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Lana Turner

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Joan Evans
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WHEN I GAVE COLGATE CARE A CHANCE I PUT THE "MAN" INTO ROMANCE!

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- While You Clean Your Teeth -
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SUE, YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING IT TAKES...IF YOU JUST GET YOUR DENTIST TO GIVE YOU THE FACTS ON...ON BAD BREATH!

FIND GOERS Your. Edith. 20
Lyle Kay. Artistica. Betty. Sterling. 31
Tom Molly. 27
Hymie 58
Shadow Shirley. Vicky. 50
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Member of The True Story Women's Group
Silvered with stars, spangled with song, and wrapped up in romance...

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

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

M.G.M. presents

"PAGAN LOVE SONG"

starring

ESTHER WILLIAMS

wooed with songs by

HOWARD KEEL

that "Annie Get Your Gun" guy!

color by

TECHNICOLOR

HEAR THE FAMED "PAGAN LOVE SONG" and others:
- "Sea Of The Moon"
- "House Of Singing Bamboo"
- "Why Is Love So Crazy"
- "Singing In The Sun"
- "Tahiti"

SUNG BY THE STARS IN THE M-G-M RECORDS ALBUM
My problem is my aunt. Mother is so tired when she comes home from work she lets my aunt decide what we children may do, where we are allowed to go, and what time we should be at home. This causes us to miss a lot of fun because she is jealous of the good times we have. She is bitter about life and is always saying that she wasn’t allowed to do certain things, wear certain things, etc.

Don’t ever forget this: Misery, if not faced and conquered, makes people mean. Undoubtedly you were right in your assumption that your aunt’s bitterness has been caused by her failure to marry. But when you charged her with this sorrow it was like pouring salt on an open wound.

If you knew the full story of your aunt’s life, it might be more poignant to you than the most thrilling movie you have ever seen.

If your aunt were blind, you would understand her falling down occasionally. But it is very difficult to do some things for herself, and her resentment of this handicap: If she were lame, you wouldn’t expect her to play tennis. In a way, your aunt carries a more serious wound; it affects her to the very essence of her being. Further, she is given no sympathy. The world ridicules a woman who—sometimes for a noble and self-sacrificing reason—has never taken a mate. She is entitled to all the respect and consideration that you would give to any other person.

If you will look upon your aunt and treat her as if she had a right to your love and consideration, you may be surprised at the growth in her behavior.

Incidentally, I know you were over-dramatizing yourself when you said you thought of killing your aunt, but don’t ever think of such a thing, and don’t say it. It isn’t becoming to you.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am forty-five and I have been a widow since I was twenty-seven. I have been married only fourteen months when my husband was killed in a hunting accident. Because I came from a very wealthy family he was an only child), I came into a comfortable sum of money.

During the World War II years I was active in canteen work. I met a young man, even though I didn’t enjoy his company very much although ours was entirely a friendly, not a romantic relationship. He was married at the time—one of those wartime cases of spontaneous marriage arranged by young people just to be together. Until a year ago we maintained a twice-a-year and Christmas-card association, but just after Christmas, 1949, this man came to our city in hopes of establishing himself as a writer.

He is doing well, has made a few sales, but now his money is gone. He has asked me to marry him. He says he needs the protection of a home and the freedom from worry that my income would give him; he is quite frank about it. However, he adds that he cares for me deeply, that he isn’t a cad and does not intend to take advantage of me, but that he believes he will be able to assume the expenses of our household within three to five years.

Although I love this man intensely, all my conservative New England training tells me that the problems in such a marriage are insurmountable. Do you think I might have a chance for happiness?

Agnes L.

You might have a chance for great happiness. It seems to me that both you and your husband are intellectually and usually relationships between such persons depend more on the mental and spiritual factors than on physical or financial factors.

However, would be remiss if I did not call one fact to your attention: Divorce statistics indicate that the greatest cause of marital difficulties is dissatisfaction over finances. Long before your marriage, you should discuss your situation with an attorney, fully and frankly. He would be able, after such a discussion, to set up legal means of protecting you, and at the same time work out a dignified method for supplying your husband with funds.

Don’t postpone or neglect such action because of embarrassment. A glance at almost any metropolitan daily paper will show you that the wise woman is she who protects herself in advance.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fifteen and I have two brothers aged eighteen and sixteen. Our father died when we were very small so we had to move in with my grandfather, grandmother and our unmarried aunt.

Sandra B.

A wartime problem should be interpreted as much as possible on a peacetime basis. You know, from reading this column (I hope) that I do not believe in extremely young marriages. In most situations, I believe that a girl of seventeen is not quite ready to assume the heavy responsibility of marriage. If she has the self-sacrifice required of individuals who plan to build a permanent union.

Too often a wartime marriage is a romanticized social engagement, much like a series of high school dates, careless of the future. In the case of your sister, your mother has had to assume the responsibility of the child of the war marriage. Much as she may have loved the task, she should not have been burdened in this way.

Until a girl is twenty-one and capable of earning her own living, as well as being able to provide for a possible child of a wartime marriage, she should do well to heed the advice of her parents.

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.
Mr. Music makes it the happiest holiday of all!

It's Mr. Music, Himself... In The Musical Story Packed with All The Fun and Songs and Dancing and Spectacle Anyone Could Ask For!

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"Life is So Peculiar"
"Accidents Will Happen"
"High on the List"
"And You'll Be Home"
"Wouldn't It Be Funny"
"Wasn't I There"
"Milady"
"Once More the Blue and White"
"Mister Music"

Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH
Suggested by a Play by Samson Raphaelson
Lyrics by Johnny Burke

Starring
BING CROSBY
NANCY OLSON
CHARLES COBURN
RUTH HUSSEY
with ROBERT STACK
Tom Ewell Charles Kemper
and MARGE & GOWER CHAMPION

Mr. Music, Himself...

LIFE IS SO PECULIAR
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN
HIGH ON THE LIST
AND YOU'LL BE HOME
WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY
WASN'T I THERE
ONCE MORE THE BLUE AND WHITE
MISTER MUSIC

Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH
Suggested by a Play by Samson Raphaelson
Lyrics by Johnny Burke

Directed by RICHARD HAYDON
Written for the Screen by Arthur Sheekman
Music by James Van Heusen - A Paramount Picture

Guest Stars!

GROUCHO MARX
DOROTHY KIRSTEN
PEGGY LEE
THE MERRY MACS
**Brief Reviews**

(F) ABBOTT AND COSTELLO IN THE FOREIGN LEGION—U-I: Bud and Lou, a couple of Brooklyn bookies, are railroaded into joining the French Foreign Legion. Fun if you like the zany comics. (Oct.)

(F) ALL ABOUT EVE—20th Century-Fox: A brilliantly written and performed satire on the theater and its luminaries with Bette Davis as a great star; Anne Baxter, a young hopeful; Hugh Marlowe, a playwright; Celeste Holm, his wife; George Sanders, a critic and Cary Grant, a director. (Dec.)

(F) BLACK ROSE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Spectacular is the word for this historical epic, which takes Tyrone Power from a not-so-merrie England to the palaces of far off Cathay. Cecile Aubrey is The Black Rose; Orson Welles a mighty mongolien general. (Nov.)

(F) BREAKING POINT, THE—Warner: John Garfield is a lawyer for his crusader for fishing parties and gets involved with gangsters and sure Pat Neal. Phyllis Thaxter is superb as his wife in this rugged screen fare. (Nov.)

(F) COPPER CANYON—Paramount: Continuing colorful post Civil War story laid in the copper-rich West. Hedy Lamarr, Ray Milland supply the romance, MacDonald Carey, the villainy. With Mona Freeman, Harry Carey Jr. (Nov.)

(F) DARK CITY—Warner: Paramount: Gammaleurs Charlton Heston, Jack Webb, Ed Begley are marked for murder by maniac brother of suicide Don DeFore before they took for $5,000 in a crooked card game. Heston registers in his film debut, with Lurchard Scott, Viveca Lindfors. (Nov.)

(F) EDGE OF DOOM—Goldwyn-RKO: A grim melodrama with Farley Granger as an emotional boy who kills an old priest. Dan Andrews, a young priest, tries to help Farley. With Joan Evans, Male Powers, Roger Livesey. (Nov.)

(F) EYE WITNESS—Coronado-Eagle Lion: New York lawyer Robert Montgomery goes to England for a murder mystery. (Nov.)

(F) FANCY PANTS—Paramount: This is strictly slapstick as Bob Hope goes West to be butler to any man rich Louise Hall and gets mixed up for an English earl by gun-toting Bruce Cabot. (Oct.)

(F) FIREBALL, THE—Thirteenth Century-Fox: A fast-moving story of the skating game with Mickey Rooney as a brash rink star who, struck by palsy at the height of his career, finally learns humility. With Pat O'Brien, Beverly Tyler, Marilyn Munroe. (Nov.)

(F) FULLER BRUSH GIRL, THE—Columbia: More puce than plot in this zany comedy which has Lucille Ball and Eddie Albert boxed in murder, smuggling and slapstick. (Dec.)

(F) GLASS MENAGERIE, THE—Warners: Gartrude Lawrence makes her Hollywood debut in poignant story of a mother's frustrated efforts to find a husband for crippled daughter Jane Wyman. Arthur Kennedy is magnificent as her dreamy son. Kirk Douglas plays "the gentleman caller." (Oct.)

(F) HARRIST CRAIG—Colombia: This third production of "Craig's Wife" stars Joan Crawford as the dominating mother who almost wrecks the lives of husband Wendell Corey and niece K. T. Stevens. A woman's picture. (Dec.)

(F) I'LL GET BY—20th Century-Fox: A happy musical featuring top songs of World War No. 2, with Bull Session as an ambitious song publisher. June Haver and Gloria DeHaven as a famous sister act that sings his songs. With Dennis Day and surprise guest stars. (Dec.)

(F) JACKPOT, THE—20th Century-Fox: A hilarious comedy about what happens to Jimmy Stewart and Barbara Hale after he becomes the lucky (F) winner of a gigantic radio quiz. With James Gleason, Patricia Morison. (Dec.)

(F) KIM—M-G-M: Exciting screen version of Rudyard Kipling's story of intrigue in India, with Errol Flynn positively as a horse-trader and Dean Stockwell as Kim. With Paul Lukas. (Dec.)

(F) KING SOLOMON'S MINES—M-G-M: Until this film it was hard to imagine that Hume Cronyn as a guide leads Deborah Kerr and Richard Carlson through the wilds of darkest Africa. Vivid animal sequences are worth the admission. (Oct.)

(F) KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE—Columbia: Former gangster, juste stick-up man Jimmy Cagney whose yen 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, A—M-G-M: Immigration inspector John Hodiak is torn between love and duty when he falls for Hedy La-

mar, who's trying to enter the U. S. illegally with the help of smuggler, George Macready. (Oct.)

(F) LIE'S DANCE—Paramount: This somewhat plot-heavy musical has Betty Hutton and son as fugitives from stodgy Boston grandmother-in-law, Lucile Watson, Betty meets former U.S.O. dance partner Fred Astaire and becomes a nightclub star. With Ruth Warrick, Sheppard Strudwick. (Nov.)

(F) LIFE OF HER OWN, A—M-G-M: A romantic drama concerning the rise of model Lana Turner and her emotional problems when she gets entangled with Ray Milland. Margaret Phillips is excellent as Ray's crippled wife, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, Barry Sullivan fine in lesser roles. (Nov.)

(F) MAGNIFICENT YANKEE, THE—M-G-M: Louella Calhern and Ann Harding star in this patriotic picture based on the Washington chapter in the lives of Supreme Court Justice and Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Dec.)

(F) MILKMEN, THE—U-I: A Grade A comedy starring Donald O'Connor and Jimmy Durante as daffy deliverers who meet up with Piper Laurie, Joyce Holden and some had men too. (Nov.)

(F) MISTER Bucky—20th Century-Fox: A heart-warming comedy in which counterfeiter Edmond Gwenn drives Secret Service agent Burt Lancaster and the Treasury Department to distraction. Dorothy McGuire's the love interest. (Nov.)

(F) MR. MUSIC—Paramount: One of Bing's best, this gay musical stars Crosby as a songwriter who'd rather leaf than labor until Nancy Olson comes along. With Ruth Hussey, Charles Coburn, Bob Stock, Tom Ewell. (Dec.)

(F) MY BLUE HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox: An amusing musical comedy in which Duke Ellington is a famous TV group who'll adopt a baby. With David Wayne, Jane Wyatt. (Nov.)

(F) MY WAY—20th Century-Fox: With hate-ridden Richard Widmark's brother dies after treatment by negro intern Sidney Poitier, Dock en-}

(F) MURDER MYSTERY—Warner: This con-}}ed story of the after-effects of a criminal attack on a man named Paul Douglas makes its mark despite good performances by Todd Andrews, Robert Clark. (Oct.)

(F) PETTY GIRL, THE—Columbia: Easy on the eyes is this Technicolor tale about college professor Joan Caulfield who forgets higher educa-}tion when she meets Petty Girl creator, Robert Cummings, with Elsi Lanchester. (Nov.)

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**DANDIER THAN YANKEE**

Warner Bros. 
Song-spangled, colors-flying salute to Uncle Sam's own Cadets...

---

**DOODLES DANDY**

He's a hot shot hooper—putting the West Pointers through their paces in the All-American Show-of-Shows!
CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

WASHINGTON—Warners: Advertising executives Morgan Zachary Scott are floored when their bachelor-girl secretary Betty Drake is mistakenly believed to be a mother. A cute comedy. With Edmund Gwenn.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN—Warners: An outdoor drama with action—and heart. Fredric March, as a Confederate soldier during the last days of the Civil War, rescues and falls for Patricia Wymore, fiancée of Union Lieut. Scott Forbes. (Dec.)

SADDLE TRAMP—U-I: The inevitable happens in this story of the West when Joel McCrea, a shiftless cowpoke, is forced to look after his dead partner's four kids—and Wanda Hendrix. (Nov.)

STELLA—20th Century-Fox: A slightly far-fetched but gay farce about a daffy family, Ann Sheridan, David Wayne and Evelyn Varden, who bury a black sheep uncle and get involved in complications unlimited. With Vic Mature. (Oct.)

SUMMER STOCK—M-G-M: Loads of songs, dances and laughs as Gene Kelly makes a star of farmette Judy Garland and a successful theater of her barn, with Eddie Bracken, Gloria DeHaven. (Oct.)

TEA FOR TWO—Warners: A nostalgic musical of "Two on the Twenties" with the concerns of Gordon MacRae, Doris Day, Gene Nelson and S.Z. Sakall to put on a Broadway show. (Oct.)

THREE HUSBANDS—Gloria U.A: A sophisticated comedy of domestic relations with Harold da Silva, Shepperd Strudwick, Robert Karst as the husbands; Faye Arden, Ruth Warrick, Vanessa Brown as their wives and Emlyn Williams as a millionaire who causes their marital mix-up. (Oct.)

THREE SECRETS—Warners: Eleonore Parker, Ruth Roman and Patricia Neal each believes 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. (Oct.)

TRIP TO LONE STAR—M-G-M: A routine story which has more auto racing than romance—despite co-starring of Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck, John Hodiak. (Dec.)

UNION STATION—Paramount: Exciting chase film in which William Holden, Nancy Olson and Barry Fitzgerald join forces to capture Lily Betterg, kidnapper of Allene Roberts. (Oct.)

ROGUE ON THE RUN—Pakety-U-I: Ann Sheridan etalits Dennis O'Keefe's help in tracking down her husband, Ross Elliott—an innocent who was accused of a gangland killing. Suspenseful murder mystery. (Dec.)

BREAKTHROUGH—Warners: Capt. Hale, David Brian; Lt. Joe Mallery, John Agar; Sgt. Bell, Frank Lovejoy; Domincik, Bill Campbell; Pvt. Ed Brehm, Paul Picerni; Pvt. Frank Finley, Greg McInerney; "Four E" Nelson, Richard Monahan; Sgt. Roy Henderson, Eddie Morris; Pvt. Jumbo Holt, Matt Willis; Houses, Dick Wesson; Collette, Suzanne Hulbert; Pvt. George Glavine, William Hopper; Pvt. Robbison, Danny Arnold; Lt. Janis King, Danne Swern. (Nov.)

SEPTEMBER AFFAIR—Wallis-Paramount: Missouri Stuart, Joan Fontaine; David Lawrence, Joseph Cotten; Maria Salvantini, Frances Rosay; Catharine Lawrence, Jess Barker; David Lawrence Jr., Robert Arthur; Johnny Wilson, Jim Bylon; Grazia Bonanza, Franko, Grazia Negri, Costi. Anna D'Amato, Vittoria Portinari, Lou Steele; Miss. Hympton, Mrs. Vancourt. SOUND OF FURY, THE—Stillman-U.A.: Howard Tyler, Frank Lovejoy; Judy Tyler, Kathleen Ryan; Gil Stanton, Richard Carlson; Jerry Sluew, Lloyd Bridges; Hazel, Katherine Locke; Velma, Adele Jergens; Hal Clendening, Art Smith; Dr. Rosine, Renzo Cesana; Helen Stanton, Irene Von; Phil Clendening, Lynn Gray; Sheriff Demme, Cliff Clark; Mike, Debbie Greer; Prof. Martin, Mack Williams; Barbara Colson, Jane Easton; Herb Colson, John Petral; Kathy, Mary Lawrence; Tommy Tyler, Donald Smeeke. STATE SECRET—Columbia: Dr. John Marlowe, Douglas Fairbanks Jr.; Lt. Glynis Johns; Colonel Galoot, Jack Hawkins; Theodor, Herbert Lom; Dr. Roy, Kareo Stepanek; General Nira, Walter Ellis; Prada, Carl Jaffe; Bali, Oleg Lowe; Teresa, Theresa Van Ayre; Skip, Hans Morse; Carpe Carrier, Erio Pohlman; Moco, Peter Illing; Bar, Paul Demel; State Pockten, Anton Dittling.

TWO FLAGS WEST—20th Century-Fox: Col. Clay Tucker, Joseph Cotten; Elena Kennethson, Linda Darnell; Kennethson, Jeff Chandler; Capt. Mark Bradford, Cornel Wilde; Len, Dale Robertson; Pvt. Terrance Deary, Jay C. Flippen; Cy Davis, Noah Berry; Ethriun Strong, Harry Von Zell; Lt. Adams, John Sand; Pvt. Pickens, Arthur Hunnicutt; Sefton, Jack Lee; Holn, Robert Alder; Lt. Reynolds, Harry Carter; Dr. Magocox, Ferriia Tassha; Mrs. Magocox, Sally Coroe; Corry, Simplexia, Everett Grant, Steve McQueen; Emlyn Williams; Wynn, Brian; Gino P Московск, John Pardee; Alice, Patti Davis; John, Jr., Patric, Jacky Morgan; Gordon; Maria, Aurora Castillo, Colonel Hoffman, Stanley Andrews; Ash Cooper, Dan Garnier.

TWO WEEKS WITH LOVE—M-G-M: Patti Robinson, Jane Powell; Donna Armacost, Ricardo Montana; Mrs. Robinson, Lona Calhenn; Mama Robinson, Jane Allyn Hodes; Mrs. Roy, Marjorie Bennett; Lib. Lee MacGregor; Captain, Roy Gordon; Maria, Aurora Castillo, Colonel Hoffman, Stanley Andrews; Bus Cooper, Dan Garnier.

CATS OF THE STORM

JAMES CAGNEY VIRGINIA MAYO

DANIEL MACRAE GENE NELSON

"by the Kissing Rock"

"It's Raining Sundrops"

"Military Polka"

"You Love Me"

"Long Before I Knew You"

"Brooklyn"
Gaily greeting their friends at the Stork Club are New York visitors, Ginger Rogers, the Gordon MacRaes.

Touring the Town: Bette Davis, back from honeymooring at Prouts Neck, Maine, moving into husband Gary Merrill's Malibu cottage while he's making a picture in Germany... Scott Brady hosting a Scandia dinner for his family—and Dorothy Malone... Burt Lancaster sending roses to director Mike Curtiz, after a blow-up on the "Jim Thorpe—All American" set... Joan Evans buying her first Hollywood home and being moved into it by such loving laborers as Hugh O'Brian, Jerry Paris and Jess Morgan... Ezio Pinza, who'll appear in the movie version, sitting in the front row of the Las Palmas Theater and making mental notes on Cesar Romero's exciting performance in "Strictly Dishonorable."

Liza at the Wheel: The other evening Cal was heading for an early dinner with Joan Crawford, who was running a movie for her kids. Directly beside us a car stopped at a traffic light. We glanced inside. Judy Garland was in the front seat. Next to her, little Liza Minnelli, on her father's lap, sat at the wheel "driving," while her eyes danced with excitement. They might have been any average young family out for a spin, but unfortunately their lives aren't that simple. Judy may make a New York musical and she plans a visit to Europe this winter, with Vincente.

Ann Sheridan talks back to her director, Norman Foster, on set of "Woman on the Run," her next picture.
Three men on a luncheon course: Columbia leading men, John Derek, Brod Crawford and Bill Holden go stag at Brittingham's. John's in "The Hero," Brod and Bill, in "Born Yesterday"
At the Hollywood Press Photographers Ball, stars dressed as their suppressed desires. Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh yearn to be marriage partners, too! They are going everywhere together (See them on page 45 at another party)
Focus Fun: Cal goes on record that the Hollywood Press Photographers Costume Ball at the Beverly Hills Hotel was a whopping success. Everyone was supposed to come as his or her suppressed desire—which gave imaginations plenty of play and brought plenty of laughs. Bob Cummings came undressed as a Petty Girl. . . . Scott Brady was a Times Square (New York) lamppost . . . The Larry Parkses were a pair of tramps—only he was the she and she was the he . . . Art Linkletter, dressed in counterfeit bills as “Mr. 880,” emceed the entertainment and put on a fabulous “People Are Funny” show . . . Bob Mitchum, as Brigham Young, sang a duet with Jane Russell. Other stars entertained too. Ann Blyth sang “My Man” so poignantly, she brought tears to many eyes. Red Skelton, as King of the Hoboes, gave his wonderful “drunk” imitation. And Danny Kaye did a couple of his original songs . . . Much amusement was caused by the masked girl with Hoagy Carmichael, whose scanty costume of fringe seemed to grow less and less as it got torn—caused by Hoagy sitting on it!

Bob Cummings, as a Petty Girl, was easy on the eyes—but those high heels hurt! Van Johnson’s a handsome Vicar

Scott Brady, alias a New York lamppost, directs Ann Blyth, a pretty Sadie Thompson, to stage, where she sang “My Man”

Liz Taylor, lovely in pink ballerina costume, was escorted by a gentleman of the Old South—husband Nick Hilton
Death of a Champion: The night the news of Al Jolson's death came, Cal emerged from the downtown Biltmore Theater in back of Larry Parks who was attending the premiere of “Summer and Smoke.” He stood there stunned as newsboys shouted, “Al Jolson dies of heart attack.” Gossip to the contrary, Larry remained grateful to Jolie for “The Jolson Story,” which marked the turning point in Larry's career.

It Can Happen Here: Ruth Roman and Shelley Winters having lunch together, and not talking about their "favorite" actresses (themselves). . . . Elizabeth Scott walking across the Paramount lot wearing a big, becoming smile that caused a big male star to comment: "Wonder what's wrong? . . . Marlon Brando spending an entire lunch hour in Warner's commissary (he always eats with the "little" people) without once trying to shock his companions with those unsolicited stories on self-revelations. . . . Yvonne De Carlo admitting she's not engaged to a Persian prince (this month) and isn't planning a trip to Tripoli.

Hollywood Is Talking About: Farley Granger and his change of heart. After the public reaction to "Rope," he wasn't eager to appear in another Alfred Hitchcock production. Farley's first picture following his return from Europe will be "Strangers on a Train," directed by you-know-who. . . . There's a new Susan Hayward around town these days who talks in a softer, quieter voice that only adds to her fatal femininity. See for yourself in "I'll Climb the Highest Mountain." . . . That fascinating French girl Corinne Calvet is no longer late for appointments; she's kinder and more considerate; she remembers to say thank you.

Neptune's Daughter: We were "On the Riviera," thanks to our good friend and good director Walter Lang, who had invited us out to watch Danny Kaye do a number. Danny's little Dena was on the set too and it seems the young lady wasn't too happy with the new family swimming pool. "Well, if you don't like your daddy's swimming pool," the cameraman wooed her, "you can always come over and use mine." Dena regarded him intently. "Is it heated?" she asked nonchalantly, while Danny fell right on his famous face.

Rampant Rumor: Fortunately the Humphrey Bogarts have a sense of humor, so Cal wasn't cursed when he called to check the town talk: "No, we're not divorcing," laughed Bogie. "Columnists in Hollywood are more competitive than actors. Our son is getting old enough to have his own room now, so we need a larger house. When we put this one on the market, we kept it quiet because we didn't want a lot of curious persons run-

Corner on the future: Mike Romanoff made it a celebration when he laid cornerstone for new Beverly Hills restaurant. Above, Benita Colman, the Clark Gables, Mike, Joe Cotten, Ronald Colman.
here comes
harvey

with
the
happiest
laughs
you'll
ever
have!

The most wonderful stage play of our
time becomes one of the great
Motion Pictures of all time!

Starring JAMES STEWART

with JOSEPHINE HULL • CHARLES DRAKE • CECIL KELLAWAY
JESSE WHITE • VICTORIA HORNE • WALLACE FORD and PEGGY DOW

From the Pulitzer Prize Play written by MARY CHASE and produced by BROCK PEMBERTON. Screenplay by MARY CHASE and OSCAR BRODNEY. Produced by JOHN BECK. Directed by HENRY KOSTER.
(Continued from page 12) Twentieth they threw a party when the prize-winning managers visited Hollywood. With Betty Grable, Anne Baxter, Jeanne Crain and Gene Tierney within reach, the boys still wanted to meet—Edmund Gwenn! Word was dispatched to the beloved character actor, who was sick with arthritis. “Mr. 880” got up, got dressed and came to the party. He made such a hit with the boys from out of town, they insisted on accompanying him back to the rest home and tucking him in for the night again!

Good Will Girl: News is news and this story is so warm with human interest, Cal hopes Jane Russell will forgive him for uncovering it. According to our correspondent, with no other purpose except to be helpful, the good Jane takes trips down to East Los Angeles’ Skid Row—the jumping-off place for respectability. There, she talks to the unfortunate and tries to renew their faith in mankind. Because of those roles she plays, her approach is a humorous one. “Here’s big bad Jane again,” she kids them, which immediately puts her on their side and banishes that “reformer” approach.

Rumors Rumble That: Gordon MacRae objects to the invasion of his personal privacy and will no longer allow his family life to be publicized . . . M-G-M and Twentieth are waiting breathlessly with poised pen, hoping Howard Duff succeeds in securing his release from Universal-International . . . John Agar’s prohibitive salary is no longer a studio obstacle, due to the fantastic increase in his fan following.

Hollywood Happenings: Sympathy to Lana Turner and Bob Topping, who had looked forward so eagerly for a child and hoped for a son. Ironically, every floor in the Topping household is thickly carpeted except a small hallway strip that had been waxed without Lana’s knowledge. After she fell they tried in vain to save her baby in the hospital. Heartwarming is the news that no ill-effects will prevent Lana from dating the stork in the future.

Names in the News: The happiness of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger over the new house they’re furnishing in Brentwood. After an on-again, off-again romance that was heartily disapproved of by J. Arthur Rank, who held the beautiful Britisher’s contract, Jean will return to Hollywood after the New Year and their wedding will follow . . . Those inevitable Gable rumors, this time that Clark’s friends on adjoining Valley ranches are no longer invited to his house . . . Jane Powell’s husband reporting to an Eastern insurance school (an annual requirement) which is bound to provoke separation rumors . . . June Allyson bought a layette of yellow for her baby, on account of it’s her favorite color.

News of Twos: Younger than springtime and just as romantic, Debra Paget and Bob Arthur “Lost in the Clouds” at the downtown Philharmonic Theater . . . Boots and saddles for rugged and romantic Bob Patton, who loves to ride along the Santa Monica sands at sunset with Wanda Hendrix . . . No card enclosed or needs to be when Shirley Temple receives black orchids from Charles Black.

Dream Girl: If Marie Wilson has a single enemy, Cal has yet to meet up with him. Our adored friend Irma had proof of her popularity when she arrived at the House of Westmore with “Mr. Hobbs,” her Yorkshire terrier. Since the beauty parlor has been redecorated, even Garbo was refused permission to park her pet within the sacred portals. “For Mr. Hobbs, we’ll make an exception,” explained Perv Westmore. “If he’s your dog, Marie, I’m sure his manners are excellent!” Batting those inch-long lashes, Marie drew a deep breath and answered: “Oh gosh!” Don’t you love her?

Hollywood Hodge Podge: Betty Grable making the amazing discovery that four fireplaces in her new Beverly Hills home had been sealed up by the former owners . . . Mark Stevens trying to figure out how not to offend his Japanese gardener who had planted a hedge that had to go. It spells out the star’s name . . . Rosalind Russell returning from a casual Beverly Hills shopping tour with a Cadillac . . . Ann Sothern recording her composer-sister Bonnie Lake’s “Butterfly Blues” and sending the record to Richard Egan . . . Mario Lanza is a sensational hit in “The Toast of New Orleans” but director Norman Taurog wouldn’t mind if he didn’t have to work with the tempestuous tenor again . . . Robert Young received his first important film break because Joan Crawford volunteered to appear in his screen test. In “Goodbye, My Fancy,” Bob receives $75,000 for playing in six scenes opposite Joan! . . . Those plans to appear in their first personally produced picture are temporarily on hold, owing to the economy for the William Holdens . . . A beautiful and newly decorated studio dressing room for June Haver, who’s been a very sick girl, when she returns from her European pilgrimage.

Paging Pinkerton: An FBI investigation had nothing on Cal trying to track down the rumor that John Barrymore Jr. had undergone plastic surgery, the purported reason being to perfect a profile that would be similar to his famous father’s. John Jr. was in the hospital for plastic surgery. There was great secrecy attendant on his sojourn, no doubt to try and circumvent gossip that would have followed an honest announcement. According to our informant, the operation was performed to remove a scar from John Jr.’s mouth, the result of a childhood accident. Sometimes wives get cross in Hollywood.

Mrs. Hugh Saint, winner of Photoplay Greyhound bus trip to Hollywood, was guest on “Jill’s Hollywood,” over WWL, New Orleans. Above, with Jill Jackson

Hollywood turned out in its brilliant best for opening of Sadler’s Wells ballet in Los Angeles. Among those attending were Jennifer Jones, David Selznick
FASHION NEWS... The "Poured-In" Silhouette—sleek, slender, lithe

This year, you give the illusion of having been poured into your slender new clothes. It's a willowy, longer-waisted look—with a slim, smooth sweep from waist to hip to thigh. And, to achieve this "poured-in" silhouette, take the advice of designers who created the new fashions...

Under newest clothes, top designers recommend

Invisible PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

Here's a girdle that slims you, moulds you, gives you a "poured-in" silhouette while allowing the most complete freedom of action. Invisible under your sleekest new dress, PINK-ICE hasn't a seam, stitch or bone. Result of a revolutionary new latex process, it's fresh as a daisy, light as a snowflake, actually "breathes" with you—dispels body heat. It washes in seconds, pats dry with a towel!

CEIL CHAPMAN, New York designer: "It's an easy figure to have—with PLAYTEX, the girdle that combines power with comfort and freedom, fits invisibly under clothes!"

VINCENT MONTE-SANO, suit designing genius: "Your girdle must be figure-slimming, give smooth, natural lines in comfort. In short, it must be a PLAYTEX Girdle."

MOLYNEUX, famed designer to royalty: "To wear the newest clothes successfully, you must have PLAYTEX. And PLAYTEX slims you effectively, comfortably, naturally."

Made by a revolutionary latex process, PINK-ICE actually "breathes" with you, dispels body heat!

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES $3.95 to $4.95
In SLIM, golden tubes, PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES $4.95 to $5.95
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 © 1951 Dover Del.
Gene Tierney of "On the Riviera" and photographer Tony Beauchamp (Sarah Churchill's husband), never—it's sure —will forget a recent portrait sitting.

It was a very special assignment. Gene shopped and shopped for the sheer fabric that Tony insisted upon for draping.

Came the Day. *Everything went wrong.* The lights weren't right. They couldn't, to save them, get the fabric draped gloriously enough. Tony wanted the...

...effect of a soft breeze. The blower sputtered, wouldn't work. He sent for another. The only blower not busy was a big one used for storms. Tony set...

...it at its lowest speed. But, idle for months, it had been greased to prevent rust. When the technician turned it on—out gushed a stream of thick black oil!

All over Gene and Tony, it gushed. At this moment, Oleg Cassini appeared on the scene. Staring at his spat-tered wife, he gasped, "Ye gods, I married an oil well!"
FREE! Handy Convenient "Push-Kap" Dispenser

with large and giant size
Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion

Tip the bottle, push the cap—Have lovelier-looking hands in seconds!

No bothersome top to remove or replace. This handy “Push-Kap” dispenser gives you just the desired amount of lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion for the gentlest, most soothing care your dry, chapped hands (knees and elbows, too) have ever experienced. Cashmere Bouquet is the fragrant new formula that pours like a lotion, softens like a cream, dries quick-as-a-wink without stickiness.

Grand as a powder base, or complexion treatment for your entire body. Get Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion with the new “Push-Kap” dispenser, in the large or giant size, today!

1. No Fuss!
When ready to apply lotion—simply withdraw silvery pin from spout. No bothersome cap to unscrew, replace, or lose.

2. No Muss!
Turn bottle upside down. Press gently on knob behind spout with forefinger to dispense lotion. Can't spill, bottle never becomes slippery.

3. No Waste!
When exactly desired amount of lotion is dispensed, release pressure of forefinger and replace bottle upright. Simple, convenient, economical.
UGLY. "Scrubbing my hands constantly, in order to keep them 'hospital clean,' could easily make them look red and ugly," says Jean Crow, Registered Nurse of Baltimore, Maryland.

LOVELY. "But my hands never show the harsh treatment they undergo," she continues. "I use Noxzema throughout the day to help keep my hands looking soft and smooth."

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

Noxzema Hand Care Helps Soften, Whiten, Heal Red, Rough "Working Hands"—Chapped Hands!

Doctors' tests prove it! If your hands are red, rough and chapped... they can look lovelier in 24 hours! In tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed improvement—often within 24 hours—with Noxzema. Read what it can do for you:

1. Help red, rough "Working Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter and so much lovelier!
2. Bring soothing relief to raw, chapped skin!
3. Help heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks!
4. Supply a protective film of oil-and-moisture to skin!
5. And—it's a snow-white, dainty greaseless cream!

Helps Soothe, Heal Those Sore Chapped Hands! Chapped hands are cut hands. And they need more than just a "perfumed pret-tifier." Medicated Noxzema helps heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks—quickly—helps chapped hands feel better, look lovelier!

Helps "Housework Hands:" Regain Natural Beauty! When daily chores leave your hands red and rough—let gentle, soothing Noxzema come to their rescue. It helps unsightly "Working Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter—often overnight! And it's greaseless—never leaves your hands feeling "sticky"!

Money-Back Offer! No matter what hand care you use now—try soothing, medicated Noxzema tonight. If you don't see definite improvement in 24 hours—simply return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted with results! Get greaseless, medicated Noxzema Skin Cream today—40¢, 60¢ and $1.00, plus tax, at any drug or cosmetic counter.
"I rode 150 miles on a roller coaster!"

says ANN SHERIDAN, co-starring in "WOMAN ON THE RUN"
A Fidelity Picture From Universal-International.

Casting:
I saw Vaughn Monroe in "Singing Guns" the other night and I certainly don't understand why he should be given a part like that. Wouldn't he be wonderful in a Technicolor musical?  
DORIS JUNE STUCK  
Harmony, Pa.

Cheers and Jeers:
I have just seen the letter Miss J. Pagnone wrote about Ava Gardner in the October Photoplay. How does she know Miss Gardner is a heartbreaker? If Howard Duff is supposed to have a broken heart he sure did get over it. As for Frankie, who went after whom?  
SHELLEY REED  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I have seen Nancy Olson in two pictures now. This gal has no looks—no sex appeal. How did she ever get the drag?  
MAX REED  
St. Louis, Mo.

Had been looking forward to seeing "The Black Rose" for a long time but I am sorry to say the picture was ruined for me and for many of my friends.  
Can't you keep child stars like Cecile Aubry for child pictures? She was so miscast she ruined the whole picture.  
MRS. ELEANOR HEATH  
Charleston, S. C.

Question Box:
Would you please give me some information about that wonderful little actress Cecile Aubry? I just saw her in "The Black Rose" and I thought she was grand.  
MRS. PAGE MOORE  
Cape Charles, Va.

(Cecile Aubry was born in Paris about twenty years ago.  
She is 5'2", weighs 92 lbs., has light brown hair and hazel "eyes.

I have read many times that in reality George "Gabby" Hayes is a handsome middle-aged man. I am wondering if this is true, also about a picture of him minus the whiskers?  
MISS G. O'HIGGINS  
Laoghis, Eire

(He was born in 1885. Sorry, no pictures of him without whiskers are available. Apparently, he's so busy making Western movies that he never shaves.)

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.

And hanging from this sky-light nearly tore my fingers.  
But I smoothed my hands with Jergens Lotion...  
For romantic close-ups with Dennis O'Keefe!

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

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

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.  
Prove it with this simple test described above...  
You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world
STILL 10¢ TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)
MARY CHASE'S Pulitzer Prize-winning play about an amiable tosspot who makes a pal of a six-foot invisible rabbit named Harvey makes delightful screen entertainment. In its travels from stage to screen the story, unfortunately, loses much of its warmth and poignancy, but keeps most of its subtle laughs. There will be those theater-goers who say that Jimmy Stewart as Elwood P. Dowd is no Frank Fay. But let there be no belittling of our boy. As the lovable Elwood, Jimmy makes you believe in Harvey—and that's the test. Josephine Hull, of the original New York company is, naturally, a knock-out as Jimmy's older sister Veta. Jesse White, also of the New York company, is the strong arm man at "Chumley's Rest." Dr. Chumley is played by Cecil Kellaway, and Charles Drake is his young assistant.

Your Reviewer Says: A happy picture.

Program Notes: Says Jimmy Stewart, "I had a mental picture of Harvey in my mind as clear as a bell. If I hadn't 'seen' him I would have been as dead as a doo-dah as far as playing my part. I practiced so much self-hypnosis, in fact, that I sometimes 'saw' the darned thing at night—sitting next to me at the family dinner table. My wife got a little bored with Harvey."... Sixty-six-year-old Josephine Hull, famous Broadway actress, played Veta Louise Simmons for five consecutive years in New York. When Miss Hull first came to Hollywood she couldn't sleep at night. It was too quiet. So one of the sound men made her a recording of New York traffic noises, and all she had to do was to turn on the record when she tucked in at nights. After that she slept divinely, she says... Charles Drake and Peggy Dow are two of Universal's "new faces" who have been promised stardom.

Psychological puzzler: When Mercedes McCambridge thumbs a ride from John Ireland she travels a dangerous road.

Your Reviewer Says: Slow start but fast finish.

Program Notes: After winning last year's Oscar, Mercedes had fourteen pictures offered her. She chose this one because, "It offered me an opportunity for a strong dramatic performance I could sink my teeth into." She does her own singing, an outstanding number called "Summer Rain." Her hobby is taking trips to the ends of the earth until her money runs out. Hollywood hopes she will content herself with a more simple hobby now, say, knitting. ... In real life John Ireland is married to Joanne Dru, who was once married to Dick Haymes. But in his professional life John is married to the theater... Emlyn Williams is a noted British actor and playwright. Among the plays he has written are "Night Must Fall" and "The Corn Is Green."
Perilous journey: Douglas Fairbanks, Glynis Johns, Herbert Lom in suspenseful story of a mid-European manhunt

½ (F) State Secret (Columbia)

NE of the best thrillers of the year, this British-made adventure story will hold you breathless.

Douglas Fairbanks is an American surgeon who is pressured into visiting the mid-European country, Vosnia, supposedly to receive a scientific award. The real reason for the invitation is the "state secret" and we won't give it away here. When Fairbanks learns the Minister of Public Services intends to liquidate him, rather than risk his revealing his knowledge, he is faced with the impossible task of escaping from a country in which he is a stranger. An exciting chase follows. Glynis Johns is delightful as the music-hall entertainer who befriends Fairbanks; Herbert Lom furnishes comic relief as a black-marketeer and Jack Hawkins is a pleasantly villainous Minister of Public Services.

Your Reviewer Says: See it.

Program Notes: For obvious reasons, the country in which the action takes place was given the mythical name of Vosnia, but the film was shot in Central Italy in the vicinity of the beautiful Dolomite Mountains. Georgette Shield of the London School of Languages was called upon to create the Vosnian tongue spoken throughout the film. This "language" evolves from Estonian, Czech, Hungarian and Finnish. Miss Shield admits, however, that fifty per cent of it was her own invention. She created a dictionary of 3,000 words and the entire cast was so intrigued they went around chatting Vosnian between scenes. Jack Hoxkinds impressed American movie-goers by his portrayal of Tris in "The Black Rose." Glynis Johns, one of the most popular young actresses in England, was signed by Twentieth Century-Fox to appear in their English-made "No Highway" which stars Jimmy Stewart.

Teen-age turmoil: Summer vacationers Phyllis Kirk, Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell become easy targets for Cupid

(F) Two Weeks with Love (M-G-M)

HERE's a gay tuneful follow-up to that popular hit of a few months back, "Nancy Goes to Rio." Bubbly Jane Powell and Ricardo Montalban, tops as a Latin lover, make Technicolor romance and music at a summer resort in the Catskills in the good old un-neurotic days of 1913. Jane's Mama and Papa (Ann Harding and Louis Calhern) feel that their seventeen-year-old daughter is much too young for moonlight and Cubans, but Jane has ideas of her own. In fact, this is Jane's first serious screen romance with a real leading man. Phyllis Kirk, a juvenile vamp, also falls hard for the handsome young Cuban. (Ricardo, natch) who's visiting Kissamee-in-the-Catskills. Jane's fourteen-year-old sister (Debbie Reynolds) and her two brothers (Gary Gray and Tommy Rettig) are certainly no help to their romantic-minded big sister.

Your Reviewer Says: Nostalgic and gay.

