must include an allowance for cleaning and laundry, essential toiletries, transportation, a semi-annual dental check-up and other incidentals.

Living isn't all that expensive. The rent will be around $60 in Pasadena, $80 in Los Angeles, utilities and telephone extra.

Among Hollywood stars today, those who owe their start to radio are too numerous to list completely, but undoubtedly you can think of, offhand, of such ex-radio luminaries as Jane Powell, whose early appearances over KOIN in Portland, Oregon, attracted the notice of Habakuk who was writing, directing, and acting in radio dramas over the Rock Island (Ill.) airwaves when she was eleven and was happy to accept two dollars worth of ice cream per week as payment for Bill Lindsay and Gordon MacRae, whose home town (Syracuse, New York) supplied each of them with a radio break; of Alan Ladd, Paul Douglas, Ronald Reagan, Mercedes

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HOURS

Pretty Baby

Daughter Linda Susan is intrigued with Shirley Temple's fabulous doll collection. And you'll be intrigued with Shirley's new life. Ida Zeilin tells you about it in the November issue of Photoplay, on sale October eleventh.

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the easy, odorless
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two years of general college study it should be pointed out that some of the best dramatic training courses available today are provided by universities.

If, for any reason, college is completely out of the question, don't despair. The ambitious young person should finally move to the nearest large city and get a job—any job that is honest.

That done, a number of possibilities offer themselves. If a girl or a man has a good singing voice, he or she should seek an interview with the leader of every name band that comes to town. Don't ever forget that Bing Crosby sang with Paul Whiteman, Dorothy Lamour sang with Ker-Ker Kay, Betty Hutton sang with Vincent Lopez, and Judy Garland did Hal Kemp, Dick Haymes sang with Harry James, and Marilyn Maxwell sang with Buddy Rogers.

If a girl is unusually pretty, she should check the local photographers to find out what sort of photographic modeling jobs are available. (Nearly every large department store uses a great deal of fashion photography in its advertising.) The ambitious newcomer also should find out whether there are dramatic courses being given by the city schools in any of the night Adult Educational Training Classes, and he or she should find out whether there are plays produced by local stock companies.

If the neophyte has had hometown radio experience, he or she should seek an interview with the program director of each of the big town radio stations, writing a letter (before phoning for an appointment) describing previous experience.

Some general rules for making a success of your first venture away from home:

How to find a satisfactory room: If you go to college, you will probably be housed in a dormitory. One of the offshoots of the Dean of Women will supply you with a list of accredited private homes in which students are quartered.

If you do not go to college, but are planning to get a job, go to the Young Women's Christian Association (YWCA—address and telephone number in the book of course) or to the Travelers Aid, and ask for advice.

If your family has friends in the city, write to them in advance, asking if you may telephone when you are settled. When you call, tell them where you are living and work, and ask them if they have any suggestions for bettering your situation.

What Clothing to Take:

This depends entirely upon the locality in which you live and the time of year when you travel, but in general a man is wise to take along one good dark suit, one good light suit and a supply of white shirts, plus whatever work clothing he will need. A top coat is useful, even in the summer, in some parts of the country.

A girl should take one simple dark suit and match it with a non-fussy hat. If possible, shoes, purse and gloves should match. She will always wear hat and gloves when job hunting. In addition to the suit, she will need a top coat and two sensible "business" suits.

Your first purchase in a city new to you should be a street guide and a city and state history. Don't think that, because you grew up only forty miles away, you know all about a new environment; more than likely you know little about the circumstances of its founding, and its colorful beginnings. You may increase all stature as a person if you can be authoritative about the places in which you have lived.

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Personal
To Women With
Nagging Backache

As we get older, stress and strain, over-excitement, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes throw the kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Getting up nights or frequent passages may result in minor bladder irritations due to cold, dampness or dietary indiscretions.

Your discomforts are due to these causes, don't wait, try Doan's Pills, a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions over 50 years. While these symptoms may occur in others yet, it's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief-help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste, get Doan's Pills today!
of college or other training, when, presumably, the student has had enough cultivation to make him employable, or after enough years of working to have acquired job sophistication and at least $500 in the bank, the dramatically student is ready for the trip to New York or to Hollywood.

If You Go to New York: (Much of this material was furnished to Photoplay by Rick Jason, a Broadway alumnus who has just been signed by Columbia Studios as a result of his work in Ludwig Bemelmans' "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep")

During your first month in New York (or in any city strange to you) it is wise to try the -on-things which cost slightly more than you had planned to pay. At the end of the first month you will know the city well enough to secure less expensive housing which is still in a desirable district.

Once you are settled, you will proceed to the celebrated intersection of 43rd Street and Broadway and buy a copy of the "Actor's Cues Show Business." This publication comes out every Tuesday and costs twenty-five cents. It lists every producer and director planning to cast a play, and contains all types of news interesting to theatrical people.

Note: Newcomers often find that the jobs listed in "Actor's Cues" have already been taken by insiders with a fine grapevine connection. This fact does not lessen the value of Cues; the pamphlet serves its principal purpose by supplying the newcomer with a ready made morale builder and much introductory information. There is no better way to get acquainted with Broadway quickly.

The Broadway connected with Actor's Cues and a list of agents, is prepared to "make the rounds," which is Broadwayese for saying he is job hunting.

Rick Jason likes to tell ambitious youngsters, "Never overdress. When you are overdressed, you are actually playing a part yourself, and, unfortunately, the producer may not be casting that part at the time of your visit."

One of the first questions you will encounter, when you are given an application (or registration) blank to fill out, will be: "What experience have you had?"

Caution should be used at this point. Don't mention having the lead in four plays at Muddy Waters Union High School, or you will be tagged immediately as an amateur. Refrain from making much of your little theater experience.

However, if you worked in a summer stock, write "I was with the Dusty Roads Theater in 1949, and with Poison Ivy Playhouse in 1950." Don't explain that you painted scenery, upholstered chairs, ran for a doctor in "Fifteen," or learned five parts as understudy without ever uttering a word before footlights. The fact that you have had two seasons of summer stock means that some of the naive has disappeared.

While making the rounds of the producers', directors' and agents' offices, getting registered and being interviewed wherever possible, make friends with other round-trippers. In this way, you gradually accumulate a circle of acquaintances who share your interests; one never knows how pleasant and long-lived these relations may become.

Once widely registered, the theatrical careerist should make every effort to become self-sustaining. There are hundreds of ways of doing this. Modeling is a side-line appeal to some newcomers, but most of the profession is in a field which allows very little leisure during which you can make the rounds. Serving as a commercial photographic model is also a career in itself. (To get such jobs,

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a girl should make a list of modeling agencies and commercial photographers from the yellow section of the Manhattan telephone directory, and then call upon each one. You should carry along a few clear, glossy self-portraits, preferably one showing only head and shoulders, short, full-length, in simple street clothes.

A person who has had some previous small-town radio experience should apply for both radio and television work at each of the major New York radio stations. The way to apply is to go to the information desk and ask whether the casting director is now interviewing applicants; if the answer is "yes," ask to make an appointment. If the answer is "no" ask where you may secure an application blank and to whom to mail it when you have filled it in.

Fretting over jobs and earning his keep, the dramatic careerist should continue to add to his professional knowledge. There are many ways to do this in New York. The American Academy of Dramatic Arts (tuition around $600 per year, not including board and room) has turned out some of the theater's most distinguished people, and its productions are always scouted; so has the Theodora Irving School for Actors headed by Anne Baxter, Gene Tierney, and Claudette Colbert, who also attended AADA.

If training of this sort is impossible, the student should associate himself with what are known as "Off Broadway" groups. These consist of hopeful amateurs who get together and produce plays which are often attended by both Broadway and Hollywood scouts. One finds these by inquiring among acquaintances made in producers' waiting lines, and by reading "Actor's Cues."

It should always be borne in mind that Broadway did not send for you. You came because you had equipped yourself to fight for a place in one of the most overcrowded professions on earth. You should regard yourself as a person whose importance is not measured by what you do to yourself. You should admit in advance that there are going to be rough times, through which you will build character, and some rough times during which you will help someone less fortunate.

You will get accustomed to hearing agents, producers, directors, perhaps even fellow actors say, "Why don't you go back to South Stupid and go into business with your dad?" Or, "Why don't you go back home and marry the boy?"

And if, after hundreds of disappointments and no encouragement whatsoever, you decide to go back home, you should go with the undefeated intention of starting a theater in your town and providing solid dramatic training for the local youngsters who show ability and an interest in a dramatic career.

If You Go to Hollywood:

(This material has been supplied in part by Sally Forrest, the girl who knows that the beginning she has made in "Not Wanted," "The Young Lovers," "Vengeance Valley," and "Mother of a Conspiration" is that—a beginning. She has not forgotten the period of nearly two years during which she earned her living by giving dancing lessons and by doing occasional parts in pictures.)

Anyone planning to assault Hollywood should learn to drive well. Anyone seeking a job is infinitely handicapped without a car. Southern California. (However, Sally Forrest has never owned a car, has always traveled by bus, so fame can be earned the super-hard way.)

To find lodgings, the newcomer should buy a copy of the Hollywood Citizen News and consult the fine print; or, one may telephone the YWCA or the Travelers Aid for advice. It might be a good idea to register at one of the Hollywood hotels until he has begun to know something of the far-flung, lackadasical city.

Warning: Hollywood is the city of the telephone. Be sure that your lodgings afford efficient telephone service so that you can get off a call. If you are looking for work, and the agent may decide that the newcomer should stick to ingénue or juvenile roles, or that he or she should do comedy or some type of light work, he may tell an inexperienced agent, in his highest capacity, envisions a way of making a promising potential into a tradable commodity.

An agent knows what each studio is seeking, and he attempts to maintain the closest possible relationship with producers so that clients get every consideration.

It is not at all unusual for an agent to serve as talent scout; in this capacity he may put to work his personal contacts which will pay him or her a living wage while being trained.

Agents form a friendly fraternity among themselves, and they attend a number of agents' conventions in which a number of agents are represented at each step; if a promising newcomer is seen, yet the auditioning agent cannot add a client, he may recommend the newcomer to an agent from another office. He may tell the newcomer that a particular studio can't sign a promising newcomer for some reason, occasionally interest an agent in him.

For all these reasons, it is a good idea to make the rounds of the agents' offices. In most cases, you will be given a polite brush-off, but if you have that indescribable quality for which people will pay money, you will capture the heart of the secretary, and the secrets will spill your potential. She is just as interested in finding you and sending you into the main office, as you are anxious to be found, so hang in there.

Once you have made the rounds of studios and various agencies, and nothing has happened, you should make the rounds of the many little theaters in Los Angeles, Long Beach, Santa Barbara, and so on. If you investigate the Geller Workshop, the Ben Bird Theater, Bliss-Hayden, or any of the theaters advertised in The Hollywood Reporter, you may be able to take brush-up acting classes and earn your living at the same time. Coleen Gray, June Haver, Dana Andrews, Victor Mature, and hundreds of others were spotted by scouts and agents at the many small-town theaters.

If you will follow the New York plan given in this article, you will win a series of small parts, then a series of better parts, and finally a part which will win a screen test contract for you.

If you will follow the Hollywood plan, and if you have the potential, you, too, will be asked to take a screen test.

Now we come to the most exciting and critical point—your screen test. Next month, learn in detail how departments of make-up, wardrobe and camera and editing department cooperate to make this test successful.
Which Twin has the Toni?

Toni looks as lovely as a $20* permanent
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The twins show you the lovely proof! When you choose Toni—for only one dollar you are getting the very finest permanent there is. A wave that's caressably soft like naturally-curly hair... and guaranteed to look just as lovely—last just as long as a permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set).

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Maybe they'll call you a flirt...

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inviting color! For Coquette is a provocative new mood in powder—warm, golden rachel—charming as a blush and not half

so innocent!... Remember—it's Woodbury... the powder with a unique ingredient that gives

your skin a satin-smooth sheen with no "powdery" look... finer texture,

delightful fragrance, longer cling!... Whatever your complexion, see it lovelier in Coquette!

Try it today—15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.

... in cream make-up, too

Try Coquette Woodbury Cream Make-Up, in a warm peach of a rachel! A complete

make-up that veils blemishes and tiny lines. Or match it with Woodbury

Powder for a "beauty look" so glamorous, it's unfair to other women! Only 39¢

plus tax.
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Surprise Story About A Happy Shirley Temple

Shelley Winters
Joan Evans
Elsa Maxwell

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Capture the look of New Loveliness WITH YOUR First Cake of Camay!

How thankful you feel—when Someone New wins your heart—if your skin’s at its glorious best! And your skin will be softer—clearer, too—with your first cake of Camay. Change to regular care—use Camay alone. Marvel at the difference your first cake of Camay makes!

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A finer beauty soap than Camay does not exist! It's so mild—so quick with its creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured Camay’s flattering fragrance. When Camay’s your complexion care, the first cake can bring new beauty!

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It began with a blind date at a Syracuse sorority. But how could Bill be blind to Cicely’s complexion? It’s so clear—so fresh-looking—soft as a camellia petal. Cicely found there is complexion magic in Camay’s creamy lather!

It led to a flying honeymoon! And Cicely brought home a British sixpence for a charm. But her special charm is her complexion. Cicely says: “Your first cake of Camay can bring a smoother skin. See for yourself!”

Camay—The Soap of Beautiful Women
Wet feet, or cold feet, may so lower body resistance that germs in the throat called the Secondary Invaders can get the upper hand.

these germs may invade tissue...

Here are some of the Secondary Invaders which many authorities think responsible for most of a cold's misery. Anything that lowers body resistance makes it easier for them to invade the tissue. Listerine Antiseptic often halts such an invasion.

you start sneezing!

That sneeze, or cough, or snuffle is usually a sign that you may be in for a cold... that you should start fighting it with Listerine Antiseptic.

When this happens...

that you should start fighting it with Listerine Antiseptic.

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!

The safe, direct way to attack colds and sore throat

That Listerine Antiseptic gargle gets right to the seat of the trouble... the threatening germs in the throat shown above. They can cause most of a cold's misery when they invade the tissue. Listerine Antiseptic kills them by millions on throat surfaces.

So, if you gargle Listerine Antiseptic early, you may head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity, once started.

The Listerine Antiseptic way is a safe way, a direct way, with none of the undesirable side-effects of some so-called "miracle drugs". It has a wonderful record against colds and sore throat.

Tests made during twelve years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and sore throats—and generally milder ones—than those who did not gargle.

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Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
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PHOTOPLAY
November, 1950

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ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH — AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research reported in Jolly Reader's Digest.

your problems answered

by CLAUDETTE Colbert

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

DEAR Miss Colbert: Because of the housing shortage which is still great in this area, my husband and I finally moved from our noisy hotel into the spare room in my aunt's attic. She needed the income, and after we had looked over the space, we decided we could make something of it.

We plastered and painted; we built shelves and screens, we refinished the floor. I made curtains, draperies, rugs, lounge covers and even wove a seat for an old chair. All this was done on our days off, Saturdays and Sundays.

Our place is now extremely attractive and we are proud of it. However, for the past three months, my aunt has been taking her friends up to our quarters and, apparently, spending the afternoon there. Our rugs are tracked with dust and sometimes mud if the weather has been bad. Our furniture has rings on it from the iced tea which the visiting ladies drink, and their sticky fingerprints are everywhere. They even use our bathroom towels.

My husband got tired of it and put a padlock on the door.

Now my aunt says that unless we leave the door unlocked, we will have to move. She says it is her house and she has a right to take her friends where she pleases.

I am heart sick as I love our "attic heaven," but I can't stand my aunt's attitude. Is there any protection for people like us?

Frances P.

Fortunately you live in a large city where there is a Legal Aid Society. This group gives legal advice to people in modest circumstances who can pay only a dollar or two for interpretation of the laws of their state and city.

In some areas a landlord has the right of inspection whenever he (or she) chooses. This rule is sometimes essential in order for property to be properly protected. However, tenants also have rights, and you should know exactly what they are in your vicinity.

Even though you have invested a great deal of time and money in your "heaven" perhaps it would be better to look for lodgings elsewhere. Next time (and the Legal Aid Society will help you in this respect) it might be wise for you to draw up a pre-rental agreement with your landlord, specifying that inspection is to take place only when your permission is given, or when you are at home.

Be comforted by this knowledge: what you have done before, you can do again even better!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert: I am a man of twenty-three, the youngest of nine children. My father died when I was six, so—since I was sixteen—I have supported my mother and my slightly older sister. All the others married young and had their own troubles, so couldn't help us.

My thirty-two-year-old brother has always been my mother's favorite son. Two years ago this brother came home with girl he had let in for trouble. As a result of this disgrace my mother was desperately sick. I am still paying hospital bill for this illness.

My mother hates my sister-in-law and has never forgiven my brother. She dislikes this mistake with all of our family friends, saying, "He was my favorite son and I would have trusted him with my life!"

All this has left me with an inferiority complex. I have the feeling that I am a plugger of the family, the dull one who works hard and uncomplainingly toward whom people feel only toleration and perhaps pity.

How can I get over my self-deprecation? How can I fall in love, and I loved? I want to get over this loneliness very much.

Helmut N.

Your mother, or any mother, is making a heart-breaking mistake when she openly admits favoritism among children. However, that statement is just a passing thought, as there is probably nothing to be done now about giving your mother the wisdom she should have acquired in the process of rearing his children.

Don't despair, because your own situation can be managed to bring you confidence and happiness. Make friends with the people among whom you work. Make it a point to bowing with some of the men, or some football games. Your men friends will introduce you to girls and the fact thing you know, you will have a wide circle of friends.

Perhaps it might be well to mention one likelihood at this time: When you select a wife, it is logical to assume that your mother will suddenly decide if you are her favorite son and that you must not marry and leave her. The attitude of sensible people, in such a case, is that you must see that your mother's needs are satisfied, but that you have right to your own life, love, and happiness.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert: I have a younger sister who is to married around Christmas-time.

A year ago she was engaged to a boy but broke her engagement a month before the wedding date. She had been given wedding shower by this boy's relatives and received many lovely gifts from them. When they broke (Continued on page
YOU'LL VOTE IT PICTURE OF THE MONTH, OF THE YEAR, OF THE DECADE!

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

JANE WYMAN
KIRK DOUGLAS
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Is Your Daughter a Stay-at-Home Because of Periodic Pain?

Have you told her about Midol?

No modern girl need "stay at home", miss parties and break dates because of the time of month. Midol has changed all that by bringing quick comfort from menstrual suffering.

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Midol brings amazingly fast relief from menstrual headache because it contains two highly effective, proven medical ingredients that are often prescribed by many doctors.

Midol Eases Cramps

Midol contains an exclusive anti-spasmodic ingredient which quickly eases cramps. Even women who have suffered severely report that Midol brings quick comfort. And Midol does not interfere in any way with the natural menstrual process.

Midol Chases "Blues"

The mild stimulant in Midol helps lift her out of the depression and "blues" which often attend the menstrual process. So see that your daughter takes Midol and takes it in time. She'll be her charming self even on days she used to suffer most.

Midol is the Thing to Take for Functional Periodic Pain

(Continued from page 4) up, she offered to return the gifts, but they told her to keep them, saying that every bought the quarrel would be patched up.

When this boy heard that his sister was to be married to someone else, he asked that the gifts now be returned. My sister thinks it would be silly to return the things after all this time. She has never used anything, of course, and nearly everything is in its original box.

My opinion is that everything should be bundled up and turned over to the mother of this boy. She can distribite the presents to the original donors, because the gift cards are still attached.

Do you agree with me or with my sister? 

Mrs. A. T. C.

Books of etiquette are quite explicit about situations of this sort. Actually your sister should have waved aside the earlier suggestion of her ex-fiance's relatives that she keep the gifts. She should have returned each gift personally, again expressing her appreciation for the thoughtfulness and generosity of the donor.

Now, quite definitely, she should ship each package carefully and return it to the person who sent the gift. You live in a city of moderate size, and I presume that your sister and her fiancé plan to remain there. The extent of her social acceptance in the city for many years should be governed by the graciousness of her behavior in this single situation.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Can you tell me why I am such a coward? I am afraid to tell my husband that I don't love him, not because I am afraid of him, but because I can't bear to hurt him.

We have been married four years; I am twenty-four, and he is twenty-nine. Our first year of marriage was horrible. My husband drank very heavily. He would get intoxicated every time we were invited to the homes of my friends, and sometimes he would come home late at night, laughing, singing, and bumping into things. He would wake up the neighbors, who would telephone, making me feel like a fool.

Finally I left him, but we reconciled because he acted as if I had broken his heart. He promised to reform, and I must say he has, but I just don't love him as I did when we were first married.

I get so depressed, living with him. There is no enjoyment at all in dragging home to him after work in the evening. I often think how wonderful it would be to come home at night to someone I really love, and have the help of spending my whole life with a husband for whom I only feel sorry, but I haven't the nerve to tell him the truth since he has reformed entirely.

(Mrs.) Candace O.

One of the first things to consider in your case, I believe, is this: Your letter which was written with a love and a sincerity which I would have liked to print in its entirety, sounded tired—terribly tired. I believe it is safe to say that it is impossible for anyone to be head over heels in love when one is physically exhausted.

Although you didn't tell me what sort of work you do, it was evident to me that it is trying your strength and that you are trying to keep house in a perfect manner in addition to going to business full time.

It seems to me there is something else to be considered in your case: Love is not a simple, easily analyzed, clearly understood emotion. It is a practical way of seeing what a romantic, inexperienced girl expects it to be. Perhaps the most successful marriage is that in which each of its partners is the other's best friend; if that fact that your husband has reformed would indicate that he is trying to please you, that he has the instinct of a br friend to be what you would like him to be. The fact that you are tender toward him and cannot hurt his feelings you seem to indicate that you still love him, although the romantic aspect of your marriage has disappeared and the social satisfaction of being engaged to someone to whom you are important is with whom you have overcome serious obstacles has not yet begun to make its felt.

A little better health, more rest, and sensible determination to find the good things in your marriage and to capitalize on them will save your home, I believe.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirteen years old and have a sister, sixteen, who works in a theater office and saves money to buy pretty clothes, the same size I wear.

My mother says I am still too young get a job, and my father is already de so I do not have pretty things like sister has.

Today I wore a coat of hers to school. The bell had not even rung when came running to school and took off coat, telling my mother all the girls and boys. I began to cry and ran home. When I got home I was so chilly I thought I would ever get warm again, cannot bear to go back to school before I him and girls, look me at me.

How can I make my sister see must have her things when I want them?

Helen M.

I sympathize with the embarrassment you must have felt when your sister possessed her coat, but I suspect that your sister had warned you of her intention in e-mailing the coat.

Let's face it: The only way human beings can get along together in this world is for each individual to respect the rights of others. Borrowing without asking permission the property owner is little different from stealing.

It may be that your sister is selfish not offering to loan you certain items her wardrobe, but the fact remains that is her own and she does right make the rules governing its use.

If you were the older sister younger sister did not always take best possible care of her personal clothing, I'm certain you would understand.

At any rate you'll be able do both siting and running errands for neighbors within the next year or two and you'll be able to afford some fancy of your own.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
What was Harriet Craig's Lie?

Here is a strange and exciting woman, at war with everything and everyone who stood in her way.

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Based on the Pulitzer Prize winning play, "Craig's Wife," by George Kelly
Produced by WILLIAM DOZIER • Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN
Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie at Tony Martin's Cocoanut Grove opening before Piper went on a cross-country tour and discovered Vic Damone

According to Rumor: Despite tangible evidence, things aren't quite as cozy as they used to be between Tyrone Power and Linda Christian. They may not be engaged (at this writing) but when Lex Barker returned from Africa, Arlene Dahl met him in New York and they flew back to Hollywood together. Local rental agents have been instructed to find Tarzan a "tree for two". Joseph Cotten has lost so much weight, his friends are worried. Ava Gardner, who left Spain and Mario Cabre behind, is curious and concerned over her studio's plans for her future. Bob Hope's inimitable observation on the news announcement of former quiz kid Vanessa Brown's marriage to Dr. Robert A. Franklyn: "Imagine having a wife who knows all the answers!". Scott Brady's trying to convince Dorothy Malone he's the right man to put the ring on her left hand. Mark Stevens requested his new bosses at U-I not to put him in pictures with Shelley Winters. Farley Granger's refusal to make personal appearances for Sam Goldwyn may result in a lawsuit.

It's True That: Ray Milland, who's making a movie in England, turned over his dressing room—complete with refrigerator, tape-recording machine and fabulous record collection—to Laurence Olivier (Don't call me "Sir" in Hollywood) who's at Paramount making "Carrie Ames". Ann Sothn knew Richard Egan was coming, so she baked him a birthday cake covered with frosted shamrocks. Jane Powell has suddenly developed into such a stunning young matron, M-G-M has to develop a new teenager, whose initials spell Debbie Reynolds. Peter Lawford is so "nuts" about surf board riding, he keeps one of the boards in his car constantly.

It was an enchanted evening for Gene Tierney when she met Ezio Pinza at the premiere of "Stars in My Crown"
Pat Wymore and Errol Flynn, at Betty Hutton party, discuss plans for an autumn marriage in France.

Happy talk: Director Fred De Cordova, Mark Stevens and Ann Blyth on set of "Katie," in which Ann, Mark co-star.

There was music in the air on "Toast of New Orleans" set when stars Mario Lanza, David Niven were visited by Howard Keel (left). Howard's fine baritone gets a rest in his next, "Three Guys Named Mike," a straight comedy.
Hollywood holiday with all expenses paid: Mrs. Lorraine Rzeszutko, first prize winner of Photoplay's Hollywood Tour Contest, travelled with husband Edward on Santa Fe's Super Chief.

Lucky Lady: When Mrs. Lorraine Rzeszutko received a telegram from the editors of Photoplay announcing that she had won first prize in the Hollywood Tour contest featured in the May issue, she at once made her plans. And, early in August, when her husband, Edward, started his summer vacation, they were on their way. Until this trip, Mrs. Rzeszutko had never been more than a few miles distant from her home city of Chicago. She had never before ridden on a train and she had never seen a movie star in the flesh. Imagine her excitement, then, when she and her husband were taken to Paramount and out on the set of "The Lemon Drop Kid" to be presented to Bob Hope, who was rehearsing with Marilyn Maxwell.

The Rzeszutkos lived in style at the hotel and traveled in style. They met Paul Winchell, the ventriloquist; they talked to John Derek and Shelley Winters; they dined with Esther Williams and Ben Gage at their restaurant "The Trails." They saw Hoagy Carmichael at the Del Mar race track. Everywhere they went they were photographed with the stars. And everywhere they went, Mrs. Rzeszutko had just the right thing to wear, a boon to any woman and any holiday, because of the extensive travel trousseau which was included in the first prize. "They'll never believe me in Chicago when I tell them about this," Mrs. Rzeszutko kept saying, over and over, until she found, to her joy, that she would have a set of photographs to prove her story.

A trip to famed Deauville Beach Club at Santa Monica gave Lorraine opportunity to show off other prizes—the Brilliant bathing suit, Kleinert beach bag and Honeybug terry scuffs.

Just like a male—Danny the chimp, trained for movies by Tony Gentry—admired Lorraine's prize Holeproof hosiery. She appeared on Bill Walsh’s show over KFI-TV in Los Angeles.
During Hollywood stay, Lorraine and Edward saw so many stars their heads were spinning! Here they are entertained by Esther Williams and Ben Gage at The Trails restaurant.

Biggest thrill of all was touring the studios and seeing the stars at work. At Paramount, they met Marilyn Maxwell and comedian Bob Hope on the set of "The Lemon Drop Kid".

Daily double: Mr. R. looks doubtful, Mrs. R. interested, as they check the entries at popular Del Mar race track. P. S. Our Hollywood editors forgot to tell us who won!

At Columbia, Lorraine had her autograph book all ready— for handsome John Derek. John was busy making his picture "The Hero" when the Rzeszutkos dropped into the studio.

Lorraine made a pretty picture at Ciro's in her prize Carole King black velvet cocktail dress and Deltah pearls. Among the many stars who stopped to say hello was Shelley Winters.

At the Beverly-Carlton Hotel Lorraine looks at some of the prizes she won—her smart Shwayder luggage, the Carole King dress, Maidenform bras, Playtex girdle, shoes, etc.
Are you **always** **Lovely to Love**?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced... held... kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration... prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamiest, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.

Monty Woolley Jr: The person this story amuses most is—Clark Gable. It seems before he started "Across the Wide Missouri," his studio instructed him to let his beard grow. Being a good boy who always does what he's told, the virileMr. G. just smiled and tucked away his razor. Finally, they called him into the studio for wardrobe fittings. When they got a gander at that luxuriant face foliage—very fine but very gray—they ordered the make-up department to make with a fast false beard. Clark went happily on his way—to the barber shop.

The Truth Is: Bill Holden, who finally got a deserving break in "Sunset Boulevard," was so sensational M-G-M offered a fortune for his contract. Columbia and Paramount (who share it) won't sell... Doris Day and June Allyson are two actresses who love the domestic life to such an extent, don't be surprised if they appear less frequently in front of the camera. Ida Lupino and Howard Duff agreed to disagree, didn't see each other (or anyone else) for a month and got back together without Hollywood finding out about it... Jane Wyman, who started out as a cheesecake queen, was so self-conscious wearing a sarong in "Three Guys Named Mike," they had to close the set... Van Johnson, who was thirty-four in August, does special exercising for strengthening his face muscles... Ginger Rogers, who's a big girl now, was talking "baby talk" at La Rue's, while a group of out-of-towners in an adjoining booth looked as surprised as they felt.

Set of the Month: Cal managed to see one "take" before they gave him the bum's rush! Fred Astaire was "dancing on the ceiling" in "Royal Wedding"—a feat accomplished by his famous feet and a mechanical device that strapped in the cameraman and carried the camera around in circles. Suddenly someone deduced the mechanics of the illusion should be kept a deep dark secret. "But everyone knows I can't (Continued on page 14..."
HERE'S EXCITING NEWS!
The first new kind of Girdle in 11 years!

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With amazing Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom-of-action plus—fabric next to your skin!

You've never seen a girdle like this, never felt a girdle like this, never enjoyed such comfort in any girdle. It's a triumph of science—to fuse this new cloud-soft fabric lining to a pure latex sheath.

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One of these Twins has a Toni, the other has a $20* permanent. Can you tell—

**WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI?**

Look closely! Compare the shining softness . . . the live, long-lasting “spring” . . . the lovely natural look of both permanents. Which is which? You can't tell! Not even experts can find any difference between the $1 Toni and the beauty shop wave. Because a Toni looks as natural, feels as soft as a $20 wave (including shampoo and set.) It's actually guaranteed to be as beautiful and last as long. Your Toni has that natural look from the first day. There’s no frizz! Even if your hair is baby-fine, bleached or tinted, Toni's gentle Creme Waving Lotion leaves your wave as satin-soft and easy to set as Alva Anderson's (at left). You can be sure of this — for only Toni has given over 93 million natural-looking waves to all types of hair. Try a Toni — you'll love it!

Toni alone, of all home permanents—looks so natural, feels so soft! That's why more women choose Toni than all other home permanents combined!

**Here's the reason!** Toni contains its own gentle blend of the very same waving ingredients used in most expensive beauty shop lotions. Yet Toni costs only . . . . . . . .

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Toni HOME PERMANENT

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Following in father's footsteps is Donna O'Connor, on a visit to Donald during shooting of "The Milkman"

**INSIDE STUFF**

(Continued from page 12) actually dance on the ceiling," the reasonable Fred reasoned. "Why not capitalize on the originality of this number and publicize it?" In the meantime a persuasive hand guided us toward a door marked "exit." Just outside we encountered Jane Powell sipping a milkshake. "Fred Astaire orders one every day for me," she beamed, "because I lose weight dancing with him." How did it feel to dance with the movie legends? "Fred would make anyone look good!" said she. Come to think of it, he always has.

Names in the News: It's a little Robin for Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, who welcomed a seven-pound baby girl . . . Combining marriage, motherhood, career, and philanthropic obligations rated Loretta Young the title of outstanding Catholic woman of the year . . . Alimony blues for Mickey Rooney, whose second wife claims he's behind in his payments to her and their two children . . . Phyllis Kirk burning and not yearning for musician Andre Previn, whose engagement was announced simultaneously with his induction notice. They're friends, aren't engaging and never discussed marriage . . . It's number four for Don DeFore, whose son arrived on pappy's birthday . . . Why does Anne Baxter go in for super sexy publicity when hers is one of the truly genuine and dignified talents of Hollywood?

Innocent Bystander: "It is him!" "It couldn't be!" But it was! Cal couldn't help overhearing the animated discussion between two young things, who also had stopped at the popular Las Palmas and Hollywood newstand. The object of their attention was—Montgomery Clift! He was absorbed in a magazine, completely oblivious to the consternation he was causing. In old slacks, an open, wrinkled shirt that displayed a hairy chest, Monty hardly looked like the answer to a young girl's dream. They slowly walked away—looking as if they had just seen someone shoot Santa! (Continued on page 16)
MITCHUM IN ACTION!

She's tempting in a penthouse and dangerous in a bordertown dive!

IRVING CUMMINGS JR. and IRWIN ALLEN present

ROBERT MITCHUM
FAITH DOMERGUE
CLAUDE RAINS

Where Danger Lives

FAITH DOMERGUE
latest star discovery of HOWARD HUGHES
who brought you
★ JEAN HARLOW
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★ JANE RUSSELL

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Produced by IRVING CUMMINGS Jr. • Associate Producer IRWIN ALLEN • Directed by JOHN FARROW • Screenplay by CHARLES BENNETT
INSIDE STUFF

Sally got tinsel...
Sally told her husband to get her “just anything” for Christmas. So—instead of the new carpet sweeper she needed, she got some jew-gaw she had to pretend she liked. Silly Sally!

Sue got a time-saver...
Susy came right out and said, “What I need this year is a new Bissell Carpet Sweeper. Then I won’t have to plug in my vacuum cleaner every time you folks spill a few crumbs!” Smart Sue—who knew it paid to have both!

Only BISSELL has
"BISCO-MATIC®" brush action
This miracle-action brush adjusts itself automatically to thick rugs or thin, without any pressure on the handle whatsoever! It even gets the dirt under beds, where you can’t press down.

New Bissell Sweepers with “Bisco-matic” Brush Action as low as $6.95. Illustrated. The “Flight” at $9.95. Prices a little more in the West.

BISSELL SWEEPERS
Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

BACK IN NEW YORK, honeymooners Nicky Hilton and Liz Taylor visit The Plaza kitchens, where chef taught Liz to make Nicky’s favorite dessert

(Continued from page 14)

In Case You Care: Lovely, lush Ruth Roman has to be especially lithe on the set to tone down her “sex appeal” . . . Valentina Cortese, the Italian actress you’ll next see in “House on Telegraph Hill,” looks tall and voluptuous on the screen but in reality is short, has a tiny body and her face in repose seems to frown . . . Dress designers at Warners weren’t too pleased when Vivien Leigh brought Luenda Ballard, who created her London costumes for “A Streetcar Named Desire,” for the movie version.

Modest Minstrel: Here’s hoping Hollywood won’t spoil Vic Damone (there goes our neck again!) and somehow we don’t think it will. Cal caught up with the charming singing star in Ciro’s famed Ciroette room. With people partying all around us, we managed to exchange a few words. “What would you like, if you could have anything you wanted?” we challenged. Vic looked amused, but his answer was sincere. “I’d like to be able to sing like Sinatra,” he said. “Tony Martin and as popular as Cary Grant,” he told us. Cal could only comment: “Who wouldn’t?”

Stork Club: “Is it a girl?” Jeanne Crain asked eagerly, when her third child was born. “No, dear,” her husband answered amusedly. “It’s only a boy again.” They’ve named him Timothy Peter Brinkman . . . Larry Parks and Betty Garrett won’t be making that picture together after all, because the little sister ordered for young Garrett Christopher will be arriving next March.

A Little from Lots: Ross Hunter, who gave up acting to learn directing, got that “old feeling” when Ginger Rogers and Jack Carson asked him to be in “Illogical Bride.” He took the job, with a “no publicity” clause in his contract. He was handled so badly last time, Ross is taking no chances . . . You wouldn’t believe it unless you saw Brod Crawford shaking like a leaf in front of the “Born Yesterday” cameras. The big guy is so conscientious, he literally suffers trying to do his best . . . The big meeting between Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando who will co-star in “A Streetcar Named Desire,” took place in Warner’s Green Room. Director Elia “Gadget” Kazan introduced them. The mighty Marlon nudged the vivacious Vivien with his elbow and muttered: “Go ahead and eat!” He wore a brand new T-shirt for the momentous occasion.

Rumors Rumble That: Cary Grant and Betsy Drake would be the happiest couple in Hollywood if they had definite reason for furnishing a nursery . . . Linda Darnell’s apparent poutage is causing frets and frowns from the front office, who hope she’ll start counting calories . . . Hedy Lamar’s on-again-off-again decisions to play opposite Danny Kaye in “On the Riviera” have discouraged enthusiasm for future interest in her services at Twentieth . . . Annabella the ex-Mrs. Tyrone Power, returned to Hollywood because she was so homesick for our drug and hardware stores.

Sights You See: Jimmy Stewart tries to round up two pigs that had fallen off a truck on (Continued on page 21)
Put your Best Face Forward!

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Feels and looks a part of your complexion!

If it's texture you want, velvety and clinging, then make this luxuriously-smooth face powder your choice—If it's naturalness you want, be you blonde, brunette or titian, there's a "Flower-Fresh" shade to complement and flatter your own true skin tone—Surely, whatever you want in fine face powder, you'll find in Cashmere Bouquet...delicately scented with the famous "fragrance men love"!

Only 25¢ Six fashionable, "Flower-Fresh" shades!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet
Readers' Pets:

Gloria Swanson is marvelous—not only as an actress, but as a person. I attended a special preview of “Sunset Boulevard” and had an opportunity to speak to her afterwards. She chatted on about her career, travels and, most of all, of her family. Miss Swanson has that rare gift of changing her mood to suit those around her. Although Miss Swanson is almost three times as old as I am, you would have thought that we were of the same age; she is so lively and engaging.

Pat Stack
Chicago, Ill.

I am thoroughly convinced that Richard Widmark deserves an Oscar for “Night and the City.” The role called for a cheap honky-tonk tout and Mr. Widmark completely filled the bill.

Julie Pagano
New York, N. Y.

Why don't we see more of Micheline Presle who played in “Under My Skin”? She's got more sex appeal than Lana Turner and Marlene Dietrich put together and she can act too.

Beverly Lonergan
Palo Alto, Cal.

Cheers and Jeers:

I can't understand why Photoplay insists on smearing Elizabeth Taylor's face on the cover and inside in practically every issue. It's getting to be stale stuff.

Josephine Redwanski
Arcola, Ind.

I was very much impressed by the picture of Elizabeth Taylor's stand-in Marjorie Dillon (June). I think a girl who could look so composed and yet so beautiful should be in pictures in her own right.

Ray G. Peter
Vancouver, B. C.

Did I hear someone say Susan Hayward's hair was sexy? We have a map that hangs on our back porch that has as much sex appeal as her hair. I agree she's a good actress and beautiful, too, but I wish she would at least try to find the part in her hair.

Beverly Hankenson
Bellingham, Wash.

Hurrah! for Louella Parsons and her story, “Hollywood Divorces Aren't My Fault” (Aug.). Every time someone gets divorced it is blamed on the press. They are always ready to blame everyone but themselves.

Beverly Knarp
Slater, Mo.

Casting:

I think that Hollywood should make a movie of “Romeo and Juliet.” Gene Kelly or Mario Lanza would make a wonderful Romeo with Kathryn Grayson as Juliet.

Eleanor Van Zandt
Arlington, Va.
We have just read “To Hell and Back,” a book by Audie Murphy, and we think it would make a wonderful movie. Have Mr. Murphy play his real life role.

JUDY YOUNG and BARBARA CRESS
Morristown, Tenn.

Question Box:
I would appreciate it if you would inform me what part Peggy O’Connor played in “Where the Sidewalk Ends.” As far as I can recall, only Gene Tierney was in the picture, unless this Peggy O’Connor was one of the models.

MRS. H. HAZELKORN
Woodhaven, N. Y.
(You’re right, Peggy appeared in one scene as a model.)

Rock Hudson is my ideal next to Farley Granger. Could you give me some information about him? What is his next after “Peggy” and “Winchester 73”?

LAURA CLARK
Phoenix, Ariz.
(He was born Roy Fitzgerald in Winnetka, Ill., 11/17/24. He is 6′3″, 207 lbs., has brown hair, brown eyes; served in the Navy 1944 to 1946 in Hawaii, Guam, Australia, the Philippines. He’s now making “The Fat Man” and “Tomahawk.”)

In “Choose Your Star” (Aug.) Jeff Chandler is shown; is he really that gray? I always thought him to be much younger.

SHIRLEY ANDERSON
Chicago, Ill.
(He was born 12/15/18, however his hair turned “pepper-and-salt” when he was 15.)

Could you please tell me the two other pictures besides “The Reformer and the Redhead” that June Allyson and Dick Powell played in?

MARY UNGER
Clifton, N. J.
(“Meet the People,” in which June had a small role, Dick the lead; in the forthcoming “Right Cross,” they co-star.)

Didn’t Barbara Stanwyck at one time play in “Annie Get Your Gun”?

“ANXIOUS”
Glendale, Calif.
(No, but she played the same character in “Annie Oakley” made by RKO in 1935, opposite Preston Foster.)

Everyone in our office is always yelling about how wonderful Monty Clift and Tony Curtis are. They are, it’s quite true. The other evening we had the pleasure of seeing “The Golden Gloves Story” and a new actor named Dewey Martin and we have decided that Tony and Monty have absolutely nothing on Dewey. In fact, he is a combination of both. Could you please print a picture and some information about him?

CHRISTY DELANEY
Hollywood, Calif.
(He was born in 1923 in Brady, Tex., is 5′9″, 155 lbs., has blue eyes, black hair. Next picture, “Kansas Raiders” for Universal-International.)

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I went to the theater
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A queen waits for a cameraman. Scene is set of "The Mudlark," with Irene Dunne made up as Queen Victoria.

(Continued from page 16) Malibu Highway... Lana Turner describing a stunning maternity wardrobe designed for her by Helen Rose... Rock Hudson trying to "con" a studio operator into giving him Joan Evans's private phone number... John Derek treating himself to one of those popular new pink linen bow ties in Beverly Hills... John Wayne at Lakeside, stopping to give an autograph to an admirer, but turning as if he were signing his death warrant.

Monkey Business: With all due respect to people, one of the best behaved guests at Mmderite Chapman's cocktail party was a monkey! Cal isn't exactly sure why he was there, unless it was to tie in with a clever illumination Maggie drew on her invitations. When the monkey came over with a cloth and shined Bill Lundigan's shoes, he cracked, "Haven't we met somewhere before?" Jocko tipped his hat! Beautiful Marguerite took over the courtyard of her apartment for her original party. She even had a loud-playing steam calliope. "For guests who stay too long!" mirth-girl Myrna Dell told everyone.

Hollywood in Shorts: It was almost "Lights Out" for terrific trouper Arthur Kennedy, who plays the blind boy in the picture by the same name. Arthur, the realist, who is wearing fogged-up contact lenses to "blind" himself, broke them in at home. Somehow, the ointment used for inserting them was applied improperly. Arthur's eyes suffered terribly during the process... Only Rosalind Russell—and if only there were more humorous actresses like Rosalind—could have given Bill Powell such a sensational birthday party. When the cake was wheeled in, it was decorated with a red rose, glasses, a mustache and the frosting letters read "Father"... She's the best of the new Hollywood crop—and he most miserable. Poor Judy Holliday has a terrific weight problem. While taking "Born Yesterday" (she created in New York) Judy went through every day of brilliant acting with only hard-boiled egg or a tomato for lunch. Her disposition was still that of an angel.

"7 hours in water left me dry!"

says ESTHER WILLIAMS, co-starring with Howard Keel in MGM's Technicolor Musical "PAGAN LOVE SONG"

If dishwashing dries your hands, imagine my skin after shooting swim scenes for "Pagan Love Song." Some days I was in water 7 full hours!

The salt water left my skin feeling dry and rough...

But soothing Jergens Lotion (from fingertips to toes)...

Kept my skin smooth and soft for romantic close-ups.

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

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Perfumed with famous Old Spice 5% .85 oz.

Wonderful, up-to-the-minute shampoo formula leaves your hair shining clean, dandruff free, easy to manage. And perfumes your hair with famous Old Spice!

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WHAT A DOPE I'VE BEEN NOT TO LEARN
the extra advantages of this
INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Reserved talent: Kent Smith appears in "This Side of the Law"

BY JERRY ASHER

"HE'S such a good actor, he doesn't get half the credit he deserves," Joan Crawford said it on the set of "The Damned Don't Cry." Literal translation: "Kent Smith; star of stage, screen and chronic croquet circles is as meek as a mouse when it comes to tooting his own talented trumpet." Actually, Kent is possessed, to the point of being obsessed, with a shyness that sends him shuddering from any unwarranted form of exhibitionism.

Since cancelling his khaki on July 29, 1945, his performances have distinguished many memorable movies. His poignant portrait of Joan Crawford's unwitting lover in "The Damned Don't Cry" plumbed the depths of inspired acting.

Born on March 19, 1907, in New York City, Frank Kent Smith's schooling was at Columbia University, matriculation at Harvard, class of 29. Schoolboy acting ambitions burst into bloom with the formation of the University Players at West Palm, Mass. Along with such dramatic young hopefuls as Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullivan and James Stewart, Kent eventually graduated to pavement-pounding for jobs in New York City.

In his first professional play he received an encouraging letter from Helen Hayes, who was in the audience. Currently he's playing opposite the Broadway actress in "The Wisteria Tree"—which personifies one man's amazing progress. Starting with Katharine Cornell, the late Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood, he's played opposite more glamorous women than any other actor.

In private life Kent's married to Betty Gillette, non-professional. They have a four-year-old daughter, a home in Beverly Hills and live in a Greenwich Village apartment when he's in the theater. Strong Smith characteristics are his tenacity, frankness, humor that isn't always apparent, conservative dressing, weight-watching—which is abetted by a daily half-mile swim—croquet tournaments, sour cream recipes, corny jokes and a love for jazz that sends him to Bop City.

Because writers continue to regard him as an "orderly" young man and producers are short-sighted enough to keep casting him thusly, Kent Smith is still one of the great undiscovered talents of Hollywood.

"There's nothing I can do about it myself," he says, "but hang on and be ready (which he is) when my big break comes." He prefers his present free-lance status, which gives him more time for croquet, Bop City—and remaining inconspicuous.
"Blemishes® are no problem for me," says Mrs. Phyllis MacDonald, Toronto housewife. "Noxzema makes my skin look so much softer and cleaner. I apply it first thing in the morning and at bedtime. It's my all-around beauty aid."