Program Notes: M-G-M is grooming Debbie Reynolds for those big juicy Judy Garland roles—Debbie was born in El Paso, Texas, where her father was a carpenter for the Southern Pacific Railroad. When she was eight the family moved to Burbank, California. During her high school days she played the French horn with the Burbank Youth Symphony, doubled on the bass violin, and twirled a mean baton. In 1948 she entered the "Miss Burbank" beauty contest in which she gave an imitation of Betty Hutton. This won her a Warner contract and the role of Jane Haver's sister in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady." Debbie is an habitué of the ice cream parlor run by Jane Powell's father ... Phyllis Kirk, from the New York stage, is another sure winner in the New Faces derby ... This is Jane's first costume picture, and she had a heck of a time adjusting herself to a period corset.

BY LIZA WILSON

outstanding

good

fair

F—for the whole family

A—for adults

**F** Two Flags West (20th Century-Fox)

THREE soldiers who want to marry her have lucky Linda Darnell in a whirl in one of 1939 Western, which is well equipped with sex, scenery, music and the bloodiest Indian attack you have seen in many a day. Joseph Cotten, a Confederate colonel, and a group of prisoners of war join up in Cauvery to help hold the Western frontier against the Indians. When the Confederate troop, accompanied by Union Captain Cornel West, arrives in the South, they find the fort a large of a conditioner and frustrated rebel-baiter, Major Jeff Chandler. They also find Linda, a young widow who wants to return to California. She is bought by the actor who is secretly in love with her. Joe and Cornel also find the lovely Linda mighty attractive. There’s much friction between the South and the Westies, but when the Kiowa Indians attack the Union forces to save their scalps—and Linda. The exciting climax is guaranteed to chill the spine of the most avid outdoor action film addict.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Rebels vs. Yankees vs. Indians.

**Program Notes:** While on location in New Mexico, an occasional dynamite blast proved very disconcerting and completely out of character. Came from Los Alamos, the United States Atomic Project, some twenty-two miles away... This is Linda’s first Western since 1936. Linda boasts a strain of Cherokee blood and she and the Tena Indians get along marvelously. Unfortunately, a nearby Tao, where an artist colony has been established, and bought several acres of land. Plans to build an adobe style ranchhouse there... Jeff Chandler (Apache chief-father Corbise in “Broken Arrow”) recently was one of the winners in Photoplay’s “Choose Your Star” poll. The studio wardrobe department revealed that Jeff is the biggest male star in Hollywood. The 6 foot, 4 inch, 215-pounder received special uniforms size 46, and custom-made boots, size 13... Joe Cotten is one of the horse-players of Hollywood. But Robert Alder, an expert horseman employed by the studio, taught Joe to ride in two days. He led the cavalry charge right along with Cornel.

**A** The Sound of Fury (Stillman-U. A.)

This hard-hitting film, which deals with lynching and mob violence, is certainly not for the squeamish. Its theme is that, no matter how terrible the crime committed, the mob which seeks to punish those involved, is far more terrible. Frank Lovejoy plays a GI, an occupational misfit, who like thousands of other GIs after the last war, finds everything he needs in California except what he needs most... an effective way to support his wife and child (Kathleen Ryan and Donald Smelick) he teams up with a psychotic hooligan (Lloyd Bridges) in a series of robberies and, eventually, a kidnapping. In an insane rage Bridges brutally murders the kidnapped boy. Raw drama, this. Richard Carlson plays a columnist who incites a mob to madness and calls it patriotism. He marries Adele Jergens and Katherine Locke are two beauty-parlor operators who accompany the criminals on a night-club spree.

**Your Reviewer Says:** No punches pulled.

**Program Notes:** Frank Lovejoy is a top ranking young actor. America’s latest debut in “Home of the Brave.” Now under contract to Warners he is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood’s most popular young actors... This is Kathleen Ryan’s first American picture. Red-haired and Dublin-born she was discovered by Carol Reed who gave her her first important movie role, in his recent film, “Odd Man Out.” When he isn’t acting on the stage or in pictures (last picture “King Solomon’s Mines”) Richard Carlson keeps busy writing magazine articles, plays and novels... Bachelor-girl Adele Jergens claims she is by disposition a stay-at-home-play-at-home girl who lives with her mother and dog, and likes it. But when a screen she has become known as the foremost girl with whom one ventures into virtue (“sugarfoot”) in recent years. Adele was formerly a New York showgirl and got her fill of night life and was. She used to be a stage star, to the Coast... In this film Katherine Locke makes her first screen appearance since 1948, when she married Norman Corwin, radio writer, director and producer.

**F** Ed Never a Dull Moment (RKO)

When a sophisticated songwriter finds himself with a lapful of big handsome cowboys at a New York rodeo, what happens? Naturally they fall madly in love, get married, lose their girlfriends and get married six months. Irene Dunne as the lady and Fred MacMurray as the cowhand, in their first co-starring picture since “Invitation to Happiness,” make a mighty funny couple. Their love affair is the one Irene suddenly finds herself the mistress of a rundown ranch near Juniper Junction, and the mother of two smarty-pants kids (Norman and Maria) she devotes her life to. The Rockets of the South are the most fascinating couple, and the movie is the most interesting of the season. Irene, however, is the most fascinating of the two. She is a woman who can make life beautiful without it. Joe and Cornell also find the lovely Linda mighty attractive. There’s much friction between the South and the Westies, but when the Kiowa Indians attack the Union forces to save their scalps—and Linda. The exciting climax is guaranteed to chill the spine of the most avid outdoor action film addict.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Strictly for laughs.

**Program Notes:** Irene Dunne wanted a whirl at a comedy, and this one gives her a merry whirl indeed. It also gives her an opportunity to sing several songs. Although she has been turning out tip-top performances in Hollywood for a good many years, she has never won an Academy Award; probably because her roles are never flamboyant and flashy. Her friends are hoping that her Queen Victoria will win her an Oscar come award time—but she’ll have stiff competition with Gloria Swanson (“Sunset Boulevard”) and Bette Davis (“All About Eve”)... At the finish of this picture Fred dashed off, as he always does, to his ranch at Healdsburg, Calif. for a few days off. His ranch is a thriving business enterprise. At the recent Pomona Fair his cattle won fourteen first prizes and one grand prize. He is considered one of the leading cattle (shorthorn) breeders.

**F** 1/2 (F) Cry Danger (Olympic-RKO)

Dick Powell and Rhonda Fleming are the stars of this cops-and-robbers murder mystery. Dick, in a part that fits him like old clothes, plays a movie hotbooke who is framed into San Quentin for a murder and a hold-up he didn’t commit. Five years later, a Marine veteran (Richard Carlson in a nice role) finds that he is the chunk of the $100,000 loot, alibis Dick for the fatal night, and helps him get his pardon. Dick, hellbent for revenge, arrives in Los Angeles, gets on to a trailer circus with the Marine, and starts his campaign to smoke out the real murderer. In doing so he encounters some pretty shady charac-

**Your Reviewer Says:** No punches pulled.

**Program Notes:** Frank Lovejoy is a top ranking young actor. America’s latest debut in “Home of the Brave.” Now under contract to Warners he is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood’s most popular young
THESE "BUGS" MAY INVADE THROAT

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

SUDDEN CHILL?
Sudden changes of temperature, like wet feet, cold feet, and drafts, may reduce body resistance so that germs in the throat can make trouble.

YOU START SNEEZING!
That sneeze or cough is usually a hint that a cold may be on its way, and that you'd better do something about it.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!—for Colds and Sore Throat

Gargle

a safe, direct way with no dangerous side-effects

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC, gargled early and often, may entirely head off a cold, or sore throat due to a cold—or lessen its severity, once started.

It has been doing that year after year. Careful tests made over a twelve-year period, showed that there were fewer colds and sore throats, and generally milder ones, for those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day than for those who did not gargle. That is understandable.

Kills Secondary Invaders

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill, by millions, the threatening germs doctors call Secondary Invaders . . . the ones responsible for most of a cold's misery. It attacks them before they attack you . . . halts mass invasion of the tissue.

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

So, whatever else you do, at the first sign of a snuffle, or cough, or a scratchy throat, start with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may spare yourself an unpleasant siege of trouble. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis
That Belvedere Man

whose phenomenal wit
(SITTING PRETTY)

and phenomenal genius
(BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE)

and phenomenal prowess
(CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN)

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

for Heaven's Sake

CLIFTON   JOAN   ROBERT   EDMUND
WEBB • BENNETT • CUMMINGS • GWENN
JOAN BLONDELL • GIGI PERREAU • JACK LA RUE • HARRY VONZELL • TOMMY RETTIG

Directed by GEORGE SEATON • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG
Written for the screen by GEORGE SEATON • From a play by HARRY SEGALL
On this page you will find a list of pictures which were among those shown at your neighborhood theater during the past year. The editors of Photoplay would like to know which of these pictures you went to see. Will you check those you have seen and mail the list to Photoplay Magazine

205 E. 42 Street
New York 17, N. Y.

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

Your Name ________________________________  Street ____________________________

City ___________________  State ____________

Thank You

[Signature]
The girl who leads with her heart is in the headlines again. The reason is a story—that goes back into her past.

BY TOM CARLILE

WHAT will be the outcome of the Ava Gardner-Frank Sinatra romance?" That's Hollywood's favorite question. Will this romance end as suddenly and dramatically as it began? Or will it continue to entangle Ava and Frank in such gossip as already has been injurious to their careers?

Ava never has truly understood the significance of her position as a celebrity. Always she has protested that she would prefer to live a secluded personal life with no need to justify her behavior to anyone. In fact, it's only in the last few months that she has come to realize that she's now far too important in Hollywood's scheme of things to expect any such privacy. There's no mystery about Ava's attraction for Frank or his attraction for her. When Frank wants to he can be tender, thoughtful and generous—all the things that Ava wants above all. (Continued on page 84)

THE TRUTH ABOUT

As Mrs. Mickey Rooney, unknown Ava acquired clothes, glamour—and a sense of insecurity

As Mrs. Artie Shaw, she discovered new books and sophistication—and got an inferiority complex
For a time, practical, matter-of-fact Howard Duff seemed to help her become more realistic. Will Frank Sinatra end her quest for happiness or will this romance jeopardize her career?
Liz and Nick speak for themselves

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Nicky is giving Liz a bad time! They're spoiled! The marriage won't last! That's what people are saying. But this reporter went to the Hiltons and got the truth.

I'm going on record right here and say in spite of all that has been printed and hinted I believe the marriage of Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton will last!

Six weeks ago I wouldn't have given you a North Korean nickel for their chances.

And I am not being gullible nor easily taken in by the fact that these two youngsters have just left my house after talking two hours with me and telling me straight from the shoulder the problems they have weathered—and are still weathering.

I realize very clearly that Nick came to see me with Elizabeth because she asked him to come with her. In the beginning, I am sure he was reluctant to beard the lioness (me) in her den for he obviously had a chip on his shoulder when he first walked into the room. (Continued on page 78)

Liz, with her pet poodle, Banco, is now working in "Father's Little Dividend"
"The whole world knows every time we quarrel and gets in the ring with us like a referee at a prize fight," says Nicky
MONA FREEMAN still giggles when somebody recalls how uniquely glamorous she looked at Betty Hutton’s candlelight ball. On that enchanted evening, every beauty in Hollywood was in competition with every other beauty. But tiny Mona, arriving in a gown of bluish-gray chiffon, was the sudden center of all eyes. Cute Mona wasn’t cute
You can wash that glamour right into your hair. But there's more than one way to do it. These Hollywood girls have all the answers you need

that night; she was mysterious. Beauty whispered to beauty, "What's with little Freeman tonight? She's got something she's never had before."

For Mona had the softest blue color in her naturally golden hair. In the gentle light of the candles it gave her the same soft flattery that the blue-gray of her floating chiffon gown gave to her.

And the wonderful part of it was that Mona had that color of hair only since four o'clock that afternoon and she was her natural blonde self again the next morning just as soon as she had a shampoo. It was a simple rinse that gave her hair that soft blue sheen.

Dyes, tints, rinses—they all change the color of your hair. And they're all the (Continued on page 82)
Judy Garland's future in movies depends — on her change of mind.

At right, with Liza

People with long memories will understand why Greg Bautzer won't be wed. Below, with date Jane Wyman


Come closer, kiddies. It's time to trot out the annual Graham crystal ball and make with the movie star predictions for the New Year, 1951.

Yes, I see a wedding for Shirley Temple and Charles Black. The date may have been announced by the time you read this. But I'll be brave and go out on a limb New Year's Day? Of course you (Continued on page 72)
Better keep this for future reference. That Graham girl has a lot to say—about what is going to happen to some stars.

Howard Keel, the singing star of "Showboat," will have reason to remember that picture. Peter Lawford and Sharman Douglas are silent about their future plans—but the telephone isn’t.

Roy Rogers, with wife Dale Evans—you’ll be seeing him on another screen, says Sheilah.

Tony Curtis, with Jane Powell and Janet Leigh, has a number one spot waiting for him in 1951.
"Big things don't bother me—there's always a reason for the big things"

“I feel stupid sitting in night clubs like a wet owl”

lonely joe

BY IDA ZEITLIN

He’s often tagged a sad sack.
That’s because Audie Murphy’s out to
lick the loneliness that hems him in

THERE’S an impression around that Audie Murphy hates Hollywood. It’s a false impression. He’s the kind of man who, if he hated Hollywood, wouldn’t be working there.

He enjoys the actual making of pictures, and wants to make them well. Failure in anything goes against the grain with him. “Kansas Raiders,” his latest, is the one he felt most at home with—because of the locale and Ray Enright, an easy natural director.

What disturbs him is the uncertainty between pictures. Clear and definite in his own (Continued on page 79)

Audie Murphy of “Kansas Raiders” likes dogs, horses, skeet shooting

“Maybe I demand too much . . . all I know is I can’t settle for less”
It was a year ago this January that Jack Warner announced Ruth Roman had been made a star. But she wants to be more than just a star. She wants to be a great actress. "I still have so much to learn," she confides with genuine humility, "but one thing I do know. If I never do anything else from here on in, I have the satisfaction of knowing I did exactly what I set out to do when I came out here—to stay until I proved myself, no matter how tough it got to be."

The most incredible part of all this was that Ruth herself was practically the last person in the studio to learn the news of her star status.

She walked into the commissary that day for coffee, attired in a pair of shabby blue jeans, her costume for her role in "Colt 45," and she was startled to see the entire table of writers rise in a body and salute her.

Now the writers, as Ruth well knew, seldom get up for anything. They aren't table-hoppers and they are usually too absorbed in conversation to notice who comes or goes.

"Have you boys gone crazy or something?" she asked delicately. But she didn't get a straight answer until minutes later when they were finally convinced she actually didn't
know that she'd just been promoted to stardom.
And then she thought they were teasing until someone thrust a copy of the Reporter, a Hollywood trade paper, under her nose and showed her the announcement.

"It's strange," she said afterward, "how you dream about how great it will feel when you finally get on top, all the things you'll do, yet when it happens you're so involved with new problems, new struggles, that you don't have the time or the energy to wallow in your success."

It isn't likely that Ruth will ever find time to "wallow." She's a regular dynamo. The wonderful vitality that gives her acting such impact is one of her most outstanding characteristics.

"If you go to the beach with her," Janet Stewart, an ex-roommate, explains, "you can't just lie there in the sun. You have to run up and down the beach, or, if you walk, you have to read Shakespeare at the same time. Out loud, of course."

It is well known she plays a fierce game of tennis. Usually her opponents are clinging to the net for support when she is just hitting her stride. And even if she's losing the game, she puts up a fight that is almost appalling in its intensity.

"Brother, can that gal take a beating," one victorious opponent exclaimed in admiration.
In those days before she got her break in Hollywood, she probably took a lot more of a beating than anyone else around, because she would never give in. She wanted too hard and cared too much. "I was stubborn," she explains.
But it wasn't just stubbornness that carried her along. It wasn't even her ability, which was exceptional from the first. It was her incredibly sharp insight into her own emotions.

"I realized one day a long time ago that the toughest obstacle to overcome was me. I could take care of the outside things. It was the inside I had to control. If I can beat myself, I decided, I can beat anything."

Understanding that made quite a difference to Ruth. She learned how to judge herself, her situations, her companions with honesty and fairness. She has never blamed the world for her bad breaks, and if she has a tantrum, she knows it exactly for what it is. "Naturally, I
would prefer to think I am having a majestic tragedy, but that's 'hamming it up' and I know it.”

Her mother was the first person to teach Ruth about self-control. Mrs. Roman didn’t believe in crying over pain. She said it was just self-pity.

Early Roman history really began in Boston, where Ruth and her two older sisters, Ann and Eve, were born. Papa was the owner of a carnival sideshow. “It wasn’t a very big one or a very fancy one,” Ruth recalls, “but it was the most exciting thing in the world to me. I would hang around it hour after hour. I even hated to take the time to go home to lunch. I still get weak with nostalgia whenever I look at a merry-go-round.”

Papa spiedled the show, ran the business. Mama, who for reasons nobody remembers was dubbed “Suki” by the family, did everything else. It was terribly hard work for just two people, but there wasn’t enough income to hire help. Suki never complained even though she had three small children and the household tasks to take care of as well.

“She had show business in her blood, too,” Ruth explains proudly whenever she talks about her mother. “She was a wonderful dancer, and if she’d been given a chance she would have become a great one.”

But there was no chance for Suki. Because Papa died before Ruth was even old enough to go to school, before the carnival had even begun to pay off those years of back-breaking devotion.

Suki couldn’t run the show alone. The intricacies of business and finance were beyond her small power to add or subtract.

“Figuring up a grocery bill was about as much as she could handle,” Ruth admits with amusement. Suki sold the show shortly after her husband’s death. It was the only thing she could do. There was no money in the bank, and a family that had to be fed every day. She didn’t dare (Continued on page 73)
Look different. Feel different. Be different. Reach into this exciting bag of tricks that changed just-average pretty girls into

the lovely stars they are today

100 star secrets of

HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR

It is with pride that the editors of Photoplay present—for the first time—an encyclopedia of Hollywood's favorite make-up, beauty, hair, personality, posture, fashion, diet, exercise and charm secrets. The information available from studio experts on these subjects is, of course, unlimited. Here, however, are published only those glamour hints which the stars, after many experiments, include in their daily routines:

1. Lana Turner: I put on all my make-up with a sponge. I wet the sponge thoroughly and then squeeze it out very well. I put on pan-stik with this damp sponge and smooth it out until it's practically unnoticeable. I don't like a thick look. Then I wash out the sponge, squeeze it out again and while it's still damp put on dry rouge with it. I do this very delicately to get a sort of water-color effect. I wash out the sponge again and, squeezing it very dry, put on powder with it. The excess powder I brush off with cotton pads. I never use my fingers to apply make-up. This, I think, enlarges the pores.

2. Terry Moore: I do think when you first start using lipstick it is important to learn to use it correctly. I use a lipstick brush. They use these (Continued on page 66)
Washington takes a ribbing, a blonde gets a new deal and Broderick Crawford and Judy Holliday bring a Broadway hit to screen life.

“BORN YESTERDAY”

Lawyer Howard St. John arranges meeting between junk dealer Brod Crawford, Senator Larry Oliver and wife Barbara Brown. Brod’s girl, Judy Holliday, is no . . .

. . . social asset. Realizing she’ll hamper his Washington ambitions, Brod hires Bill Holden, a writer, to give her a light touch of culture!

WHEN “Born Yesterday” played on Broadway—where it was one of the greatest hits in years—Brod Crawford tried for the same role of Harry Brock, the millionaire junk dealer, that he now plays in the movie. Had Brod gotten this role, things would have been different. He would not have played his Oscar-winning role in "All the King's Men." And the chances are, he never would have been chosen to play Brock in the Columbia movie. For Judy Holliday, who was a great success in the Broadway play, wanted to play Billie Dawn again, in the worst way. But practically every actress in town was tested for the role before she was signed.

Stage-trained Judy missed audience laughter, so Director Cu- kor, with Bill, let crew listen

Brod and Judy rehearse for play version shown to studio employees only

Soon she refuses to sign papers without reading them.
Judy, not as dumb as she sounds, learns fast. She buys books by the cartload, begins to think for herself. As nominal president of Brod's shady corporations, she had always signed any legal papers without question.
Betty Hutton, who sparked the party in her “Let’s Dance” costume, was hoarse for several days afterwards.

All they think about is having a good time, some say. Aren’t they ever serious? ask others.

But the stars don’t headline their reasons

—for giving the best parties of all.

Committee members Esther Williams, Betty Hutton, Hedda Hopper at one of numerous rehearsals held before party.

Mrs. Eddie Mannix, Jeanne Crain and Ann Blyth. Latter was one of cigarette girls.

The rafters rang when Ann Miller and Van Johnson performed a Charleston.
that horrible Hollywood!

BY ELSA MAXWELL

What a month it has been for parties. You couldn't get an appointment at any of the leading beauty shops. Dressmakers took on extra seamstresses. The studio designers, who had dolls as well as girls to dress for one of the shindigs, were only a little short of being frantic.

Hollywood lived up to its name. It was one hundred per cent the fun-loving, partying town it so often is pictured. It also, if I'm to tell the whole truth, was Hollywood at its very best—going all out to support its favorite charities. And if you think the Hollywood girls are competitive about their star status, their appearance and their gentlemen—well, you should see them when they're running parties, for charity, especially.

At a cocktail party Betty Hutton cornered Sue Ladd. "Do you have your Whoop De Do tickets?" she asked.

"No," said Sue, "Alan and I . . ." But she got no further. Betty opened her bag and dropped two tickets into Sue's hand.
oh, that horrible Hollywood!

Then, dipping into her bag again, she told Sue, "I have a better idea. You and Alan bring your own crowd, pay off some obligations. Here's eight more—tell Alan he owes me one hundred and twenty-five dollars."

Sue took the tickets. A gleam came into her eyes. Opening her bag she counted out ten tickets and pressed them upon Betty. "They're for the County Fair we're having out at our ranch for the Crutcher Chapter for Crippled Children. It's just before your Whoop De Do. Just mail your check."

The next night at Ciro's there was a fine to-do. Everybody saw them, both of them supposedly happily married to someone else—standing close, her arm on his shoulder, whispering, and she supposed to be his wife's best friend. They stood in the shadows, but as cars drove in they were headlighted momentarily.

At first people pretended not to notice. But after a while, after they got inside, they began talking . . . talking . . . Their talk continued, too, for days—until the man's wife, all innocence, laughingly told how she and the star who had been seen with the husband, had ganged up on the poor man, planned for the star to corner him outside Ciro's and tell him a sob story that would touch him so much that he would agree (Continued on page 81)

Shimmering sequin butterflies perch daintily on Ann Miller’s “Social Butterfly” evening gown by Marusia. The skirt is layers of white net
Mona Freeman discarded her bobby-sox for riding chaps

You'll see Alan Ladd as a hard-riding, gun-totin' Texan

Two Ladds on location: Property men designed Mexican ring with hidden clasp to cover Alan's wedding ring
On location for Paramount's "Branded."

The West was never wilder than the experiences of the cast off-screen!

If you ask the cast of "Branded" they'll tell you all the world really is a stage. For scenes in this Alan Ladd Western they had to be lowered into Salt River Canyon, a junior-size Grand Canyon, with sheer 1,000-foot cliffs. They were nearly blinded by a dust storm, blistered by the sun, almost frozen in the mountains. But even the hazards of rounding up 500 wild steers couldn't scare them out of the time of their lives.

Burning sun plagued cast, gave Alan slight sunstroke. Ex-Marine fighter pilot Peter Hansen, Paramount "find," right of Mona, had his eyes swollen almost shut.

Getting mike in right position is tough outdoors. Rudy, dialogue director Jim Vincent check Alan's, Mona's voices.

Daily "rushes" were shown every night at hotel. In front of Sue is Charles Bickford, who plays role of '90's cattle rancher. Far right is producer Mel Epstein.
Some girls leave home. But Barbara Lawrence found the apartment she wanted—right in her own bedroom.

A ROOM OF

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios

There comes a time in the life of just about every young American girl when she decides that the most glamorous and exciting thing that could happen to her would be for her to have her own apartment. Consequently you'd think that a young girl, well known on the screen, would at the first possible moment try her wings and fly out of the parental nest into her own private abode. Some do—but not Barbara Lawrence, who was last seen in "Peggy."

"Why should I do that?" she asked. "My room at home is practically an apartment, and I don't have any of the chores of running my own place." But more important, she pointed out, was the fact that it's pretty nice to be with your own family, retaining privacy the while.

Barbara's room looks as though it really belongs to her, a decorating precept worth noting. The strong, yet young, colors of dark green, pink and hyacinth blue flatter her blonde loveliness, and this was no accident. Decorator Gwen Carde, who was doing the entire house, picked up the scheme from a favorite dressing-gown of Barbara's, one which was particularly becoming. Designed by Howard Greer, this dressing-gown is of a deep hyacinth blue wool, shot with silver threads, the collar and trim a watermelon pink. Among the fabrics which Miss Carde brought for Barbara to choose from (Continued on page 86)
Chintz draperies in living-room area of Barbara Lawrence's room cover corner windows. A favorite dressing-gown decided color scheme.

Photographs by de Gennaro.
Giving a party in a tiny kitchen, on a tiny budget, didn’t scare Sally Forrest. She just did what her mother taught her.

Last minute preparations for supper. For buffet table centerpiece, Sally used Spode Lazy Susan loaned by fiance Milo Frank’s mother

the forrest party plan

BY KAY MULVEY

Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen

PARTIES are fun. And there’s no reason not to give them—even if your kitchen space is limited and your budget and leisure time more limited still. Sally Forrest refuses to be put off by any time, space or money problems. Says there’s no need to. She gives pot-luck parties; an idea from her childhood, when her mother’s guests would contribute one item each to the menu.

When Sally gave her last party, she didn’t get in from the studio until after six o’clock. Quickly she showered, dressed and started setting tables. She wasn’t quite ready when her guests arrived at seven. But the candles were lit, the flowers were arranged and there were peanuts, popcorn, pretzels and potato chips to nibble on. The fancy type of hors d’oeuvres Sally dismisses—they’re too expensive to buy ready-made and it takes too long to prepare them.

When Milo Frank, Sally’s fiance, arrived, she broke him in right by enlisting his help. Together, they piled the silver on a huge (Continued on page 83)
Sally made her guests comfortable at card tables, let them get up for second helpings.

As a fortuneteller, Coleen won all hands! Barbara and Sally aren't missing a thing she's predicting for Rock Hudson.

Mad hatters: During contest to see who made the best hat the girls decided agent Milo was in the wrong business. He won prize. Left, Rock, Bob Clarke, Jeffrey Hunter, Milo, Sally, Bob Patten, Barbara, Coleen.
Our photographer catches up with the younger crowd—and discovers he’s having the time of his life.

Fox Hills Stables, where cowboy actors board their horses, features old-fashioned hay rides, moonlight canters. Lee McGregor, Joan Dixon preferred latter—more romantic.

There’s nothing like an ice cream binge at Wil Wright’s, where young players like Barbara Lawrence, Johnny Sands forget calorie counts. As Angel-face says—it’s heavenly!
Vanessa Brown drew Bob Patten as a partner in game at Art Linkletter's. Art, who put glamour into a bowling alley, is getting rich fast.

Sentimental folk protested when The Cocoanut Grove tried to remodel —too many romances started there, as well as many big names. Andre Previn took best girl Phyllis Kirk there before he went into the Army.

Popular filling station for hungry starlets is Eclair's, where music is served on the side with the pancakes and coffee. Concentrating on both are Betty Lynn, Roddy McDowall, Polly and Jerome Courtland.

He was in the money, so Richard Long took Terry Moore dancing at Ciro's, plush night club, where lady patrons are gifted with trinkets.

For fun and good food, Darryl Hickman, Allene Roberts, Scotty Beckett, Beverly Wills, Barbara Whiting, Bill Shirley congregate at The Village Green, which features New England dining room and quaint general store.

Or, if a fellow's in the chips, it could be a big date at one of the glamour spots.

In Hollywood, the hangouts may have fancier names and the settings may be a little more slick—but they offer the same kind of fun. And romance, of course, is the same everywhere.

I'TS Saturday night—anywhere, with a date set for fun at one of the regular hangouts. Whether you live in a country town, a village or a big city, you head for the neighborhood movie and a super soda afterwards. Or the bowling alley or skating at the local rink. Or maybe you try out some new steps at the place with the hottest band.
You’ve arrived. You discover many things you hadn’t expected as a star—

the loneliness that comes with fame, the financial problems, the ceaseless study. But you also find—it’s the most exciting time of your life
A PLAYER is given star billing by a studio when that player can "carry a picture." This phrase means simply that the name appeal of the player has become great enough to attract audiences to the box office in sufficient numbers to return a satisfactory profit to the studio. A star must be able to "sell tickets."

Top stars in Hollywood may be divided (very roughly) into two groups: the young arrived who are the prime favorites of audiences between the ages of twelve and thirty, and the secure players who are favorites of audiences of any age; such players as Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Barbara Stanwyck, Olivia de Havilland, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby or Bob Hope.

To the uninitiated, the bestowing of stardom may seem as spectacular an event as commencement. Unfortunately, stardom is almost never accompanied by fanfare. Usually it happens in this way: One day a young player appears at the studio, after having made a series of pictures that had given him a chance to show to increasing advantage how well equipped he was. The player is told by a studio official, "The front office has decided to star you in your next picture. They're looking for a script which will be just right."

This would be great news if it weren't for the fact that—by the time the announcement is made—the player is well seasoned in Hollywood lore. He knows that months, possibly even a year, may go by, before the perfect script may be found.

John Derek's experience is almost typical: After his brilliant work in "Knock on Any Door" which rewarded him with stardom, he was idle for eighteen months before he was cast in his first starring vehicle, "Rogues of Sherwood Forest." True, he was drawing his modest salary during that time, but inactivity preys on a player's mind. An actor must act if he is to remain an actor.

Like many another well-prepared and talented newcomer, John had a background of character-building experience to call upon while he waited for his first starring picture. He had been (Continued on page 76)

A star can't afford to be satisfied. Anne Baxter of "All About Eve" spends weeks testing make-up, hairdos—has changed her eyebrows at least twenty times!
winter wise

Jean Simmons, right, wears a charmingly casual sheath-type dress (you'd never guess it's the straight-up-and-down sack dress!) in 100 per cent wool jersey. Narrow gold belt cinches it in at the waist. Plattering V-neckline continues down the back. Brief bolero buttons at the neck. In almond, mauve, or powder blue, 10-16. $17.95 by Wedgewood Sports at Davison, Paxon, Atlanta, Ga., and Wm. H. Block, Indianapolis, Ind.

British star Jean Simmons is currently in Paramount's "Trio"

For store nearest you, write to manufacturer listed on page 63

photoplay

FASHIONS

Patrice Wymore, in scene with Errol Flynn, wears original dress designed by Marjorie West for Warner's "Rocky Mountain"

As gay as New Year's is the Giro adaptation of the Marjorie West dress worn by Pat Wymore, opposite page. In three pieces, the white oxford cotton man-tailored shirt has finely tucked bib front, $8.95; trim vest in vibrant red quilted jersey is $10.95; black velveteen skirt has front closing, unpressed pleat, $14.95. All in sizes 10-16, all at Bloomingdale stores. For foot comfort, Hollywood Skooters' black suede shell flats with square-cut vamp, $7.95
be a lady
in the house

A lovely way to greet your friends at home—in rayon taffeta quilted robe with velvet collar, cuffs and buttons. Loose-fitting, with graceful flare at back, huge patch pockets, it’s fully lined with rayon crepe. In Chinese red, gold or peacock, all with black velvet. Sizes 10-18. $14.95 by Lounges at G. Fox, Hartford, Conn., Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Evening enchantment: Oriental-styled lounging outfit has rayon quilted Coolie jacket with frog closing, side slits. Rayon crepe slacks are trim and tailored. In turquoise, rose, champagne or green mint, all with black slacks, lining and trim. Sizes 10-20, 9-15, $16.95 by Evelyn Pearson at Schuneman’s, St. Paul, Minn., Auerbach’s, Salt Lake City, Utah. Daniel Green’s quilted satin slippers, $4.50

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturers listed on page 63

Model for these Photoplay fashions—lovely Frances Ramsden, who makes her first screen appearance in the RKO film “Mad Wednesday”
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 every 3 women.

Never before 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.

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.

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 Both Size Palmolive

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
Alexis Smith in original dress designed by Bill Thomas for Universal-International’s “Undercover Girl”

Doubly exciting is this two-in-one dress that also can be worn as a sleeveless dress with a scarf at the neckline. Jumper has stand-up collar, modified capel sleeves; blouse, an ascot tie at neck. Make it in Botany’s Baronette wool crepe—choice of 45 colors. You’ll like their “antique ivory,” a warm off-white which will be important this year.

For detailed pattern drawings see page 63
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:

Separates on Patrice Wymore
Ciro
530 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Black suede shoes
Hollywood Skooters
3616 S. San Pedro, Los Angeles, Cal.

Jersey dress with jacket
Wedgewood Sports
1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Quilted taffeta robe
N. Farah
392 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Quilted jacket and slacks
Evelyn Pearson
350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Quilted slippers
Daniel Green
Dolgeville, N. Y.

Don’t “JUST WASH” your hair...

PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN
OF THE MONTH
Detailed drawings, above, of the Alexis Smith jumper dress on page 62

Condition it with NEW DRENE shampoo

The sure way to Natural Sheen - Natural Softness

This wonderful New Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action does far more than “just wash” your hair. It actually conditions as it cleanses...conditions your hair to all its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

After New Drene your hair is so easy to manage...it’s so marvelously clean and soft and responsive to your hands. No other shampoo has this Conditioning Action.

Try it...see all it does for your hair:
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!
A reporter’s report on the creations presented by Hollywood designers—with some newsy notes on the side.

Eleanor Parker of “The Valentino Story” in winter white two-piece hand-knit dress from Andrea of Beverly Hills.

Shirley Temple gains inches in Angovar’s turquoise satin brocade, with blue satin bow, bodice band.

BY EDITH GWYNN

WELL, kids! This has been one month when fashion shows and fashion parties far overshadowed and outnumbered the usual Hollywood soirees. Stars and starlets galore and “just plain people” turned out in droves to view the collections—some in shops—some staged with all the éclat of a court ball.

Probably the most glamorous party fashion show this season was Adrian’s. Once more he invited not only the gals but their sweethearts and husbands to see his lovely clothes and then served a hundred or more of the swank set a lavish buffet dinner at midnight in the plush foyer of his emporium. We noted Ronald Colman, Kay Kyser, Jeffrey Lynn, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Van Johnson, getting just as big an eyeful and enjoying it all.
just as much as their spouses.

Adrian showed everything from the straightest of short cocktail or evening gowns (trimmed with rows of short fringe top to bottom) to the fullest of floor-length dresses. Like Howard Greer’s recent collection, he, too, put much accent on various shades of gray; and used many sheath skirts topped by the flimiest of black lace blouses with daring bra-effects.

Don Loper’s offerings for winter brought out some gorgeous new fabrics—especially very sheer wools that had a glossy finish.

Don showed lots of afternoon dresses of silk faille, brocaded satins and metallic cloths imported from Europe.

As always, the originals by Sophie had their predominating air of simplicity, elegance and femininity. One black chiffon dress had a few million yards in its three floor-length skirts, and was topped by a long-waisted, skintight, heart-shaped, strapless, very decolleté bodice. A very wide scarf of black chiffon started just below the bustline—from both sides—and was drawn up over the bust and shoulders, crossing in the back, then draped softly over the bend of the arms and hung to almost floor length if the wearer dropped her arms. This same graceful effect can be added to almost any simple, tight-waisted gown you own—whether the scarf be of chiffon, tulle, or net.

Fine wool serge showed up in many of Sophie’s suits, most of which had short, form-fitting jackets, straight tight skirts.

Nancy Davis is a gal who knows that the right slant on the new fashions is, by all means, slant! Saw her at Irene’s fashion show wearing a figure-flattering dress of sheer black wool, simply tailored and featuring a rather high but very obliquely slanted, shoulder-to-shoulder collar (about two inches wide) of bright lemon yellow silk faille. The skirt, rather short, was straight, trimmed only with narrow, slanting tucks of the sheer black wool—and we don’t have to tell you that it was Christian Dior who “delivered” those slanting tucks.

Irene’s silhouettes went from the soft rounded look to even softer rounded looks in the matter of all suits and gowns. She showed colors and fabrics of every imaginable kind and even dresses—day or nighttime—with big puffy sleeves! Irene’s dresses featured tiers in curved, petal-like lines instead of the usual straight kind.

Good idea of Janet Leigh’s. She blew herself to a wonderful, voluminous coat of deep garnet velvet—the kind that doesn’t crush. This sort of “luxury item” really isn’t luxury at all because with its tiny collar, baggy sleeves, calf length, hanging straight in front and flaring in the back, it looks equally well over daytime dresses of almost any color and even some “dining out” suits.

Nobody’s closet should be minus a rather elegant skirt of black Lyons velvet this season. Whether the skirt be gored and full, or tight-fitting, its uses are so many! Whether topped by a tailored crepe or satin “shirtwaist” for lunch or daytime doings; or whether it goes dancing or dinner-ing beneath a lacy or flounced sleeve of luxurious material, such a skirt is the perfect wardrobe asset. Jeanne Crain grabbed herself one cut very full around the bottom but snug at the hips. She wears it with a low-cut tight-fitting bodice of pink satin, around the shoulders of which goes a soft scarf of black lace that ties in front. For evenings, of course. But Jeanne even strolls the studio lot in this same skirt, topped by bright red or green velvet cardigans. So the clothes line goes this season—with so many varieties of style that no smart gal can fail to pick a winner.

The End

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Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
100 Star Secrets of Hollywood Glamour

(Continued from page 40) brushes in the mirror, which comes in handy when you need to use one at home. A brush keeps your lip line cleaner and less messy. I put on a lot of lipstick at first. Then I blot it off with your finger tips; blot is on the tissue, too, to prevent lip color from running. Finally, I wipe the corners of my mouth so the little crevices won’t be filled with lipstick. I blot and blot and blot. The finished result is a clean outline—but not very much lip color.

3. June Haver: I have a fair skin on which color contrasts show up very sharply. So I’ve learned to mix a little lipstick with a large amount of rouge. I use a little rouge on my cheeks instead of using rouge. This way I get a perfect match.

4. June says too: The most important beauty weapon a woman has is her modesty. That’s something she should guard and cultivate more than trying to become a personality kid and an effeminate career-girl type. One of the most beautiful things about a woman is the mystery that surrounds her. The more of a real woman she is—the more real allure she possesses.

5. Linda Darnell: I use a discreet amount of dark brown eye-shadow on my lids. I don’t like to get away from the regular lashes. But I have a trick for applying the eye-shadow. Using an eyebrow pencil I make a slight slanting line from the outer corner of my eye. Then with my fingers I blend it smoothly into the eye-shadow itself. It is provocative.

6. Betty Lynn: I have lots of freckles so I use a light coating of Technicolor makeup to hide them. This make-up which has a stick of foundation and a little puff of the pancakes. I use a lot of water and put on just the very lightest film.

7. Jeanne Crain: Instead of eye-shadow, I put a mixture of cornstarch and cream of tartar that gives them a gleam. I also touch my eyebrows and lashes with this oil—to make them shine. Then I just barely touch the ends of my lashes with mascara.

8. Jeanne Crain: Having just had my fourth child, I know you don’t have to look like a frump when carrying a baby. Maternity clothes are surprisingly inexpensive. And plain colored smocks can be glanced—just so they don’t completely upstage your colors, or choosing colorful ones. I made most of my own maternity clothes this last time, and I found that smocks in my very best colors made my figure less noticeable. A smock of white worn in the summer, for example.

You can do a Chinese-style version of it, with a high plain collar. You can wear black velvet smocks over pajamas. The fact that your face is free of make-up will add to the glamour of your child. You can make a Chinese-style outfit for your little one. I made one for my baby and we both wore it. We were a hit. And that’s one of the many things that a baby can do to a new doe eye.

9. Ruth Hussey: Pancake is drying for some skins. But I have a special trick to give it a fresh look. I put a layer of light cream, wipe it off with tissue, then pour some witch hazel into the palm of my hand, dash this over my face and wipe it off with a towel. Then, putting on the pancake, I add a glass of water and very little pancake and immediately blot it dry with tissue. In this way pancake never gives me my face that about-to-crack feeling or does it dry my skin.

10. Ginger Rogers: To be an interesting woman, you have to be well-rounded—but, then, the American girl usually is. She has more than any other girl from any other country. She can look chic, she can cook a good meal, she can fix the car, she can open a locked door, she can sing a song, she can dance a dance, she can drive a car, she can fly a plane. You have a baby, you can fly a plane. There isn’t anything that the American girl cannot do or will not try to do. I think it’s this capability coupled with femininity that is so interesting and gives her a warmth to her and a lot more fascinating than dangling earrings and seductive perfumes.

19. Dinah Shore: Anyone can have a glamour—beauty has nothing to do with it. You just have to be analytical about it. If your voice is naturally pitchy too high, lower it. All you have to do to lower it is to think about it, remind yourself not to raise it or to shriek. If it is harsh and strident, de- lute a softer tone and study enunciation. If you can, listen to your voice on a wire recorder. You can’t correct a fault unless you first realize you have it.

20. Diana Barrymore: To be attractive, you must feel as if you are attractive. If you feel attractive or glamorous, you’ll take constructive steps to look that way. The first step is to refrain from saying anything you don’t want others to think. Don’t say, “I’m too fat.” Or, “My complexion is awful.” Never call attention to your defects by mentioning them, but don’t make everyone aware of them.

21. Ruth Roman: There are so many Hollywood parties and they are so big that you often find yourself in a roomful of people. Sometimes the hostess has disappeared, and you are left high and dry. At really large parties, it’s not mandatory of course for the hostess to guarantee you a seat. Sometimes, it is mandatory for you to make yourself a part of a group. You can turn to the person next to you and just start conversation—anything that is socially acceptable. You can feel very comfortable. You could remark on how well the party seems to be going. The thing you shouldn’t do is to sit and wait for others to notice you.

22. Jane Wyman: Knowing how to end a party is as important as how to start one. I have learned that if you quickly size up a room as you walk into it, you can seem poised and assured, even if you don’t know a soul. For instance, you could find yourself in the throes. Pause at the doorway, scan the crowd briefly to locate her, and then walk to her directly without wandering around aimlessly. Or if you happen to know some of the guests, locate them, and join them.

23. Arlene Dahl: I keep my skin in good condition by using fresh cucumbers and lemon juice. I grind up the cucumbers in a blender and then add a tablespoon of sugar. Then I add two tablespoons of lemon juice. I use this mixture as a mask. It’s a cleanser as well as a bleach. Sometimes, I put this pulp into a cheesecloth and make a poultice on my face. The ice acts as an astringent. When you wash off your cucumber mask, you skin feels very clean and refreshed—and it has a slight glow.