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

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

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Web of fate: Grim story of tangled lives, brilliantly played by Farley Granger, Adele Jergens, Dana Andrews

(A) Edge of Doom (Goldwyn-RKO)

Farley Granger and Dana Andrews are the stars of this murder melodrama which is brilliantly produced, directed and performed—but just couldn't be gloomier. When Farley's mother dies Farley, a penniless, high-strung boy with an abnormal devotion to his mother, is determined that the church must give her a fine expensive funeral. When the local parish priest rebuffs him Farley works himself up to such a rage that he bashes the priest to death with a crucifix. He escapes, but, doomed by his crime, he is stalked by futility until eventually he becomes reconciled to his fate. Dana as an assistant to the murdered priest discovers the clue that pins the murder on the emotional boy. Robert Keith plays the detective. Paul Stewart and Adele Jergens are a small-time crook and his wife who befriend the young killer. Joan Evans and Mala Powers stand out in small parts.

Your Reviewer Says: Pretty grim.

Program Notes: Popular Farley Granger gives a good account of himself as the youthful priest-killer who is more than a trifle unsettled in his head. It is being bruited about that Farley just might be nominated for an Academy Award when Oscar time comes around again. Farley fled to Europe after he finished this picture and has been having a fine old time of it hobnobbing with creative artists of stage and canvas. "I'm soaking up European culture," says Farley, "and I like it." . . . Fifteen-year-old Joan Evans plays her first grown-up role in this film. To "age" herself she had her hair bobbed and wore high heels. . . . Mala Powers followed her small part with the acting plum of the year—the role of Rosanne in Stanley Kramer's "Cyrano de Bergerac" . . . Dana spends as much time as possible between pictures with his wife and kids on his boat. . . . You'll recall Robert Keith as Susan Hayward's father in "My Foolish Heart."

(F) Let's Dance (Paramount)

In this somewhat plot-heavy musical Fred Astaire and Betty Hutton play a couple of ex-USO dancers who separate when Betty marries a Boston blue-blood and Fred aspires to become a Wall Street tycoon. Betty's husband is killed, her Back Bay in-laws disapprove of her, and after a lively quarrel with them she "kidnaps" her small son and returns to Broadway. She meets Fred, a still a hoofer, in a cheap chili joint, and soon they are working together again at Barton MacLane's night club. Fred is at his dancingest best. Sock number of the show is Fred and Betty's take-off on horse operas called, "Oh Them Dudes." The "proper Bostonians" are such fine actors as Lucile Watson, Roland Young, Melville Cooper, Ruth Warrick and Shepperd Strudwick. Harold Huber is a stand-out as the night club chef.

Your Reviewer Says: Escapism.

Program Notes: During the past seventeen years Fred Astaire has made twenty-four pictures and has had seventeen actresses as dancing partners. Among them, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, Judy Garland, Vera-Ellen, Dolores Del Rio, Rita Hayworth, Joan Fontaine, Ann Miller, Eleanor Powell, Paulette Goddard, Marjorie Reynolds, Joan Caulfield, Joan Leslie, Lucille Bremer and Olga San Juan. Fred is too much of a diplomat to say which one was his favorite. Of Betty he says, "She's the most energetic girl I ever worked with." Betty lost fifteen pounds while making the picture and Fred lost five . . . Although she has been in show business since she was a kid Betty has never taken dancing lessons. Three months before this picture started she took ballet lessons every morning, and every afternoon from one to four she took dancing lessons from Fred himself. Said Betty, "I learned to dance like a lady instead of a man." Making his screen debut is Gregory Moffett, six-year-old brother of child star Sharyn Moffett.
In deep water: Pat Neal leads to trouble for John Garfield when he takes the easy way to make money

WWW½ (A) The Breaking Point (Warners)

THIS fine adult picture scintillates with Hemingway lines and Hemingway characters. John Garfield, back on the Warner lot after a four-year absence, plays Harry Morgan, a tough disillusioned war veteran, who charters his cruiser to fishing parties off the coast of California. Desperate to make a fast buck for his two kids and his hard-working wife, whom he loves, John gets up to his eyeballs in trouble. The exciting climax comes when a bunch of trigger-happy gangsters who rob a race track pay him to let them use the "Sea Queen" as their getaway. Phyllis Thaxter, as the wife, does a wonderful acting job. And so does Patricia Neal, as the sophisticated chippie who goes for John. Juanita Hernandez plays John's first mate and Wallace Ford plays the cheating mouthpiece. Real rugged film fare, this.

Your Reviewer Says: Leave the kiddies at home.

Program Notes: The love scenes between Pat and John were quite difficult in this picture as Pat is a big girl, five feet eight, and John is on the short side. But in several scenes he towers above her. It isn't done with mirrors... This is Pat's (formerly Patsy Louise) best screen role since she came to Hollywood in 1948. The gal with the sexy voice (often compared to Tallulah Bankhead's) was born in Packard, Kentucky, attended grammar school in Knoxville, Tennessee, and spent two years at Northwestern University. She lives alone in Hollywood and at present is dating handsome Steve Cochran...Phyllis Thaxter is a Lunt-Fontanne protege who up to now hasn't been given much of a break in Hollywood. But following her characterization of Lucy in this picture Phyllis has been signed on a Warner Brothers contract, and important parts promised her. Born in Portland, Maine, she started her acting career at seventeen in summer stock. She is married to James Aubrey, has a small daughter named Susan... The lonely little nine-year-old boy who plays Hernandez's son is his son.

Pin-up parade: As an artist's model teacher Joan Caulfield gives illustrator Bob Cummings a lesson in love

WWW (F) The Petty Girl (Columbia)

JOAN CAULFIELD, who always has played sweet wholesome girls, now has her fling at sex and glamour. She comes off just fine. Glib Robert Cummings plays George Petty, the creator of the famous Petty Girl. At an art museum in New York he contrives to meet Joan Caulfield and her elderly companion, Elsa Lanchester. When he learns they are professors, he decides to de-freeze pretty Joan. Bob inveigles them into a gay whirl of Bohemian night spots—his butler, Melville Cooper, poses as his uncle in order to escort Elsa—and they end up in court. Joan ends up becoming the famous Petty Girl, of course, but not until she has had her troubles with the school board, and has had to snatch Bob from the well-baited trap prepared for him by the predatory Audrey Long. The musical numbers are pictorial and colorful, and the girls are tops in beauty.

Your Reviewer Says: Beautiful fun.

Program Notes: Demure Joan Caulfield blossoms out as a cheesecake queen. She even permitted the photographers to take leg art of her. Although she was somewhat on the "square" side when the picture started Joan caught on rapidly. The first day of the dance rehearsals the dance director told her to do a barrelhouse. "What in the world," asked Joan, "is a barrelhouse?" Soon she was doing bunks and grinds. A frequent visitor on the set was Frank Ross, former husband of the temperamental Joan Arthur. At the completion of the picture Joan and Frank were married...Elsa Lanchester, (long-time wife of Charles Laughton) stands out as always in the comedy department... Internationally famous artist George Petty was eager to have the triple sextette of Petty Girls, the loveliest, sexiest damsels ever to face a camera. Two hundred and sixty girls were screened by him before the eighteen were chosen.

BY LIZA WILSON

올 outstanding
올 good
○ fair
F—for the whole family
A—for adults

THIRTEENTH century England, with its castles and forests, and the fascinating Orient of the Kubla Khan, with its adventure and pageantry, are the locales of this Technicolor spectacle. Based on Thomas Cookin’s popular historical novel, the story tells how young Saxon Walter of Gurie (Tyrone Power), hating his Norman conquerors, forsakes England to seek adventure and fortune in fabulous Cathay (China). With an English bowman friend, whose (Jack Hawkins) he joins a caravan which is taking rich gifts and beautiful harem girls to the Great Khan. One of the girls, known as the Black Rose (Cecile Aubry), disguises herself as an Arab boy, hides in his tent and causes him no end of romantic difficulties. Excitement picks up when Ty meets the mighty Bayan (Orson Welles) of a Mongolians military leader, who dreams of conquering the world. Standouts in the supporting cast are Finley Curley as Ty’s Saxon grandfather, Michael Rennie as Norman King Edward, and Bobby Blake as a lively Arab.

Your Reviewer Says: Spectacle of the year.

Program Notes: Two years were spent in preparation for this film: Shooting started in French Morocco in April 1949. After four months of sand and 120º temperatures the company picked up its tents and returned to England. They shot around Warwickshire and Alington castles, built in the Saxon-Norman era. For recreation in the desert outpost Ty Power and Linda Christian Power played Canasta. “Whenever Linda needed spending money,” says Ty, “she would lure Cains into Canasta games.” . . . Cecile Aubry (her real name is Anne Jose Benard) was born in Paris nineteen years ago, is barely five feet tall, weighs ninety-six pounds, has light brown hair and hazel eyes.

VER (F) The Black Rose (20th Century-Fox)

VER (F) My Blue Heaven (20th Century-Fox)

BETTY GRABLE in this modern Technicolor musical forges, temporarily, her bouncy and confident hairdo. She and Dan Dailey play a famous radio and television husband-and-wife team. Betty wants a baby and when she is told she cannot have one, she and Dan try to adopt one. One baby is carried back to the founding home when the indignant supervisor considers them unfit parents, and another baby is kidnapped by the attorneys of the real mother. Dejected, Betty discovers that her pretty vivacious understudy on the video show (Mitzi Gaynor) is making passes at Dan, and the big lug isn’t being exactly aloof. Betty swag into trouble with the Grable verve. Betty and Dan and Mitzi give sock performances in the song and dance department. The songs are potential Hit Paraders. David Wayne, Jane Wyatt, Una Merkel and Louise Beavers shine in the supporting cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Entertaining.

Program Notes: This is Betty’s nineteenth Technicolor picture. No other star can boast of so many. . . . Shortly after production started Dan was stricken with a virus infection which kept him in bed for a week. While bedded, he authored his first song, “in One Lie by the Tomorrow You Will Be About Today.” . . . Mitzi Gaynor, Chicago-born and nineteen, makes her screen debut as Betty’s understudy. She was discovered by a talent scout, so she often singing in Los Angeles Civic Light Operas. Louise Beavers began crying on the screen years ago in “Imitation of Life.” She’s still crying—her twenty-seven crying scene in fifteen years, she says.

VER (F) Copper Canyon (Paramount)

THE YANKEES and the Confederates have at it again in this Technicolor outdoor melodrama that stars Ray Milland and Hedy Lamarr. The time is the period just after the Civil War, and the locale is the copper-rich West where a group of Southern veterans have turned copper miners in hopes of rebuilding their homes. Hedy, a lovely adventuress, and Carey, a crooked deputy sheriff, head a gang, em- ployed by Ray, who promises to pay his object is to drive the Southerners out of the mines. Enter Ray, a trick shot ma- gician performing at the Nevada City Theater. The confederates recognize him as the South’s fabulous Colonel Desmond, who escaped from a Union prison with the contents of the Commandant’s safe. There is a goodly price upon his head. Meanwhile George, a Southerner, Ray aids the Southerners in their fight for the mines, and makes delightful love to Miss Hedy. Taylor Holmes is the aging leader of the Lost Cause boys, and Mona Freeman his widowed daughter. Harry Carey Jr., plays a Union Army lieutenant, Frank Faylen a spy, and Amazon Hope Emerson a cigar- smoking hotel clerk.

Your Reviewer Says: Confusing but colorful.

Program Notes: The action sequences were made on location near Sedona, Arizona. This is his American debut in 1931, and his first Western since 1945 when he co-starred with Barbara Stanwyck in “California.” Ray did his own hazardous riding, and so did Macdon- ald and Carey and Ray. . . . Hedy Lamarr. des- mooning over Herbie Klotz during the pro- duction of this film, but since then she has hitched to Woolworth Donahue . . . Harry Carey, Jr. is a prodded of producer-director John Ford, and has two children, Steven and Melinda . . . Lees Coates, hired by Paramount to call the square dance, is one of the leading authorities on square dancing in the country and has written a book on it called “Circle 8.” . . . Hope Emerson you’ll never forget as the hateful maid in “Caged” who shaved off Eleanor Parker’s hair.

VER (A) A Life of Her Own (MG-M)

LANA TURNER returns to the screen in a melodrama set against the background of today’s model agency world. Lana, al- ways a glamorous personality, deserves much better than this expensive soap opera. She plays Lily James, a small-town girl, who comes to New York to seek fame and fortune as a model. She meets Ann Dvorak and finds her charm. The stage- pages, sees her get brushed off by her rich playboy benefactor (Barry Sullivan) and learns the next day of her suicide. Lana becomes a popular model, meets an out西 Coast conductor, Ray Milland, falls in love with him and at his suggestion sets up housekeeping in his lush apartment. Then Ray tells her about his wife, a cripple whom he will never divorce, and Lana, eager to hold him, looks up at the penthouse from which Ann Dvorak jumped. Can Lily James find happiness?

Your Reviewer Says: It shouldn’t happen to Lana Turner.

Program Notes: Lana had to reduce for this picture. She had been away from her six years. But Lily’s looks that she had her on the set as often as possible. Chery brought her charm, Joan Bennett’s Mellani . . . While waiting for her scene in this pic- ture Ray Milland and his stand-in, Don (Continued on page 28).
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Continued from page 26

Spencer, spent their time polishing up a mystery story they had written about Hollywood . . . Barry Sullivan is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood’s busiest actors. At the same time he was working on this picture he was also making love to Bette Davis in “Story of a Divorce” at RKO. Barry, by the way, was the lad who got clipped on the chin by Bette’s ex-husband William Sherry—when he wasn’t invited to the set party.

✓ (F) Dark City
(Wallis-Paramount)

 Twenty-six-year-old Charlton Heston, six-feet-two and rugged, makes his screen debut as one of three professional gamblers (Jack Webb and Ed Begley are the other two) who fleece a California visitor in Chicago (Don DeFore) out of $5,000 in a crooked card game, causing the poor guy to commit suicide. Two of the gamblers are mysteriously murdered and Heston realizes that he is being stalked for the kill by Don’s mentally deranged brother. Posing as an insurance investigator he visits the suicide’s widow and small son in Los Angeles, hoping to get a picture of the unknown killer. He falls for the widow like a ton of bricks and regeneration sets in. Viveca Lindfors is appealing as the young widow, and Lizbeth Scott is sold as the torchy night club singer Heston leaves behind in Chicago. Dean Jagger plays the Chicago police captain who helps Heston.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleased to meetcha, Heston.

Program Notes: Producer Hal Wallis is up to his old tricks—discovering. Starting with Bette Davis, he has been discovering screen talent for years. Among his more recent discoveries are Burt Lancaster, Wendell Corey and Lizbeth Scott. Wallis saw Heston do several television performances on CBS’s “Studio One” in New York. Heston is a native of Chicago, and a graduate of Northwestern University. The studio ordered him to change his name—but he stubbornly refused. He’s married to Lydia Clark . . . During production, Liz Scott gave up apartment dwelling and bought her first Hollywood home, high in the hills with a view . . . This is Dean Jagger’s best part since he won the Academy Award for “Twelve O’Clock High.”

✓ (F) The Fireball
(Thor-20th Century-Fox)

The skating rink, with its yelling fans and tough, sweating performers, makes a perfect background for the aging Mickey Rooney. The Mick was thirty in September. In this sports drama Mickey plays an orphan in Father O’Hara’s (Pat O’Brien, to be His) Home for Boys. Mickey has a mountain-size frustration—he’d give his eyeteeth to be a six-footer basketball player. He runs away, steals a pair of skates, discovers that skating is a sport he can excel in, and soon becomes a rink champ. He also becomes extremely obnoxious. But he is struck down by polio at the height of his career, and by the time he makes his comeback he has learned humility and good sportsmanship from Father O’Hara and the girl friend who sticks by him in his illness (Beverly Tyler). Marilyn Monroe, of the body beautiful, plays the girl friend of a millionaire sportsman (James Brown).

Your Reviewer Says: Different.

Program Notes: Mickey’s first screen appearance was with Colleen Moore in “Orchids and Ermine” in 1925 when he was four years old. In 1949, Mickey married his third wife, attractive actress Martha Vickers, and became the father of a son—his third. He

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has two boys by his second wife, Betty Jane Ruse, a former Birmingham, Alabama, beauty. His first wife was Ava Gardner . . . Pat O'Brien enjoys horse racing. He packs his family off every summer to their beach house at Del Mar and while the kids are enjoying the surf Pat is enjoying the turf . . . Despite the hit she made in "Asphalt Jungle" Metro failed to sign Marilyn Monroe (could it be on account of Lana Turner?) but 20th Century-Fox did. She played a featured part in "Ticket to Tomahawk" and is now all set for the glamorous buildup.

**VV** (F) High Lonesome
(LeMay-Templeton-Eagle Lion)

**YOUNG** John Barrymore Jr. is the star of this off-beat Western which was photographed in Technicolor on the plateau around the Big Bend area of the Lone Star State, the story's actual locale. In this, his second film, John does a bang-up job of the young runaway cornered in the cook shack of the Horse Davis (Basil Ruysdael) ranch near Marfa, Texas, in the 1880's. There has recently been a murder and John is accused. A dispute over whether the boy is innocent or guilty (there are more murders) leads to the outbreak of an exciting fence war. John Archer plays a neighboring rancher, and Chill Wills, fresh from honors won as the voice of "Francis," plays a grizzled ranch cook. Lois Butler is the young ranch girl who loves and believes in John Jr. and Kristine Miller is the older sister engaged to John Archer. There are no fancy trappings to this Western. Even the "hoe down" is the real thing.

Your Reviewer Says: Swooners get set.

**Program Notes:** Young Barrymore Jr., son of Dolores Costello and the Great Profile, celebrated his eighteenth birthday while making this picture. John is very much a Barrymore. His mother and father separated when he was two, and he only recalls actually seeing his father once—for a half hour one day when he was seven. John lives in Hollywood with his mother, sister and stepfather. People who have seen him do impersonations of his Aunt Ethel and Uncle Lionel say they are the best yet. After seeing a test of him Paramount borrowed him to star in "Quebec," in which picture Cortine Calvet plays his mother! . . . Nineteen-year-old Lois Butler ("Mickey") is about the smallest actress on the screen—five feet in her stocking feet—Kristine Miller is from Denmark where she was called "The Viking Girl."

**VV** (F) Mister 880
(20th Century-Fox)

**WONDERFUL** seventy-four-year-old Edmund Gwenn gives another heartwarming performance in this unpretentious film which is bound to be one of the great pictures of the year. It is adapted from St. Clair McKelway's true and absorbing profile in the New Yorker magazine of the septuagenarian dollar-bill counterfeiter who completely baffled the smart boys in the United States Secret Service for ten years. Burt Lancaster, usual and romantic, plays the young Secret Service agent who finally discovers the identity of the counterfeiter. As his wise-cracking side-kick, Millard Mitchell scores again. Dorothy McGuire, in a very smart short hair-do, plays the disarming United Nations French interpreter who unwittingly passes one of 880's phony bills. Bold with delightful humor (writer Robert Riskin), the picture leaves you with a nice warm pleasant glow.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll buy this one.

**Program Notes:** When Burt Lancaster read

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the script of "Mister 880" he persuaded producer Hal Wallis to loan him to 20th, even though it meant he would lose the only vacation he will have in the next two years... Jack Dempsey has announced that he wants Burt, and no one else, to play him on the screen... Dorothy McGuire is married to wealthy photographer John Swope, and has an infant daughter named Mary Hackett Swope...When Edmund Gwenn appeared in an amateur production in England at the age of seventeen his father disowned him with, "You are a rogue and a vagabond and will end up in the gutter." His father's crystal ball was cloudy. Mr. Gwenn has had a brilliant career—having starred in five Shaw, six Barrie and six Galsworthy plays long before he came to Hollywood. He inherited this role when Walter Huston died the day the picture started.

(F) The Milkman (U-I)

When Jimmy Durante and Donald O'Connor are starred in the same picture there are bound to be laughs galore. Donald plays a wealthy lad, pampered by his papa, who manages to get a job, incognito, with his milkman pal Jimmy. Piper Laurie, the boss's daughter, falls for Donald and covers up for him—but she's pretty miffed when Joyce Holiday shows up with Jimmy and exposes Donnie as an old boy friend of hers. Then gangsters enter the plot, as gangsters have a habit of doing these days. Jess Barker plays the plant manager who swipes his aunt's necklace, and murders her, to pay off a gambling debt. Donald helps capture the crooks and becomes Milkman of the Month.

Your Reviewer Says: Two fine comedians make fun.

Program Notes: The beloved Jimmy Durante observed his thirty-eighth year as an entertainer during filming of this picture. He began at seventeen as a pianist at Coney Island Jimmy believes that newcomer Joyce Holden is a star prospect. "She's dynamite," said Jimmy, "I walked into a scene with her, expectin' a docile and, and I winds up with a glamorous mixmaster... Talk about Betty Hutton!"... Donald has been "on" since he was nine years old when he started in vaudeville with his family. When Jimmy wasn't noticing he'd quack like a duck and stow scenes like mad... When Piper Laurie made her screen bow in "Louisa" she was publicized as the girl who nibbles on flowers. But now thanks to an enterprising press agent, the eighteen-year-old girl is being publicized as "The Girl We'd Like Best to See at Six A.M." A bunch of milkmen visited the set one day and gave her the title.

(A) No Way Out (20th Century-Fox)

The latest of the racial prejudice films is tense, explosive melodrama, with no punches pulled. The story concerns a young Negro intern (Sidney Poitier) who fails to save the life of a white hoodlum in a municipal hospital. The hoodlum's brother (Richard Widmark), an ignorant psychopathic Negro-hater, refuses to permit an autopsy, which might vindicate the intern. He cunningly schemes to have his brother's widow (Linda Darnell) incite a race riot. In order to force an autopsy the Negro intern gives himself up to murder. Widmark, livid with rage, plans to murder him. All members of the cast give excellent performances, with special kudos to Broadway's Mildred Joanne Smith as the intern's wife, and to Stephen McNally as the head of the hospital. Linda Darnell, as the hard, defeated slum girl does the best acting in her career.

Your Reviewer Says: Controversial.

Program Notes: Sidney Poitier is a twenty...
v-year-old Miami-born, Bahamian-bred graduate of New York's American Negro Theater, Sidney, who left the Bahamas when he was eighteen, was at first turned down by the American Negro Theater because of his British accent. While Americanizing his speech by attending movies and plays, and listening to the radio, he made his living by working as a waiter's helper in the Waldorf-Astoria kitchen. Richard Widmark canceled his European vacation with his wife and four-year-old daughter Ann when he read this script. Widmark was once a college band leader, and after that a college drama instructor. There was much excitement on the set one day when Linda's ruby and diamond ring, a birthday present from her comrarran-husband Pee Marley, disappeared. It was found later in a sandpile where her twenty-months-old adopted daughter Loba had ashed it away... Steve McNally has a bone to pick with Hollywood. He has six children at he is never allowed to play a father on the screen.

V (F) Saddle Tramp (U-I)

All handsome Joel McCrea plays a shiftless cowpoke who hates fights, six-shooters and work. When his pal John Idlegy is killed Joel, to his horror, finds himself saddled with his pal's four hungry children. He takes a job as a cowhand on John McIntire's ranch, and becomes quite adept at stealing saddlebags of groceries or the kids. Wanda Hendrix runs away from her mean old uncle, and casually wins Joel's family. At first he regards her angrily as just "another mouth to feed," but after romance blossoms, Joel tangles with the cattle rustlers, marries Wanda, and sends the kids off to school. The lively kids are played by Shirley Lindgren, Jimmy Hunt, Gordon Ebert and little Gregory Moffett—Ed agley is the mean old uncle, John Russell the crooked foreman, and Antonio Moreno a rancher.

Our Reviewer Says: Enjoyable.

Program Notes: For years Joel McCrea has refused to play "drawing room" dramas, though he cuts a mighty fine figure in tailo, s the likable saddle tramp Joel supplied is own horse, Dollar, from his ranch, his own seedy wardrobe which he wears on the ranch, and a worn-out cowboy hat given him by his idol, Will Rogers. Joel, born in Los Angeles, got his first important movie break about twenty years ago with Will Rogers in "Lightnin"... Wanda Hendrix, who stands barely five feet two, had nly her scenes with six-foot-three Joel, and e other half with six-foot-four John Russell... Antonio Moreno is one of the famous bent day screen stars now making a comeback.

Best Pictures of the Month

"Mister 880"
"The Breaking Point"
"The Black Rose"
"My Blue Heaven"

Best Performances of the Month

Edmund Gwenn in "Mister 880"
Farley Granger in "Edge of Doom"
Fred Astaire in "Let's Dance"
Linda Darnell in "No Way Out"

Madame Henri Deworzin, Parisian society beauty, carries her favorite scent in all her cosmetics. Her vanity, her purse flacon of perfume and her handsome lipstick case all reflect the excellent taste and lovely fragrance of Evening in Paris!

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This Christmas, give lovely gifts of Evening in Paris. It's the world's best-beloved fragrance, the choice of the smartest French women. In Gift Sets, holiday-wrapped Perfume and Eau de Cologne, and lovely vanities to thrill the most sophisticated!

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Madame Charles Citroën, popular hostess, says "Joyeux Noel!" with Evening in Paris. "These beautiful vanities make cherished gifts... and I'm never without mine."

"Your Evening in Paris is compounded here in the U.S.A. from the same French formula that makes Evening in Paris the largest-selling fragrance in France."

Bourjois
BLACK ROSE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Walter of Gwennie, Tyrene Power, Bayan, Oscar Welles, Marjorie, Cecil Aubry; Fratran, Jack Hawkins; King Edward, Michael Rennie; Alfarg, Finlay Currie; Antheunis, Herbert Lom; Countess of Lotus: Mary Clare; Mahomed, Bobby Blake: La Chung, Alphonso Beddoes; Wilder, Gil McLaughlin; Simonne, Brantmore, James Robertson Justice; Firth, Roger Bacon, Henry Oscar.

BREAKING POINT, THE—Warners: Harry Morgan, John Garfield; Lona Charles, Patricia Neal; Larry Morigan, Phyllis Thaxter; Wesley Park. Juanita Hernández: Duncan, Wallace Ford; Rogers, Edmon Ryan; Hawkins, Ralph Dumble; Dana, Guy Thomasian; Concho, William Campbell; Amelia, Shirley Jackson; Conny, Donna Jo Boyer; Gay, Victor Sen Yung; Macho, Peter Brocco; Gatch, John Doucette; Charlie, James Grifith.

COPPER CANYON—Paramount: Johnny Carter, Ray Milland; Lisa Roselle, Holy Lampman; Lane Travis, Macdonald Carey; Caroline Desmond, Moms Freeman; Atif, Harry Carey, Jr; Malkins, Frank Faylen; Ma Tarbet, Hope Emerson; Theodossia Roberti, Taylor Holmes; Cora, Peggy Knudsen; Jep Basset, James Burke; Vancer, Percy Helson; Sheriff Witting, Philip Van Zandt; Maze Balfour, Francis Pikerat; Professor, Erno Vercheks; Pat Lanner, Paul Lees; Bixby, Robert Watson; Martha Basset, Georgia Backus.

DARK CITY—Walls—Paramount: Danny Haley, Charlton Heston; Fraw Garland, Lisabeth Scott; Victoria Winicut, Viveca Lindfors; Captain Carrey, Lawrence Tierney; Adams, Arthur Francis; Fagan, Jack Webb; Barney, Ed Begley; Sidney Winicut, Mike Mazurki; Soldier, Henry Morgan; Billy Win-cant, Mark Kenning; Wode, Walter Sand.

EDGE OF DOOM—Goldwyn-BKO: Father Roth, Dana Andrews; Martin Lynn, Farley Granger; Rita Conroy, Joan Evans; Maudel, Robert Keith; Cray, Paul Stewart; Julie, Mala Powers; Irene, Adine Jer-gens; Father Kirkuas, Harold Vermilyea; 1st De- tective, John Ridgely; 2nd Detective, Douglas Fow- ley; Mrs. Pearson, Mabel Paige; Mr. Murray, How-lend Chamberlin; Mr. Swenson, Houseley Stevenson, Sr.; Mr. Hazel, Mrs. Moore, Elba Ger- by; Ned Moore, Ray Teal; Mary Jane Glenn, Mary Field; Mrs. Deese, Virginia Brissac; Mrs. Lynn, Frances Morris.

FIREBALL, THE—20th Century-Fox: Johnny Cass, Mickey Rooney; Father O’Hara, Pat O’Brien; Mary Reeves, Beverly Tyler; Allen, James Brown; Polly, Marilyn Monroe; Brasso, Ralph Donat; Shill- bert, Burt Begley; Jeff Davis, Milburn Stone; Dr. Barton, Sam Flint; Ulman, John Hecz; Jack Miller, Glenn Corbett.

HIGH LONEAXME—Eagle-Lion: Concoat, John Bayotence Jr; Boulweight, Charlie Willis; Fat Pott, John Archer; Meagam Doris, Luis Butler; Abbey Davis, Kristine Miller, Horse Davis, Basil Ruyseval; Smiling Man, Jack Elam; Roger, Dave Koshner; Frau, Frank Crodcell; Dixie, Glenn Puller.

LIFE OF HER OWN, A—M-G-M: Lily Brumley James, Lana Turner; Steve Halelouk, Ray Milland; Tom Caraway, Tom Ewell; Jim Lowerson, Thomas Rabb; Mary Ashlon, Ann Duval; Lee Gareece, Barry Sullivan; Nora Harleigh, Margaret Phillips; Maggie Collin, Jean Hagen.

LET’S DANCE—Paramount: Kitty McConly, Betty Hutton; Dolly Eddow, Fred Astaire; Miss Pohlblustel, Roland Young; Carola Everett, Ruth Warbeck; Neville, Edward Everett, Walter Graebner; Miss Everett, Gregory Moffett; Larry Channock, Barton MacLane; Timothy Bryant, Shepperd Strudwick; Mr. Charles Wraggton, Melville Cooper; Marcel, Harold Huber; Judge, George Zucco.

MILKMAN, THE—U-I: Roger Bradley, Donald O’Connor; Breezy Arrington, Jimmraye Dante; Chris Abbott, Piper Laurie; Ginger Burton, Joyce Holden; John Carter, Jess Barker; Jonathan Bradley, Henry O’Neill; D. A. Abbott, Paul Harvey; Mrs. Carter, Elizabeth Risdon; Merriel, William Conrad.

MISTER 88—20th Century-Fox: Steve Buchanan, Burt Lancaster; Ann Wilscln, Dorothy McGuire; Skipper Where, Edmund Gwenn; Norman Wills, Milton Mitchell; Judge O’Neill, Minor Watson; Chief, Howard St. John; Ted Mitchell, Hugh Sanders; Olie Johnson, James Mcillican; Duf, Howland Chamber-bell; Lee, Larry Keating; Secretary, Kathleen Hughes; Ed, William Hopper; Gertie Woll, V. T. Tor- ney, Mervin Williams; Basill, Norman Field; Maggaly, Ray Enfors; Margot, Robert B. Williams; Moone, Ed Max; Mr. Reddington, Frank Wylee.

MY BLUE HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox: Molly Moros, Betty Grable; Jack Moran, Dan Dailey; Walter Pingle, David Wayne; Janet Pringle, Jane Wy- gott; Gloria Adams, Mitzi Gaynor; Miss Gilbert, Una Merkle, Arima, Louise Reavers; Mrs. Johnson, Laura Pierpont; Young Man, Don Hicks; Nurse, Beulah Parkington; Larne, Ann Burr; Pringle Girls.

NO WAY OUT—20th Century-Fox: Ray Bidd Richard Widmark; Edie, Linda Darnell; Dr. Wholton, Stephen McNally; Dr. Luther Brooks, Sid Potier; Cora, Mildred Joanne Smith; George Bi- dle, Harry Bellerose, Dr. Moore, Stanley Ridge; Lefty, Dots Johnson; Gledys, Amanda Rados, Matie Walker; Cunbee, Ruby Dr. John, Orsia Davis; Kowalski, Ken Christy; Mr. Frank Richards; Whiley, George Type; Assist Isidora, Adhes, Rocky, Bert Frech; Det. Sheriff, Jim Toney, Lather’s Mother, Madeu Sy- mple; Sky Deputy, Just, Mr. Chemistry, Ward Wright; Orderlies, Harry Lauter, Harry Cart; Don Kohler, Ray Kyke; Jonah, Wade Dumna, Ambulance Driver, Fred Graham; Dr. Deter- mined, William Pullen; Heasr, Jaspier Weldon; John Holweed, is wearing the new low-priced nail polish.

PETTY GIRL, THE—Columbia: George Pre Robert Cummings; Victora Braysmore, Joan Col- field; Dr. Cretcher, Elsa Lanchester; Beards Paul, Chesty; Mr. B. W. Horman, Mary Wickes; Moody, Frank Orn Petrowal, John Rigdey; B. J. Manon, Rayno Largr, Eugene Redon; Jan, Ross; Hayes, Jim, Frank Jenks; Darkee, Tim Ryan; Mrs. Hibach, Mel Paigue; Professor Langzot, Kathleen Howard; Profes- sor Morrison, Sarah Edwards; Professor Honan, Everett Glass; Professor Stratlon, Doud Wood; Professor Remay, Edward Clark.

SADDLE TRAMP—U-I: Chuck Connors, J. McCreas; Della, Wanda Hendrix; Rock, Johnny Rohl; Selma, George Stevens, John O’Meara; Miss Hig- gie, Hetta Bollman; Towne, Orson Lingren; Jimmy Hunt, Johonne, Gordon Gorbett; Batch, Ge- org Moffett, John Ridgely; Pop, Russell Say- son; August Harringel, Ed Bagley; Martinez, 8 tono Moreno; Springs, Peter Lecho; Paul Joosin Garay, Deuter, Paul Piccolini; Ort Michael Steele.

WHAT A JOY TODAY! —to pay less for better nail polish and lipstick

If you, like thousands of other women, have looked in vain for nail polish at any price that won’t chip or peel, then read about this amazing low-price polish discovery.

This is the true story of an amazing new miracle-wear ingredient called Enamelon.

It’s found only in new low-priced, luxury Cutex and it’s guaranteed to give incredible wear...to last longer, chip less than your high-priced polish.

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Send for your trial size Pan-Cake today!
His name was Chuck Palmer, Ensign, U.S.N.R. He came out of the fire of battle, through wild mountain passes and jungle brush, over seas wide-open to bombers...to the Island of Leyte, of palm trees, shimmering moonlight...and enemy occupation.

There, in the village of Tacloban, he saw her, the dark-eyed girl — her face firm with a hardness, belied by the softness of her lips. And they fought together, the war of the guerrilla...

Here is one of the great love stories of our decade as it was told in the powerful Book-of-the-Month and Reader's Digest best-seller. A motion picture to excite you, to impart a rich and deeper meaning...because it was true.

\[\text{American Guerrilla in the Philippines}\]

The lean, hard American took the girl in his arms... Forgotten was the danger... as they found each other...

\[\text{Power \cdot Prelle}\]

American Guerrilla in the Philippines

Color by TECHNICOLOR

with Tom Ewell • Bob Patten • Tommy Cook • Juan Torena • Jack Stang • Robert Barrat

Screen Play by LAMAR TROTTI • Based on the Novel by Ira Wolfert

Directed by FRITZ LANG
Produced by LAMAR TROTTI
"Choose Your Star" we said. And you did. These names leaped to the top at once and never failed to keep this place.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

The votes cast in Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" contest are in and counted and the winners, by overwhelming majorities, are Howard Keel and Sally Forrest.

Howard Keel's screen appearance in "Annie Get Your Gun" was all that he had, all that he needed.

However, Sally Forrest you've seen in several pictures: "Not Wanted," "The Young Lovers" and "Mystery Street."

Anthony Curtis, the second male winner, has had numerous releases but none in which he has played an outstanding role. And Craig Hill, third in the male line-up, made his mark as the life-saver in "Cheaper by the Dozen."

Peggy Dow, second among the women, has had "Undertow" and "Woman in Hiding." Mercedes McCambridge, who came in third, won an Oscar with her one and only screen appearance to date in "All the King's Men."

While each of the top men is, in his own way, handsome, it's interesting that your top favorites among the girls are not, in any orthodox sense, beauties. They are interesting. They are provocative. They are attractive. And they also can act; an attribute that is becoming, hearteningly enough, more and more important in any player's public rating.

The Hollywood studios, immediately impressed by the favor these new players have so quickly won, have exciting plans for them, plans you'll find reported in the December Photoplay, together with resumes of the players' plans for themselves and their latest photographs in color and in black and white.

Count on it! You'll be seeing them frequently in the future, these stars you have chosen.

The Editors
June Allyson again co-stars with husband Dick Powell in “Right Cross”

T & E Hall

Junie was just about to catch up with one dream when a better dream came along

JUNE ALLYSON was praying a quiet little prayer inside. “Don’t let me be ill and not able to dance with Fred Astaire!”

“Okay, June—let’s take five,” Fred said giving the piano player the high sign that they’d stop for a breather while rehearsing a “Royal Wedding” dance routine.

June gave a grateful little smile and leaned against the wall of the rehearsal hall, trying to hold on to what was left of her. I’m too tired, she was thinking, as she’d been thinking for the past six days. Much too tired. I’m nervous and excited, of course. But I shouldn’t be this tired. What’s wrong with me?

Perhaps she shouldn’t have left the hospital so soon. It was just a minor operation and she’d come out of the place practically into the rehearsal hall. Maybe that was the reason. She hadn’t had time to rest up.

She couldn’t delay (Continued on page 83)
It never occurred to Shirley to move back to the big house with her folks. "Our own home is where Susu and I belong."
LIVING IS FUN!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

The tears, the heartache are over. The old unhappy drive is gone. In meeting her troubles halfway, Shirley Temple fell head over heels in love—with life.

WHEN for Shirley Temple the old patterns of life were destroyed, she went quietly about building new ones. More than anything else she wanted peace. At first, her friends were all for providing distraction. Six nights a week came their invitations, till she called a halt. "Look, kids, I love seeing you, but let's not overdo it."

It never entered her head to move back to the big house with her folks. Any retreat into the past seems to Shirley immature. "I'm an adult, I'm the mother of a child, and I'm quite independent. It's nice to be able to run over and see them when I please. But this is my home, and this is where Susu and I belong."

To fit the new pattern, she's changed the baby's bedtime and keeps her up for the evening meal. "Because I think it's difficult for anyone to eat alone. Besides, Susu and I get a lot of pleasure out of each other's company."

So Susan now gets to stay up till seven-thirty or eight, and has herself a ball. She sits in a big chair. She goes busily through the evening paper, hunting pictures of Mamma. This is a cinch, since to Susie every girl in the paper is Mamma. She gets extremely maternal. "Eat your meat, Mommy dear. Drink your milk—" Her favorite job is that of messenger girl—trotting to the kitchen—"Mamma please wants (Continued on page 82)
ABOUT men—you can tell nothing! Conservative animals, basically, they are quick to shy away from anything new. The first lipsticks, you may have heard tell, horrified the boys. Now they complain that a girl without lipstick looks dreary. Some gentlemen, the die-hards, still bemoan colored nail polishes. It was to be expected that there would be protestations over doe-eyes—the new fashion sponsored by Paris, featured by the fashion magazines and seen, more and more frequently, at Hollywood parties. The boys protest doe-eyes—but they also follow them! For the record a doe-eyed wallflower is yet to be seen.

There’s nothing natural about this new look in the eyes. It’s as frankly artificial as it is fascinating. Which is what makes it so exciting. Definitely it’s not for daytime.

But for cocktail time and parties, oh, yes. I’m referring (Cont’d on page 75)

Fink and Smith

Color contrast can be as violent as you like. Yvonne De Carlo of...

...“Tomahawk” uses brighter lipstick, black pencil around eyes

Arlene Dahl with ordinary eye make-up. A blonde, she can use brown...
BY VICKY RILEY

Hollywood introduces a new beauty line—the doe-eyed look for evening. It turns even shy girls into slant-eyed sirens.

Phyllis Kirk changes from a pert miss to a saucy siren with new . . . eye make-up, more sophisticated neckline. In “Two Weeks—With Love”

Geraldine Brooks, youthful and lovely, turns herself into a subtle . . . sophisticate with dramatic eye-do, earrings. She’s in “Volcano”

photoplay feature attraction
He brings her presents of candles, cheese and dresses.

She gives him—all the things she never dreamed he’d love

IT WAS Christmas night of 1948 and the girl with the cute turned-up nose and the young man with the puzzled frown kept on being gay.

This acting was for the children, for Skippy, who was going on seven, and for Pidge, who was going on six. The baby, Nugent, who is a girl, just as Pidge is, was too young then to notice anything, even the brightly blazing lights on the Christmas tree.

The kids had had a glorious, wild, hilarious time but finally, despite their fervent struggle against it, they grew so sleepy they meekly let their devoted nurse lead them out around the pool, across the lawn from the big house, out to the pretty little white house which was exclusive to them. (Continued on page 89)
Joanne Dru co-stars in "711 Ocean Drive" and "Wagon-master." John Ireland's next is "Vengeance Valley," in which Joanne also has a role.
BACK in August 1946, a young Sea-
man, first class, receiving honorable
discharge from the U. S. Navy,
headed for California. But Hollywood,
his home town—all absorbed in the tri-
umphant return of stars like Clark Gable
and Jimmy Stewart and Ty Power and
Vic Mature—was almost completely un-
aware that Farley Granger was around
again.

Who was he anyway? Just a kid who
had been signed by Samuel Goldwyn,
who had played in a couple of pictures
—"North Star" and "Purple Heart"—
but caused no great hullabaloo.

Today, four years and seven pictures
later, Farley is one of the brightest stars
on the screen. Because of this and be-
cause he is peculiarly unlike any other
star, he's a favorite conversational piece
in Hollywood.

Listen and you will hear that he's a
genius, an artistic snob, the sweetest
guy that ever walked in shoe leather
and a sulky problem child. It was with
this general Granger confusion in mind
that we asked three markedly different
women to write of him as they see him.

Elsa Maxwell looks at him with the
understanding of a woman of the world . . .

Joan Evans regards him with enthu-
siasm. They're colleagues with the same
shining goal . . .

Shelley Winters, the girl he has dated
longer and more constantly than any
other, introduces a romantic note . . .

The stories they tell about Farley are
as different as they are human and
amusing and warm. But from these
three stories the same young man
emerges. He isn't all sweetness and
light. Far from it. But he is provocative.
He is charming. He is, definitely, some-
one you would like to know.

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

photoplay feature attraction

TALK
ABOUT
FARLEY
GRANGER

A new and different presentation of a
star. Three famous women—Elsa Maxwell,
Joan Evans and Shelley Winters—offer
three exciting impressions of
Hollywood's Young Man of the Hour
HIS VERY OWN

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Farley Granger, who in trying to discover who he really is and what he really wants from life, is willing even to take chances with his success.

On location for "Our Very Own": Cameraman Lee Garmes, costar Ann Blyth, Farley and director David Miller at Malibu.

Farley at seventeen—just signed by Goldwyn.

Today: His friends may criticize, but always, in the same breath, they insist he's a wonderful guy.
ARLEY GRANGER reminds me of a large, very porous sponge.

This may not be a properly romantic description of the screen's most popular young romantic. But it is a literal description of a young man who is trying very hard to discover who he really is, what he really is like.

Farley knows, of course, that he is Farley Granger, twenty-six years old, the only child of Eva May Hopkins and Farley Earle Granger, who quit high school at seventeen, who served as Seaman 1/c in the Pacific and who is, currently, a Samuel Goldwyn star on the rise. But these are only surface facts. And Farley has no intention of going through the motions that these facts dictate without ever realizing his hidden potentialities, without ever becoming, as a man, his very own. As he says, too many people do this—never really finding out who they are.

"It's important, right now," Farley says, "that I read a lot, hear music, see paintings—and that I travel. Now is the time for me to reach out for all kinds of impressions. When you do such things you sprout interests and enthusiasms and emotions the way a tree sprouts little branches. And frequently you're surprised at the things you discover about yourself, at phases in personality which suddenly come to the surface."

All of which means that those currently associated with Farley occasionally find him difficult. Unimaginative people who don't go off exploring the arts, the philosophies and the world in order better to explore themselves are more dependable, certainly, more compliant.

(Continued on page 101)
In front of stage dressing room: “You have to be a little bit in love with the boy with whom you play love scenes.”
I just love Farley. Right or wrong, I love him—and Farley can be so right and he can be so wrong.

I'll never forget the first time I met him. It was two years ago on a blazing hot "street" at the Goldwyn Studio. I had just arrived in Hollywood the day before to make what everyone referred to as an "acting test." I referred to it that way, too, but I didn't feel much like an actress. I felt like a very frightened girl.

Before the big acting test I was to make a preliminary test and so they shook me into a dress very like the one I eventually wore in "Roseanna McCoy" (as a matter of fact, it was the one Merle Oberon wore in "Wuthering Heights") and led me to the street where everyone was hurrying back and forth. There were extras in costume for another picture that was being shot on the lot then, there were property men, camera men, carpenters—all kinds of studio workers. Everyone seemed to know what he was doing—except me.

You know how it is when you're going through a new and harrowing experience? Like the first day at a new school? (Continued on page 74)
MY FIRST impression of Farley was of the handsomest, most beautiful man I'd ever seen. He is, you know. But seeing him for the first time, in the flesh, his looks antagonized rather than attracted me. A man as beautiful as this, I remember thinking, is sure not to have a thought in his head that doesn't begin with "I" and end with "Me."

But far, very far from being preoccupied with himself, Farley has the most stimulating, the most asking mind you could hope to meet up with, and be excited by. And try, just try to match it!

I try—which is why you never see Farley and me in repose, never—because mostly we're arguing. About anything and everything—acting, politics, religion, science and music and art, psychiatry and back again to acting which is the love that has no rival in our hearts.

I first met Farley at a lecture on politics given by Norman Mailer who wrote the great, grim and gory "The Naked and The Dead." Farley sat directly in front of me in the auditorium. He was alone. I was alone. We got to talking. (Continued on page 96)
"Rattlebrain," he thought. "Conceited," she said to herself. That's how their friendship began. And they've been arguing, very happily, ever since.

"He's clothes unconscious and wears the most awful shoes—but he'll buy at one . . .

... swoop, eighty dollars' worth of books, two hundred dollars' worth of records"
Now comes the screen test, experiments with make-up, wardrobe fittings, publicity pictures, classes in dramatics, ballet, riding and swimming—all the exciting things you must know to take your place among the stars.

You’re on the studio payroll. First step, your wardrobe measurements are taken by Universal-International’s top fitter Ida Bell Kahn, supervised by dress designer Bill Thomas.