References to the line prove read advice on how to make up—or how to do your hair according to the shape of your face. But few of us really know what shapes our faces are. You might think you have a square face, but you may have an oblong face or an oblong方形. Stand in front of the bathroom mirror, pin your hair back and confine it under a towel. Take a piece of soap and draw the outline of your face on the mirror. When you are through, transfer the outline to a piece of paper. Then you have something to really work with. You have


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Of course, if daughter wants still more color, she can use Colorint. And if mother has no graying problem, she may prefer Colorinse. Both Colorinse and Colorint come in 10 enchanting shades.

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**DAUGHTER SAYS:**

"Want hair shining bright With highlights and sheen? Use Nestle Colorinse. It really is keen!"

It's almost magic—the way Nestle Colorinse glamorizes your hair with glorious color, highlights and sheen. It's quick and easy to use. Rinses in—shampoos out!

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Read NANCY CRAIG’s COOKING PAGES in this month’s RADIO MIRROR Magazine
take inches off your hips, but those inches go right up around your waistline. A thickened waistline is what you most want to avoid.

60. Another Plunkett tip: Find your beauty "center." Dramatize it. Vivien Leigh, for instance, has such an unusual face that it needs to be almost set apart from her body. When I designed her clothes for "Gone with the Wind," I used high collars to break the eyeline between her face and her figure. When I dress for "Madame Bovary," I emphasized, above all, her grace and rhythm of movement.

61. Walter Plunkett again: Too many women forget there are dark pastels as well as light ones. If the short hair cut but not brilliant yellows, the soft purples and the like are becoming to you, remember nothing is more individual.

62. Shelley Winters: I believe in finding the right hair style and then staying with it. For quite a while, I believed very firmly that long hair did a great deal for me. That was when long hair was fashionable. Then the short hair cut in and I followed suit like everyone else. But it was with grave misgivings. Now, I realize that short hair really does things for my face and, regardless of future hair styles, I will always wear it short even now, she glories low-heeled playshoes by sewing her initials in sequins on the toes.

63. Kathleen Hughes: A wardrobe trick I've found helpful is to buy accessories of just one color. I build my wardrobe around one basic color scheme—black or brown or navy blue. This means I only have to buy one pair of black date shoes, one handbag, one pair of gloves, one hat. Of course, if you want to really splurge, you can do the same thing with brown and blue, but that runs into money and leaves you less to spend for other things.

64. Ingrid Bergman: Ingrid, five feet eight in height, generally wears flat-heeled ballet shoes. For cocktail wear, she glorifies low-heeled playshoes by sewing her initials in sequins on the toes.

65. Marie Windsor: I make most of my own clothes because I can make them more inexpensively than ready-made things. But I always achieve a professional look by having the belt and buttons made professionally.

66. Janis Carter: I have a small waist, and I like to emphasize it by wide belts, cummerbund tops, and so on. If I can't find this wide band in regular stores, I spend a few dollars more and have just what I want specially made up.

67. Another Carter cue: I have a long neck, and I camouflage this by always wearing high collars, even on my coats. I turn my blouse collars up and wear pearl chokers to hold them up. If I wear an off-the-shoulder dress, I wear a heavy choker around my neck.

68. Joan Caulfield: Most people choose colors because they have blonde hair, or black or red or brown hair. Or they choose blue because they have blue eyes. But the most flattering colors are those which flatter your skin. When I am going to buy a suit or a dress made up, or even a blouse, I hold the yardage next to my face. I see what the color does for my skin tone. If my skin looks more alive and vibrant, that's the color I choose.

69. Barbara Bel Geddes: One tip that doesn't look well in clothes that wrinkle. If you are buying your own yardage, a good way to test material for wrinkling is to take a corner of the material and squeeze it up tightly. If it stays wrinkled, don't buy it, no matter how pretty it is.

70. Jeanette MacDonald: I believe in

Fingers for artichokes! Pull off a leaf, dip end in sauce, bite off. Eat heart with fork. 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 $39.75, chest included. A remarkable value! 4 lovely patterns in this long-lived silverware. Pattern below is Plantation.

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adding the glamour of touch of jewelry and making sentiment an inspiration for unusual jewelry. Some years ago, my husband gave me a beautiful charm bracelet. He adds it to from time to time for important professional events in my life. When I was in New York, I went to the museum and saw Egyptian mummies with these bracelets on. They are hundreds of years old so you never have to worry about a charm bracelet being dated. The important thing to remember is that jewelry you choose has not only sentimental value and to be in good taste.

71. Alexis Smith: I have a wardrobe trick that doubles my outfits. If I am particularly fond of a certain material, I have a second one cut in exactly the same way. For instance, I have a white skirt. One top, out of the same material, has shirtmaker lines. It’s strictly daytime. The other top is low-cut and trimmed with beautiful white lace.

72. Virginia Grey: Black is a favorite color of mine. To relieve its severity, particularly with suits, I buy crepe of lovely shades—just a third of a yard for a scarf. These scarves can be knotted or tied. This way, I can get a dash of a favorite color where it is the most flattering—next to my face.

73. Cyd Charisse: I am a great believer in looking as though you are healthy and well outside unless you are unhealthy on the inside. I go on a liquid diet one day a week. This keeps my figure trim and the poundage down, and it also keeps my complexes under control. I believe in starving myself, just staying with liquids. This is what I eat on that one day:

Breakfast: tall glass of orange juice.
Glass skin milk.
Three o’clock: cup of beef bouillon.
Glass grapefruit juice (no sugar added).
Dinner: celery and apple juice mixed, glass or celery and tomato juice; glass orange juice. This makes a dessert. For dessert:
1 glass frozen grape juice, diluted with water; or, 1 glass of pineapple juice.
74. Piper Laurie: I don’t think this will come as a surprise to anyone who see that there is anything like health to give you that radiant look. And, of course, one way to keep in condition is to make sure you have a correctly balanced diet. So many kids these days are on sweeteners and ice cream, and I believe that you should start the day with a well-balanced breakfast—fruit, toast, milk, cereal. I think you should reach for a salad instead of a sandwich at lunch time. It is well worth remembering that books on diet and learn what foods do what things for your body. For instance, proteins are muscle-building foods, carbohydrates give you energy, and so on. If you can’t eat a problem skin, either eat something for your hair, your teeth—I’d find out what foods and what vitamins would help you correct that problem. Every day I try to drink at least eight glasses of water, eat fresh fruits and vegetables, and the proper amount of lean meats for protein. I stay away from rich desserts. I think it’s wise to start this kind of thinking early in life.

75. Maria Tallulah: Whenever I have to lose weight for a role (as I did some time ago when I had to look ill and undernourished for my role in “The Snake Pit”), I go to Terry Hunt’s and have steam bath. I put myself down to lose weight right at all times. Whenever I have to gain, I eat certain weight-adding foods for a few days; whenever I have to lose, I eliminate them from my diet. The dos and don’t that guide me are:

To Lose: No hot broths, jams, jellies, cakes, pastries; no starch vegetables such as lima or baked beans; no olive oil or mayonnaise; no sugar. Drink a lot of tea, beer, sneaks, malted sodas, cocoanut; no candy; no cheese, spices, fatty meats, creamed gravy, sauces; no sugar.

To Gain: Eat all the above foods.

The most important thing to remember when you want to lose weight is to forget those between-meal snacks. Stick to just three slimming meals a day, and no deviations.

76. Luella Ball: When you have to go through a rigorous routine such as I did in “The Fuller Brush Girl,” you have to get in condition for it. You can’t just suddenly go from being an early hair stylist or a steamship stack, for take after take without preparing for it. Three weeks before I started the picture, I went into regular training. I took exercises. I rode a bike and I developed and kept it up. I developed legs gradually. A certain amount of exercise, done regularly, will keep your muscles firm and adaptable. Your figure never develops those little butts that young ladies have.

77. Betty Hutton: I took ballet as a child. I think it helps give you balance and grace. This also developed my legs; it not only made the calves larger but stretched them out. I developed my feet, too, and I developed legs. Dancing lessons are wonderful.

78. Virginia Field: I try to lie down for ten minutes every day with witch-hazel pads on your face in a darkened room.

79. Evelyn Keen: You are only as old as your figure. Even a very young girl looks matronly from a distance if she is overweight. One thing you learn right away is that you are not as healthy as people are who are dependent on your skeleton. If you have large bones, you’re never going to be the petite type. Skeletons are as different as faces. The ideal measurements are bust and waist. You should always be an inch smaller in the waist and an inch smaller in the bust. If you don’t give up if this doesn’t apply to you. Start from the waist and then balance your figure. Big or small, fat or thin, you can still seem to have a well proportioned figure. No matter how your waistline is, it is important to have your waistline and your hip line. If your shoulders are narrow, do “push-up” exercises to develop them. If your hips are too wide, roll across the floor. Anyone can see that my figure is not perfect. But I know how to remember the magic key words: Balance your measurements.

80. Julie London: There is one beauty secret that is so common it almost doesn’t seem worth mentioning at all because it flushes your system and keeps your digestive processes in healthy working order. The juice of a lemon in a glass of hot water every morning is a miracle worker.

81. Ann Sheridan: When I want to gain weight, I drink a glass of half cream and half ginger ale several times a day in addition to my regular meals. I have found that the ginger ale cuts the thick cream so that it isn’t too hard to get down. It makes a very good cold drink, as a matter of fact. You can add ice cubes if you like. It’s a pleasant mixer, and I use half a cake of Castile soap to two cups of water and mix this into a shampoo. It’s the consistency of French dressing. If it’s too thick, you can make it cheaper—for your hair than pure Castile soap. After I shampoo my hair, I rinse it many times. I add the juice of one lemon to the final rinse water. This cuts the soap and helps make your hair look beautiful. Then I roll my hair dry with a towel and just comb it down straight while it’s still a little damp. I never set it.

82. Rita Hayworth: The glamorous Rita was born beautiful, but the one thing Hollywood make-up men found annoying was her low forehead. The make-up depended on Rita’s forehead for a balance of light, and the process was so bad that on the set, the coiffure men would move her hairline a full half-inch—which gave her a lovely, high forehead. This treatment can be given in any beauty parlor. It consists of coating the forehead with a special mud and then air-drying it. It is then removed without the mud coming off. This mud does not come off until it has dried and is then removed. The mud will be either black or brown, or both, depending on the hair color. Once it is dried, it is removed by using a damp cloth or towel, and the hair is then washed. This process is somewhat similar to the Japanese method of removing the mud from the scalp. This method is not only beneficial in the event of a bad cold, but also in cases of acne, dandruff, and other scalp conditions. The mud is a powerful natural sealer and removes all the bad germs from the scalp. This treatment is good for all types of hair.

83. Gene Tierney: Some years ago, I was told that the best thing you could do to stimulate your scalp was to pull your hair. Every day before I leave the house, I pull my hair just a bit with a steady strong pull. I don’t mean you should yank it until it hurts—but pull gently. When you can feel the circulation tingling in your scalp, you have a healthy scalp.

84. Barbara Stanwyck: My hair is gray and I refuse to do anything about dyeing or tinting it. I think gray hair is a soft frame for any woman’s face. However, when I was in my thirties, I was made sure it’s kept very well groomed. You should experiment and experiment until you find the right hair style. I tried my hair nine different ways in a week before I settled on this style I have now.

85. Mitzi Green: I wear my hair long
because of my profession. Entertaining in night clubs as I do, long hair makes it possible for me to do a greater variety of characterizations. But long hair is difficult to curl. One can't wind shoulder-length hair into pincurls. Instead, I dampen the ends of each curl and tie it with strips of cleansing tissue. I look like Topsey, but the curl dries in no time. It's very soft. The added advantage is that it is possible to sleep with your hair in this type of "curls."

95. Yvonne De Carlo: Now the clean sweep back of the hair is so fashionable, many girls don't know how to achieve that look of "not a hair out of place." At Universal-International, they show us how to keep stubborn tendrils in place by smoothing hair wax on the hair. I also take particular care to carefully groom the hairline, brushing the edges clean from any powder or make-up with a stiff toothbrush. You then blow dry it slightly severe, look with your hair flying around.

96. Elizabeth Scott: I think glamour should never have a feeling about it. I am always ten minutes before my date calls for me. This gives me a feeling of relaxation and composure. I'm ready; not hurried or worried. I don't think the breathless look, that "just made it" feeling, flatters either your date or your appearance.

97. Eve Arden: I believe the most glamorous thing a woman can do is to really listen to what another person says. If you give a man your sincere and undivided attention, you show by your laughter that you think he is clever or amusing, if you forget anyone else is around—you have a sound basis for glamour. At least he's going to think so!

98. Corinne Calvet: I think perfume and glamour are synonymous. But I think you should use the right perfume for the right hour of day. No heavy scents on the golf course, nor musk scents at noon. I buy good perfumes in the smallest possible quantities I can—just half a dram, for instance. I try it out, see what it does for me, how I feel when I wear it. If it really like it, I buy a larger bottle. I never settle down to just one perfume. I don't like to be identified with just one aroma. I like to choose my perfumes as I would my accessories—very carefully and with thought as to the outfit I will be wearing. Seductive, provocative perfumes for evening, flower scents for daylight, spicy scents for around the house. I think one of the most feminine things a girl can have is a perfume wardrobe.

99. Joan Crawford: My one glamour secret is that once I'm out of the dressing room, I stop dressing. It's a good taste to let your companions compete with your compact. Careful grooming before you leave gives you the assurance to refrain from touching your hair, glancing in a mirror, or adjusting your collar.

100. Gloria Swanson: Glamour is a state of mind. So many times when someone says a girl is glamorous, you get a mental picture of someone who is all decked out, with make-up, jewelry, a low-cut dress and heavy perfume. If you look up glamour in the dictionary, however, it says, "Magic, a spell or charm." It doesn't say anything about how you look but merely your effect on others. There are too many kids who try to be glamorous without being worth while—yet there has never been a really glamorous woman who didn't have a great deal besides what was on the surface. For real glamour, you have to start building from the inner self out. Three things are responsible for holding your youthfulness through the years: intelligent eating, your mental attitude, and heredity.

The End
Continued from page 32) never know how a marriage is going to be until you live with the guy. But I'll make another prediction: Rita Hayworth's this second mating will take. She's learned an awful lot about life in general and Shirley Temple in particular since this time last year when she had just divorced John Agar (December 31, 1950). As the wife of the most recognizable member of the world's citizenry, Shirley discovered the editorial way that you can't have your cake of divorce and eat public approval. Not that Miss Mommers or Miss Marlowe says nothing. But how can you rap a girl who hasn't been in a night club for one whole year and who spends four days a week as an unpaid nurse with the children in the Los Angeles County Hospital. Good luck, Shirley and Charles.

Only a fool would predict more than a day ahead for Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton. Okay, so I'm an idiot. But I don't believe they'll get a divorce in 1951. They're in love. They want to stay married. And now I'll tie in some unasked-for advice with my prediction. To Nicky—don't be afraid of being proposed to by Elizabeth—don't be quite so sensitive. To the press—let them have a chance.

EVERYONE is predicting that the Bette Davis marriage to Gary Merrill has to end before 1952. I thought so too until I heard Bette's dialogue in her smash hit picture, "All About Eve." Remember those speeches from Bette playing an aging star actor—she has particular matters to any woman, even those with a career, except being able to turn around in bed, and there he is—your man. Bette is just that kind of gal. She's going to have to retire. Gary will retire from the screen. Maybe not next year but very probably next. Lana's on the lazy side. She loves to eat, drink, be merry, and pretty early in the morning. Which is bad if Bob Tracy doesn't manage to move back East, that is when Lana will write "Fade-Out" to her glamorous career. I'll be daring and say I believe they will stay Mr. and Mrs.—at least until I make my predictions for 1952.

What does the crystal ball reveal for Judy Garland? Brother, how I wish I knew. The tragedy clouds are still there. So is the emotional insecurity. So is her wonderful and great talent. The last time I saw Judy—at the Bing Crosby radio show—she said, "Shelah, I feel fine, but I don't know, I guess I can never make another movie." I do. And I know how to do. I'd give anything to predict that she will.

Rita Hayworth is like Lana Turner—she likes soft living and late hours, night and day. But they're two different types. Aly, who loves the limelight, will almost have to whip her languid wife into wanting to resume the career she wants to forget. Of course she can always postpone the energy—she's only forty-two. I predict Rita wanted thirteen children with Orson Welles. I predict she'll be made with her Muslim prince—unless he spends too much time in Egypt.

Ingrid Bergman will resume her career in 1951—if not before. No one was fooled, nor even Ingrid, when she dished out that big slice of baloney about permanent retirement. Ingrid will be back. Her second place is not so verifiable a fact. Rita Hayworth is a very mercurial in the last department and a lady would find herself unable to make a career of just being her dutiful wife. From everything I know of his passionate past, I don't think that's her aspiration. Besides, it's too commercially artistic to waste Ingrid's great acting ability in the kitchen. And Ingrid is much too smart to make ravioli when she can be making mouthwatering Mediterranean dishes for hire. She has always appreciated money.

Will Sharnam Douglas change her name to Mrs. Peter Lawford in 1951? I predict that name change is not what Sharnam says nothing. But their actions speak for them. Even during the times they are apart, they are always in touch by telephone. And when a thrifty lad like Lawford—dans for the correct pronunciation of Peter's name—dared to write to Sharnam asking her out to London and Australia to sitter—Sister, you can write that down as love. I also predict Peter is breaking down the marriage objections of Sharnam's Ambassador father—Lewy—Douglas. It's very possible that Pete to his ranch, both with and without Sharnam? And before the blonde charmer came to Hollywood this last time, she suggested to Pete's lawyer. Pete asked him to meet her at the airport. She stayed at lawyer Neil McCarthy's house. But the man she saw, day and evening? The ecstatic, the suave debonair actor, of course. What will be the surprise in February? I predict that Howard Keel, who plays Ren- enal, will be as big a singing star as Nelson Eddy ever was, perhaps bigger.

The big acting surprises for 1951, female, are Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, and Jane Powell. You'll practically pass out as I did when you see what RKO's boss Howard Hughes has done for and to and to Dame Janet in "Two Tickets to Broadway." She's a sophisticated, smart high-steppin' gal with a future so bright it'll make you want to go to Grapes—we're discussing the next pin-up queen.

Claudette Colbert told me when she was forty years old that when she reached the ripe age of forty-five, she would retire as an actress. If she doesn't, don't call me. To the thinking of the species. Well, Claudette will be forty-six in 1951, but I'm predicting she will continue to act. And why not? She's still terrific. The screen would be very barren without Claudette's special brand of brightness.

I predict that John Derek, the big young actor discovery of 1949, will drop heavily in popularity. The voice of Bette's new television show will sound very much like Gabriel Byrne. He's a star. And why not? He'll be another Jean Simmons for Hollywood. He seems to have the talent, the looks, and the timing. He'll be important."

MY Academy Award prediction for March, 1951 is—Gloria Swanson for the girls. The boys aren't as easy. But these will be nominated—Jose Ferrer ("Cyrano"), Spencer Tracy ("Father of the Bride"), and Bette Davis and Jane Powell. They're the only way you can make a prediction. But I first wanted to marry Jean Simmons, to whom he is now engaged, when she was a baby of seventeen.

Stars shown on pages $4 and $5 may be seen in the following pictures: Phyllis Kirk is in "Three Guys Named Mike"; Robert Taylor is in "Love Happy"; Philip Dorn, Lee MacGregor in "Best of the Bad Men"; Joan Dixon in "Roulette", Anne Vernon has a part in a King's Picture, Richard Long in "Air Cadet"; Alice Roberts in "Union Station"; Scotty Beckett in "Gasoline Alley"; Johnny Sands in "Prisoner of War"; Vanessa Brown in "Three Husbands"; Betty Lynn in "Take Care of My Little Girl"; Jerome Cowan in "Basta Pe"; Polly Bergen Courtenay in "War Path"; Roddy McDowall in "Big Time"; Dolly Haas in "Lashing Strikes Twice"; Barbara Whiting in "I Can Get You for Wholesale"; Barbara Lawrence was seen late in "Fugitive."
THE cast had come to New York to shoot some of the scenes. The locale, selected for its authenticity, was up around 185th Street. The very first morning of shooting, the entire crew became a target for abuse by the leading hoodlums of the area.

"Yah, Yah," someone shouted. "Lookit 'em big-shot movee stars. Makin' a pitcha to put inna movees."

It became obvious to everyone that if this kind of heckling continued, they would have to stop work. No one knew quite how to handle the situation and then, suddenly, Ruth started toward the bunch of young hostiles with grim fury. They grew silent as she came toward them, and when she began to lambast them in their own native idiom they could only gape in astonishment and slink away.

"That was the funniest thing," she said later. "I did it without even thinking. I guess for those few moments, I was back in Boston."

Not all of Ruth's days in Boston were spent in the street, however. There was dignity if not luxury in the Roman household. Even though Suki had to resort to tedious, menial jobs like dishwashing or taking in laundry to keep them going, she also found time to stimulate their interest in books and music. Especially ballet music. It was all of dancing Suki could still have.

From the start, Ruth's main interest was acting. As a child, she was terribly emotional. She resented the poverty and the eternal struggle for bare necessities. Even more than her sisters, she sensed the growing weariness of her mother, and it made her feel guilty. Most of this she was too young to understand, of course, but the feelings were just as sharp and just as painful.

The only thing that made it bearable was her escape into fantasy, and she had an incredible imagination. It is no surprise that Ruth found the whole idea of theater a fascinating one.

Her first activity in this field began when she started acting in children's plays at the community settlement house. When Ruth saw a sign outside the door which said, "Play Acting," that was all she needed. They produced little one-act plays like "Bridget and the Fairies."

After that when she wasn't acting she was reading about it. She read every book on drama she could absorb, even though a lot of it went over her head then.

"I'm still the same way," she admits. "I guess I love acting so much I can't bear not to be involved with it."

Perseverance landed her her first grown-up role with a group of semi-professional players when she was thirteen. She had learned that the group under
the direction of Robert Delaney was preparing to cast for "Excursion.

She managed to see Delaney one afternoon, but he offered her a chance to read for the part of Lottie. Delaney was annoyed. "My dear girl," he told her, "the part calls for a young girl of fifteen, not a woman of forty. You're too young for that."

"Try me," begged Ruth. "Just let me read it once for you. Just once, that's all."

Even an experienced director like Delaney must have caught the spark of genuine passion. He told her to appear the following Sunday and read.

On Sunday, Ruth arrived before anyone else, a little pale, but there was no sign of the rigorous ten days of grueling, intense preparation Delaney was imposing on the audience with the rest of the cast. Ruth could see the older girls in the back were being amused by the whole thing. It disturbed her, and she was sure she wouldn't be able to keep her voice from wavering as she began her audition.

"It wasn't so much that I was a good actress then, because I wasn't. But Lottie was me. Her anger and loneliness were things I knew from my own life. That's why those lines rang true when I read them.

Needless to say, she got the part. The kids in the neighborhood were making things tough again. They didn't understand that her father was a doctor. When she stopped playing with them, and hung around with her fellow actors instead, they decided she'd gone mad. 'Mad as a hatter!' she called it. She found the way she was learning to walk. One of these days, she told herself, she'd show them. She'd go to New York, and become a famous actress.

At that point in her life she didn't know she would become a success the minute she arrived. "But it wasn't like that," she recalls grimly. "New York was real frustration for me. Most people don't know how many heartbreaking years there are behind a success in this business. All they can see is that you're a star with your name in lights. Some kind of magic put you there."

I t wasn't magic that wafted Ruth Roman to stardom. It wasn't a lucky coincidence, or knowing the right contact. It wasn't anything. It was her innate dedication, her ability to keep focused on her one deepset ambition.

There were times when she waivered a little. When she was fifteen, she was awarded a three-year scholarship to the Bishop Lee Dramatic School. It was strictly Junior League, but Ruth's exceptional talent kept others envying her instead of vying with her. She returned home with some astonishment. "Imagine those girls with their cashmere sweaters and shiny convertibles sitting there and wishing what I've got. But they don't. They used to tell me so."

At any rate, Ruth was just finishing up her first year there when she realized that the graduating seniors would be shipped to Broadway on an instant basis. She decided she'd had enough schooling; what she needed was real professional experience, so she packed her battered suitcase and set out on a sixteen-day, ten-dollar journey carefully saved from after-school jobs—and went off to conquer New York. If her mother thought she was crazy, she didn't say so. She quietly packed Ruth and her clothes into the car for her two-week trip to New York City.

"It was absolutely the dankest, darkest, rainiest night in the history of New York when I arrived. Ruth insists. Her raincoat became a sea anchor when she laughed and soaked right through. She was getting horribly depressed and somewhat fright-

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"My, but she was noisy," Marie says fondly, "but she never inflicted her temper on people around her. She might get heated in an argument and yell like the dickens, but it was mostly excitement."

Everyone who has known Ruth will testify to her loveliness. When she began to earn money, she shared it with her less fortunate buddies. She would lend them her clothes. She even tried to get them jobs. "It's only fair," she would tell them when they tried to thank her. "You stuck by me when I was broke."

Now that Ruth has found her niche, and is considerably more grown-up, she is willing to think in terms of a real heart situation. "I want a husband just like any woman," she admits. "But I want one for keeps. That's what's taking me so long. I want to be sure he's the right one."

What of "the one" will have to be? "Compassionate," she says, "and bright, with lots of humor. He doesn't have to be an actor. He doesn't have to be famous or even handsome. Just a real person, that's all."

During those months after her release from Selznick, Ruth used to visit Dore Schary. Dore had also worked for Selznick, and Ruth always had a tremendous admiration for him. Schary liked Ruth, too. He kept telling her he'd give her the chance she wanted some day. Ruth had heard this before, this from other people, but from Schary it rang true.

When he got to be head of the studio at RKO, Ruth dropped in to see him. His secretary said he was too busy to see anyone, and Ruth blew up. "O.K.," she said, and the sparks from her eyes could have melted the glass off the desk. "Tell him I think he's gone big-head."

The next day, she got a phone call from the secretary, who, much to Ruth's distress, had given Schary her message verbatim. She was a little uncomfortable about seeing him then, but his warmth and humor soon disarmed her. He made a joke of the entire incident and told her that he thought he had a part for her in a little picture called "The Window."

That was it. That was the break Ruth had been waiting for, for the picture turned out to be a huge success, carrying Ruth right along with it.

Of course, at the time the picture was in production, no one dreamed it would be so successful. It was surprise box-office.

Most of the time during the filming, Ruth was gloomy. The role was a depressing one and she was always deeply affected by any part she played.

"Her imagination is at work, even when she isn't," confides one of her close friends. "She's always sure she's got some awful disease and she never admits she's merely depressed like other people—she insists she's ill. Deathly ill."

But the gloom was worth it. Before "The Window" was released to the public, producer Stanley Kramer saw it. He saw new Ruth Roman. He was looking for an actress to play the good girl role in "The Champion" opposite Kirk Douglas. He decided Ruth was the answer.

Even before "The Champion" was released, she had her long-term contract at Warners. Since then she has made a number of pictures, among them "Beyond the Forest," "Curt Ass," "Barricade," and "Always Leave Them Laughing." Others, which will be released by the time you read this, are "Three Smart Girls, " "Dallas," and "Selznick Girl." A star picture as a star will be "Lightning Strikes Twice" with Richard Todd. Thus endeth our chapter on early Roman history.

But there are more conquests to come. You'll see.

The End

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"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 moneyed women. 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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PARTIAL CONTENTS—NEW EDITION

Too Much Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Brestas, Fat Padded Arms, Slinging the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-Legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Off Fat, Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs—Off with That Double Chin! Slinging the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Advice For The Adolescent!—The Woman Past Forty!—The Personality Figure, Glamour Is Glandular, This Thing Called Love, Cure-for-the-Blues Department, Take a Chance!
How a Star Is Born

(Continued from page 57) under contract to David O. Selznick for a year, and had only minor roles in two pictures: "Since You Went Away" and "I’ll Be Seeing You," under the name of Dare Harris. He had been under contract at Twentieth Century-Fox, and had not made a picture. Now he was under contract to Columbia, and if a man could live with fingers and toes crossed, he would have done it. He was also practical: He spent a full business day, every week day, at the studio. He spent several hours daily studying with famed drama coach Benno Schneider. He read sets; he saw a picture almost every night. He was in training quite as much as if he had been trying to make a football team, and he didn’t relax his efforts or give in to discouragement for eighteen long months.

Kirk Douglas scored in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," but made very little headway for nearly two years, until "The Champion" was placed in production.

The list of similar experiences is endless.

However, once that first starring picture has been completed, a new set of problems arises. There are suddenly twenty scripts crying for the casting of the star. The bewildered star is delighted to have five pictures lined up in advance. He reports on the set thirty minutes early each day. He has a week off between his second and third picture, a weekend off between his third and fourth, an afternoon off between his fourth and fifth.

One morning when he awakens he finds himself done in, totally exhausted, shot. He calls his studio, an ear to the worm's breakdown has been anticipated, so the majority of his coworkers understand, but someone, for some reason, is certain to report to a columnist that the star has developed "temperament." At first, the fact of his "temperament" being considered copy for a syndicated column strikes the player as being faintly absurd. He is likely to dial the scribe’s number and set things right. However, after thought, there comes a towering realization: He, the struggling nobody, has become a star; henceforth, everything about him is news.

If you were such a star, you would read rather intimate disclosures of your plans or your problems in magazines and in gossip columns. A Hollywood picture star soon finds that everything said or thought about him finds its way into print.

Having absorbed this truth, you—as an arrived star—must steer a careful course. You must not be dull, for to be dull is the capital crime in theatrical circles, but you must not be notorius, either. Nowadays, studios are not inclined to overlook the antics of theatrical problem children; there are too many talented people who are available and begging for jobs for studio officials to endure stars who bring calamity upon Hollywood.

No matter how hard a star has worked to attain stardom, there is still more work, more study, more grooming, more seasoning to be done. When Anne Baxter was cast in "You’re My Everything," in which she was required to be a flapper (1923 era), she spent weeks in the hairdressing department experimenting with a coiffeur which would please both herself and the director.

During the years of her apprenticeship and her stardom, Anne has changed her eyebrows "at least twenty times." Currently she is back to her natural contours.

Like almost every other young player in Hollywood, Anne sees as many plays as possible, and when Los Angeles’ few legitimate theaters are dark, and a trip to New York isn’t possible, Anne, John, and a group of their friends get together and read new plays aloud.

The arrived star tries to do as many radio programs as possible because radio is a polishing medium. Incidentally, the background people or bit players in radio are highly esteemed by picture players.

Everyone who knows anything about the theater is familiar with the cliche that a successful comedian yearns to play Hamlet, and a successful tragedian aspires to enact "Twelfth Night." Donald O’Connor, a thoroughly competent young comic, has something to say on the subject. "I’m perfectly honest about it; I’d like to play Hamlet, or Romeo in ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ or some such heavy drama. Why? Well, once a player has attained success in a certain type of role, there is a tendency on the part of producers to cast him repeatedly in the same sort of thing. Young stars are right when they protest against repeating the same characterization endlessly. To preserve themselves as many-sided performers, they must look for a change of pace.

Another professional responsibility of the successful player is to look like a movie star when away from the studio. Most stars—talented or grossly egocentric—know that the studio’s staff of technical talent whose job is keeping a star’s appearance tip-top.

Away from the studio, when a star is shopping, driving, browsing, eating, going to the beach, or merely relaxing, it is natural to do as the rest of the world does in similar circumstances—and relax about appearance.

The arrived star soon discovers that ease is for the inconspicuous. A famous person who is in old dungarees, world-weary sweater, sweatshirts or antique mocassins is criticized.

Until you really make a study of the problems of assembling a wardrobe, you may never understand what a fashion does—to that if you spend large sums on your clothes you will automatically be a candidate for a "best-dressed" list. This is a mistake. A Woodford personality who spends staggering sums on clothing, has a reputation for being wrongfully dressed. She always wears too much at everything: Jeweled pins, necklaces, feathers, flowers, veils and hats.

Once you have mastered the wardrobe problem so that you never have to step into the closet and say, "I have nothing to wear," as a newly arrived luminary, you are faced by a far more subtle social problem:

One great sadness has tempered your success—many of your old-time friends have disappeared. These friends have joined you, and many of you are marrying among those who are naturally called your "peers." These "peers" have, that is, been written off the list. The fact remains that in whatever efforts you have made to keep the old friendships, something has gone wrong. You have no longer the same circle of friends you had, but life moves faster than the human will. You haven’t had time to place the leisurely telephone calls. It is true that you haven’t changed in some respects, but in others you have, and those who have not have held back. So you, like every other arrived star, will find your circle of friends changing. You would be invited to some truly charming social affairs and would meet literary celebrities such as James Hilton, James M. Cain, Frank Scully, whose new book about flying saucers is being talked about, and Anitha Loos, of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," who has denied that she has any friends.

You would find that you would be more comfortable in such company if you knew and could discuss something of the work of authors like Pound, Eliot, and T. S. Eliot, Flaubert and Faulkner, Henry James and James Michener. If you were lost when the conversation skipped away from the movies, you would decide to find out exactly what that Dr. U. J. Grant talks about in his book, why Eve Arden buys Grandma Moses.

You would have a record collection ranging from Bach to Berlin. You would buy for reference books used works as "Great Synopses; How to Recognize and Remember Them," "Great Program Music; How to Recognize and Remember It," both by Sigmund Spaeth, and "The Music Lovers’ Handbook" edited by Eilee Siegelmeister.

In brief, you would be broadening your horizons and further acquainting yourself with the magic world of the creative artist. And finally, you would be in an onward phase of your life at this particular stage of development.

Unfortunately, your personal problems.
struggling

You would wake some morning
discovering you were in deep financial
difficulty. You would have bought a
car, a new house, and you hadn’t
realized that you didn’t have enough
money in the bank to
cover your income taxes.

You would employ a business manager
who would put you on a budget. You
would find yourself in much the situation
of Donald O’Connor, who has avoided
trouble because his business manager
advises Mr. O’Connor exactly fifty dollars
per week for expenses. The rest of his
check pays his bills, provides for taxes
and savings.

In addition to these financial
problems, you would discover what almost
every other celebrity has learned:
Every family loves a successful member.
You would be informed that Uncle Three-The-
ere has found a boy and girl who
would succeed, and would you please make
the next payment on his mortgage.
You would be told that Cousin Sulphur
was coming to town and you had to
live with you until he could find work and
living quarters.

It also is at this particular stage of
the star’s development that a new and some-
times terrible element enters his or her
life, and it is especially terrifying to realize
that the element is likely to become
an integral part of life from that
point on. It is called Loneliness.

Many a star has been driven from
home because she has no escort for an important
social event. This is her problem. If her first
marriage has broken up, she is beset by
wolves until they learn that the heart has
interchanged. The nice boys, the ones she would welcome as friends, are
afraid to seek her, first because of her
eminence, secondly, because many of them
aren’t picked without combing beans
for the rest of the week and third
because they are afraid of being turned
down if they should ask for a date.

When a girl is happily married, she
can escape to her home by
married business, particularly if she is married to a
man who is also in the picture business. Two careers
in the same household are tricky to manage.

When you are on location, you
cannot follow your home, a wife who has no career
of her own can follow along, but when she’s an actress
under contract, she has to remain on the
job. Also, when she is sent on location
by her husband, she is a widow.

A girl who remains in Hollywood while
her husband is away, is restricted in her
activities. Her agent might like to take her
dancing. And certainly there could be no
criticism of three difficult situations
under these circumstances. Nine times out of
ten, however, the agent’s face is not as
well known as his name, so he and the star
are photographed, and the photograph
is widely circulated with the caption, “Beauti-
ful Helen Hennessey dancing at Ciro’s
with a friend.” Whereupon the next voice
you hear is that of rumor suggesting that Helen
and Husband are dancing for each other.

The established star has another great
enemy in addition to loneliness: it is
time. Everything seems to take more
than it should, and there are more and
more activities and parties in their share of
time which does not exist.

You ever thought that it would
boost attendance at your charity benefit

if Jeannie Crain only would attend? Has
it occurred to you, when Kathryn Grayson
was in your town on a personal ap-
pearance tour that it would aid your church
festival income if Kathryn would auto-
graph records in one of your booths?

Such ideas occur to thousands of people
all over the world whenever a celebrity
is in the vicinity, or is within flying dis-
tance of a town.

When the star is in Hollywood, he or
she is living in an area populated by some
four million people, all active, all eager for
celebrity help in putting over a pet project.

All of these are the outside problems of
the young star. They have to do with the
outside which faces the world. Far more
serious problems are those of the spirit.

Shortly after the player has attained
the pinnacle which he has been climbing with
fine disregard for his anguish and armac-
covered ambition, he is likely to develop a
crushing anxiety complex.

Let us say that you have arrived; your
name is known throughout the land,
and your picture appears monthly in every
mention picture magazine.

But striving has become part of your
nature. You have to be fighting for some-
thing. You try to do too much. You make
many personal appearances, you show up
at too many benefits, you manage to
be too much like a business executive.

You look around at the newcomers. They
are, usually, younger than you, fierier,
keener, not so blunted by experience and
hard-won knowledge. They seem to be
better equipped, and the chances are that
their training has been better because each
decade provides some human progress.

If you aren’t careful, you will end on
the couch of a psychiatrist.

However, it should be pointed out that
awareness of competition is not entirely
a bad thing. No established player, glancing
over her shoulder at the gifted, sparkling
new crop coming on, dares to let down. He
stays younger, he looks better, he keeps
alert and vital longer, he gives himself a
better life, and gives everyone he meets a
better experience. He cannot afford to
suffer from mental or physical distress.

There are many other satisfying facets
of theatrical success, but at least two
should be mentioned at this point.

If you were Betty Hutton, you would
have met General Eisenhower and have
come to know him while you were enter-
taining troops overseas during World War II. If you were Hugh Marlowe, you would
have met Einstein. You would get to know,
because you were well known, the leaders
in government, in business, and in the arts.

If you managed your money carefully,
you would be able to give material com-
forts to your loved ones. When Donald
O’Connor was honorably discharged from the
Army he discovered that he had
travelled the age of twenty-one and could use
the funds accumulated during his sav-
ing years as a minor.

He bought his mother a house. He
bought a house for his brother. He bought
a car for each. He bought Gwen a fur coat.
Donald’s experience is typical. Show busi-
ness people are notably generous with those
they love. They do what all loving people
throughout the world would like to do.

Success of every kind is a dream widely
realized. And just like the usual Hollywood
star—would be gay, kind, generous; hum-
ble, grateful and dedicated if you had
arrived at your choices, gained all of
life’s experience before you, a roseate panorama.

No matter how high a successful star may
go, there’s always another height to be
scaled, other problems to be solved. Next
month’s instalment tells you how some of
the stars solve the problems that face them.

The End
Liz and Nick Speak for Themselves

(Continued from page 28) The reason? I had given him a pitiless dressing down the week previous, on my radio show, for his treatment of Elizabeth at two Hollywood parties. On both occasions she had spent the evening in the powder room, crying.

I was to lose touch with her for two years after Elizabeth and Nicky arrived in New York from their three-and-a-half months’ European honeymoon, the distraught bride had called me in tears.

“Send someone to bring me home,” she sobbed over 3,000 miles of telephone wire, “I can’t take any more of this.” A few hours later she checked out of the Plaza Hotel with her father’s chauffeur and a representative from M-G-M (a young press agent and close friend of Elizabeth’s) was to meet her and fly back to the Coast with her after making the official announcement that Liz had left Nicky.

But, meanwhile, Nicky who was driving their car from New York to Chicago, arrived before the studio guards. He went immediately to his bride’s suite.

“Elizabeth, darling!” he said with a catch in his voice.

“Oh, Nicky, Nicky!” Elizabeth cried, rushing into his arms.

And that ended that narrow escape as their marriage skidded so close to wreckage.

With this knowledge of their troubles as a basis, I felt I had good and just reason to try to snap Nicky to his senses before it was too late.

On Nicky’s side—I had heard he considered his angel of a freshly married newspaper woman who had aired his troubles to millions of listeners just for a story.

That’s the way we stood when the young Hiltons arrived at my house. An initial strain between us was natural, at first. An hour later, I think both Nicky and I had changed our minds.

What innate charm and sweetness he has! Not the ‘lair’ charm, mind you, but the sort my best friend has. It’s all in his manner. But his sincerity and straightforwardness is even more important a part of his personality than his good looks, you youth (he is now eighteen) will say, and the young, inexperienced—and yet we have been expecting them to act with the wisdom of people of great worldly experience.

As definitely, they are both a little spoiled. Elizabeth, at eighteen, is the darling of a great studio. Her every whim has been anticipated and gratified. Nicky is the scion of an enormously wealthy family. He, too, has usually had his way, indulged by both a doting father and his mother (remarried and living in Texas).

And yet, we wiser heads expected them to take the center of the spotlight—and success of our younger generation! Prince Charming could live happily—with no jolts—even after. But they are fiction people. Elizabeth and Nicky are very human, as well as beautiful.

As though she felt she had been out of the conversation too long, Elizabeth suddenly spoke up. “Of course, we have had quarrels,” she said sulkily. “But I have said my say. I have made horrid things to Nicky as he has to me!”

Believe me, I could hardly keep my face straight at this wilful defense of a spouse under fire. Once underway, she put in another dig at his mother.

“You said I was so thin and had lost so much weight,” she piped up. “Well, Nicky lost eight pounds in Europe, too!”

I had had to laugh. I waved my white handkerchief in surrender and noticed that Nicky very tactfully changed the subject.

I am going to buy a house for Elizabeth and, smiling, Nicky added: “She’s a comforter for me last night. We had lamb chops, peas and salad—not bad,” he appraised, honestly.

The idea of this dainty girl doing house chores was a little too much—and Nick met the twinkle in my eye with an answering one.

“I did the dishes,” he answered my unspoken query. “We have a cook now so I was free to go into the kitchen unlessshe wants to.”

Elizabeth and I are going through a period of adjustment faced by every young married couple,” he said. “Most couples have the privilege of working out their problems in privacy. We don’t. We can’t close our blinds and have our misunderstandings in private. The whole world knows us. We quarrel and get in the ring with us like a referee at a prize fight!”

I wondered if that was a crack. But I couldn’t restrain a smile. Nicky looked at me meaningfully—and then broke into a boyish smile.

“The next time you let fly at me, tell me—not millions he said—and then we both laughed. That broke the ice.

We were sitting on my bed, Laura being squaring off, Elizabeth, looking like a sub-deb in her pretty Cell Chapman dress and coat (they were going on to a night football game). Her precious-looking curls were lying little on the nervous side. Now she turned to her handsome young husband and said quickly: ‘See?’ I told you to wait until you knew her—even if she did sodden you on the radio.” It was the first time I had been so openly discussed to my face—but it made my heart warm toward these young people, who live so pitilessly in the glare of the spotlight.

Nicky reached over and patted her hand. The look she turned on him was shining with love. Don’t anybody tell me she isn’t very much in love with him. If he isn’t a fool to marry the girl for the best reason in the world,” this boy said to me “I love her—and she loves me. There was no attempt at dramatization in his voice. He meant it. Straight from the heart.

I thought back over the gossip of all the spats they had had in Europe and suddenly many things were clear to me. I had been told by old friends that Nicky, who was privy to it never knowing the dirt, was ‘prying’ into their private life. And yet I believe Nick’s smallness during the early stages of their marriage to be the direct result of what he thought to be “prying” into their private life. That—and too much idleness during their long honeymoon.

And, perhaps, too much money to spend. And too few real responsibilities.

Now—all this is changed.

Elizabeth’s fifty-sixth birthday is up at seventy-three every morning. “You have to be when you are in the hotel business,” he explained. “My father has worked hard all his life and he expects my brothers and me to do the same now.”

“I go over all the figures of the daily receipts—my special job being the Bel Air Hotel in which I have bought part interest,” he added. “This makes me particularly anxious to keep an eye on everything and active in the management,” he smiled.

“With Nick working most of the day,” Liz said, “I can be glad to get back to the studio again. I have had six months off—and that is a long time to be idle. Besides, a honeymoon can’t last forever,” she nodded her head sagely.

Nick gave her an affectionate peck on the cheek. You can tell that Elizabeth’s marital ideas sometimes amuse him under the deep affection he has for her.

The way maturity in Nicky is one of the best reasons I believe they will be happy. It is good for a husband to feel protective and indulgent toward his wife.

Besides, how can a young man who has all important football game, they asked me if they might make a tour of my house. So we went upstairs to look at my bedroom (also newly redecorated) and Dr. Martin’s new quarters.

When we came back downstairs and I walked with them to the door, Nicky impulsively grabbed my hand.

“I like you,” he said. “You’re different from what I expected. Remember—the next time I get out of line—you’ll tell me, and not the world!”

My money says these kids will work it out.

Not that there won’t be other hurdles—and yes, other battles. But even with the world “spying” on a stubborn young bridegroom and a world-famous bride—I bet these two young people have the fundamental strength and character and sweetness and humor for a fine marriage.

The End
Lonely Joe

(Continued from page 35) decisions, he can't live with uncertainty. Therefore, when a picture's finished, he heads for the ranch of Ray Woods, a Texan friend, and stays till he's called back.

It's true that he fits into no Hollywood pattern, for which he condemns neither the town nor himself.

"To each his own," says Audie. "I like horses and skeet-shooting. I don't like the taste of liquor and cigarettes, so I don't smoke or drink. I feel stupid sitting in night clubs like a wet owl. People don't seem to realize that if you say no to the first drink, you're going to say no to the second and third and fourth. Saves wear and tear on us all if I keep out.

He's been tagged a dour character, which he isn't—though his humor, rooted in irony, is more likely to bring chuckles than belly-laughs. An ex-member of his Army unit still curses Murph out for putting him on patrol. "Not me," counters Audie. "I just volunteered for you." Questioned as to whether he was going back to war, he said, "Sure. I'll talk to General Hershey and see if I can't get you in too."

On a scene in "The Kid from Texas," Kurt Neumann, the director, grew impatient. "You're okay, Audie. Let's get on with it."

Audie shot a doleful head. "I'm working under a great handicap."

"What's that?"

"No talent."

John Huston apparently disagrees. He fought and won to get Murphy the lead in Crane's "Red Badge of Courage." Audie's under contract to U-I. M-G-M felt that the plum should fall to a player of their own. What finally sold them, among other things, was a flood of calls from people who love the book. "The soldier's real. Get a real soldier to play him." Audie loves the book too and wanted the part, yet half hoped he wouldn't get it. His present unit was called up for two weeks' encampment last August. Asking for a postponement bothered him. "Looks as though you're not certain. I am certain. But some of the guys might not understand."

He's Captain Murphy now of the Texas National Guard, having enlisted when the Korean fighting broke out. "If the United States goes to war, I figure Texas'll go too, and I want to be with a Texas outfit."

Any hint that he may have done his share falls on dry ground. His closest G.I. friendship is with Perry Pitt, who came out of World War II a paraplegic. Pitt feels the need to go back. He knows he can't but the need remains. "They could stick me in a foxhole and let me shoot. Save some other guy from being crocked up like me."

To many, this makes no sense. It makes fine sense to Audie. "For a country like ours, I don't think you could ever do that. I feel very strongly about Korea, and can't understand those who don't. Besides, it's not just Korea. It's survival for us and our kids and our whole way of life. Wherever we're fighting, as long as we feel we can do our job as well be there as anyone else. I've had the experience.

On the other hand, he doesn't flourish the flag. Loathing communism and fascism alike, he also recognizes the flaws in our own system. Flaws and all, he believes it's the only system. He believes fiercely in what America stands for—freedom and human rights and dignity for all men. He believes that under the slow process of democracy we'll achieve our goals. Though rated fifty per cent disabled, when he's called to active duty, he'll drop work and go.

Audie was the son of an unsuccessful sharecropper. His earliest memories are of working in the fields. He still doesn't know the rules of baseball, since in his boyhood that was no time to play. "But if I were that poor again and poorer, I'd never turn to communism, which tells a man he can't belong to himself. If you don't belong to yourself, you can't believe in the man.

A major clue to Murphy's undoubtedly lies in his mother. She was a quiet person of rare inward strength. Her religion was the "golden rule." Audie gathered his knowledge of her from what she did rather than what she said. Through years of hardship and illness, he never heard her complain. Every night she'd wash Audie's trousers of overalls, which they'd be clean for school next day. And every day he'd tangle with some kid who yelled "Short-britches!" since the overalls failed to keep pace with his growth.

At fourteen, with his older brothers and sister married, he became head of the household. Between Audie and his mother there had always been a deep unspoken understanding. They were never close by the problem of existence—just as, in later years, the problem of existence on another level drew him close to his buddies. His mother's failing health made it necessary to let the farm go. Audie worked in grocery stores and at service stations, earning a high of $14 a week. With this, pieced out by odd jobs his little

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brothers could snog, they got by.

His mother's illness was long drawn out and painful. She never discussed it nor showed any fear of death. Her patience under suffering and his own helplessness bit into Audie's heart. You want to do something with your hands," he says, "and you can't do anything at all."

Audie was sixteen when the end came. The younger children were sent to an orphanage. This, too, was a bitter pill, but he had to put it. First and foremost, the empty pockets and discharged from the Army was to buy a house for his older sister, so that the young ones might be released in her care.

In 1938, after joining the paratroopers, because they wore such beautiful boots. Since he weighed only 112 pounds, they turned him down. So did the Marines.

Falsifying his age by a year, he finally made it into the 3rd B, 19th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Division, and promptly distinguished himself by fainting in close order drill.

He joined as a private and came out a lieutenant, having won all his promotions in the field. He joined for adventure, and came out with a profound sense of responsibility toward his fellowman. His friends think it was more the Tippy than the Audie that marked a turning point for Audie. Up to then, he'd been awarded the Bronze Star. The rest came after Tippy died.

It happened on D-Day, in southern France, early in the war. Two Germans in a foxhole and jumped into the hole themselves to reconnoiter. Somebody waved a white flag. As they stood up, the enemy machine gun opened fire, and every German was killed or wounded every German on the hill. For which he later received the Distinguished Service Cross. His job done, he returned to the foxhole, put Tippy's body back against Audie and the dead Germans.

War is war. A fake flag of surrender is something else again. It made Audie mad. He went outside the foxhole, and every German was killed or wounded every German on the hill. For which he later received the Distinguished Service Cross. His job done, he returned to the foxhole, put Tippy's body back against Audie and the dead Germans.

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He's given all his medals away to kids. This is his idea of an appreciation on his part. He can be just as grateful without owning the medals, and somewhat more comfortable with the memory of those who gave their lives. He does have a flair for the flannel-flanked Distinguished Service Cross," he once asked. "Tippy did as much as I, and all he got out of it was a wooden cross.

He came out knowing that he was his brother's keeper, but he refuses to let that feeling be fancied. Audie's citations read like a miracle. So do some of his exploits. A publisher, considering his book, "To Hell and Back," sat agape over the story of Murph sending his men back to prepared positions, while he directed artillery fire alone against six tanks and 250 Germans.

"There must have been some great spiritual awakening here," said the publisher, "which ought to be stressed."

"Nothing of the kind," returned Murphy. "I was just trying to do my job. They had wives and kids to go home to. I had nothing. If one man could do the job, why kill thirty?"

He wrote the book partly in response to thousands of letters, partly out of desperation for something to do. Originally his heart had been set on West Point after the war. This proved physically impossible. At least he brought back a little more than he realized. Then Jimmy Cagney's offer of a contract, Audie was inclined to shrug it off at first. However, while glory shone on Hollywood, there was a rumble in the home doors. To typical folk seemed reluctant to hire Murphy, lest they be accused of cashing in on his publicity. You can't eat glory. So Audie came to Hollywood. It presented a challenge, and a challenge is something he's temperamentally until to turn down.

"Cagney," he says, "was always wonderful to me. He simply had nothing for me to do, and yet he took money for doing nothing. The studios were opposed to me, probably for the same reason as in Texas. Apart from the fact that I couldn't act, which they seemed to think impossible."

During the drought, he and writer Spec McClure came to be friends. "Why don't you put some of that stuff on paper, and I'll write a story around it?"

In the month this notion seemed to Murphy an improvement over eying four walls. He went to work. Spec helped him arrange and edit the material. Without him, says Audie, "I couldn't have done it at all."

Meantime, through Paul Short's backing and his own good test, he got "Bad Boy," then the Universal contract.

His marriage to Wanda Hendrix shat-tered on that well-known Hollywood reef—career trouble. Wanda, too, had brok-en through lean times into glamourland. Her career was important, financially and otherwise. Audie knew and accepted this. Other movie marriages might go to pot. He and Wanda were different. It couldn't happen to them. But it did happen.

On the surface, their differences may have seemed minor ones. Wanda loves the gaiety of parties, as most girls do. Audie detests parties. The crowds hem him in, and dancing means nothing to him. The much into mountains, revealing a basic rift. On one side stood Wanda, clinging to both husband and work. On the other stood Audie, realizing at last that he couldn't share his wife with his job, realizing too that he had no right to ask her to give it up. But neither could he give up the conviction that a woman belonged first at her husband's side.

They parted, in a room apart-ment, and looks after it himself except when he's working. His idea of a good evening is to sit with friends and have dinner and talk. He doesn't like to talk too much, and not talk. The sense of their presence is enough. Sometimes he doesn't feel like baring in on them. In which case, he stays home with his books and records. For the past five years he's been giving himself the education he missed in childhood—an education he must have hungered for. He's highly articulate, and there's no trace of the sharecropper farmer or his speech. His manner reflects the poise of inner security. In music, his taste runs to symphonies and old operettas—just is too jumpy for him. He appraises humans for what they are. His sights cut through rank, position and wealth, which leave him cold. Washington dinner he sat beside General Marshall. Someone asked later what he thought of Marshall. "I liked him," said Audie, "but he seemed a very humble, simple, honest man."

By the same token, he can't abide a phony, and gives them short shift. His bluntness can wither or electrify, depend-ing, what he likes, whether you're in Pentagon ribbons, expressed a desire to meet Audie Murphy on the set. He went into the tired routine about medals.

"I'd like an autographed picture of you, Lieutenant."

"Let's cut out the bull," Audie suggested.

"I'm no longer a soldier. If you want a picture, call me Tippy."

He has a great tenderness for children, and the shyest will climb into his lap. The only innocent things left in life," he's been reduced to remark, "are kids and dogs." His favorite hangout is a filling station run by an ex-cop named Earl McCaskill. One day he was teaching McCaskill's two-year-old, Roddy, to dance. An agent happened by and offered to take Roddy's picture. "That's the little oatmeal fiend in "Sitting Pretty."

For animals also, he feels a sense of protectiveness. In his time he's shot two wolves and a couple of squirrels. Now, he'll stalk them for hours and, having caught up with them, turn away. "It's just an excuse for being outdoors. I find there's nothing like a mountain to cut a man down to size."

Overseas once they trapped a con-voy of horse-drawn artillery and wiped the whole thing out. Some of the horses broke through and broke his heart along with his. Men make wars, horses don't. You can evacuate a wounded soldier. All you can do for a horse is kill him.

Audie had three of his own—two in Texas, one in California. The Californian is a humorist. Audie found him in Utah, pecking round the corner like a coy dog and skidding away when the man tried to catch him. So he stopped trying, and there stood the clown at his elbow, sampling his ear. Audie paid twice what he was worth in horseflesh. The excess was for laugh. The horse had been taken for its sterling qualities and was wild. Admire the shirt on his back, and it's yours. "Too little for me. My shoulders got broader." Refuse it, and you'll find it in the car.

A girl once said of him: "When I first met Audie, he looked so young and help-less, I wanted to mother him. That passed. I never knew a guy who could take such good care of himself."

Up to a point she was right. He can cope even with loneliness, but he likes no part of it. Rather than eat a solitary meal, he'll go out and lie down on the grass, thinking. We're all lonely to a degree. Murphy's loneliness is intensified by long and intimate knowledge of pain, by his acceptance of its place in life and by his profound love for his own children.

"I'm a simple character," he says, "and I like all the simple things. The family instinct is strong in me. A wife and kids greater than anything, I guess."

The End
Oh, That Horrible Hollywood

(Continued from page 46) to be a Whoopee Do auctioneer—which he previously had downright refused to be.

They stop at nothing, these stars, for the success of charities in their own community but "that horrible, horrible Hollywood" do I know women with difficult, taxing jobs and homes, husbands and children, who work so untringly for charity.

No wonder their parties net such fabulous sums of money. The County Fair set up at the Ladd ranch raised $15,000 to help blue babies—so it was worth the work that tens of thousands of drivers and swimmers staged an aquatic show in the pool. There was an enormous platform for square dancing. A cowboy quartet and dancers performed on an adjoining hillside. Then Bill Demarest emceed a show in which Dorothy Lamour and Burns and Allen, among others, were starred.

Not much appeared about this in the papers except for a story about a couple who attended the party and were later arrested for drunken driving. "Ladd Party Guests Arrested" the headlines ran.

THE Chuck Wagon Whoopee Do at the Beverly Hills Hotel, co-hostessed by Betty Hutton and Esther Williams, put over $30,000 in the building fund of the Navy School for Los Angeles Handicapped Children.

Jane Wyman got $950—from Mike Romanoff—for her doll, dressed in pale pink mousseline de soie with a lavender sash. Mike said it was the only Red Devil doll one of the auctioneers, told Mike. "You'll make that back, easily, on three steaks."

Marie McDonald sold a single package of cigarettes for $500, Ann Blyth, Arlene Dahl, Nancy Davis, Marilyn Barry, Garrett, Janet Leigh, Ann Miller, Donna Reed and Ruth Warrick, as cigarette girls, did all right too. But they had to bow to Marie as a super saleswoman.

Betty Hutton spent her dancing doing at least two dozen things at once. She even worked the spotlight. She sparked the party, really. No wonder she was hoarse the next day. She had been exhausted too. So might Esther Williams. For both these girls and all those associated with them worked long and hard to make this party as fabulous as it turned out to be.

The formal Crystal Room at the Beverly Hills Hotel was transformed by the Paramount Studios, inspired by Betty, into a proper setting for square dance and western kicks. M-G-M, inspired by Esther, contributed the Chuck Wagon and the big straw figures of Esther and Betty.

The prizes for the waltz, square dance and Charleston contests were donated by the hotel and the Brown Derbys, among others. The tobacco companies supplied the cigarettes. And Henri Sadacca of the Woma Company donated the electronic dolls, dressed by the stars and their designers, which talk, laugh and sing.

Leave it to Betty and Esther to see that no expense was spared to the last infinitesimal detail. Not only does it take doing on the day of the party, but for weeks beforehand.

Elizabeth Taylor was there too, with the do now sold her dress, replicas of Elizabeth's wedding dress in "Farmer of the Bride." Liz's doll, which opened the auction, was bought by Mrs. Leonard Firestone. This, in spite of the fact that Nick Hilton, Elizabeth's husband, sentimentally determined to have it back, had put up his check for $5,000, which, in the confusion, was forgotten.

Speaking of the Firestones, Red Skelton—trying to raise a bid of $1,000 for the Betty Hutton doll, dressed as Betty was dressed for the "Oh, Then Dudes" number in "Let's Dance," to $2,000—offered to stand on his ear for the higher bid. He got it, promptly, from Leonard Firestone. And he made good. Whereupon, Betty tried to stand on her ear, too. Only she fell down.

The Community Chest tea and fashion show followed the Whoopee Do party by only a few days. Mrs. Anthony Michelli, head chairman of this event, is unmitting in her praise of the way the members of the film colony worked.

The admission to this little affair at the home of the millionaire hotel man, Arnold Kirkby, was trilling—only one hundred dollars. So the cream of the movie industry and Los Angeles society was there.

Among the committee people were many familiar names: Rosalind Russell, Mrs. Nelson Eddy, Ida R. Koverman, Ann Rutherford May, Doris Kenyon Mlynar- ski, Saile Windsor, Mary Pickford, an honorary committee member, worked ten times harder than an honorary member of anything is supposed to work. But Mary Pickford, bless her, never has been suspected of the vanity that her name was meant to let you off anything.

The Kirkby home boasts an elevator which runs from the second floor to the subterranean pool. This the younger stars took turns running, calling out the floors.

Assisting at the tea tables with Mrs. Kirkby were Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Joan Fontaine, Eleanor Powell, Esther Williams, June Allyson and Jeanette MacDonald. Jeanette, about to embark upon a concert tour which took her, for the first time, to Carnegie Hall in New York, had a schedul jammed with singing lessons, practice and fittings. But it never occurred to her to use this as an excuse to be let off anything.

Eve Arden, commenator of the show, was a great success. But she never seemed to know it—so inordinately proud was she of her small daughter, Liza Bergen, who, with Carla Kirkby, opened the show by scattering tiny red feathers down the length in the audience.

However, lest you get the idea that the stars are all efficiency, I will tell you that just before Elizabeth Taylor was about to make Allen Rose's dress of white organdy she discovered a run in her stocking. She couldn't sit down— the dress would wrinkle. And there wasn't time to take it off. So Phyllis Kirk and Audrey Hepburn helped her up, high over her head while she shed her damaged stocking and donned another.

Practically all the girls who modelled left some of their belongings behind. Mrs. Kirkby was weeks discovering who belonged to what, including shoes, articles of lingerie, jewelry and purses.

However, this party, by which the Hollywood Community Chest is almost $8,000 richer, was most successful.

So $15,000 for baby busses; $30,000 for Visually Handicapped Children; $8,000 for the Community Chest... Making a total of $53,000 in one community in one month for charity... Do you wonder that I smile or, more likely, scream aloud when I hear people say, as they do, too often, "Oh, that horrible Hollywood!"

That, if you ask me, is stupid nonsense.

The END
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(Continued from page 31) Hollywood rage. With reason! For these newly perfected hair colorings mean no girl has to go through life with mousy hair! You can pep up your own hair without saying a word while with rinse colors, for instance, just as you experiment with lipstick colors.

Of all these colorings, a dye lasts longest. But it is also more difficult to apply. Joan Evans has up experimented with a dark brown hair before she made "Roseanna McCoy." It was agreed that a reddish gold shade of hair would photograph more flatly than the black or brown and covid dye job took about two weeks and Joan had to be touch-up every four or five days. Now, she has gone back to her natural shade. But whether Samuel Goldwyn will let her stay dark for her current version of Linda Darnell dyed her hair, which is truly black, for "Forever Amber." She had to go to the Anne Meredith shop in Beverly Hills every single day for three solid weeks, after the color had been blacked off to the necessary blonde. And she had to have a touch-up job every two days. Never, Lindo says, will she go to this hair experiment again.

In the experience of these two, however, there's a good lesson to any girl wanting to make any such radical change in appearance. To be faced squarely are the economics of the original job as well as the cost and nuisance of the upkeep.

IT'S a rare blonde who wants to turn brunette. (Don't let Joan Bennett fool you. She's a dyed one.) She just started as a blonde in pictures—but with a bleach job. She really is brunette. All the brunettes who want to go blonde, however, should ask themselves: Have I blonde skin? Pat Neely says, "Give her her dark brown eyes and naturally dark brown hair, has very white skin. Therefore, she made a ravishing blonde. Right now, Pat has revealed against lightness—"but it's my private hue, I can't be talked into being blonde again, because it really does give her personality more distinction. Jane Wyman remained blonde for a long time after she dyed for "Yankee Doodle Dandy.""

On the other hand, when Ruth Roman briefly tried being blonde she looked just terrible. That's because she has olive skin. So before you so much as make the beauty shop appointment, examine your skin tone. If there's a theatrical shop of any sort in your town, it would be smart to go there and try on wigs. These will give you an idea as to whether a white gold, red gold, or red red would be most becoming.

Next, if you don't know the dye and your particular beauty operator's work, take a dye allergy test. This is easy. Just put a drop of the dye on your own ear lobe, behind one ear. Stick a bit of tape over it and wear it overnight. If your skin is blotted next morning, don't dye.

Take time to get the right dye job. If the change is radical it will take weeks. It is days, or even weeks. Don't rush it. Otherwise you'll just have a head of straw. Also, don't have it dyed in those few days of the month when you're not yourself.

Not too long ago, the subject of hair coloring was very hush-hush. On the market there were only henna and some quite bad dyes. But today the dyes have come under the ruling of the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, and unless a girl is allergic to some particular one or the other, they are perfectly harmless.

Tints, which are about half the strength of dye, fall up under the same rule as dyes except that they will only last two or three weeks, whereas dyes, if the color change isn't too radical, will last six or more. Tints are much safer for you to use at home. And except for the operator's job, it isn't better dirty. You wash your hair at the end, naturally, but don't shampoo one day and decide to tint the next. Tints are especially good for those who want to conceal a few grey locks. After all, there's no radical color change involved there.

For the mature, the best way for selecting a tint color is to choose one just a shade lighter than your natural hair used to be. In between tint jobs when a few grey hairs show along the temple line, you can, if you've dyed your hair a light or dark brown or a black, touch these grey hairs in with a black. There is less than it does on your lashes but it's a smart deceiver for day or evening.

Tints are mostly "intensifiers." Greer Garson's natural red hair gets "intensified" with more red. Remaining with tints or dyes that shampoos cut off the color. So don't shampoo too often. Also, in rinsing your shampoo, use lemon or vinegar to cut color. Some use a shampoo made of soap, not detergent. There are many more detergent shampoos on the market than soap ones—but the labels have to tell you which is which.

The rinses on the market now are fine. "Liz" Scott, a natural blonde, makes herself look ash blonde by a little blue tinting. Betty Hutton, with baby fine, almost white gold hair and perfectly natural, used a blue-gray wash in better than your natural hair that dreamy effect. Joan Crawford suits her mood, her gown and usually her escott—and is sometimes dark-brown-haired. The Los Angeles Times says, "She's so long, she can't make her hair dry naturally, without using a towel (because the rinse will rub off on the towel). When your hair is almost dry, but not entirely so, set it.

Look at the effect. On a gloomy day, when you haven't got a date, to see that lively gloss on your hair, will probably pep you up as much as your facial make-up always does. The color will last till your next shampoo.

Also, for special occasions, some of the blonde stars powder gold dust in their hair. Shelley Winters, for instance. She looks at the effect. This is not an artist's supply store (it costs about twenty-five cents an ounce) and simply powders it on. Only take warning. If you try it, cover up your face as nearly as you can. (A Hallowe'en mask is lovely.) Gold dust, the gold dust, you see, will float down on everything—your clothes, your room. So wrap up, cover up and preferably do your gold-dusting in the bathroom. But the definite effect. If you dye your hair or natura or peroxide, is slightly out of this world.

So wash that glamour right into your hair and send the doldrums on their way.

This End

"NO LOVE LOST": Sheila Graham's gay expose of the fussin' and feudin' that goes on in Hollywood in the February issue on sale January 30
The Forrest Party Plan

(Continued from page 52) tray and went the rounds of the little end tables and hand tables that had set up. For the buffet table, Sally used a lovely cloth from her hope chest. And Mrs. Frank. Milo's mother, contributed her Spode Lazy Susan for a serviceable and attractive centerpiece.

Sally's guests included Robert Clarke. Bob Patton and Coleen Gray, Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Rush and Rock Hudson. Rock was back in the studio, so Sally fixed his plate and placed it in the oven until he arrived.

A practical girl, Sally, as well as a good hostess. To make sure the menu was balanced, she asked her guests the day before the party with suggestions as to what each should bring.

"Once my mother didn't do this," she remembered, "and practically everyone brought some form of macaroni or spaghetti."

SALLY'S contributions to the menu were D those it would have been difficult for her guests to prepare: Salad (which must stay crisp in the refrigerator); hot biscuits, which had to be made at the last minute, and a wonderful strawberry Boston cream pie! Sally's broth for the string beans mixed with okra and tomatoes. Coleen contributed a veal goulash with macaroni. Sally, too, provided the coffee, and relishes of olives, pickles, tiny tomatoes and baby beets. Everyone turned back for seconds and thirds. One of the nice things about a buffet is that guests feel they're flattering the hostess, rather than being pigs, if they return for more.

After dinner, everyone helped to clear up the tables and stack the dishes which Sally left for the cleaning girl who was due the next morning. Then the games were on, among them one that was a real laugh-riot!

Sally had ransacked her closets for old hats and trimmings and had asked her friends to do the same. Everything was taken apart and put in piles. Sally offered a prize for the best hat made by a man—another prize for the best made by one of the girls. Quicker than you could say "Walter and another, they were at work and simply loving it. They used the girls as models and there were occasional howls when one of the men used a pin like a nail. Milo, who did a dream thing for Coleen Gray.

When the would-be milliners put their trimmings away, Coleen volunteered to tell fortunes. A palmist she had met when she was in England recently had taught her some of the tricks of the trade. For Sally and Milo she saw a long and happy life. Not that she had to be a seer for that—the love these two have for each other is written all over their faces.

While Coleen was telling fortunes, Bob told an amusing story about his stretch behind a sofa fountain. One of his pictures was playing in a theater across the street. After the show a couple of teenagers came in for a snack. When they saw Bob, one of them did a double-take. "Gee," she said, "You look just like the boy in the picture across the street."

"I am," answered Bob.

"How come?" she wanted to know.

"I'm old-fashioned," Bob told her, "I like to eat!

It's good to see the young crowd of Hollywood these days. They have their feet firmly on the ground. They look at movies as a business at which they intend to work hard. And, generally speaking, they live within their financial means and think ahead.

As Sally's party proved—you can do all this—and still have lots of fun.

Sally Forrest is in "Excuse My Dust." Barbara Rush is in "37th Street." Robert Clarke is in "Mother of a Champion." Rock Hudson is in "The Fat Man," Robert Patton is in "American Guerrilla in the Philippines." Jeffrey Hunter is in "14 Hours." Coleen Gray is in "Apache Drums."

Here are the recipes for the food at the party:

VEAL GOULASH
(Makes 6 servings)
Cut into 1-inch cubes: 2 pounds solid veal
Melt in skilet: 4 tablespoons butter or margarine
Add veal, with:
1 cup sliced mushrooms
2 medium onions, peeled and sliced and cook until onions are yellow and veal is very lightly browned, on all sides.
Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons flour. Blend well.
Add:
1 cup water
1 cup white wine
1 small can of kidney bean paste
1/2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons paprika
Cover and simmer over very low heat at least 1 hour until meat is tender. Add more water if needed.
When ready to serve, add: 1 cup sour cream, more salt, if necessary, and reheat. Serve surrounded by cooked, broad spaghetti or noodles.

STRING BEANS WITH OKRA AND TOMATOES
(Makes 6 servings)
Trim ends and slice thin:
12 large okra pods
Melt in skilet: 4 tablespoons butter or margarine; add okra and 1 medium onion, minced.
Saute over low heat about 3 minutes.
Slice in 1-inch pieces: 1 pound string beans and add to okra.
Add:
3 large tomatoes, peeled and sliced
or 2 cups canned tomatoes
1/2 teaspoon salt
Cover, and cook over low heat 15 to 20 minutes until string beans are tender.
Add: 1/2 teaspoon sweet basil
1/4 teaspoon oregano
1 tablespoon minced parsley
Taste and add more salt, if needed.

STRAWBERRY PIE
(Makes 6 to 8 servings)
Beat until frothy:
4 egg whites
Add: 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar
Add gradually: 1/4 cup sugar
Continued beating until stiff. Line bottom and sides of 9-inch ungreased pie pan, heaping meringue around edge but keeping flat in center. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) about 1 hour. Cool and, just before serving, fill with following mixture: Wash 1 1/2 pints strawberries
Hull and slice: 1 pint strawberries
Sprinkle with 1/4 cup sugar
Whip 2 cups heavy cream
Fold in hulled, sliced, sweetened strawberries and:
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1/2 teaspoon almond extract
Pile dessert in chilled, lined tart shell.
Garnish with: 1/2 pint unthumped strawberries.

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(Continued from page 28) So naturally she responded to him when they met at Palm Springs, a short time after he and Nancy had separated. And Ava's response, incidentally, is never likely to be half-heedful.

It's in her nature to cry at sad songs and movies, and she is capable of appreciating, without necessarily understanding, the beauty a line of verse. She has the kind of emotional sincerity that can be a hazard to a woman. And the fact that Frank was willing to jeopardize his career to be with her promptly increased her regard for him.

FOR Frank the situation is resolved as it can be. He's still legally married to the woman who can safely remain a permanent. One-third of Frank's income to support herself and the three children and a property settlement which includes the Holmby Hills house and its furnishings. Frank did not contest her suit. He remained silent in New York where he will stay through the winter, occupied with radio and television programs, until he makes a picture in Europe. He in fact, now furnishing the six-room apartment he has leased on Park Avenue. In every sense he gives the impression of a man attempting to close the gap between his past and present. But he is not in the position to do more than direct all his energies into a new channel.

But what about Ava? Always her emotions seem to lead her into trouble? Will her long record of heart-aches and failures be saying, cause a lapse in her popularity? For a time it was thought this romance might even cost her the most glamorous role of her life. But, unlike the bewitching heroine of "Showboat." But her test in Technicolor was so excitingly beautiful that Metro was not long in deciding that she—and no one else—was the girl for the part.

All the world loves a pair of lovers—until they are involved as two sides in a triangle that affects children and causes a broken home. And the open manner in which Frank's wife, Ava, has demonstrated their affection in Hollywood, Spain, Paris, New York and London certainly cost them sympathy.

However, according to all the scolding suspicions which have been printed by movie columnists, Ava was not responsible for the break-up of the Sinatra marriage. The domestic difficulties of Frank and Nancy had been going on for years and their decision to separate was an open secret long before Ava ever accepted Frank's attentions.

In fact during much of the years that Ava has been in Hollywood she has made an ironclad rule against romantic entanglements with married men. Frank became the first exception to this rule when he made advances to her that he and Nancy were through.

So far, except for the times when Ava has been with Frank, it would not seem that this romance has brought her happiness. She gave up her sister Beatrice, who lived with her and traveled with her in Europe, have quarreled repeatedly. And, in the last year, Ava, who never had very many close friends, has drawn her circle even closer.

During her last sojourn in Hollywood she lived, following the sale of her house in Nicholas Canyon, at Malibu with the directors and producers, and when Ava went north, except when she dressed up for a party honoring Dore Schary, Metro's production chief. And this, in a sense, of course, was a command performance.

Those who know Ava best insist she hasn't been really happy for a long, long time.

Eight years ago, married to Mickey Rooney, she became insecure because she was expected at all times to be a glamorous clothes horse. And certainly her mother never could help. She developed such an inferiority complex when Artie, overnight, tried to convert her into a wit and a sophisticate by handing her weighty books to read that she spent every moment necessary to seek the help of a psychiatrist.

Artie, it is rumored, convinced Ava she never would be happy until she found a man who would love her like him. And Howard Duff wasn't such a fool. And he loved Ava enough to put up with her moods and her idiosyncrasy. He even loved her enough to let her know he was completely overboard about her. But Ava never felt that way about Howard.

Actually Ava's beauty—even greater than it appears on the screen—has been as an asset since she was a child. Were she a ten-pound weakling in a race like her she might very well not be the mixed-up girl she gives every appearance of being.

WICH brings us right back to her romance with Frank. He finds her attractive, undoubtedly. You have only to see them together to know this. But he comes to her with a great need for companionship. And since it's most unlikely that he ever will allow her to get the upper hand, he may well hold her interest. After all, she is the only woman—other than his mother— who can sing a song as though he were singing it to each woman individually. Ava can understand that kind of music.

Since Ava returned to Hollywood the word has been circulated that her romance with Frank is a thing of the past, that when they met in New York City—dined at the 21 Club, danced at the Copa—she had only an infatuation as it has been an asset. Were she the 200-pound blob in a race like her, a devout Catholic, is unlikely ever to consent to a divorce.

Most of this winter, at least while Ava is working in "Showboat," they will be only a continent separating them and lending objectivity to their thoughts of one another. Perhaps with the coming of spring each of them will have an entirely different outlook on the romance which intrigued the nation.

In the meantime Ava will not talk about Frank to the press. Thus far she has been more busy at work than with her closest friends. One columnist who managed to corner her at a small party got the tor-tured answer, "I can't say I'm in love with Frank when he's not divorced. He's a great person... oh, what's the use?"

It's likely in her relationship with Frank that Ava Gardner, were she not a famous woman, might find a deep and satisfying happiness.

But unfortunately the spotlight will continue to focus on them—until she makes the decision that turns it off. And this will be a choice that will influence her entire future both as a woman and as one of the brightest new personalities of the screen.

THE END
(Continued from page 22) bundle. Just as he is starting his new life of respectability his dark past rolls in.

Your Reviewer Says: One for the ladies.

Program Notes: This film was made by RKO at least three years ago as "Weep No More" and has had a few title changes since. Oore Schary's name is on the screen as the production chief. Mr. Schary moved over to M-G-M in 1948 when Howard Hughes became the top boss man at RKO. Why Mr. Hughes has held the film up so long no one knows.

✓ (F) The Miniver Story (M-G-M)

THIS sequel to the popular "Mrs. Miniver," winner of the Academy Award for 1944, has been another of the strangely endearing Miniver family. Made in post-war England, against a background of peace and present-day problems, it dwells for the most part on the love and warmth of family life. Once again red- head Greer Garson plays lovely, humorous Kay Miniver, and Walter Pidgeon her likable husband. Cathy O'Donnell portrays Judy Miniver, the young lady of nineteen whose love affair with a much older man (Leo Genn) provides quite a serious problem for her mother. John Hodiak is cast as an American Air Force colonel. Here again also recreates the character of the beloved Vicar. Completely missing from the line-up is Richard Ney who played Greer's son—and whom she later married and divorced. Sequels, unfortunately, have a way of not quite coming off.

Your Reviewer Says: A woman's picture.

Program Notes: This repeat performance of Mrs. Miniver intercuts Greer Garson's idyllic honeymoon with her third husband, Colonel E. E. (Buddy) Fogelson, Texas oil tycoon. While in London, Greer read a British newspaper which ran three lines of verse and a hint to the heroine to submit a sentimental two lines. This she did. The newspaper's three lines were "Woman's man's chief worry: If it isn't the jurrier, it's sure the cuttyurrer." Garson added, "I'm cuttyurrer, It's the cuttyurrer..." O'Donnell, pretty, talented, was one of producer Sam Goldwyn's special pets until she up and married Director William Wyler's brother, a man old enough to be her father. In a half Goldwyn dropped her, and Albert Evans to take her place on the contract list.

✓ ½ (A) September Affair (Wallis-Paramount)

WHILE Joan Fontaine, concert pianist, and Joseph Cotten, New York engineer, are enjoying a romantic interlude in Italy, the airliner which is to fly them back to America leaves Napalos without them and crashes into the Alps. They are reported dead. The lovers decide to start a new life together in Italy, and they set up housekeeping in a villa in Florence, despite the warnings of Madame Francoise Rossey, Joan's piano teacher and close friend. After all, life is love affair, their past catches up with them, of course. Jessica Tandy and young Robert Arthur play Joe's wife and son—who has a bunch head of dark hair alive. Jimmy Lydon has a stand-out scene as a homeless G.I. As the story is unfolded against the historical backdrops of Rome, Florence, Naples, Pompeii and Capri, photographed under the beauty-loving eye of Director William Dieterle, it makes for a very handsome travelogue indeed.

Your Reviewer Says: Beauchamp femme app.

✓ (F) Breakthrough (Warners)

MADE with the approval and cooperation of the Army and Navy, this dramatic war film tells the story of the experiences of a group of officers and men involved in that final push for victory by the Americans in France in World War II. Much of the action is centered around the famed "battle of the hedgerows." David Brian plays a hard-bitten commanding officer who seems to enjoy picking on a young lieutenant fresh from the States, a part played by John Agar. Also in the group are Frank Lovejoy as a battle-wise veteran, William Campbell, Paul Picerni, Greg McClure, Suzanne Claman and Robert Arthur, slightly in the story as the daughter of the local mayor.

Your Reviewer Says: Warners' answer to Metro's "Battleground."

Program Notes: David Brian had a hard time doing his "craving" scene when it came. He said, "But I make up for it in this scene." David's bride, Adrian Booth, is one of the politically minded women of Hollywood. She went campaigning for the Progressive candidate, William Patterson, in spite of the fact that David is a Democrat and Adrian a Republican, their domestic arguments, of which they have many, are not political. They agree on Americaism against Communism... Suzanne Dalbert is a petite Parisienne who has appeared in a number of French films... This is Frank Lovejoy's first film under his Warner contract. He was signed after his brilliant work in "Three Secrets." Since his marriage with Shirley Temple, young John Agar has been playing the field—and there are many beautiful dolls in the field in Hollywood.

Best Pictures of the Month

"Harvey" "State Secret"

Best Performances of the Month

Herbert Lom and Glynis Johns in "State Secret"

Frank Lovejoy in "The Sound of Fury"

Greer Garson in "The Miniver Story"

James Stewart and Josephine Hull in "Harvey"

Mercedes McCambridge and Emlyn Williams in "The Scarf"

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BLUE JAY

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A Room of Her Own

(Continued from page 50) was a glazed chinzt bearing a pink carnation design with green leaves and touches of blue on a white ground. The pink and blue matched the dressing-gown to perfection, and so the room scheme was set. However, they feared the green and sublimated the blue, feeling that the large quantities might overwhelm the room. This same idea can apply to anyone choosing colors for a room. A home should be as becoming to the owner as her clothes. Therefore, choose a favorite dress and let its color guide you to a flattering room scheme.

"But," you may say at this point, "What about this apartment business? How can a room be arranged in so small a space?"

Well, Barbara's room is large and the furniture is arranged so that the bed is the least conspicuous item. In fact it's tucked away in a corner, and its white spread blends with the white wool shag carpeting. Next to it is a simple, modern night stand of *primavera* (light-finished mahogany) and, contrasting sharply, an exquisite lamp with a delicate figure base which is too large for a corner.

For the rest, her room has a complete living-room quality. An attractive love-seat, wearing a pink tweed cover, faces the door, and Barbara's dressing table, another *primavera* desk at the left, against the wall. Above the desk a plain mirror hangs, giving depth to the room. Lest the effect become too severe and tailored, a couple of chintz-covered, oval-shaped pillows, on the love-seat, add a note of whimsy, and the white, pink and gold lamp on the *primavera* end-table is distinctly feminine. Since Barbara obviously doesn't use her room for entertaining, the upholstered furniture and ottoman in the center are the living-room section; and the desk at the left is the work or study area.

The whole room is tied together through their touches of color; the pink carnations with green leaves and touches of hyacinth blue on white ground, the pink repeated in the tweed love seat, the white in the wool shag carpeting and the pink cushions. The room is further enlivened by the green walls and ceiling. And an extra feeling of richness is gained with the green velvet cornice, the pink tweed piping.

But so far, we haven't even mentioned that all-important item in a young girl's life, her dressing table. This isn't part of the room. It's in a corner of what could be a large dressing room, and it's all white and handy dressing room, because another adjacent room houses her clothes and also serves as a sewing room. It's long and narrow, tucked under the eaves of the house, with wardrobes lining one wall, a studio table at the other, and a window, with a sheer curtain, on the end under the windows. Here, in front of the full-length mirror, Barbara can try on several costumes in order to get just the right one, and the sewing machine's handy for mending and the way to well-decorated clothing.

She is right down to earth in regard to this part of her domain, with no fuss or frills to complicate the dressing routine. She is hopeful that in the future, when she'll get a skirt on the dressing table, but right now it serves as well as.

For her entertaining, Barbara depends upon the playroom downstairs. Formal entertaining takes place in the playroom's just right for a whole of a good time. Its decorative theme is Hawaiian, since the islands are a prime draw for Barbara, and she brought back quite a few souvenirs, fancy hats, leis, and the like, with which to decorate the play room. Tapa cloth hangs at the windows for draperies, and the furniture's made of rattan. The small bar with its simple, modern radio phonograph. Complete with a brown-paper bag for a party—someone arriving, someone leaving, a holiday—and the whole group's there, ready for fun.

There are several reasons for featuring green in Barbara's room. It becomes her, it's restful and it combines well with the other two wanted colors, pink and hyacinth blue. But another reason is that green is unusual in this house. Wherever you plan colors for a room, consider in relation to adjoining rooms. A complete change, say, red in one room, green in another and blue in a third, is too extreme for Barbara's house, no matter what its size. Whereas repeating the same colors throughout, getting variation through different proportions of similar colors and textures, gives a house a smoothness and a feeling of tranquility. In Barbara's home, green is the dominant color throughout.

In the living room it's combined with brown, green, beige and brown, and the green walls and ceiling are rather lighter than the green in Barbara's room. The lime green velvet couches that flank the fireplace blend into the lemon yellow curtains and draperies, and the green and white in the bamboo-patterned draperies, with the same fabric used on the love seat. Some occasional pieces with a satin black finish have a Far Eastern feeling in the design.

The lemon yellow carpeting covers the floors in all of the rooms but Barbara's, and helps make the entire house one decorative unit. The entrance hall ties in with its green-patterned wallpaper, and the dining room combines it with its brown and wainscoting. However, the dining chairs repeat lemon yellow, and the draperies in this room include chartreuse in their color scheme, which, with blue in the Far East, thanks to the smart wallpaper that combines pink, beige and brown in a floral design. But a mahogany table with mirrored legs adds a modern touch.