The public doesn’t know you but it will, before you hit the screen. U-I’s top glamour photographer Ray Jones poses “cheesecake” art for publicity.

How A Star Is

Did you ever write to a Hollywood studio, saying something like this:

“Dear Sirs: I am sixteen years old and will graduate from high school next June. I have had two leads in high school plays and am considered very pretty by my friends. I would like to become an actress. Please send someone to give me a screen test.”

If so, perhaps you wondered why you received no reply.

Such a letter reveals instantly that the writer knows nothing about the business of making motion pictures.

Testing a newcomer is expensive; the minimum cost is three hundred dollars and there are instances of tests having totaled as much as two thousand dollars. Naturally, no studio can afford to test every person who would like to appear before a camera. Furthermore, a test is not at all what the average uninitiated person appears to think it is.

Tests are of two kinds: First, the test given to a contract player to determine whether he or she would be right for
A busy schedule: You are now under the supervision of U-T’s famous drama coach, Sophie Rosenstein. You meet each day in her office with Tony Curtis, standing, Peggy Dow, Lillian Barkley, Dixie Nelson, Joyce Holden, Jim Best and Piper Laurie, on floor, for diction, drama help and stimulating talk.

In projection room Sophie sits with her pupils, and shoots questions at them as the picture unreels. You soon lose your self-consciousness, learn to analyze the parts, give opinion, detect flaws in other actors’ work.

Born

By

Fredda Dudley
How A Star Is Born

a specific part. Such a testee may be a man or a girl who is hoping to be assigned to a minor part in his or her first picture—or the testee may be such an established player as Barbara Stanwyck. When the star of a picture is set (often stories are bought or specifically written for a star, hence no test is needed) it is customary for a studio to test a number of leading men or leading women to determine which person would be the better screen foil for the headliner.

The second type of screen test is that given a newcomer who is under contemplation, or who has already been signed by a studio.

In many cases, a competent talent executive can tell—after conversation with a newcomer—whether he or she will photograph well enough for consideration. (All of this applies, of course, to newcomers who aspire to leading parts.)

When a camera test is given, the purpose is fourfold: (1) It reveals whether the camera “likes” your face or not. One of the mysteries of black and white photography is the fact that a girl who is pretty or a man who is handsome to the eye may look quite different to the camera; (2) it tells whether the newcomer is so distinctive a “type” that his gamut of roles would be limited; (3) it indicates whether the individual photographs so much like an established star that there would be confusion; (4) it indicates whether your hair should be worn in a different manner, whether the arch of your eyebrows should be changed, whether the shape of your mouth should be altered. It reveals whether you have any habits of expression which should be changed or eliminated.

Sometimes a camera test is not made, but a voice recording is. This is done, usually, when the talent executive is convinced that the neophyte’s physical equipment is camera-worthy, but he entertains some doubt about the quality of the voice.

A large man with a light, high voice (not an unusual combination) is handicapped. A person with an unusual accent must give promise of being able to correct that accent by recording first in his natural speech, then altering that speech after brief coaching by a director. Finally, there are some actors—hoping for a career as a leading man or a heavy—whose vocal tones or characteristic manner of delivery are funny. No one would dream, when looking at Percy Kilbride, for instance, that he was a comedian; the revelation is contained in his voice.

Many a newcomer, when asked to take a screen test, has concluded that he or she has Arrived (capital A) and is about to wear mink. Nothing could be farther from the facts. An invitation to take a screen test means only “A chance—maybe.”

The rules for successfully passing this career milestone are simple and reassuring:

For a man: Wear a white shirt and a business suit (unless some
other costume has been requested in advance).

Be immaculately clean and well-shaven.

For a girl: Unless otherwise instructed, wear a simple opaque (not transparent) white blouse, and a slim tailored skirt of gray, beige, or any pastel. If your face is long and slender, wear a round-necked blouse; if your face is chubby, wear a V-neckline.

Don't wear earrings or fancy jewelry of any kind. You are being tested, not your wardrobe.

For either a man or a girl: Do your best but don't knock yourself out; don't try too hard. Say to yourself, "If this is the time for my break, I'll get it without turning handsprings; if this isn't the time, I have the spirit and patience to wait."

Regard everyone you meet as a specialist who knows and is doing a job in the theatrical business; regard this job as of equal importance with the job to which you aspire. Be (Continued on page 91)

Tony and Piper "improvise" a scene. Ability to work well together resulted in first co-starring roles in "The Prince Who Was a Thief"
Mr. and Mrs. Bob Topping. Lana Turner appears next in “A Life of Her Own”

It’s not in Lana’s nature to stay unhappy or admit defeat. That’s why she’s planning for the baby they said she couldn’t have

LANA TURNER and I were visiting on the set of “Mr. Imperium,” the picture she’s making with Ezio Pinza of “South Pacific” fame. Ever since I had heard that this golden girl was expecting another baby, I had been eager to see her. I wanted to tell her how much I admired her courage. And I wanted to hear from her own lips what she was doing to prevent the same sorrow she and her husband, Bob Topping, had known before.

I remembered so well how heartbroken she had been when she and Bob had lost their first expected baby. She had sobbed over the long distance phone as she had told me of all her preparations. “If we could have another one, it wouldn’t be so heartbreaking, but the doctors hold out little hope that a child of ours can live.”

Lana’s blood is RH negative and Bob’s is RH positive. The (Continued on page 100)
An old-fashioned feast served a new-fashioned way: The semi-buffet table

Pilgrims' party

After-dinner stint—a cozy fireplace, toasted marshmallows and stories out of their memory books. Clockwise, the Dennis O'Keefes, David Wayne, Mrs. Lundigan, Bill, standing, Mrs. Wayne and on floor, Allan Nixon, wife Marie Wilson
The semi-buffet is the Lundigan way of putting the guests at ease and letting the hosts in on the fun.

In Hollywood—there's a young couple everyone should know about. They've solved the annual Thanksgiving problem—the wish to invite so many that the gathering becomes impractical both from the point of view of inadequate room at table and all the work it means.

The Bill Lundigans are the modern miracle workers. They wanted, above all, the fun of sharing Thanksgiving with their friends and family. So they worked out a formula that makes this possible—the semi-buffet. It has all the glamour of a carefully planned party without any of its formality. It has the hospitable warmth of casual entertaining without any of its disadvantages. No man really likes juggling a tray of food on his lap. And no girl, dressed in her prettiest party frock, can really enjoy herself while she's in constant fear of spills.

So Bill and Rena work it out this way. They have everything well in hand before the guests arrive. Their dining table is beautifully set with flowers, candles, their choicest silver, even place cards. But all the food—the hot food, of course, in covered dishes—is on another conveniently placed table or sideboard. The guests help themselves to whatever they enjoy most, carry their plates to their places at the table, and eat in comfort. At the same time, no one is in the least embarrassed to get up for a second helping, or to load a plate till it groans—almost a must on Thanksgiving.

The Lundigans plan their (Continued on page 85)
You can live in a rented house and still plan for a modern future if you follow the Richard Contes’s “original” home course.

Old theater programs, Lautrec poster and desk transformed corner of dining room into a study

Living-room alcove features early American table, modern sculpture

THAT old fable about every Hollywood house having a swimming pool, and every star living in a mansion, gets exploded daily. Not only do quite a few stars not own a swimming pool, they do not own a house. If they commute between Hollywood and New York or travel regularly, it’s more practical to rent. Other couples rent while they make plans to build just the house they want, and Ruth and Richard Conte belong in this group.

It’s a small house, completely unprepossessing, tucked away in the hills above Beverly Hills, and it belongs to Rockwell Kent, the well-known artist. But through their accessories and paintings the Contes have made the house completely their own. “Do you think it really looks like our place and not a rented house?” asked Ruth. “That’s what Nicky and I tried to do.”

Just to keep the record straight, Nicky is Richard Conte, christened (Cont’d on page 79)

The Contes’s charming living room carries out the informality that is their house rule
Give her a pedestal and she’d shove it around with the rest of the furniture. In Jane’s daily routine there’s no time to be—all the things they say about Wyman

Night clubs are their natural habitat. They’re always togged out like the cover of Harper’s Bazaar. They live in marble halls, where butlers appear and vanish like Aladdin’s genie. Nurses bring up their kids, whose sole contact with mama is a curtsey at dinnertime. Their heads swell, and they shed old friends the way Harpo sheds silverware. They spend their time on the set a-fussin’, a-feudin’ and a-figurin’ how to knife the other gal. They’re all loaded, and could buy up Fort Knox and finance the Marshall Plan with their loose change.

This is the gilded image of a movie star.

“How about it?” we asked Jane Wyman.

“Well—look at me!” she invited. We looked. (Continued on page 104)

Weekends, holidays and from five to seven when she isn’t working, belong strictly to her kids

She goes to night clubs—once in a blue moon. Below, with new romance, Clark Hardwicke

Jane gussies up only when she feels that she owes it to her public to be seen at her best

Jane doesn’t throw her money around—is saving it for the day when she’ll no longer be a star
A day in the life of Wyman can be fairly matched with that of any career woman who's also a homemaker. Glamour's perceptible by its absence! Jane's latest is "The Glass Menagerie"
What attracts the men? Sheilah thought she knew—until she started asking the questions that brought these surprising answers.
A WOMAN should always be like a field of clover—fresh and fragrant”—Dan Dailey was speaking on a pet masculine subject—Woman. It was at lunch in the Twentieth Century-Fox Café de Paris. At this interesting point in the conversation, a famous studio star walked by. She was wearing slacks, a sweater and a sloppy look.

“Not like that gal,” Dan commented. “More like my wife Liz. I love that look of cleanliness in a woman. No powder on her coat neckline, no shine on her nose. And I don’t mean the New York look either. She can look just as good to me in blue jeans, as in a strapless evening gown. I like a woman to look well washed—like a rose-bud that has just opened.” Why, Mr. Dailey! Anyway, after my (Continued on page 88)
Peggy Cummins of "If This Be Sin" makes a fall entrance in white net gown from Saks Fifth Avenue. Bouffant skirt sweeps to floor at sides. Beneath top skirt, several white roses add color with green leaves.

Opposite, Audrey Totter of "Under The Gun" in Fuhrman's white mink coat. It becomes a stole when detachable sleeves are removed.
autumn eves

Days become shorter, nights stretch
out into dreamy, dress-up hours

"SHORT and Sweet"—that's the line that
should set the hem-line for you
whether it's for early fall nights of
dancing, semi-formal wear or for daytime
—natch! The happiest "medium" to strike
is sixteen inches from the floor—and if that
favorite full-skirted gown of yours that
swept the floor last year looks a little tired
and you still have a crush on it—just lop
off the bottom, add a fresh flower, or belt
or bit of trimming—and have yourself a
"new dress."  (Continued on page 77)
Viveca Lindfors models the budget-priced adaptation of the dress Edith Head designed for her in Paramount's "Dark City," a Hal Wallis production.
Ruth Roman is in Warner's "Three Secrets"

At ease in any company is the smartly simple dress worn by Ruth Roman, right. In one hundred per cent wool casha, its high neckline has a turnover collar, with tortoise-type buttons at the shoulders, opening on one side. Self belt has tortoise-type buckle. Skirt is slim, with center pleat. In heige, pale blue, pink or maize, sizes 9-15. $14.95 by Junior Clique at Stern Brothers', New York, N. Y. and Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

Tailor's delight: Styled for casual comfort is the Virginia Spears reproduction, left, of the original Viveca Lindfors-Edith Head dress. In Burlington's crease-resistant rayon checked suiting, it has front zipper closing. Slim skirt flares into pockets at the hips. Dainty accompaniment—a separate white pique dickey with pert bow-tie. In wine, brown, green or navy, all with white check. Sizes 7-15. $17.95 at McCreery's, New York, N. Y., Lit Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., and Crowley's, Detroit, Mich.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 95.
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS
Charming Margaret Phillips makes her screen debut in Paramount's "A Life of Her Own"

dark
SOPHISTICATE

Make a timely entrance in this dream of a date dress with its rustling rayon taffeta skirt, luxurious velveteen bodice with cut-out neckline. Softly gathered skirt has velveteen belt. Not shown, a brief little velveteen bolero. Black only, sizes 7-15. $22.95 by Minx Modes at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y., Davison, Faxon, Atlanta, Ga. and Filene's, Boston, Mass. Kramer's jewelry

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 95
inspired by

BETTY HUTTON

starred in Paramount Pictures' Technicolor hit

"LET'S DANCE"

FRED ASTAIRE

with

BETTY HUTTON

in a scene from "LET'S DANCE"

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Here's inspired flattery for your legs and your footwear, high style worth dancing about! At fine stores near you.

There's a Prim Stocking for Every Occasion
Doris Day in original dress designed by Leah Rhodes for her role in Warner’s “Tea For Two”

Designed for a busy life: An intriguingly fashioned dress with deep man-tailored detachable cuffs, little band collar with detachable choir-boy tie. Slim skirt is peg-topped at front. Sew it in Celanese’s Townslant, a new acetate rayon fabric that looks and feels like sheer wool, in many colors

For pattern drawings see page 95
“Everyone admires my Golden Opera Jewelry!”

says Jarmila Novotna,
famous Metropolitan Opera Star

There’s just no denying the fabulous appeal of Deltah’s Golden Opera Jewelry. So distinctive, so lovely, so very individual! Of luminous, flattering pseudo-pearls combined with brilliant 1/20-14K gold-filled links for enchanting color contrast. Necklaces and bracelets from $9.75, earrings from $5.50, plus Federal tax, in beautiful gift cases.

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Farley—So Right, So Wrong

(Continued from page 49) You don’t quite know what you’re supposed to do and all faces are a kind of blur.

Well, Irving Reis, the director, said, “Joan, this is Farley,” and I looked up to see one of the handsomest boys I’ve ever looked at—but—and I’m sure this will shock the millions of girls who are crazy about Farley—his face, too, was a blur.

So everybody told me what to do and then somebody—I guess that must have been Irving Reis—said, “Action!” Then Irving said, “Look at the water tower and imagine it’s a beautiful mountain” and then he said, “Now! Farley!” And suddenly Farley grabbed me in his arms and kissed me right on the mouth!

Now this is something that has been doubted but I had never been kissed before by a boy. (I was just fourteen.) I think it’s something to be kissed for the first time by Farley Granger.

I saw the test later and I really had to laugh. I was the most surprised looking girl. And that’s exactly what Irving Reis wanted—surprise and incredulity.

WELL, then we started to rehearse for the acting test, Farley, Irving Reis and I. And once when we were doing a love scene, Irving said, “You treat Farley as if he were your long-lost uncle, not your sweetheart.” Farley laughed and that did it. I suppose I was really shy with Farley because of that first kiss.

Because Mr. Goldwyn had announced that Farley and I were to be teamed together there were those “romance rumors” in the papers. And all you girls can throw rocks at me for saying this but I have never been in love with Farley.

You see, Farley and I have a similar goal. He wants to be a great actor—and I think he will be—and I just want to be a great actress. I’m working like mad to be. So our interests were mutual and our talk, in those early days, was all about acting.

I suppose I was a little bit in love with him when we played our love scenes in “Roseanna McCoy.” I think that when you do love scenes on the screen you have to be a little bit in love with the boy.

But the minute the love scenes were over we went right back to our old relationship of wonderful young actor (Farley) and girl (that’s me) trying to learn to act.

Most people have read what happened when we were on location and a gun that Farley had used in the scene accidentally went off, shooting me in the arm. And how he ran around on those long legs of his stealing flowers from various gardens—there was no florist shop open at that hour—so that when I came to after the operation I would not wake up to a bare room.

But what people don’t know is that after we were back in Hollywood and the bands were off Farley said to me, “What kind of scar will it leave, Joanie?”

And because I have never lied to Farley, I said, “I’m afraid I’ll have a scar for life.” His eyes filled with tears and he turned away. “You’d better be a little scar,” Farley is as sensitive as a violin and this hurt him but I would like to tell him right here that I like that scar. It scarcely shows now—it healed much better than anyone dared hope—and it gives me a certain distinction. If anyone who has not heard about it asks me how I got it I say, “I was shot by a man who was making love to me.” So, honestly, Farley, it’s all right.

And the beautiful bracelet with the big disk hanging from it has “Roseanna” engraved on one side and “Joanie” on the other that you gave me is so lovely.

And here I am kind of teary about Farley, yet I’ve been real mad at him. Farley is not the quote typical American boy unquote. I doubt that there is such a type anyhow. Farley is moody and brooding.

When we were making “Roseanna McCoy” and “Our Very Own” you could tell how Farley was going to be. And the funny thing is that you have to cater to Farley’s moods.

Once during “Roseanna” I said to Marshall Thompson, “Farley makes me so mad. When he’s in a mood I feel I have to pull

Joan was thrilled when Farley took her to New York opening of “Our Very Own” —and so were the autograph hunters! him out of it. And sometimes I’m in an unhappy mood. But does he pull me out of it? No!”

Marsh said, “You know what? That’s why I fell in love with Barbara—that and for the obvious reasons. I never had to pull her out of a mood.”

But when Farley is gay he can be funnier than any person alive. He does a Groucho Marx imitation that’s a scream. He’s a wonderful mimic.

At the party on the set that David Miller gave to celebrate the completion of “Our Very Own,” Farley was at his best. He told me about his doing “Edge of Doom”—except that instead of being Farley Granger, the young actor who had just been given the acting plum of the year, he pretended he was an emissary from the Russian Moscow Art Theater who had just had a conference with Mr. Samuel Goldwyn and didn’t quite understand what it was all about.

It doesn’t sound funny. But what great comics are funny when you repeat their acts?

When “Inside U.S.A.” played Los Angeles, Farley asked me to go with him. He had a couple of other friends along and we had dinner together and laughed and had so much fun. You would have thought he was just a crazy kid without a brain in his head. Yet Farley is—deep inside himself—very serious. In his love of music, for instance. The same way with books. Farley has not had much classical education. He was seventeen when he was signed by Mr. Goldwyn. Then he enlisted in the Navy. Night after night he stays at home to read, to improve his mind.

“I want to read all the books in the world,” he has told me.

“I want to know all about music and all about art. I’d love to know good pictures, not just look at them and admire the colors and the composition but to know what the artist meant when he painted the pictures. Yes, I want to know about music and music and paintings but principally I want to know about acting.

And we were talking about acting again. I can’t begin to tell you how Farley prepared for “Edge of Doom.” For two weeks before the picture started he did not have a date. He just stayed at home trying to think the way the boy in the picture would think.

WHEN “Our Very Own” was scheduled to open in New York Mr. Goldwyn was nicest to me. We told Farley that he was going to be in Europe. One Sunday during this time when my mother and I got back to the hotel there was a message, “Miss Evans” and it just gave me a shock to see that name—Mr. Granger called.

He had flown back from Europe for the “Our Very Own” premiere.

I said to my mother, “I’ll bet the telephone operators got a thrill when he called.” And then a little later I said, “You know what?”

She asked, “What?”

And I said, “It gives me a big thrill to come into a hotel and get a message like that. Why do you suppose he called?”

She said, sensibly, “Why don’t you return his call and find out?”

So I did and there was Farley at the end of the wire saying, “Hi, Joanie, how about you and me going to the opening of ‘Our Very Own.’” And I’ll bet every telephone operator in the hotel was listening in.

Well, we went to the opening and had a great time. But the best part was afterwards when we went to a restaurant for coffee and he told me about his trip to Europe. “I’m a different person, Joanie,” he said, “you know, I got to know more than I did before I went to Europe. I have a different set of values.”

When I got back to the hotel I said to my mother, “You know what? I’m a fan. I’m a Farley, Granger fan.”

THE END
Eye Cues

(Continued from page 40) to the younger crowd, of course. The likes of Diana Lynn, and Phyllis Kirk, and Geraldine Brooks, and Yvonne De Carlo, and Arlene Dahl and all the other dolls who really know the score.

If you're under thirty—or better yet, under twenty-five—and you want to give just a little dash and impudence to your appearance after dark, doe-up your eyes. You'll distinctly look different—and what it does to your boy-rating is something.

The day Diana Lynn posed for the illustrations on these pages, she was photographed at the Paramount Studios by our own Emyne Pink and Sterling Smith. After she had her eyes made up, she absolutely adored herself so with that look that she couldn't bear to take it off.

Therefore, though it was mid-afternoon of a blazing day (we really blaze in late fall out here), Diana trotted across the studio lot. And whom did she run into but Y. Frank Freeman, the big Paramount boss. Absolutely man-like, he stopped her, saying, "Diana, I've never seen you look so well." He didn't know what was so different about her pert face. He just knew he liked the general effect. (I was there, hearing all this, so I'm not taking any of it secondhand.) Diana, being a smart cookie, didn't explain what was new. She just beamed.

The Boss said the sight of her made him think of her for some new casting—rather different casting than she'd had in her recent Paramount picture, "My Friend Irma Goes West." The next result was a test for a very sophisticated role that Diana has long had hopes for. The decision hasn’t been handed down, as I write this, but I'll let you know what happens. The big point is that a girl made a man—in this case an important man in her life—think of her in a new way through the medium of make-up.

You can do that, too. There are certain cautions about doe-eyes you will have to remember. Just any old eyebrow pencil won't do. Get some new ones with good sharp points. There is even one brand on the market that has a sharpening device attached which keeps the point always sharpened. Experiment with color. You can go very contrasty, if you desire, using black, even if your hair is blonde or brown, if your eyes are blue. This depends on your individual taste.

Don't expect to put on doe-eyes in any five seconds. It takes time and practice to draw the lines straight, and so they are not harsh, nor smudged. If you get them on wrong in the first place, you may have to take them all off with cold cream and start over again.

Consider the type of light you will be seen in, when wearing doe-eyes. At Betty Hutton's really gorgeous candlelight dinner dance a few weeks ago, many of our glamour dolls had doe-eyes illuminating their beautiful faces, and they were just dreams in that soft, flattering light. Remember, too, that you shouldn't wear a sophisticated face with an unsophisticated hair-do or dress. Doe-eyes are definitely either for fun or for glamour.

The line on your lower lid, which is frankly difficult to do well, should be much thinner in outline than the one on your upper lid. If you want to combine the doe-eyed look with eyeshadow, the best way to get the right color for the latter (which shouldn't be applied too heavily) is to match the shade of that bit of color that lies on either side of the bridge of your nose, right where it joins your eye-sockets. (Go look in a mirror now, if you've never noticed this. Most
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For the line on the lower lid—the hardest to draw—you need a particularly sharp point. Draw line over, not under, lower eyelashes from inside to outside of lid; but be careful not to extend beyond eyeline.

3. The upper eyelid line is at once easier to make up and more exaggerated. It should extend beyond eyeline, be carried down and in toward nose, up and out toward temples. Do not smudge this line.

4. The eyebrow line also should be exaggerated. Draw your eyelashes higher than you do for daytime, with light feathery strokes of eyebrow pencil. Mascara eyelashes heavily with matching color.

girls haven't, but every girl has it—and Hollywood girls key their eyeshadow to it.)

Experiment, too, with mascara eyelash shades. You don't have to be satisfied with mere black or brown, you know. There are actually some blue and blue-gray shades that can be fascinating.

You can get a lot of zest into your appearance by using these off-beat shades once in a while, particularly if they both complement your own coloring and harmonize with the dress you are wearing.

Experiment with your eyebrow line, too. It doesn't always have to stay the same shape or even the same color. Make-up "outlines" change all the time. You certainly wouldn't make up your mouth in the bee-stung lip routine Mae Murray used in the Twenties, any more than you'd wear your hair in Mary Pickford curls. But with the short hair vogue, the ultra-feminine look of conscious make-up is very provocative.

Have fun with your face. Even if you had an original Christian Dior dress in your wardrobe (and wouldn't that be heaven, if true!), you wouldn't wear it morning, noon and night. The same is true of your make-up, and once you try doe-eyes, you might as well experiment with all the other eye tricks, too. More than ever today a girl's face can influence her fortune and because the eyes are your face's most important feature, you owe it to yourself to see what eyeshadow, pencil and mascara can do to glamorize them.

Hands that look their prettiest are more than ever important at Christmas—party time. Next month, we'll tell you how to give yourself a perfect manicure.
For Autumn Eves

(Continued from page 67) Recently, at one of the Mocambo’s Charleston nights, these Hollywood celebs were on the honor stand: Milton Berle, Andrea Leeds, Joan Davis, famed designer Don Loper, and Ella Raines. Pretty Mara Lynn won herself a dancing prize—and, at the same time, a screen test. (P.S. She landed a movie contract a few days later!) Eye-catching Betty Hutton took to the bandstand and gave out with songs for about an hour. And after that, she and Milton Berle put on a free show that many a producer would have paid plenty to put on a film! Of course the ring-siders ate it up!

Mocambo is also doing fine with those Thursday night polka sessions, and Wanda Hendrix is just one doll who enjoys ‘em. (Boy! when she and Audie Murphy meet these days it’s pure ICE!) Wanda who'd played up for dancing in gray—a camisole-top dress of gray chiffon, good for either formal or informal wear. Wanda’s bodice was shirred all over, and its skirt had fine mushroom pleating, but such a dress would be equally effective with the shirred bodice and merely a very full gored skirt. Tiny shoulder-straps held it up, but over the dress went a short-sleeved bolero of the chiffon—and around the waist, a narrow deeper gray velvet belt to which Wanda had pinned a big bunch of bright red velvet and satin strawberries.

Another cute outfit but more tailored is the semi-suit that Ruth Roman took to New York with her. The two-piece had a skirt that is just a tube of light-weight bright navy wool. We don’t have to tell you how many different kinds of “toppers” (blouses or coats) look smart with such a skirt. Ruth’s jacket for it is a casual, almost bloused affair of almost sheer red and white checked tweed-surfaced wool. A “suit” like this becomes a perfect two-piece wool “dress” for wear under heavy coats when the cold weather sets in.

And talking of fall suits, it’s a cinch that tall girls and smalls all get a break this season. Frinstance, you tall ones will just Love the new tailhead silhouette. We saw Ann Miller looking oh, so debonair in a suit of this type lunching at the Beverly Hills Hotel. It was a checkered wool in wine, black and white (incidentally, you'll see checks everywhere). Her two-button jacket had the most wonderful shoulder line and it tapered down to the slimmest of skirts. With it she wore a wine gabardine veil which picked up the wine color in the check.

Another eye-catcher was the scrumptious little suit in navy blue that Helen Rose did for June Allyson. (This type with shorter jacket is for the small girl—remember?) Its double-breasted jacket was velvet-trimmed and velvet-buttoned and the skirt, though slim in front, had that back fullness that Junie loves—especially now she’s dated the stork—and it’s so comfy for walking.

Caviar! There’s a name for you—but it really describes what dark, dark gray with blue overtones that Howard Greer is showing in his figure-revealing, bosom-emphasizing, short-skirted daytime outfits. Gray is important in the fashion picture. You’ll see it everywhere. Little Debbie Reynolds (“Three Little Words,” and “Two Weeks—With Love”) was wearing a darling gray flannel suit out on Hollywood Boulevard. The reefer coat was lined with South American lamb.

This has really been a month for the crooner and singer department. A big, madhouse party at the Champagne Room for Vic Damone, to "launch" him on his new movie contract at Metro, started things off. What a mob—and among the Hollywood’s own famous lipstick, Westmore—cosmetic secret so many glamorous stars use on screen and street—now comes to you in gorgeous new, golden cases! They’re like fine masterpieces of jewelers’ art! Thrilling, enticing color-shades harmonize perfectly with your own individual complexion. Special creamy base stays on so excitingly long! Remember...Westmore, and only Westmore...are the certified cosmetics of the stars (see actual certificate from these beauty experts below). On sale at variety, chain and drug store cosmetic counters.

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**Wireless**

Caviar! There’s a name for you—but it really describes what dark, dark gray with blue overtones that Howard Greer is showing in his figure-revealing, bosom-emphasizing, short-skirted daytime outfits. Gray is important in the fashion picture. You’ll see it everywhere. Little Debbie Reynolds (“Three Little Words,” and “Two Weeks—With Love”) was wearing a darling gray flannel suit out on Hollywood Boulevard. The reefer coat was lined with South American lamb.

This has really been a month for the crooner and singer department. A big, madhouse party at the Champagne Room for Vic Damone, to "launch" him on his new movie contract at Metro, started things off. What a mob—and among the Hollywood’s own famous lipstick, Westmore—cosmetic secret so many glamorous stars use on screen and street—now comes to you in gorgeous new, golden cases! They’re like fine masterpieces of jewelers’ art! Thrilling, enticing color-shades harmonize perfectly with your own individual complexion. Special creamy base stays on so excitingly long! Remember...Westmore, and only Westmore...are the certified cosmetics of the stars (see actual certificate from these beauty experts below). On sale at variety, chain and drug store cosmetic counters.

Westmore

Hollywood

Cosmetics

**Certified**

**Cosmetics of the Stars**

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

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

**Bewitching New Lipsticks in Golden Settings**

Two sizes, 5c & 25c

**Wireless**
By now you know, or should, that the rage shade for fall is going to be "Black Rose"—a wonderful, dark, dark shade of red that is conservative enough to replace black, but has its own glow of color besides. And, believe us, color will be the keynote for the new season—most all colors—and plenty of shades of each. We think the vogue for black velvet that has already hit us will be pretty worn out by the time most people are used to starting to wear it, but the Black Rose tones are here to stay!

Arlene Dahl, who always gives special attention to the more romantic dress, knows this and already has a flowing, ankle-length, very simple gown in this shade. It has a boat-shaped, off-the-shoulder neckline, a long-waisted tight bodice, a skirt of unpressed pleats that become flat and snug around the hips. Perfect for any time after four P.M.

Speaking of Arlene’s divine duds, you should have seen the wonderful orange taffeta coat she was wearing at Mocambo’s the other night. It’s a Marusia creation with very full back and full sleeves with wide cuffs. She wore it over a dreamy cocktail dress of champagne lace and her shoes matched the coat.

These full back coats are strictly for the tall girl—natch! Fitted coats for you small ones—with a gay little muff of velvet or fur—and you’re right in the fall fashion mood of 1950.

Another gay touch in fall coats—contrasting linings! Nancy Davis, taking off for Chicago to attend her brother’s wedding, wore a stunning hand-woven tweed coat with a lining in a soft forest green, matching her wool crepe dress—an ensemble, yet. Paste this idea in your fall list.

Laird, heading for New York, took along a Marusia dress in the exquisite new mauve violet color. Marusia named this dress Danse Exotique. It has a lovely face-and-throat-framing collar with a deep decadelage. Wonderful with Hedy’s exotic looks and coloring.

Janet Leigh, the loveliest lass at the huge and successful Tony Martin opening at the Cocoanut Grove. How that lad loved her and you can bet Howard Hughes is happy he’s got Tony all tied up for movies—and he tosses this most romantic singer right into “Two Tickets to Broadway,” opposite Janet. Just about every top warbler was tested for that spot, too!

The End
Putting other pictures with it in a balanced arrangement, you get an important grouping that commands attention.

Another point to remember when using pictures is to relate them to the furniture, as the Contes did with their sofa. A chair and floor lamp might be tied together with a picture on the wall, so that a glance reveals the three together as a unit. Or you can give height to a top table with a large, vertical picture above, probably balanced with a lamp or tall vase of flowers.

Paintings play a large part in the Contes' decor, for Ruth and Richard buy the work of young artists which not only provides the artist with some ready cash but is a speculative investment based on his possible future greatness. Some people buy pictures for the latter reason only. Not the Contes! They buy what appeals to them. "Pictures are personal," they say. "We live with them. We like them!"

The dining room offers a change of pace from the living room, with a maroon rug on the floor; brown, white and maroon plaid cotton draperies, a round black Empire table trimmed with gold, surrounded by Early American plank seat chairs, painted deep red, decorated with a provincial design. Opposite is the study corner, where the Contes put a desk, and above it a picture that dominates the room. It's an original lithograph by Toulouse-Lautrec, a fine theatrical poster of a swaggering gentleman.

Richard is interested in old theater programs and has acquired several which he framed and placed on the wall near the desk. They tie in well with the Toulouse-Lautrec, make a better grouping with the desk.

Evidence of the Contes' cosmopolitan taste is reflected in the built-in dining room shelves. Some lovely old pewter pieces rub elbows with an ironstone soup tureen, with Mexican earthenware above. They're there because they're used. A wonderful old brass Russian samovar stands on a side table near two beautiful silver candlesticks from a Polish province in Warsaw. There are two more on the dining table, the four sent by Richard's father who found them in an antique shop.

Speaking of the elder Mr. Contes, he's largely responsible for a sudden growth in Ruth's and Richard's shaving-mug collection. The young Contes were amused by the mugs decorated with occupational pictures and started to buy a few. When Mr. Conte came to visit they were amazed. "You mean you spend money for these?" he demanded. And on getting an affirmative answer, said, "I'll send you some.

A few weeks after his return home, Richard received a large box. Inside were forty old shaving mugs, each with an occupational design.

Seems that when Mr. Conte modernized his barbershop, he put the shaving mugs away in the basement. His old customers were happy to have him send them to Nicky who was now a movie star. Some are presently displayed on a hat rack in the entrance hall, others on another in the upstairs hall, and still more line a window sill in the dining room.

It's great fun being a collector, because of the rewards in finding just the piece you've been seeking, and also because collections give an added interest and personality to your home. They should not dominate the room, too great an extent, but properly displayed in glass-top tables, for example, if the items are small, or on shelves and racks, they do for your room what jewelry does for your costumes.

Don't let your collection take over your house, though. Continue weeding out items so that they become better and more choice, always a joy and never a bore or a chore.

The bedroom has the same simplicity as the rest of the house, American Provincials, a couple of primitives, and more original oil paintings. Since both Ruth and Richard like to read in bed, they had a special headboard made with a shelf for books, and it's filled to capacity.

The headboard is simplicity itself, one that any handyman could make. Put three 1 x 8's in an inverted "U," the side pieces the height of the headboard, and the ends of the headboard apart. Four 1 x 8 placed eleven or twelve inches down from the top forms the bookshelf, and if you want a back to it, a 1 x 12 will do the trick. Or you can leave it open. Two more 1 x 8's placed below the shelf and across the front complete the job.

In addition to books and a small radio on the Contes' headboard, here are the only pictures in the whole room.

Someday Ruth and Richard will build the house they've planned for, and it will be just as modern as the day it is built. But they'll use many pieces from this house. "The old and the new together we like," they say. In the meantime they've made a real and charming home that reflects their taste out of a house that doesn't belong to the two where they're wonderfully comfortable and wonderfully happy.
Vicki and Jessica had never seen their mother make a picture. So when Betty Grable and Dan Dailey were working in "My Blue Heaven," Harry James took the children on the set. Vicki, especially, was on tiptoe with excitement. She'd watched her mother rehearse the dances at home.

"Why does Mummy wear black hair?" asked Jessica. "She's pretending she's Hawaiian," said Harry. "She's going to dance now!"

But something was wrong. Betty missed one step after another. Dan sympathized, knew she was nervous because the kids were there. "Let's try again," he said.

"Cut," shouted the director. Onto the stage flashed Vicki. "Remember, Mummy? Remember?" She went into the routine.

But Betty's feet wouldn't work. It was perfect! Amused and relaxed, Betty grabbed Dan's hand. "Let's go!" And the dance was in the can. With a grin at Betty, director Henry Koster...
Bobelle Hilton—everyone notices her wonderful complexion—so very soft, fresh, clear.

Her Ring—a star-sapphire, diamond set.

Bobette Sloan Hilton of New York will be the bride of Frederick Stanton Wicks of Boston this fall. Right now, her days are filled with excitement—parties, gifts and plans! The plans include a bridal party of sixteen, a church wedding in picturesque Millbrook, New York, a wonderful reception at her family's country home.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

Just looking at Bobette's lovely face makes you feel the bright charm of her real Inner Self. For her face lets you see the completely darling girl she is. Her friendly, wide-set eyes, her flower-fresh complexion, her adorable smile—promise you that you will like her very much indeed.

She uses Pond's!

"When you look your best—you act your best," Bobette says.

It's easier to be poised when you know you look your nicest. And, Bobette feels, a lovely complexion helps every girl's beauty score. "I love Pond's Cold Cream for face care. It cleans my face extra clean, never dries it, and keeps it soft," she says.

You, too, will find Pond's beauty care a magic treatment. Use it every night at bedtime (and mornings). This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl fluffy-soft Pond's Cold Cream all over your face to soften dirt and makeup, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Doesn't your face feel super clean, extra soft? And see how glowing you look!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. It sends a happy confidence winging out from the real you within, attracts people to you—on sight!

Get a big jar of fluffy Pond's Cold Cream today.

Start now to help your face show a lovelier you!
Living Is Fun!

(Continued from page 39) more coffee—"

The two then settle themselves in an armchair before the television set. Shirley owns three acetated record’s songs she sang as a child at Fox. Every night Susan hears all three—all medley including “Good Ship Lollipopp,” “An Old Straw Hat” with Bill Robinson and “Dreamland Choochoo.” She says, “The key in the door of the Choochoo best. It’s lullabyish, and means lights out. Then comes the routine, which must always be the same:

"Goodnight, Susan—"

Goodnight, Tommy dear—"

"I love you—"

"I love you too—"

"God bless you—"

"God bless you—"

"Sleep tight, darling—"

"Sleep tight, darling—" And Darling promptly acts on her own advice.

There’s a long evening ahead, since Shirley never sleeps the first half of a long sleep. "I inherit that from Mother. She sits in her dressing room, so as not to disturb Daddy, and knits and reads and dozes far into the night." But the evening holds no terror for her, for along with her says, "doesn’t mean that you’re lonely."

She refuses to discuss the past. "It’s senseless," she says, "like talking about an operation. The sooner you stop, the sooner you get it over.

We’ve known Shirley since she was a child. Child, girl and young woman, she’s the person you’ve always thought her to be. Never a flirt. She has taken with her wouldn’t have to be told that her divorce testimony wasn’t given by choice.

To get a California divorce you’re obliged to give explicit answers to explicit questions in a case. The law was more than ordinarly insistent. Justice felt itself to be on trial. For any girl, it would have been an ordeal. For Shirley, in a room jampacked with eager reporters, it was even worse. She had done with the lawyers and the court told her she must do—then clamped her lips tight against all persuasion to explain or vindicate.

This took character, a commodity she’s never lacked. And, dimly acquainted with her wasn’t fully aware of the rough weather ahead. But it had to be faced, and she faced it. She had made one mistake. At seventeen she had married a man who never understood her, and he tried to make a go of her marriage. She’d gone through heartbreak and the agonies of indecision, and come up with an answer. So she set her course and held it in the teeth of thunderbolts. Because this alone insured a clean break with the past.

Now it’s over, and she won’t talk about it. She prefers not to talk about the future. "Future," as if one Charles Black, of whom more later. Her present concern is with the present.

For a few months after her divorce she dreaded going out. Let her show herself with damn good reason. But the day that both Mrs. Black and Mrs. Shirley was a standoff. At home, she’d describe the process with such cool and scientific detachment it made her mother’s hair stand on end. On hospital tours during the war, she came face to face with the real thing.

One day she stopped at the bedside of a boy. His eyes were closed. As she was about to turn away, they opened slowly and he reached out. "For a moment I thought you were Shirley Temple." "I am. Anything special I can do for you—"

Her eyes kept his hold on hers, as if searching for something. Finally he spoke. "My legs is coming off tomorrow. Would you stay with me while they do it?"

"Of course, if they’ll let me. I’ll go ask them." She was sixteen. Next morning they sucked her into a surgery gown…

Feminine friends shuddered over the story. "Shirley, how could you?—"

"If he could stand having it off, she answered quietly, "I could stand helping him." In Hawaii they soon began treating Shirley more like a doctor than a girl. The phone kept on ringing. "Dr. Temple? Surgery calling—"

Shirley told the men treated her like a doctor. We feel safe in surmising that Charles Black, for one, must have treated her more like a girl. Mr. Black is tall, dark, charming and thirty-one. They met at a party in Hollywood about five years ago.

Now Charles Black, having recently resigned his executive post with the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, makes his home in San Francisco. Shirley was in San Francisco when the rumor factory boived. She was in fact driving with Mr. Black. They had the radio on. "Shirley Temple," said the radio, "will soon announce her engagement to Charles Black, son of the President of Pacific Gas and Electric."

"We just about had a wrench," comments Shirley drily, "and I’d like to make one plain statement. We’re not engaged. We’re very good friends.

Nevertheless, you can’t keep Hollywood from speculating. Shirley’s final decree isn’t due till December. She’s not the kind who38

THERE’S a lot of talk about the effect of Shirley’s divorce on her box office drawing-power. But the answer to the question is this: "It was all much baloney, pointing for proof to the excellent figures on "Seabiscuit." It’s true that the producers of "A Kiss for Corliss" put Shirley in for a while while they held the headlines broke. The picture has since been released. It has cleaned up in some spots, in others it’s done less well. And that’s better than can be said for dozens of films about Shirley.

One of Hollywood’s observers put this way: "Of course people are sorry for Shirley’s divorce. They wanted happiness for her. But if your child’s unhappy, do you want her to marry? There’s other answer. Shirley’s still the kid these people have loved for years. Trouble just makes them stick by her all the closer.

On the subject of her career, Shirley speaks without reservation. "Some of the critics say I’ve done a poor job. Maybe I have. But I defy anyone to have done a better job of selection than the three people who’ve been interested in what I’ve been interested in. If I’ve done a bad job of picking, yes. But I’ve been interested in what I’ve been interested in, and I’ve been interested in things that are important to me."

On one point of major importance, she’s reached a firm decision. "If I marry again, I’ll definitely stop pictures for good; the main reason being that you couldn’t get me to do anything but play the part of a child, and you know how much I’m interested in motion pictures. Not that I’m cynical. That would be pretty stupid, considering all the swell people I’ve met in this industry. But I know I could never be happy, too. It comes partly from feeling that I couldn’t be less interested. Which at least makes him eligible.

The END
The Happy Heart

(Continued from page 36) this picture, that was certain. She'd already had her wardrobe fittings and tests. She'd polished off a week of dance rehearsals. And she'd gone into them cold. She'd gotten out of the hospital just in time to keep her eleven-year-old date to dance with Fred Astaire. She'd been too excited to sleep the night before. And next morning, still keyed up, she'd got to the rehearsal hall and there he was. Sweat shirt, slacks, the familiar old battered felt hat he always rehearses in. The same smile.

"Good morning," he said, "I don't know how you feel—but I'm nervous!" He was nervous. June was too dazed to comprehend as he demonstrated their first step. She couldn't see what his feet were doing for looking at him. It was then that the wire had been delivered. Shaky-fingered, June had opened it. It read: "Darling, don't be nervous. Fred Astaire is only the best dancer in the whole world." June started laughing and couldn't stop. Dick had realized how she'd be feeling about now—and had sent her this telegram. "It's from Richard," she explained, handing it to Fred. He had started laughing, too. And the first tension was over.

I CAN'T let anybody know how I feel. They mustn't know. They might take me out of the picture, she thought, growing panicky at the idea. There was much to do, too, outside the studio. Important preparations to be made for the new baby Dick and she were adopting, due in a few weeks. Part of the attic, converted into a nursery, was finished, beautiful and new and shiny—awaiting its little occupant.

June's thoughts ran on: If I feel this way after only one week, what will happen? I won't let anybody know. Nobody but the doctor. She had an appointment with the doctor that evening.

"Ready, June?" Fred's voice brought her back to the rehearsal hall. Does he suspect I'm ill, she wondered. But when the music began she forgot her weariness. As always, when she danced, the world outside stopped. And when she danced with Astaire she really was back in a dream world. Even as she followed his lead, she drifted again into the familiar magic of her make-believe. Gone was Fred's battered felt hat. In her imagination he wore a tuxedo, top hat, carnation in his lapel. And he carried a cane. His partner (was it herself?) was swirling in chiffons and dainty high-heeled silver slippers. The piano-player over in the corner of the room became her dream-symphony—four pianos and a thousand violins.

Make-believe always had softened the harsh outlines of June's world, had, when she was a child, walled her away from poverty and pain. Make-believe had brought beauty to the little flat in the Bronx, where her childhood had been spent. And always, in her make-believe, she had danced. "Watch me," she would say to her mother, twirling around on nimble feet.

She had pretended to herself always that her dancing partner was Fred Astaire from the first time she sat in a neighborhood movie house and saw him dancing, weaving magically back and forth with Ginger Rogers. When she had watched him, troubles had been forgotten... that horrifying accident five years before when the tree had crashed down upon her... the seven months in the hospital when the doctors had doubted that she would ever walk again... the longer years that followed with her back in a brace... the cruel curiosity of the other children... the school dances she couldn't attend, the...
dates that nobody wanted with her.

Daily she had practiced, imitating as well as she could the Astaire routines. And as she had practiced, her muscles had grown stronger, her health had improved. To dancing she had added swimming and then—one sunny morning—she had thrown her braces away.

Now she was like the other girls. Now when they talked about school dances and bragged about their conquests, June could talk too. "I can dance like Fred Astaire!" But she was to regret this boast when the girls egged her into answering an ad from a newspaper for chorus girls for "Sing out the News," a New York show. "Watching the svelte and mink-wrapped girls, who arrived with their own accompanists to audition, June doubted for the first time that she really could dance. Where's your music?" the dance director had asked. "I dance without music," she said. She didn't want to explain that her music would be in her mind, memories of the music to which Fred had danced. Before their eyes she changed from a skinny little girl in a cotton dress and bobby sox to a piquant musical pixie—saucy, magnetic, vital and gay. Would she please stand over there? they said. "Over there" was the group of chorus girls they were hiring for the show.

She went from the second line in the chorus to the first. She understudied the lead in "High Hat" and proved to the producers she could even do without music. She had discovered Betty Hutton in "Panama Hattie"—and went on. Her own featured role in "Best Foot Forward." A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

Ford June, Hollywood was the glittering backdrop for all the dreams she'd ever made. Hers was even the same studio where Fred Astaire danced. She had imagined many times how they would meet. How he would stroll on the set where June was working and say graciously, "Ah, Miss Allyson, I presume. I've been hearing things about you." This she would shrug away modestly—leaving a hint, however, that she hoped they might be shar- the same marquee someday.

Then June met Richard Powell, who more than made up for all the blank spaces in her high school date book. And they were married. And now she had only two desires unfulfilled. But neither, it seemed, was ever to be.

"You're a lucky girl," she told herself, even while she listened to the maternal chatter of her dearest friends, Frances Bergen and Bunny Green, while they knitted and talked of their children, "God has already been very good to you." Then, "I had a phone call today. I've a feeling I'm going to have a baby, too—maybe within two months." And to another slightly startled visitor, "I get in by mail order," she had explained, with a little laugh, and had proudly shown off her adopted adopted daughter, Pam.