The exterior of Barbara's house is very typical of the interior. The house is located on a corner in Westwood, near U.C.L.A. It's framed by a white rail fence, and a brick path edged with rose trees leads to the front door. The front is a modernized Monterey, characterized by the overhanging balcony across the front, combines stucco and brick, painted white. Pink shutters provide color, aided by pink geraniums in yellow pots. It's restrained and yet house charming. You just know that nice people live here.

THE END
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SAYS MRS. BERTHA BRADLEY, MILTON, MASS.

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Earth-shaking avalanche engulfs enemy warriors!

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Harem beauties tempt a bold adventurer!

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Assassins strike treacherously at the master spy!

EXCITEMENT!
Maharajahs' walled palaces yield forbidden secrets!

SPECTACLE!
Earth-shaking avalanche engulfs enemy warriors!

RUDYARD KIPLING'S
Kim

Color by
Technicolor

Filmed against authentic backgrounds in Mystic India!

STARRING
Errol Flynn

With
Dean Stockwell
Paul Lukas • Robert Douglas

Directed by Victor Saville • Produced by Leon Gordon

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Tonight! Be his dream girl

![Image of a woman with text overlay]

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

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Readers Inc.

Cheers and Jeers:

Let us have more films like “Mister 880.” That picture was not only interesting with acting and direction but was very, very informative. As a former Los Angeles, Cal., police officer, investigator and now a bonded detective, you can imagine how this picture held my interest.

MARTIN H. HERLICK
Phoenix, Ariz.

I was very much burnt up by what Beverly Hankerson (November Photo-play) said about Susan Hayward’s hair. I am a beautician and I think Susan’s hair is beautiful. The messier it is, the better it looks.

ELAINE CARDINALE
Long Branch, N. J.

Recently I saw Jose Ferrer in “Crisis.” Mr. Ferrer always enriches any picture in which he appears. My only regret is that he is always cast as a weakling or villain. Just once, couldn’t Hollywood give him the part of a “good man”?

DOROTHY BROOKS
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Casting:

They will probably make Hemingway’s novel, “Across the River and into the Trees,” into a motion picture. Why not Clark Gable for the fifty-year-old Colonel—Debra Paget as the beautiful young Italian Countess he loves?

DAVID JOHNS
St. Catharine’s, Ont., Canada

Shirley Temple, beautiful in Technicolor, would make a vivid, young and believable Juliet. A version of Shakespeare’s immortal play with Shirley and Ferdy Granger as Romeo could be as great, or greater, than the delicate Shearer-Howard version. The point is, if Shirley hadn’t been a child star, producers would probably “discover” her and acclaim her dramatic acting ability to the skies!

MARJORIE McMASTER
Waco, Tex.

Why not make a film on the Crosby story and have Der Bingle’s eldest play the necessary youth roles, then Bing can take over from thirty on!

KAY BEADLE
Albuquerque, N. M.

Readers’ Pets:

William Holden deserves acclaim from every corner. What looks! What acting! Stupendous, colossal—ad infinitum. He can portray latent brutality and extreme sensitivity with the flick of a camera. Sheer charm exudes all over the place.

MRS. D. M.
Auburn, N. Y.

Why do June Haver and Doris Day always get top billing over Gordon MacRae? In “The Daughter of Rosie O’Grady” and “Tea for Two” Gordon has never been given the starring role. He is a wonderful actor and he is also a marvelous singer. I think that in the future he should have more recognition.

BEVERLY RICHARDS
Long Beach, Cal.

(Continued on page 6)
It was love at first sight... for a lonely man and a lovely girl... in the world's most romantic place—Capri! And amid its spellbinding beauties their love grew!

Joan Fontaine  Joseph Cotten
in
HAL WALLIS’
production
September Affair
“It Happened in Capri”

Also starring
FRANCOISE ROSAY
with
JESSICA TANDY
ROBERT ARTHUR • Directed by
WILLIAM DIETERLE
Screenplay by Robert Thoeren • From a Story by Fritz Rotter and Robert Thoeren • A Paramount Picture
"I fell for the same man 12 times!"

says RHONDA FLEMING, co-starring in "THE REDHEAD AND THE COWBOY". A Paramount Picture

Tugging at a horseshoe nail left my fingers raw...

But I smoothed my hands with Jergens Lotion...

So they were lovely in romantic closeups.

"This scene" for 'The Redhead and the Cowboy' was rougher on my hands than housework. The director had me fall 12 times before he said: 'Take!'
The kiss of a Klansman...!

This is the story of a pretty girl who spends the night in a "friendly" little town... Suddenly out of the dark she is faced with the fear only a girl can know.

Here is a picture more tense than words can describe--as fresh as the ink on tomorrow's headlines!

Warner Bros.

"Storm Warning"

NOT A STORY OF TEN YEARS AGO--OR TEN MONTHS AGO--A STORY OF TODAY!

STARRING
Ginger Rogers  Ronald Reagan  Doris Day  Steve Cochran

PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD  written by Daniel Fuchs and Richard Brooks  DIRECTED BY STUART HEISLER
What should I do?

by CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am deeply in love with a nice boy and we have been planning to be married in June. I am a beauty operator, so my fiancé’s mother came to me to have her hair done. When she left the shop, she told the cashier that there was no charge, because I was practically her daughter-in-law so I would do her hair free. As I work on a percentage basis, I had to pay the shop fee for my fiancé’s mother.

The next time she made an appointment, I explained that she would have to pay for her work as every customer did, so she suggested that I come to her house and do her hair. I agreed, but that night I was so tired I simply couldn’t work for an additional two hours. I telephoned and explained, and she was very nice. She said the next night would be all right, and why didn’t I join them for dinner.

I did, and was somewhat surprised to find that “dinner” consisted of some kind of a fish sandwich and a can of beer, which I do not drink. My fiancé wasn’t at home because it was his bowling night.

The following week I refused to do her hair, and the result was that she made a terrible fuss to him, and he came to me about it. I told him that I didn’t think it was right to start our life with the underestanding that I had to do his mother’s hair every week in addition to my work at the shop, but he said families have to help one another.

Miss Colbert, do you think it would be possible to have a happy marriage with this type of mother-in-law in the picture?

Elva M.

To be blunt about it, I suspect that this woman threatens a marriage her son may make. She has no right to expect such a favor of you. If you were to volunteer your services, and if it were your privilege to choose the time, the place and the working conditions under which you provided this free service, there might be some justification.

If the son were a different type of person, a man capable of being independent of his mother and thinking fairly, a marriage with him might work out, but his action in this case suggests he would side with his mother in any disagreement.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fifteen and I’m going around with a very nice boy. When I met this boy, about six months ago, I was running around with some girls who didn’t have a very good reputation. One day I went with my particular girl friend to a department store. Well, I guess I knew we were shoplifting, but I didn’t think there was any harm in it, just as long as we didn’t get caught.

However, the store dick caught us and took us to the police station, so now we are on probation.

My boy friend heard about this and asked me. Although it wasn’t true, Now I’m worried. Suppose he should find out that I lied to him? Would he still want me for his girl if he knew I had a record?

I have never taken another thing since I learned my lesson that you are likely to get caught, and I never will steal again.

Romolo R.

The evil thing about stealing is not that you are likely to be caught and punished. The evil goes far deeper than that. As you know, one of the ten commandments is “Thou Shalt Not Steal,” so taking something which belongs to another is an offense against God. Even if you weren’t caught by the authorities, you would be in serious trouble with your own conscience.

Aside from the solemn religious importance of this problem, one must face the fact that anything done furtively, cheatingly, and with intention to benefit oneself at the expense of another person actually causes a disease of personality. Although the sin cannot be seen, it is as real as a broken arm.

I’m glad you wrote to me, because it indicates that your nature is essentially honest. Don’t you think you could go to this boy and tell him the truth, exactly as you told me? Ask him to keep your secret, and assure him that you have learned your lesson. Surely he will respect your courage in facing your difficulty, and he will know the facts in case someone, at some future time, seeks to hurt you by informing him.

Claudette Colbert

CLAUDETTE COLBERT’S next picture is “Bonaventure”
She lives by the code of the *Vendetta*!

**LOVE** is wild...

**LIFE** is violent...

**DEATH** is cheap!

**HOWARD HUGHES'**
production

**Vendetta**

starring **FAITH DOMERGUE**

and introducing **GEORGE DOLENZ** with **HILLARY BROOKE** • **NIGEL BRUCE** • **JOSEPH CALLEIA**

**HUGO HAAS** • **DONALD BUKA** • Directed by **MEL FERRER** • Screenplay by **W. R. BURNETT**
YES! NO!

YES, I ALWAYS RINSE
— AND MY TIDE WASH IS ALWAYS SO SWEET AND CLEAN!

NO RINSING FOR ME!
LOOK HOW DAZZLING CLEAN TIDE GOT MY WASH WITHOUT RINSING!

WITH-OR WITHOUT RINSING—

Tide does a better washing job than any soap on earth!

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- Miracle clean clothes — with or without rinsing!
- Dazzling white clothes — with no bleach or bluing!
- Soap-dulled colors come bright and fresh!
- Clothes dry soft — iron beautifully!
- And Tide is safe for all washable colors — all washable fabrics — rinse or no rinse!

Yes, Tide lets you wash whichever way you prefer ... and does a better washing job than any soap you can name! Tide, unlike soap, forms no sticky, dulling soap film. And Tide actually dissolves dirt out of the clothes ... holds dirt suspended in the sudsy water! Wring out the clothes — dirt goes, too! And you hang up the kind of bright, clean wash that makes neighbors look twice! Try it and see! Get Procter & Gamble's Tide today — there's nothing like it!

“Tide gets clothes so white and clean — it's like a present every washday!”

says Mrs. Carrie Marshall, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Every washday I feel like saying a big thank you ... 'cause the way Tide gets clothes so white and clean is just like getting a present! Then I have to say another thank you on ironing day, for Tide-washed clothes dry so sweet-smelling ... so soft and fluffy ... just right for ironing!"
(Continued from page 8) my morals before I could be a success. Naturally, I don’t want to become immoral in order to gain fame, but somehow I don’t think that sort of thing is necessary.

Please tell me one other thing: Why does one have to have "pull" to get into show business? Why can’t an honest, clean, hardworking, talented newcomer get a break without having to know the "right people?"

I’ll bet you a dollar you don’t have nerve enough to print truthful answers to my questions.

"Anxious"

I’m certain you didn’t mean to be rude in your letter, which was much too long and too bitterly critical, but I have a right to print in full. I’m sure you didn’t stop to realize that—to whom you came for an answer—au very much a member of the film colony. You must have had confidence in me to write at all, placing your queries, so I will ask you to extend that confidence to the majority of those who work in motion pictures.

Please realize this: At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer there are over five thousand employees. Twentieth Century-Fox employs a similar number, Warner Brothers usually have about four thousand on the payroll. Columbia, Colortone, RKO, Monogram, Republic, and the many independent producing companies employ many thousands more. Altogether, if those working in motion pictures were gathered in one city, entirely separate from all other parts of Los Angeles, that city would have a population of forty to fifty thousand persons. The vast majority are exactly like you, people of any other city of similar size in America.

Of course a girl can retain her ideals and her integrity and succeed in show business. Of course hard work, talent, and honor pay off.

In almost every case, those who tell you differently are suffering from a bad case of sour grapes. A person who fails seldom has the courage to admit that he wasn’t good enough to make a place for himself; it is much easier to blame the morals or the meanness of others.

Don’t be fooled by cranks, failures and gossipmongers: the old rules still stand. Sincerity, idealism, hard work and talent may be relied upon, always, to bring success.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty years old and have been married for two years to a very nice man. We have a wonderful son, fourteen months old.

Here is my problem: I am not in love with my husband. I know now that when I married, I was merely an infatuated schoolgirl, and the idea of getting married before my girl friends did, seemed glamorous.

My husband knows that I am not in love with him, yet he is very good to me, providing everything he can, and he is an adoring father. I have been doing my best to make a go of our marriage, but it is so dull. Housework is the same day after day, and so is taking care of a child. My girl friends are still having fun.

My main worry is about our baby because he just adores his father. However, I keep wondering if it wouldn’t be worse for him to live in a house without love, than to live in one without a father.

Dora M.

Occasionally, when this column discourages the serious romance of a teenager, I receive a resentful reply from a girl under twenty who points out with considerable vigor that age has nothing to do with maturity.

In a way this is true, but the truth depends upon the individual, and often an individual—enthralled by the newness of her reaction to a g-atnight kiss—overestimates both her sincerity and the extent of her stamina in the daily test of marriage.

Marriage is not, and cannot be, a protracted love feast. No one can be in love twenty-four hours a day. Marriage must be a business partnership, a social partnership and an emotional partnership managed in such a way that a man and a woman may derive from it more stability, more comfort, more ability to contribute to the general good, and more personal satisfaction for their own children than they might otherwise have.

Your letter gives me the impression that you are a fortunate girl, married to a fine man. Don’t do anything foolish to ruin your life. Give yourself time to grow up.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I used to live in a very large city, but my father was transferred to this small town, so I had to start over again here. I don’t know what made me do it, but I set out to impress the girls and fellows at school. I tried to smoke when I was out on a date. I also confided to several of the girls that I was engaged to a very wealthy boy in the city where I used to live and I said he wrote to me every day. I also said that he sent me presents.

I sort of fell for one boy in school and he for me. He asked me to go to the big event of the school year, the Junior-Senior Prom. However, a week before the Prom, his mother found out some of the stories I had been telling (she is the postmistress in this little town and she knew I wasn’t getting insured packages every week) and told this boy she didn’t respect me. He asked me to let him out of the date, which I did, of course, and he took another girl who sat at my table.

I realize what a mistake I made, but how can I change things and be accepted by my school friends in spite of what I have done?

Moina H.

It may take a little time, but I am sure that your present state of mind and behavior will bring back all the friends you have lost. If you continue to improve and your mistake, you will be a changed person and everyone will notice it.

Don’t worry—simply be sincere, natural, and interested in other people instead of yourself and you will be welcomed everywhere.

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, Calif., 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.

Mona Freeman co-starring in
"Branded" a Paramount Picture
color by Technicolor

Mona Freeman’s hands get La Cross care

says FRANCES JACOT
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Brief Reviews

(A) ALL ABOUT EVE—20th Century-Fox: A brillianty written and performed satire on the theater and its luminaries, with Bette Davis as a great star. Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Carl Gernholm, George Sanders and Gary Merrill. (Dec.)

(B) BLACK ROSE—20th Century-Fox: Spectacular is the word for this historical epic, which takes Tyrone Power from a not-so-merry England to Cathay. Cecile Aubry is The Black Rose. Orson Wells a mighty Mongolian general. (Nov.)

(C) COPPER CANYON—Warner: John Garfield is a hit matter of a hit man in this rugged screen fare. (Nov.)

(D) DEATH FROM THE EARTH—Warners: A droll, fictional World War II epic—centering around the invasion of Normandy and the experiences of a group of five men involved in the final push for victory. With David Brian, John Agar, Frank Lovejoy. (Jan.)

(E) DICK DARKY—Wallis-Paramount: Gamble with George Brent, Madeleine Carroll and Gail Patrick. (Nov.)

(F) EDGE OF DOOM—Goldwyn-RKO: A romantic melodrama with Esther Ralston and an emotionally strong woman killed by a priest. With Dana Andrews, John Hodiak, Tomas Milian. (Nov.)

(G) FIREBALL, THE—War—20th Century-Fox: A fast-moving story of the skating game with Maidie Norman as an athletic star. With Patrice Wymore, Beverly Tyler, Marilyn Monroe. (Nov.)

(H) FOGEL BRIST GIRL, THE—Columbia: More panic than plot in this zany comedy which has Lucille Ball and Eddie Albert mixed up in murder and mayhem. (Dec.)

(I) HARRIET CRAIG—Columbia: This third production of "Craig's Wife" stars Joan Crawford as the dominating matron who almost wrecks the lives of husband andOLDER sister. (Dec.)

(J) HARVEY—U.: Whimsical screen version of a famous play in which James Gregory and a 6'6" tall invisible rabbit cause a lot of confusion for Josephine Hull, Peggy Dow, Cecil Kellaway. (Jan.)


(L) I'LL GET BY—20th Century-Fox: A happy musical featuring top songs of World War No. 2. With an all-star cast and some published Yule Haver and Gloria De Havan as a sapper, Denis O'Dea and Robert Mitchum as a man in love. (Dec.)

(M) JACKPOT, THE—20th Century-Fox: A hilarious comedy about what happens to Jimmy Stewart and Barbara Hale after he becames a romance—lucky (?) winner of a gigantic radio quiz. With James Gleason, Patsy Kelly. (Dec.)

(N) KIM—M-G-M: Exciting screen version of Rudyard Kipling's story of intrigue in India, with Errol Flynn as a British army officer and Nils Asther and Dean Stockwell as Kims. With Paul Lukas. (Dec.)

(O) LET'S DANCE—M-G-M: "Nearly love". (Jan.)

(P) LIFE OF HER OWN, A—M-G-M: A romantic drama concerning the rise of model Lana Turner and her emotional problems when she gets entangled with Ray Milland. With Margaret Phillips, Tona Samer, Jean Hersholt, Donald Crisp. (Nov.)

(Q) MAGNIFICENT YANKEE, THE—M-G-M: Louis Calhern and Anna Sten in a patriotic story of the Washington cherry in the lives of Supreme Court Justice and Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Dec.)

(R) MILKMAN, THE—U.: A Grade A comedy starring Donald O'Connor and Jimmy Durante in a musical where "The Coward" is played by Piper Laurie, Joyce Holden and some bad men too. (Nov.)

(S) MINI-LIST, THE—M-G-M: Disappointing sequel to "Mrs. Miniver" concerned with the post-war problems of Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Young John Ireland,slack and Phyllis Thaxter. (Jan.)

(T) MISTER 880—20th Century-Fox: A new coming comedy in which counterfeiter Edison Gwenn drives Secret Service agent Burt Lancaster and the Treasury Department to distraction. (Nov.)

(U) MR. MUSIC—Paramount: One of two musicals this year, a gay musical stars Crosby as a songwriter who'd rather lose than honor until Nancy Olson comes along. With Ruth Hussey, Charles Coburn, Robert Ryan, Martha Scott. (Nov.)

(V) NEVER A DULL MOMENT—RKO: When sophisticated songwriter Irene Dunne marries cosmetics magnate Fred MacMurray and is taken to his ranch to take care of his kids Gigi Perreau, Nancy Olson. (Dec.)

(W) NO WAY OUT—20th Century-Fox: With hate-ridden Richard Widmark's brother dies after the murder of Sidney Poitier, Dick enlists sister-in-law Linda Darnell's help to incite race riot. With David Wayne, Jane Wyatt. (Nov.)

(X) PETTY GIRL, THE—Columbia: Easy on the eyes is this Technicolor tale about prime college girl who's forced to accept a job with a florist. With Peggy Cummins, George Macready. (Nov.)

(Y) ROCKY MOUNTAIN—Warners: An outdoor drama with action and heart. Errol Flynn, Paul Henreid, Martha Scott, in the life of Union Lieut. Scott Forbes. (Dec.)

(Z) SOFTLY-SOFTLY—M-G-M: A suspenseful story of insanity as the escape of young Ireland's attempt to discover whether he committed a brutal murder. With Richard Carlson, Anne Baxter, Alice Adams, Raymond Massey. (Dec.)

(A) TOP TAILOR—Paramount: Reported dead when the plane they were carrying crashes in Italy, Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten decide to run away together—and discover love isn't always all. With Jessica Tandy, Franciscos Rosay. (Jan.)

(B) TWO LOVES, THE—U.: A hard hitting drama of mob violence with Frank Lovejoy as an ex-G-I who teams up with Lloyd Bridges and becomes involved in kidnapping and murder. With Richard Carlson. (Jan.)

(C) WEST hatred—Columbia: First rate thriller in which Douglas Fairbanks, invited to a mid-West foster home to receive a scientific award, finds himself forced to flee for his life. With Glynnis Johns, Jack Hawkins, Herbert Lom. (Jan.)


(E) TO PLEASE A LADY—M-G-M: A routine comedy despite co-starring of Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck and Glenda Farrell. (Dec.)

(F) TWO.FLAGS WEST—20th Century-Fox: First Western era for Joseph Cotten, a Confederate prisoner-of-war freed to help Union officers Cornel Wilde and Jeff Chandler fight off Indian attacks. With Anne Baxter, Susan Hayward. (Dec.)

(G) WOMAN ON THE RUN—U.: A complex story of a woman who marries an old man and the men who try to regain her heart. With Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Ryan. (Dec.)
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"They're the most beautiful cards we've ever seen and such a bargain, too!" SO IT'S NO WONDER THEY SELL ON SIGHT ... AND

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HERE'S a friendly way to make a fine income, spare-time or full-time—without taking a regular job or putting in regular hours! All you do is SHOW lovely new Doehla All-Occasion Greeting Card and Stationery Assortments to your friends, neighbors or co-workers.

These assortments are so exceptionally beautiful that folks are happy to give you big orders. Their exquisite designs, glowing warm colors and rich looking novelty features delight all who see them. NO EXPERIENCE IS NEEDED—our Free Book shows you how even beginners make money right from the start. You make up to 50¢ on each $1 box; even more on bonus orders.

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Everyone in your community sends out greeting cards of all kinds throughout the entire year. That's why it's so easy to make good money and new friends, merely by showing something that everybody wants—and buys—anyway. Many church groups and clubs also use this same highly successful method of raising funds.

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(Please Print Clearly)
On her toes at Hollywood opening is dainty dancer Mitzi Gaynor, above with date Richard Coyle.

Victor Mature cut a dashing figure with his cane when he attended a premiere with wife Dorothy.


Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable at recent party. Vivien and husband Laurence Olivier took slow freighter back to England.
INSIDE STUFF

Bob Paris, Shelley Winters’s date, Hedda Hopper, Tallulah Bankhead, Shelley at Hedda’s party for la Bankhead

Round-up: A triple feature for Piper Laurie, sitting in a car at a drive-in, looking at Vic Damone’s picture in Photoplay, while she listened to a Vic Damone recording. The gentleman with her? Vic Damone! Wanda Hendrix (who should know) saying she likes Bob Sterling, she isn’t in love with him and doesn’t want to marry him. Prediction that Irene Wrightsman, despite her papa’s purported objection, will become Mrs. Kirk Douglas in the near future. Cheetah, Hollywood’s most unappreciative ape, snarling at Arlene Dahl, when she visited Lex “Tarzan” Barker on the set. It was a tribute to the first lady of the theater the night Helen Hayes appeared on television as “Queen Victoria.” Hollywood restaurants were empty, the streets were deserted. According to John Bromfield, his wife’s speech is so improved, Corinne Calvet now speaks English—when she talks in her sleep.

Down-Under Doings: We’ve got news for Peter Lawford and here’s hoping he reads Cal’s column in Australia, where he’s making “Kangaroo.” Now that her famous father has resigned his post in England, Sharman Douglas is coming to Hollywood—she may even be on her way by the time you read this! Charmin’ Sharman is going to get a job in our town and hopes to live here permanently. However, until she gets acclimated, she’ll stay at the home of her good friend, Elizabeth Firestone. Naturally this revives all those romance rumors. Cal wouldn’t be a bit surprised if there’s a new Mrs. Lawford when Pete comes hopping back from Australia!

Last Laugh: How well Cal remembers that last day when Bette Davis checked off the lot at Warners. Unworthy roles in unworthy pictures and—boom! The word spread like wildfire. Bette Davis was through! Even reporters could have been kinder, for she had always been kind and cooperative with them. Neither bitter nor bothered, Bette made her exit. "It

CAL YORK’S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

On the radio beam at recent premiere were Dick Powell, June Allyson. Couple expect their first baby momentarily

New twosome at premiere: Bill Dozier, just divorced from Joan Fontaine (see story page 46) with Linda Darnell
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Saint go Greyhound for Hollywood holiday. She won trip in our “Hollywood Tour” contest during their vacation in California, the Saints stayed at the beautiful Beverly Carlton Hotel as guests of Photoplay.

**INSIDE STUFF**

Pamela Archer and Audie Murphy were among many guests invited to Hedda Hopper’s home to welcome Tallulah Bankhead, in Hollywood for brief visit.

just takes one good picture,” she summed up the situation with a grin. “They’ll be back—they’ll all be back.” Bette was right. The night they premiered “All About Eve” at Grauman’s Chinese Theater, they all were back—all back to cheer a great star who gave a great performance. Just a few days previously, Bette’s footprints had been immortalized in the cement of the theater’s forecourt. Now she was looking down at them as bulbs flashed, cameras clicked and the crowd roared. Bette could have yawned. Instead, as we caught her eye—she winked at us!

Around the Town: Barbara Stanwyck convulsing William Holden and the rest of her dinner-party guests, with her impersonation of director Billy Wilder giving his impersonation—of Bill Holden... The Cornel Wildes, who own a new Beverly Hills home, dining night after night at Scandia Restaurant... Paulette Goddard and writer-producer Cy Howard acting younger than springtime at a table for two at La Rue’s... Bill the doting Dozier showing the sights at Ciro’s to Linda the lovely Darnell.

News—All Kinds: Good news that Hopalong (Bill Boyd) Cassidy has completely recovered from that nasal operation. He personally thanks you fans for those thousands of inquiring letters... Bad news that Robert Cummings lost his distinguished mother, an ordained minister and a friend to those in need... Reassuring news that Burt Lancaster’s four-year-old son, Billy, will recover from the “mild” case of polio... Discouraging news that Elizabeth Scott suffered a torn knee cartilage, jump- (Continued on page 15)
The Saints, from New Orleans, enjoy sea food; were guests of Mr. Welsh at his famous restaurant at Long Beach.

Dorothy Lamour, who designs dresses on the side, entertained our guests at tea with a selection of her new designs.

Larry Parks, Mrs. Saint, Betty Garrett and Hugh made a jolly party when they dined together at the Tally-Ho.

Wonder if their friends back home saw them when they appeared with Richard Arlen on his KTLA-TV show?

At Pierre's, the Saints, opera stars Florence Quartarro, Italo Tajo watch Pierre make his famous crepes suzette.

Mrs. Saint chats with Dorothy Shay, hillbilly singer at the Cocoanut Grove, in latter's suite at the Ambassador.
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) ing from a twelve-foot ledge in a movie scene... Fine news that Esther Williams suffered no ill effects from the premature birth of her second son, Kimball Austin Gage... Beautiful news that Arlene Dahl is now syndicating her own beauty column... Exciting news for Greer Garson, whose imported bull won the shorthorn champion's ribbon at a New Mexico State Fair... Starchy news for Joan Evans who was crowned the "National Macaroni Queen!"

Bride's Secret: One second longer and Elizabeth Taylor would have burst! "Outside of her mother, I was the only person who knew Jane Powell was going to have a baby," lovely Liz told us excitedly. "If Jane hadn't announced the news, I just knew I couldn't have held out!" Their sweet friendship dates back to those school days when both went to school on the M-G-M lot.

Temperature Normal: Up the coast to Malibu, to call on Howard Duff, who fell and fractured his leg in three places. With "Sam Spade" going off the air (due to litigation) and no good movie scripts available, things have been a bit discouraging for Howard. No tears were in order, however, "Meet the highest-priced nurse in the medical profession," he grinned, as Ida Lupino greeted us. Howard's accident occurred when he tried to rescue a pet kitten.

Farewell—Two Arms: Unless the plans change, Bob Hutton, who deserves the lion's share of happiness, hopes to make Bridget's wedding... as soon as Cleatus Carr gets her final decree... Supposedly "we still love each other," so Hollywood was naturally surprised when Janis Paige secured a legal separation from handsome Frank Martinelli Jr. ... Jean Wallace, who was divorced from Franchot Tone in 1943 recently had her "Tia Juana bargain-counter" marriage to Jim Randall annulled and now hopes to get legal custody of her two Tone sons... They've had differences for years, but this time it looks like Marie Wilson will divorce Alan Nixon. Hurdles were added to her none-too-smooth life with Alan, when Marie became a big star again. There are always two sides—but only one heart—that's as kind and loyal as Marie's.

Bits and Pieces: Clark Gable with Janet Gaynor and Adrian, shopping for (of all things!) a pet monkey for Mr. G... Rhonda Fleming's temperature rising over a doctor she met in Palm Springs... Lex Barker and Tony Curtis exciting the other customers in a Beverly Hills jewelry store, but instead of engagement rings—Lex was having his watch repaired and Tony was buying his mother a birthday present... Ava Gardner having her fabulous beauty transferred to canvases by eminent artist Paul Clemen... Adoring fans driving close to John Derek's car and booping his butch haircut... June Allyson introducing something new in ladies' undies to the girls in the powder room. She was wearing her husband's (Dick Powell) shorts... Ann Sothern's rumored engagement to a wealthy Texan and Richard Egan's silence on the subject... Bob Hope's inimitable comment on his arrival home from entertaining our boys so sensation ally in Korea: "You should have heard the crowds scream when I got off the plane," cracked the great-hearted comedian. "I unfastened the wrong belt!"

Ham on the Range: Cal was at the airport to meet his old friend Ray Milland, flying in from making a movie in London. The plane landed, the door opened, passengers poured out. Up to... 

(Continued on page 21)

THE GOLD MEDAL AWARDS ISSUE NEXT MONTH

march to your newsdealer for
Now you can travel roads of romance to the far-away places you’ve dreamed about! It costs so very little in time and money when you take a Greyhound Amazing America Tour to glamorous cities, sunny Southern beaches, lively ranches and resorts, magnificent National Parks... almost anywhere in the 48 States, up into Canada, down to Mexico or Cuba.

These thrilling trips can be from two days to two months in length, include advance hotel reservations, transportation, sightseeing, and entertainment—all planned by experts. Look over the examples on this page—then write for full information!
Only one soap gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet's gentle lather has been proved outstandingly mild for all types of skin!

Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal—here's news you'll welcome! Tests show that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is amazingly mild! Used regularly, it will leave skin softer, smoother, flower-fresh and younger looking. And the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love." Love is thrillingly close to the girl who is fragrant and sweet, so use Cashmere Bouquet Soap daily. complexion

Size for face and hands, the big Bath Size in your tub or shower!

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

---Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!

LAUGHING STOCK
BY ERSKINE JOHNSON


FRED ALLEN on exercise: "I like long walks, especially when they're taken by people who annoy me."

Definition of a Hollywood playboy: "A guy who, when his psychiatrist tells him to settle down and take a wife, wonders whose wife to take."

Bill Demarest and his wife Lucille celebrated thirteen years of marriage. Lucille's gift to Bill was a miniature Oscar engraved:

"Not a bad performance in thirteen years."

Overheard:

"You can always tell a British movie. If the plot doesn't thicken the fog does."

Herbert Marshall on television:

"I'm scared stiff. It's a very scary medium for somebody who's no longer as young as Doris Day."

Jack Benny drove the 300 miles to Las Vegas for a mid-week visit and then long-distanted Mary in Hollywood. "How was the drive?" she asked.

"Fine," said Jack. "I arrived just in time to lose $200."

Quipped Mary: "Smart guy. Did you have to drive so fast?"

Sign on a Hollywood station wagon: "Justamere Place."

Hollywood—Where a daughter seldom gets married in her mother's wedding gown because her mother is seldom through with it.

Dorothy Lamour says it's sad but true—that when a girl goes in for reducing, it's her temper that grows thin first.

Overheard:

"He owes his success to his first wife and his second wife to his success."

There's a hovel in "All About Eve" when Thelma Ritter, as a maid, takes a look at a mountain of mink coats in Bette Davis's bedroom during a party and cracks: "Hm— a dead animal act."

The late cabinet member, Josephus Daniels, prided himself on a stomach as flat as Gary Cooper's but when Sidney Blackmer played him in the movie, "Wilson," the studio insisted he sport a bay window. Blackmer, padded for the role, sent this wire to Daniels:

"When you see yourself in 'Wilson' please remember that the stomach is neither yours nor mine."
Sonja Henie says

"I do"

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 extra fattening calories . . . works almost like magic. 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 ($2.98) or your money back. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today—a full month's supply, $2.98.

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

(Continued from page 18)

ramp came two indignant-looking gals, who rushed into the arms of waiting friends. "Get a load of Ray Milland," they snorted. "Just how hammy can you be?" Ray, the last one to leave the plane, stepped out wearing bedroom slippers and a tuxedo! "Don't look at me like I have two heads," he yelled at us. "I couldn't help this. I was doing a broadcast and they insisted on evening clothes. I barely had time to catch the plane when I finished." We're glad it happened this way. It gave us a good item.

Hats Off: For years she was a good sport. She always welcomed the press, she posed for corny gag stills when other stars refused, she was the first one at benefits with a smile and a song. Then one day Hollywood producers decided they wanted new faces and names. Agents practically insulted her when she asked them to get her a job. She had saved her money—that isn't our point. She just wanted to do the work she loves. Naturally she was hurt, but being the kind of gal she is, she didn't complain. Now comes the part we like to tell best. One day C. B. de Mille sent for her and she got the role of the iron-jawed girl in "The Greatest Show on Earth." Now the agents are calling again. Producers are frantically searching their scripts for "just the right part" to match her talents. Her friends, and she's got a million of 'em, couldn't be happier or more thrilled for—Dorothy Lamour!

Votes for Women: Wherever you go in Hollywood—in studios, at stars' homes, in beauty parlors and clubs, they're talking about Judy Holliday's brilliant performance in "Born Yesterday." Cal can't help being amused at Columbia. Naturally they're bursting with pride, completely ignoring the fact that Judy was the last actress they wanted for the role of the dumb showgirl. Judy, who created it on Broadway, won out only because such possibilities as Lana Turner, Betty Hutton, Ann Sothern, Paulette Goddard, Evelyn Keyes (who even bleached her hair) and Marie McDonald were ruled
out, or unavailable. Bette Davis was great in “All About Eve.” Sentiment is strong for Gloria Swanson in “Sunset Boulevard.” Gertrude Lawrence was effective (but miscast) in “The Glass Menagerie.” When Oscar time rolls ‘round, most folks feel Judy Holliday will win it and deserve it.

Royal Family Rumbles: Seems like this month Cal kept running into stories on the fabulous Barrymores. A fierce fire raged through Northridge recently and when Lionel couldn’t find his frightened cats, he refused to evacuate. They had just started to carry him out bodily when the inferno headed in another direction. Sister Ethel is now making “Kind Lady.” When M-G-M cast Maurice Evans opposite her, they asked the famous Shakespearean actor if he wanted anything special. “Indeed I do,” he explained. “I want to meet Miss Barrymore before we face each other in front of the camera.” So they had tea together. Speaking of the celebrated actress, we’ll let you in on a trade secret. To conserve her strength, she has a double for all her walking shots. She looks so much like Ethel Barrymore, it even fools the eagle eye of the camera!

Hollywood Is Talking About: The rumor that Frank Sinatra’s sponsors are furious over those weekly weekend flights to Hollywood and Ava Gardner. Cancellation of his air show could result over his refusal to change his tactics... The raised eyebrows in London where Mrs. Tyrone Power makes herself conspicuous driving an open Jaguar, wearing loud plaid sports coats and no stockings... The sadness provoked by Judy Garland, who didn’t look well when she returned from her New York vacation and shocked her legion of friends... The indifference or boredom John Wayne seemed to exude while making a picture for Warners... The triumphant return of Angela Lansbury to the M-G-M lot, where she’s now paid more money for one picture than she received for six pictures when she was under contract there.

Yesterday’s Moppet: In this particular case, time doesn’t march on—it gallyups! Cal’s referring to those dates Dan Dailey seems to adore with nineteen-year-old Barbara, songbird Margaret Whitney’s kid sister. Surely this can’t be a serious romance and yet there’s no denying that Barbara has blossomed out and is quite a grown-up young lady. Seems no time at all since she was a chubby kid and oh, so anxious to park that poutage. Cal recalls how eagerly she asked us if we knew Joan Leslie and couldn’t we find out how she acquired that terrific teenage torso? Dan’s always liked goofy gals who laugh a lot, so maybe this is the answer to Hollywood’s big $64 question.

Cafe Society: It took Rosalind Russell’s father-in-law to bring out people you seldom see in Hollywood night clubs. Even Fred Astaire and the Edward G. Robinson were there to cheer the former movie matinee idol when Carl Brisson opened at Mocambo. When Van Johnson and Red Skelton got into his act, they klilled the people... Local wolves whistled in vain while Dorothy Shay was at the Cocoanut Grove. Each night after the show, the sensational Park Avenue hillbilly went home to mama... Linda Darnell and Bill Dozier cutting crab at the King’s one night and tasting trout at Sportsman’s Lodge the next... The Ronald Colmans doing the town with the Laurence Oliviers, the night before the beloved Britishers sailed home on a tramp steamer... Jane Wyman forgetting to remember (or remembering to forget?) the name of the handsome gentleman who was her attentive escort at Ciro’s.

Trial Separation: The Gary Coopers are still hoping that Gary and Rocky will decide that a marriage like theirs, a marriage that has stood firm for eighteen years, is worth any effort or sacrifice that may be needed to save it. It looks as if the Coopers agreed—otherwise Gary would not have followed Rocky and their fourteen-year-old daughter, Maria, to New York so that they all might spend the Christmas holidays together. Rocky, known to New York society as Veronica Balfre before her marriage to the actor, appeared briefly in one film under the name of Sandra Shaw. It is rumored that Pat Neul, with whom Gary made “The Fountainhead” and “Bright Leaf,” is the third corner of this Hollywood triangle.
"My beauty care does wonders for the skin"—

Joan Fontaine says: "Here's a simple beauty care that really works. I smooth on Lux Soap's rich lather and work it well into my skin. Active lather cleanses gently, but so thoroughly.

"I rinse with warm water—finish with a quick cold rinse. Already my skin feels softer—smoother." Yes, this daily active lather care gives million-dollar complexions protection they need.

"Then I pat very gently with a soft towel to dry. Now skin looks so radiantly fresh!" Try this care screen stars use and be delighted with the quick new beauty Lux Soap gives your skin!"
**Timely Tips by Little Lulu**

**HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?**

When fastening stockings, what helps prevent runs?
- Lady, be seated
- Round garters

Don't let garter-pull strain your nylons. Fasten them while in a sitting position to avoid future hosiery strain, runs, when seated. Another neat trick is to cover garter clasps with Kleenex. Saves stocking wear and tear, saves money.

When you need a tissue do you...
- Find one handy
- Fumble with many

Next to your bed, you'll like Kleenex best— to catch a sneeze or sniffle! Keep a box on the night stand. No fumbling; no need to turn on the light to find a Kleenex tissue. Only Kleenex serves one at a time—not a handful! — and another pops up, ready to use. Saves tender noses!

---

**Kleenex® ends waste — saves money!**

1. **INSTEAD OF MANY...**

2. **YOU GET JUST ONE...**

3. **AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX**

**AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE**

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**CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES**

**AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES**

- 20th Century-Fox: Eugene Chuck Palmer, Tyrone Power; Jeanne Martens, Micheline Presle; Jim Mitchel, Tom Ewell, Gene Patten; Miguel, Tommy Cook; Juan Martinez; Juan Torena; The Speaker; Jack Elam; Gen. Douglas MacArthur; Robert benefit; C.B. Phillips, Carleton Young.

**BORN YESTERDAY**

- Columbia: Billie Dawn, Judy Holliday; Harry Brock, Broderick Crawford; Paul Ferrall, William Holden; Jim Dever, Howard St. John; Eddie, Frank Otto; Norman Heady, Larry Maves, Barbara Brown; Sawborn, Grandmo Rhodes: Helen, Claire Carleton.

**BRANDED**

- Paramount: Chey, Alan Ladd; Ruth Lavery, Mona Freeman; Mr. Lavery, Charles Bickford; Leif Englund, Robert Keith; Rubris, Joseph Calleia; Tonto, Peter Hanson; Mrs. Lavery, Selena Royce; Tom Tully; Tattoo, John Berkes; Dawson, Millhau Stone; Hernandez, Martin Garibale; Dad Travis, Edward Clark; Spig, John Butler.

**CRYANO DE BERGERAC**

- Kramer-U: Cryano de Bergerac, Jose Ferrer; Ramone, Mah Powei; Christian, William Prince; Le Brot, Morris Carnovsky; Gregoire, Ray Clanton; Rappaport, Lloyd Corrigan; Duenna, Virginia Garfar; Carduins, Edgar Barrier; Orange Girl, Elena Verdugo; Valverd, Albert Cavens; Monteuvo, Arthur Blake; The Mededic; Bellerose, Percy Helton; Sister Martha, Virginia Christine; Doctor, Gil Warren; Man with Gazette, Philip Van Zandt; Geraldman, Eric; Man with Mavas, Richard Aveden; Cadets, Paul Dubov; John Crawford; Jerry Paris; Rubin Hughes.

**DALLAS**

- Warners: Bayle Hollister, Gary Cooper; Tom, Ruth Romanoff; Kid, Steve Cochran; Will Marlow, Raymond Massey; Flo, Barbara Payton; Miss Satter, Young Martin; Mr. Blossom, Jackie Kennedy; Felipe, Antonio Moreno; Matt Coulter, Jerome Cowan; Will, Reed Hadley; Lu, Gil Donaldson; Cullen Marlow, Duke Gifford; Judge Harper, Will Wright; The Sheriff, Monte Blue; Jason Trash, Byer Keith; Cortes, Jose Domenguins; Dink, Steve Dunhill.

**DOUBLE CROSSBONES**

- Davey Crandall, Donald O'Connor; Lady Sylvia, Helena Carter; Gus, Eldon, John Evers; Tom Boys, Will Geer; Lady Montrose, Katheryn Givney; Lord Montrose, Stanley Logan; Malcolm Gilson, Hayden Ricks; Ben Wickett, Charles McGraw; Isaac Weist, Gregg Martell; Caleb Nichols, Morgan Parley; Ames Bulloch, Jim Anderson; Sael Meeker, Comon Bond; Henry Morgan, Robert Barist; Capt. Kidd, Alan Napier; Blackboard, Louis Basc(tol); Ben Aver, Glenn Strange; Ann Bonney, Hope Emerson.

**EMERGENCY WEDDING**

- Columbia: Peter Kirk, Larry Parks; Helen Hunt, Barbara Hale; Vanudem, Willard Parker; Emma, Una Merkel; Tony, Alan Reed; Dr. Helmer, Eder Frazz; Fitter, Irving Bacon; Swib, Don Bickmore; Ed Hamley, Jim Backus; To, Teri Shimada; Freddie, Myron Welton; Dr. White, Ian Wolfe; Ms. Toomey, Helen Springer; Richard Andrews, Gene McClure; Rose, Quenine Smith; Newsboy, Jerry Mikelsen.

**FRENCHIE**

- U: Tom Banning, Joel McCrea; French Fontaine, Sheila Marlen; Pete Lamberger, Paul Kelly; Countess, Ella Lanchester; Lance Cole, John Russell; Diane Gorman, Marie Windsor; Clyde Godings, Bejo; Martha Hughes, George Cleveland; Carter, Regis Toomey; Dealer, Lucille Balkery; Jim Dobbs, Frank Tom; Tom Vincent Reno; Rednose, Paul E. Burns; Bartender, Larry Dobson; Stage Driver, Jack Ingram; Frank Dawson, Chuck Robison.

**GOLDBERGS, THE**

- Paramount: Molly Goldberg, Gertrude Berg; Jake Goldberg, Philip Loeb; Uncle David, Ed Mitz; Alexander, Edward Frazz; Sammy, Larry Robinson; Toph, Artene McQuade; Mrs. Kramer, Betty Walker; Tante Elia, Sara Krohner; Mie Selnick, Ouida Babcock; Barbara Rush; Ted, Peter Hanson; Mrs. Morris, Helen Brown; Mrs. Skelter, Edith Angus; Mrs. Van Nest, Josephine Whittell; Nomi, Shari Robinson; Mr. Mendi, Erno Vernba.

**KANSAS RAIDERS**

- Jesse James, Audie Murphy; Quantum, Brian Donlevy; Kate, Margarete Chapman; Anderson, Scott Brady; Kit Dalton, Anthony Curtis; Frank James, Richard Long; Cole Younger, James Best; Jim Younger, Dewey Martin; Captain, Richard Arlen; Willis, George Chandler; Pll, Charles Delaney; Reddy Leader, John Kellogg; Tate, Dave Wolf.

**UNDERCOVER GIRL**

- U: Chris Miller, Alexis Smith; Lt. Mike Tref, Scott Brady; Doc Holmes, Edmund Ryan; Reid Menny, Gerald Mohr; Macoey, Royal Dan; Liz, Gladys George; Butt Miller, Regis Toomey; Tully, Harry Landis; Callow, Mel Archer; Pat Gibson, Lynn Aineley; Jess, Richard Egan; Murphy, Lawrence Cregg; Capt. Parker, Connie Gilchrist; Bab, Angela Clarke; Robbie, Tristam Coffin; Lew, Clark Howat; Wally, Harold Gary.

**WEST POINT STORY, THE**

- Warners: Edith Bibby, James Cagney; Eve Rision, Virginia Mayo; Jack Wilson, Doris Day; Tom Fletcher, Gordon MacRae; Hal Courtland, Gene Nelson; Bull Gilbert, Alan Hale Jr.; Harry O'Brien; Roland Winters; Bibby's Wife, Raymond Ray; Lt. Col. Martin, Wilton Grand; Jocelyn, Jerome Cowan; Commandant, Frank Ferguson.
prediction:

After you've seen "Born Yesterday", your favorite new star will be Judy Holliday
Don't "Just Wash" your hair-

Condition it with DRENE shampoo...

The Sure way to Natural Sheen, Natural Softness

It's the most exciting beauty news in America—the wonderful Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action — and your dealer has it now!

This Drene does far more than "just wash" your hair! It actually conditions as it cleanses . . . conditions your hair to all its loveliest natural softness, its most thrilling natural sheen!

To discover how different, how effective Drene really is, you only have to try it once! Just see how beautifully clean and soft it leaves your hair . . . how easy to manage! See how easily curls and waves fall into place . . . how they last and last!

So don't wait another day! Get a bottle of this marvelous Drene at any drug counter now—try it right away! Remember, Drene is the only shampoo with this Conditioning Action . . . for all types of hair!

You'll be thrilled at the thorough way Drene cleans your hair and scalp! Yet it's gentle, baby-mild, non-drying!

You'll be delighted to find you can skip special rinses. Drene leaves no dulling soap film . . . removes loose dandruff!

You'll be amazed at how quickly Drene makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly, even in the hardest water!

For ALL Types of Hair!
Only DRENE has this Conditioning Action
Seventeenth century romance: Jose Ferrer, Mala Powers in the poetic screen version of Edmond Rostand's classic

**F** Cyrano de Bergerae (Kramer-UA)

**This** beautifully done classic will delight young and old. That is, the young and old who like poetry and romance. The Time is the 17th century, and the Place is Paris. It's the story of Cyrano de Bergerac, a stalwart poetic fellow whose inferiority complex was his extraordinary nose. Jose Ferrer plays the part for comedy and tragedy, and plays it beautifully. It is Cyrano's despair that he is given the job of wooing Roxane—the girl he himself loves secretly—for a younger, handsome man, the tongue-tied Christian. William Prince as Christian is most appealing, and Mala Powers as Roxane is beautiful. Stanley Kramer produced this, and it is one of his best, though totally different from his other successes.

**Your Reviewer Says:** This is Art, very gratifying Art.

**Program Notes:** Jose Ferrer Otero y Cintron (“Call me Joe”) was born in Puerto Rico in 1912. On the New York stage he has played everything from Iago to Charley’s Aunt, which makes him a very versatile fellow. He made his movie debut as the Dauphin in Ingrid Bergman’s “Joan of Arc,” and proceeded to steal the picture. The enviable title of First Actor of the American Theater was bestowed on him by no less a personage than Helen Hayes, who said of him: “I honestly believe that America has in Jose a First Actor. There has been no one since Barrymore who could act superlatively from classics to farce.” Jose’s friends claim he is a good baseball player, swimmer, painter and caricaturist. His hobby is cooking, and his specialty is bread... Mala Powers is eighteen and a native Californian. Howard Hughes saw her in the rushes of “Outrage” and put her under longterm contract. Mala has had quite a success in radio, doing a variety of roles, including those of an eighty-year-old woman, a gargling infant and a yowling cat. Her real name is Mary Ellen. She’s 5’3”, weighs 105 pounds, has brown hair, blue-gray eyes, and doesn’t smoke or drink.

Shootin’ high: The West goes wild when Elsa Lanchester, Shelley Winters, and John Russell aim for action

**F** Frenchie (U-I)

**Shelley Winters,** as Frenchie Fontaine, operates the hottest gambling joint west of the Rockies. She and her friends, Elsa Lanchester and John Russell, come from New Orleans by stagecoach to bring excitement to Bottleneck. All of this, however, is just a set-up to trap the two bandits who murdered Frenchie’s father when she was a tiny tot. Shelley falls hard for easy-going sheriff Joel McCrea, who aims to make the law work in a peaceful manner in this frontier town. Marie Windsor, the frustrated wife of local banker John Emery, is also in love with the sheriff. The girls fight it out, tooth and nail, the best girl fight on the screen since Marlene Dietrich and Una Merkel had it at it in “Destry Rides Again.” Paul Kelly plays a crooked gambler. It’s all in fun, and it’s all in Technicolor.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Another Western—but good.

**Program Notes:** This film was shot in the wilts of the Mt. Tom country at the base of the High Sierras. Shelley Winters, a Brooklyn girl, was initiated into the mysteries of a dude ranch near Bishop, Cal., where she caught her first trout, rode her first horse. The two days she had off during the production she flew to Las Vegas to visit the famous gambling joints. She learned to shuffle a mean deck... Joel McCrea endeared himself to members of the company by passing around a box of licorice after every take. Joel’s wife, Frances Dee, kept him supplied with a fresh box every few days. Frances, unlike other movie wives, never goes on location with her husband... While working on this picture Elsa Lanchester and her husband, Charles Laughton, became United States citizens... “Women,” said director Louis King, “are notoriously unable to pull punches or fake haymakers.” In spite of his instructions to the girls, they tossed their mitts around too promiscuously and gave each other more of a beating than either intended.
Cadet caper: When Doris Day, James Cagney bring Broadway to West Point, the Academy walls rock—with song

**F** (F) The West Point Story (Warners)

Once again James Cagney is a song and dance man. This musical can boast a good cast, good tunes, good songs and good humor. Virginia Mayo is beautiful and so is Doris Day and they both dance and sing. Gordon MacRae’s rich baritone makes every song he sings sound like a hit tune. Young dancer Gene Nelson does some fancy stepping in which he was directed by LeRoy Prinz. The story is an amusing one which has a military West Point background with a Broadway twist. Cagney appears on the West Point scene when he agrees to help stage their traditional 100th night show. Some of the songs you’ll want to hear again and again are “The Kissing Rock,” “You Love Me,” “One Hundred Days Till June,” and “The Military Polka.”

Your Reviewer Says: Good performances by good performers.

Program Notes: For the first time since “Yankee Doodle Dandy,” which won him an Academy Award eight years ago, Jimmy Cagney goes into a song and dance. Jimmy sports a new hair-do, a regulation West Point crew cut, and a new physique—pounds lighter . . . Ever since she signed with Warners Virginia Mayo, a former dancer, has been begging for a dancing opportunity. This is it—and how that girl can do a hot number . . . Doris Day started her career as a dancer while she was in her teens in St. Louis. Only recently in “Tea for Two” did she timidly start dancing again. So pleased was she with the results that now she hopes to cram as many dances in her pictures as she does songs . . . Gene Nelson proves again that he is almost ready to take his place beside Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly. A former member of the Sonja Henie ice show, Gene has been working hard on his dancing since he was four . . . Alan Hale Jr., playing his first important role since the death of his beloved father, is twenty-nine and has been acting for ten years, with three years off to fight for Uncle Sam.

Family affair: Philip Loeb, Arlene McQuade, Larry Robinson, Gertrude Berg re-enact their famous TV roles

**F** (F) The Goldbergs (Paramount)

The famous “Goldbergs,” as heard over CBS radio for years, and recently seen as a series over television, has been made into a heart-warming movie. Molly, Jake, Sammy, Rosalie and Uncle David all come to life. (Philip Loeb is excellent as Mr. Goldberg.) Molly involves herself in her neighbors’ business; an ex-beau’s present love affair; a PTA dance; a widow’s fate—and, to follow the pattern of Molly’s life, nearly all ends in disaster. Millions of people acquainted with the Goldbergs and their trials and tribulations these many years have wanted to see them in a film. And so Hollywood sent for Molly Goldberg (Gertrude Berg) and she wrote the story and then starred in the picture—a la Orson Welles!

Your Reviewer Says: Relaxing, not taxing.

Program Notes: Gertrude Berg, plump and fiftyish, is a great deal like the plain, amiable Molly she portrays. “If hat with writing, rehearsing and acting, I suppose I spend more time being Molly than I do being myself,” she says. While she was in Hollywood making her first picture Mrs. Berg lived in the swanky Bel Air Hotel, a far cry from Molly’s Bronx, and she shared a sun deck with Doris Duke. She toyed with the idea of stringing a clothesline across the sundeck, but never quite got around to it. If the film version clicks with the public, Paramount plans to make a series of “The Goldbergs.” Mrs. Berg is a devoted family woman. She has been married to Louis Berg, a chemist, for thirty years, and they have two children. She is crazy about cats, and her hobby is collecting watches. Unlike Molly, she lives in a Park Avenue apartment and has a country home in Connecticut . . . “The Goldbergs” has proved a training ground for many actors and actresses who later became famous. Among them, Joe Cotten, Van Heflin, Everett Sloane, Richard Widmark, Joan Tetzel, George Tobias and Marjorie Main.

BY LIZA WILSON

Outstanding

Good

Fair

F—for the whole family

A—for adults

JUDY HOLLIDAY, as Billie Dawn, the dumb, sexy blonde who smartens up quickly under the tutelage of a handsome crusading writer, gives a screen performance that will be talked about for years. As a motion picture, "Born Yesterday" is heavy on the conversation, light on the action. But who cares when he can see Judy playing her famous gin-rummy scene, or hear her saying, "Do me a favor, Harry, drop dead," to her erstwhile boy friend. Broderick Crawford plays the bellicent, raucous junk dealer who is a fit subject for the Federal clink. In Washington on a big deal he is struck by the amazing ignorance of his chorine friend and makes the fatal mistake of hiring William Holden, a humanity-loving newspaper man, to teach her culture. Howard St. John plays the drunken corrupt lawyer, and Larry Oliver the crooked congressman. Judy, however, is the whole show.

Your Reviewer Says: Not for the youngsters.

Program Notes: Judy Holliday has created an unusual situation. She's almost certain to be up for two Oscars: As the star of "Born Yesterday" and as the best supporting actress in "Adam's Rib." Judy, who was dragged in at the eleventh hour when Jean Arthur bowed out, opened in the Billie Dawn role at the Lyceum Theater in New York February 4, 1946, and ran for 1,643 performances. It was inevitable that Judy would play Billie Dawn on the screen, but Columbia first tested a slew of players. Judy is an attractive young blonde ("I've got nice legal hair but I had to dye it for Billie") with a dimpled baby stare that covers a will of iron, as Producer Harry Cohn discovered. She's married to David Oppenheim, a musician, and she lives with him in New York in a Waverly Place apartment. Her hobby is painting, and she has a flair for fancy French and Italian cooking. On the set she relaxes by solving crossword puzzles. Her mother, who accompanies her everywhere, is her severest critic. "I'd rather face George Jean Nathan any night than Mother," says Judy.

(F) Dallas (Warner's)

JARY COOPER and Ruth Roman are teamed in this rowdy tongue-in-cheek Western photographed in Technicolor. The frontier town of Dallas, Texas, in the days following the Civil War, is the scene of much gun shooting, fast riding, outlay and lovemaking. Gary plays an ex-Confederate colonel who is in Texas for the sole purpose of taking some deadly potshots at three Yankee outlaws (Raymond Massey, Zon Murray and Steve Cochran) who have their greedy eyes on Ruth Roman's rich ranch. Seems that Steve burned Gary's home and killed his family back in Georgia. Rugged, taciturn Gary takes over the identity of the new U. S. Marshal (Leif Erickson) sent out from Boston. Takes over his girl Ruthie, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Fast moving Western.

Program Notes: The rolling hills and valleys near Calabasas, which form part of the Warner ranch, served as the location of this film which stirred up so much dust in the San Fernando Valley that the home owners complained... Hot lunches were brought out to town every day, and as is the custom on locations, the hotter the day, the hotter and heavier the food. The stars gathered in the few shady spots to eat their chow, and discuss their prowess as cooks. Steve Cochran, who has become one of the best "heel" players in Hollywood, gave forth with (Continued on page 104)
There's one in every office

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

It can happen to you... any time

How's your breath today? You could be guilty of *halitosis (unpleasant breath) right now... without realizing it. Halitosis may be absent one day and present the next... and, when it is, you are in wrong with everybody. It can nullify your other good points.

Isn't it foolish to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple and delightful precaution... such an extra-careful one? You simply rinse the mouth with it before any date and, lo!... your breath is instantly fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

A number of things will relieve off-color breath momentarily, but Listerine Antiseptic sweetens and freshens the breath instantly... and helps keep it that way... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours, usually. No wonder it's the extra-careful precaution against bad breath. So, to be extra-attractive, be extra-careful. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and before any date, when you want to be at your best.

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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Eagerly Awaited... Widely Acclaimed...

AT LAST IT IS HERE!

20th Century-Fox's
THE MUDLARK

The story of the kid who wanted to sit on the Queen's throne!

The heart-warming motion picture that takes you up the back stairs of Windsor Castle ... and into the delightful scandal that changed the course of empire!

with ALEC GUINNESS - ANDREW RAY - BEATRICE CAMPBELL - FINLAY CURRIE

Directed by JEAN NEGUÉLESCO Produced by NUNNALLY JOHNSON
Screen Play by NUNNALLY JOHNSON Based on the Novel by Theodore Bonnet
On December 5, 1950, Shirley Temple's divorce from John Agar became final.

One year before, headlines had heralded the sensational story of broken marriage for the world's best-known film star.

Now, as this issue rushes to press, all Cupid's arrows point toward Shirley as Mrs. Charles Alden Black of San Francisco, once again a woman who knows happiness.

It was last January that Shirley, so newly divorced, flew to Honolulu with her daughter, Linda Susan. Behind were the bitter memories, ahead—she hoped—the peace and warmth and forgetfulness of the Islands.

Honolulu gave Shirley not only relief from heartbreak but a sense of purpose in the future. A few days after her arrival she was invited by old friends to a party, a luau, at their home. She must, she told herself, start going out again; otherwise she soon would be a dreary companion for little Susan.

She dressed for the party dutifully while Susan watched, all eyes. Feeling older and more sophisticated than she'd ever felt before and rejecting her golden mop of curls as much, much too naive, she brushed her hair back smoothly and tied it with black velvet. It was to please Susan that she wore the frothy white dress with a decolletage fashioned entirely of white flowers. Little did she dream how soon this would be her favorite dress too.

She saw Charlie Black immediately. Any girl would who was worth her salt. He's that kind of man. He looks as if he belonged out (Continued on page 86)
Is Bergman happy? Does she regret what has happened? Is she returning to Hollywood?

Only a woman familiar with Ingrid’s life in Europe could answer these questions
the Lady in question

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Ingrid Bergman: No longer the simple Stockholm girl or the Hollywood actress absorbed in her career

INGRID BERGMAN was recently asked to return to Hollywood to star in "Strike a Match." Since the offer went to her from Howard Hughes, multimillionaire owner of RKO, the matter of money could not have been a stumbling block. Besides, those very brilliant young men, Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna, were to have been in charge of the production, which would have offered Ingrid a role that would have been a veritable sugar plum for an actress of her undisputed talents.

But Ingrid refused this offer and will instead star in a picture her husband Roberto Rossellini will make in France shortly after the first of the year. It's a year and a half now since Ingrid announced that she was leaving Doctor Peter Lindstrom and that she would marry her director, Roberto Rossellini, as soon as she was free. Six months later, on February 2nd, she had a son, Renato, by Rossellini.

At this time magazines and newspapers reported on Ingrid in every issue and in the greatest detail. But during the past year little or nothing has been written about her. Which accounts for the tremendous interest in her that exists, currently.

Wherever I went in Europe this (Continued on page 101)
She stands five feet and a half in her sandal hose and she detests men who are smooth. Her measurements make even a Petty girl seem sloppy. Thirty-six bust, thirty-five hip, twenty-two-and-a-half-inch waist. When she is being very forceful, she says, "Honest Injun." Her last name is pronounced Lee, her favorite sport is badminton and she gives every man the impression that he alone can protect her. She is a fine cook. Her favorite actress is Dorothy McGuire.

She loves to rumba and she's baffled by people who are bored with life. Currently her pet tune is "My Comic Valentine." She has been married twice; but her parents caught up with her high school elopement so quickly that there was a annulment. She maintains her weight at one hundred and eighteen pounds and her father calls her Stinky. Her best recipes, she says, are for veal scallopini, green salad with a super-special roquefort cheese dressing and pineapple upside-down cake. She dotes on every shade of blue and her eyes are like brown velvet. When she laughs, which is practically continuously, she shuts her eyes, wrinkles her nose, doubles up and can be heard for blocks and she is rapidly becoming the best dressed junior star in Hollywood. Her hair is real hair-colored hair, light brown and fine-textured. She never eats bread. Money doesn't impress her. She sleeps in pajamas with the windows wide open and the bed covers high. She's a thrill, definitely.

The first pin-up girl in Photoplay's new series.
Janet Leigh of "Jet Pilot"
PHOTOPLAY

PIN UP

#1

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY

ERNEST BACHRACH
He couldn't afford to take her to the big places. He remembered a crazy kind of an attractive place, where a fellow could talk

She was wearing a black dress and her hair was the soft color of moonlight.

Right then he began thinking about one world for two

“Hey, Tony! What's this about you being in love? Going to get married—or something? What about this Janet Leigh? What's with her—crazy in the head, or something? What's so special about you?”

This is the way it's been since I first met Janet. I get it from all sides. In Hollywood, when they like you, they let you have it. It's their way of showing you that you're "in." You're the new boy so, as far as you're concerned, none of it's ever happened before! When you take things big, they actually get a kick out of it. So they rib you and tease you and try to take the wind out of your sails. It makes you feel warm and wanted—inside. I hope they never stop. (Continued on page 95)
crowded room

Janet Leigh is in "Two Tickets to Broadway."
Tony Curtis, in "The Prince Who Was a Thief"
The Don Taylors wanted children, have two—baby Anne, above, and Avery. To prevent jealousy, Avery was taught to imitate her mother, gives her doll a bottle when Phyllis feeds sister Anne.

The John Dereks economize on food and clothes—Patti conceals food economy with French sauces!

an intimate report on

HOLLYWOOD’S YOUNG MARRIAGES

BY KATHERINE ALBERT
Gene Nelson and wife Miriam rarely quarrel since Chris came, know he'd feel insecure in a fighting family. In order to be with him as much as possible, they have adjusted his schedule to theirs.

The Marshall Thompsons think they spend too much Ornitz on trips—but have saved enough to build a new house.

How do they meet the first years of marriage? These young couples tell—with a frankness that makes this the most human and revealing picture of Hollywood we have ever published.
The Donald O’Connors, above with Donna, are facing the problems that separated them recently and trying to make their marriage work. They still blow their tops occasionally but now they know what's wrong, get along better.

Paying the monthly bills is Tom Seidel's chore. Wife Jean Hagen took over once—and the bankbook went to pieces!

Joan Leslie faced problems of a doctor's wife before marriage—enjoys every spare minute Dr. Caldwell has.
an intimate report on

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG MARRIAGES

how they face their problems, the editors of Photoplay compiled a comprehensive list of intimate questions as a basis for this survey of the film colony's young-marrieds. They disagreed on all subjects but one—the home. Those who do not already own their homes are saving to buy homes. Probably in no other community is the percentage of young home owners so high. This is partly economic but it also stems from the fact that the home, the roots of a marriage, is important to these kids.

The Budget Problem

There was no budget plan figured out before the Don Taylors married. "How could we?" Phyllis Avery asks. "Don was in the Army. It was catch-as-catch-can. Besides, he had a lot of my bills to take over." Gene Nelson said, "We didn't have a home. Miriam and I were on the road and we lived in hotels."

Keefe Brasselle didn't start married life with any budget plan but he's on such a strict budget now that he is not allowed to write a check. Keefe is a spendthrift—"I'm the big hot-shot guy who always reaches for the check." So Norma, with Keefe's consent, took his account away from him. He has ten dollars a week spending money. For the first six months of their married life Diana Lynn and John Lindsay had no budget. Then they realized they were spending far too much for rent. They made a budget and moved into a house that architect John had built "on spec."

Newlyweds Jerome Courtland and Polly Bergen had a budget until, as Polly explained, "The refrigerator went on the blink and we had to eat out, so the budget was shot temporarily." But Jean Hagen and Tom Seidel—he was once an actor, hated it, and is now a writer—are, as he says, "just not the kind of people who budget." Don Taylor believes, "Budgets, like laws, are made to be broken." Whereas Marsh Thompson asks, "How can you look toward the future unless you know where the money is going?" He and Barbara were one of the two couples who worked out a budget plan before marriage.

Who Pays the Monthly Bills?

Barbara Thompson pays the bills because,

Keefe Brasselle refinishes, Norma upholsters old pieces for new home. Says Keefe, "It's the woman who keeps a marriage together"
Jerome Courtland is jealous, red-headed Polly is hot-tempered
“Marsh just hates to write out checks,” Tom Seidel does it because Jean Hagen is awful at it. When Tom was away recently, settling his father's estate, Jean took over. She is so used to having him take care of everything that the bankbook went to pieces. The night before Don Taylor came back from a six-weeks location, Phyllis stayed up until four a.m. trying to balance the check book, which Don usually keeps. Geary Steffen handles the bills but he and Janie check them together. Corinne Calvet was shocked by the question. “John writes out the checks, of course,” she said. “That is the job of the man.”

**How They Save Money**

Half of Marshall Thompson's salary goes into savings. So does a fourth of Jerry Courtland's. Insurance is the biggest investment. “Naturally for us,” says Janie Powell, “my husband is in the insurance business.” Although Diana Lynn has an annuity, most of her and John's money is in real estate. In fact, they are in business together and plan their strategy in the evening. He builds houses and takes the second mortgage and they invest an equal amount in the project.

John Derek and Patti had a big savings plan but it went right out the window when it was discovered that their baby, Russell Andre, was born with a misplaced esophagus. This necessitated a series of operations which have left the Dereks in debt. They have managed, however, to hang onto insurance for the baby. A lot of the couples have business managers who handle their investments. Corinne Calvet doesn't need a business manager because, “Johnnie is so clever.” They save cash because they want to buy a home.

**Quarrels**

Don Taylor's wife, Phyllis Avery, says, “Don and I don't have many quarrels. When we do, we yell briefly at each other and it's over.” Marshall Thompson says he and Barbara do not have them, that they never have raised their voices against each other. But he adds, “Sometimes Barb gets mad and doesn’t speak. I ignore her and the anger is gone in ten minutes.” Janie Powell is another who says, “We don’t have quarrels. Geary won’t argue.”

But red-headed Polly Bergen, Jerome Courtland's wife, is Irish. She says, “If I didn’t fight with a person I wouldn't love him. It’s natural for people in love to fight.” Both she and Jerry are strong-willed. He also has an extremely high temper. But they have learned to laugh off their quarrels and they always make up before they go to bed. When Joan Leslie, who is pregnant, and Dr. William Caldwell disagree, they talk it out reasonably. “Never have an argument when you are tired or not (Continued on page 76)
Of Collier Young, Joan says, “I like him so much I won't say I will not marry him.”

At last Joan Fontaine is free—and frankly tells the amazing reason for her delayed divorce.

"WILLFUL desertion." Joan Fontaine's voice was barely audible in the nearly deserted Santa Monica courtroom. She was answering her attorney's prompting to tell the Court why she was seeking her freedom from William Dozier.

“My husband left our home,” she added, “and he would not return.”

There was no tear in her eye or in her voice.

It was so early in the November morning that even the ever alert photographers were not on hand to take Joan's picture as she testified from the stand.

She had, apparently, (Continued on page 107)
Joan Fontaine of “September Affair” has a natural dependence on men which they find devastating.
Stranded in New York, Valentino (Tony Dexter) takes job as dishwasher to get evening clothes... becomes dancing gigolo. He meets Joan Carlisle (Eleanor Parker), with whom he'd had shipboard romance, director Bill King (Dick Carlson), who starts him on screen career.

PHOTOPLAY SNEAK PREVIEWS

"VALENTINO"

Never before or since has a star so captured the public's imagination. In this picture he lives again — the man women never forgot.

NEVER was a picture shrouded in more secrecy. The sets of "Valentino" were closed and Tony Dexter, who plays the title role, was kept from the press, out of public eye.

Tony was recommended to producer Edward Small by Katharine Cornell. He had played with her in "The Three Sisters" and again and again his resemblance to Rudolph Valentino had impressed her.

Dexter studied for this role for three years, took dancing lessons in private instruction rooms, had Valentino's old films run off a hundred times so he could study Valentino's every gesture and mannerism.

Now, a quarter of a century after his untimely death, Valentino lives again.

The real Valentino—in 1921, when he made "The Sheik" with Agnes Ayres.
In Hollywood, Valentino and partner Lila Reeves (Patricia Medina) crash party of famous producer. Their gaucho dance wins Valentino first screen break.

Valentino, the idol of women everywhere, loses Joan, the woman he loves, to King—is best man at wedding.

Later, Valentino and Joan play together in “The Sheik”—their attraction for each other is rekindled.

To protect Joan, Valentino returns East, becomes ill and dies. Joan learns, then, what her husband, King, never revealed before.
She was all prepared to cater to the hard-working actor—until she found Ronald, Jimmy, Michael, Belo and Gloria at Malibu.

Jim's idea of a picnic was a fifty-yard hike to the public beach.

It's been a wonderfully happy year and a half that I've been Mrs. Jimmy Stewart. Jimmy's disposition really astounds me. It must have been made in heaven. It had never entered my thoughts that Jimmy and my sons might ever be a problem to each other. After all, we had known each other a full year before we were married and Jimmy was used to seeing the boys around the house. Usually, the cocktail hour was the signal for the boys to come in when Jimmy was there. Very long and very dull (I thought) big fat bull sessions followed, but Jimmy was never bored or annoyed. At no time had he ever knocked himself out to win them over. He liked the boys—he treated them as friends. And children are very quick to understand.

However, I must admit that soon after we were married I suddenly developed a twinge or two. I suppose it was a natural reaction, but I found myself thinking—now that he'll be seeing them twenty-four hours a day, will Jimmy like the boys so much?

When we were married, the boys were in New York visiting their father, Ned McLean. Otherwise they would have been at the church for the ceremony. While they were returning home, their governess had wisely and carefully prompted them that their mother's name was now Mrs. Stewart. They must get used to hearing her thus addressed and act perfectly. (Continued on page 99)
she'd married a bigger kid than her boys

I'M IN LOVE WITH A

wonderful guy

BY MRS. JAMES STEWART

Below, scenes from Universal-International's "Harvey," screen adaptation of famous Broadway hit

Jimmy Stewart is taken to mental home by sister Josephine Hull for observation. Jesse White uses strong-arm tactics. Jim tells nurse Peggy Dow, Dr. Charles Drake about invisible pal Harvey, a six-foot rabbit.

Jim, released from institution, is entertained by Harvey's witty comments on books he reads and people he knows.

As Jim walks off into the morning sun, dust stirs in roadway—Harvey makes a decision.
So many things might never have happened—if a door had been closed
T
H
I
S
 is the story of a man and a girl—a
 girl with dancing feet and stardust in her
 eyes—and a man who believed in her be-
 cause he had dreams—and she was part of
 them. . . .

It began about two years ago. Milo Frank,
 visiting a studio and glancing through an
 office door, saw a young girl hurrying along
 the corridor, her arms laden with dancing
 costumes. In the dim light, she seemed to
 have gray hair. Unusual, he thought, for
 such a young girl. He tried to dismiss
 her from his mind, but a few moments
 later he was rushing down the corridor
 after her.

He caught her at the door. In another
 minute she well might have gone out of his
 life forever.

“Pardon me, Miss,” he said. “My name’s
 Milo Frank. I’m an agent. I’d like to know
 your name and if you’re an actress.”

He could see now that her hair wasn’t
 gray, but spun gold. Gray-blue eyes, friend-
 ly but skeptical, regarded him intently.

“My name’s Sally Feeney,” she answered.
“I’m a dancer. I’d (Continued on page 98)
With elbows braced firmly on table, Debbie Reynolds of "Two Weeks with Love" outlines upper lip with an artist's brush.

She outlines lower lip next, draws line shorter than natural lip length to increase depth, make mouth seem fuller.

paint a

PRETTY PICTURE

by Vicky Riley

There isn't another person in the whole world just like you. In return for this gift of individuality, it's up to you to experiment until you bring your face to its loveliest. One of your most important beauty assets is your mouth. Make the most of it.

1. A face, to be perfectly proportioned, should divide into three equal sections: From the hairline to top of nose; from top of nose to its base; from base of nose to tip of chin—with the lips opening exactly at the halfway point. If your upper lip is too close to your nose, make it up narrowly, not so much as a hairsbreadth above the natural lip line. If your lower lip is too far from the tip of your chin, make it up fully, carry your lip rouge below your real lip line. If your mouth is too close to your chin, give yourself a full upper lip and a narrow lower lip. Ann Sothern is a fine example of this latter.

2. Above all, let your eyes dominate! Greer Garson has an angled face, prominent cheek bones, high-lifted eyes. But her lips, made up with definite angles, complement her eyes charmingly. Katie Grayson has round eyes and a little round nose. So she makes up her mouth round.

3. More people see you in profile than full face. If you fill in your lipstick right to the ends of your mouth it usually produces a "down" line—which is likely to make you look slightly disagreeable and older. As you end your upper lip, carry the line up a little, never down. This takes practice. But you'll count it worth while when, at last, you see by your profile that your mouth gives you a smiling, young appearance.

4. Use a real painter's brush (a camel's hair one), with a full-length handle, to apply your lipstick. Not only is it less expensive than a regular lipstick brush but it will last longer.

5. Do what the smart Hollywood girls do—save stubs of old lipsticks and use them right down to the end with your brush.

6. If you're very young and have light skin, pink lipstick in the daytime is enchanting. For evening, use darker, richer colors.

7. In winter weather, use a greasier type lipstick—to prevent chapping.

8. When you're on a date and your make-up needs repairing, visit the powder room. Don't let your dream man see the mechanics of your beauty.
Are you hiding the real beauty of your mouth beneath a dab of color? Hollywood has lipstick tricks to give it lasting allure.

She fills in the outline, using regular lipstick. A brush can be used but it must be heavily coated with color. For correcting any lip faults, choosing the most flattering color, see rules on opposite page.

To keep your lipstick off you, and your beau, take Debbie's tip—press mouth down on piece of cleansing tissue to remove excess rouge.

Debbie studies lip profile, lifts line at corners of upper lip to avoid aging, droopy look.
He isn’t like any other star. But then, he’s a most unusual man—the product of the challenging life he always lived.

Jeff Chandler of “Deported”
The early years of Jeff Chandler, born Ira Grossel—grandson of the owner of a little Brooklyn delicatessen store—were geared to the tempo of the tenements. He’s experienced both sides of life, the seamy and the smooth. And somewhere along the way he picked up the human know-how that colors his personality and every role he plays.

“He’s the most aware person I’ve ever known,” says his actress wife, Marjorie Hoshelle. “Jeff sees everything. And the qualities he has as an actor are the same as those he has as a person. They carry over.”

In one brief climactic year Jeff has appeared in “Broken Arrow,” “Two Flags West,” “Deported,” “Bird of Paradise” and “Smugglers’ Island”; and he’s currently prepping for the role of a prizefighter in “The Iron Man.” And in every picture he’s had more experienced stars literally hanging on to their scalps. To say nothing of the casting director who remembers telling Jeff’s agent not so long ago, “Sorry, we can’t use him. When we need some mugs we’ll let you know.”

Jeff was heard long before he was seen, having had his own radio show, “Michael Shayne, Detective,” in addition to appearing on many others. Radio, in fact, in the person of Dick Powell, was responsible for his first break in movies. Dick worked with him on a radio program and was so impressed by his work, he got him a part in his picture, “Johnny O’Clock.”

“Dick’s been keeping an eye on my career ever since,” says Jeff gratefully now. Adding, “People are always doing things for me. And I’m not that nice a guy. They’re just impressed with my size,” he turns it off, grinning.

Certainly Chandler is the biggest star in pictures today. He weighs 210 pounds and towers a good six feet four, posing quite a problem for cameramen filming his love scenes with diminutive leading ladies.

Ever since he can remember, Jeff wanted to be an actor—but there wasn’t too much time for any “extra-curricular” activities during his early years. He worked in a candy store from six a.m. to ten a.m. and after school until midnight. Out of school he worked as a page at Radio City, and eventually joined a Long Island stock company. Later, with an actor friend, he formed a company of his own in Chicago.

He did a four-year stint in the Army, winding up with a nest-egg of $3,000—“Overseas there was no place to spend it—when I got wise and stopped playing poker.” He headed for Hollywood where he splurged $1,000 for clothes, and before too many months he’d spent the other $2,000. By then he was romancing an attractive, willowy actress, Marjorie Hoshelle, whom he’d met before the war, in New York. They existed on their respective unemployment checks—“And whoever turned up with a buck bought dinner.”

The Chandlers have two daughters, baby Dana and irrepressible three-year-old Jamie who whenever she’s asked, “Do you want to be an actress when you grow up?” says, emphatically, “Nope!” Jeff laughs, “When she gets older, maybe we’ll find out why.”

Jeff hopes his role in “Smugglers’ Island” will answer one personal question for him. “It’s the first time I’ve ever been me on the screen,” he says, “a guy who’s just an ordinary American Joe. When this picture’s released we can tell whether audiences will like me for myself.”

Like Jeff Chandler for himself? What do you think?
by Gloria Swanson

(Gloria Swanson has had one of the most fabulous lives ever lived by any woman anywhere. And always, whatever Gloria did, wherever she went, there was something about her that was just the least bit elegant.

There are a hundred extravagant moments Gloria might have written about under this title. Her choice of this particular experience reminds us that she has always been endearingly human and feminine too. The Editors)

To love and to be loved, to be cared for and protected, married in the true sense of the word, is, deep down in every woman's heart, her real desire. (Continued on page 90)
1931: Gloria married actor Michael Farmer. They had one child—a girl, Michele.

1928: Eric Von Stroheim, Gloria and the Marquis on set of “Queen Kelly.” Talkies came—it never was shown.

1934: Herbert Marshall, Gloria avoided publicity but world scented romance.

1945: Married William Davey —divorced him one year later.

1950: While making comeback in “Sunset Boulevard,” she visited two other Glorias—daughter Mrs. Anderson, grandchild Engstead.

1948: Gloria, as fabulous as ever, dines at the Stork with daughter Michele Farmer and adopted son Joseph.
The welcome mat is out—for a tour of Jane Powell's first house. You'll find some budget ideas, inside

For a couple of youngsters with heads in the clouds, Geary and Jane Steffen (Jane Powell to you) have their feet firmly on the ground. And a good case in point is their new house. For a long time they lived in an apartment, and only when they were sure they could swing a house did they even think about a house. They found just what they wanted, a white, modified Colonial with green shutters, surrounded by a picket fence, on a curving, tree-lined street in Brentwood.

Did they rush to the nearest decorator? Did they dash to a large furnishings store? They did not! Their first move was to transfer the welcome mat which says "Janie and Geary" from the apartment door to the threshold of their new house. And then Janie scrubbed woodwork. She would come home from the studio, don blue jeans, and work like crazy.

Geary now claims he's the finest paper-scaper-off in these here parts, with the blisters to prove it. All action took (Continued on page 83)

Janie and Geary entertain in pine-panelled den. Geary used Alpine picks over mantel to climb Mt. Blanc

The Steffens, at home: Flowers on base of lamps set colors for the living room. Jane is in "Royal Wedding"

Photographs by de Gennaro
"Just in time to have a marshmallow," said Don DeFore, helping David to sticky stuff as Marion, Penny, Dawn toast theirs.

The Skeltons, Georgia, Val, Dickie and Red were elbow deep in a masterpiece when the camera caught them—finger painting.

Dropping in on the DeFores means a drive out to San Fernando Valley where David, 5, Penny, 7, and Dawn, 2, romp happily through their big ten-room house. At the Nerneys, Mona Jr., 3, waits every night at the door when it's time for Mona Freeman and Pat to come home. On the maid's day out, Gordon MacRae lullabies Gar, nearly 3. There are two other MacRae children, Meredith, 6½, and Heather, 4. Eve Arden's two reasons for hurrying are Connie, 3½, and Liza, 5½. When Valentina Skelton, 3, and Richard, 2, have to stay in the house, Red puts away his famous clown canvases and keeps the kids—and himself—happy with finger paints. If anyone thinks Coleen Gray's Susan isn't an active 4½, we refer them to Coleen, who admits that sometimes going to work at the studio means a rest!
It’s the nursery set that grabs the spotlight when Hollywood stars entertain our lens boys at home.

Nerney tiptoes in with a new dress for wife Mona Freeman

"And you told me they didn't have a thing to wear," says Eve Arden accusingly. But daughters Connie, Liza, feel even a doll must be well dressed—in Hollywood.

The trouble with this bedtime story is—son Gar’s wide awake and Gordon MacRae is sleepy!

Our photographer drove up just in time to see Coleen Gray go whizzing by in a kiddie car. "Hang on," called Susan, pedalling furiously.
Olivia de Havilland was thrilled to have Errol Flynn as her screen lover—and chilled after their third picture!

Burt Lancaster and Joan Fontaine aren't on acting terms since that tiff on set of "Kiss the Blood off My Hands"

When Burt Lancaster was recently offered a movie with Joan Fontaine, he reportedly said, "I'd rather go back to catching lobsters again." So I did some checking. Burt's allergy to Joan, and probably vice versa, goes back to when they co-starred in "Kiss the Blood off My Hands." Joan, rightly or wrongly, believed that Burt was usurping the privileges of the director. And when she was asked by Norman Foster to re-do a scene, she paused dramatically, then cracked, "Shall I do it the way you want me to do it, or the way Burt Lancaster is directing?" Now, says Burt, washing Miss Ginger Rogers changed her mind about Lew Ayres!
If they never work together again it won’t hurt these Hollywood players for reasons Sheilah doesn’t forget to mention...
IN HOLLYWOOD there are between thirty-five and sixty individuals, who—if dropped by parachute onto the main street of almost any large city in the world—would be recognized instantly.

Let us suppose that you who are reading this, are (1) still in high school, or (2) enrolled in college or dramatic school, or (3) are working to save enough money to pay for a year's tuition in a good school of dramatic art, or (4) are on the lower rungs of the theatrical ladder. To you, the lives of these great ones appear, in all probability, to be secure, idyllic, free from trouble.

Don't you believe it.

When, after ten to twenty years of struggle, you attain international recognition, one of your first non-plusing discoveries is that you can never really relax. Your body, your mind, and your spirit must remain keen.

If you had gone into the manufacturing business, you would have been able to develop an organization to carry on the manufacturing process. If you had taken up designing you could have trained apprentices, and if you had taken up law, you could have secured clerks to attend to some of the drudgery. Even if you had become a doctor, you could have bolstered your office with a nurse or two. But an actor is in business by himself, for himself. He, himself, is his only asset. When he stops working, the register stops ringing. Furthermore, when he fails, the failure is infinitely more heart-breaking than a commercial failure. A commercial failure may be blamed upon a (Continued on page 87)
How A Star Is Born

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

Anne Baxter watches the rich desserts go by while she lunches leanly on cole slaw, rye wafers and a glass of buttermilk.

Shelley Winters groans over buttered rolls and chocolate cake—and gets broth, a boiled egg and dry pumpernickel!

Success pays rich dividends but it also means there is more at stake. If you’re wise you’ll learn—from the experiences of the stars who went before you.
Barbara Lawrence is in Universal-International's "Peggy"

Reflecting a smart girl: Barbara Lawrence, right, models an all-wool fleece topper with pyramid silhouette, swing back. Sleeves are perfect for long crushable gloves. In tangerine, gold or pink. Underneath, a navy wool gabardine weskit and skirt. You can wear the weskit and skirt with man-tailored blouses and the coat to top other outfits. All in sizes 8-16 for a mere $50.00. By Donnybrook at Burdine's, Miami, Fla. and Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y. Gloves by Crescendoe.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturers listed on page 81

Dirone

Forecast spring with...