Pamela, of the golden soft curly hair (curled since babyhood by June, who brushed it backwards hours at a time, the wrong way), bright blue eyes and cute button nose. "You know," Dick would muse, fascinated by this process, "I don't think we could have had a better one.

"I've wanted a baby so long; if I didn't know how to take care of her I should be shot," June would tell any who wondered at her maternal know-how. "You don't have to read it in books. A mother knows—she would say dreamily.

By her standards she still was not a screen success. For she still hadn't danced with Fred Astaire. She had starred in musicals, . . . but never with him.

She was a very lucky girl, June reminded herself again and again. "You have everything—almost. And nobody can have everyone."

But then, out of the blue, she was cast in a musical written to co-star her with Fred Astaire. This left only one desire unfulfilled. But not for long. It was, suddenly, as if Fate and Mother Nature conspired to give her the works . . .

She had gone straight to the doctor's office from the rehearsal hall that afternoon. And she had driven home in such a sulky mood she didn't care a bit about getting there. "I'm very happy," Richard had exclaimed when she had told him the doctor's verdict. "About the end of the year, I'd say . . ."

But June had called her agent first. "I'm going to have a baby," she had said. "Isn't it the most exciting thing in the world? I'm having a baby. It was as though by repeating it, she might finally believe it too. Her agent congratulated her, finally interrupting with: "Maybe I'd better call the studio . . . you're not making too much sense . . ."

The studio was delighted. June went to stay home and have a wonderful time. She was not to worry about a thing. Whenever she was ready they would put her back to work. She'd thought they might have a little trouble. After all, her whole wardrobe had been fitted and she'd been rehearsing the dance routines for a week.

The dance routines . . . oh yes . . . he had called her too—Fred Astaire! 'What's happening to you, June, is the most important thing in this world,' he'd said. 'We'll do a picture together next year.' But for seven whole days she had danced with Fred Astaire. And someday—their dance would begin. This was not the music of make-believe. This was the singing of her own happy heart.

THE END

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Pilgrims' Party Progress

(Continued from page 59) menu so there is little last-minute work to do, and if there is any, it is something with which the guests will enjoy helping. Take, for a divine example, the Baked Alaska that Rena fixed for dessert. Because a Baked Alaska looks so lush and tastes so delicious, people usually think of it as something only a skilled cook can prepare. If you follow Rena's recipe, you will see that this isn't true at all. And it's a delightful just-right dish to follow a great dinner. This year Bill and Rena planned two Thanksgivings—one in September for their friends, two or three of whom will be away at Thanksgiving—the other for their family which will be on the holiday the President appoints.

Their first dinner guests were their very close friends Dennis and Stefi O'Keefe, Marie (Wilson) and Allan Nixon and Jane and David Wayne. Later in the evening, they held open house and scores of friends dropped by for "hello," dancing and chatter. A very nice and practical plan. If you will notice Rena's menu, you will see how easily everything was done in advance, and with Bill's efficient help—he even set the table—no one was worn out. The Lundigans were "between cooks"—but that didn't faze them. They enjoy doing things themselves and May, their helper, came in to wash the dishes—so there needed to be no interruption in anyone's fun.

Rena and Bill (it was William, before Bill joined the Marines and they quickly cut it down to "Bill," and Lundigan is his real moniker) planned no strenuous game for after the feast. The highlight of the evening, really, was just quietly sitting around the fireplace, on the floor, toasting marshmallows and reminiscing about special Thanksgivings they remembered—what they had planned to be in life—and so forth.

David Wayne was brought up in a little town of five hundred population, Travers, Michigan, which was surrounded by a farming community. Consequently, his memories of Thanksgiving included a groaning table, filled with all of the generous offerings of the near-by farms. Dinner there was at noon, with all of the relatives gathering for the occasion. Jane (Mrs. Wayne), who was an actress in her own right before marrying David and settling down to being a wife and mother, remembered Thanksgiving as being a very confusing day. One of her parents was Canadian, and one American. Though Jane

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There are dozens of flattering Lovable styles...every one a matchless value
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She met Dennis on a blind date when he was an "extra." That was before he made "Saratoga" at Metro and was spotted by Clark Gable, who thought that young fellow, Bud Flanagan, had talent. Clark urged the front office to make a test of Bud, which they did with newcomer Hedy Lamarr. Bud was so impressed with Dennis and later drew Hedy again when he starred opposite her in "Dishonored Lady." Dennis has another talent which you seldom hear about—he's a writer. He doesn't just dream about writing—he has sold several of his brain children for good hard cash. The first was a script he wrote in high school and sold to a studio for $50, which he promptly spent on a model "T" Ford. Since then he has written several—one was a script called "Don't Pull Your Punches," which he sold to Warner Brothers. Wayne Morris starred in it. All of these nice tidbits I learned as I sat quietly by the fireplace eating marshmallows toasted by host Lundigan.

Marie Wilson, strictly in character, said that the Thanksgiving she remembered best was the first one after she and Allan were married. Allan was in service, training at Fort Houston in San Antonio, Texas, and she ate alone at a cafeteria between the matinee and evening performances of "Blackouts," quietly crying into her turkey, which didn't spoil her appetite at all. Marie says she eats like crazy, everything and anything, and never gains a pound. Guess it just builds up energy for her stage, radio and picture careers which she commands without exhaus-ingly the slightest bit of effort. Marie can work in a picture all day, and do a broadcast in between leaving the set and a stage performance that night.

When we asked Bill Lundigan about his Thanksgiving memory, he told us that he was one of four boys, and that their Thanksgiving (in New York) was always a wonderful family event. He remembered one in particular. Bill started in show business at ten years old, in the basement of his home, and at sixteen he was producing three shows of his own on radio station WJNL—a drama, a musical, and a musical. This happened on Thanksgiving Day, and Gordon MacRae (then eleven years old) was his master of ceremonies. There were eight in the cast and Bill invited them all home for Thanksgiving dinner. "Somehow Mom made it stretch—and never said a word about 'hereafter a little advance warning, please.' Our friends were always welcome at all times, and believe me, with four boys, nothing seemed unusual." Bill Lundigan's latest screen credits are "I'll Get By" with June Haver, and "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" with Susan Hayward. (Who wouldn't?) Dennis just finished "Passage West," and before that starred opposite Ann Sheridan in "Woman on the Run." Allan Nixon starred in "Pick-Up" for Columbia and "Prehistoric War" for Eagle Lion. Dennis is in "My Friend Irma Goes West" and David Wayne is in "My Blue Heaven."

Dancing, toasting marshmallows and a parlor football game, but most of all good talk, made it a charming evening, strenuous enough, too, after such a pleasant repast.

Here is the complete menu for the Thanksgiving dinner, plus some of the recipes, in quantities to serve eight:

**Spiced Tomato Bouillon** (serve in tu- reen) with toasted saltines sprinkled with grated American cheese.

Avocado, orange and grapefruit salad—on one large plate decorated with lettuce—use whole segments of oranges and grapefruit—either canned or fresh. French dressing.

Roast turkey with oyster dressing; Duchesse potatoes; French cut string beans with sautéed mushrooms.

Cranberry and pineapple relish; brandied peaches; orange rolls.

Baked Alaska and coffee.

**SPICED TOMATO BOUILLON**

Combine in saucepan:

2 No. 2 cans (about 5 cups) tomatoes
1 large onion, sliced
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon celery seed
1 teaspoon peppercorns
1 teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon pepper

Simmer, covered, 15 minutes. Remove from heat and strain to remove spices. Add:

2 10½-oz. cans condensed bouillon

Stir well. Heat to boiling. Serve in cups. Top with thinly sliced lemon or lightly salted whipped cream. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

**DUCHESS POTATOES**

Wash, pare and cook until tender:

8 medium potatoes

Drain, return to pan and shake over low heat until dry. Mash thoroughly.

Add:

⅓ cup butter
Mix and then add:

1 cup hot milk
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
4 egg yolks, well beaten

Mash together until fluffy. Heap lightly in a greased shallow baking dish or use a decorating tube to shape into individual rosettes. Brush with melted butter. Brown in a hot oven (425° F.) or under broiler.

**CRANBERRY AND PINEAPPLE RELISH**

Wash and pick over:

4 cups (1 pound) ) raw cranberries
Put through food chopper with:
1 small lemon, quartered and seeded

Add:

1 cup drained crushed pineapple and sugar to taste (about 1½ cups)
Mix well. Chill before serving.

**OYSTER DRESSING**

(Enough for 14 to 16-pound turkey)
Melts in a large skilet:

1½ cups butter or other fat
Add:

1 cup finely chopped onion
1 cup chopped celery
Cook until onions are soft, but not browned.

Add:

1 quart drained, chopped oysters
3 quarts dry bread cubes
1 tablespoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 1/2 teaspoons poultry seasoning
Heat until bread cubes are lightly browned, stirring constantly. If moist dressing is desired, 1/2 cup oyster liquor may be stirred in.

ORANGE ROLLS
(Makes about 3 dozen rolls)
Combine in large mixing bowl:
1 1/2 cup scalded milk
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup orange juice
1/2 cup sugar
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
Let cool to lukewarm.
Mix: 2 cakes compressed or 2 packages dry yeast in 1/4 cup lukewarm water
Let stand 5-10 minutes. Stir and add to cooled milk mixture.
Sift, then measure: 5 cups flour
Add half to milk mixture. Stir in well.
Add: 2 eggs, well beaten
Beat until smooth. Add enough of the remaining flour to make a soft dough, and beat well.
Place dough in large warm greased bowl. Brush surface lightly with melted shortening. Cover with towel and let rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk.
Punch down. Turn out on board. Shape into 1 1/2-inch balls or as desired. Place on a greased baking sheet. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk (about 30 minutes).
Brush with melted fat, bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 15 to 20 minutes.

BAKED ALASKA
Freeze a 1-quart brick of ice cream very firm. Cut a sheet of sponge cake just 3/4 inch larger on each side than ice cream. Place on clean cutting board.
Place in bowl:
3 egg whites
1/4 teaspoon salt
Pinch cream of tartar
Beat until stiff but not dry. Gradually add:
1/2 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
Beat after each addition, and continue beating until smooth and glossy. Place ice cream on sponge cake. Frost top and sides carefully and quickly with meringue. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) until lightly browned, about 5 minutes. Serve at once.

Thanksgiving finale: Rena Lundigan's Baked Alaska doesn't require a skilled chef to make it, as her recipe proves
I WASN'T so, not by several sessions of eating humble pie. And finally Dan almost had to crawl on his hands and knees right up to Lake Arrowdale, where Liz was hiding out, for the recon. They've parted again, of course, and only time will tell whether this time the break is for keeps.

"Let's go to Romanoff's," said the girl in the car with Kirk Douglas. "Just a minute," said Kirk to the girl—Gloria de Haven—"You let me decide that." Kirk does not like women who make plans, especially plans for Mr. Douglas, especially about where and what he shall eat.

The phobia stems 'way back to his early struggling days when Kirk's budget said "No" to restaurants on the crépe suzette circuit. And to this day, when Kirk earns $100,000 a picture, the girl on his right is wrong if she leaves any scraps of food on her plate. The more economical she is, the more fascinating Kirk will find Monty and his blue jeans.

"I don't like career women," Kirk told me very emphatically recently. "Running a home is enough for any woman. The girl that I marry can smoke or drink. But I must be the most important thing in her life."

That is why I believe—as of going to press—that Kirk might marry Irene Curtiss. The blond charming actress is the most important thing in her life. Irene is loaded with dollars. Her pop has around sixty million of 'em to his name. But she is amazingly economical. She has been known to cook a dinner for four girls, then clean up the kitchen. She and Kirk spend hours of an evening playing Canasta for a tenth of a cent a point. Whoever wins six cents a night, is definitely happy! Audie Murphy prefers girls who let him do the choosing. It seems likely that if Wanda Hendrix had left the leg work to Audie, she would still be signing herself "Mrs. Murphy." In fact, the only time Audie really appreciated Wanda was when she walked out on him and went to her family in Florida. The best advice that could have been given her then, but a pilot for Uncle Sam. The day he arrived, he was told, "The press is coming for an interview." Jimmy promptly took off on a training flight. When he returned he was told, "They'll be back tomorrow.—Thank heaven!"

"So right slap in the middle of the mass interview we were talking about war, a girl reporter asks me, 'What do you like most about women?' Jimmy complained later. He still finds the question almost impossible to answer. But he finally admits, 'I like gay, talkative women.'

Peter Lawford's prime requisite seems to be, 'Let's eat a quiet ton'ge with their cheeks. Cary has married three of 'em—blonde Virginia Cherrill, dittoes Barbara Hutton and Betsy Drake. A couple of other beautiful blonde babies fell in the romantic wayside—Betty Hensler and Phyllis Brooks. Phyllis almost made it until she informed reporters that Cary had asked her to marry him. He probably had,

(Continued from page 65) lunch with Dan, I got to thinking more about the kind of women Hollywood men go for—the brainy versus the beautiful, the useful, the ornamental, young chicks, old hens, the chic, the shocking, the good cooks, the girls who are ladies in the drawing room and/or careless in the boudoir.

To go back to Dan's—Don Juan Dailey. What he did not mention in his list of desirable "do's" for ladies, was a healthy respect for a girl who will not be pushed around. When wife Liz first met Dan year or so ago, he thought all he had to say was "Sorry, I'll be home on time from now on," and presto, all would be forgiven.

The only woman I've ever seen with Monty—apart from a publicity date with Elizabeth Taylor—is Mira Rosovskaya Letts. Mira has a high voice, she's not particular—ly pretty and she's older than Monty. But she has a great deal of charm. Monty has always insisted there is no romance with Mira, that she is his press coach only. He might surprise us all and fly off with some gay, social, bright-eyed young thing. But I doubt it. Mira is the type he likes.

Richard Widmark confides, "I like girls who are clean hankies." Then he adds, "I like a girl to be a good cook, loyal, dependable. I don't like phony ladies, I like real ladies." The screen's murder man substantiates. "It is a matter of sympathy that makes me dislike the female species with, "Give me a girl who is always nice and wholesome looking." Dick's wife—he's known her since he was nineteen years old—she always wholesome enough for her husband to eat.

Jimmy Stewart had just arrived in England during the war. He expected complete anonymity. After all he was no long-haired harum-scarum actor. He is the boy pilot for Uncle Sam. The day he arrived, he was told, "The press is coming for an interview." Jimmy promptly took off on a training flight. When he returned he was told, "They'll be back tomorrow.—Thank heaven!"

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Brilliant idea for accessorizing... clear chunks of ice in cubes and spheres. Pins or studs. Set of three about $2.00 plus tax. At fine stores everywhere, or write Coro Inc., New York 1.
Joannie and Johnnie Are Sweethearts

(Continued from page 42) In the living room of the main house, the inter- com, that let the children's slightest movement be heard, was turned on. The lights on the Christmas tree were turned off. The toys were picked up. And then the final moment that Joanne Dru and Dick Haymes dreaded so terribly couldn't be stalled off any longer.

Their careful smiles faded.
"I'll slip away quietly in the morning before you're up," Dick said.
"All right."
"You know how sorry I am that it's worked out this way."
"Yes. We've been over all that so many times. I'm sorry, too, Dick. But you were sweet to stay today and make it nice for the babies."
"I was glad to. You know that."

What use was it for them to remind each other how they had fallen in love, at first meeting, when they were both still in their teens? It had been such fun, living in a furnished room, eating when and where and how they could. Then, overnight, Dick's success had come and they and the two youngsters who had grown so quickly in succession had lived more extravagantly than kings. Four years later, Baby Nugent was expected to reunite them. She didn't.

Now there was another girl in Dick's heart, Nora Eddington Flynn. In Joanne's life there were the children and her start on a movie career. There was only one thing left to do now. So he did it.
"Good-bye, Joanne," Dick said.
"Good-bye, Dick."

Outdoors, almost on cue, it began raining. It rained steadily all day Sunday. Joanne got through the day somehow. She told the children Daddy was away but he'd be back to see them soon. She bathed them and put them to bed, thankful that it was the nurse's day out.

Monday, at Columbia, working on "All the King's Men," nobody mentioned the headlines in the papers. She was back...
home early Monday. And Tuesday. And Wednesday. And Thursday. All alone. Holiday week. And every day it rained.

She was leaving for the studio Friday morning, when the phone rang and she heard Gregory Peck’s voice on the wire. "Greta and I are having a small New Year’s Eve party tonight," he said so an angel. Cancel your other plans for this evening, will you, and come to our house?"

"Greg, I haven’t got a date. But —

He pretended he didn’t hear that. "John Ireland’s coming, from your picture, you know. May I ask him to bring you? And by the way, I never saw a prettier dress than that orchid evening gown you’ve got. Now it just happens that I know a favorite color is orchid, and I wondered —"

She heard herself laughing and it sounded rare and wonderful in that empty room. "You know I’d love to come, and thanks, Greg. I’ll wear the orchid dress."

SHE and John Ireland had met before, but its only words there had exchanged were "How do you do?" They had had no scenes together. And then she was so definitely Mrs. Dick Haymes. She was that kind of faithful wife. And John Ireland was the kind of a man who didn’t smile at a faithful wife.

But there, on New Year’s Eve of 1948, they stood facing each other in the doorway of her home and, for the first time, Joanne was contented and small and slim he was, and how his hair looked as though it had never been properly combed and how his clothes seemed slumped on as though he were uncomfortable in the demand that every

She knew she really did look pretty. Only she saw he wasn’t looking at her. He was looking over her head at the room. "This looks very lived in."

"That’s right, isn’t it? I think, with three children romping in it all day every day?"

"Three? Honestly? How old?"

"My son, Skip, he’s nearly seven—and—"

"Well, that’s a special chance. My oldest, Johnnie, he’s just seven."

"How many more have you?"

"Only one. Peter. He’s four."

They first discovered their mutual love of domesticity, then their love of children, and finally their love of acting.

Soon, John was helping Joanne through her scenes in "All the King’s Men" and both of them were loving it. She loved it because of John’s knowledge and dominance. He loved it because of her compliance and beauty and grace.

Besides, they had found out something very wonderful and mysterious about each other. They had the same birthday, January 31. What’s more, John Ford, who had Joanne under contract, had a birthday—on February 1. So they all celebrated together and it was a lovely family.

On Sundays always, they went to the children’s matinee at the movie theater. The four children were all jumbled up. Sometimes, when John was playing, sitting by Joanne, the Haymes two by Johnnie. (Nugent was just too young to be included). At two o’clock, they’d be back at Joanne’s house, swimming in the pool, or riding bikes. There was television later and then when finally they had been put to bed, there was Joanne or Joanne whipping up a meal.

In July they went to La Jolla to rehearse a film together, for Gregory Peck’s La Jolla company. And there on August 7, 1949, they were married, with Greg as their best man.

"I couldn’t believe it was Johnnie that first week," Joanne says, "and now I know that he hardly believed in himself. I had been positively ashamed of my domesticity. While I really love acting, I’ve had very little experience at it. I began an orphan. A little girl. I’d done one little theatrical revue—but that is all until I got into pictures. "Just the same I knew that nothing was as important to me as my home and my children. I talked so much about them and thought so much about them—I still do—that I felt I must just be a dull, suburban type at heart. Yet here was a real acting—"

But that’s another whole story. Investigation proved it was something really wacky with the writing. But John fixed it.

"I’m a gadget man," he said. When Joanne asked how come on that, he replied simply, "Oh, that’s one of the many things I learned in reform school."

The reform school did not come about because Joanne and Skip were delinquent, but because he had a madly stern Canadian father. John was born in that country, but he came to New York at a very early age. There never was a moment when he didn’t know that he wanted to be an actor. This led him into occasionally playing hooky, ducking jobs he was supposed to perform. So his father had him committed to reform school for two years. "I learned a lot of good things there," Johnnie says, feeling no resentment.

Yet Johnnie feels that perhaps he was overdisciplined. He knows this now in his own children. He feels that sometimes it be just so. Joanne is the undutiful one; he the fanatically neat one. He has to straighten ash trays and vases of flowers.

But he sees the flowers in the living room and thinks they are more important to Joanne than to him. In fact, he usually brings them. He brings her a present nearly every night. Sometimes it may be only four candles of some shape in her own hand, as Joanne’s. Sometimes it is a pound of some rare cheese. He even buys her dresses, fanciful, elaborate, colorful dresses. He loves her to dress up, which is amusing, because he himself dislikes it.

Her eyes are deep with tenderness when she talks about John. She says, when you ask her, "I love Johnnie for his sincerity, which is so rare in any man, but especially so in an actor. He’s got a very sensitive, so utterly unselfish.

Johnnie says, "Why do you have to ask why I love her? Can’t you see her beauty and her sweetness and the motherhood in her?"

They want a house that is their own, not the house they have now, which was Joanne’s house before, and which in- evitably belongs all to her. But Johnnie is as conservative financially as Joanne is now learning to be. In another six months or so they can think about building a house of their own."

Above all they’d like to do what Skip suggests. Skip came to his mother and said, "Daddy John, he’s swell."

"I’m glad you think so, darling."

"Mother, when can I have you and Skip and Peter to have a stepfather, too."

Joanne went into a careful explanation that pointed out that Johnnie was Johnnie Jr. and not Johnnie. Skip had to think about that.

"If you and Daddy John had some babies," he said, "would that mean they’d belong to Skip and Nugent and me and then to Johnnie Jr.?"

Joanne said yes they would.

"Well, that’s all this family needs," said Skip, "what are we waiting for? Joanne didn’t think. She just went over and kissed Johnnie Sr. instead.

The End
How a Star Is Born

(Continued from page 55) interested in the person; be courteous and sincere.

If you have been supplied with a script, be sure that you have memorized the scene so perfectly that you could recite it backward.

Get a good night's sleep before the test. Remember this vital fact: The day of the screwball, of the poseur, of the temperamental artist is ended.

On the day of a screen test, the usual routine is this: A man is taken to the make-up department and then to the test stage.

A girl is taken to the hairdressing department where an expert arranges her hair in a style which is (1) becoming to her facial planes, or (2) right for the part for which she is being considered.

WHEN the girl's hair is set, and before it is combed out, a make-up expert experiments briefly to emphasize the girl's best features and to minimize facial flaws.

After the test has been made and developed, a studio's reaction may be "Yes," "No," or "Well, in the future—maybe."

In the case of an outright "no," you should not be discouraged. Hollywood is full of successful people who were tested by three or four studios before being placed under contract. Oddly enough, it has sometimes been the studio testing first which has placed a newcomer under contract after having seen the test made by the fourth studio.

In the case of a "maybe." the testee is often told, "You have possibilities, but you need more training before a studio dare risk a contract. Go back to school."

Or the decision may be, "You have a fine voice, a glamorous manner, superb eyes—but your teeth are bad. They should be fixed."

In the case of a "yes" reaction to a screen test, do not be tempted to sign your contract and assume that the brilliance of your future is assured. The truth is that a contract, nowadays, is primarily a ticket to a course of intensive education.

Nearly every studio operates an extensive training program for new contractees. Such organizations as Universal–International, Twentieth Century–Fox, and Metro–Goldwyn–Mayer offer courses of study aimed at developing a newcomer into a seasoned theatrical workman.

This polishing may require only a few months if you have come to Hollywood after having completed university training, or after extensive summer stock or off–Broadway experience, or it may take as long as two years.

During the first week, you are taken around the studio and introduced to the executive in charge of training new talent, to the casting department, to the make-up department, the wardrobe department, and the publicity department. Note: At this point, no one expects you to remember all the names, so don't worry about it. You will pick them up quickly and easily as the days go by.

The make-up department decides, in general, whether the tint of your hair is right for the camera (jet black hair and certain shades of brown hair must be highlighted; this is done with either henna or bleach). The make-up department also experiments with different coiffures and different types of make-up to achieve a variety of effects; often the variety of an actor's roles is based upon the variety of appearances which he or she is able to assume convincingly.

The make-up department also works out "tricks" for you; instances of such sharply personalized devices are
Claudette Colbert's widely admired and unchanging coiffure, Joan Crawford's mouth (the full underlip, empty red.
The wardrobe department records your measurements, and—somewhat later in the career cycle—prepares a dress form on which your wardrobe is constructed.
The publicity department, weekly survey with which you as a fledgling star will have more business than with any other excepting the studio coach and the phalanx of producers who are manufactured by three forces in combination, preparation, publicity, and pictures.
Your first experience with publicity is ordinarily a mass interview with all members of the press. For one week the publicity staff of a studio is made up of people of exceptional talent and fascinating background. The women are usually experts in the fields of fashion, promotion, and writing. They are counted on newspapers as legmen, editors, and foreign correspondents; many have been free lance magazine writers.

**THESE people are without illusions; they can spot a phonny at fifty miles. And they can do a great deal for the cooperative newcomer who has not yet attained enough importance to merit attention from the top brass.**

The "still" photographic department is a part of the publicity department. You will be taken into the photographic gallery during your first experience, and will be snapped from every angle—usually in a bathing suit. Also in a windblown dress. Also in a slinky evening gown. This is known in the trade as "cheesecake.""

**The reason for cheesecake is elemental: no newspaper will print a picture of a girl, no matter how pretty, simply because she has been signed to a term contract. However, if that girl is graphed while wearing a beachini swim suit, standing on a cake of ice, holding a firecracker in one hand and a lion cub in the other, most newspapers will print the picture, mention the girl's name, and remind the reader that July is at hand.**

An excellent example of the training given to a new contractee is that offered at Universal-International by Sophie Rosenstein, who has, of this, your new contractee, been respected of Hollywood drama coaches.

Let us suppose, for purposes of excitement, that you were signed to a contract by Universal-International, and you were introduced to Sophie, one of the most respected of Hollywood dance teachers.

"When Sophie acknowledged your introduction, you should say, "How is she and how alive!" And a little later on, you would discover her intellectual brilliance and her lightning sense of humor as well as her warmth."

That first day you—like Dixie Nelson who has just been signed—would be terribly nervous. Sophie would put you at your ease. She would see that one of the students who had been in the course for several months would take you under their wing and instruct you. She would have you do simple work, prepare you for your first contract was placed before you.

During therest of the afternoon you would audition several classes, now and then catching on to the rhythm, then watch those television programs.

After the rehearsal hall, you would attend several classes, now and then catching on to the rhythm, then back to the studio commissary for lunch and place you on friendly terms with other students who would stop at the table. Your breath would begin to go down to your diaphragm instead of your heart. Sophie, who had performed the part, would begin to speak and instruct you in the routine of a shimsham boogie, they knock themselves out.

When, at length, you fall exhausted onto one of the hard green benches and it feels like a million miles, you are tired, but it is a wonderful weariness. Hal Belfer says, "Even if you never work in a dancing picture, this will give you body control, easy grace of movement, assurance, and it will make you a fine director."

He goes on, "Everybody up for playback practice." He puts on a record of Yvonne De Carlo singing "Frankie and Johnny" and starts through the routine she used, and then he asks the class to duplicate the pantomime while matching the words...
with silent lip movements.

This is one of the most difficult and important tricks which the novice must learn. "Dubbing" is an art which some master quickly, and with which others struggle feverishly during their entire careers. All music is recorded first, then—with the principals only mouthing the words—the scene is photographed. Knowing this, you decide that you are going to be as good as Betty Grable, who is one of the best in the business.

You try hard; you watch yourself closely in the mirror; you realize that being a split second too slow or too fast ruins the realism. You decide to practice at home, at night, before a mirror, working with phonograph.

As the days go by you attend these same classes again and again, and you add other studies to your curriculum. You go to diction class and learn that you have a typically Midwest accent; you come down too hard on the "s" which ends some words. You don't always pronounce the letter "t" when it terminates a word. Sometimes your voice has a nasal quality. You learn how to correct these problems.

PEGGY DOW is working with you to lessen a Southern accent, because Peggy has spent her life in the States of Louisiana and Tennessee. Tony Curtis is working in the same class because he comes from Brooklyn so he must learn to say "word," instead of "woold," "antenna" instead of "antennar."

You go to gymnasium and learn how to keep physically fit; you report to Jimmy Phillips for horseback lessons. You learn how to ride side-saddle or with both Western saddle and English; you learn how to manage the single rein Western bridle and the double rein English bridle.

You watch Maureen O'Hara learning to ride side-saddle for a picture, and you watch Howard Duff leaning to mount and dismount while wearing a saber. The week melts. You can't imagine where the time goes. On Saturday morning you have your first experience at auditioning a scene which has been prepared by Piper Laurie and Rock Hudson from "Petrified Forest."

Sophie Rosenstein asks Piper and Rock, "First we must analyze the play as to type. Is it comedy, tragedy, drama, or melodrama?"

Piper and Rock decide that the play is drama, even though it contains a killing; the play is too sincere, too solid, too purposeful and too "realistic" to be melodrama. They decide also that it is almost allegorical of complexion, although the characters are so well articulated that they escape the typing of pure allegory. Rock analyzes the character of the boy he is playing: "He is a good guy and he grows up during the play. He is still living in the days of his football-playing glory. He isn't too bright, but when he decides what's right, he is ready to fight for it."

Piper analyzes the girl: "Her dominant characteristic is curiosity. She loves her grandfather, holds her father in what is very near contempt, is fascinated by the writer in the play. She paints, and she thinks that if she could get to Paris, she might become a good painter."

The next step is analyzing the specific scene they have been assigned.

The boy's objective, it is decided by Rock, is to make love to the girl; the girl's objective is to resist, but to find out what she can about the boy and his previous experience.

As they read the scene, they try to exhaust each beat, to play the values to fullest realization, and to recognize the changing values.

You decide to buy a copy of the play on your way home and to study it. After Piper and Rock have finished that exercise, Sophie introduces a new activity which she calls "Improvisation."

She supplies Piper and Tony Curtis with a canvas beach bag. Each is to make up a story about the bag; each is to think of a characterization and to plan an objective for the action.

Each has to adjust to the other's story so coherence is maintained. Neither knows until dialogue starts what the other has in mind. The value of the exercise is to teach connection, to teach characterization, to stimulate imagination.

When Piper comes into Sophie's office, he says, "Good afternoon, madam. What sort of luggage could I show you today?"

This puts Piper completely off her story; she has decided that she was going to a private home to pick up a beach bag belonging to a friend without knowing its contents.

Quickly she has to adjust to Tony's lead and try to buy the bag from him. However, when she tries to buy the bag, she is told by Tony that the bag is not for sale.

Their scene develops furiously. When Tony demands to know why she wants that particular bag, she says (out of a clear sky) that her brother saw it, liked it, sent her after it. Tony says there is some mistake because the bag has never been for sale. "Call your brother on the telephone and ask him if there isn't some mistake," he says, handing her the telephone.

Piper, stuck with a plot twist, calls her brother, dialing a number and indicating by the way in which she asks for him that he is a doctor. Tossing the narrative ball

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SAFE, EASY TO CURL CHILDREN'S HAIR

back to Tony she says, "My brother wants to talk to you.

At this point Sophie interrupts to say that it is time for luncheon and that she is delighted with the improvisation. You sit in your corner spellbound. You wonder if you will ever be able to think like that on your feet, to be convincing, to maintain the characterization of a determined, but baffled girl.

You start to stumble out of the office in a dream.

Sophie says, "Next Saturday I'm going to call upon you and Dick Long to do an improvisation." Your mouth goes dry; your knees go weak.

Sophie laughs her heartening, understanding laugh. "Don't look so tragic. You'll get along all right. Anyone who concentrates as you do will catch on fast."

You think of something. "How long is it before a student gets a chance at a real part in a real picture?"

"Under favorable circumstances, some students are tested at the end of two months. Sometimes it takes as long as six, but that is unusual. Peggy Dow, in your class, has already turned in a fine performance as the nurse opposite Jimmy Stewart in 'Harvey.'"

You say, "I'll do that improvisation if it kills me."

"It won't kill you," Sophie says softly. "The first thing you know, you'll turn into an actress. I've seen it happen many, many times before, and I'll have the very real personal satisfaction of seeing it happen many, many times in the future."

You laugh a little although you feel like crying. When you were at home in Willow Bend, acting seemed so simple. You had regarded it, vaguely, as something someone did with no more trouble than making faces in a mirror. Now you have discovered that, at its best, it is a profession, at its least a craft, and that in any case it requires years of training and study before any degree of proficiency is attained.

And you think, "Even if I never become a great star, this experience will have made me a better human being. I will have learned the clean, hard satisfaction of sincere effort and dedicated work; I will have learned the value of cooperation. I will have learned something of the building of art and something of the interrelation of literature, drama, music, and the lives of everyday people everywhere."

Pitfalls await every ascending star. Read and heed the warnings in next month's article, and learn what to look out for if you would be successful.

The End

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You Can’t Help Loving That Man

(Continued from page 50) After the lecture we went backstage to meet Norman Mailer. Then we went across the street to a drugstore. Mounted on a high stool at the counter, talking to around the straw in his mouth, Farley told me I was at not all what he thought I was from seeing me in the movies.

“What did you think I was from seeing me in the movies?”

“A rattlebrain.”

“And now?”

Farley laughed, said, “A brain.” I then presented Farley with my pre-conceived opinion of him.

“Beautiful but dumb,” I said, “masculine version.”

“And now?”

I said, breathing hard, “Oh, my!”

This was two years ago. We’ve been friends ever since. You heard me, friends. I won’t go so far as to say ‘Just a beautiful friendship’ and I wouldn’t believe me if I did and actually, it isn’t all mental, all palsy-walsy and platonice between Farley and me—of course it isn’t. I was attracted to Farley at first, you know, He’s a beautiful guy and I’m a normal girl with a set of good, healthy glanular reactions. But whether we are in love or not I don’t know and being given to myself to what I mean about a subject under the sun, including myself, when I say I don’t know, I mean it.

Fact is, I’m not sure I know what love is. All the other times I’ve been in love it’s been so unpleasant and this, with Farley, so pleasant, it must not be love.

Certain straws in the wind indicate, seems to me, that it is not love—not, that is, of the type that drives men mad. For instance, when Farley went abroad last summer the plan was for me to join him in Paris and, properly chaperoned by married friends of ours, tour Europe in a car. For Farley it was the first trip abroad. Would have been likewise for me. When you think of seeing Paris, the Lido, Rome, Florence and Venice by moonlight with Farley Granger you know that no girl in love (or in her right mind?) could resist it. But I resisted it.

I resisted because I was in New England, playing the Judy-Holliday-created role of Billie Dawn in “Born Yesterday.”

And doing the play. I was learning a lot. And I was earning a lot.

Farley’s comment on my decision was made in a cablegram: “You stinker.”

Not but what, had the situation been reversed, Farley wouldn’t have done the same. We have been in the move business for ten years. Each of us is trying to get some measure of success in the regular competitive thing and neither of us lets anything stand in the way.

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ABC STATIONS

Read NANCY CRAIG’S COOKING PAGES in this month’s RADIO MIRROR Magazine
We'll have a date to go to the movies but if, at the last minute, Farley has a lecture, a speech class, a script to read or whatever, I'll go to the movies by myself! Sometimes we have tickets for the opera, which we both adore, and we have to work up to the last minute but go anyway, taking our dinner with us—a sandwich which we eat during intermission. We spend a lot of our time together reading each other's scripts, rehearsing together and talking the breath out of our lungs about acting. When we go out, it's to plays, the opera, lectures—but mostly to the movies. As movie-goers we'd win any man's marathon. We often see two double features—four in a row—in one evening. Farley is usually either very, very happy or very, very depressed, he knows not the mild, monotonous middle ground, and one of the things that depresses him the most, depresses both of us, is a great picture—because we're not in it! We saw "Hamlet" three times, came out mewing with self-pity!

We always, of course, see each other's previews together and we used to have a big go-around, criticizing each other's performances. Now we have made a new rule which is to say nothing unless it's something good. "Once it's in the can, there's nothing," Farley says, "that you can do about it."

Of the pictures I've made, Farley's favorite is "A Double Life" but he deplores that I'm put in what he calls "these sexy, sexy, sexy parts." He says if I get a script I don't like I should take a suspension rather than do it. That's what he does.

Farley is an extremely sensitive person—with the true sensitivity that is not only for oneself but, equally, if not more so, for others. Farley and I attend Morris Carnovsky's class of acting together. Janet Leigh, Vanessa Brown, quite a few of the kids in pictures are in our class. Also a great many still unknowns. Part of the class work requires us to stand up and criticize each other's work.

One day a young girl, a beginner, got up and did a scene. The criticism was hot and heavy and the young girl was wining and whining before our eyes. Then Farley got up and picked out the nice things she'd done. He told me later that he knew rugged criticism would do her irreparable harm because she just couldn't take it. That's what makes an actor great, sensi-

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**Perfume That Clings**

Q. — Dear Penny: I adore perfume, but for some reason or other its fragrance just does not last on me. I have told several of my friends that I want a new perfume, but first I must find out about a lasting one. — Mrs. A. W.

A. — A particularly good idea for women who claim that perfume does not "stay with them" is a Liquid Skin Sachet. It smooths on the skin very easily, and lingers longer because of its sachet base. It has a slower rate of diffusion and evaporation than any other type of fragrance. Try this Houignet Chantilly Liquid Skin Sachet. Only $1.75 plus tax at better stores.
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Inventivity to other people.

Many people think Farley is a sad person. I've had people say to me, "He's got a hurt look in his eyes." So he has—because he holds everything that hurts him inside as much as he can. He's very sensitive and so withdrawn as to be pretty neurotic. But not now. In the past year he's changed. Now he is as much as when he is sensitive, is able to handle situations.

Fabulous Farley—fabulous as an actor—fabulous as a guy—fabulous not only in face and form but also because he has a set of values that is different from those of most young men. The average young man in his position would go for the swanky cars, the swimming pool, the four hundred and sixty-five suits and the like—the big night-club and spotlight routine.

NOT FARLEY. Farley likes the simple, quiet in all things. He has his extravagances but they're not in the usual things, like when he buys expensive books. He's worth $200 worth of books. Last Christmas he paid $800 for a modern painting as a present to himself. He brings me little presents all the time, little clowns (which he collected). He also buys说了—always books. He bought me a beautiful Dresden inkwell, so beautiful I had to go out and buy a house to go with it, and did. After he gave up his little house he knocked at an apartment and paid $300 a month for it. I made him give it up when he went to Europe. He says I'm stingy. I say I'm saving and should be. So, with the few exceptions noted, he doesn't own a swanky car. He doesn't belong to swanky clubs. He's clothes-conscious. He's neat and clean but wears maroon socks with brown suits and the most horrid shoes. He's got the biggest feet too—size twelve.

Matter of fact, I had to take Farley in hand (literally) the clothes department. We were going to a lot of formal parties to which Farley was wearing navy blue suit and bow tie, pretend it was a Tux. One day I dated him on the men's floor of Saks, saw to it that he bought dinner clothes and shoes. Later, we both get all dressed up, he sends me flowers and—we go to the movies!

Farley loves to eat—we both love to eat—oh, how much! He's a very good cook, makes Hungarian goulash, etc., and with Farley spots like Chasen's, Mocambo, Romanoffs will get the go-by for a cozy Wienerhutzel Winters.

One night Parkie and another couple came to my place for dinner. I was roasting an herb-stuffed chicken. As usual, Farley and I got involved in a world-forgetting argument during which the chicken was completely forgotten. But not for long. The blame bird swelled up (wounded ego, no doubt), got so big that small even it pushed the door right out and fell on the floor. Farley picked it up, dusted it off, put it back in the oven and went on talking.

He loves to play word games and that charades game. It just drives me absolutely mad. Yesterday, I was so mad I called him a dumb, but Farley loves it, is real good at it, he reads so much.

Farley reads the paper, the front page, editorials, covers to cover. A new trick of his is to read the paper while we're having dinner together. Looks real Mister-and-Missus. Now, of course, it's the war news he reads. If there's really a global war I tell Farley that he and I are going to get a boat and run away. He just laughs. He never got used to war, weighed 120 pounds when he got out of the Navy at the end of World War II.

As a friend Farley's strictly loyal. One
Farley was once in love with June Haver. It hit him pretty hard. It seems unlikely he ever will be so vulnerable again.

The End

time we were invited to a party, accepted, then Farley found out that some friends of his had not been invited. He said he felt that he shouldn’t go. I said, “Why not, you didn’t make out the guest list?” He got adamant about it. I got sort of angry about it and went without him. About midnight he called for me. He thought I’d gone alone and didn’t want me to go home alone, late at night. When he saw I had a date, he got so white, looked so sick. We had words and were mad for about a week. He’s very jealous. When he’s jealous he can get real nasty. As who can’t? At the end of the week, he apologized and the dates were on again.

At a New Year’s Eve party a year ago, I thought Farley was paying more attention to Ava Gardner than to me. I always get weepy on holidays, thinking of “Auld Lang Syne” or something, so the weeps I went that night were both wet and wild. Again we had a fight. Again we stayed mad for about a week. Then I apologized. We spend quite a bit of time apologizing, taking turns at it.

I would say that Farley and I like to be with each other more than with anyone else, but I don’t know; I don’t feel for getting married and I doubt that Farley does. We both like our freedom too much. We both love our jobs too much. We’re both—it could be—scared of a tie that binds, I was married once. Right after Pearl Harbor. It was pretty awful. I don’t want that to happen again.

Farley, too, has been burned. He was once in love with June Haver. I know it hit him pretty hard. That’s when he went in the Navy. When he came out he was never again to be, I think, quite so vulnerable.

Or it may be that something Billie Dawn says in “Born Yesterday” explains Farley and me. Billie says, “There’s a certain time between a fellow and a girl when it either comes off or it doesn’t—and if it doesn’t happen then, it never does.”

Maybe our time hasn’t come yet, Farley’s and mine, or maybe it has “went.”

Meantime, it’s good to be friends, it’s great to be friends with Farley—fabulous Farley. Maybe this shows that, like everybody else who knows him, I can’t help loving him in a way, even if I’m not sure I’m in love with him.
(Continued from page 56) child of such a union seldom survives. The first child sometimes lives but a second child is almost never saved. The fatality rate of these births is over ninety per cent.

That’s why I was amazed at Lana’s courage in having a second baby. But she’s an intelligent girl, far more intelligent than those who knew her only as a glamour beauty ever give her credit for being. She talked to dozens of medical men and learned of the strides the medical profession has made these last few years in correcting cases like hers.

“Can you believe it?” she said. “Cheryl should have a brother or sister by Christmas—perhaps before the holidays. Her happiness was in her eyes. And she looked so slim and childlike in the pale blue and white ‘little girl’ dress she was wearing, that it seemed incongruous to think of her as pregnant.

**HER DIRECTOR** called her for a scene. In the middle of the set there was a card-board mule. Lana perched atop it to sing “My Love and My Mule.” While the great Ezio Pinza and I sat at a table in the make-believe cafe and listened. She wasn’t in the least nervous at the idea of the great basso listening to her voice, which she says is as corny as the song.

The scene she was playing, Ezio explained, is a flashback about a period twelve years before the story actually starts. Lana is seen as a singer with a cowboy band. She later becomes a famous motion picture star.

“Well, she should be able to play that without any trouble,” I said. “She certainly epitomizes the ideal movie queen of every teenager.”

After she had applauded her little song, Pinza loudest of all—Lana returned to the table.

“Had I known what I know now, our other baby would have been saved,” she confided later. “I thought she was going to die of heart failure.”

“What do you mean?” I asked her, deeply interested, as I feel all my readers will be, to learn how Lana hopes to solve her problem.

“I’ll tell you,” she said. “The moment the baby is born it will have all new blood. My doctor has made arrangements to transfuse the child, and as the new blood flows into the baby’s veins, its own blood will be drawn out until the entire blood stream is completely changed.”

“Won’t that be hard on so young a child?” I asked Lana.

She shook her head. “It has been done successfully many times. Only recently I heard of a woman who had the same blood problem as Bob and I. Her first baby died. Now she has two children, both of whom have heart trouble; because which our baby will undergo. Both children are happy and healthy today.”

Being a doctor’s wife, I asked, “Don’t you think I have to have sex?”

I had recently read in one of my husband’s medical journals about giving an expectant mother injections to help overcome a similar trouble. That’s why I knew so much or, maybe, as Audubon says, including my favorite one—so little.”

“Of course,” replied Lana, “now while I am carrying the baby I have to have shots three or four times a week.”

In the past when Lana and I got together we’d talk about clothes, her plans to go to Europe, or her hope that she might get to New York in time to see the new plays. Believe me, this was probably my tenth interview with her, and all for Photoplay, and it was entirely different. Every time I’d start to talk about something other than the baby we’d go right back to the subject and Lana would wax eloquent about the scientific miracle that she hopes will make it possible for her and Bob to have a baby.

“I’m not going to say I want a boy,” she went on, “because I don’t really care which it is, just so long as it’s healthy. Bob and I would rather have a girl and I suppose because I have Cheryl I would like a boy.”

I CANNOT remember when I have seen Lana as happy. So often in the past she has seemed restless and worried. Now she seems completely relaxed and contented.

When I commented on her happiness and asked, “Lana, are you as happy as you act?” she replied, “Yes, I am. Bob is wonderful to me and wonderful to Cheryl. We have a beautiful home. I have my work, with the nicest part of it the fact that I can work or stay at home, just as I choose.”

“But you’ll always work, won’t you?”

“I certainly will. Too many actresses, I think, make the mistake of giving up their careers when they marry. I’m not going to make that mistake. I’m going to stay close together. Because I want to have time for my husband and family. One or two pictures a year are enough to keep me busy and, at the same time, leave time for my home life.”

I think one way to keep your husband in love with you is to remain a movie actress—if you start out as one. A woman who has an innate fascination is more attractive to her husband, if you ask me. Of course, I can speak only of my own case. I suppose many men like the ‘little woman’ to stay home and mind the fires.

Bob always been very interested in my career and has never at any time expressed disapproval of my working.”

Lana says she feels better than she’s felt in years. “But I’d admit I was tired after Cheryl’s birthday party,” she said. “The little boys came dressed as pirates, and the little girls wore grass skirts—they were hula dancers.”

“T’m much more difficult to give one of these children’s parties than to entertain your own friends. You have to think of something novel and different every year. I told Cheryl that next year she and I would go to a movie and have dinner alone.”

“That I have to see,” I told Lana. “Ever since Cheryl’s birth you have been planning parties for her.”

This Turner girl—Mrs. Robert Topping—has a new dignity. I don’t know what it is. In some ways, she’s different from the little girl who used to pour out her troubles to me, although I must say it’s nice to be able to talk to her, because she gives me such a big reception. She threw kisses to me from the set, and apparently was very glad that I had come to see her. She told me she was happy and healthy and doing fine. She’s had almost a little bit. I told her I had seen Tyrone Power when he was in Hollywood.

“Yes, I heard your broadcast with him,” she said. “But I’m very happy with Bob. Louella. And when you are as happy as I am you have no thoughts for the past.”