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Diana Lynn in the original coat designed by Rosemary Odell for Universal-International's "Bedtime for Bonzo"

On the opposite page—a Junior Deb reproduction of the Diana Lynn—Rosemary Odell coat. In a dimensional navy and white check accented with navy velvet detachable collar and cuffs. A loose coat with center inverted back pleat that will go over everything, go any place. Also in red, gray or tan with white, sizes 10-18. About $50.00 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y., Schuneman's, St. Paul, Minn. and Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.
two little suit dresses
that Look ahead

Be a beauty in blue in this slim navy rayon faille suit dress. Faille dickey, with matching jewel buttons, adds that smart touch of white to flattering neckline of fitted jacket. Also in black, green or brown with white, sizes 7-15. $12.95 by Minx Modes at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y., Davison-Paxon, Atlanta, Ga.

Or, be a slim siren in the rustling navy Celanese taffeta two-piece, below. Fitted basque jacket has crisp white pique bow ties at neck and on the deep cuffs. Youthful skirt is softly gathered. Also in black or caramel. Sizes 7-15, $12.95 by Carole King at Hecht Co., Washington, D. C. and Wanamaker’s, New York, N. Y.
The engagement of radiant Norma Dishington to Frederick W. Wahlers was announced in the New York society columns in May. Norma is having a February wedding in the "Little Church Around the Corner," and a wonderful honeymoon in South America.

You feel friends with Norma the minute you meet her! Her sparkling eyes, her brilliant smile, the smooth-as-satin look of her truly lovely complexion—all make her face an enchanting picture of her interesting, charming Inner Self. You can see that she is someone lots of fun to know!

"When you look your prettiest — it steps up your confidence," Norma says.

It certainly does something for a girl's morale—when she looks her very nicest!

And Norma feels that a clear and soft complexion is extra important to every girl's good looks. "I always use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin thoroughly without drying it," she says. "It's a wonderful softener, too."

You, too, will find this simple Pond's beauty care a magic treatment. Use it every night (and morning). This way:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

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.

Isn't it lovely—how super-clean your face feels! How soft and glowing it looks!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. You owe it to others—and yourself. When you look your best, a happy confidence radiates from the real you within, attracts other people to you on sight.

Get a big jar of fluffy Pond's Cold Cream today.
Fresh approach to the warm days ahead—a perky pin-striped bolero suit with crisp white accents. White pique borders the waist-length jacket, full skirt. Underneath, a sleeveless pique blouse with button front. Stripes will be the style—try Dan River's washable cordspun, a striped corded chambray.

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 Bennett "For Heaven's Sake" dress in sizes 10-12-14-16-18.

Name........................................................ Size........
Street....................................................... State......
City........................................................... Age......

Joan Bennett wears original suit designed by Charles LeMaire for role in Twentieth Century-Fox's "For Heaven's Sake"
FREE TRIAL OFFER

Ends Feb. 15, 1951

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and the girls make the
news at the height
of this party season

"Gimmicks" are always a fashion fun-fest—but never more so than this season. Whether it's earrings that dangle practically to the hips, or the whim of wearing one earring on one ear and the other at the neckline—or toting a muff of feathers, flowers or fur—the "gimmicks" are conversation-makers.

Piper Laurie goes for those smaller-type earrings—if they shine like mad. She has a pair of star-shaped rhinestone ear clips; wears them both, but pins a matching, much larger, identical star either (Continued on page 94)

Liz Scott of "Quantrell's Raiders," in Teitlebaum's coffee-colored moleskin coat with new drop-shoulder line, dolman sleeves
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An Intimate Report on Hollywood's Young Marriages

(Continued from page 45) feeling well," Joan says, "Nothing should be discussed at such times."

When Norma and Keeffe Brasselle quarreled, it was "out of the house." "But Normie never forgets," he says. "Even when I come back I have to make up with her. If I hurt her feelings when we quarrel—then the evening is over." Philip and Philo Shipton went to grade school and high school together. They married when they were eighteen. Phil, who becomes a star with his first picture The Sunshine Boys, says, "We were each so well and have known each other so long we can see when quarrels are coming up, so we divert each other and talk of something else." The disagreement is between John Lindsay and Miriam Lindsay just seem to blow over. "But," Diana says, "we never say anything to each other that can't be taken back."

Gene Nelson expects his wife, Miriam Franklin, of whom he expects much. He says to her, "So we don't do anything," Gene says, "and both of us sink. Then one of us says, 'Well—l-l-i—' and we both laugh." However, the Nelsons have not had any quarrels since they started to come. They don't want Chris to lose his feeling of security by thinking back to a fighting family. The marriage of Donald and Gwen O'Connor was a difficult one. He didn't want to marry her. They married immediately into the service. They even separated once. But now, things are much better. They blow their tops during a quarrel, then forget what it was about.

John Lindsay and Patti Behrs expect each other to be French. She says, "If I start a quarrel and he gets really mad I shut up. If he is only a little mad I keep on nagging. But leave it to Corinne Calvet to put the thing right."

According to Diana Lynn, John Lindsay is too "well adjusted" to be jealous. Diana was jealous at first but once she realized there was no reason to be, she forgot it. John Derek was never jealous of Patti but she "used to be." Then she "just got over it." Norma Brassele isn't but Keeffe is and once almost took a poke at a guy who was staring hard at Norma. Then he realized it was a slang word coach.

"I'm not jealous of Doris—she's my friend. But comes the next girl—I don't know." Miriam says she tries to control her jealousy. "Jealousy," she says, "it's just silliness."

"There's no need to be jealous of Doris Day," (He's making a picture with her and Miriam is his coach.)

"I know." According to Diana Lynn, John Lindsay is too "well adjusted" to be jealous. Diana was jealous at first but once she realized there was no reason to be, she forgot it. John Derek was never jealous of Patti but she "used to be." Then she "just got over it." Norma Brassele isn't but Keeffe is and once almost took a poke at a guy who was staring hard at Norma. Then he realized it was a slang word coach.

How They Shop

Usually Hollywood young marries shop for household furnishings together. The Keefe Brasseles not only shop together for household things—they make them too. The family is Marshall and Bary Thompson. On Valley, they have scoured the countryside for old pieces. A dry sink is being resurfaced by Keeffe to become a cabinet in the stand in the bay window. And Norma has hauled in the chairs and upholstered the old seats. But Mona Freeman says her husband, Pat Nerny, is the shopper in their family. He even buys all her clothes himself and without her. Mona is a poor girl. Pat comes from a wealthy family. Mona could not bring herself to buy expensive clothes and Pat believes, "Buy it good or don't get it at all. Mona works hard at the studio. Since Pat works every other night he often has time off during the day, so he does all her shopping and she loves it.

Miriam Franklin would like Gene to go with her to movies. "She always goes to the most expensive dress like a homing pigeon," he says, "but her taste is wonderful and she creates styles. She wore a bed blanket thing like a shawl to the opening of 'Lend an Ear' and a few months later, clothes at the premiere of 'Picnic.' When she wears them, it's different. She's the only girl who could wear clothes that way. When she wears clothes that way it's different. So when she wears clothes that way it's different."

Entertainment

Movies, movies, movies. The young marrieds of Hollywood are crazy about movies. They have their favorites. Some of the favorites are Doris Day, John Dale, and Macdonald Carey. The family is Marshall and Bary Thompson. On Valley, they have scoured the countryside for old pieces. A dry sink is being resurfaced by Keeffe to become a cabinet in the stand in the bay window. And Norma has hauled in the chairs and upholstered the old seats. But Mona Freeman says her husband, Pat Nerny, is the shopper in their family. He even buys all her clothes himself and without her. Mona is a poor girl. Pat comes from a wealthy family. Mona could not bring herself to buy expensive clothes and Pat believes, "Buy it good or don't get it at all. Mona works hard at the studio. Since Pat works every other night he often has time off during the day, so he does all her shopping and she loves it.

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Philips' clothes.

John Derek doesn't go with Patti but he often buys things for her. He went to London once and bought a diamond ring and came back with a Mexican skirt with bullfighter painted on it. John Lindsay doesn't go with Diana Lynn but almost always likes her choice. There was one great exception to that. She bought a beautiful dress to wear that afternoon. "But," she says, "he has the memory of an elephant. I probably won't get away with it. Know nobody wants to buy a beautiful dress to wear that afternoon."

Although Geary doesn't go with Diana she shows him swatches before she has the clothes made. Jane is so tiny she cannot wear clothes out of the store. Although she dresses for him, she will sometimes have a dress that he does not care for. When she雷 writing about the sketch, knowing he will like it when he sees her in it. And Jane doesn't go with Geary because, "I don't know about men's clothes and he knows it."

Polly Berger hated Jerry's clothes as she did hers. "He was strictly the blue jean and T-shirt man," she said, "and he had been awful since he made his hit."

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT • the GOLD MEDAL AWARDS in March Photoplay
reads or looks at TV. Norma Brasselle irons while Keefe polishes his shoes and answers his mail. Janie and Geary play canasta, or, on rare occasions, he works at home. "Not often," she says, "Geary's so smart he can get his work done at the office." When he does work at home, Janie types for him. Diana Lynn and John Lindsay work together on their business project.

Phyllis and Philip Shawn study non-sectarian religious science together or he writes poetry. A book of his poems, "My Eyes Are Open," is now with his agent in New York. He writes under his real name, Pat Waltz. Marsh Thompson works in a neighbor's shop or he and Barb work on the plans for their house while Gene Nelson makes tape recordings of Chris's little voice.

Donald and Gwen O'Connor have a variety of "evenings in." They look at TV while Donna, aged four, sits on the saddle given to her by Gwen's father. Or Donald writes and Gwen knits. Also little Donna loves to dance to the music of her father's guitar. At the moment the O'Connors are going on a personal appearance tour and have been working on their dance routines and skits.

His Night Out

Regularly once a week Keefe goes to a sporting event usually with his friend Anson Bond, while Norma sits with their daughter—christened Erin but called Mickey. Then once a week Norma has a night out. She goes to a show with her girl friend, Betty Ward, and they have an ice cream soda at Wil Wright's afterwards while Keefe sits. Once a week Geary Steffen has a business meeting and, since he's in the Reserves, he spends one night a month at the Armory and a weekend every month at Fort McArthur. That's when Janie has girl friends in to talk.

John Lindsay wants to get his national architect's license—he is already licensed in several states—so he works with an architect friend one night a week. It is then that Diana has a dramatic class. Joan Leslie's husband has so many nights out she's used to it. He has physicians' meetings, alumni and committee meetings—besides the unexpected night out when duty calls. When the call comes she will ask, "Is it a first baby?" The first babies take longer. If it's a second or third she may be able to save the meat loaf.

Pat Nerney occasionally goes out for a game of poker with the boys—protesting that he loses it and would rather be at home with Mona. "But I think he has a pretty good time," Mona says. When Corinne Calvet was asked if John had a night out with the boys she said, "He does not. I'm the fellow he wants when he wants a fellow."

Children

Mona Freeman says, "I'd like one more. If there's a third—fine. But I must have two." Mona has definite ideas about her child's sense of security being protected even though she is away from home. "It isn't the amount of time you spend with your child that counts," she says, "it's what you do with the time. Give a child love—oh, plenty of love—and a sense of humor and that's better than spending a lot of time if you nag or seem worried or tired." Right now, little Monie, aged three, has a real sense of humor.

All of them want children and the ones who are already parents want more. But they have no planned family ideas. Miriam Nelson would like a girl—they already have a boy—then see if she wants more. Gene and Miriam Nelson have adjusted Chris's schedule to theirs. He gets up at nine—or when they do—and stays up until
Are you in the know?

If you’re conversation-shy in a crowd, what helps overcome it?

- Take a public-speaking course
- Avoid going gatherings
- Go in for sports

Your sound track fails you in “parlor” chatter? Join a sports group. Go skating. Bowling. Hop on a snow train—and look who’s talking! You, leading the yackety-yak about ski lessons, boots, waxes. Once in the sports whirl don’t be a quitter. On difficult days, choose Kotex for comfort: downy softness that holds its shape because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. (Comfort and confidence are tea-mates!) And try all 3 absorbencies; see which answers your needs completely.

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- Horseshoe neckline
- Batwing sleeves
- Pleated skirts

Squires soon tire of gals who perspire and don’t do something about it! Use underarm deodorants; dress shields. And with batwing sleeves, you can wear a bra with built-in shields; special precaution to save your dress, your daintiness. At “calendar” time, smooth grooming’s no problem—when you let Kotex banish revealing outlines. With those flat, pressed ends you can flaunt any smart new fashion—minus 1 single qualm!

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- Make the first move
- Wait for him to call
- Try the weaving technique

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away." Norma believes in economizing by cutting everything in half. If you want two books, buy one instead. Same way with magazines and clothes. She doesn't believe in economizing on food. Curtail nights out to dinner instead.

The John Dereks economize on food and clothes and Patti conceals the food economy with wonderful French sausages. She also looks very cute in peasant skirts and blouses. Miriam Franklin saves her old clothes and has them made over attractively. Whereas Corinne Calvet does her own hair and nails. Corinne and John have another economy that is anything but dreary. When they want to go out on the town of an evening they go surf fishing instead. "We have so much fun," Corinne says, "and free fish for dinner next night."

Janie Powell does her own marketing, watches all the sales, buys all the "specials." She and Jerry decorated their own house, bought their furniture at auction and painted the fence themselves. Janie waxes the kitchen floor and loves it. "It's the attitude you take," Janie says. "Being economical is fun. You're building."

When Marsh Thompson and Barbara get into their new house they won't have any moving bills. They will hire a truck and a trailer and gather their closest friends together—Janie and Jerry, Polly Courtland, Reddy McDowall and Barb's brother. The kids will move all the furniture and it will be a party. Barbara is a little worried. "What if the furniture gets scratched or something is broken?" Marsh reassured her, "When we moved Janie and Jerry nothing was broken. I think we're more careful than movers."

"Can we get insurance on a move like that?" Barbara asked. "I'll look into it," Marsh said.

Extravagances

With the Don Taylors, Christmas is the big time. They go "hog wild" giving presents to each other and the kids. Jean Hagen and Tom Seidel blow hot and cold. One week they are very economical, the next wildly extravagant.

Diana Lynn admits that she loves clothes. She does have a budget and stays within it but it's pretty big. "I tell myself," she says, "that it's part of my job to have pretty clothes and lots of them. And John is wildly extravagant on our honeymoon. But we'd rather have those wonderful memories than money in the bank."

Philip and Phyllis Shawn can't resist buying books. Jerry Courtland is a camera fiend. He justifies the expensive ones by saying he is going into movie production one day and they are an investment. Jane Powell has a yen for shoes and Barbara and Marsh Thompson think they spend too much money taking trips. Corinne Calvet, a French gal, has no extravagances.

That First Year of Marriage

Norma Brasselle thinks the first year of marriage is the hardest because of the need to make adjustments to each other. But Keefe said, "Everything gets tougher. You have more worry at option time and every time. And men aren't used to responsibilities and resent them. But make no mistake, it is the woman who keeps the marriage together and Norma is the level-headed one."

For the O'Connors the first year was terrible—with Don in the Army. The Gene Nelsons thought the first year was "a ball"—they were in road shows together and had no worries. Diana Lynn thinks the first year is like this: "You need all
the NEW SHAPE
is the NEWS

The new-shape “tulip” neckline. News because it does such lovely things for you ... giving your face the look of a flower between two great spreading leaves.

The new-shape Modess box. News because it does such considerate things for you ... hides your secret so discreetly. For this new shape gives the wrapped box the look of various other boxes ... candy ...
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the books and knock yourself out for the first year. Then you take off your shoes and relax and get so secure you don’t worry any more.” Jerry Courtland’s mother gave him and Polly a book called “Ideal Marriage.” They both read it but still think the first year is the most difficult.

Janie Powell says, “If all the years are as easy as this one I’ll be more than satisfied.” Corinne Calvet said, “The reason marriages break up in the first year is because the girls are foolish. Every girl in her teens wants to run away from home. She’s not allowed to. So older girls want to run away from marriage. But you must make the marriage stick. You can’t run away from it.”

Individual Problems
What about the girl who marries a doctor? Joan Leslie says, “If you fall in love with a doctor you have to adjust to his hours and the fact that he may be called away in the midst of a dinner party. If you say, ‘Oh, no! Not again!’ you might as well give up. Face this problem before you marry him.”

Jean Hagen and Tom Seidel have solved the problem of the danger of keeping the family dog after the baby arrives. Tom figured this one out. When Jean is holding the baby Tom pets the dog and when Tom holds little Christine, then Jean plays with the pooch. “In this way,” Tom says, “you keep him from being jealous. He will never attack the baby. Instead, by feeling secure, he will learn actually to protect the baby.”

Donald and Gwen O’Connor faced the problem of separating and going back together again. “It was not too difficult,” Gwen said. “We both knew we had made mistakes and we were both ready to rectify them.”

Don and Phyllis Taylor had the second child problem. How to keep Avery from being jealous of Anne. They taught Avery to ape Phyllis. When Phyllis gives a bottle to the baby, Avery gives her doll the bottle. In this way she is important and participates. In fact, Avery calls her doll “baby.” Phyllis wanted to name the doll but Avery wouldn’t have it. There has been no jealousy.

And there it is. These couples have more money than the average, certainly but they’re level-headed. The lean years of most of them knew taught them to face life realistically—and to expect problems—and to work them out.

Don Taylor is in “Father’s Little Dividend”; Phyllis Aver in “Queen for a Day”; John Derek in “The Hero”; Gene Nelson in “Lullaby of Broadway”; Marshall Thompson in “Dial 1119”; Donald O’Connor in “Double Crossbones”; Jean Hagen in “No Questions Asked”; Keefe Brasselle in “A Place in the Sun”; Jane Powell in “Royal Wedding”; Jerome Courtland in “Santa Fe”; Mona Freeman in “Dear Brat”; Diana Lynn in “Bedtime for Bonzo”; Corinne Calvet, a Hal Wallis player, next in “Quebec”; Philip Shawn in “The Sun Sets at Dawn”; Joan Leslie in “Born to Be Bad”; Polly Bergen in “Warpath.”

THE END

WHAT ACTRESS GAVE
THE MOST POPULAR
PERFORMANCE IN 1950?

See March Photoplay
for the Gold Medal Awards
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:

- Navy and white coat modeled by Diana Lynn on page 68
  Junior Deb
  512 7th Ave., New York, N. Y.

- Navy hat with pique
  Colby
  1 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

- Fleece topper and weskit suit
  Donwybrook
  500 7th Ave., New York, N. Y.

- Faille suit dress
  Minx Modes
  2223 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

- Taffeta suit dress
  Carole King
  1641 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

- Fabric for pattern suit worn by Joan Bennett on page 72
  Dan River
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HELENE CURTIS

PROFESSIONAL PERMANENT WAVE
The day Burt Lancaster, who used to be an acrobat, was scheduled to do his most dangerous stunts for "The Flame and the Arrow," he had his wife and eldest son Jimmy on the set.

"The kid will ... get a kick out of this," he told the cast.

"He's never seen me do anything dangerous before." The scene began. High in the air ...

Burt hurtled breathtakingly from bar to bar above flaming torches. Jim watched, silent. Not a muscle of his face moved. At the end of his act, Burt went over to him. "What did you ... think of it?" he asked. Jim hesitated.

"Okay. But nothing like the time you fell off the roof—and did a back flip to the ground!"
Happiness House

(Continued from page 60) place before they moved in. Geary painted the dining room and bedroom. But painting the picket fence was a partnership procedure.

In spite of the laughs and the fun, it added up to plain hard work, but it's the Steffens' first house and they wanted to do as much as possible themselves. "I'd like to do all my own housework, the cooking and everything," Jane says, and she means it. "But with full days at the studio, it wouldn't be fair to Geary, nor to me."

Though they're ecstatic about their new possession, Janie and Geary didn't go overboard on furnishings. To the furniture from their apartment Janie added only one wing chair which she bought at an auction, and a pair of handsome chests for their bedroom. By giving the furniture a new background, and cleaning the covers that showed signs of wear, she made it look like new. You'd never dream the various pieces weren't bought especially for this house.

Because the house is fairly small, the furniture that was scaled to fit their first apartment was perfect. Scale incidentally is important in any house, small or large. A large room with furniture that's too lightweight or small looks just as bad as a room that's crowded with massive pieces. Janie gets away from the trend towards modern or provincial, prefers instead the dignity of 18th century style. "It's always good," she says. "That's what appeals to me. We can use these things for years!"

The grand piano dominates the living room, but that's to be expected. Janie without the piano would be like Janie without a voice. The piano is another reason for her selection of rich mahogany pieces. They harmonize with her piano.

For color Janie chose a contrasting scheme, red, blue and gray, a combination that flatters her blonde youthfulness. She's used it throughout the house. In the living room, the walls and ceilings are blue-gray, a fitting background for the red sofa, blue lounge chair and chartreuse love seat. She let the furniture carry the colors, and selected a textured white for the draperies, with chartreuse brush fringe trim at the bottom of the cornices. A pair of graceful china lamps top the two mahogany end tables beside the sofa, and Janie built the colors in her living room around the flowers in the lamp bases. Each lampshade wears a plum colored velvet ruffle around the top, and Janie bought the wing chair at the auction because its plum-colored upholstery matched the lampshade ruffles to perfection.

Two fireside chairs covered with a floral print—aile—yellow, green and pink on gray ground—bank the white panelled fireplace, and there's a mahogany drum table nearby. The leather-topped drum coffee table came from an auction. In fact, almost everything Janie and Geary have, they bought at auctions, saving a pretty penny thereby.

The rugs are an exception, but still a bargain, for that in the living room came with the house, and the one that matches it in the dining room, they bought from the previous owner for twenty-five dollars.

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A SWEETHEART OF A FIGURE

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Life Bras from $1.25  Life Girdles from $8.50
THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK
Janie and Geary have put their furnishings money where it counts the most, and other items will come later. It's not only wise, but it's more fun to acquire your possessions gradually and carefully.

"I'm selfish about our house," Janie confessed. "I want everything in it to be ours, our colors, our ideas, our likes. So what if we do make mistakes, at least they'll be our very own!"

But I don't think Janie has to worry about mistakes. By repeating the same color schemes in three of the most important rooms, she gave the house the continuity from one room to another. She kept patterns to a minimum and concentrated on clear, strong colors.

In the dining room, Geary helped paint the panelled wainscot gray, but the wallpaper above he left to the professionals. It's a warm red tone with a stylized design in white with blue-green, this last color matching the textured draperies and cornices. The dining group, originally bought at an auction, they moved from the apartment.

Speaking of the moving—that was a day! The Steffens moved themselves. They rented a small truck and invited their friends to come over early Sunday morning for a moving party. It was a great success. By Sunday night, everything was in place, silver in the drawers, pictures on the walls, just as settled as though they'd been in the new house for months. In fact, the following Saturday night Janie and Geary had their house-warming, a big buffet party. "It was a most interesting time," observed Gladys, the Steffens' chargé d'affaires.

When it came to the den, all Jane and Geary had to go into this very informal room was a coffee table which Geary's sister had given them. The top is made from a slab of wood, a cross section of a tree. It went beautifully with the pine panelled walls and peg and groove floors, but one table doesn't offer much comfort for itself. A solution presented itself when they acquired from Janie's mother a studio couch covered in a heavy yellow and green striped cotton, and a sectional sofa in red, green and white plaid cotton. These pieces, plus a green shag rug, filled the room admirably. To top it off, Janie specified a stylized red strawberry and green leaf patterned wallpaper on the ceiling.

Since the den gets a lot of living, Janie and Geary display their numerous awards and trophies there. "We worked hard for these," explained Janie, "and they mean a lot to us, so why should we keep them on a closet shelf?" Place of honor, though, goes to a pair of Alpine picks over the brick fireplace. They're good conversation

---

Medicated Noxzema Helps Soften,
Whiten and Heal Red, Rough
"Housework Hands"—Chapped Hands!

1. If your hands are red, rough and chapped from dishwashing, housework, endless daily chores...you can help them look lovelier in 24 hours! *In actual doctors' tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed definite improvement—often within 24 hours—with regular Noxzema medicated hand care.

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4. Important! Supply a soothing, protective film of oil-and-moisture to the outer surface of the skin!
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Money-Back Offer! Try soothing, medicated Noxzema on your hands tonight. If you don't see definite improvement in 24 hours—return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and you'll get your money back.

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Where living is fun: Jane Powell's and Geary Steffen's Colonial type house on tree-lined street in Brentwood
makers and worth discussing, for Geary used them when he climbed Mont Blanc. His mountain-climbing days are behind him now, so the picks are strictly ornamental but he’s still a winter sports enthusiast. The Steffens have a good point in their attitude, Personal belongings identify a house with the owners, so if you have treasures of which you’re justifiably proud, let others see them too! But be sure to choose an informal room, one that’s used particularly for the family and close friends. Leave the living room out of it.

Janie chose the bedroom in which to display her one and only painting, a pastel of a cat which she did five years ago. It’s framed with peach-colored mirrors, and the background’s blue, blending with the gray-blue walls. Gray shag carpeting matches gray linen draperies trimmed with dubonnet. Incidentally, the outsize bed was an auction find, too, and Janie had the quilted dubonnet faille spread and headboard made for it. The large white monogram in the center of the spread makes it extra smart. These came from the apartment, and Janie’s set off the richness of the color with the gray and blue background.

For pattern, the wall behind the headboard is covered with wallpaper in a deep red rose design, framed with blue ribbons on a gray background. The pattern forms a foundation for the bulk of the bed. A pattern attracts your eye, as does a large, solid area, and when they are separated, it creates a sense of distraction. When they’re together there’s no question of a divided focal point.

Janie’s alcove dressing room, opening from the bedroom, has floor-to-ceiling windows around two walls and the third wall is filled with a built-in, glass topped dressing table. To dress the windows, Janie selected plain white panels topped with a pleated valance that matches bedroom draperies. There is also room for Janie’s desk, blue, lined with coral, given to her on her eighteenth birthday.

A few yards down from the alcove, a door opens into the bathroom, all done up in tan and green, tan clay tile floor and wainscoting, tan fixtures, the green on wall and ceiling, in the rug and towels. Janie doesn’t care for the appearance of a bathtub, so she concealed its shiny emptiness with a pair of louvered doors. This makes the bathroom seem more like a dressing room. The bathroom is shared by another bedroom. Next summer this will be a nursery.

In the entrance hall, with its blue and white scion paper, the mahogany radio phonograph doubles as a hall table.

"But there’s still so much to be done," sighs Janie. "We need mirrors in the hall, I’m looking for pictures, and some other things, but we just can’t do it right now.

Though the house is fairly small and undeniably modest, the grounds are spacious enough to include a badminton court at the side and a swimming pool in the rear. Their friends, the young-marrieds and about-to-be-marrieds, flock over whenever fun’s in the making, which is often. And they all look forward to summer with zest. Can’t you just hear them on a delightfully hot day, thinking of the swimming pool and the welcome they’ll get from the Steffens? The word, sure enough, will be, "Come on kids. Let’s go over to Janie’s and Geary’s!"

THE END

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Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet they have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

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Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of "know-how" make this low price Thrift-Pak possible.

Change to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak today, and that $3 saving is yours to do what you want with. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

(list of benefits continues)

Hawaiian Love Song

(Continued from page 33) of doors. His body and his face both are cast in a strong mold. And his white teeth in his tanned face give him a wonderful smile.

His looks, however, are literally only the half of it. He's quite a man. Charles Alden Black. He prepared at Hotchkiss, got a B. A. from Stanford and took a business administration course at the Harvard School. And in '41, enlisting in the Navy as an apprentice seaman, he served in some of the toughest campaigns in the Solomons, New Guinea, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies and China. And, because he speaks French, Malay and several Tahitian dialects, he once was put ashore from a submarine to ascertain troop strength and movements on enemy-held islands. As a result of this, he has the Silver Star and a Presidential Citation.

THAT night he saw Shirley right away, too. Any man who was worth his salt. Some women harden and age with unhappiness. Others, like Shirley, emerge refined to a poignant tenderness.

Charlie was head over heels in love with Shirley Temple and she was head over heels in love with him...in the very same hour they had met they had known they were meant for each other.

Disturbing news this proved to many young women prominent socially in both Honolulu and San Francisco. Charlie was considered a real catch.

For besides Charlie's personal attractions he's the son of James Byers Black, a man of importance on the Monterey Peninsula; president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, clubman of note, one of the advisory council of the School of Business of the University of California and a patron of music and the ballet.

When Shirley and Charlie met he was on special assignment in Hawaii, as assistant to the president of a large pineapple company. But from the day Shirley came home Charlie managed a surprising number of flights to California. Then, telling his Hawaiian associates and friends a smiling "aloha," he returned to San Francisco permanently to engage in television enterprises.

They hide out," reporters and photographers complained about Shirley and Charlie. That they rarely frequented the night spots is true. But they didn't hide out. It just happened that the places they liked best are not those places frequented by reporters and photographers.

Frequently, daytimes, they would go on long hikes. And Shirley, in bluejeans and bananda, could pass unnoticed.

They went to sports events, too. Last November, for instance, they sat happily through an all-afternoon downpour at the Stanford-Army game. And Shirley, who never used to know the difference between football and a basketball, yelled as enthusiastically as any Stanford Indian.

Unless all signs fail, Shirley, as Mrs. Charles Alden Black of San Francisco, is to have the happiness that is long overdue her—the quiet, consistent happiness women know only when they're content in a home with children and a man whom they love and upon whom they can rely. Those closest to Shirley believe she will retire from the screen. But should she, later on, change her mind and want to work again, she will meet no resistance from Charlie. Also, she need worry—however successful she may be—that Charlie will be known as Mr. Shirley Temple. He just isn't the type.

To Shirley and Charlie—the good life, the many children and such happiness as is their dream. The End.
How a Star Is Born

(Continued from page 60) hundred eco-
nomic factors; a theatrical failure is
blamed only upon the individual himself.
For this reason, you, as a successful
player, come to realize that your time and
your money must be re-invested con-
stantly in yourself. You must keep posted
on the new techniques for retaining the
physical, mental, and emotional vitality
which is, in appearance and effect, equiva-
 lent to youth, but which goes beyond the
powers of youth.
Your first ironical discovery about suc-
ess would be this: For the first time in
your life, you would be financially able to
buy anything you wanted to eat, but you
probably couldn’t eat it. If you didn’t
have ulcers, you would be on a weight-
controlling diet.

EVERY star in Hollywood, with the ex-
ception of half a dozen naturally lean
exceptions, diets in some way. You would
find that it requires indescribable forti-
tude to sit at the luncheon table with
other people and eat one rye wafer and a
bowl of clear soup while everyone is eat-
ing queen’s pancakes, asparagus with
Hollandaise sauce, orange rolls with sweet
butter, and banana cream pie.
After dancing all morning, Shelley
Winters often consumes one bowl of
clear broth, one soft-boiled egg and one
slice of unbuttered pumpernickel bread
for luncheon. Anne Baxter can be fairly
happy over a medium serving of cole
law, a rye wafer, and a glass of butter-
milk. Claudette Colbert (who is natu-
 rally slender) enjoys one hard-boiled
egg, a generous green salad with vinegar
and oil and a cup of tea for luncheon.
(Caution: Don’t attempt to follow any
of these luncheon diets without con-
sulting a doctor. A doctor knows exactly
what food combinations provide the
largest amount of energy with the least
caloric content, but each person’s diet, as
you must have noticed, is different because
it has been planned for the individual.)
You also would have to maintain mus-
cular tone by exercise of some sort. Like
the Selznick girls, of a few years ago,
you might take body-tone and muscular con-
trol instruction from a wonderful Swiss
exercise master; you might, like Jose
Ferrer, take up ballet; you might learn golf,
like Barbara Stanwyck, or tennis,
like Ginger Rogers. You might swim
every day, take fencing lessons, or bicy-
cle. Like some stars, you might prefer to
have a competent masseuse pummel your
muscles into glowing tone.
In addition, you, as a great star, would
have to set up a schedule of rest. You
would try to get at least eight hours of
undisturbed sleep, every night, probably
nine. When you were between pictures,
you might do as Dolores del Rio does,
turn in at three or four in the morning,
and sleep until sunset. Dolores del Rio
is now in her early forties; she looks, even
to the camera’s merciless eye, no more
than twenty-five. She attributes this
youthfulness to her plan for avoiding sun-
light whenever possible (to preserve the
texture of her skin), and to sleeping be-
tween twelve and fourteen hours each
night when she is not working.
Although you, as a great star, would be
welcomed at any night club in the world,
you would make few visits of that sort.
You would discover that a smoke-filled
room would give you a hangover more

Next Month—
GOLD MEDAL AWARD ISSUE

HAS YOUR MOTHER TOLD YOU THESE
Intimate Physical Facts?

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the
douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues . . .

Before your daughter marries, she has
every right to know how important it is
to put ZONITE in her fountain syringe
for hygiene (internal cleanliness), her
health, charm, after birth, and for
marriage happiness. She should know
how very important it is to combat an
odor which is even graver than bad
breath or body odor—an odor she may
not even detect.
And isn’t it wonderful to be able to
 reassure your daughter that no other type
liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the
douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to
tissues as modern ZONITE. (If you
have the slightest doubt about this—
 send for proof in free booklet below.)

A Modern Miracle
Modern women no longer have to use
dangerous products, overstrong solu-
tions of which may gradually cause seri-
ous damage. Nor will they want to
try weak, homemade solutions—
none of which have ZONITE’s great deo-
dorizing and germicidal action.
Developed by a world-famous surgeon
and scientist—ZONITE is the first in the world that was
powerful enough yet positively non-irritating,
non-poisons. You can use ZONITE as
directed as often as you wish without the
slightest risk of injury.

Gives BOTH Internal and External
Hygienic Protection
ZONITE actually dissolves and removes
odor-causing waste substances. It gives
external protection from odor, too! ZONITE helps guard against infection and
kills every germ it touches. You know
it’s not always possible to contact all
the germs in the tract, but you can be
sure ZONITE immediately kills every
reachable germ and keeps germs from
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87
STOP cooking the same old HUMDRUM MEALS

Now there is no need to serve your family the same old tiresome dishes day after day. For, with the aid of the new Magic Cook Book, you can put sparkle and variety into every meal. And you needn’t strain your budget either.

The Magic Cook Book is different from the usual cook book. Its luscious recipes were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. The result is the most thrilling collection of mouth-watering dishes you could ever hope for.

Even Beginners Can Cook Taste-Tingling Dishes

Now, from this selection of over 1500 exciting recipes you can serve your family a tremendous variety of palate-stirring dishes. And as the recipes in this unusual cook book are described in the step-by-step style, you just can’t go wrong when you follow these easy instructions. Even beginners can prepare scrumptious meals—at the very first attempt.

This giant 500 page book contains more than exciting recipes. It is a complete storehouse of cooking information. It brings you important facts on nutrition ... special sick room recipes ... suggestions on cooking for two ... new ways to use package mixes ... rules for table setting and service ... and numerous other kitchen aids.

In addition to its many other remarkable features, this book is packed with money-saving ideas. It shows you how to get top nutritional value out of every dollar you spend on food. Here, also, are new ways to prepare low-cost dishes—also, simple ways to make inexpensive cuts of meat appetizing and attractive. Get this remarkable book at once and thrill your family and your friends with your new found culinary skill.

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quickly than an alcoholic beverage would. The air-conditioning in some clubs would cause a sinus reaction and a raw throat, and the stale air in others would dull your eyes and slow your reflexes for days.

Your problems would be commensurate with your success—terrible.

First of all, the money problems which had been playful puppies during the phase of your career described in last month’s issue, would now have become full grown wolves. Because of the present day tax structure, no one who depends upon himself as a source of income gets rich. Audiences throughout the world would be thunderstruck if they knew how many successful people are thousands upon thousands of dollars in debt to the government for back income taxes. Barbara Stanwyck was enormously flattered when she was offered a long-term radio program which would have paid her $75,000 in one year. After consulting with her business manager, she sadly refused the offer because it would have advanced her into a high tax bracket, and once in that bracket it would have cost her over $100,000 to take in the aforementioned $75,000. Sounds crazy, but who said the tax structure was sane?

SOMETIMES the people at the top of the heap would like to ask for a little financial consideration themselves. They discover, and quickly, that if the owner of a famous face appears in a small shop and asks the price of a garment, there is often no price tag. The salesgirl says the coat or dress just came in, hasn’t been marked yet, and how much is it, Mr. Shrdle? Mr. Shrdle says he will look it up. Eventually he returns and quotes an astronomical figure.

This attitude, repeated by the butcher, baker, and candlestick maker, gives stars a poor impression of the world.

The question of shipping is another worry. Joe Doughnut tip the parking lot attendant twenty-five cents with a clear conscience. A celebrity had better give with the dollar bill, or he acquires a reputation for being a slow man to part with cabbage.

The demands for charity are enormous. The average citizen is privileged to contribute to those charities in which he is personally interested. The really rich must contribute to every drive started.

If you had become a person of world renown, you would have learned that you must carry insurance, at least twice as heavy and four times as comprehensive as that carried by the average citizen. You would have learned that you could never loan your car to anyone. If it should be given to even a member of your family, you would be sued, and sued for plenty.

And so your dog would have to be insured, your children would have to be insured, your servants, your swimming pool would have to be insured.

In addition to these (and many more) personal problems, the arrived star has serious career dilemmas. One of the greatest is this: When a younger first starts the long climb to fame, everyone pulls for him. The technicians in the studios give a little extra care to the coaching; the make-up, the wardrobe and the publicity department are pleasant. The publicity department is delighted to have “fresh copy” to offer newspaper and magazine reporters. The advertising department is overjoyed at sight of a new face. In brief, all the trends are upward.

But, after a star has arrived and has held a prominent place for a long period

Next Month—

GOLD MEDAL AWARDS ISSUE
What would you do if someone kidnapped your child?

If you're like most people, you'd be frantic, need help—and need it quick. You'd have a problem that's typical of the many true-to-life situations dramatically presented on the radio program "My True Story." Direct from the Los of True Story Magazine, you'll hear about romance, family, love, and many other real problems that will help you to a better understanding of your own.

TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY"  
AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
We women are a lucky lot

How fortunate we modern women really are! All the benefits of science. All the advantages of professional skill and education. No wonder we grow more broad-minded and the prejudices of the Past disappear...That's why we have been ready to welcome Tampanex—that revolutionary method of monthly sanitary protection invented by a physician to be worn internally.

What and why is Tampanex? For years women have been irked by the bulk and discomfort of the external pad and the pins and belts that support it. Tampanex comes along just at the right time—no longer than your finger, no supports whatever, no odor or chafing, nothing to make ridges under clothing. You can't even feel the Tampanex when in place!


My Most Wonderful Experience

(Continued from page 58) Love is always wonderful, at any age, in any time or place, wonderful...

But once in my life, even more wonderful than my growing realization of the love I had fallen in love, was the knowledge that I had fallen in love with someone on whom I could lean. It was a new experience for me, an experience which remains, I may add, the only one of its kind.

It happened in Paris. The month was October. The year was 1924, when I was twenty-five and the world was mine...I have a pet theory that every love affair has its phases; that we swing from high to low and back again. In between the two extremes there may be a middle-ground but for the most part the peaks are very high and the valleys low.

In my life, the years 1924 and 1925 were a veritable Mt. Everest. Those were the bonanza days for movie stars when public adoration ran high. Madam was exalted, free from income tax, even higher. In the late summer of that year my studio sent me to France to make "Madame Sans Gene." The cloud was in keeping with the flush of the era in which I lived, not wisely but too well. Orchids. Red roses. Champagne. And, of course, my retinue. The late Forrest Halsey, writer, who adapted "Madame Sans Gene" to the screen, went to France with me. Also, my personal maid, a cameraman and Miss Jane West of the Paramount story department who acted as my constant confidante in Paris. I need not dwell on the family of my mother and my two children—my daughter Gloria and my adopted son Joseph (both toddlers then)—were with me, too, as they were with me everywhere it was at all possible to take them with.

So, I sailed to my heart's desire. In more ways than one...for in Paris I met, fell in love with and married Henry Marquis de la Falaise de la Courdarye.

We had something real, Henry and I, which makes it all the sadder—and a little absurd—that it was ended by unreality. But that is the unhappy ending. Let me get on with the bright beginning.

In France, we started to work on the picture in a teeny-weeny little chateau, which had been converted into a studio. Apart from myself and one English actor, the cast was French, and the language was unintelligible, and the English of the French actors was likewise, communication between us was slightly impossible.

An interpreter, we were all agreed, who knew both French and English, was our most urgent need. No sooner was this decided upon, than as if on cue, Forrest was introduced one evening in Paris to the Marquis de la Falaise de la Courdarye. "A perfectly charming man," Forrest reported to the meeting to me. "Speaks flawless French and impeccable English. Quite an intellect, too. He would make a wonderful interpreter. He would make," Forrest winked at me, "an elegant consort and an elegant escort!"

By this time my mother, the children and I were in residence—there is no other term for it—in a five-story old house which the Marquis de Brancovea graciously had turned over to me for the length of our stay. It was to this house, one afternoon, that Forrest brought Henry to meet me. And it was in the library of this house, one of those green libraries, hung with huge orange taffeta draperies, unlined, so that the sun shone through...a brilliant, beautiful color...that we met. Henry had a small insurance business which, after our meeting, he added the job of acting as our translator and interpreter. He knew France so intimately that soon there was no place I went, or wanted to go, that he did not know. He was gallant, gay; he was then and he remains in memory a more delightful companion than any I have known. Best of all, we had such fun together, silly fun...Later, when he looked across the window and our courtship may be described, and truly, as one long game of charades.

There was the time we were at dinner in a restaurant near the Tuileries, and Forrest and I, sitting at the window, found it necessary to get up to go. Henry was not far away, but he was not our date. "Pardonnez-moi, Madame," I became aware of a waiter hovering. I glanced up. The waiter, presenting the menu with that little subservient stoop to the shoulders characteristic of waiters the world over, was Henry!

Later a messenger was admitted to the foyer of my home. He asked that he be permitted to deliver personally to Madame a small parcel. The capped and uniformed messenger was my mad Marquis!

Another day a street cleaner was at work in the alley. He whistled a nostalgic tune. I listened. "Monsieur," he said, "I believe you know me. I did not tell you who that turned out to be!

Hide-and-seek was another favorite sport at which Henry, the children and I often played. One afternoon, when it came my turn to play hide-and-seek, I was the county house—a chamber some 22 by 24 feet, furnished with a chaise longue, tables for magazines, mirrors and an enormous tub in which you could bathe. When I went into this room, I found a maid cleaning. I quickly made her change with me. When they came seeking me, they found a maid on her knees, scrubbing the floor. They continued their search and I, escaping again, finally running out in further search.

This is the kind of thing we did all the time, laughing lovely time...

Because I had worked from my fourteenth year, now, with Henry, I was having my teenage fun. It was like a picnic. I was like a children's party which never comes to an end. In my heart, I wish I had...