As Lana has grown older she has learned to keep her head, which she didn’t always do, and there are no longer any foolish impulsive actions. Those belong to the Lana of yesterday, not to the Lana of today who wants, above all, to make this a good life, as I knew she would when I first met and married.

She’s really quite a wonderful and fabulous woman, Mrs. Bob Topping. The End
His Very Own

(Continued from page 47) All of which also means that although Farley is a young man to challenge any girl, he is not ready to marry. For how, until he is quite sure about his girl, is sure about the girl he wants for his wife?

"I want a little house, for the time being, just big enough for me," he says, with a wide grin.

"I'll find a maid who will come in three times a week or more—to keep me in order and to get dinner those nights I'm going to be home or have guests.

"I'd like to learn to cook—but hesitate. . . . If I can cook, I'll have to cook.

"His smile spread to a twinkle in his eyes. I nodded. But," I told him realistically, a twinkle in my eyes too, "being a man you will cook only what you like to cook, that which you do well. And everyone will wait upon you and clean up after you when you are through." He has a nice laugh.

"I've really had only the shortest time as a bachelor. I lived at home for a long time after I got out of service. And when you live at home you know how folks are—no matter how swell. They wait upon you when you're out. You can feel completely free . . ."

Farley's father, retired from the automobile business now, takes care of the fan mail. It was his father, too, who wrote him regularly when he was in the Pacific. He knew the things Farley would want to hear; the pictures Mr. Goldwyn was considering for him when he got back. Comments about new films, new players. His mother and father have always understood his searching restlessness, his changing phases. They used to encourage him as a kid to go along one of them. They took it better than most parents, too, when he spent more time at Roddy McDowall's house than he did at home, when he went with them to the Catholic Church, hoping it would bring him the peace of spirit it had bestowed upon them. Roddy McDowall came on the set one day when they were making "Our Very Own." Gently he explained that he understood how busy Farley was, of course, but that his mother was hurt that Farley didn't come 'round any more, that maybe a visit was in order, for old time's sake.

Farley was embarrassed at having overheard this exchange because he did not agree that a visit was in order, because he carried with the philosophy that it was natural for people to move on. He was criticized at the same time, because he was not more friendly and cooperative with Ann Blyth when she arrived at the Goldwyn studios to play with. A bit sweeter—natured and less than Ann likely would have barged right through Farley's attitude and thus challenged his interest. But Ann, inexperienced and shy enough to be insecure in spite of her success, simply wilted.

At this particular time, undoubtedly, Farley was undergoing a difficult phase of growth. He was, everyone said, self-absorbed to a fault, intolerant too. But those who criticized him in the same breath, that he really was a wonderful guy and that he was being badly advised by a friend who had a strong influence upon him.

I'll always remember Sam Goldwyn telling me about Farley, the seventeen-year-old boy he had signed to a contract. "He's got lots to learn technically," Sam said, "but he's a born actor."

Dick Clayton, now playing on Broadway in "Pardon Our French," budded with Farley in the Pacific. "I'll never forget," Dick says, "the week we had 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn' out there. Farley saw it every time they showed it. He sat, the fifth or sixth time it was shown, in a drenching rain. The water poured off his hat, but he didn't know it. He was utterly intent upon the screen. And afterwards he could repeat every gesture of every player."

About acting, as Farley himself says, "I could shoot off my big mouth for weeks." Which reminds me of the young actress he invited for a drink one afternoon, late. They both had evening engagements. But they didn't keep them. It was after midnight when Farley saw her home. And they spent all their time arguing violently—about acting.

It is sheer nonsense, Farley believes, to think an actor becomes the character he is playing. "In acting," he insists, "you react to the conditions as if you were the character in those circumstances."

Hollywood he loves. But the minute he's through working he gets away.

"Actors in Hollywood do not work when they're not in production," he explains. "They talk with their manager or producer or both and listen to other actors discussing what they're doing. It isn't until a few days before they go into production again that they even start to study.

"Which is all wrong. It has to be. A concert pianist does not quit work for weeks, then start practising again just before he's booked for a performance." Farley agrees you can't very well walk around your house or the streets acting—without being locked up as a madman.

"But," he says, "you can go to different places, see different things, observe different people. You can expose yourself to new experiences and impressions so that inevitably you become better rounded as a human being and, by the same token, a better performer."

For the last few months, except for a ten-day period in New York for the premieres of "Our Very Own" and "Edge of Doom," Farley has been in Europe. He went to Europe, refusing to make a picture he did not like. For which Sam Goldwyn put him on suspension. And Farley has not yet made enough money to be casual about going off salary.

Nevertheless, casual, he said, "I had to go on suspension. Had I made that picture I would have been unhappy and bad-tempered. Worse, not believing in my part, I would have sloughed it off."

"An actor with any name at all, I think, has responsibility. Those who go to see a picture because a certain actor is in it may forgive him one bad job. But after that he will be blamed at every picture in which he appears. And maybe he should be, too; even though an actor has little or nothing to say about the way a story is changed or a director directs or a cameraman photographs or a cutter cuts the film—all things which conspire to make a picture what it finally becomes."

In Europe Farley went first to Paris where he "ran around like crazy." Then, after a visit to England, he settled down in Paris as if he were going to live there. Didn't try to cram museums, cathedrals, sidewalk cafes into the same day.

As Farley matures, his facial planes become stronger, his eyes become gentler. This, I think, foretells his maturity. To this I think, promises that when he finally catches up with himself he'll find a man intelligent and humorous and kind, a man quite capable of being the matrix for one of the finest actors of the screen.

THE END
as a guide who leads Deborah Kerr and Richard Carlson through the wilds of darkest Africa. Vivid atmosphere is well established. (Sept.)

✓ (A) KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE—Caryn-

Watters: Rough, tough sawzall went about fixing up his own movie for both Barbara Payton and Helen Carter causes him more trouble than the police. With Luther Adler, Steve Brodie, Ward Bond. (Oct.)

✓ (F) LADY WITHOUT PASSPORT—M-G-M: Immigration inspector John Holbrook is torn between love and duty when he falls for Hedy Lamarr, who’s trying to enter the U.S. illegally with the help of smuggler, George Macready. (Oct.)

✓ (F) LOUISA—U-I: Sprightly comedy about love over sixty with Spring Rivington pursued by Charles Coburn and Edmund Gwenn. Directed by Ronald Reagan, Ruth Hussey, Larrie. (Aug.)

✓ (F) MYSTERY STREET—M-G-M: Semidocumentary thriller with John Garfield, Ian Clapp, and Marshall Thompson, Sally Forrest (Aug.)

✓ (F) NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR—THE M-G-M: Profoundly moving story of a very average American family reacting when the voice of God is heard over the radio. With George Macready. (Aug.)

✓ (F) NIGHT AND THE CITY—20th Century-Fox: Health officer Richard Widmark and police captain Paul Henreid go to war to round up all Palmer Waxman and Zero Mostel in a deadly plane racket. Exciting! With Barbara Bel Geddes. (Sept.)

✓ (F) PEGGY—U-I: Sisters Barbara Lawrence and Diana Lynn vie for the title of Rose Queen in Passadena’s Tournament of Roses. With Charles Coburn, Rock Hudson, Charles Drake. (Sept.)

✓ (F) PRETTY BABY—Warners: Advertising executives almonds Morgan, Zachary Scott are floored when their bachelor girl secretary Betsy Drake is mistakenly believed to be a mother. A cute comedy with Edmund Gwenn. (Sept.)

✓ (F) RUGOES OF SHERRY FOREST—Colomi:

John Derek as the noble son of Robin Hood gets out to right the wrongs inflicted by villainous George Macready with Diana Lynn. (Sept.)

✓ (F) STELLA—20th Century Fox: A slightly tarnished but gay face. A Jeffy story, Ann Sheridan, David Wayne and Evelyn Varden, who burn a black sheep yarn and are involved in complications. With Vic Mattei. (Sept.)

✓ (F) SUMMER STOCK—M-G-M: Loads of songs, dances and laughs. Lonely makes a star of farmerette Judy Garland and a great show in Hollywood. With Eddie Bracken, Gloria De Haven. (Oct.)

✓ (F) SUNSET BOULEVARD—Paramount: Gloria Swanson returns to the screen in a gripping story of a faded star and her past. With Bell Holder and Nancy Olson. (Sept.)

✓ (F) TEA FOR TWO—Warners: A nostalgic musical of the Twenties concerned with the efforts of Gordon MacRae, Doris Day, Gene Nelson and S. Z. Sakall to put on a Broadway show. (Oct.)

✓ (F) THIS SIDE OF THE LAW—Warners: An unbelievable tale involving impersonation, murder and another form of the law. Directed by Howard da Silva, Sharyne Strudwick, Robert Kars as the husband; Eve Caron, Anita Brown as their wives and Emily Williams as a millionaire who causes their marital mix-up. (Oct.)

✓ (F) THREE HUSBANDS—Gloria-U-A: A soper-duper story of three husbands—Howard Da Silva, Sharyne Strudwick, Robert Kars as the husbands; Eve Caron, Anita Brown as their wives and Emily Williams as a millionaire who causes their marital mix-up. (Oct.)

✓ (F) THREE WIVES—M-G-M: A lavish musical with heart, based on the lives and appearances of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. With Fred Astaire, Red Skelton, Don Ameche, Frank Darien. (Nov. 15).

✓ (F) THREE SECRETS—Coloni:

Walters: Eleanor Parker, Ruth Roman and Gene Nelson can’t believe that a child trapped on a mountaintop after a plane crash is their son. A suspenseful and heart-tugging drama. With Frank Lovejoy, Arthur Franz. (Nov.)

✓ (F) TREASURE ISLAND—Disney-RKO:

Drums of this thrilling adventure story is captured in Technicolor and superb live-action performances by Bobby Driscoll, Robert Newton. (Sept.)

✓ (F) UNION STATION—Dana Andrews: Exciting chase film in which William Holden, Nancy Olson and Frank Albertson join forces to capture Lyle Bettger, Eden P dense. (Oct.)

✓ (F) WHERE DANGER LIVES—RKO: Father Dorn’s story of the verge of madness meets Doctor X. A fast-paced buck and a sharp-eyed life (Maureen O’Sullivan) and his medical career. Not a pretty picture. With Julie Adams, John Hodiak, John Ireland. (Sept.)

✓ (F) WHERE THE WIND BLOWS—20th Century-Fox: A fast-paced drama with Dana Andrews and Joseph Cotten. The story of American film pioneer Craig Stevens and tries to cover up his deed, With Gene Barry. Dick, Tully. (Sept.)

✓ (F) I’LL BE WITH YOU—Lionel Atwill’s worst Western, complete with Indian raid, bank robbery and ambush. With Jimmy Stewart, Stephen McNally, Shepperd Strudwick. (Sept.)
Jane's Other Life

(Continued from page 62) and rosy twin sweaters, in horn-rims and no make-up, she looked like a thousand young matrons in a thousand anxious eyes. Hollywood was waiting. But then he found a telephone repairman who stuck his head in with questions. Michael, just over a cold, had been sent upstairs to lie down.

A day or two later, the life of Wyman can be fairly matched with that of any career woman who's also a homemaker. Glamour is perceptible by its absence. She gets up to a list of errands as long as your arm. She's got a home to keep. What is she going to wear? By the rules, a crisp little blouse and a tailored suit. Jane's got a lot on her mind, she couldn't tell you where the blouses hang this morning. So she zips into sweater and slacks.

OME by eleven, to meet the interior decorator. Jane's trying to look at samples when the plumber arranges. Behind him comes the water-softerning man. Having dealt with both, she returns to the samples.

"Look at me, Mother. I've cut my lip," yells Michael. Everything's dropped while mother flings the Mercurehmom. Enjoying his role of wounded soldier, Michael follows her and the lady up to Maureen's room, which needs fresh curtains. Jane suddenly remembers the new dress that's coming right away. Michael's points hit on the bright idea of switching furniture around. Give Jane her choice of simple pleasures, and she'll pick furniture-switching every time.

This suits Michael: "When do I get my bumm-beds?"

He's recently informed Jane that junior beds are for little boys. He's a big boy, and therefore entitled to bumm-beds. The orthodontist word is bunk, but try and convince Michael. "Bumm-beds," he explains logically, "because every time you get out, you bump your head.

Jane looks at her watch. Time for Michael's lunch. Time for her to shower and dress and get over to M-G-M where, on loan-out from Warners, she's due to play the airline hostess in "Three Guys Named Mike." They're throwing her a "welcome" luncheon, which is very sweet, but there's no one at M-G-M who she needs to impress.

The morning's been cool, she'll wear a sweater and suit. Now to find the right shoes, button, okay, she's set. Oh, bother, she’s got to change bags—

The house phone rings. It's Carrie, the cook. "There's a Mr. Rymer down here. Says it's very important, and he won't keep you a minute.

Jane doesn't know Mr. Rymer from Adam. Seems he wants to borrow a painting, how about that? With her mind a million miles away, she starts washing the man right out of her head, when her watch gives her pause. "Who did you say you are?"

"Herbert Rymer," he pre-explains. "Look magazine is doing a story on work, and you happen to own one of my best paintings. I hoped you might let me borrow it long enough to have it reproduced."

Apologies from Jane, thank-you Mr. Rymer, ma'am, my name is Jane. Rymer carefully notes the hole in her wall before sprinkling upstairs. She's been circling for hours, and her clothes begin to feel warm. They feel so much stiffer as she drives through M-G-M's gates in a sudden burst of California sunshine. Her agent bions a thoughtful look at her glamorous girl.

"Wouldn't you like to freshen up?" Jane can take a hint. She retires to wash her face and comb her hair. Luncheon's followed by some busi—  

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The recipes contained in this book were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. In most cases, these recipes were obtained by talking with housewives in their own kitchens—others were received from interested readers. Then the recipes were put to actual test in the True Story Kitchen. The result is a collection of 1500 proven recipes that will add sparkle to your meals and comfort to your pocketbook.

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UNDIES • SLIPS • GOWNS • PAJAMAS

BLUE SWAN MILLS, Division of McKee Products Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.
ness matters. Jane's home at five. The next two hours are strictly kid-time. Whether one kid or two depends on whether school or sports or not. Maureen's school and sports away. Unless the weekends and summer vacation. Jane catches up on what they've done today and their plans for tomorrow. May Michael play with Pat in the afternoon? May he go to the library on Saturday? Does Maureen get her new dress?

Carrie wants to know about Sunday. Will there be people in? How much food shall she order? That's easy. If the weather's nice and if there's time, they'll have hamburgers inside. If not, they'll have hamburgers outside.

On this particular evening Maureen's not home. Jane sits with Michael while he eats, watches TV with him, bathes him, hears his prayers put him to bed. By now it's seven-thirty and she's hungry—she thinks. But off with her clothes first, and into the shower. After dinner she takes a quick one. On the other hand, the thought of Maureen's room tempts her. It isn't switched right yet.

She's saved by the bell. A friend's dropped in. "Why don't we drive down to Malibu to do the night off?"

They drive down to Malibu. To Jane's sweater and suit, something new has been added—a scarf over her head, because the car's open. It's a pleasant drive and a pleasant car. Jane's had a little visit and, by eleven, mulling over tomorrow Her secretary had been sweetly acid that morning. "For four days I've been trying to nail you to sign checks. Is there any chance if you could spend some money?" She'd have to be at the office by nine-thirty, dash out to Warners, find time to buy the gun she'd promised Michael, dash back for a twelve o'clock appointment because Maureen's school closes at four, and if mother's not there on the dot, the world will fall down.

Such are the dazzling details in the typical life of a star. There are days and there are other days and other activities. There are days when she's up at six and works till six. There are parties that come mostly around holoday time, as they do in your life, parties which everyone wants down, because people can't afford parties the way they used to. There are evenings when she'll go out to dine and dance—in a suit and not hat. It can't stand hats, whatever she should wear them?

Which doesn't mean that Jane never gussies up. But she makes a distinction between public and private life. At a premiere, at the annual Academy Awards, she feels an obligation to give the audience its money's worth, sartorially speaking.

...Yes, she goes to night clubs. Every once in a blue moon, when the club's less packed and she wants to see Martin and Lewis. Like Pearl Bailey. Jane's a Bailey fan and owns every record on the market. But show yourself at a night club, and photographers swear. Somebody's favorite's people are photographers. She knows they have to grab while the grabbing's good, and makes just one point. "Since they don't catch you out very soon again, the pictures are spread throughout the papers. From the press, the impression that you live in night clubs. Please don't put me on a horse with a sermon in my mouth. For those who like it, the clubs are elegant, don't—except as a showcase for talent. Neither do most of my friends. They won't step foot into Ciro's more than twice a year. But week after week, you'll see their pictures in Ciro's. Pictures that were maybe shot six months ago and kept fresh in the icebox. I'm not blaming the boys who have a living to earn. I'm merely explaining how a false idea is created. Along

The house is well run, but it isn't starchy. Each girl is responsible for her own department, and if something goes wrong, she'll tell Jane about it before Jane has a chance to tell her. If a crisis involves them all, they all gather in what Michael calls the "throne room" and figure out a solution. Recently Agnes came to Jane in tears. Her mother was ill in Ireland. She wanted to go back, and she didn't want to lose her job. Jane summoned the other two. "We'll have to find a substitute while Agnes is gone."

And upset our happy home," interrupted Carrie. "You can't bring a new person here unless she's the right one. And you won't find her in a day."

"We'll manage," said Annie, known as the Stepladder because of her height. "Maybe there'll be a little extra dust around, but we'll manage."

Agnes went to Ireland and they're managing. "That's how closely this family works together," says Jane. "Carrie likes it. Agnes likes it. Annie likes it. I like it, and the others, most likely."

It's a Hollywood cliché that every actress is jealous of every other actress, especially if they're cast in the same picture. Gertie Lawrence and Jane Wyman were cast in "The Millionairess." At least one was the product of a dazzling stage career. Wyman had been twice nominated for, and once awarded, filmland's highest tribute. Boy, what a hoot. Gertie was a thousand-sided, the sideline boys, who dearly love a fight.

Both Wyman and Lawrence were out to make a good picture and both are endowed with the sense to know that a picture depends not on one performance, but on the values of play and interplay. If they loathed each other, the picture would still have come first. As it happened, they stood a little in awe of each other at the start—a feeling which quickly dissolved in mutual admiration. They were two of those few stars who can work together. The new generation seems to think they can't work together. That's because they're figures stuck together with glue. They're real, folks. So why don't we stop saying "Ah?"

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$1,000 reward is offered for information leading to his arrest. For complete details, and for an exciting half-hour of action and suspense, tune in

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YES, every day, more and more smokers are proving to themselves how mild a cigarette can be! They're making their own Camel 30-Day Mildness Tests... smoking Camels and only Camels.

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Ezio Pinza
FORMER STAR OF "SOUTH PACIFIC"

HAILED FOR YEARS as one of the all-time greats of the Opera, Ezio Pinza recently became America's No. 1 matinee idol when he starred in "South Pacific". Actor, singer, athlete, Mr. Pinza chooses the cigarette he smokes with the same care as the roles he plays.

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25 Christmas Gifts from Hollywood!

PHOTOPLAY

December 15c

Color Scoops:
June Allyson, and
ome

Pin-up Girls of 1951
Are you in the know?

What does Hippy Hannah aim to be?

- A wallflower
- A bouncing beauty
- An eavesdropper

Tuning in on her neighbors? Nay, nay. Just bouncing her way to streamlined beauty. If you're hip-heify, bump 'em off—10 minutes daily, against the wall. Stirs up circulation; helps trim over-rounded curves. (Mind though—no 'tween-meal nibblings!) Improving your figure improves your poise. But keeping poised on problem days depends so much on comfort. Choose Kotex. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that holds its shape!

Will you see the New Year in with—

- Pink elephants
- Pink lemonade
- Rose-colored glasses

Whatever you're doing New Year's Eve—don't be the acquaintance who'll be forgotten next year. A rootin' tootin' celebration won't hike a gal's rating. Better a rosy dating future rather than a cold grey dawn. You can make merry and still make sense. Taking extra care to spurn crash-happy drivers. At certain times, you'll want to guard against problem-day "accidents." too. Get the extra protection of Kotex and that special safety center.

Which outfit inspires a gift idea?

- The tortoise skirt
- The grey flannel dress
- The chinchilla coat

If you're in the Smooth Set, you already know—these three outfits are fashion "firsts." Does your best study-buddy own a tartan skirt? Knit her some Argyle sox, to match the colors. A nifty gubbie for Christmas! Different girls have different tastes in togs. Their sanitary protection needs, too, are not alike. So . . . Kotex comes in 3 absorbencies. (Different sizes, for different days.) By trying Regular, Junior, Super, you'll learn which is "definitely for you."

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

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Up until recently, Saturday night was big-date night... now it's just Saturday night. One-by-one the boys have quit phoning. Somehow her charm isn't working like it used to... and the reason* is one that she would be the last to suspect. It could happen to any girl... even to you.

How's your breath today?

Better not take your breath for granted. *Halitosis (unpleasant breath), you know, can be absent one day and present the next... without your knowing it. And when it is off-color, people are likely to avoid you.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is an easy, delightful, extra-careful precaution against halitosis? It's almost a passport to popularity.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens the breath... not for mere seconds or minutes... but for hours, usually. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best. Better still, rinse the mouth regularly with it night and morning as well.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

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Reader's Digest recently reported on one of the most extensive experiments in dentifrice history! And here are additional facts: The one and only toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Yes, and two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever reported in all dentifrice history.

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even one new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.
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"A Heart That's Free"
"Aba Daba Honeymoon"
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Sung by the stars in the M-G-M Records Album!

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Two Weeks
With Love

Screen Play by JOHN LARKIN and DOROTHY KINGSLEY
Story by JOHN LARKIN
Directed by ROY ROWLAND
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Cheers and Jeers:

The only word for Bill Holden’s performance in “Sunset Boulevard” is magnificent. The whole cast was excellent but Holden stole the show.  
Maureen Purcell  
Freeport, N. Y.

I just came from seeing “Wagons West” and I thought it was horrible, boring, no excitement. I thought when the Indians came, something exciting would happen.  
Georgene Dettman  
Cleveland, O.

A handshake to Mr. Harry Turner for his nice letter about Ingrid Bergman (October). When this great actress was in “Joan of Lorraine” on Broadway, I was one of many fans who used to wait by the stage door. Never will I forget the party she threw for us after her last performance.  
Miss Bergman will always be remembered as a great artist and wonderful person by her many true fans.  
Janet Buders  
Irvinton, N. J.

I think it’s unfair for people to criticize Liz Taylor for not acting her age and yet congratulate Miss Swanson for not acting her age. After all, she has passed the half-century mark.  
H. Obara  
Honolulu, T. H.

Why is it that Hollywood gives such so-called breaks to new young stars such as Rock Hudson and Tony Curtis? “Winchester 73” certainly didn’t help either of their careers. They think they are two of the greatest new stars and deserve much better parts.  
N. G.  
Long Beach, Cal.

I have just seen “Tea for Two” and thought it was very good. But for a picture that was supposed to center around the year 1928 it certainly had the 1950 look. All the dresses, bathing suits and latest hair styles were seen in the picture. The only thing that looked 1929-ish were the automobiles.  
Ellen Hartnett  

As a native Nova Scotian, I strongly resent the rude remarks directed at our province by Elizabeth Taylor in “Father of the Bride.” The picture was simply wonderful until Miss Taylor became so chagrined over the very thought of spending her honeymoon in Nova Scotia!  
Of course, Miss Taylor didn’t write the script but the writer should tour our wonderful province thoroughly before referring to it as a place of “hissing shackas.”  
It certainly looks as though they picked the most desolate and obnoxious place on earth to spend a honeymoon and came up with Nova Scotia as Number One choice!  
Joan E. Keido  
Sydney, N. S.

Casting:

“Ann Get Your Gun” was a good picture, but the real Ann should have been June Allyson. Why not give June a post opposite Howard Keel?  
Shirley O’Hara  
Tecoma, Nev.

Some time ago I was looking through an old book, dated 1944, and read an article on Farley Granger. In this he said he would like to play the part of Heathcliffe in “Wuthering Heights” with Anne Baxter as Cathy. Of course, he is a little older now, and whether he would want to play the part or not, I think he should be given a try.  
Jo-Ann  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Food for Thought:

I have a complaint! Food! Food and Hollywood’s misuse of it.  
Why do we have so many films where the camera lingers lovingly on a delicious dish (and I don’t mean Tony Curtis!), banquet scenes like in “Three Husbands” only make our British austerity more austere. Not that we are starving, but our idea of a meal and Hollywood’s are miles apart.  
To add insult to injury, I have yet to see a star enjoy a meal on the pictures. They pick, they fiddle, they emote; they might even nibble, but eat—no! No wonder I turn in despair to the Continental films where the next meal is usually the problem of the picture and bread and cheese is manna indeed!  
Isabel Davidson  
Newcastle-on-Tyne, England

Question Box:

Could you please give me some information on that cute new actress Debbie Reynolds. I enjoyed her acting in “The Daughter of Rosie O’Grady.” Where can I write her a fan letter?  
Maria Lopez  
Vallejo, Cal.

(Debbie was born Mary Frances Reynolds in El Paso, Tex., April 1, 1922. She is 5’1½”, 100 lbs., has light brown hair, green eyes. Next in “Two Weeks—with Love,” “Mr Imperium.” Write her c/o M-G-M, Culver City, Cal.)

Please send me a picture of June Allyson.  
Daphne Davis  
Miami, Fla.

Photoplay cannot send pictures. Write to your favorite stars at the studio for which they made their last movie. June is with M-G-M. Enclose 25c for each photograph you wish. Here is a list of the studio addresses:  
Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood  
Eagle-Lion, 7324 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood  
Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City  
Paramount Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood  
Republic Pictures, 4024 N. Radford Ave., N. Hollywood  
Twentieth Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills  
United Artists Corp., 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles  
Universal International, Universal City  
Warner Brothers, 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank

Could you please tell me if Tony Martin has the male lead in “Two Tickets to Broadway”?  
Kharis Komianos  
Catonville, Md.

(Yes, opposite Janet Leigh.)

“Three Little Words” was simply wonderful. I would like to know if the songs from Vera-Ellen, Arlene Dahl and Gloria De Haven were really sung by them.  
Margie Fritsch  
Louisville 4, Ky.

(Yes, each sung her own songs.)

My mother is positive that Richard Conte used to be a radio announcer. I can’t see it, myself, so would you please settle it once and for all?  
Ellen Utterback Martinez, Cal.

(Richard Conte has never been an announcer, but John Conte was.)

Could you please tell me something about Jack Webb who played in “The Men”? Is he the same actor who plays Joe Friday on the NBC program “Dragnet”?  
Joe McClahan  
Merriam, Kans.

(Yes, he’s the same actor. He was born April 2, 1920, in Santa Monica, Cal., is 6 feet, weighs 165 lbs., has black hair and dark brown eyes. He married Julie London in July, 1947, and they have a baby daughter. His latest, Paramount’s “Dark City.”)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.
...when the mug of a mud-spattered G.I. was the prettiest sight in the world!

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

BREAKTHROUGH

STARRING DAVID BRIAN ∙ JOHN AGAR FRANK LOVEJOY

DIRECTED BY LEWIS SEILER Screen Play by BERNARD GIRARD and TED SHERDEMAN From a Story by Joseph I. Breen, Jr. PRODUCED BY BRYAN FOY
YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR MISS COLBERT:
I am nearly nineteen and I have been going with a chap of twenty-three for nearly two years. We have been planning a June wedding, but I am hanging back because of certain doubts.
His family does not approve of me. You see, my mother and father parted when I was six, and my mother has lost her reputation since then. My boy friend's family say, "As the mother, so goes the daughter." Of course this is silly, because I am very different from my mother, although I love her very much.
This boy has been brought up to respect his parents, which is good, but I get the worst of it as he doesn't want to fight with them about me, so he argues with me about what I should do.
Here is our latest argument: I was invited to a shower for a girl friend, and so were his two sisters. At the party, one of the sisters was placed at the bridge table where I was, but asked to be moved so she wouldn't have to sit with me.
I was embarrassed and told my boy friend about it. He said his sisters were stuck-up and I knew it; I should have asked first if they had been invited to the party, and when I learned they were going to be there, I shouldn't have gone.
This boy takes me everywhere, remembers birthdays and holidays, and swears he loves me, but I just don't know whether I could be happy, being in the same family with his folks. What do you think?
Grace M.

If this boy won't take your part before you are married, you may rest assured that he won't champion you after marriage.

To be frank, I must admit that this family does not give the impression—from your viewpoint, at least—of being one to which the average bride would like to belong. The sister's rudeness indicates a shocking lack of social home training.

Sometimes a marriage succeeds in the face of total family disapproval, but such success is usually based on two situations: The fact that the newlyweds live at a considerable distance from the trouble-making family, and the presence of an exceptionally deep and loyal love between the marriage partners.

As neither situation would appear to exist in this case, perhaps you should suggest a test period between you during which both of you date other people.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
My husband and I have been married for nearly three years and have been quite happy. However, we have one trouble that seems to get larger every week.
My husband comes from a family of card players. Card games bore me; I hold all the bad cards in the deck and it's no fun to sit for hours at a time, getting nothing biddable and having the rest of the family criticize me.
After one of the family card sessions, my husband coaches and criticizes me all the way home. Naturally I try to defend myself against statements that I am stupid, I'm a spoilsport, and I make deliberate mistakes. Sometimes I feel as if it would be nice to walk out on one of those games and never come back.
Aside from these arguments, my husband and I get along very well. How can I adjust this situation.

Janet McB.

It seems to me that when two people marry, they must begin their partnership with the understanding that each, although accepting new responsibilities and embracing new loyalties, remains an individual with individual tastes and the right to those individual tastes.

If, in your particular marriage, you should happen to love cucumbers and your husband should happen to loathe them, you would not expect him to share a daily cucumber salad with you. Bridge is exactly like cucumbers. Paint this out good-naturedly to your husband when you are happy together and there's no friction between you and see if he won't agree.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am twenty-eight and deeply in love with a widower whom I am planning to marry St. Valentine's Day. We have known each other three years so we feel our tastes and interests are similar enough to guarantee a happy marriage.
My fiancé's first wife passed away five years ago. At that time he closed their home, stored their (Continued on page 18)
Top winners: Sally Forrest talks it over with Howard Keel at Photoplay's gay "Choose Your Star" party at Ciro's.

Double delight: His aching back temporarily forgotten, Keefe Brasselle swaps congratulations with Tony Curtis.

No more backward glances for Peggy Dow and Craig Hill. They have too much to look forward to from now on.

Marlon Brando came out of character—all dressed up; proving to Nancy Davis and Sally it was a real occasion.
Terrific tapper Gene Nelson and his pretty wife Miriam confide in Craig: "We still can't believe it's happened"

About to take off for Honolulu, Jeff Chandler, with Photoplay's Ruth Waterbury, took time out for a good deed

Piper Laurie left escort Tony Curtis long enough to greet Hugh O'Brian. Not a winner, Hugh came with friends

Tender Trouper: Cal was so excited greeting Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" winners (see page 31), he almost overlooked a heartwarming incident at their Ciro party. When Jeff Chandler arrived, a group of fans asked him to pose. Actually, Jeff had to fly back to his Honolulu location in thirty minutes, but he took time to be kind and courteous. All but one tiny girl got a picture. When her bulb failed to flash, the others teased her. Nervously she snapped another picture and again the bulb didn't go off. "Aw, why don't you scram," someone yelled at her. "Leave her alone," Jeff said quickly. Then turned to the little girl encouragingly. "Take your time, honey, I'll stand here all night if you want me to." Now you know another reason why Cal admires him.

Wife Jane is amused at man behind the beard—David Wayne, who's given up shaving for role in "Up Front"

"I'm an idealist," says Bob Patten, who—like Sally—knows how to keep his eyes fixed on career goal ahead

Mercedes McCambridge, with husband Fletcher Markle, again proves three's her lucky number. She came in third

Growing Pains: Maybe we should label this: "Personal to Tony Curtis." Cal was pleased (because we're fond of Tony) to hear him being discussed by a group of great stars. Most of them had never seen him act, but were impressed with his genuine enthusiasm at various parties. "We've all been through it," said one famous femme, "screwball publicity, night club romances, fan hysteria. Tony seems so unspoiled, I hope he'll never allow it to impress him." Cause for the current talk was the column items on Tony sharing an apartment with Marlon Brando, his premature stardom, his crush (at this writing) on Janet Leigh. Cal is sure that Tony's devotion to his family alone is a guarantee for keeping a level head on his broad shoulders.
"I look like a butterball, but I don't care," June Allyson told Sheilah Graham at Sheilah's party for Photoplay's Fred Sammis. Both June and Dick Powell radiated happiness over their expected baby.

Beautiful Beaver: Cal was on his way to break bread with Bill Holden when June Allyson, looking cool and crisp as ice lettuce, hailed us. "I'm doing my Christmas shopping so I won't have to worry when I'm in the hospital."

She showed us her list and, so help us, every name was checked but Dick Powell's and little Pamela's. "I think I'll get little Pam a doll-baby," June went on wistfully. "When I come home I want her to feel that she has a new baby too. You know, sometimes children feel very left out of things when there's a new baby in the family."

Standing there, she looked young enough to be playing with dolls herself. "Now, if I only knew what to get for Richard," June sighed.

For Your Information: You haven't seen home layouts and family pictures on the Howard Keels because he has a contract clause prohibiting them. The sensational singer sincerely believes an artistic career and a domestic life are things apart and he's determined to keep them that way... It happened at Warner's and they still can't believe it. Vivien Leigh, who's making "A Streetcar Named Desire," raised holy heck because the studio retoucher made her stills look too beautiful and, consequently, out of character... Town tattlers insist history is repeating itself with Greg Bautzer, who supposedly has switched his romantic attentions to Jane Wyman because Ginger Rogers (her golf-playing pal) was beginning to get too serious... The Jimmy Stewarts cabling from England where he's making a picture: Sorry we have to deny it but the stork evidently got lost in London's fog because we haven't seen him.
Guest of honor Fred Sammis, Dorothy Lamour and Esther Williams talked about sarongs, swim-suits and babies.

Frank Scully fascinated Hollywood editor Lyle Rooks, Shirley Temple with his knowledge of flying saucers.

Van Heflin—with Sally Forrest and Bob Mitchum, now ten pounds thinner—was excited about his New York trip and his first fling in television.

Champagne for Calvet: John Bromfield did the honors for wife Corinne, friends Diana Lynn, John Lindsay

Stag-line, stag talk: Bill Howard, John Farrow, Alan Ladd held post-mortem on weekend golf tournament.
At 25th Anniversary fashion show given by Fred Cole, center, Esther Williams, Ann Sheridan, Arlene Dahl, June Haver, Mona Freeman take feminine view of 1951 suits

Facts and Fancies: Keefe Brasselle planning a $175,000 damage suit, as the result of injuries assertedly suffered in that motor boat accident . . . Shirley Temple reporting daily for volunteer work (remember when Cal predicted this?) with the child patients in the Orthopedic Hospital . . . Alan Ladd, whose heart is as big as his chest, donating his Hidden Valley ranch for a “Hayseed Holiday,” proceeds going to the Kate Crutcher Helpers of the Children’s Hospital . . . Sharman Douglas arriving in Hollywood “to visit friends,” getting together with Peter Lawford via the separate-group routine and boring reporters.

If: It turns out that there’s a serious romance between Dan Dailey and Myrna Dell, Hollywood wouldn’t be too surprised. They’re old friends and now that Dan’s separated, he could have a change of heart . . . Ava Gardner sells her Nichols Canyon home and takes up permanent New York residence (except when she’s making movies) she might find the happiness she’s seeking . . . Her studio doesn’t come up with a story worthy of Lana Turner’s talents, that rumored retirement could easily become an “extended” leave of absence . . . Joan Fontaine continues to remain “in char-
(Continued on page 14)

Eyes right for Kirk Douglas, on dinner date with best girl, Irene Wrightsman
MOTHERS! FOR A HAPPY BABY

Get this Booklet FREE!

Learn how to keep your precious baby healthier and happier.

SEND TODAY for this wonderfully helpful free booklet, “Ten Ways to Give Your Baby Security,” and enjoy the peace of mind that comes with the knowledge that your child is receiving the best of care.

BABY AUTHORITIES say that you have to give your child more than just the material things in life. It is most important that he feel mentally secure in his home life . . . that you and your husband help give him emotional stability.

THE MAKERS OF "LYSOL" brand disinfectant have prepared this booklet telling you how to give your baby that all-important inner security. You owe it to yourself and to him to write for your free copy today.

ITS TWENTY-FOUR PAGES are fully illustrated and are filled with specific, valuable information that will help you bring up a happier, healthier baby. Problems that arise from day to day, as Baby is growing up, are discussed in plain, understandable language. Baby’s emotional problems as well as his physical needs are discussed in this book.

READ THESE IMPORTANT SECTION HEADINGS

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4. Make Baby Feel His Home is Trustworthy
5. Recognize Your Baby as a Person
6. Rules and Discipline Make a Baby Feel Secure
7. Help Your Baby Make Friends
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9. Don’t Be An Over-Anxious Mother
10. Don’t Baby Your Baby Too Long

Hailed by Grateful Parents Everywhere

MALVERNE, N. Y.—Mrs. J. K. White writes, “Our boy was a ‘crybaby’ until I read this book. Now I know where I made mistakes . . . and how to correct them.”

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mrs. Hayden Ross-Glinis says, “This booklet showed us how our child’s security and happiness depend on us, and we’re better parents for reading it.”

For Extra, Continuing Protection . . . "LYSOL" Brand Disinfectant

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Please send me free 24-page booklet: “Ten Ways To Give Your Baby SECURITY.”

Name: ____________________________
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Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo

Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with Lanolin!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...

/ Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable...

/ Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen.

/ Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff.


INSIDE STUFF

Irene Dunne and husband Dr. Griffin gay camera party given by Harold Lloyd

(Continued from page 12) actor at Hollywood parties when she isn't before the camera, her critics (who haven't exactly been neglectful) won't spare her... Bette Davis has her way she'll unload all her property so that she and Gary Merrill can live in New England and commute when Hollywood wants their selective services.

Sights You See: Packed like sardines and parked in front of her house, a crowd of Irene Dunne's fans playing "Goodnight Irene" on a beat-up portable. Shelley Winters and Sidney Chaplin dating into that "old movie" theater Fairfax Avenue to see "North Star." a picture that discovered a new young actor named Farley Granger... Jane Wyman enrolling little Michael Reagan into same coast school where big sister Maureen has been so happy... Cesar Romero going right from the station his favorite barber at Jerry Rothchil after a six-months sojourn in London.

First Year: Not for a single scene does Cal believe there's anything sordid wrong between Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton. However, news is not and when it stems from public exhibitionism, there isn't much choice but to print it. Recently, at the huge Pricemi Stark (she's Fanny Brice's daughter) party, Elizabeth, on the verge of tears, begged friends to bring back her husband, who had suddenly wandered away from their table. Finally, his faith who was there with Ann Miller, persuaded his son to leave quietly. Nicky obviously out of order. Whatever the reason, all sympathy went to his brother for being placed in such an embarrassing position. Some say he's trying to prove he isn't impressed being married to the famous beauty. Others believe...
Here's Wonderful Deodorant News!

New finer Mum
more effective longer!

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

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

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

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

INSIDE STUFF

Seriously speaking: "Cuddles" Sakall and Jarmila Novotna of "The Great Caruso" represent their goldfish bowl existence and, in all fairness, it must be very trying. Everyone in Hollywood is extremely hopeful that those inevitable first year adjustments will soon smooth out the rough spots.

It's True That: The Indians at Elko, Nevada, where Bing Crosby has his ranch, bestowed the honorable title, "Sond-Hoo-Vi-A-Gund," which translated means, "Man of many songs," Cal says: "Fan mail thus addressed will positively not reach the groaner... The Fashion Award for being the "Best-Dressed Woman of the Year" is but the beginning of many for Gloria Swanson. Not a single Hollywood soul doubts that she'll get the Academy Award for "Sunset Boulevard" and the ironical part is—she hasn't had a movie job since she made the picture... Bob Hope has kept in constant touch with Judy Garland since her near-tragic attempt at suicide and prescribed the best possible medicine by keeping her overdosed with laughter... Macdonald Carey notified the stork of a pending suit for damages if a son isn't delivered on that third stop at the Carey household next March.

Social Success: Cal would literally crawl to get to any party given by the Jack Bennys. Their current clambake honored Claudette Colbert (completely recovered from that back injury), Mrs. Johnny Green and Mrs. Charles Vidor, who were all having birthdays. Jane Wyman, wearing the shortest bob in town, remained close to the side of her escort, Greg Bautzer. There were wonderful songs by Danny Kaye. It was a "coming out" party for Ann Sothern, who's been ill for nearly a year. And a coming out party for Richard Egan, who made a first and fine impression on Ann's devoted friends. When they carried in the cakes, the popular host made one of his inimitable speeches. "I'd like to toast the birthday girls," beamed "Blue-eyes." "They look so beautiful tonight. It's won-

(Continued on page 20)
**I dreamed I had a screen test in my maidenform bra**

"Lights! Camera! Action! I never felt so like a star ... and all because my Maidenform* bra plays my best supporting role! See why Maidenform and I make such a rave-notice picture? See why Maidenform is your dream bra come true!"

Shown: New 3-way Maidenette-Declatay.*
Wear it with straps, without straps, with straps tied halter-fashion — and always decollete.
White nylon sheer and marquisette, 3.00
Send for free style booklet. Maidenform, N.Y. 16
There is a Maudie Form for every type of figure

When Viveca Lindfors, who is thirty and looks twenty, arrived in this country from Sweden four years ago, newspaper men—a normally gallant and considerate tribe—were somewhat reticent. They had welcomed other foreign stars—and been snubbed for their pains. But they sensed at once that this girl was different. She smiled as she talked, using her hands, her really lovely eyes, her mobile, expressive lips. Here, they said, was a warmhearted, intelligent girl. So they took Miss Lindfors to their hearts.

Viveca's chief obsession—other than becoming a top-drawer actress—was to learn everything that is American. In Hollywood she found that almost everyone appeared to be driving cars. "So!" she said, "I also will drive an automobile." She promptly took a driving test—and failed.

It was a blow. Walking homeward along Sunset Boulevard, she burst into tears. No one paid the slightest attention. This astonished her. "What a country," she thought, "you can cry your eyes out and it's your own business."

Using a standard United States history as a textbook, she has crammed her mind with more important information regarding this country than can be claimed by most university graduates.

Delighted with the comparative freedom of life in the San Fernando Valley, Viveca owns a house and three acres of land near Tarzana. She calls it El Rancho Svenska and manages it herself. This habit of handling her own affairs extends into all her business arrangements, and at Columbia, where she is under contract, they will tell you that she does very well at it.

The San Fernando Valley, she says, gives her escape from the turmoil and nerve strain of studio life. There she has her own garden, gathers eggs from a thriving hen-roost, and raises her two small children, John, seven, and Lena, six. Or perhaps they are raising her; she isn't sure which.

Viveca was originally brought to America by Warners for whom she made "Night Unto Night," "Adventures of Don Juan" and "To the Victor" and she justified the promise she showed in Sweden, where she had appeared in six plays and fifteen movies. She abhors insincerity. Utterly unable to pretend enthusiasm for individuals for whom she has little real admiration, her moral integrity has often been embarrassing. "You can hide what you do but not what you think," she says.

If telling the truth shames the devil, Viveca is on the side of the angels.
LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON


John Lund's aside to a drooling brunette at a Hollywood party:
"Tell me all about yourself. It shouldn't take but a minute."

Sign on San Fernando Valley dairy:
"Our Cows Aren't Contented—They're Anxious to Do Better."

Milton Berle visited the Hillcrest Country Club in Hollywood and everyone commented on how wonderful he looked. "Yeah," agreed Groucho Marx, "But I wonder where he stole that tan."

Someone asked Danny Kaye how he liked his eleven-and-a-half-hour flight to Honolulu. "It was fine," said Danny, "except for the last eleven and a half hours."

Sign outside a Los Angeles movie theater: "View Motion Pictures On Our Giant 500-inch-square Screen."

George Jessel: "Good speeches, like good socks, depend upon the yarns that are used."

There's a bird shop in North Hollywood with a sign out front reading: "Home, Tweet, Home."

A movie doll with a dress cut down to the seat of "Warpath." About 5 p.m. he started tugging at his mother's skirts and wailed: "Let's go home, Ma. I'm tired of playing Indian."

Doris Day went to an ice cream parlor with her eight-year-old son, Terry, and while they enjoyed a soda a group of teenagers put a nickel in a juke box for "Tea for Two," sung by Doris Day. Doris started to sing along with the record when one of the teenage boys, who didn't recognize her, leaned over from the next booth and said:
"Quiet, lady, we paid for that record and we want to hear it."

Since television is 50 percent cowboy movies and 50 percent wrestling, a sure-fire program would be: "Destry Wristles Again."

Marlon Brando is the new principal of a story once told about Moss Hart. Brando went to the home of a big Hollywood producer, looked at the marble staircase and crystal chandeliers at the mansion and muttered: "What time do the prices change?"
Until I took the "tissue test"!

The "Tissue Test" convinced Rosalind Russell, star of Independent Artists' "Listen—the Night" that there really is a difference in cleansing creams.

We asked her to get her face as clean as she could with her regular cleansing cream. Then we invited her to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue to take it off.

The tissue told a startling story. Even after a thorough cleansing with her former cream, Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores...let's Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny, dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Do you really think your face is clean? Try the "Tissue Test"—and be sure! Buy a jar today—20¢ to 97¢; plus tax.

Woodbury
Cold Cream
floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

I thought my face was clean...

What Should I Do?
(Continued from page 6)

possessions, and moved into a furnished apartment. He wants to have his first wife's fur coats (one an ermine evening jacket and one a Persian lamb stroller) relined for me. He also wants us to use her linen, blankets, china and silver.

I haven't given him a direct answer about his plans. I have said, "Let's not decide at once." This has given him the idea that I am undecided about marrying him, because it hasn't occurred to him that a woman might not like to use the possessions of her predecessor. Am I being foolishly squeamish?

Roberta M.

First of all, don't you think it would be wise for you to be entirely frank with your fiancé? You are hurting him and giving a wrong impression by keeping silent. In marriage there are always many things which must be talked out, so you might as well make a start now.

I know there are a great many girls who would agree with your viewpoint on this subject. It is normal for a bride to want to start a new life with new equipment and surroundings.

It seems to me that there are three things to consider. First of all, part of your aversion is possibly caused by an obscure sort of jealousy which you should rid yourself of at once. The past is past; certainly it has left its history, but a wise woman accepts what has gone before as history and nothing more. In the second place, the household equipment was quite as much the property of your fiancé as of his wife, and this fact also applies to the coats. Finally, one of the laws of life is that the living benefit from the accumulation of those who have gone on.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen, with problems which would worry a person far beyond my age.

My father divorced my mother four years ago, and she has since married a man of thirty-five; she is thirty-seven.

Two months ago, my mother was called to her home town by the death of my grandmother. She had to remain there for six weeks to get the house closed and the will probated, and so on.

During this time my stepfather and I became very devoted. I kept house and cooked just as if we were married. He took me to movies and roller skating; he also took me to my girl friend's house to see television. My friend and I thought he was just darling about everything.

Now that my mother is home again, I simply cannot stand to have her treat me as if I were a child, and to see her making over George. I know that I am in love with him, and I am reasonably sure that he is in love with me although he is too honorable to say anything.

I think both of us are suffering, and that it is silly for two people to be unhappy to preserve the happiness of one person.

Do you think I should have a talk with Mother and explain just how I feel?

Evelyn O.

At seventeen, it is sometimes difficult for a person to tell the difference between the affection one normally feels for someone who is kind, understanding, and light-hearted and the romantic love one feels for someone who has the right to return that love. I am inclined to believe your stepfather is a happy-natured, pleasant human being who is undoubtedly in love with your mother. Because of his love for her, he has been charming to you.

If you were to speak to your mother.
Which girl has the natural curl and which girl has the Toni?

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am now twenty-seven; I was married in 1944, our daughter was born in 1946, we moved into our new home a few months later. In October of that year my husband came home one night, announced that he was sick of married life and was leaving. I didn't try to stop him, because of his history of drunkenness, unemployment and cruelty.

I went home to "mama," secured a very good position, and began to regain my health. My family is wonderful in every way, with one exception. The instant a man telephones or asks for a date, there is trouble. I have been a free woman for three years, but whenever I admit that I have accepted a date for Saturday night, I find that everyone else in the family, including my mother, father, and two sisters, have made dates, so no one can take care of my daughter. My mother says that if I persist in having dates I will have to move out of the house (even though I pay room, board and regular baby-sitting fees) and put the baby in a day nursery.

How can I make them understand that I am still young enough to need recreation without having my family call me evil names and ridicule the man who is nice enough to take me out?

Sara W.

Certainly you have a right to a sensible amount of recreation. You pay room and board and baby-sitting fees; you are entitled to value received for your money.

The sensible thing to do is to move away from your family. This may cause some original trouble, so it should be accomplished at some time when everyone is so busy that you have been left at home with your daughter. You and the baby will be happier away from grandparental influence, and you and your family will be more appreciative of one another when your nerves are not rubbed raw by controversies which cannot be settled except by separation.

Claudette Colbert

---

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

---

New improved Toni guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day!

Permafix is a new wonder discovery of Toni research. Far more effective than any other neutralizer known. It actually conditions your hair... leaves your wave silky-soft at first combing — more natural month after month.

From the first thrilling moment your hair will feel like naturally curly hair — comb like naturally curly hair — look like naturally curly hair. That's because Toni's gentle creme waving lotion working in combination with amazing new Permafix leaves your hair in a softer, more natural condition.

With wonderful Permafix your wave is angel-soft at first combing — yet lasts longer than ever before. So, month after month, your Toni will require no more care than naturally curly hair.

There are many imitators — but remember there is only one Toni — the only permanent that guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day... and last far longer.

Ask for Toni today. Jean Worth, the lovely girl at the right, has the Toni.
(Continued from page 15)

delighted to have them here and I hope we can all be together at this time next year—at someone else's house!"

Peeks at Production: Red Skelton between scenes on the "Excuse My Dust" set, writing his radio show on a "gold" typewriter. Talented little leading lady Sally Forrest having the jitters, because Fred Astaire is due on the set to watch her dance a solo number. Ronald Reagan and Diana Lynn rendered helpless against the tactics of the chimpanzee (the same one you saw in "My Friend Irma Goes West") who steals every scene in "Bedtime for Bonzo." Adding insult to hay fever, Diana is allergic to the beast. Ezio Pinza singing a love song in "Mr. Imperium" to the world's most unappreciative audience, a donkey pulling a cart that brays an accompaniment to the bombastic basso's high notes. Doris Day bringing son Terry on the "Lullaby of Broadway" set for the first time, with sonny boy falling asleep out of sheer boredom!
Sparkling little Ann Blyth has appeal you can't resist in her newest screen role. Her lovely Lux Complexion is so radiantly fresh in the close-ups!

"Naturally I'm a Lux Girl," says Ann. "Active-lather facials give my skin wonderful, protecting care!"

There's no finer care for delicate skin than these gentle beauty facials famous screen stars recommend. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly—discover how truly lovely your complexion can be!

HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL:

"Ann Blyth is right when she says a Lux Soap facial gives skin new beauty—so quickly. First smooth the Active Lather well in...

"Such rich abundant lather even in hardest water! Now rinse with plenty of warm water—a quick dash of cold. Skin feels smoother already!

"After you pat your face with a soft towel look in your mirror. Your skin feels so much smoother now—it's exquisitely fresh, appealing!"
Stage set: Gary Merrill, Anne Baxter and Bette Davis get together in a wonderful satire all about theater people

\[\text{\textcopyright\textcopyright\textcopyright\textcopyright} (A) All About Eve (20th Century-Fox)\]

This brilliantly written and performed satire that pokes good-natured fun, with an edge, at the foibles and eccentricities of the New York theater, its stars and critics, is just about the most satisfying picture Hollywood has turned out in ages. Bette Davis as a first-lady-of-the-theater, gives a performance that out-Tallulahs Bankhead. As the young hopeful whose pretended naiveté and ingratiating manners mask a hard, ruthless determination, Anne Baxter is at her dramatic best. George Sanders, as the caustic drama critic, has never sneered so elegantly and wittily. Newcomer Gary Merrill is handsome and rough in an early Clark Gable sort of way; Hugh Marlowe and Celeste Holm are perfectly cast. Stand-outs in the supporting cast: Thelma Ritter, Gregory Ratoff, Marilyn Monroe.

Your Reviewer Says: Love that picture.

Program Notes: Bette Davis should be very grateful to Claudette Colbert. Claudette, signed for this film, was forced to bow out of it when she sprained her back. Bette not only got herself a husband (Gary Merrill) out of the picture, but undoubtedly will get an Oscar, too . . . The studio is prepping Gary for big-time stardom. Producer Zanuck saw him in the Broadway play, “Born Yesterday,” started him off on a screen career in “Twelve O’Clock High” . . . Anne Baxter (who’s wardrobe usually costs the studio $9,98) wondered if the glamour roles were worth the effort. After days of working in a low-cut, strapless evening dress, Anne finally collapsed in a chair with, “I’m simply exhausted from trying to hold this dress up” . . . George Sanders returned from a European honeymoon with his bride, Zsa Zsa Gabor. Sanders, who used to ridicule Hollywood’s big homes, has now bought a fifteen-room Bel Air residence.

Romance of India: Errol Flynn is Dean Stockwell’s idol in Rudyard Kipling’s story of intrigue in the Far East

\[\text{\textcopyright\textcopyright\textcopyright\textcopyright\textcopyright\textcopyright} (F) Kim (M-G-M)\]

This Technicolor version of Rudyard Kipling’s famous story of adventure and intrigue, in the mysterious India of some seventy years ago, is first-rate entertainment for youngsters—and for oldsters too who still have a spark of romance. Errol Flynn, with his usual dash, plays Mahbub Ali, presumably an Afghan horse trader with a yen for the ladies, but actually a spy serving his country (England). Young Dean Stockwell plays the orphaned Kim, part diplomat, part beggar, who scales rooftops with the ease of a monkey, and whose only fear is that he will be sent to school. The Lama, the holy man in search of the River of the Arrow, is played by Paul Lukas. Your reviewer never thought she’d live to say this, but there isn’t enough Flynn in it.

Your Reviewer Says: Colorful escapism.

Program Notes: Filming “Kim” at actual sites took the Metro company to fabulous palaces in India, to snow-bound Himalaya peaks and to centuries-old settings impossible to reproduce on a sound stage in Hollywood . . . While on location Errol Flynn, complete with beard, took constant plane trips to Paris and the Riviera to romance in the Great Lover manner his then Romanian fiancee, the Princess Chika. Errol score they’d marry in the fall and settle down in his Hollywood hilltop home. Then a little thing happened like Lauren Bacall refusing to play opposite Flynn in “Rocky Mountain.” Warners put her on suspension and rushed newcomer Patrice Wymore, who made her screen debut in “Tea for Two,” into the role. Two weeks later Errol announced his engagement to Patrice, Lauren Bacall’s comment: “Pat should at least ask me to be the matron of honor” . . . Paul Lukas interrupted a successful stage tour to make the location trip to India.

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 29. For Best Pictures of the Month and
Lady of the house: Joan Crawford torments Wendell Corey, K. T. Stevens by her obsession for her home.

(A) Harriet Craig (Columbia)

IN HOLLYWOOD'S third version of the George Kelly play, "Craig's Wife," Joan Crawford in a startlingly severe hair-do plays the cold, predatory Mrs. Craig who worships her house and lies relentlessly to protect her possessions—among them her attractive husband, Wendell Corey. In the last sequence the lady gets her come-upance from her husband (he should have caught on sooner) and her niece, K. T. Stevens, whose romance with a young laboratory worker, William Bishop, she has tried to break up. Joan gives a splendid characterization of the scheming, selfish Mrs. Craig. Lucile Watson, as the boss's wife, stands out in a brief gin-playing scene with Wendell. Viola Rosche and Ellen Corby are the servants who get considerable lip from Mrs. Craig. Allyn Joslyn is Wendell's pal. This is what is called "a woman's picture."

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly adult.

Program Notes: "Craig's Wife" won the Pulitzer Prize when it played Broadway in 1925. In 1928 Pathe made a silent version of it with Irene Rich. In 1936 Rosalind Russell played the unpleasant female for a solid hit, Joan chose to play Harriet Craig because "bad characters on the screen are more interesting to play than virtuous ones." Joan, always a fashion leader, wears an array of arresting gowns designed for her by Sheila O'Brien. It was during the making of this film that Joan dropped her own atom bomb, to wit: She feels that hats are completely unnecessary in making a woman chic. She announced that never again would she wear a hat on the screen or in her private life. Hats are too expensive, she says, and she needs her money to raise her four children. Joan doesn't intend keeping that severe haircut she sports in the film, so don't start complaining.

College humor: Music fills the air—when Charles Coburn hires Nancy Olson to watch over songsmith Bing.

(F) Mr. Music (Paramount)

IN ONE of his better movies, the great Der Bingle plays sort of a Superman of the keyboard who'd sooner loaf than labor, sooner play golf than play piano. He puts the bite on his long-suffering producer, Charles Coburn, for a $15,000 loan, and Coburn agrees, providing Bing will sit down at the piano and write a show. To watch over his loan, and Bing, Coburn hires an efficient college girl, Nancy Olson. Ruth Hussey plays a beautiful doll with whom Bing fancies himself in love. Robert Stack is a college athlete out to win Nancy. Tom Ewell as Bing's butler, and Ida Moore as Nancy's pixy aunt gather in the laughs. The show gives guest artists Groucho Marx, Dorothy Kirsten, Peggy Lee, Marge and Gower Champion and the Merry Macs a chance to do their stuff. Mr. Music's music is not world shattering.

Your Reviewer Says: Good entertainment.

Program Notes: This film marks Bing's nineteenth year in pictures. About the time he was giving up his horses, which proved a very expensive hobby, that superb character actor Charles Coburn was building up his stable. He goes for trotters, and runs them at the top meets across the country... Robert Stack is a man's man and one of the top athletes in this country. More cups than he knows what to do with. He did not have to rehearse his chinning and chair jumping. Bob is a scion of one of California's old and wealthy families, and a mighty good catch... Nancy Olson can easily be dubbed Miss Cinderella of 1949-5. In 1949 her first film, "Canadian Pacific," was released and Nancy promptly became a star. This was followed by a starring role in "Sunset Boulevard," followed by "Union Station" and "Mr. Music." Nancy was discovered in a college play at UCLA. She's married to playwright Allan Lerner.

BY LIZA WILSON

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good

fair

F—for the whole family

A—for adults

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Look lovelier in 10 days with this Quick Beauty Routine—or your money back!

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What happens to an average American family when it is the unexpected recipient of a $24,000 radio quiz show award? Mighty funny things happen in this comedy which is played strictly for laughs. Naturally, the award isn’t in cash, but includes such charming items as a complete steer, two thousand dollars’ worth of trees, a ukelele, a pony, a portrait painted in oil by a Green Village artist, and an interior decorating job done by a leading decorator. Jimmy Stewart and his wife, Barbara Hale, and their two children, Natalie Wood and Tommy Retig, are a very happy and loving small town family (Glenville, Indiana) until Jimmy, aided by his newspaper pal, James Gleason, guesses the identity of the mystery husband on the “Name the Mystery Husband” program. Chaos follows, and the income tax man. Things really get rolling with the arrival of Jovial artist, Patricia Medina, and exacting interior decorator, Alan Mowbray.

Your Reviewer Says: Laughs a-plenty.

Program Notes: This is the second successful (the first was “Mister 880” with dream boy Edmund Gwenn) film this studio has made that’s based on a New Yorker story . . . . Jimmy Stewart is working like mad these days, pops up in pictures every month. During production of this one Jimmy squeezed in time to fly to Akron, Ohio, to officiate as master of ceremonies at the annual soap-box derby. He has done this for four years now, and wild horses couldn’t keep him away. As soon as he finished this picture he and his wife and her two sons left for England, where he started work immediately on “No Highway.” They sailed on the Queen Elizabeth—the same boat that brought Jimmy back to the United States at the war’s end . . . . Barbara Hale shot to fame as Al Jolson’s wife in “Jolson Sings Again.” She is married to good-looking Bill Williams, and on her days off during production she was busy shopping for their brand new home in the San Fernando Valley . . . . Patricia Medina, though separated from Richard Greene, still dates him occasionally in the traditional Hollywood manner, Pat has been haunted by hush spy roles lately, and was delighted to play an artist for a change.

V (F) The Magnificent Yankee (M-G-M)

ROADWAY star Louis Calhern gives an excellent characterization of the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in this American-to-the-core film. Based on the New York stage play, in which Mr. Calhern also starred, the story concerns the Washington years of this famous jurist who in 1902 was appointed to the United States Supreme Court by President Theodore Roosevelt, with whom he later rifted when he refused to uphold the President’s trust-busting activities. Although the Justice and his patriotic wife (Ann Harding) are in their sixties when they move to Washington, their lifelong romance has a delightful quality of springtime. Many of the Holmes quotations are used, including: “What if the government does take away something extra? Taxes are the way I buy civilization.”

Your Reviewer Says: A patriotic picture.

Program Notes: Louis Calhern, well-known actor of the New York stage, is now commuting between Hollywood and New York, and liking it fine. As soon as he completes “Across the Wide Missouri” with Clark Gable, he leaves for New York to star in “King Lear.” One of his Hollywood roles he enjoyed most was that of Buffalo Bill in
“Annie Get Your Gun” ... Ann Harding was one of the top screen stars in the late ’20’s and ’30’s, when she was married to Harry Bannister. Of late years she has devoted much of her time to the theater. Her last Broadway appearance was last year in “Goodbye, My Fancy.” She is most happily married to Werner Janssen, famous conductor.

(F) Woman on the Run
(Fidelity—U-I)

HERE’S a right good murder mystery with fine suspense and a horrifying climax on a roller coaster. The action takes place in San Francisco, with background scenes of Fisherman’s Wharf, Gol-
den Gate Bridge and Park, Nob Hill and Chinatown. When Ross Elliott, despondent over the failure of his marriage to Ann Sheridan, innocently witnesses a gangland killing he takes it on the lam, after he has asked Inspector Robert Keith to find his wife and look after his dog, Rembrandt. While eluding the inspector Ann meets up with newspaper reporter Dennis O’Keefe, who offers her $5,000 if she will lead him to her husband and give him an exclusive on the story. Ann trails her husband, and Dennis and the inspector and Rembrandt trail Ann. The chase ends in an amuse-
ment park when Ann suddenly in cold horror guesses the identity of the killer while she is being whirled around the roller coaster.

Your Reviewer Says: Good suspense.

Program Notes: Ann Sheridan, while on location in San Francisco, had dinner at the Forbidden City restaurant in Chinatown and saw Rako Sato do her famous Oriental dance. Director Norman Foster agreed to give Ann’s “find” a part in the picture and switched the character of a night club singer to that of a dancer. If there is anything amiable, easy-going Ann Sheridan really loathes it’s roller coasters—she has not been near one since she split a lip and chipped a tooth on one in Dallas when she was seven. So she wasn’t very happy to learn that the climax of the picture takes place in a whizzing roller coaster, and no faking it. After the eighth trip around the mile and a quarter track, petrified Ann turned a lovely shade of char-
treuse and had to take time out . . . One of the dogs actors walked up a narrow catwalk of the roller coaster, became frightened and refused to budge. Dennis picked his way gingerly to the top of the scaffolding and rescued the mutt—who promptly bit him . . . Ross Elliott has his first major movie role in this film. Ross stands six feet and weighs 175 pounds. He’s a certain bet for stardom.

(F) I’ll Get By
(20th Century-Fox)

OLLYWOOD musicals these days seem to prefer good old “yesteryear” for their songs and backgrounds. Such talented young folks as June Haver, William Lunn-
digan, Dennis Day and Gloria De Haven are starred in this Technicolor song and dance romp. The time is 1939, and in-
cluded in the nostalgic songs of that era are, “I’ve Got the World on a String,” ”It’s Been a Long, Long Time,” “Taking a Chance on Love,” “Deep in the Heart of Texas” and the title song. Bill and Dennis are a couple of song pluggers, short on cash, long on brass. They pitch woo to a popular Sister Act, June and Gloria, to put over their songs. Love, quarrels and the usual misunderstandings follow, but every-
thing is patched up beautifully when the four of them meet in the South Pacific, the boys as Marines, the girls as USO enter-
tainers. Harry James and his band help with the gaiety. Danny Davenport as an eager beaver song writer and Thelma Ritter as a hardbitten secretary get their

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Your Reviewer Says: Gay.

Program Notes: During the production of this picture June Havner was romancing with screen writer Cy Bartlett. Also, she hired an instructor to teach her to ski, put in hours in the air toward earning her pilot’s license, and find time to chain herself every morning to a campaign to add crystals to her biceps (five feet two) . . . Bill Lundigan took piano lessons before taking on his role as a composer, but didn’t get much beyond the thumping stage. He made a small boy into the dwarf Cornel Wilde that his thumping was superior to Cornel’s thumping as Chopin . . . This is Dennis Day’s first picture in six years. While he likes to have people think he is the simple type, Dennis is really a very smart young man, especially when it comes to a business deal. Besides his radio work he manages two music publishing houses . . . The studio is convinced that their new discovery, Danny Darwell, will sell because Hollywood’s top comedians. Danny was minding his own business as a private with the U.S. Air Force at Weisbaden, Germany, when the studio noticed him. He has been a shoo-in for a part ever since. But a large number of comedians and a small boy and a skinny wrestler, truck driver, amateur fighter and band singer.

-validation

½ (F) The Fuller Brush Girl (Columbia)

THOSE two fine comedians, Lucille Ball and Eddie Albert, knock themselves black and blue in this formula comedy which emphasizes the slambang and the slapstick. Lucille plays a pervert switchboard operator who, through a friend (Donnell), gets a job with the Fuller Brush Company. She and her boy friend Humphrey (Eddie Albert), a mousy type, proceed to get involved in the illicit smuggling activities of the company’s boss (Jerome Cowan), and the chase is on, culminating in a free-for-all roughhouse in the hold of a boat packed with bananas. There are high spots all along the way, the best being when Lucille as a Fullerette prepares a home permanent for four bridge-playing women, only to have a small boy louse it up with his chemical set. Lee Patrick plays a suspicious wife, and Gale Robbins a sultry cowgirl with a trim figure and a trigger finger.

Your Reviewer Says: Zany.

Program Notes: As a Fullerette Lucille Ball says she had the roughest job she has ever had in pictures. She trained for her role just as an athlete trains for a bout. She went daily to Terry Hunt’s gym where she did bar-bell work, weight-lifting and stretching exercises. Then she went to Palm Springs where she played vigorous tennis, did long swimming stints, and three hours of road work per day . . . One of the heavies in the film is Billy Vincent, a former ring champ. He claims the oldest and roughest punches he ever received in his long career were from Missy Bell. Eddie Albert left the cast of “Miss Liberty” in New York to accept the role of Humphrey. Eddie and his actress wife Margo plan to spend more time in Hollywood and less in New York.

½ (F) To Please a Lady (M-G-M)

CLARK GABLE, tough and dirtied up, and Barbara Stanwyck, crisp and high-heeled, are the stars of this rather tiresome story which has the automobile racetracks of the country as its background. Clark plays a ruthless, reckless driver who is out for the dough and the big time, even though it means killing off a few rivals. The game, he says, is kill or be killed. Barbara, groomed to the ears, plays a bloodless lady columnist and radio commentator who feels that it is her duty to tell people how to run their lives. They meet, they clash, they fall in love. The lady columnist’s conscience takes a beating when she hears that a promoter she has been hounding has committed suicide. And purse race driver meets her match when he saves the life of his opponent and thereby loses the famous Indianapolis Motor Speedway race. The romantic scenes are on the dull side. But dirt-track racing is undoubtedly exciting to those who like dirt-track racing.

Your Reviewer Says: Disappointing.

Program Notes: The location shooting on this film was done at tracks at Culver City, Texas and Indianapolis. Stars of the racing in which can be seen briefly in the film are Johnny Parsons, Perle Mesta, Johnnie Distances, Johnny Tolan, Joe Carson, Cal Niday, Henry Banks, Walt Faulkner and Duane Carter. Babe Stapp, one of the members of the Hundred Mile Club, who had only twenty survive, acted as technical director. Director Clarence Brown was once a test driver for the Stevens-Duryea Company . . . Gable was right at home in his role of a racing driver, next to hunting and fishing, he likes driving fast cars. During production he bought a Jaguar X-K, capable of 132.6 miles per hour. He’s had it up to 112 m.p.h. on a closed course—not on Sunset Boulevard! And Gable’s twentieth year at Metro. It has been a long, long time since he signed Norma Shearer in “The Free Soul” and became a screen idol . . . Barbara Stanwyck does not share Gable’s enthusiasm for fast cars. She still worries when husband Robert Taylor takes his motorcycle out on Sundays to join the boys in some dangerous mountain climbing.

½ (F) Rocky Mountain (Warner’s)

ROLFLYNN, tired, disheveled, unshaven, and completely without a love scene, gives his best performance to date as the Southern captain. It’s a story of the last days of the Lost Cause, when a desperate General Lee sends a patrol of a few brave but weary Confederate soldiers to far-off California on a secret mission. They rescue a Northern girl, Patrice Wymore, and a stage-coach driver, Chubby Johnson, from the Indians—and their troubles begin. Scott Forbes makes his American screen debut as the young Union officer, engaged to Patrice, who manages to escape the Confederate encampment. Members of the patrol, all of them stand-outs, are “Big Boy” Williams, Don Cole, Dick Jones, Slim Pickens, Sheb Wooley, Robert “Buzz” Henry and Russ Williams. The Confederates and the Yankees are equally brave and gallant in this outdoor drama which has both action and heart.

Your Reviewer Says: Good Western drama.

Program Notes: When Lauren Bacall walked out on the part of the Northern girl in this film, Patrice Wymore walked in—and got herself both an important role (she’s the only woman in the picture) and a fiancé—Mr. Flynn. Patrice is a Salina, Kansas, girl, has been before the footlights since she was a youngster, and in recent years has appeared in Broadway shows as a dancer. She was brought to Hollywood to play a small part in “To be Two,” Errol, fortyish, is thinking of the day when he can retire. He has bought 3,000 acres in Jamaica where he raises cattle, coconuts, pimento and nutmeg. Jamaica,
We sailed 3 oceans...without leaving port!

says VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring with GREGORY PECK in WARNER BROS.  "CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER." Color by TECHNICALOR.

Tripoli (Pine-Thomas-Paramount)

THIS historical outdoor adventure drama, photographed in Technicolor, co-stars beautiful and bosomy Maureen O'Hara, John Payne and Howard da Silva. It's the true story (uncovered by director Will Price when he was going to Officers' Class in the Marines) of Lieutenant Presley O'Bannon, who, in 1805, when the United States was at war with the Tripoli pirates, was commissioned to organize and lead a native army through the Libyan desert, in one of the most colorful marches in Marine history. John Payne, stalwart and handsome, portrays the Marine hero. Maureen is the titled daughter of a French diplomat who disguises herself as a dancing girl (and dances too) in order to join this thrilling trek. Philip Reed is the treacherous former Pasha who almost succeeds in sinking the U. S. Navy off Tripoli. Howard da Silva, his hair dyed jet black for the part, plays a Greek soldier who pitches in to help our side. High spot of the film is an exciting sand and wind storm which looks like the real thing—and is.

Your Reviewer Says: Good outdoor action.

Program Notes: This is the first time Will Price has directed his wife, Maureen O'Hara. They didn't murder each other. When Maureen, in typical movie star fashion, lingered in her dressing room fussing over her costume, the assistant director became fidgety, "Relax," said Will, Southern, amiable and unruffled, "I've been waiting like this for nine years..." This was filmed in the desert near Palm Springs, in February at the height of the season. Philip Reed, probably Hollywood's best tennis player, spent his off time on the courts at Charlie Farrell's popular Racquet Club. The studio rounded up all the camels they could find and sent them down by truck. One lady camel, in a delicate condition, was flown down luxuriously in a private plane. She gave birth, a veterinarian in attendance, and worked that afternoon. The baby camel, of course, became the darling of the company. John Payne had his (and Ann Shirley's) little girl Julie visit him on location. John's girl friend, Elaine White, a Metro secretary who used to date Clark Gable, drove down for a weekend.

Best Pictures of the Month

"All About Eve"
"Kim"
"Mr. Music"
"The Jackpot"

Best Performances of the Month

Joan Crawford in "Harriet Craig"
Errol Flynn in "Rocky Mountain"
Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in "All About Eve"
Jimmy Stewart in "The Jackpot"
Louis Calhern in "The Magnificent Yankee"

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THE LONE RANGER comes to a full STOP! as handsome BERT PARRIS issues the call to STOP THE MUSIC! Now you can see this radio "sweetheart" on TV . . . and he's cute! BERT bounces along in a full hour of fun for everyone who tries to STOP THE MUSIC! Old Gold and Admiral are the sponsors.

Business is booming at HOLIDAY HOTEL, so check in for a few times as DON AMECE, the movie favorite, is the genial, general manager . . . with the entertainment-key to TV pleasure. Packard is the ABC treat that's ridin' high with every girl and guy.

You might find this same guy and girl still a-whirl for BLIND DATE. ARLENE FRANCIS femecee this wit-and-woo show that's timed to perfection. Timed by Gruen, of course.

ABC-TV channel activities get into terrific action with I COVER TIMES SQUARE. Follow newspaper ace, JOHNNY WARREN, as he covers the beat of these famous streets. There's no one who can keep you watching this show— Appropriately sponsored by Airwick.

You'll see more high-tension TV on ABC's ROLLER DERBY . . . a fast-paced, high-speed program that will keep you lightning looks at the sport that's sweeping the nation. It's quite lady-like, too, to cool off with Blatz Beer while you watch the torrid whizzing!

The great pig-skin pro, RED GRANGER, takes over your local ABC-TV Channel with his outstanding PREDICTIONS for football games from coast-to-coast. Florsheim Shoes "foots" the bill.

You can see most of these programs on your local American Broadcasting Company Network Television stations. However, there is some variation in many cities . . . so please BE SURE to check your local newspapers' television logs for exact day and time.
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with GARY MERRILL
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Produced by
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Written for the Screen
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JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

20th Century Fox
toast to the future

Host Fred Sammis with top winners, Sally Forrest and Howard Keel, at Photoplay party at Ciro's in honor of "Choose Your Star" winners

They came into Ciro's by ones and twos, each with his own particular glow of triumph. For most of them it was the first shining and tangible proof of advance. For some there might never be a more glorious moment. But this night all were equally brushed with the wonder of new stardom, each in equal measure being toasted at Photoplay's party in honor of 1950's most popular new players.

They were—most particularly—your stars, for you selected them against all others in the Photoplay "Choose Your Star" contest. In the oncoming months you can see how well you selected, but already most of your choices have advanced far beyond their place at the time you cast your ballot.

For top winner Sally Forrest it was a triple celebration: Most popular newcomer, stardom in her most cherished dream—a dancing picture—and marriage in January to her heart's choice, Milo Frank.

To Howard Keel it's been a year of homecoming, back triumphant with the wife he met and married in New York, to the city where he went to college and dreamed of such a moment as this party. As a climax his Metro bosses have rewarded him with the choicest role the lot could provide, Ravenal, in "Showboat."

So many others, too, for whom fortune's wheel is spinning brightly, shared in the celebrating:

David Wayne, complete with a beard that itched for his star role at U-I in "Up Front" by the last war's celebrated Bill Mauldin.

Tony Curtis, the teenagers' delight, delighting in his date, Piper Laurie.

Mercedes McCambridge, gay with jokes about moving with her new husband into a new apartment.

Marlon Brando, shaky with shyness when he walked into the room.

Jeff Chandler, a 6,000-mile commuter from Hawaii. Peggy Dow, whose spontaneous laughter turned up the tired corners of this editorial mouth.

Nancy Davis, prettier than cameras have yet revealed.

Bob Patten, triumph mixed with unhappiness over a marital separation.

Keefe Brasselle, too excited over his winning position to worry about his injured back.

Gene Nelson and his charming wife, Miriam, so full of happiness that they both talked at once—about Gene's triumph and his role in "Lullaby of Broadway."

Craig Hill, telling how he was testing for the next Jeanne Crain picture.

Photoplay salutes them all, wishes them equal luck and hopes to present them in years to come with the movie-goers' greatest emblem of success—the Photoplay Gold Medal Award.
Gene Nelson: His name goes up in lights after "The West Point Story"

Keefe Brasselle: Struggled six years for recognition. Next in "Dial 1119"

David Wayne: Hailed as top-flight comedian, triumphs as heavy in "M"

WHERE WILL THEY

They're an all-American success story, these stars you voted the winners in Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" Contest and they come to Hollywood and this success via every route and from every corner of the country.

Howard Keel (top winner of the male stars), son of a coal miner in Gillespie, Ill., came with his family to California when his mother's health failed. From his first job as a dish-washer and short-order cook in a (Continued on page 80)

Smooth sailing: Piper Laurie co-stars in "The Prince Who Was a Thief"

Leading lady of "People in Love," Nancy Davis justified studio's faith

Jean Hagen: Time out for motherhood after hit in "A Life of Her Own"
Sally Forrest: Will star opposite Red Skelton in “Excuse My Dust”

Girl with a golden future—Peggy Dow has just completed “Harvey” with Jimmy Stewart Jones

Mercedes McCambridge: In the money now, next in “The Scarf”

GO FROM HERE?

You put them in the spotlight and they plan to stay there. The exciting story of what the studios are planning for the young men and girls you voted most likely to succeed

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Studio shooting works with Howard Keel of “Three Guys Named Mike”

Tony Curtis: You’ll see him in Technicolor as star of “The Prince Who Was a Thief”

Craig Hill: Busy taking tests, his next is “All About Eve”
Those four years before Christmas, 1945, are the reason why Scott Brady, above with his mother and brother Eddie, makes every Christmas Eve a very special occasion.

ON THIS ENCHANTED

When fir trees glisten with sequins and the Crosby kids serenade Hope, you don’t need Santa to tell you it’s Christmas in Hollywood.

If you were to climb into Santa’s sleigh on Christmas Eve for a tour around Hollywood, you’d have a rugged ride. But you’d see some of the wackiest, corniest, prettiest sights ever your wondering eyes did behold.

The ride would be rough, because there’d be no snow for your sleigh, even though many a green lawn would be covered with mica-dipped cornflakes, looking like same. The holly bushes would be flaming all over the hills, but the chances are better than excellent that it would be raining. It seldom rains here from April until December—but it’s a rare Christmas Eve that rain doesn’t come down.

Yet what a night it is. It’s unlike any December twenty-fourth anywhere else on earth and that’s for sure. Masses of people (Continued on page 86)
Nearly five hundred people have reason to remember Joan Crawford at Christmas. Above, Joan with her family—Christopher, twins Cynthia and Cathy, and Christina

EVE  BY RUTH WATERBURY

At the John Hodiak-Anne Baxter home, the decorations are as glamorous and smart as these two so-much-in-love people themselves.

Two shiny dimes on Christmas Eve mean a wonderful holiday for Betty Hutton’s girls, Lindsay and Candace.

Home is where you won’t find Bob Hope, above at camp show with Tony Romano.
BEL AIR, where June Allyson and Dick Powell and Pamela Powell live, is a pretty place. The roads curve through hills dotted with houses. Here and there you catch a glimpse of a swimming pool glistening in the sunshine. There are flowers everywhere; purple bougainvillea spills over the walls and embankments and bright geraniums climb up into the palm trees.

A curve in the Powell driveway brings you to the two-story Norman house, built of white stucco and...
dark oak trim. The acre of lawn is always very lush and green. And the day I was there the informal garden was a crazy quilt of zinnias and asters, marigolds, delphiniums, daisies and snapdragons.

The Powell convertible, the top down, stood at the door. And on the brick-paved terrace outside the living room a parasoled table was being laid for luncheon.

"Hi," called June. She raced upstairs to find Dick. And very nearly collided with him as he started down,
Did someone say Jamie would be a nice name for the expected baby, if it's a boy? Pamela has doubts—and shows it.

When June suggested taking a nap, Pamela protested. It isn't every day a girl gets her picture taken!

June and Dick are in "Right Cross"

June and Dick are in "Right Cross"

his golf bag in hand. "You can't leave now!" she said. "Johnny's here. Lunch is ready! And we're going to take pictures!"

"Okay!" Dick was amiable. "But, gee, I thought our date was for tomorrow."

June grinned. She knew perfectly well that Dick, with his wonderful memory, had made no mistake about the day.

While we waited for Dick to change, Pamela arrived with her nurse. "Let's get the pictures of Pam and me first," June suggested. "Then she can have her nap—it's time . . ."

Pamela had other ideas, especially when we all sat down to lunch and she saw the chicken sandwiches and the olives come to the table.

June took her on her lap and, doubtfully, passed her the olives. Promptly Pam grabbed an olive in one hand, half of June's sandwich in the other.
I grabbed my camera!

"What," said June dreamily, "do you think we should call the new baby? We really ought to decide. It won't be long now . . . December . . ."

"'Jamie' if you have a boy," I suggested. "'Lane' if she's a girl."

"This," said Dick, beaming as he made away to change into golf things again, "is where I came in . . ."

"Jamie," mused June. "Lane . . ."

Pamela departed with her nurse, too sleepy to protest.

Packing my equipment in my car I could see Dick's clubs stashed away in his waiting convertible. "So long," called June. "Be sure I see the proofs, Johnny. And don't forget you're coming back after Christmas to photograph us with the new baby."

As if I could forget!
With Vivien Leigh in "A Streetcar Named Desire," the movie version of the play which made Brando famous.

He gives Hollywood the shock treatment, glamour girls the go-by and his friends—the last cent in his little glass bank.

CONVERSATION at New York and Hollywood parties has taken a turn for the better. Sooner or later, always, the talk turns to Marlon Brando. And Marlon is as colorful, changeable and fascinating as a kaleidoscope.

In many ways he is childlike!
He likes to romance. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on April 3rd, 1924. But at various times he's listed his birthplace as Bombay, Mindanao and Rangoon.
He likes to shock people with bad words.
He uses his left hand as a "pusher" for food that doesn't easily accommodate itself to his fork.
He has no thought of appearance. He will walk into a restaurant in whatever he happens to be wearing and usually it's old dungarees and (Continued on page 88)
No budget blues
for these Hollywood stars
who believe it's more
fun to receive—gifts with
that personal touch

FROM November first until December twenty-fourth each year, the $64 question is: "What shall I give her for Christmas?" Or, "What shall I give him?" Or, "What shall I give them?"

In Hollywood there are many imaginative people who refuse to wring their hands over this puzzle. They dream up various unique gifts that are both easily and inexpensively made.

If you plan to make any of these Hollywood gifts, it is important, of course, that you take into consideration the vital fact that Christmas gifts made by loving hands at home must fit the giftee in every sense of the word. Clothes must be the right size because they can't be exchanged at the corner emporium; they also must be of such a nature and color that they (Continued on page 44)
Whittle while you work: If you're handy with a knife you'll appreciate Rod Cameron's smart gifts for men—Western tie slips for anchoring ties

Strictly in the glamour department are Helene London's skillets, transformed with lacquer and gay decalcomanias into unusual ornaments for kitchen walls

Watch people go places—when you present them with lovely reversible stoles like Dorothy Kirsten's

You'll be designing some for yourself when you try your hand at Jeanne Crain's amusing idea—colorful figurines made from pipe cleaners

Keep the home fires burning all year 'round with Jeff Donnell's bright idea for giving—large and small match boxes covered with gaily decorated felt

Be a pin-up girl in the parlor with Mitzi Gaynor's Christmas contribution—appliqued cocktail aprons

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A welcome idea for the holidays and one your friends can make use of every year, is Mona Freeman's gift suggestion—wreaths trimmed with bright red candy bulbs.

25 Christmas gifts you can make

will fit into the giftee's wardrobe. And so on.

Your friends would love one of the beautiful and currently fashionable gifts that singer Dorothy Kirsten, now playing in "Mr. Music" with Bing Crosby, whips up. She makes a reversible evening stole, using a bright metallic brocade for one surface, a nylon taffeta for the reverse. In warm climates, such a stole can be worn the year around; in climates where the winter is rigorous, such a stole is a useful addition to a party costume after the fur coat has been shed. You'll need: 2½ yards of metallic brocade, 36 to 40 inches wide; 2½ yards of nylon taffeta, same width; 4 small weights.

Only 2½ yards of fabric should be used in the stole. The additional one-fourth yard should be used to make a long roll (Continued on page 75)
You'll never know what you can do until you try Lois Butler's suggestion for the glamour girls on your list—dainty flower, bead or sequin earrings.

A visit to the dime store—and Gene Nelson had all the dishes he needed, to transform into hand-painted china pieces that anyone would treasure.

Watch the girls you gift do a Highland fling when you present them with Shelley Winters's design for a festive season—smart plaid weskirts.

A child could do it, says John Derek, who uses a simple wood-burning set to create some intriguing wooden plaques to decorate a child's room.
The day Liz Taylor was scheduled to do a bathing suit sequence, a six-inch snowfall hit Lake Tahoe region where picture was filmed. So Liz, who had to look as if she'd just returned from a swim, dunked her hair and suit in a pail of water.

Between scenes at the beach—the time is supposed to be Labor Day—Monty Clift and Liz warded off October chills with heavy blankets.

An upset pail of water sent Shelley Winters to her dressing room for repairs. In role as poor working girl, she wears cheap clothes, no make-up and her blonde hair is darkened to dull brown.
Years ago three young people lived this dramatic story. A famous writer turned it into a great novel. Now it comes to the screen—a true American tragedy.

Promoted to a better job, Monty is invited to party at uncle’s home. There he meets Liz Taylor. Fascinated by her beauty and glamorous background, he forgets his promise to celebrate his birthday with Shelley.

For a second time, the famous Theodore Dreiser novel, "An American Tragedy," becomes a movie. It was made first eighteen years ago by Josef von Sternberg, with Phillips Holmes, Frances Dee and Sylvia Sidney. Now, under the direction of George Stevens, Monty Clift, Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters play the leading roles. The company spent a rugged time on location in the Lake Tahoe country of the High Sierras. At Cascade Lake, director Stevens, a stickler for realism, demonstrated how he wanted the boat scene played by leaps fully clothed into the water. For Shelley’s "drowning" scene in the icy lake, she was first covered.

On a tour of his uncle’s factory with foreman Bill Murphy, Monty Clift sees Shelley Winters, is instantly attracted to her. Given job as shipping clerk, he is warned not to be friendly with the girls. But he meets Shelley outside—they become lovers.
Later, in her room, Shelley reveals she is going to have a baby. Stunned, Monty tells her they will marry when he gets his vacation. She agrees. One night, in his room, a picture of . . .

. . . the drowning Ophelia suggests a way out. Monty turns from it in horror. He tells Shelley he must spend part of his vacation with his uncle.

Instead, Monty goes to Liz's home in the country. Their infatuation grows.

At party given by Liz's parents, Monty gets phone call from Shelley who insists he must return or she'll come after him. He makes his excuses and leaves.

Monty and Shelley go to nearby town to be married. It's a holiday—the courthouse is closed.

with a mixture of mustard and vaseline. Then she wore long woolen underwear and a rubber, inflated coverall under her dress. Incidentally, none of the dresses Shelley wears in this picture cost over four dollars. But Elizabeth Taylor's wardrobe is large and expensive.

Rehearsing for their most romantic scene, Monty and Shelley went into a kissing marathon—one hundred and thirty-two kisses. But only six kisses appear on the screen.
Unable to get the picture of Ophelia out of his mind, Monty suggests a picnic on the lake, rents a boat under an assumed name. When he returns to his car—he is alone.

That night, Liz's dad, Shepperd Strudwick, says he knows Liz and Monty want to marry, urges them to wait. They go for a drive. On their return, Monty sees empty police . . .

Liz, at her home, is in a state of shock. Her mother, Frieda Inescort, decides to close up their home and send Liz away to finishing school to help her forget.

Monty begs Liz to marry him at once. She refuses. Later, out with the crowd, Monty nearly collapses when he hears over the radio that Shelley's body has been discovered . . . cars at the house. Realizing he is being investigated, Monty runs into the woods—and into District Attorney Raymond Burr. He is questioned—and arrested.

Monty, on the stand, insists that Shelley's death was an accident. Liz, in spite of the way the trial is going, writes Monty that she'll love him always.
How A Star Is

Now you’re really part of the Hollywood picture. You’ve found out what the warning signs are up. So if you’re smart, you’ll stop,

A T WHAT point in a theatrical career does success become a distinct promise instead of a vague dream?
Well, success usually becomes a distinct promise when a player’s second option has been exercised by a studio.
During normal Hollywood times, the average screen youngster has an excellent chance of having his first option exercised. This crisis occurs, ordinarily, at the end of the first six months of employment. During the second half of that all-important first year with a studio, the player must begin to give strong evidences of individuality and talent if studio interest is to be maintained.
But if that second option is exercised, the player starts a new phase of his career. For a year he has prepared himself within the studio; perhaps, before that year of grooming, he has studied elsewhere. He now has a right to regard himself as a professional. He is no longer a student. He is in business for himself.
But to be a professional, to be in business for himself, he must have a job—that is, a part in a picture. (Continued on page 92)
it means to win a little success. But
look and keep on learning
LOST - their blue
There were no more quarrels, no more tears and no more reconciliations. For Elizabeth and Dan—at the end—there was nothing at all.

How successfully can you put patches on a marriage?

This thought came to my mind as I sat with Dan Dailey—the first reporter to talk with him after the second break-up of his marriage to Elizabeth (Liz) Dailey.

"I knew two months after we tried to patch up our first serious break last year that it would not work," Dan said. "But we stuck it out for almost a year. It won't work. These attempts at reconciliation and compromise after the real fabric of a marriage has been badly torn are useless.

"Memories of things said and done in bitterness still cling. No matter how much both parties in a marriage hope and pray that a 'second chance' will succeed, the strain and hurts and disillusionments still remain like nagging ghosts in your heart."

Not always, I thought to myself. The Ray Millands picked up their marriage happier than ever after a parting of six months. Mark and Annelle Stevens have reached a successful understanding after once parting in great bitterness. Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin are trying again—and seeming very happy—after two previous separations.

Oddly enough, both of my interviews with Dan on the subject of his marital troubles took place in his studio dressing room. The first time, almost a year ago, he had been nervous, harassed and miserable.

Now, all that is gone. He isn't happy. He isn't (Continued on page 96)

The first few months were wonderful, when Liz and Dan dated again
The fun began with brunch around a gaily decorated table in Bob’s Bel Air home. Guests, clockwise, are Phyllis Kirk, Hall Bartlett, Cathy O’Donnell, Wanda Hendrix, the Don Taylors, Lois Butler and host Bob Stack.

When Bob Stack learned that he would be on location in Mexico for “Rio Grande” and probably would be there for Christmas, he gathered his friends for a pre-Christmas celebration.

The Stacks have a charming home in Bel Air and Betsy (Bob’s mother) is one of the town’s best hostesses. So they put their heads together and Betsy said, “How about a brunch?” And Bob, whose imagination is something, said, “How about a caravan?”

It turned out to be a dreamy idea. We know, because we trailed along.

The brunch, served those in the caravan party at the Stack home, consisted of fresh fruit compote, eggs scrambled with minced clams and decorated with crisp bacon, veal meat loaf surrounded with (Continued on page 83)
merrily they roll along

... serenading their friends and delivering presents. It was Bob Stack's bright idea for a pre-Christmas party

BY KAY MULVEY
Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen

Everybody out—for Christmas carols: Little Gretchen Williams, a neighbor's child, played the portable organ when Bob and his party stopped at their friends' homes to deliver gifts and song. John Dall, center rear, joined the party en route

Homeward bound, Phyllis and Bob make sure the bowl of Christmas cheer is ready for their last trailer stop

Toast to a bright host: Back home, Bob's guests wish him a Merry Xmas in Mexico—where he'll be on location
...and all through the House

A tree to grow up with, imagination and nimble fingers made a three-year-old's Xmas bright and gave the Crawford home a holiday glow that any household can afford

THE Broderick Crawfords are a step beyond everyone else when it comes to Christmas decorations. Always you find their home as gay as the holiday season itself. How can you beat the combination with which they start out, red wallpaper and green chairs? And a festive rag rug that combines both colors, along with several others as well! With a head start like that, the Crawfords could put up a sprig of holly and call it a day, but that wouldn't be in the spirit of things, of course, especially with a small boy like Kim, christened Christopher, around the premises.

However, too much Christmas can be overwhelming to a three-year-old. A gigantic tree laden with glitter, appealing as it is to adults, is 'way out of proportion to a child's size, and though he may admire it, want to touch it, still the tree isn't his. And because (Continued on page 73)

Gay room, gay season: Paper angels decorate candles on mantel and wooden angels, popcorn clusters swing gaily on Kim's little tree

De Gennaro
1. Ann Miller wraps a clean towel around a small manicuring pillow. (A book, wrapped in a towel, will give you a firm base if you haven't a small pillow.) Always, too, Ann makes sure she has cotton, a steel file, emery boards, polish, a bowl of warm water within reach.

2. When removing old polish, Ann saves time by dipping several clean cotton pads in polish remover, planting one on each nail to soften the polish. If any loosened polish gets on the fingers, Ann wipes it off with fresh-dipped cotton. Since remover evaporates, she makes sure the bottle is tightly corked each time after using.

3. Using either a steel file or emery board, she files and re-shapes each nail. Ann prefers a smoothly rounded oval of medium length. She starts at the corners then files towards the center, never away from it. Ann is always careful, too, to keep both sides of the nail even and not file them too thin at the outer edges. This would tend to break the nails.

4. Ann washes each hand and again dries carefully. To avoid damaging finished nails on one hand while working on the other, she completes both except for applying the nail polish. After drying, she removes hangnails with clippers, never cuts cuticle—emerys out rough spots.

5. By Vicky Riley

For one dime and one hour a week you can have glamour at your finger tips. Don't say it can't be done until you've tried the Hollywood way.
LET every girl who wants a fast, inexpensive way to glamour raise her hand.

That's the answer. Raise your hands and get yourself some manicuring things. If you can, get Santa to bring you a really lovely manicuring set for Christmas. But if he doesn't, even if implements won't be as pretty, you can stock up, except for clippers, at the dime store. Add some hand cream or lotion, or perhaps some baby oil. That's all you need to glorify the third most important beauty asset you possess.

Let me hear no protests from those who work with their hands and claim they are therefore necessarily ugly. Actually, work beautifies hands, if you learn the right glamour tricks. And remember, except for your face, your hands are the only part of you continually revealed to everyone's eyes; as when you are playing canasta or bridge—or holding hands!

Hollywood belles rate their man-baiting charms in this order: Face, figure, hands. Face meaning hair, also. Figure including bosom and legs. The first requires everlasting attention, from that daily hairbrushing and constant hair-setting to that eternal facial make-up, creaming and the like. The second requires dieting, exercise, clothes and hose. But hands, bless them, can be kept lovely for something like an hour's time and the price of not much more than a dime a week.

Just think of it! An hour and a dime a week for a beauty asset that's almost as expressive as your eyes.

(Continued on page 91)
Pin-up girls of 1951

Blonde Venus: Virginia Mayo will be seen in "The West Point Story"

Dark dream: Debra Paget makes her next appearance in "Fourteen Hours"

Gay '50's girl: Shelley Winters, star of "Frenchie"

_Fink and Smith_
Ode to the girls who brighten the corners

where they are the queens of camp or campus

Man wants but little here below
    To keep a cheerful chin up,
    But when the winds of danger blow,
    A fellow wants a pin-up.
    The Brave deserves some pictured Fair
To see him through a tussle,
    So once in barracks everywhere
      Lads sighed for Mistress Russell.
Then Hayworth warmed the coldest camps
    And many a youthful yearner
Sent orders in (enclosing stamps)
    For Sheridan—Grable—Turner.

But Betty now must share her reign
    As Debra Paget's pardner.
Now boys see Shelley Winters plain.
Now blossoms Ava Gardner.
    Virginia Mayo smiles demure
On camp or campus dweller
    While Vera-Ellen's sweetly sure
Her pin-up role is stellar.
    Man wants but little here below
But wants with rhyme and reason
    (Whatever way the winds may blow)
The Charmers of the season.

verse by Phyllis McGinley
WHERE did you get that hat?" I asked Loretta Young. We were jammed in the doorway of Ruben Mamoulian's beautiful home in Beverly Hills. Loretta glanced briefly at the six other waiting women and their spouses and said convincingly; "It was flown over to me from Paris." She smiled as we crowded closer to scrutinize the wonderful white and black chapeau.

Suddenly a contrite expression chased the complacency from Loretta's lovely face. "I didn't get it in Paris," she confessed in a small voice. "It's a copy—made in Hollywood. I mustn't fib any more about my clothes."

Don't feel so conscience-stricken, Loretta. We all have our vanity weakness. Yours happens to be fashion, and your reputation as Hollywood's best-dressed star. Van Johnson's weak spot on the vanity front is his teeth—that's why he's always smiling—the better to show you them, my dear. Kirk Douglas loves his muscles so much, some people say they have gone to his head. He's also vain as a peacock over Irene Wrightsman's financial aristocracy!

Danny Kaye believes, (Continued on page 84)
CONCEITS!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

There's no such thing as an indifferent woman in Errol Flynn's vocabulary. Above, Errol and Patrice Wymore

A love set changed Ginger Rogers's mind about her figure. Ginger and Igor Cassini at Forest Hills Tennis matches

Who's mad about his muscles? Who takes a shampoo in champagne?

Who thinks he's a fascinatin' feller? Leave it to Sheilah to tell

It's a different figure that intrigues shapely Esther Williams, at The Trails with Donna Reed and Tony Owen

Any girl with whom Pete agrees to share his worldly goods had better not expect to share the Lawford clothes closet
As gay as Christmas — the strapless lace dress which Edith Head designed for Nancy Olson to wear in the Bing Crosby Paramount Picture, "Mr. Music."

Left, Nancy in scene from "Mr. Music." On facing page, Nancy models the reproduction of this dress by Nite Club, available in sizes 10-16 at $39.95.

The bodice sparkles with sequins forming a scroll design at top. Dainty ankle-length skirt flares over a rustling taffeta slip. Around the waist is a matching velvet ribbon, ending in long streamers. Equally breath-taking in royal or toast. You can buy it at Best & Co., New York, N. Y.; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago, Ill.; May Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Holeproof's Sandell hosiery.

Right, Nancy Olson wears a young and sophisticated date dress for informal occasions. In a satin finished faille, with tiny floral embroidery. Velvet buttons trim softly-draped bodice. Skirt is four-gored with black velvet belt. In tangerine, blue or lemon, all with black velveray embroidery. Sizes 7-15, under $11.00 by Shirley Lee at Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y.; Denver Dry Goods, Denver, Col. Alexette's glacé gloves.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturers listed on page 71.

Photograph by Dtrone
Dainty footnote: Black lace printed satin scuffs with fur trim, on red, pink or blue ground. $2.99 by Honeybugs at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Winter Warmth: Wool fleece-lined rubber boots, worn without shoes; in red, black, brown. By U. S. Rubber, $8.50 at Frederick Loeser, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Steal the show in a stole that looks like broadtail fur. Available in black or white, about $8.00 by Baar and Beards at McCreery's, New York, N. Y.

Feminine fancy: Silk satin slip, with nylon lace trim, in white only. Sizes 9-15, 10-20, 14½-22½, 38-42. $6.98 by Barbizon at Stern Bros., New York, N. Y.

Shine in rhinestone drop earrings, $2.00, and black velvet ribbon tie choker with rhinestone pin. $3.00 both plus tax. By Coro at Gimbel's, New York, N. Y.

For glamour eyes: Rayon bouclé knitted sweater with elasticized waistband, gold metallic thread trim. White or black. Sizes 32-40. $7.95 by Boepple at Oppenheim Collins, New York, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 71
She's Engaged!

Very young, very charming, Sally Wilshire of Old Greenwich is engaged to Leslie C. Bruce III. They met two years ago at a smart dance at the Yacht Club, and their engagement was announced this June. Theirs will be one of Connecticut's most prominent fall weddings—with Sally's pretty sister as her Maid of Honor and Sally a bewitching bride.

She's Lovely!

Sally is winsomely blonde and petite—and her face just enchants you! Her eyes are gay, her complexion fresh as springtime, her smile goes straight to your heart. It's a face that gives out the sweet charm of her Inner Self—brings friends to Sally wherever she is.

She uses Pond's

"The nicer you look— the more confident you feel," Sally says.

Get a big jar of fluffy Pond's Cold Cream today

START NOW TO HELP YOUR FACE SHOW A LOVELIER YOU!

67
Be the girl he can’t forget in the sheer witchery of black and white separates for evening. Snug-fitting blouse bares the shoulders, buttons to the waist. The skirt, a circular dream, can be made shorter for informal occasions, as indicated in pattern drawings. For cover-up, a pert, full-back bolero. A dress that’s equally smart in solid or contrasting colors or fabrics.

For detailed pattern drawings see page 71
Only Barbizon brings you these beautiful Satins...

Imagine this beautiful, hard-to-find fashion fabric...lingerie satin...available now in slips and gowns at Barbizon's extra-value prices! Yes! Here are exclusive Barbizon creations! Three lovely Barbizon-woven silks designed as only Barbizon can do it, in perfectly-fitting slips and gowns to express your dearest wish for lingerie luxury at more-for-your-money prices! Select your Barbizons now at your favorite store.

SILK SATIN Slip, Gown and Bed Jacket to match: "Coquette" slip in Barbizon's famous patented 3-piece cut. Matching "Enrapture" gown and "Rhapsody" bed jacket complete the trio. Each is exquisitely trimmed with rich nylon lace. In Petal, White or Bachelor Blue pure silk satin Dosché.

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Ella Raines of "The Second Face" makes her Yuletide appearance in Sophie Gimbel suit of royal blue crossbar on black with jet button trim. Jacket has rounded, padded hipline. With this she wears blue satin ascot.

BY EDITH GWYNN

WINTER GAIETIES

CANT remember a more hectic month than this past one for doings on "the clothes line." There were just too many shindigs large and small as there always are when the holiday season approaches, and so many fall and winter fashion showings, there'd never be space enough here to cover 'em all—so here are some of the highlights and some of the high jinks.

One thing for sure: Your new suit must be as slim as your own shape (Continued on page 95)
Wherever you live you can buy

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If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

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U. S. Rubber
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Satin scuffs
Honeybuns
47 W. 34 St., New York, N. Y.

Silk satin slip
Barbizon
475 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Evening sweater
Boo-hoo
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In "Union Station," Bill Holden’s a fearless detective who gets his man after a spine-tingling chase underground. In real life he’s an average guy who never thought much about personal courage—until the other night.

It began, as usual, with Brenda prying sons Peter and Scott away from their favorite cowboy program. "No more television—time for bed"

The boys were sound asleep when Bill and Brenda looked in at them. "You’d never believe," she said, "that they are the wild cowboys who tore up the house today!"

About three a.m. Brenda awakened. "Bill," she whispered, "I heard a noise!" "Huh?" said Bill, "Nonsense!" But Brenda persisted. Sleepily, he stumbled downstairs

He hadn’t gone far when he saw a light under the door of the den. His heart beat faster. He realized he was a perfect target for a burglar’s gun. He crept...

...closer, threw open the den door and gasped! Before a zig-zag screen crouched—not a burglar but Hopalong Cassidy—Scott, hopefully searching for a TV program
CHRISTMAS, Kay and Brod decided, it won't have to be a great expense after all. In fact they're finding it's a lot more fun to dream up ideas and work them out, giving unexpected uses to run-of-the-mill materials, than it would be to shop for the so-usual Christmas ornaments. The old-fashioned Christmas trees had a lot of appeal because they were so personalized. The mantel plays a big part in every home at Christmas. The Crawfords have decided to remove the pewter plates which usually stand in a row, take away the copper bed warmer and the old bellows, and again go in for inexpensive ideas.

Lots of candles are a "must," but what to put them in? Since Kay plans that the holders shall not show, she has already the most inexpensive ones she could find, fifteen cents a pair, at a local dime store. On that previous summer day in Laguna Beach, Brod had noticed some red metallic paper circles, with what appeared to be a face in the center of each. These were little angels which could be folded and locked in place on a mantel or table, or slip over the base of a candle. Kay, smart girl, with no thought of how she would use them, purchased a package. Now, planning for Christmas, she's found they are just the things for her row of candles on the mantel, and for table decorations, too.

The little angels are relatively easy to make and very effective. Cut out a circle six inches in diameter of construction paper. In the center draw another circle, one and a half inches in diameter, and let this center circle be the head. Draw two straight lines, one from the left of the head to the outside rim (A), the other from the right side of the head to the rim (C). The lower half of the circle just indicated will be the angel's robe, and you can decorate it if you like with paint and sparkles. Draw another line from the center of the top of the head straight up to the outside rim (B).

Cut line B from the outside rim to the head and this will separate the two wings. Cut on the circular line around the head, leaving about three fourths of an inch at the bottom uncut so that it will stay attached to the big circle. From the outside rim cut on line C for one inch. On line A, starting from the head, cut to within one inch of the outside rim.
Push up the head, then bond the two sides of the lower circle around so that line A and C meet. Intersect the two cut places and push down so that the cut part of line C hits over the uncut portion of line A. Now, bond the base of the pine cone shape, the head stands up, and the two wings have crossed and stand up in back.

Because their wallpaper is red, the Crawfords will use green candles and red metallic paper angels. The angels don't quite hide the bases of the candle holders, however. With a needle and white thread, Kay plans to string popcorn to make two rings, one across the top of the border, to conceal the offending holder.

For the rest of the mantel she is going to use two-inch wide red and green ribbon, tying a large red bow for the centerpiece and putting a silver gift wrap ornament with it. The green ribbon will be draped across the mantel with two large bows at either side and clusters of silver stars hanging from these ribbon ends. The star clusters will be made from tin cookie cutters shaped like stars.

A big fat red candle is an essential at Christmas, Kay is utilizing all of the old candle stubs accumulated during the year, melting them down in a two-pounds coffee can which can be thrown away later. A tube of red oil paint will color the melted wax. As a mold for the two fat red candles she wants, she is using an empty chocolate cookie container. To make the wick, she took a twelve-inch candle, placed it in the center of the can and kept it in place by tying it to a pencil which rested across the top of the candle. In this manner it secured in the melted wax and let it cool. Because she wants the candles to have a textured effect, Kay left in the corrugated paper liner already in the can, but if you prefer the smooth sides, just take it out.

Brod, who was watching Kay's rehearsal for Christmas (so her ideas could be photographed for Playolay), was skeptical about the whole procedure. "Now you've made the candle," said he, "how will you get it out?" But Kay had figured that out before she started. She removed the bottom of the can with a wall opener, then poured boiling water over the sides, enough to barely soften the wax so that she could give the candle a shove through the bottom. Several tries produced results, and out it came. For the coffee table, she is going to put one of the big candles in a low, bronze dish and heap up red Christmas ornaments around it. The other, surrounded with small red Christmas ornaments, will become the center of her Christmas table.

Speaking of the table, Brod wants a simple Christmas dinner. "Just the immediate family," he said, a plan which finds Kay in complete accord. It still has to be festive, though, for Christmas comes but once a year. With the candle as a centerpiece, they will continue with red for the Christmas theme, but no red linens or place mats do they own. This problem they mean to solve, as you'll see in the illustration, by cutting out large circles from red construction paper. A border of popcorn, glued on with household cement, will give the circles a festive air, and they'll become place mats for a gay Christmas table. The only trouble is that Kay may want to add another border, to conceal the offending holder.

For the rest of the table, Kay means to use four more of the glass candle holders, complete with angels and popcorn rings, but this time she'll have red candles in the glass base, and the color scheme is a happy choice, for it will spike up the dining room which has pine-panelled walls, a pine bench table and captains' chairs.

The living the Crawfords do is practical and gay, as evidenced by the way they've furnished the whole house. They've used red, too, unceasingly on the floor, on the furniture, and at the windows. Take the multicolor rag rug carpeting in the living room. Anything that gets tracked in blends with the background and becomes practically unnoticeable.

Kay picked out the red and the green in the carpeting and carried these colors out in her red wallpaper in a small provincial print, and contrasting, a green linen curtain for the window. She upholstered the sofa with red and green, the pillows with a floral print in a soft shade of red and accents of green on a white ground. The design is so large that it doesn't argue with the small fabric in the paper, and the same fabric is repeated in another chair.

Using two prints in the same room has to be done with caution, for unless it's carefully worked out with pattern size, that is, choosing a very small print to go with a large one, such as the Crawfords did, the result can be jarring.

Combining two strong colors can be bold, too, unless one of them is used in far greater proportion than the other, so that it dominates the room. Or you can surround the two bright colors with plenty of a third which the Crawfords did, so they are not overwhelming. Kay and Brod toned down their living room with white wainscoting, white mantel, white woodwork and white Dutch curtains edged with red.

All their occasional pieces have the same informality as the rest of the room, for they're made of pine and are old, pieces that Brod and Kay have found in out-of-the-way places, secondhand stores and antique shops. The coffee table in front of the sofa, the step-table by a chair, lamp tables and a corner table—all are older than the Crawfords, and, consequently, they have a wonderful mellowness. An interesting secretary, of pine with glass cupboard doors, displays Brod's collection of occupational shaving mugs, an odd collection of large pieces in the open bookshelves that cover the walls at the two ends of the living room.

The dining room isn't a dining room at all. It's a playroom, bar, snack bar, trophy room and television room all wrapped into one. It has pine walls and a brown asphalt tile floor, and a large bar curves around a one-and-a-half-time wall of the room. Instead of a big dining table, Kay has an old pine folding bench table, fine for such small gatherings as the family Christmas dinner they are planning. For larger parties, they have a drop leaf outlet style table.

The television set is conspicuous only when needed, for it's concealed behind a panel in the pine bar, so situated that everyone in the dining half of the room can see and hear, while the panel is open. Closed, it's a part of the bar itself.

Kay is justly proud of Brod's many awards and insists that they be part of the room, so she's devoted the pine table, and the wall below to this purpose. Since this end of the room needed light, Kay brought the lamp into the theatrical vein through the shade. It's of parchment, perfectly proportioned, and it has the names of the many pictures in which Brod has appeared. The base is an interesting and rare old decanter.

A final detail of the room is an old Franklin stove which she substituted through the entire house. Their bedroom, for example, echoes the red and green living room color scheme, but white dominates, and the quaint provincial-patterned wallpaper has a red and green floral pattern being a ceiling, but the red on green, and the red on white ground. The paper covers all four walls, including the wardrobe doors, thus rendering them inconspicuous.

Kim's room is almost a perfect miniature of the Crawfords' low white California ranch house, you sense a friendliness, for the exterior is as unassuming as the interior. Masses of variegated ivy frame the wide front porch, and shrubbery clings to the sides and front, relating the house to its setting. These masses of planting are there for a reason. It gets hot in the valley, and the greenery helps to keep the temperature down.

And so the boy will be more tree to add its effort to the rest—Kim's tree! The ceremony is scheduled for after the holidays.

With the Christmas decorations they've planned, the Crawfords are definitely proving a point. You don't have to spend lavishly in order to give your home a holiday flavor. If you can't dream up your own, although you should be surprised how easy it is once you've tried, then borrow a few and make them your own. The fun is in the doing. You're far more proud of a string of popcorn that you've made than if you bought it. If you're a bauble from a store. Be sure that's the way Kay and Brod Crawford will feel about it come Christmas!

The End
25 Christmas Gifts

(Continued from page 44) collar, brocade side to show on the brocade side, nylon side to show when the stole is worn with the nylon surface out.

Miss Kirsten fits the right side of the brocade against the right side of the nylon and stitches around three sides of the stole, leaving the upper or collar seam open. A double, or even a triple stitching is wise when one is dealing with either nylon or brocade, as both fabrics are inclined to ravel. After stitching, a weight should be sewn in each of the four corners, then the stole should be turned inside out. The straight collar (16 inches in length and four inches in width, constructed in exactly the same way as the stole was stitched) should be set into the open upper edge of the stole, matching the middle of the collar to the middle of the stole.

Then the final seam of the stole should be closed.

JUNE HAVER has devised a unique way of displaying her collection of foreign stamps, and providing her friends with the thrilling thought of distant lands. She buys firm leather belts 2 1/2 or 3 inches wide and coats the outside surface of each with a layer of glue. On this she places the brightest, most interesting stamps she can secure. When the stamps and the glue are thoroughly dry, June covers the design with two thin coats of white shellac applied three days apart. One of these belts worn with a black jersey blouse and a black velvet skirt is a colorful accessory and it makes a great conversation piece.

Terry Moore makes amusing gifts which really are appreciated in a town of sunglass wearers. She makes gay sunglass cases of bright felt, trimmed with sequins. First Terry cuts two pieces of felt, 3 inches by 7 inches, rounds off the ends, then draws a design with a wax crayon on one piece and outlines it in sequins. Simple designs are the most effective. Then the two pieces are put together and blanket-stitched around the edges with yarn, leaving one end open. Terry made one for herself in shocking pink, outlined two slant eyes in black sequins; the yarn also was black—so sophisticated looking. You could adapt this idea for regular eyeglasses by changing the measurements. Just trace an outline of the glasses on a sheet of paper, then draw straight lines along both sides at the widest point, curved lines at the ends. Now increase the measurements about 1/4 inch all around to allow room for stitching and you have your pattern.

Mitzi Gaynor, Twentieth Century-Fox Studio's vivid new dancer, makes gay dress-up aprons for her friends. These, especially in explosive colors, are the perfect complement to the traditional little black, navy blue or gray hostess dress. You will need: 1/2 yard of any 36-inch or 39-inch fabric, preferably a tissue rayon faille, or a crepe back satin; a piece of chintz drapery material printed with a pastoral scene, or a vast clump of gigantic flowers, which design is to be cut out and appliqued.

Using the full width of the apron fabric, measure off a length of 21 inches. Take a hem of 1/2 inch in each side of the apron, and take a 2 1/4 inch hem across the bottom. Gather the top of the apron so that it measures 18 inches in width; manipulate the gathers so that a panel of six inches is left flat across the tummy section; divide the fullness equally on either side of this plain panel.

From the remaining fabric, using the width of the material, cut 3 strips, each 3

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• MOVIES — FINE ENTERTAINMENT AT LOW COST •

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inches wide. Hem two of them on 3 sides. These are the ties. The third should be cut in half, seamed across the top, then hemmed and used as the apron’s waistband.

Slide the ties into the side openings (one on each side) of the waistband and stitch over them to form a finished piece of work. Slide the waistband, open across the bottom, over the gathered heading of the skirt, baste and then stitch.

Cut your choice of applique design from the chiffon you have chosen, hem it, then apply it to the lower portion of the apron as decoration.

YOU have to be pretty sharp, or at least know how to handle a pretty sharp knife, in order to duplicate Rod Cameron’s Christmas idea. All during the year, whenever he holsters his six-shooters and dismounts his horse, Rod spends his leisure earning Western tie slips. These tie slips are used by riders as permanent knots through which to slide the ends of a Western tie.

Rod carves these unique accessories in the form of an almost closed fist, adding fingers, knuckle lines and fingernails. He confesses that the work is frustrating because just as he is completing a slip, the knife often slips, which is one slip too many. He’s experimenting for success.

Crawford is making personal slips for the branches of such woods as manzanita, purpleheart, ironwood, 45 different kinds of mahogany, myrtlewood, American orange or osage.

Alexis Smith, acknowledging the vogue for velvet, is making small velvet caps for several of her girl friends. She buys a pattern, which can be obtained from any department store; makes the cape of black velvet, lines it with a large bit of a Johnny collar of velvet also lined with satin, then finishes her handiwork by binding it with military braid.

Not only is this a velvet year, but a great year for plaid as well, a fact warmly embraced by Shelley Winters in her Christmas plans. Shelley has made a series of plaid weskits for her girl friends. Using a different color tartan at each waist, she has lined them with a complementing rayon, and turned back—on each weskit front—black velvet revers. A pattern for this, too, may be purchased at any department store.

Susan Hayward’s friends are so mad about the candy she makes, they’re always raiding her candy jar. So she bought several of those transparent plastic refrigerators to keep the candy cold and filling them with her famous Almond Butter Crunch and giving them to her sweet-toothed friends for Christmas. Susan says this candy is excellent, too, for mailing to distant relatives for, though it’s crispy it’s crunchy and quite rich, it’s hardly, too. Here’s her recipe:

Melt 1 cup butter or margarine in saucepan over low heat. Add 1 cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add 3 tablespoons water and 1 tablespoon corn syrup. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally until a small amount of the mixture is brittle when dropped in cold water. [If you have any extra at this point, you can register 300° F. on a candy thermometer.] Remove from heat. Mix in ½ cup chopped toasted almonds. Turn into buttered pan (8x8x2”). Sprinkle with additional 3 tablespoons chopped almonds and inark into squares at once.

Lois Butler has been making earrings in her spare time, an activity that can be duplicated by any girl owning a good pair of sharp scissors, and a certain deft touch.

In making a single flower earring (daisy, geranium, etc.) Lois collects small pieces of felt in varied colors, cuts out a series of outer leaves about ¼ inch long, then a series of graduated leaves, growing smaller toward the center. She fills the earring backing with airplane glue and allows it to stand a moment, then she fits the leaves into the glue quickly until a full, complete flower is formed.

In making sequin earrings, she first cuts out two circles of felt about the size of a quarter. She sews these together, leaving a small open space into which she can slip the earring backing. Then she sews sequins on this felt pad.

When Ruth Roman was attending the Los Angeles antique show last spring, she fell in love with several sets of antique buttons. They were too exciting and too different, she felt, to be used as buttons. So, this year, she combined each set of six buttons into a necklace.

The buttons should be threaded onto a ½ yard of 1½ inch velvet ribbon, the first button placed in the center of the length of ribbon and a knot tied on either side of the button loop to hold it in place, then subsequent buttons should be added, with a knot between each.

This necklace can be worn high as a choker, or at whatever position the wearer prefers, within the length of the ribbon. This year, Cameron’s correspondence notes to give his friends the idea that tops in practicality.

Without the knowledge of his friends, Cameron photographs the dog in an appealing pose (such as chasing Bred out of the front yard!), or their home, or their children. He prints up 50 of his best snapshots and mounts one on the front of each of the children’s 1-cent Christmas letter.

He packages the 50 notes with 50 envelopes and wraps the whole in red Cellophane. Any camera bug can copy this idea with vast credit to himself.

PRACTICALLY universal appeal is Mona Freeman’s dream-up for a welcoming front door during the holidays. For her own house, she makes Cellophane wreaths which can be used over and over again each December, and which can be stored successfully during the other eleven months of the year. For this you will need: 1 plastic flower box about 9 inches in diameter, obtainable from your florist; 2 spoons of florist’s wire; 2 pounds of medium-sized Christmas hard candies such as peppermint pillows, large gum drops, fruit cake nuts, small macaroons, etc., on at least 6 x 9 sheets of red Cellophane.

Mona starts by cutting each sheet of Cellophane into 16 sections, or into squares with a red ½ inch border, about 5 inches by 6.

She places a piece of candy in the center of each Cellophane square, closes the Cellophane in kraft paper manner with a twist; she cuts a four-inch length of florist’s wire and is finished. Sixteen of the wires are crossed with the neck of the covered candy and turns twice. This results in a pecky, flower-like bulb with two short wire stems. She thrusts the wire stems into the plastic crate and all the days皇马, the girls go on an airliner and the space of the enclosed candy is continued until the white foam is completely covered by the candy bulbs.

Finally, Mona ties the wide red ribbon, with perhaps an added pine cone or two around the top of the wreath.

Betty Garrett and Larry Parks make large size fireplace stockings for both children and adults. For the children they fill the stockings with inexpensive and bulky toys, but for the grown-ups they use fruits. These are festive conversation pieces when they are hung from the mantle. Two yards of red felt 36 inches wide is enough to make 3 stockings.
Betty makes her stocking pattern by drawing the outline of one of her own nylon's, only much wider. She cuts two felt pieces for each stocking. With white yarn, she blanket-stitches around the top of the stocking, then sews the other three sides of the stocking together.

Near the top, Betty writes, using dark crayon or eyebrow pencil, the name of the person for whom the stocking is intended. She outlines the name by embroiderying on this line, using a feather stitch, a loop stitch, or a small cross stitch.

Added fillip: Betty suggests that those who live in mountainous regions where pine needles are available, might make up such stockings well in advance and stuff them with pine needles so that the felt could absorb the fragrance of the evergreen. The needles would be emptied, of course, before the stocking was given as a gift.

Margaret Phillips glamorizes her friends with dainty evening veils. She buys a yard of veiling for each and 1½ yards of quarter-inch ribbon or velvet tubing. She weaves the ribbon or tubing along entire length of veil (If the wide mesh kind) or turns a hem over the ribbon, being careful not to stitch the ribbon to the veil, since the ribbon is to be pulled under the chin. Then she gathers each end of the veil into a knot and stitches, leaving ribbon ends free for tying in back. When finished, veil is worn over the face, with ribbon or tubing under the chin, tied at the back. For extra glitter Margaret attaches a small pearl bead near one eye in front.

Carole Mathews likes to give her friends ceramic choir boys to be used as a nucleus for holiday table centerpieces, or on mantels. She buys chalk-white figurines (available nowadays in almost every gift shop) and the specified paint by which they are supposed to be colored. (If your town does not stock these ceramic figurines and their color kits, you may secure full information by writing to Laagco Sales Company, 253 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 4, California.)

Carole likes to paint her choir boys with golden hair, blue eyes (one in the group should have a discolored orb to indicate that his angelic expression is a fresh acquisition), bright red surplices, white cassocks and black shoes.

Jeanne Crain spent last summer (while awaiting her third son) preparing for Christmas. One of her most successful bits of gadgeteering provided her friends with a series of delightful little Christmas sprites to use in window decorations and on Christmas trees.

Jeanne first fashioned a pair of legs, a body, two arms and a head (made by coiling the end of the fuzzy wire) out of pipe cleaners. Next, she cut a crepe paper circle —using pink crepe paper—about two inches in diameter; in the center of the circle, she placed a small lump of cotton about the size of the end of her thumb, then pulled the crepe paper evenly over it to make a head about the size of a small marble.

This, she fastened over the "head" coil of pipe cleaner and secured it around the sprite's "neck" by wrapping florist's wire around it several times.

On this small head, Jeanne drew an impish face, using black crayon for eyebrows, eyes and nose and red crayon for the mouth.

Next, she designed various types of clothing, such as a Peter Pan suit, a pair of rompers, a Santa Claus outfit, a fluted skirt below a tiny ruffled blouse; she cut these out of crepe paper and sewed them onto the pipe cleaner torsos. Finally, she made tiny shoes and gloves, stuffed them lightly...
with cotton, and sewed them onto the pipe cleaner wrists and ankles of the sprites.

Naturally, the possibilities of this handiwork are endless, because a reasonably dear person can fashion miniature gnomes, Santas, cupids, angels, Hopalong Cassidy's, and hundreds of additional dream-world characters.

Do you know a pair of newlyweds in the throes of furnishing a small house or an apartment in modern style? Philip Singleton's gift idea for such a person is an easy one for the amateur craftsman to copy. He obtains a three-tier bookcase from a dealer who has finished furniture and then covers the outside with the vivid dust jackets by which all new books are protected. Philip likes to store his own books without dust jackets, so he saves the jackets from year to year and makes excellent use of them.

He uses a dependable airplane glue to affix the dust jackets. After this application has dried thoroughly, Philip paints the inside surfaces with a quick-drying forest green lacquer. Next, he finishes the jacket decoration by applying two coats of white shellac.

Incidentally, if you have no dust jackets for this work, you will find that the slick colored advertisements from magazines can be used to advantage.

ALSO appropriate for newlyweds or for singletons living in compact apartments where storage space is at a premium is Helene London's trick gift idea. She buys small metal skillets at the dime store, then applies two coats of quick-drying lacquer to each skillet. When this coloring is dry, she applies ivy decals to the bottoms of the skillets, pink elephant decals to the inside surfaces.

These neat containers can be hung on the kitchen wall as interesting decorations when they are not in use, and when the apartment-dweller is giving a party, they can be pressed into service to hold peanuts, olives, or spreads surrounded by small crackers.

John Derek, a new father and furiously proud of it, is making nursery plaques for the children of his friends. He conceived the idea one day when he was meandering through the toy department of one of Los Angeles' department stores and his attention was captured by a woodburning set.

He bought one of the kits and set to work that evening with burning needle, palette, and carbon paper with which to transfer some of his own designs to wood blocks for burning. He used 1/4 inch red plastic gummed tape to make a border around each completed block.

Penny Singleton believes that it is possible to be glamorous while removing a roast from the oven, and backs up her belief by giving her friends terrycloth kitchen mitts for Christmas.

Penny made her own pattern, mitten form, circular, keeping own mother by drawing around her own hand, then enlarging this outline 11/4 inches from wrist to thumb tip, 1 inch from thumb tip to tip of the index finger, 1 1/2 inches from this point to rest of the fingers (closed together) and thence to the wrist on the opposite side. This procedure results in a glove pattern about 6 inches wide at the wrist so that the gloves are easily donned.

She pins the pattern on four layers of terrycloth and cuts around it to start each glove. Between the two layers of cloth which will form the wrist, she slips 4 pieces of unbleached muslin and—using a sewing machine—quilts the palm, placing the stitchings an inch apart.

That done, she fastens the palm and back together by stitching bias tape from the left side of the wrist, up the thumb, around the fingers and down to the right side of the wrist. Then she separates the palm and back, at the wrist, and binds off from the palm, forming a circular binding she whips a series of tiny Christmas bells.

When Penny knows that a friend's kitchen is done in yellow and brown, or some such modern and diverting color scheme, she adapts the color of the mitts to their surroundings. Occasionally she embroiders the initials of her gifttee on the back of the left mitt. Depending on the size you choose, 1 yard of muslin and 1 yard of terrycloth will make 3 or 4 mitts; 2 yards of bias binding is needed for each.

Jeff Donnell is a great believer in keeping a house beautiful by avoiding That Cluttered Look. She likes to give her friends sets of felt-covered match boxes for Christmas.

For those who own a king-size coffee table, Jeff covers standard kitchen match boxes with shades of felt which go well in the living room color scheme; for friends living in small homes or apartments in which the coffee table is of modest size, Jeff likes to use the small safety match boxes. In either case, she is careful to leave uncovered the sandpaperstriking strip on the side of the match box.

One of the nice things about these boxes is that, as rapidly as the matches are used, new filler matches can be inserted into the same felt-covered slip container, making the Christmas gift last around the year.

Once the actual covering is accomplished, Jeff adds a monogram, made from a contrasting color of felt; or she adds bright

---

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The End
Where Will They Go From Here?

(Continued from page 32) Hollywood eatery he went to the tooling department at Douglas Aircraft. There he was encouraged to study singing. His lead in the London Company of "Oklahoma" came later, then his M-G-M contract and "Annie Get Your Gun."

Howard, whose fan mail with this picture zoomed from fifty letters a week to a handsome four figures, just finished "Three Guys Named Mike," with Jane Wyman. In "Show Boat," with Kathryn Grayson, he will be Ravelin.

Howard is lot-hunting for the first home he ever will have built or owned. "A place with lots of space and trees, with a big living room. A house you can walk into and be comfortable," he says.

It was seven years ago that Sally Forrest (first feminine winner) who had signed with M-G-M, joined the company, brought her family north from San Diego. When her option was dropped she went to other studios and protested, "I'm an actress." But nobody seemed to believe her—except her agent Milo Frank—to whom she's now engaged. Sally proved herself quickly enough, however, when Ida Lupino provided her with a break in "Not Wanted." Sally, now co-starring with Red Skelton in "Excuse My Dust," has been given Garbo's old dressing room. "Isn't it all wonderful?" she sighs. "I'm so happy about winning first place in the contest. But now that it's all over—I make a vote for myself."

Sally still takes dramatic and singing lessons. "But I never get tired," she says. "When you're doing something you love, you just don't."

Anthony Curtis (second) found his first dramatic self-expression as a teenager at a Bronx settlement house. He'd say to the kids he was looking after, "Let's play a game. You, Johnny, and Bill are the robbers. Frankie, you can be the detective, Tim, you're the chickie for the cops, now then—everybody act."

Evenings, when the settlement house was closed, he would subway downtown to the backstage door of the theater where Bert Lahr was doing "Burlesque." And if somebody said, "Here, kid, go buy us some coffee and doughnuts, he was thrilled. Finally he got with the Dramatic Workshop. "I remember," he says now, "when they put a broom in my hand to sweep the stage. I stood there as proud as a prince thinking, 'Well, here I am—I've finally gotten on top of this thing.' I always knew something would come of it. It had to."

He jumps from supporting player to stardom in the U-I Technicolor production of "The Prince Who Was a Thief."

"I nearly 'flipped' when I found out I'd won in the 'Choose Your Star' Contest," says Tony. "I didn't even think people knew who I was, but being recognized and identified by the public—that's the big kick... ."

Peggy Dow's father has a bottled gas business in Athens, Tennessee. But Peggy (second) never let her family's security hold her back. At twenty-two years of age, she has worked as a model, secretary, receptionist and radio bit player.

Peggy, who lives at the Hollywood Studio Club, ranks as a girl who's secretary for an NBC television producer. She loves it. "When you live with 96 girls who would like to be in your shoes—you can't help knowing how lucky you are," she says. Her good performances in "Harvey" and "Lights Out" prove it's more than luck in her case.

Craig Hill (third) was born and brought up in Laguna Beach. By car, Laguna's just
an hour or two away from Hollywood. But it would have been a million miles away as far as Craig was concerned until Henry Willson spotted him in a "little theater" play. Craig flunked his first screen test. But he was given another chance when Twentieth Century-Fox was looking for a boy to play the lifeguard in "Cheaper by the Dozen."

Craig, too, almost "flipped" at winning Number Three position in the "Choose Your Star" poll, on the strength of just this picture. It helped him recover from his disappointment recently when he learned that his part in "All About Eve" had been cut out. "The picture ran too long," Craig explains. "As it stands, if you don't wink, you'll see the back of my head."

"I live simply but—well—it takes $3,000 a year minimum for an actor to hold his own in Hollywood. You need more clothes for this job than for any other."

Mercedes McCambridge (No. 3) hails from a farm in Joliet, Illinois. While she was a sophomore at Chicago's Mundelein College, she had an NBC contract to do ten radio broadcasts a week. Orson Welles hailed her as the "greatest living radio actress." But she never was offered a film part until Robert Rossen signed her for "All the King's Men"—for which she won an Oscar.

Now Mercedes's salary has sky-rocketed from her original $750 a week to $7,500. Mercedes, a free lancer who picks her scripts, has done "Lightning Strikes Twice" with Richard Todd, and "The Scarlet," currently, she is making "Inside Straight" with John Hodiak and David Brian at M-G-M.

YOUR votes were important also to ambitious and agile Gene Nelson (No. 4) who used to bicycle between a three a.m. job in a bakery to an afternoon stint in a haberdashery store and a third job from five until eight in a cafeteria on Wilshire Boulevard. "This is it," Gene thought when he was signed to a contract at Twentieth Century-Fox. A year later he was out of work, then Bill Rythe signed him for "Lend an Ear," and Warners took over from there.

Now Gene's name goes up in lights with Doris Day's in "Lullaby of Broadway." His work in "Tea for Two" and "The West Point Story" confirmed the highest expectations the studio had for him.

Piper Laurie (No. 4) was discovered in a Los Angeles High School play when she was sixteen. After she played a little theater presentation, Universal signed her and put her in "Louisa." She's just been given her first co-starring role opposite Tony Curtis in "The Prince Who Was a Thief."

Six years ago, when Universal dropped Keefe Brasselle (No. 5) after he appeared with Gloria Jean in "River Gang," he wondered how he would support his family. He knew his way around Hollywood—after all, his mother is Betty Grable's hairdresser. But the best job he could get, before Ida Lupino gave him the male lead in "Not Wanted," was as a shoe salesman at $35 a week. "I remember one period," Keefe says, "when we ate mostly cereal and saved the lamb chop for the baby."

Speaking of his "Choose Your Star" honor, Keefe said, "I didn't think I'd have a chance—a lot of fellows have done so much." Keefe has one of the best roles of his career in Metro's "Dial 1119."

Nancy Davis (No. 5), daughter of a prominent doctor, gave up Chicago society to compete for small part in Broadway and in television. Then she was signed by M-G-M. "I've never thought of anything but acting," says Nancy. "But that's the way it has to be. If you do it with any reservations, you shouldn't be in it."

When M-G-M entrusted Nancy with the feminine lead in "The Next Voice You Hear," a future seemed assured. Nancy
“Lucky Me—Jan’s My Friend”

Warm reminiscence by Fran Alli- con about her early days in radio when her best friend was Janette Davis, this month’s cover girl.

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by VALDA SHERMAN

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Bobb Patten (No. 9) after he was dis- charged from service, joined the Actor’s Lab. Under his Twenty-first Century-Fox contract he was given only bit roles until the part of Jesse Bishop in “Twelve O’Clock High” a favorite of his. Arrid is one of the most of the veterans of the last war, Bob, who has a Reserve Commiss- ion as Second Lieut. In the Air Corps, is wondering when he will be called back.

His thoughts are how—if ever—we can achieve anything as a nationally and an idealist, he says. “I can’t help thinking that we lose sight of the fact that people must be generally much the same the average Joes of any nation really want to fight the Joes of another nation. We can only hold the hope that somehow, someday, we will be able to spread the ‘Voice of America’ and in this way help to determine about what this country stands for . . .”

Bob is in “American Guerrilla in the Philippines” with Micheline Prelle.

Micheline Prelle (No. a) a star in France—waited almost a year in Beverly Hills before Twenty-first cast her in “Under My Skin.” During the location trip Michele- line made when she co-starred with Tyr- one Power in Twenty-first’s “American Guerrilla in the Philippines,” she earned the admiration of the otherwise all-masculine location cast and crew. The hardships they encountered were many—they must walk a wild boar and had to cut their way through the archipelago with bolo knives. But there were no complaints from Micheline. Of the trip, she says, “I learned more and saw more in a few weeks than I have in all the other pictures. I can’t even wash my own clothes. The boys were that considerate of me.” Now Micheline is in France making “The Bargain” for her husband William Marshall and Errol Flynn.

MARLON BRANDO and Judy Holiday (both No. 10) came to Hollywood, of course, after they had had great success on Broadway. Marlon played a “Named De sire” and “Bust Yesterday” respectively Judy lives in New York, where her hus- band, David Oppenheim, is a musical di- rector. When she’s in Hollywood, making her one picture a year for Columbia, the latest being “Bust Yesterday,” she races home to her apartment from the set. She doesn’t even take time to remove her make-up. Her husband calls her nightly long distance.

Marlon Brando, now appearing opposite Vivien Leigh in “A Streetcar Named De sire,” wants to buy a ranch near Broken Bow, Nebraska—“population two.” But he can see now that he will have to wait for somebody to die—or something. “You just don’t give up good land.” That’s where Marlon’s heart is. He loves his Twentieth Century-Fox “Penny-Poker”—leased now and are in the cattle-raising business, having started with 1600 head.

Marlon asks of life only “to always have that feeling of waking up in the morning and being glad that I’m alive.”

Ben Johnson (tying with Marlon as No 10), a cookow from Pawhuska, Oklah- homa, decided his Hollywood career in 1938. He had been working for standards paying for music between her husband’s (Broadway playwright Allan Lerner’s) farm in Suffern, N. Y. and Holly- wood.

Knowing that she was “in” was very significant to Nancy because the figures in which she’s been featured have been so slow getting release dates that she is often unrecognized. During the making of “Union Station,” a little girl crawled under the freight cars on the Los Angeles depot to get Bill Holden’s autograph. “You should ask this young lady for her,” Bill said. “She’s going to be one of the biggest stars in the business,” Nancy replied, “and you wanted her merely, ‘When?” And that as Nancy says, “stopped me. I only wish I knew . . .”

The End
Merrily They Roll Along

(Continued from page 54) little sausages, corn muffins and coffee.

The long table in the lanai, overlooking the magnificent gardens and swimming pool, was festively decorated. Branches of long needle pine, cones and brilliant red, blue and gold Christmas balls formed luxurious and colorful table decorations.

After everyone had enjoyed the hearty repast, Bob said, “Now, all of you stay here until you hear the jingle bells.” A few minutes later he pulled the gaily decorated trailer he had rented for the occasion into the driveway—and then the fun began. The presents Bob had for other friends in various parts of town were piled into his roving “Open House.” The Tom-and-Jerry’s weeks at the favorite little portable organ stood ready for the family’s music—music that was to roll merrily along to the home of each of the chosen friends, bring them out by carol singing and help them pick up their gifts and enjoy a little Christmas cheer.

OB, making out his guest list for the brunch, put Wanda Hendrix at the top. Not only because Wanda is an old friend, but because she, too, probably will be away at Christmas time since she’s starring with Bob in “Rio Grande.”

The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Don Taylor (Phyllis Kirk), Mr. and Mrs. Hall Bartlett (Lois Buter), Phyllis Kir, Cathy O’Donnell and John Dall. John, however, came later, in time for the ride, but not for brunch.

Little Gretchen Williams, the child of a neighbor from whom Bob borrowed the organ, went along to play and Janet Lee Schultz was a special guest. Janet Lee, visiting Hollywood for the first time and attending a Carnation broadcast, had been picked out of the crowd by Bob Finn who does the show, as a special Carnation guest. When Bob had asked Janet Lee what she would like to have her Hollywood trip, she’d said, “To meet Bob Stack.”

“You’re in,” Bob Finn had told her. “He’s a good friend of mine and if he’s home we’ll run out to his house.” When Finn had called and asked Stack what he was doing Bob had said casually, “Having a Christmas party.” Of course Janet Lee had been practically breathless when Bob Finn had told her she was invited.

Bob’s timing of his pre-Christmas celebration at the same time Santa Claus Lane opened on Hollywood Boulevard brought everyone to the party in a holiday mood.

The trailer was fun. Riding a trailer on the move was said to be much the same sensation as riding in a boat when the sea is very rough. And with such a load of talent as Bob’s party carried, there was never a dull moment. Practically every one of the guest brought a pan of stock at one time or another in their lives, so as they rolled merrily along productions were put on that ran from Shakespeare to minstrels. And Bob did some of the fancy caper tricks he had had to learn for “Torero.” Bob is probably the first person to have held Open House, served Tom-and-Jerry’s and told some guests they were not invited to indulge. Rude? No, downright sensible, as everyone agreed. Even for Holiday fun it doesn’t make sense to bind an elbow, however slightly, in a moving object. But after the roving was over, Bob’s riders returned to his house and relaxed over a Tom-and-Jerry.

If you hanker for a holiday caravan and cannot rent a trailer, maybe you can borrow a horse and wagon or a truck. Or a caravan of cars would be fun.

Lois Butler is in “High Lonesome,” John Dall is in “The Gun,” Wanda Hendrix is in “Saddle Tramp,” Phyllis Kirk is in “Two Weeks—With Love,” Cathy O’Donnell is in “The Miniver Story,” Phyllis Avery Taylor debuts in “Queen for a Day” and Don Taylor is in “Father’s Little Dividend.” Bob Stack will also be seen in “Mr. Music.” The following recipes serve eight.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH CLAMS

Drain: 1 ten-ounce can minced clams
Combine in bowl:

8 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup milk

Beat until well combined. Melt in skillet:
3 tablespoons butter
Add drained minced clams and cook over low heat 1 minute. Add egg milk mixture, and cook over low heat. Stir gently and constantly up from bottom to form soft creamy flakes. Place on platter. Garnish with parsley and cooked, drained bacon.

VEAL LOAF WITH SAUSAGES

Combine: 4 cups soft bread crumbs with 1/2 cup milk. Let stand until milk is absorbed.

Add: 2 pounds ground veal
1/2 pound ground beef
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/4 teaspoon leaf thyme
1/2 teaspoon ground sage
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 eggs, well beaten

Mix lightly, but thoroughly, with fork. Shape into roll. Place in lightly greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 45 minutes.

Twenty minutes before veal loaf is to be done add 1/2 cup water in a large skillet. Arrange 1 pound small link pork sausages in skillet. Cover and cook over low heat 10 minutes. Remove cover and pour off water. Cover over medium heat 10 minutes (turning frequently) or until sausage are well browned. Drain on absorbent paper. Place veal loaf on platter, and slice. Arrange sausages around it. Garnish with parsley.

TOM AND JERRY

Beat until stiff but not dry: 8 egg whites
Add gradually: 3 tablespoons confectioners’ sugar
Beat well after each addition.
Add: 8 egg yolks; beat until blended.

Dip 2 tablespoons full of mixture into each china mug. To each mug add: 1/2 jigger brandy and 1 jigger rum. Fill mugs with very hot water. Stir well. Sprinkle top with grated nutmeg.

THE END

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83
(Continued from page 62) mistakenly,
that he’s the best party-giver in town.
Hedy Lamarr is in love with her nose!
Errol Flynn is, or was, the world’s
greatest lover. So is Frank Sinatra. Esther
Williams is proud—not of her gorgeous
shape—but of her business acumen. Greer
Garrison’s red hair is her Achilles heel.
Julie Harris, Garland, fat or thin, is
so determined to keep the success recipe
to herself that when she has it fixed away
from the studio, she insists on having the
door locked. She used to, maybe still does,
make her appointment under the name
of Miss Gay. I discovered that Greer
washes her locks in champagne (imported?
) to give it that sparkling look. A nice
spice, I think.

Betty Grable was recently jumped on
by a group of fashion experts for wearing
such tight gowns and suits. But how else
can Betty show the world her—er—
figure? If she was just a grandmother
for my legs,” says Grable. For the con-
tour of her torso she thanks her tailor.

Cornel Wilde is so in love with his hair,
that the colorist has a time getting him
to cut his strand of hair for his pictures.
That is why Cornel chooses so many cos-
tume drammers. He can wear his hair
as long as he likes and no one can call
him a bad egg. “But Bing does, and that is why he
wears a hat when he knows his picture is
being taken. And that is why he hates
to have a photograph taken unwares.

But don’t be too vain about Betty
Hutton, you’ll find it in her love of lovely
clothes. Betty has dozens and dozens
of beautiful gowns. It breaks her heart
that no one has ever included her among
the top best-dressed film stars. Well, I will.
In Betty’s personal make-up, vanity is
conspicuous by its absence. In fact she
could use some to bolster her self-confi-
dence. And when Betty gave that won-
terful little party to thank her grandmother
she herself ragged, sitting with shy guests,
knocking herself out to make everyone
happy.

But when Danny Kaye gave a party a
couple of weeks later for the Laurence
Oliviers, all he very obviously was con-
cerned with was, How can I give the best
party in Hollywood history? So he imita-
ted Miss Hutton. The same candles on
the tables, the same Crystal Room in
the Beverly Hills Hotel. But not the same
group of happy uninhibited guests. A party
she held in her own. Betty’s did. That’s why everyone had more fun at
her party.

Peter Lawford’s big weakness, like Miss
Hutton’s, is his fascinating wardrobe. Pete
can base his on marriage, but he cannot resist another tie—or
a bright pullover. Three hundred ties dwell
with Pete. Hundreds of shirts and suits
and ties. When he was six, Pete
insisted on custom-made suits and shoes.

Esther Williams never talks about her
figure, which is only the best in
Hollywood. But ask her how much business
she gets at her “Spa” and you’ll laugh. Trails Restaurant and she’ll drool dollars
and cents to the last cash register. She’s
also smart. She says with deceptive
innocence, “I’m not the only one in the
family. Ben is.” Don’t be fooled. Next
to Paulette Goddard, Esther is the shrew-
est gal in Hollywood.

Talking of Paulette, she has been
to her cousin figure since one of
that Chaplin says: “How cute you are.”
“I’ll always be,” Paulette promised. So you can imagine her wounded feelings when that magazine came flat out and stated that she used falsies to bolster her morale or something. Following some legal prodding, Paulette was vindicated via a retraction. She wears shorts a lot if you notice. That is naturally to let you see her lovely legs. Marlene Dietrich, who is supposed to have the best gams of all, covers ‘em with slacks.

If Gertrude Stein had known about Hedy Lamarr’s nose, she would never have written “a nose is a nose is a nose.” Hedy’s nose is something special. She rarely fails to mention it, even in casual conversation. It is beautiful. And you can imagine her lacerated emotions when another weekly magazine suggested two years ago that plastic surgery and not Nature was responsible for the swell symmetry of the Lamarr proportions. Fortunately C. B. De Mille, then starring Hedy as Deil, affected an all around reconciliation. But to pick on Hedy’s pride and joy—her nose! I’d as soon start the rumor that Jane Russell needed falsies!

JANE incidentally accepts her Amazonian proportions with casual indifference. You can take it or leave it. But she is very proud of her ability to memorize every chapter in the Bible.

Tough guys Paul Douglas and Howard Duff are vain of their cooking! When I asked Paul after his marriage to Jan Sterling, “Does she cook?” he replied “No, thank goodness. I’m the cook in the family.” “What do you cook best?” I wanted to know. “Everything,” said Paul modestly. “You name it, I cook it.” Some day I’ll take him up on it.

Mr. Duff’s specialty is breakfast. He calls it “The Concoction.” He chops bacon with onions and tomatoes, fries the mixture with eggs. But now when you ask him, “What’s your cook?” he longer replies “Ava.” (P.S. He never did. He’s a gentleman.)

“I don’t play tennis any more because it makes my muscles big.” Ginger Rogers speaking. B.G.B.—before Greg Bautzer. Ever since I’ve known Ginger, she has had a weak spot for her body. And what a body! And I wasn’t surprised when she gave up her favorite sport because it wouldn’t spoil her shapely shoulders. But to heck with being a fragile flower, said Ginger, when Greg, an excellent tennis player, hove into view on the courts. Now she’s prouder of her prowess as a champion player than she is of her still gorgeous figure.

Frank Sinatra is pretty much convinced that he’s a ‘fascinating’ fellow with it. In the past whenever he had the tiniest doubt on the subject, Frankie-boy just fell madly in love with another girl. And in her eyes he always found the reassurance his ego demands. Wife Nancy understood and sympathized with the quick and kept quiet, until Frankie came so much into the open with Ava. Then her ego took over. And the marriage was over.

The prize for the man who believes most of his prowess with the opposite sex has to go to Mr. Pinza. Ezio gives the same fascinating routine to all the girls from sixteen years old to—if they were alive six hundred. When you meet him, he looks longingly into your eyes, breathes hurriedly, says deeply, “I like you,” etc. The worst of it is, we gals all fall for him and there’s nothing we can do about it because he’s happily married!

I hope I don’t sound smug writing so freely about other folks’ vanities. I have a couple of my own that make me blush. I have a couple of my own that make me blush. Any star mentioned in this story is at liberty to name them!

THE END

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On This Enchanted Eve

(Continued from page 34) just stay home, like other folks other places—the family people. You'd definitely find the Ladds, the Crawford, the bras, the Hayward and Jess Sarkar, and their cousins, the eight Farrows, the six DeFores, the whole Tierney (Lawrence, that is) tribe. Betty and Harry James with Vicky and John Jr., huddled around their various hearths.

But you'd find just as many or more stars out. Bob Hope wouldn't be home, nor June Haver, nor any of the Crosby boys, nor Jeanne Crain after midnight, nor Joan Evans.

In solid communities Christmas seldom starts coming before December 22nd and ends approximately January 2nd. Out here, there's not a special ballroom, dining room or hall to be hired for love, money or promise from December 10th to January of the same date.

The Wassail wails and the wellkin rings for a minimum of a month, after which everybody in town goes on a diet and swears never to fall into such Christmas extravagance, financial, spirituous or edible. And they don't—until the next year.

Joan Crawford, for instance, with her formidably drawn up under her hundreds of friends, has a gift list that runs up to almost five hundred names. Every year she swears she'll cut it down—and every year she doubles the cost of the same. She goes over the list, gift personally, and writes every card. Other stars, however, take it more easily. There are gift wrapping services around Hollywood, who thrive during the holidays, and who can pretty well fill the need. Marion rang into such Christmas extravagance, financial, spirituous or edible. And they don't—until the next year.

And the gifts! A $75 plant is a commonplace to send to the friend for whom you couldn't find anything original. A case of liquor is considered par in that category. But there is also that topmost agent, whose client's ten per cent makes a present of liquor to every junior employee. He sends everybody a one-pound box of candy, regardless. And then there are the junior stars, like Keefe Branselle and his adoring wife, who are giving one another the key to their very first home this Christmas and who have pooled all their other Christmas money to make the first payment on their mortgage.

The Backwoods-Cage house the celebration is three days long. All Esther's relatives—a house full—arrive for Christmas Eve. All Ben's relatives come for Christmas night—and that's another packed house. Esther says Ben and Ben have their personal Christmas.

You never can tell who will have the greatest feeling for Christmas. Betty Hutton is so full of bounce, so beautifully dressed that you have to expect her to be as sentimental as a Grandma Moses card—but she is. Not later than the fifteenth of December, and usually a week earlier, Betty has a big old-fashioned green tree set up in her living room and everybody starts trimming it.

"Everybody" is Ted Braslin, her husband; Lindsay and Candy, the two small boys; her brother and sister, Marion—if Marion's in town—and Marion's child. If any of the Braslins turn up from Chicago, they also get into the trimming act.

The tree has never yet been trimmed all in one day—it's about ten feet high, which is one reason—but every time anybody goes by it, something more gets added.

If you should look through their windows on Christmas Eve, you'd see Lindsay and Candy hanging up their stockings over the mantelpiece about eight o'clock and going off to bed each with a shiny new dime to tuck under her pillow, to make her Christmas wishes come true. After the little girls are asleep, Betty and Ted bring out their own presents, unwrap them, but leave them in the boxes under the trees.

If it comes true—and it always does because Lindsay and Candy always wish for something they have wished for about a hundred years ago. They hang up the Department Store Santas—they put the dimes in the poor box at church, which they attend every Christmas morning.

Christmas morning after church, is entirely devoted to the children. The adults don't bring out their packages until late afternoon. Then they sit in a big circle around the tree—grandmothers and grandfathers, brothers, sisters, and every child with his own presents. Each opens one present in turn, so that the whole group can see and admire it.

In Beverly Hills, groups, mostly of teenagers, sing carols outside the houses. Betty, Minnelli, Carole, and Virginia Baker, an Eastern winter, encourages them to come by her house yearly as the next best substitute.

Little does she know that June Haver is a fairy godmother to the Crosby boy. Not necessarily at the Hutton house, but going the rounds. June does it for the pure love of singing. She does herself all up in a red hood and a red coat, and a big white feather boa, and goes about the town. They're not even sure she's yet to be recognized. Whatever money she collects, she puts in her parish poor box. As for the Crosby boys, no less an authority than their father says, "They may not want to smash it.

They do indeed. They turned up at Bob Hope's house a couple of years age and asked for a donation. Bob said he didn't have anything in the cash box at the moment. "Well, give me a long, deep breath," said Lindsay, the youngest Crosby boy.

HOW they ever managed to catch Bob in, is a miracle, too. Junior Hays, and lovely Dolores, can barely snatch him for an hour, either on December 24th or Christmas Day. Yet they are proud that he isn't with them. Because what this wonderful guy does is to spend all Christmas Eve and Christmas Day at veteran hospitals. Bob goes into the bad wards—the "locked wards"—as they are called. For the backwoods-Cage house, and the ones who know full well they will never leave the hospital for home, he brings the most giddy laughter, the gayest songs. Last year, Bob enlisted Maggie Whiting to go along with him. Betty says she wouldn't have missed it for anything.

Scott Brady was one of the boys who escaped all wounds in the war. So, too, did his brothers, Eddie and Larry Tierney. They're the boys in all different branches of the service and the Christmas that seems the most wonderful one of their lives was Christmas, 1945, when for the first time in quite a while they were all together with their parents. This year they will restage that sentimental reunion as they have every year since 1945.

Sally Forrest has her own little restaging which is, buying herself a party dress of the loveliest tulle. That's because tulle reminds her of her childhood, when she was very poor, but determined to be a dancer. The one and only gift she wanted was a ballet skirt. She told her parents, but they told her they
Sylvia of Hollywood has no patience with those who say they can't reduce. She says, “A lot of women think the beauties of the screen and stage are the natural born favorites of the gods. Let me tell you they all have to be improved upon before they are presented to the public. Yes, I know, you are going to come back at me and say, ‘But look at the money they have to spend on themselves. It’s easy to do it with money.’

“Let me tell you something else. I’ve been rubbing noses with money for a good many years now. Big money. Buckets of it. I’ve treated many moneymaking types. But money has nothing to do with it. In most cases, money makes people soft. They get used to having things done for them and never do anything for themselves.”

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couldn’t possibly afford such a present. So she told her grandma, and later she told her aunt. And yes, she got three ballet skirts come Christmas morning.

If you went calling at Jeanne Crain Brinkman’s house, you’d find a third new one there this Yuletide, and if you arrived up until eleven-thirty on Christmas Eve you’d find Jeanne at home. During the early evening, three small boys would have been gathered around her. Later, you’d discover her mother and sister and Paul’s parents. But by eleven-thirty, she and Paul would be out, heading for midnight Mass. And if this year they follow every other year’s custom, they’ll leave the tree lights burning, and the ones outside their house.

Coming back from church, the effect always bowls them over. Paul jumps for his color camera, Jeanne poses, and the next thing they know, it’s three a.m. They tumble into bed, only to have the children wake them at six, so Christmas day finds them utterly exhausted and happy.

Christmas Day finds Joan Evans exhausted, too, but for a quite different reason. Too many parties the night before.

Last Christmas Eve, she attended five. Right this moment she’s booked for seven this season. And, being so modern, right now she knows what her parents are giving her. For her sixteenth birthday, last July, they gave her a heart-shaped ruby ring. She knows they won’t be able to resist giving her matching earrings.

Ann Sothern has a Christmas Eve for “strays,” by which she means the people who aren’t parts of families—girls who are divorced or have never married—men in the same singular situation.

John Hodiak and Anne Baxter have Christmas with a Mexican flavor—and beautiful it is, too. They start making their tree as early as October—as Anne’s mother has always done—tying on boughs, creating “snow” and stuff. Then they make their own ornaments—sequins, rhinestones, paillettes and the like. They bring up those wonderful Mexican tin angels and candle holders from Tin Juana to decorate their rooms and it is all very chic and lovely, and worldly, as these two much-in-love people are.

And it is utterly unlike Doris Day’s Christmas. On Christmas Eve has just her son and her mother at the house—just as she has them every other day of the year. She grins, this warm-hearted, sweet, uninvolved girl, and she says, “We never make a production of Christmas. There’s a fir tree out in our yard that we trim and on Christmas Eve my boy and I tie red bows on our two dogs, and we have just one simple gift for one another. You see, with us, we give presents whenever we think of it, all year round. That way, you get three tree hundred and sixty-five times a year. Not just once.”

**Merry Christmas to you.**

**The End**
That Mad Man Marlon

(Continued from page 41) A T-shirt. But if a hostess hands him a jacket and requests that he wear it he puts it on, doctored as a lamb, and smiles at her so sweetly she goes off in a daze.

It is, in fact, a good bit more than a T-shirt. For instance, as discreet and politic as most stars would have been, about "The Men.

"It's a good picture, with reservations," he says. "I think it should have told the whole truth about paraplegies—and if that shocked all the good people who went to see it—too bad!"

"All that stuff about paraplegies being able to live, marry, have issue. Bull. His voice became more and more scornful. "They can't. One-half of one per cent maybe... We didn't give that impression. We prettied it up!

I'm young in his attitude about money, too. Which, undoubtedly, is why his entire income—minus agents' fees and taxes—goes to his father who sends him $150 a week and invests the handsome remainder in Marsdo, Inc., a cattle-raising farm. He also has a large company that produces mineral food for stock.

"Every month," Marlon says, "my father sends me a check without restrictions. I suppose he understands them. I don't. For all I know he could be spending my money on a chorus girl."

Exactly two days after Marlon receives his weekly allowance he is shopping again. Always five dollars at a time. His one hundred and fifty hasn't gone into riotous living. Most of it has gone into the empty pockets of friends and into his glass bank from which the change is easily extracted by anyone who needs it.

When Marlon was doing "Streetcar" on the stage he never could remember the unfashionable address of his oil-magnetic flat on Tenth Avenue. "Go uptown," he would direct friends, "until you come to about one hundred feet south of 57th Street. I live right next door to the fruit store. Walk up five flights."

His apartments change but never vary: one room with a bed that is rarely made up, a chest of drawers by as empty as his closest, a table, a couch, a desk—and a telephone.

His closet holds one old tweed suit and one pair of dungarees or two pairs of dungarees, depending upon his costume that day and his pocket or his extra. His personal dresser is small collection of socks and undergarments and a few T-shirts. Unless, as sometimes happens, he has used his T-shirt to stuff a bed-pillow that lacks sufficient feather to the top.

Not long ago Marlon ran an advertisement in the Saturday Review of Literature. "Apartment Wanted—Any Old Thing." Landlords took a hand toward Marlon. He keeps his radio tuned up to a station that plays symphonic recordings twenty-four hours a day. And he plays Afro-Cuban drums. At odd hours. Once or twice the hours were so odd and the dinner was so loud the police called on him.

He thinks girls are wonderful but drives the glamour species slightly crazy because he ignores them. He prefers the girls he meets on the tennis courts and in offices. He arrived at a preview of "The Men" with a girl friend who wore blue jeans and an old sweatshirt, across the chest of which was a girl's name. Sometimes she is in, sometimes she is out, depending upon his mood.

They tell me that when Shelley Winters, all dressed up, sought Marlon at a party he turned the other way. The next day, however, when he met her at the studio and she had on an old pair of slacks and a sweater and her hair was away and she was minus make-up he thought she was fine; right away asked her to dinner.

To say Marlon thinks girls are wonderful is only half the story. Not long ago a young actress moved into an apartment that Marlon, Hollywood-bound again, had just vacated. At all hours of the day and night, two weeks to meet Marlon beat a tattoo upon her door. At last, in self-defense, she put up a sign: "Marlon doesn't live here any more."

I first met him following the New York opening of "The Streetcar Named Desire." George Cukor gave a party for Irene Selznick, the producer, and the cast at the 21 Club. Marlon arrived with his parents and the others, as I said, might not prefer to come. They were very yeasty people, he had explained, very simple indeed. They were shy, too, and did not have the right clothes. Mr. and Mrs. Marlon Brando Sr., and Marlon's sister, Jocelyn, were quite equal to the occasion. It developed they had lived comfortably all their lives. Mrs. Brando, for a time, was associated with a "little theater" company in Connecticut which produced a large company that produces mineral food for stock. Jocelyn, an actress, has played the only woman in the cast of "Mr. Roberts." And Franny, an actress, opened a Greenwich Village studio where Marlon stayed when he first came to New York.

Marlon at that time was nineteen. Two months earlier he had left the Shattuck Milling Company, the request of the headmaster. In the interim he had been affiliated with a drainage construction company as a tile fitter. "I dug ditches," he explains. He did not like it. So when his father found his education in any field he admitted he was in love with the theater.

For a year or more he studied drama and acting on his own. Finally, after several more important engagements, he was considered for "The Glass Menagerie." However, Laurette Taylor, the star, thought he did not look sufficiently manly enough to play the part.

For Tennessee Williams, the playwright, Marlon developed the greatest admiration. Sometimes Tennessee let him read his unproduced plays. "A Streetcar Named Desire" he read especially. So it was arranged for him to meet Irene Selznick, the ex-Mrs. David O. Selznick, who produced it—and Elia Kazan, who directed it—at a party. Again Marlon's lack of preparedness caused him many obstacles. His reading of the part, however, could not be overlooked. When he is acting, he loses his shyness, submerges himself completely.

Perhaps you can play Stanley Kowalski..." Kazan told him. "If you will place yourself completely in my hands..."

Marlon did just that. And the critics hailed him: "His talent," they said, "is the kind that comes to the theater once, at most, in a generation."

He should have been. Of course. But he didn't want Hollywood. He turned down over one million dollars' worth of offers. And when "Streetcar" finally closed, a triumph, he went to Europe. He was in Paris, having a grand old time, when Stanley Kramer got him on the trans-Atlantic telephone, told him the story of "The Men" and asked him if he would play the part in it. Marlon liked the story and respected Kramer. He's said "Champion" and "Home of the Brave." "When do you want me?" he asked.

He talks in the thick shelled way he does the screen. Or at least he talks that way usually. But when something absorbs or excites him he lapses into a speech that is crisp and clear.
His thick speech, so a friend insists, is a hangover from his extreme youth when he went all out for the underprivileged and, not wanting them to find him different, sped their manner of talking.

In "A Streetcar Named Desire" the role which made him famous, his thick speech served him well. But there was criticism of his diction, or lack of it, in 'The Men.' Now again, in the screen version of "Streetcar," his speech presents no problem. Following this picture, however, he plans to work with a voice teacher. He's going to college, too, he tells me, to study psychology, French and philosophy.

"I don't care how much money they offer me to do a play or a picture," he says, "I won't make it. I'm going to college for six months. It doesn't make sense to work all the time if you don't have to, and there are other things you want to do.

"I got $40,000 for 'The Men.'

"This year I'm getting $75,000 for the movie of 'Streetcar.' Come 1951, I'll get $125,000 for another movie . . .

In Hollywood, in spite of his handsome salary, he stopped at no fine hotel. Instead, he bunked on the living-room sofa in his aunt's bungalow in Eagle Rock. Also, for four weeks, at his request, he lived as a paraplegic patient at the Birmingham Veterans' Hospital, in a thirty-two-bed ward, spending all of his waking hours in a wheelchair.

One evening, he went with a group of the boys to a cafe. A woman there, inspired by liquid refreshment, was in a crusading mood. "Faith," she told the boys in the wheelchairs, Marlon among them, "can move mountains." If they tried hard enough, she assured them, they could leave their chairs, walk.

Marlon appeared to give her rapt attention. As her talk became ecstatic he began straining at the sides of his chair. At last, with tremendous effort, he got to his feet, took a couple of halting steps and went into a buck-and-wing.

The woman departed. And Marlon and his companions laughed for hours, whenever they remembered the terror in her eyes or her retreating form.

Jokes are wonderful things, Marlon thinks. He has a repertoire of telephone gags. But unlike many prone to this form of amusement he is extraordinarily kind.

Recently, being photographed for a magazine layout, he was required to buy a frankfurter from a pushcart in a tenement neighborhood. Frankfurter in hand, he returned to the car where his press agent waited. "Throw that away if you don't want it," his agent said.

Marlon looked horrified. "Not here! The pushcart man's feelings would be hurt. I'll chuck it out after we get going.'

There are those who do not like Marlon. They see only his unconventional appearance. They hear only his deliberately shocking language. They will tell you he is slightly mad. Others respond to his sweetness, his constantly inquiring mind, his generosity. And there are still others who scream, loud and long, that it doesn't make any difference what Marlon Brando does or doesn't do—that he's an actor.

THE END

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Glad Hands

(Continued from page 9) There’s more to hand care than manicuring. And there’s more to manicuring than a change of polish. But when a new nail polish is hanging there, have you thought of what fun you can have with so many colors? Think of a bright, red for Christmas Eve. Think of a delicate pink when you’re wearing your white cotton gloves, and don’t wear one lipstick color all the time. So don’t wear one polish, either.

No star thinks of going out without first checking her hand make-up any more than she would go out without checking her face. I don’t know what a professional manicure costs in your home town but in Hollywood the better shops charge two dollars. You’d wonder how many top stars are scared by that two dollars, plus tips, into doing their manicures at home.

Of course, any girl, with practice, can give herself a completely professional manicure. For those who haven’t really tried it, we asked Ann Miller (who everybody in movieland calls the prettiest hands) to be photographed giving us a glimpse of her weekly manicure. Ann also gives herself three or four polish changes a week. You may not need that many. It depends upon that hand you wear and how soon you chip your polish. But make it a flat rule to have a complete manicure once a week.

Under Ann’s picture are the directions for this procedure. So I won’t take up space repeating them. I have other hand tips!

For girls who do housework and have their hands chapped, rubber gloves are ideal. But—and here’s the advice of a leading dermatologist—cream your hands first, and then be sure to wear an old pair of white cotton gloves under the rubber ones. When your hands are immersed in hot water, the warmth melts the cream, which soaks into the skin, thus giving your hands a beauty treatment while you work.

Above all, hands must be kept clean. But—and this is a big question: Do you dry them dry, after every washing? Too many girls just sort of wave their hands around, after washing, and then flick a towel at them. It takes only a second longer to make hand-washing a beauty treatment. If the water at your house is hard, a few drops of boracic acid will correct that. When the soap is on your hands, give them a quick little massage. If you’ve got stains on them, a quick rub with a section of lemon will remove these. Dry thoroughly. Then rub in your lotion or baby oil—and do it thoroughly. And then dry again. Keep your hands warm, for you won’t get them dry out again.

Hand massage is too often neglected. If you are a housewife or do any hand work, you don’t need it. But idle hands develop those brown liver spots in old age, unless you see to it that they keep up their circulation through use. And when your hands are mature enough to be plagued with these, you can conceal them very well with foundation cream. This is even good for freckles, for concealing them, that is. Use the foundation cream exactly as you would on your face.

Also, give your hands and nails an oil bath. It’s beyond me why girls, sitting in the sun, will protect their faces and their legs, but let their hands just plus dry out. When you’ve got an idle hour and you’re not on display, really pour the baby oil on—and let it stay on. You’ll be perfectly amazed at what it will do for you.

In winter weather, don’t wear gloves merely for warmth. They too can be a hand beauty treatment, protecting you against chapping and winds. Hollywood girls usually don’t wear kid gloves. They prefer woolens, for better hand circulation and ease in handling car wheels. Besides, they are cheaper and come in cuter colors. Or you can knit your own. Joan Crawford, for instance, made herself some for this holiday season that are green with red Christmas trees on their backs. She sewed some old sequins on the trees for ornaments and the effect was adorable.

As for the manicure business, you don’t necessarily have to use liquid polishes. Some girls are allergic to them and some girls are so conservative (or their dates are so conservative) that they use dry polishes.

For girls who are allergic, it’s good news to know that there are now hypo-allergic liquid polishes and removers on the market. You’ll have to go to a regular department store or drugstore to find them, but they do exist. That’s a fair range of colors, and cost only what regular polish costs.

Whatever liquid polish you use, if it thickens up and is doing too much inconvenience to you, wear it and give it a good shake. Don’t ever try to apply polish that is too thick. Also, it’s a good rule to cut the brush that comes in the polish. A wide brush tends to spread the polish too close to the cuticle. Here in Hollywood, the girls apply polish with three strokes, the first on the edge of the nail, the second one in the middle. To finish, when the polish is absolutely dry, wrap your orangewood stick in cotton, dip it in the remover, then go carefully around the cuticle outline and remove any excess polish. If your polish won’t take it off that particular finger and start over again. Actually, practice makes perfect in manicuring, so the more times you put on polish, the better you’ll get.

Not once, you’ll notice, have I mentioned manicuring scissors. Don’t use them. Use clippers for hangnails. That’s much more effective. And never, never cut cuticle. Push it back every time you wash your hands. That will be all you need to do.

As for rings on your fingers, the Hollywood girls are still going in for big, gobby rings; but they never—or hardly ever—wear more than one ring at a time. The girls who haven’t a Mrs. before their names, of course, want the ring every girl dreams about—and they guard their hands for that very reason.

To dye or not to dye—that is the question. To which many glamour conscious girls or women would like to get an answer. Look for it next month.

THE END

predictions for 1951


Sheilah Graham looks into her crystal ball and warns up with these and other forecasts for the year ahead—in the January Photoplay.
(Continued from page 50) A little part at first, then a better one, then a much better one, and finally, that part in which he "goes all through the picture" and has some chance of being noticed by a talent scout. He's been told repeatedly that he's a "property." From Clark Gable to the newest cowboy signed by a one-picture independent outfit, all players are—at one time or another—"in the building." Properties constantly gaining in value currently are Gene Nelson at Warner Brothers. Hugh Marlowe at the studio, and Marlowe's job—when he left for California—was taken over by an earnest young chap named Ronald Reagan.

In Los Angeles, the Pasadena Playhouse where he studied for three years and worked in seventy-five plays before he was tested for a part in a picture starring George Raft and Carole Lombard. He didn't return to the Pasadena Playhouse. He was tested twice by M-G-M, after the Raft-Lombard try, didn't succeed at either reading. However, he had scarcely returned to New York before Metro paged him for a part in a picture starring a young Carole Landis in "The Dark" opposite Gertrude Lawrence, before Metro paged him again, this time for a small part in "Mrs. Parkington." He also did a part in the Lana Turner picture "Marriage Is a Private Affair" under contract for his second release from the studio.

He returned to the stage for a successful road run of "The Voice of the Turtle" (Hugh's old friend, Ronald Reagan, was in the supporting cast) followed by parts in three other plays before Twentieth Century-Fox asked him to take the part of the young composer in the Judy Garland picture, "Come to the Stable," optioned before being written for his second release from the studio.

Practically everyone in America saw "Come to the Stable" and many persons in the audiences wrote to Hugh Marlowe to ask him to take the part of the young composer in the Judy Garland picture, "Come to the Stable," optioned before being written for his second release from the studio.

The entire company was taken to England to make the picture. For three months, Hugh worked in the film, getting along with it, England, not being all that possible and using his free time to fly to Paris and Rome.

He could scarcely wait to see the completed picture. When he did, he had to accept one more of the routine disappointments in an actor's life. The picture had been too long, so it had been cut. Whenever there was a doubt about the story, Dick Whittington, the British Dick Whittington, who was, after all, the star of the picture, Hugh appeared in only one scene. Hugh has a philosophy about the theatrical business: "A player should go into a show and do the best he can, not with any idea of making big money. In that way, the exertion of doing a good job in the profession one loves is pay-off enough. And, oddly enough, money—in the persistent greatest effort and dedicated interest—takes care of itself."

About his loss of roles and his occasional disappearance from a picture in
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publicity department to pick up the latest gossip. Saying to those who inquire, ‘I’m not sure what the rumor is, but there’s talk of shooting ‘Forever,’ that marvelous Mildred Cram story, and I understand I’m to be tested.” The publicity department quickly plans the “pre-tests” column, or with Hedda Hopper, Harriett Carroll, “Skimmy” Johnston, or Sidney Skolsky. A day or so later, the item appears in the paper. You clip it for your scrapbook. You receive a letter with a continues triumph from back home. Two weeks later, Corwin Kensington is said to have been tested for the same part. Two weeks after this, the studio owning the picture rights announces that it has been delayed.

Bored, you make another mistake of the neophyte. You begin to hit the night clubs. You spend your money too fast, you feel tired the next morning, you begin to get mention in all the columns —out with a different girl, or man, every night. Eventually everyone tags you as a Playboy or a playgirl. The casting director in your film will call you the gym instructor or the diction coach or the dancing instructor and wants-to know when you were last in a class. Your option turns white with apprehension. You have long since turned blue with frustration.

Or, and here is the paradox, you may be an exceptionally pretty girl whom the studio is building steadily, but with caution. Listening for some years for a specific studio purpose, but you are to be kept active. You pose for a coat layout, to be syndicated; you pose for a hat layout; you serve as a mannequin for a Junior League Christmas display. At this point the Pinnaker’s Union wants a “starlet” to be photographed as “The Girl We Would Most Like To Get Stuck On.” You are offered the role; you alter the caption of Local 1065; you go through a pin factory, followed by a photographer.

You get a “bit” part in a colossal picture and are sent out on a personal appearance tour to publicize the cloth. You hit forty-two major cities in fifty days. Your ears ring with Southern accents, Northern accents, train whistles, sirens, airplane motors, the cries of autograph seekers.

For seven successive parts; you find you are not the type. You cry yourself to sleep (and men have done this as well as girls) and the next morning you are called to test for the part of the heroine in “Romeo and Juliet.” Pale and shaken, listless and disillusioned, you sleepwalk through the test. And— you get the part!

In this, your first big break, you are given every advantage. Everyone is pulling for you. The electricians (juicers) call you “Baby” and fuss about the lights on your hair. The make-up department knocks itself out to give your hair every attention and your make-up is especially designed to do the most for you. One of the best designers in the studio is assigned to execute your wardrobe.

The dialogue director spends hours with you, helping you to the crux of the situation—suggesting—coaching. The oldtimers in the cast, glorying in your break and welcoming you to the fraternity of the theater, give you sage advice. The star of the picture probably knows a hundred things that gives you every advantage. He is on your team.

If you are a man you might, like Gig Young, get your first big break opposite Bette Davis, and you might make a fortune, as Gig and Davis have. Gig played the part that have been delayed. At every opportunity. Or you might be like David Brian and find yourself working with Joan Crawford, one of the most generous stars in the business. Even the director, whom you had seen before in the distance as someone awe-

some and frightening, turns out to be a kindly and affable man.

Before the picture is over you test for a part in a remake of “Smilin’ Through,” and you are set for the part. You walk around in a roseate haze. You are on your way.

Without a test, you are cast as Beverly in a remake (with political signification) of “Beverly of Graustark.” You are to be co-starred.

The newly launched star has the sometimes irritating connotations delightful experience of being recognized in public places. Youngsters will ask for autographs. Oldsters will occasionally stop someone like Frances Langford to say, “My huage. I thought you were in the Pacific just the week before he was shot down. He said you gave him the first real taste of home and fun he had known since he left the States. Thank you, ma’am.”

You are mildly apprehensive as you go to the studio. You don’t know what to say, how much to enlarge upon your background and experience. You hope you will be able to think of anecdotes and you hope you won’t say something which, if published, will make you sound absurd.

You will find, once the interview starts, that although some writers act like black widow spiders, most of them will prove to be journeymen newspaper people and responsible reporters.

At the end of your first year or thereabouts it is pretty sure that you should have plans for a new life like most budding star in Hollywood—would have golden glimpses of the future. There might come a moment when you would see your name in a marquee in some type, under, “My hacker. I thought you were in the Pacific just the point you would subscribe to a clipping service (about $7.00 per month) and some member of your family would start a scrapbook.

Stardom is earned by planning, perseverance, perspiration, patience, the power to believe, to hold steady, to pay off when the time is right, as well as by possessing talent and the training to showcase it.

Stardom pays off in professional satisfaction, prominence, a varying amount of financial success, and—and everything has its price—in unexpected heartaches and in goldfish exposure.

However, few are those who—having seen their names in lights—would give up the theatrical profession for any other calling on earth.

Perhaps you think that if you finally achieved recognition in Hollywood, all your troubles would be over. But the rising star faces many new problems. We’ll tell you about them next month.

THE END

"How a Star is Born" has brought too many queries to be answered by mail. At the conclusion of this series, Fredda Dudley will answer these questions in a supplementary feature.
Winter Gaities

(Continued from page 10) will allow—and the skirt straight! Outside of that, there’s no limit to the smart choices you can make in fabric, cut or detail. Jane Wyman makes a slick suit into a daytime wardrobe—white with a jacket, hat and wide belt. The tailoring is mannish. Coat is brown suede-flannel that sometimes tops a brown and white striped skirt of slightly lighter weight wool. The other skirt is of matching brown flannel with a bold print. With the monotone combination goes Janie’s high-necked vest of soft wool checked in brown, tan, white and sporting a thin red stripe.

One of Anna Sheridan’s favorites is slightly on the dressier side but a suit, nevertheless—and one that can go from morn till night—right through a dinner date. It’s a yarn-dyed wool suit in deep grape, and the coat is a wool gabardine with a notched collar (that makes a nice background for jeweled or hunky lapel accessories). The color and type of this outfit gives limitless opportunities for colorful hats, bags, gloves, etc.

The vogue is continuing for velvet—velvet and more velvet! At least a half dozen things you own can be converted, with little cost, into a brand-new wardrobe. How about a black velvet top (high or low necked) for that full-skirted, pastel last year’s party dress? Or how about the reverse: A slim or full black velvet skirt to dress that dashing red coat with a pertering top that you have to let “it hang”?

Even if you’ve got a raft of new clothes in other materials, the velvet accessories are your best bet. Make additions something really casual and cute by attaching a rather large black velvet change purse to the belts of brightly colored dresses, and just let it dangle.

You can select something in any type of hat—but be sure it’s small! So say Sally Victor and Hollywood’s own Kenneth Hopkins. Keneth is even bringing back the head-hugging turban! And plenty of tiny cap-type shoes are too toward the back of the dome. Some are fashioned of tiny velvet leaves (all colors) with bits of sparkling beads or sequins over them.

Liz Taylor and Irene Dunne went for lots of French fashions. They are just enamored just about everything that Fath, Dior or Balmain had to show. The Taylor gal bought four Balmanes—among them an evening gown in pink wool mohsseline, its body embroidered with bird design. It had colored pastel gem-like beads. A belt of gray taffeta and a gray taffeta scarf-stole lined with pink, go with this dress.

Gene Tierney and Donna Reed borrowed Joe Cotten’s house for a designer dancing party for about sixty. Gala who think their gala gowns should remain long “in opposition” to the sudden rush for short evening dresses. For Gene’s white lace formal, designed by Oleg, swept the floor.

The weather remained warm enough this late autumn for Dinah Shore and George Montgomery to get in a few of those outdoor garden parties on the beautiful grounds of their valley ranch. Sipping and sampling the very informal buffet dishes (hot dogs, baby hamburgers, barbecued ribs, beans and rolling among the Montgomerys’ massive old oaks were Claudette Colbert, the Bill Bendixes, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, the Charlie (Mocamo) Morrissons, the Johnny Greens (all over the place snapping people with their cameras) and Nancy Sinatra, looking like a doll in a chic but demure gray, tight-bodiced, full-skirted ballet-length dress. Greg Bautzer, present with-

out Ginger Rogers, disappeared like lightening when Joan Crawford (alone) arrived. Joan left early to pick up two of her kids and take them to the Vets Hospital at Long Beach to entertain the boys.

Believe us, amidst all the gaiety and fun of recent soirees, the seriousness of what’s going on in the world isn’t being forgotten by those who dine and dance. There is as much war-scare talk as there is small talk, and lots of the stars, particularly the gals, have been discussing ways and means to organize campaigns that would, with the help of their propaganda, stop the senseless and unpatriotic hoarding of food and clothes by some clumsy citizens.

JANET LEIGH, so long romancing with Arthur Loew, Jr., that everyone was sure they’d be altar-marching by now, has given everyone another thing to think about. Young actor Bob Quarrie and Janet brought him to a little get-together at their house. Janet and Bob never left each other’s side the whole evening.

Joan Fontaine came to see her best, Bill Gillette, because he hadn’t arrived from New York on time. He’s a radio exec. Sonja Henie and her Winnie couldn’t talk of anything but the thousands of dollars the American Milliner Winnie has made of her latest ice show. And you can bet you’ll be seeing it on your TV screens soon. George Burns and his darlin’ Gracie Allen, Dinah Shore and her hus- band the V. Johnsons and song-and-jimmy McHugh were a few who midnight-suppered, sang and stayed with us till the small hours.

Marie Wilson and Allan Nixon (watch the boost his career will get from the hit film “Pickup”) dinner-partied for the Jack Kellers who were leaving for Honolulu as guests of the Jerry Lewises. The Lewises were looking marvelous (golly! is she party!), the John Lunds, Shelley Winters—who showed up with Scott Brady on their first date—Constance Dowling, just back from moviemaking in Italy, with director Cy Endfield, who is among the directors and charade-players at the Nixons.

Nancy Sinatra gave a big, old-fashioned hoe-down and greeted her seventy-five guests in the cutest calico dress, with little beads. She said she never could get a whole Everybody was seated for a wonderful Mexican dinner and boy! how they went for the “hot” food. Janet Leigh and Bob Quarrie (again!) won the prize as the best square-dancers and the way they had the luck of the dance, on their way to the awards.

Lana Turner wore a strapless, tight bodice dress of silver and white brocaded satin topping (no pun!) several skirts of white net at a recent dancing party. Her hat must have been at least thirty years around the bottom! Seemed to be wired out a bit at the hips—and oh, how it floated! Van Johnson and Roz Russell knocked golly! is she party! the John Lunds, Shelley Winters—she said no, the way they hit the dance. Vivien Leigh at the same party was simply gowned in a net dress of varying shades of violet, very full-skirted, floor-length. It was strange, amongst all the dancers and charaders, that she should be here at all.

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Nurse—What Next?

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Clyde State_
(Continued from page 53) acutely unhappy. He is in that transitory state of a man who is reconciled and adjusting himself as sensibly as possible.

I talked with you and Elizabeth after your first trouble, you were both so sure you could make a success of your marriage," I reminded this tall, good-looking young song-and-dance man who is also making a name for himself as a fine actor.

"Not sure," he corrected. "Hopeful, and prayerful, perhaps, in spite of our better judgment. The first time we parted, I wanted to make up with Liz more than anything else in the world. There seemed too much invested in our marriage to break it up after the years we had spent together.

"Liz had told me the same thing. In her cool social way, Dan's slim, blonde wife had told me, "I love Dan, and he loves me. We both love our little son. We're not the type of people who thrive on bickering. We want more than anything else in the world to reconcile with Dan. But it must be right!"

Trying to make it right between themselves took several months. During that time, Dan wooed his estranged wife as ardently as though she were a girl he had just met and with whom he had just fallen in love. He would call her for "dates."

So what had happened?

"Was the basic difference between your temperaments too much to weather?" I asked Dan.

"That is as good an excuse as any," he said. With a sigh, "Perhaps it would be more truthful to say that many things beyond our control happened to change us from the couple we had been eight years ago when we met and married."

"I knew something of what he meant. Dan was not the big success then that he is now. He had plenty of time to spend with Elizabeth and with her friends, riding, yachting and yes, loafing. Because she comes of a rich and socially important family she never has known too much about the demands of hard work."

Then came the war and Dan was called to the service of his country. It was their first separation and both were miserable. Liz's friends told him it was wrong for her to stay home all the time and brood about Dan. He did not want her to, either. But men have a way of talking out of both sides of their mouths. They may say they want their pretty wives to enjoy themselves—but about ninety per cent of them would like the little woman at home all the time they are away.

When Dan came back from the war the big breaks started happening in his career. His musical comedies with Betty Grable were sensational hits at the box office. More and more there were demands on his time, his attention and his interests.

I believe that Liz could never understand that the studio was spending a lot of time and money building Dan and so, when he was asked to do personal appearances in various night clubs late at night, or over weekends, he had a responsibility too. She had interests and friends which she thought as important to their happiness as Dan's career. Little by little the demands of Dan's fame became more irksome to her.

"How long were you and Liz happy after you went back together?" I asked.

"The first few months were wonderful," he answered, "I was like a lover courting her all over again. We tried so hard to please each other. It was heaven.

"But the old problems came back. We began to lose patience. The misunderstandings, the petty bickering started all over again."

"I was typically masculine, I suppose. I don't think I'm a hard fellow to get along with—men seldom think that. Maybe I expected too much—but when a fellow works as hard as I do going from one picture to another, all he wants is for his wife to put her interests before his when he comes home and say, "Hey are you, old boy? No matter what went wrong at the studio today, everything is all right now you are home."

"Just a matter of time. We began to spend our evenings carrying on the disputes that had begun in the morning. Quarrels, quarrels, quarrels—little ones, then big ones. Almost everything we talked about brought on some sort of temeramental outbreak from one or the other of us."

"I would accuse Liz of not being interested in my work. She would accuse me of having no interest in what she had been doing to impress friends. We were both right, I suppose—and both so wrong. It is only fair that you talk with her after this talk with me. I am sure she has her side of things."

"But Liz would not discuss this separation. She told me the last time I talked with her, "I am interested, of course, and proud of Dan's success. But I cannot be content, as so many Hollywood wives are, to talk, eat and sleep nothing but pictures and what is going on at the studio."

"Because I am the friend of many actors and am a Hollywood reporter, I have always felt that Liz believes I am more on Dan's side than on hers. I am sorry she feels that way because I pride myself on always reporting both sides of any dispute, particularly anything as serious as the break-up of a marriage. Often I have been accused of being too much on the woman's side. I must admit that I am too easy to live with and, believe me, it takes rare tact, understanding and the patience of Job to make a success of any marriage!"

I am sure I startled Dan half out of his wits when I asked, "Does any other girl enter into this?"

"He jumped, reached for a cigarette, lighted it and sat down before he exploded with a laugh. "And you think I am a fool, I'll tell you right in the eye when I swear to that."

"Like any other man, I am attracted by a pretty girl. But after a marriage has lasted as long as Liz's and mine, a man has a right to expect his wife to understand that he is not in love with every charming girl he may admire. I have never honestly been in love with anyone but Liz in all the time we were married."

"Oh, Dan," I said, "why didn't you and Liz try just extra hard when you feel that way about her and there is the love you both bear for the little boy? Why didn't you try to pretend you are happy, maybe a miracle will have happened."

"Let me tell you something, Louella," he said, seriously. "Several weeks ago my father was here to visit us. I felt I had told him all that I knew. I think that everything wasn't all right between Liz and me. She felt the same way."

"I can't tell you how wonderful she was all the time Dad was with us. You wouldn't believe what I have to tell you. We∧หไม่ได้แต่งงานกันแต่ต้องมีงานอะไรให้ทำ."

"We both realized that it was over, finished and done with between us. As sad as it was, it was for the best. I knew we could no longer find happiness together."

Dan sighed ever so slightly. "After that, there were no more quarrels or scenes. No more hot words or slammed doors. No more tears."

"What about their kids?"

"He's three years old now," said Dan, "and such a wonderful little fellow. He is the reason we both fought so hard to hold our home together. But it is not good for children to be raised in an atmosphere of unhappiness. Maybe it is better for him, in the long run, that he will see his parents at their best—and not at their worst! At least, I want to believe this is true."

"Since I had this talk with Dan, I have seen him several times. Sometimes it is early in the morning, walking down to Del-haven's to have breakfast at the counter before reporting at the studio. Sometimes it is at night—with a party in a night club."

He seems lonely—like a man trying to kill time. But he does not seem tormented, restless and miserable as he did when he still hoped his marriage could be patched.

For better or for worse—the final chapter is ended on the Dailey marriage.

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