I got to Paris in October of 1924. Henry and I were married five months later on February 5, 1925. It was less hasty that it seemed. But it was more slowly. The evenings are long.

There are longer luncheon hours and dinner sessions where friendship ripens like a plum surely...

As our wedding ceremony progressed, I remember, like a child who has come home, long nostalgic and a little frightened of it knows not what. Of Henry feeling during that hour, I cannot but recall. But little did he dream—that I am soon— that he was marrying a three-circle ring the diff and confusion of which would make our quiet happiness and, finally, our marriage, a tragic one.

It wasn't too long after this that I became despondent...so ill that I was carried out of the hotel on a stretcher with Henry walking beside me. The very next day I learned later they held space the American papers for my obituary!

At my side every minute during the touch-and—go days was Henry. And during those days and at times the fear, it was a fear I turned for comfort and strength. When he left the hospital at night, would be violently sick—especially, he to me later, when he looked across the window to a small colonnade which faced the hospital and saw, at little marble-topped tables, ti
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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
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1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
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For Tub or Shower
Get Big
Both Size Palmolive!
Then Learn About the EXTRA ADVANTAGES of This Method Which Assures Hours of Continuous Medication!

Zonitors have proved one of the most important steps forward in intimate feminine cleanliness. They are graceless snow-white vaginal suppositories which provide a modern scientific method of continuous medication—so much easier, less embarrassing to use than one of the most effective methods. Zonitors are so powerfully germicidal yet absolutely safe to delicate tissues. Zonitors are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Easy to Carry if Away From Home

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“TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES”

No Love Lost

(Continued from page 65) Mark was scared off by reports of Shelley’s temperament. Joel McCrea is one actor who can take Shelley and keep his sense of humor. “I don’t mind working with her,” he told me. Actually the even-tempered movie veteran seems to enjoy it. Tyrone is passionately into the pretty pink ear. “I love you, dar—” he started—then suddenly screamed “Holy smoke!” Jean Peters, the owner of the ear, jumped. “What the—” stormed director Henry King. Tyrone pointed dramatically to the wad of chewing gum nestling behind the lobe of Jean’s ear, parked there by the young lady seconds before the scene. They removed the sticky stuff and continued. But the fire was all but gone as Ty was concerned. He has never made a picture with Jean since.

If Dennis Morgan never makes another movie with Ginger Rogers, you won’t find him crying into his beer exactly. Dennis had his first break with Ginger in “Kitty Foyle.” But in their recent movies, Dennis learned never to underestimate the power of a woman with a director. When it came to the dialogue, Ginger, so I’m told, would put her arm through the director’s, and walk and walk, and whisper and whisper. When she came back to Dennis, she’d be smiling and smiling. And her dialogue would be stronger and stronger.

No one quite knows why Dan Dailey suddenly reneged on co-starring with Betty Grable in “My Blue Heaven.” There were many rumors but no corroboration. And then just as suddenly Dan did make the picture. But from now on both stars will be seen more and more frequently with different sexes.

When Bette Davis finished “The Old Maid,” she was reported to have said, “I’ll never make another picture with Miriam Hopkins as long as I live.” But when producer Henry Blanke was casting “Old Acquaintance,” Bette called him and said, “Look, the part was written for Miriam. She’s a darned good actress. Get her.” Miriam hadn’t worked in quite a while. At first she was an angel. By the second week she wasn’t an angel. By the seventh week—!!! Came the scene when Bette had to shake, slap and tell her off. Bette shouted that Miriam had to earnig flew clean across the sound stage! I don’t think that Bette will ever make another movie with Miriam. That, my friends, is understatement.

No top lady star likes to work with a comedian. For the simple reason, she invariably ends up as a stooge. This is the chief reason Virginia Mayo wanted to leave Sam Goldwyn. She was tired of stooging for Danny Kaye. And when Corinne Calvet found herself in the Kaye “On the Riviera,” picture she told me she planned to save her best tricks for the actual scene—“so he can’t cut them after the rehearsal.” But Eve Arden actually wanted to be in Danny’s “Inspector General” picture because all that mattered to Eve was: “How good an actor is he?” And Danny’s a wonderful actor. So Eve bleached her hair for the role and made ready. But someone changed her mind for her and the part was re-written for Elsa Lanchester.

When Olivia de Havilland began her movie career, she was thrilled to have Errol Flynn for her lover, cinematically, of course. But after their third picture, with Flynn reputed to have pulled no punches in the clinches, Livi pleaded for a change of face. It’s been ten years since Errol came within kissing distance of Miss de Havilland. And it’s safe to assume he never will again.

I’m just as sure that Errol will never again make a movie with director Mike Curtiz. His allergy to Mike occurred during “The Sea Hawk,” Curtiz, a fanatic for realism, offered the galley-master a bonus if he would flick Flynn’s ear with the tip of his lash, in the whipping scene where Errol was a slave chained to the galley. Mike wanted a real reaction from the then not-so-experienced actor. He got his reaction all right. Errol jumped from the galley, chains and all, and chased Mike Curtiz off the stage.

You can safely bet anything you have that Clark Gable and Greer Garson will never kiss each other, or anything each other in any movie. “Gable’s Back and Garson’s Got Him!” I remember the excitement when Clark returned from the war, and Greer, then Queen of the Metro, lot, grabbed him for “Adventure.” A better title might have been “Misadventure.” They never did hit it off. Some say it was because Greer wasn’t ready to work until 10 a.m. Clark Gable stomped on the sidelines, made up and ready to go from 9 a.m. But that I find hard to swallow. Greer is too conscientious an actress to throw a late curve at a fellow emotion. I believe the lack of love—doveness was due to the difference in their personalities. You don’t mix oil and water.

Yvonne de Carlo and Howard Duff are philosophical nowadays when cast in the same picture. But when both appeared in “Calamity Jane and Sam Bass,” they suffered. A month before, Howard had given Yvonne an engagement ring. But the day before their picture started, everything was called off. However, the show must go on in all that sort of thing. Funny to see them coming out of a love scene, then turn on their respective...
LINDA DARRELL will never make another movie with Cornel Wilde if she can help it. And she can. And on the other side of the man-woman scale, Cornel will never work again with Sonja Henie. Linda’s aversion to Cornel as a co-star began during their “Forever Amber” epic. Because Cornel was forever practical joking. Just before a love scene he’d suddenly appear with a phony mustache, or a carrot in his teeth! Linda was carrying a six-million-dollar production load. She was in no mood for horseplay.

I first met Cornel during his first picture, “Wintertime.” Miss Henie was riding high on top of the box office at the time. Cornel was a scared kid, bruised from a year of kicking around in Hollywood trying to crash the movies. “But the kicking I got from Sonja, brother,” Cornel reminisced. “I’m sure Sonja wasn’t deliberately unkind. She just didn’t understand Cornel’s fine brand of sensitivity.

Stars who positively will not work in the same picture—Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers. For obvious reasons. Joan Fontaine and sister Olivia de Havilland. Also for obvious reasons. Ginger nixes pix with former husband Lew Ayres. She almost relented once, then shelved the movie. But Paulette Goddard doesn’t mind working with any of her previous mates—including Charles Chaplin and Burgess Meredith. You can predict that Shirley Temple will never do another movie with John Agar. Jean Arthur has some pictures to make at Paramount, but no one is begging her to make ‘em. Jean has temperament.

When Hedy Lamarr backed Victor Mature into a camera during “Samson and Delilah,” he said later, “I didn’t think I was going to enjoy working with her. But I told her firmly, ‘Let’s not have any more of that.’ And we didn’t. Now I like her. I understand her.”

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn do like to work together. But they didn’t at first, especially when Katie took a quick look at Spence and said, “Aren’t I too tall for you?” “Yeah,” cracked Mr. Tracy, “but don’t worry—I’ll soon cut you down to my size.”

And when you see it on the screen, it all looks so sweet, doesn’t it?

THE END

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Reduce ball gown, covered by the new “black mist” mink—a cape of it—and Joan Woodbury, in royal blue velvet and white mink stole. The white color was a gift from the late Henry Wilcoxen after he finished “Sansom and Delilah.”

Hollywood’s loss is the gain of Paris, because hat-maker Keneth Hopkins has flown to the French capital and expects to be away quite some time. One edict of Kenneth’s, before taking off, reiterated what we said last month: Hats must be as small as possible and the softest possible. Hats now are almost “Juliet-cap” type, is a darling, tiny, head-clipping top fashioned of small, ove-lapping black velvet leaves, each studded with the sequin or small bead sort. The “cap” sits back on the head, is tilted much to one side, so that some of the leaves drop from the hat’s rim, well down over one ear. Very fetching!

This may be one turrible blow to the ooboo-soxers, but John Derek, just turning twenty-five, is getting verree, verree gray at the temples. Golly—it’s becoming, though. Remember that Shirley Temple is the star of people by pulling out her first gray hairs at the age of eighteen? Shirley looked darling at La Rue one night with Charles Black. She was wearing a suit that he had designed—this isn’t a dress. Meaning a lovely sheer wool of a soft blue—its all-over simplicity giving an almost tailored effect. Straight, very slim skirt, featuring a huge, bulging pocket over the right hip. The snug, tuck-trimmed top, belted at the waistline with navy blue kid. Over this went a matching blue wool coat (shorter than hip-length) that was long-sleeved (natch), shawl-collared, and the jacket, too, had a bulging pocket at its hemline, just above where the one on the skirt and the dress was! So yee— the two worn together make a darned good-looking light-weight suit.” But the outfit didn’t just fine by itself, or under furs—any time of day.

Sonja Henie and husband Winnie Gardner went all out for glamour recently when they had Gene Tierney, Jennifer Jones, and David Selby, the C. Gables, Loretta Young, Joan Crawford (with writer Mel Dinelli) and a few others to a sit-down dinner. Her table always looks so lovely—its wonderful silver and ingrain and the crystal and the antique birds of various sizes that she bought in Europe. They’re of real gold, dull with age, and crusted with tiny, gumy rubies, sapphires and emeralds! There was a soup course followed by aMember who was being showered and softly chanting through the meal—just a few feet from the dining room.

When the Edgar Bergens dined and wine the Dick Powell, Shirley Starr, Fred Brisson, Gene Tierney, Harry Crocker, etc., a young magician furnised fun after dinner. Then Edgar furnished a few magic tricks himself, followed by showing his guests a lovely series of slides—taken from a projector. Much laughter at the old, corny scenes of starry nights, lovers, moonlight courting—and while this was going on, Dick Powell sat on the piano and in novelty style, gave forth with songs to match.

So, with gimbicks, glamour gals and get-togethers, Hollywood goes its glittering way.

The End

NEXT MONTH
PHOTOPLAY’S GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

(Continued from page 74) shoulder height on her dress, or on the wrist of long, dressy gloves.

Dotty Lamour goes for the “gimmick” stockings created by Willys of Hollywood. She slips those with the rhinestone clocks, etc., and wears (but only with simple black cocktail clothes) his sheerer than sheer black hose that has been held heartily just right. And with these she wears little gold heart-shaped earrings and a huge gold heart clip.

SURE was a great welcome home for Cesar Romero (who’’d been picture-making in England) when, after just a week back in Filmtown, he opened on the stage here, starring in “Strictly Dishonorable.” Among his chums and others who gave him real a big welcome were Anne Baxter and ever-lovin’ John Hodiak, Richard and Mona Carlson, Nancy Sinatra (who’s been having quite a few dates with Bob Walker), John Carradine and Prank Ross. Cesar’s leading lady in the show, Marilyn Erskine, did so well, she’s been screen-tested. You’ll be seeing her! Few knew, until we uncovered the “news” in our daily column, that Miss Carradine is really the bride of producer Stanley Kramer. When he and starlet Ann Pearson were wed a few months ago, everyone thought he was a bachelor!

Premieres and parties in Filmville not-withstanding, the most glittering event of the month around here was really the opening of the Sadler’s Wells Ballet in Los Angeles.

And we sho’ mean glittering! There were so many diamond chokers and necklaces on famous women throats, we were almost blinded! No, kiddies, we don’t mean rhinestones! Sylvia Gable sported a diamond necklace of huge stones. The stones were right up there but there were triple loops of the gems in a lovely design, hanging down quite a bit further. Her gown was strapless, very decolletée, tight-draped bodice, long full skirt. The hemline was pal gold, with tiny blue flowers in the pattern. Really set off her blonde hair, which Mrs. G. is still wearing in a long, long bob. Clark (who beamed both upon Sylvia and the ballet) and the Gables were with the Ronnie Colmans.

Benita Colman wore long, dangling diamond-and-sapphire earrings to go with her gown of bright navy blue heavy satin with very simple design. Maureen O’Sullivan looked like a dream of the ballet itself, in her ballerina length dress of white tulle, its tremendously full gathered skirt topped by a skin-tight, off-shoulder bodice of white tulle, made Mau’s revealing wrap of black velvet. The combination was as striking as any furnished by lavish furs over frilly petticoats.

Clifton Webb hosted Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier (who have Virginia Zanuck (able to do with a fabulous choker composed of large diamond flowers) on his arm. Dar-ryl was working late at the studio. Missy Leigh’s very short, shingled hair—do got a lot of it, but not nearly as much as her gorgeous gown of white ribbed silk, with a trickly pleated skirt, and a bodice of white, embroidered all over with gold threads. Vivien’s wrap was a mink stole. Betty Hutton’s plump length and of black satin with a bodice of gold lame. Greer Garson’s red hair never looked more lovely than at the Ballet opening. Her gown of pearl gray satin, trimmed with tiny crystals and pearls, and her matching wrap of gray satin trimmed with gray fox, really set off the titian tresses. The “velvet gals” most outstanding were Patricia Morrison in strapless black velvet
Across a Crowded Room

(Continued from page 38) Sometimes it kind of scares me too. So much keeps happening so fast, it's hard to believe that people around you are personally interested. That's when Janet comes to my rescue.

"Always remember," she quietly reassures me, "you wouldn't be here, Tony, if there wasn't a place for you. When people go out of their way to be kind and friendly, they want to share with you because you're doing with them. You're giving something of yourself, too, so don't ever question it or be afraid of it. Just accept it—and be grateful."

I'm grateful, all right, grateful for lots of things and to Photoplay Magazine at this particular time, for giving me this opportunity to pay a personal tribute to Janet Leigh. Just knowing her has been a pretty exciting thing. Up to the time we met, I never even had a girl I could talk to—I mean someone who would listen and understand.

As a sensitive kid growing up in the Bronx, I guess I was kind of a misfit. For several reasons I was regarded as being some kind of a freak. For one thing, all the other kids in the neighborhood had dark eyes and my hair was blonde. Either it was a fast fight with the boys, or my feelings were hurt by the girls. The ones in my class I thought I concealed and then, when I avoided them, they said I was annoying them and reported me. It didn't break my spirit but it kind of got dented in a couple of places!

Maybe I just didn't have the equipment to cope with girls. Anyway, I know I didn't understand them and they didn't understand me. Actually, I was afraid of girls until I was fifteen and from fifteen to nineteen I didn't like girls as people—at all. But I'd force myself to make a date, sweat it out right up to the time I'd get to the door. Then I'd take a fast powder, ending up at the beach—alone. I was known as the most disappearing suitor on our block!

After I met Janet I was still ready to run. Any little indication that she was bored and I wouldn't be there, or wasn't a Houdini. Instead, a great thing happened to me. Suddenly I didn't want to run anymore, because Janet is the first girl who made me feel that I could run and next time when I'd see her—I'd still say hello. Up to this moment I just didn't know what I had been missing.

Janet really amazes me. No matter what happens, she always seems to know how to handle the situation. Like the night of the "Harvey" premiere. Wear a tuxedo and take a pretty girl, the studio said—the fans will want to see you! The fans will expect to see—you! I wanted to ask them to repeat it to make sure it wasn't a dream!

Well, I didn't have a tuxedo and I couldn't afford to buy one. When I told my trouble to my good friend, Jerry Lewis, he opened his clothes closet. "I've got four of them," my favorite comedian declared. "Don't be a chump, chum, grab one!"

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the beach. We'd stop at a drive-in for a hamburger.

"If we get too hungry," Janet exclaimed gleefully, "we'll eat with my family one night and your family the next. If you still have an appetite, I'll fry you an egg!"

For the Saile's Wells ballet, Janet paid for her ticket and I paid for mine. No, I'm not kidding and furthermore, instead of it embarrassing a fellow, with her understanding she made it seem all right. Through her understanding, I'd like to add, I've become a much more tolerant person.

At times people have disappointed me and I've been hurt. Supposing someone asks you something—you tell them the truth because you have no secrets. Then you're criticized or ridiculed as a result. I get mad when this happens and then I make snap judgments. When I talk it over with Janet, with her great faith in people, she's sharp enough to analyze it.

"We all stick our necks out and get rapped," she says, "but even with all the wrongs done, one right will still come along and compensate. Regardless of how often a person disappoints us, we've got to figure out why he does it. There has to be a reason. Usually he has great insecurity and if you'll remember this, next time you'll understand him better and yourself too."

HOW'S that for a girl who's still in her early twenties? But then Janet's humility and sincerity help to make sense about everything—and I'm including those crazy times when she shares suit I use, to go for.

"Actors automatically attract enough attention," she wisely pointed out. "Actually, they detract from their personal qualities when they make spectacles of themselves."

Did I get it? I did. Janet is a very special and important milestone in my life. Whether she will become a permanent milestone, is not for me to say. Naturally I think of marriage and how wonderful it would be. I have all those thoughts about one world for two, with someone like Janet sharing it. But, from a practical standpoint, I can't consider marriage seriously right now.

Being new in pictures—or maybe I should say I'm still starting—my salary is comparatively small. Now that my mother, father and little brother have moved out from New York, I'd like to see them have a nice, comfortable home of their own. Of course I've heard the following said so often:

"If people really want to get married, that's all that matters in the long run. Whether they're ready for it, whether they're financially fixed or have any guarantee toward their future, is beside the point. Love will find a way!" The future will tell if this is true. In the meantime I'm happier and more content than I've ever been in my life.

No story on Janet would be complete without mentioning her wonderful humor. Like one night when I was fussing and fuming, trying to decide where I could take her to have a real wonderful time. When I first arrived in Hollywood, I arrived with a Bronx accent. I worked hard to lose it but occasionally, when I get excited, it comes creeping back. Finally I stopped pacing the floor, turned to Janet and groaned:

"I give up. I can't think of a place. I'm dead!" Those wonderful warm eyes began to sparkle. Stealing my Bronx line, she quietly answered, "Why, Tony! It doesn't matter where we go. After all, I'm with you!"

You see what I mean? That girl can really handle herself. I guess I'm with her too—all the way.

THE END

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It was business, of course, for Milo to notice pretty young girls who looked as if they might have talent. But Sally was special. He couldn’t get her out of his mind. And he didn’t know how to reach her. Finally, he called the Screen Extras Guild and got her address and sent her a wire: “Please call me. It’s important.” But there was no response. He wired again. Then, one night, just as he was stepping out of the shower, the phone rang.

“Hello, this is Sally,” a soft voice said.

“You sound funny. Am I bothering you?”

“Yes—that is—no!” Milo hurried on with his explanation.

He didn’t know how much talent she had. But he was right about Sally. Others like Marshall Thompson, Hugh O’Brien, Adele Jergens, Robert Patten. The next day, Sally came to his office to read.

“I don’t promise you anything,” he told her. But he suspected that something might happen in a week. But I ask you to be patient and to believe in me and that I do—because I believe in you. Otherwise I would not have you for a client.”

Sally, who had been singing with no one, signed on the dotted line. And, to celebrate their new partnership, they went for dinner to a funny little restaurant near the beach.

“Cocktails?” inquired the waiter.

“Hot soup—and a phone book,” was the answer. With a pad and pencil before them, they sat until closing time trying to decide on a stage name for Sally. Once the decision was made, they went to the Belvedere, where Milo had made a reservation.

“Wants” is the best word for it. Sally happened, they said, to be looking for a stage name for her. (That was the right decision, for, after two minor roles, Sally was given the lead in “Excuse My Dust.”)

They discovered they were in love in the midst of the excitement they knew as Sally made one picture after another and became more and more important. Milo, in his wise way, had hired a press agent for Sally, and they kept her on as long as they were successful and parties—be seen out socially.

“So-and-so wants me to go to Ciro’s tonight,” she telephoned Milo one day, naming a popular wolf-about-town. You’ve been looking for me to go out, Milo, so I hope you won’t mind.”

“But I do mind, very much,” he heard himself saying. “I don’t want you to go out with anyone—except me.”

He hadn’t planned it that way. Several nights later he took Sally to his family’s house. They were giving him a birthday party. Sally was disappointed because the new dress she had ordered hadn’t been delivered. Milo took her to a restaurant where he had been detained at the office. They drove in silence. Suddenly he reached into his pocket, and handed her a small, square velvet bag.

At first they thought they’d keep their engagement a secret. But you can’t look at each other the way they do and expect people not to notice. They hoped to be married before you read this. Milo was all for bundling his dream girl into his convertible and heading for the courthouse. But Sally wants the works—a real wedding. Definite decision depends on Milo’s mind.

Says Milo: “Either I’m a fatalist or a fool, but honestly, I believe there was some power or invisible force that guided me.”

Sally has her own theory: “You know, Milo and I have always felt that we had met before. And I believe I know when and where it was. During the war years I used to go to the Belvedere in San Diego where they had tea dances for the boys in uniform. Milo was a first lieutenant in the Marine Corps, used to attend those dances. I recently read an article that said he keep at that time. And this was it: ‘Danced with a tall, dark-eyed Marine Lieutenant today. He was very courteous and very nice. I liked him and wondered if I ever see him again.’ (P.S. I hope so.)”

The End
I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy

(Continued from page 50) naturally, she told them. But when we met at the station, the governor was forward to greet us, exclaiming: “Oh, Mrs. Mc—Stewart—you'll be so proud of Michael and Ronnie. They were such good boys on the train!”

A day or two later I approached the boys. “Now, remember,” I said, “tomorrow is Sunday. Daddys hasn't had a single day off since he started the picture and he's very tired. You must be very quiet so that he can sleep late.”

Michael, who's four and a half and Ronnie, aged six, exchanged one of those painfully tolerant mother's-at-it-again looks. Two seconds later they were outside shooting an imaginary tribe of Indians off the roof.

Being a stern parent isn't a role I particularly like playing—or play particularly well. However, the situation at hand wasn't an ordinary one. A new daddy in any household calls for specific adjustment. When the daddy is Jimmy Stewart, one of the busiest, hardest-working actors in Hollywood, it is important to establish a precedent and to begin our life together in a pattern of perfect understanding.

At seven-thirty the following morning, which was to be dedicated to “precious rest,” the alarm went off. In less time than it takes to tell, the tiredest, hardest-working actor in Hollywood had shaved, showered, climbed into slacks that had served their lord and master long and well, and was heading down the hallway toward the boys’ room.

“Jimmy,” I called after him. “Have you lost your mind? Today is Sunday—you can sleep late. What are you up to?”

“I promised the boys a picnic on my first day off,” he called back. “Looks like I'm not going to get one—so this has to be it.”

“But, Jimmy,” I remonstrated him again. “It's Sunday. You need your rest. Besides, where could we go?”

The determined gleam I've come to know so well crept into my husband's eyes.

“I'll work out,” he said, with quiet assurance.

We were living at Malibu Beach at the time. Whoopee and hollering, Michael and Ronnie raced outside and rescued a battered bucket from the sea. Jimmy called this with ice and coke. Lunches were packed in shoeboxes, then everyone, including Belo, our German Shepherd, who worshipped Jimmy, had something to carry. When the boys waved good-bye to their governess, you would have thought we were about to set sail for Suez!

Fifty yards away from our house we gallantly marched to the public beach! Jimmy stopped and eyed our destination as if he were Christopher Columbus, about to discover—land! He turned to the boys triumphantly. “Isn't it great, fellows?” Honestly, he had me believing in it, too. Belo was the first to bark with joy. The boys yelled with excitement. Jimmy dug tunnels for them and built them castles of

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sand. Then we started in on the sandwiches and cakes. A little later we stretched out happily on the warm sand. When it came time for the boys to take their naps, the mighty explorer led his men back fifty yards to home again. It was quite a ball.

I'll never forget how flattered Jimmy was when Michael named his pet: Jim the Lizard, which reassured me of my first attempt to get Jimmy to administer necessary discipline.

Michael, playing with his lizard, suddenly decided in small-boy fashion to squash it. The lizard's tail came off. "You going to show that to your daddy," I warned him, "and he'll see to it that you're properly punished." This master stroke of material instance, when Jimmy had an electrifying effect—-it says here!

"Please, Mother," Michael pleaded. "You spank me. Please don't let Daddy do it." Remaining adamant, that night when Jimmy came to bed, I pointed out his parental duty. Stern-faced, he took Michael by the hand and led him to his room. The minutes flew by. No sound was to be heard. Finally, bursting with curiosity, the governor and I tiptoed upstairs and listened at the door. Jimmy was clearing his throat.

"Now, Michael," we heard him say in tones that were supposed to be deadly, "I want you to remember something. Think how embarrassed that poor lizard is going to be without its tail." That was it! Some punishment! The door opened and out they came, Michael grinning like an imp and Jimmy practically swaggering like a conquering hero.

WITH Jimmy everything is an occasion and it makes a great hit with the boys. Even on a day when they had a birthday, they insisted on picking out gifts for himself and his friends. Michael selected a wild printed shirt lined with terrycloth; Ronnie decided upon a pair of maroon shorts. Even Belle carried a carton of cigarettes in his mouth when we all marched into Jimmy's bedroom singing, "Happy birthday to you!" He was asleep. Annoyed? Not at all. With eyes half closed, he just tore into those packages as if they were the most important things in the world.

Because we feel that the boys are too young for television, it is taboo in our house. However, we always take them to see Jimmy's movies and invariably—like the night we saw "Broken Arrow"—they scream out and ask if Daddy is hurt. They're still confused about Jimmy being an actor. It was while he was working on "Winchester '73" that he went into their room to say goodnight. Pinned over their bed was a picture of Randy Scott, in full cowboy regalia.

"What's up?" Jimmy asked, pretending he didn't know.

"Randy Scott," they proudly answered.

"Look, Gloria," said my green-eyed husband next night at the dinner table. "I think it's time you brought the boys on the set to see what I do. Besides, I just happen to be wearing a very fancy Western outfit for this picture!"

So we went on the set. Michael and Ronnie hadn't the faintest idea why Jimmy had on those clothes—but they couldn't seem to be too impressed. When Jimmy drove back home that night, a pair of bandoles shot out to greet him. But when they found him his old civilian self, they were terribly let down.

"How did you go over with the boys?" I asked, knowing too well by his expression.

"Like a lead balloon," Jimmy answered.

There are endless stories to tell—stories that are gay and amusing, heart-warming, and touching. But about Jimmy, he never has moods, never displays temperament. He loves his home. He loves his work. He's so anxious to get to the studio he just grabs a bite of breakfast along the way. But when he returns home at night, instead of sinking wearily into a chair and reaching for a paper, he encourages the boys to romp all over him. Sometimes he's even a day late sneaking a peek at the headlines.

I couldn't believe it was possible for us to be any happier together—and then came our exciting news. I wish you could have been there in person to hear the doctor told us I could expect my baby next spring! Finally, I had to pinch my husband and remind him that women were having babies all over the world.

We learned our good news very soon after Jimmy finished "The Jackpot" and we went to England where he made "No Highway." We wanted to keep our secret at home until the babies were born, but all our friends knew how anxious we were to have a baby. So we had to make the announcement. You know Jimmy had to have an emergency appendectomy before the baby was born.

Speaking of children, here's a final story Jimmy usually tells as his favorite. Of the boys, Ronnie is the quieter one, but Michael makes up for two of him. He's always something. When Jimmy listens to the boys' prayers, he always suggests to Michael as a grand finale that he could have a baby. Then he continues on the routine goes on. The routine goes on. But day after day Michael continues to get himself into scrapes and scrapes. Finally, he decided that God wasn't living up to His end of the deal—and was shirking His responsibility.

"Please, God," Michael asked as usual. "Make me a good boy. Then, with a deep sigh of annoyance, he added; "And I'm just about the end of my patience!"

It broke Jimmy up completely.

The End
The Lady in Question

(Continued from page 35) year I met motion picture stars—honeyooning, working in the studios and on location and holidaying. And always our talk would turn to Bergman. Was she as happy as she looked in her photographs? Did I think her love for Rossellini would endure? What did my old friend Anna Magnani, who previously played Frilly to Rossellini’s Svengali, have to say on the subject? “Magnani,” I told them, “has been extraordinarily magnanimous—for Magnani.” For when I had asked Anna how she felt about Ingrid, she had shrugged.

“I have no anger for Madame Bergman,” she said, “only the very greatest sympathy!”

Currently, it must be reported, Ingrid appears to need sympathy from no one. She is still utterly, completely in love. Rossellini seems to be also. He never leaves her side.

Recently, when they were in Paris together, a friend asked Ingrid, “Is it true you are expecting again?”

“I expect to have many children. I want a large family by Roberto,” Ingrid answered with a smile.

It is difficult, sometimes, to believe that the recklessly romantic Mrs. Roberto Rossellini, by virtue of a proxy marriage in Mexico, is the shy conservative creature we used to know.

However, I remember so well, about four or five years ago in Hollywood when I visited a studio set on which Ingrid was working. My host, that day, a famous man star, must remain nameless.

WHEN Ingrid left the set his eyes followed her, amused and admiring, “Quite a woman,” he said, “isn’t she?” Then, not waiting for an answer, he went on, “She’s going to find it out one day, too—and when she does, look for trouble.”

“You don’t think she knows it yet?”

He shook his head. “Else, you know, as well as I do that no woman cares that she’s quite a woman sinks everything she has into a ‘career!’”

He was very astute, this actor. But I doubt that even as completely Ingrid was to kick over the traces.

She was looking for Rossellini, I’m convinced, long before she found him. Quite unconsciously, of course. In fact, when the house of “Joan of Lorraine” kept her in New York, away from Doctor Peter Lindstrom, and so gave her a true perspective, she asked for a divorce. Lindstrom would not hear of it.

Once she met Rossellini, however, her marriage was over; even though it was to be two years before the California courts or Lindstrom accepted this fact.

In Sweden, you know, any gentleman from the South is Italian. Even, then, South American—is certain to be a great favorite with the ladies. The Latin grace and charm and gaiety are a happy contrast to the staid personalities of Swedish men. And Roberto Rossellini is an especially attractive Italian. Many things have been said of him. And half of what has been said, at least, is downright damning. But no one denies his tremendous warmth and charm. He is quite able to hold a room of people fascinated. Add to this his knowledge of, his success in, and his interest for Ingrid’s own art medium and you will realize how all that happened was a flood tide.

Ingrid and Roberto are living now in their new home on the Mediterranean. This, as Roberto drives any one of their five cars, is only a few miles from Rome, nineteen miles away. It is exceedingly well staffed, too, their house, for,
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THE END

Next Month—GOLD MEDAL AWARDS ISSUE
Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 30)

the startling information that, in his opinion, his corned beef and cabbage and his speraties and swaerkrut, are the two most potent dishes in the world to get a woman's attention focused on a man. Must not have worked, however, in the case of Ruth Roman. She and Stee had a couple of dates and ended in a deep freeze. Maybe he didn't cook for her. . . Gary confided during production that he feels it is time for some Western action dramas to be tried out in New York on the stage. Raymond Massey promptly started writing a play for Gary.

W (F) Undercover Girl (I-D)

THIS picture takes you on a tour of New York City and onto the stage of "The Twentieth Century" Today at Los Angeles. It's an authentic study of police narcotic squad methods with Alexis Smith as a policewoman determined to track down her father's murderer. Alexis's assignment is a tough one, as are the characters with whom she must mingle to gain her end. Scott Brady is convincing as the lieutenant and Gladys George does her best to make the difficult beautiful of a bed-ridden woman. The action brings Alexis, the dope peddlers and the police to a deserted house and an excising climax.

Your Reviewer Says: Cops and dope peddlers, and exciting.

Program Notes: Canadian-born Alexis Smith, who has always wanted to be a bally dancer, won the battle of the plucking knife-line in this film. "I don't play a good girl on the screen once in a while," said Alexis, "but this time the character has to be dressed like a missionary."

... Scott Brady, born Jerry Tierney, younger brother of Lawrence Tierney, got into pictures through the G. I. Bill of Rights and a Little Theater production of "Heaven Can Wait," back in 1946. While he was making this film Scott was gloriously in love with a young feature player named Dorothy Malone and Madeleine Carroll of this picture was finished while he was still in Dallas, Texas. "I've torn up my address book," he announced. However, he must have gotten a new one recently. He's romancing a lot of girls these days, and still flies out of town to see Dorothy.

(F) Kansas Raiders (I-D)

SOME of the most attractive bachelor boys in Hollywood, Audie Murphy, Scott Brady, Tony Curtis and Richard Long, add suspense and interest to this Technicolor story of Audie's. Brian Donlevy plays Quantrell with a fascinating ruthlessness, but in the end he actually throws his life away so that young Jesse James, played by Audie, can become a bandit. Fellow actor Richard Arlen is an attractive Yankee. Marguerite Chapman is appealing and Scott Brady startlingly brutal. The love theme is unusual, and no fair telling.

Your Reviewer Says: Plenty of action.

Program Notes: Audie Murphy is not a man to string along with tradition. To hook with, he says. When he was assigned this part he went straight to his U-I bosses with the argument that heroes not kissing heroines in Westerns is old-hat and he talked his way into a passionate love scene with Marguerite Chapman. During this production he was pitching the woo at Princess Sita B. Singh of Kashmir, India, who was quite a ground. Time was a press returned to India, and Audie is now engaged to a more attractive young airplanes executed named Pamela Archer. Says he will marry her as soon as his divorce from Wando Hendrix is final... Tony Curtis is being groomed.

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105
F) Branded (Paramount)

This Technicolor melodrama has all the elements of danger and intrigue which Alan Ladd's fans enjoy. The supporting cast is excellent. Mona Freeman is beautiful and graceful, and Charles Bickford as Mona's mother and father are both good; and a newcomer, Peter Hanson, is very attractive. The story is action-packed saga of the Old West. Ladd is called Clayo and is as tough as the cactus for which he was named, and brazen enough to try and palm himself off on rich Arizona ranchers as their son who was kidnapped years before. There are Mexican bandits, American bandits and plenty of excitement throughout.

Your Reviewer Says: A good Ladd picture.

Program Notes: The company went on location near Douglas, Arizona, high up among the crags of the Dragoon Mountains. There once Courish, the famed and feared Apache chief of the 1860's, had his headquarters. Although he had many screen fights in his career, the free-for-all brand in this picture was about the toughest Alan has ever had. When the director finally called "Cut," the crew, a hard-boiled lot, broke into cheers of approval ... Mona Freeman has a chance to wear some gowns that emphasize her curves, and says she is darned glad to have a part at last wherein she can act and look her age of twenty-three . . . Peter Hanson, a recent Paramount discovery, makes his debut in this picture. Peter, a Marine fighter pilot during the war, joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse for many months, and supported himself by working days in a launderette.

\( \frac{1}{2} \) (F) Double Crossbones (U-I)

This one is about pirates and ships at sea. Donald O'Connor is a dancing-sing Singing Eighteenth Century beau brummel, and it all takes place in the Southland. U.S.A. Helena Carter is the red-haired beauty Donald longs for throughout this Technicolor film and doesn't win until he proves John Emery is not the honest Governer people think he is. Donald spoofs the most hilarious scenes with an Amazon lady pirate played by Hope Emerson, but his best are the love scenes played seriously. Will Geer is an ex-seaman who gets into many scrapes with O'Connor. Good dance sequences and some good songs, but a silly plot.

Your Reviewer Says: Romance and skulduggery on land and sea.

Program Notes: Hope Emerson, an ex-night club singer, is a great entertainer off stage and on. Her favorite role, however, is the nobby matron who cuts off Eleanor Parker's hair in "Caged." For the first time in his screen career, which began while he was in diapers, Donald O'Connor is allowed to make love in a serious way to his leading lady. It's no Valantino, but he's good.

Best Pictures of the Month
Cyran de Bergerac
Born Yesterday

Best Performances of the Month
Jose Ferrer in "Cyran de Bergerac"
Judy Holliday in "Born Yesterday"
The Story of a Divorce

(Continued from page 47) made up her mind to slip into court and end her marriage with inexplicable suddenness—explicable, at least, to Hollywood where the insiders have been wondering for months and months...

With their love admittedly colder than a deep freeze and their marriage on the rocks with no hope of salvage, with no torch blazing unhappily in other hearts—why did Joan Fontaine and William Dozier wait two long years to get a divorce?

Joan could have married a dozen eligible bachelors since the day she and Bill told the world their marriage was surprisingly ended, that they had not been happy for over a year. Neither would talk about this strange situation which kept them married for over two years, when there was no marriage—husband and wife where there was no love—legally as one where there was no unity.

But Joan has just left my house—and I have her permission to tell this story for the first time: Joan Fontaine and William Dozier could not get a divorce because they could not afford one!

It was this fact that threw Joan the briskest, "Bill and I formed our independent company, Rampart Productions, soon after our marriage. I made one picture, 'Letter to a Unknown Woman,' immediately. I knew what happened. I know of movies, I realized she referred to the fact that while she gave a wonderful performance—the picture flopped at the office. Rampart productions was the red in the start from.

"Then we made 'You Gotta Stay Happy,' a comedy with Jimmy Stewart," Joan went on. "I really should have had a divorce just then. But there was no marriage—husband and wife where there was no love—legally as one where there was no unity."

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I know how often this is true. But this particular problem is seldom aired in public because, as I said before, it is almost unbelievable to anyone who is not familiar with the situation.

Joan has always been frank with me. That is one reason I like to interview her. When she feels she cannot talk about a subject, she tells me so. If she had guarded about this for two years, I surmised, some of the financial worries had lifted.

"Yes," she agreed promptly. "After conference with Bill's attorney and mine finally reached an agreement about our snarled and complicated affairs. The road was clear for our divorce."

And so this retroactive tax assessment from the Government was all that held you up?" I asked.

"Believe me, that's all," she answered. Then she laughed. "Oh, I know—many have suspected that there might have been 'a little spark of love still burning'—but you know better, Louella."

JOAN was suddenly serious again. "No, except for this gigantic money hassle there was nothing else to block an amicable divorce between Bill and me. As far as our little girl is concerned, well, in California the mother usually gets custody of the child, unless she is unfit. And I don't think I am unfit," she smiled. "Everything I hope to accomplish centers around Debbie.

"Fortunately, Bill believes Debbie is better off with me. He will be allowed to see her whenever he wishes. There has never been any trouble on that score."

"Joan," I backtracked over our conversation, "you said just a moment ago that the way is now clear to solve your money problems. How has the picture changed since you separated from Bill?"

"I have been working, saving, economizing to pay off as much as possible as I go along. Oh, yes, Louella—art is wonderful. But the artist is also a citizen, believe me. With every cent I make I plan to myself, 'So much must go here—so much for that.' By being careful, I hope to accomplish the situation I'm staking out."

"Sounds very austere," I laughed.

"It means cutting corners everywhere," she nodded. "Bill and I had built a house that was far too pretentious for my pursestrings. I would never have put so much in a home for myself. But we entertained a great deal in the early days of our marriage. Bill loved parties. They were expensive, too. But our living was expensive to me. I'm sorry, too, because you have been often more than I blame myself for the hole we dug financially—but, oh, how I now wish I had someone to say, 'Joan, this or that is too expensive before I had to find out on my own."

"But you are still living in this white elephant!" I reminded her.

"Because it's cheaper," she replied quickly. "I think that on these money-wasting machines, not what it was for four or five years ago. I have Debbie and the nurse. It is cheaper for us to remain there than to rent another place big enough for three and the housekeeper. But you can bet your boots—I do not hostess any more of those champagne-and-caviar parties."

The idea of a luxury-minded screen star going around turning out lights not because she is fighting the family vegetables and groceries amused me—but it is no laughing matter to Joan.

Joan went on, "And along with everything else, I have decided for several months I did not go out with anyone. I did not want to. I felt restless, unsettled."

"Is that why you went to British Columbia and made up with your father in the papers put it?" I interrupted. You will remember the great to-do that was made in the press when Joan, who hadn't been in communication with her 73-year-old father in ten years, went to Canada to be with him on his birthday.

She shook her head. "I'm afraid the true story isn't the sob story they made it," she replied, frankly.

"I had gone to British Columbia on a trip. I happened to be in Canada for reasons other than my father's birthday. But, because I was there, and because he is my father, I visited him on his birthday."

"My illegitimate child has been with my mother—and always will be. She is the one who cared for and raised me after my father left her. If I had known my visit would have been lost on all those sicken-ing sob stories—" She paused.

"I'm not a sob story type of person," she continued. "I hate self pity. Things work out, I've discovered."

I think what has happened recently is for the best for me. I have learned the meaning of responsibility. I have learned to handle my own affairs. I have weathered the mistakes I made and shall never make again—because I didn't want to be bothered about money matters."

"Joanie, what about Collier Young?" I asked quickly. "Aren't you thinking of marrying him as soon as you are free?"

She drew an imaginary sketch on the table with the end of a match as though weighing her answer. "How can I answer such a question? Collier has just been divorced from Ida Lupino. He's as much married as I am at this moment."

"But you do like him best of all?"

"I know that's a joke. There is a much too settled head on Joanie's pretty shoulders for indiscriminate jumps in and out of marriage. But there was an essence of logic in what Collier said when he went on, 'I'm not so sure about the idea of marriage, explained, 'I'm a girl who loves a home, a fireside, and a man to come home to—and that's the truth."

I remembered how miserable Joan was when she and Brian Aherne, her first husband, parted. She had not been happy with him (same as with Bill) for many months before their official separation. But I had not heard without her said about Bill—she missed him and the security she felt had a wife.

As odd as it may sound, this ordinary, gay, carefree girl, who is at the height of her career, has a certain amount of domestic problem. She has an inferiority complex. And she has a natural, inborn dependence on the male sex which naturally makes her devastating to men!

There was no doubt in my mind that Joan Fontaine will marry again in spite of being a two-time loser in the matrimonial sweepstakes. She is fundamentally a man's type of woman that she won't even attempt to change.
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MARCH, 1951
PHOTOPLAY

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MARCH, 1951

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And roping 'the villain' was
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But I smoothed them with
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It kept them soft and lovely
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Prove it with this simple
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More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world
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Look Alikes:
I've been wondering why no one has noticed the striking resemblance between
Susan Hayward and Piper Laurie. They would make a wonderful "sister" team or
perhaps "mother and daughter."

MRS. KATHLEEN JOHNSON
Shawnee, Okla.

Susan Hayward
Piper Laurie

(Here they are—judge for yourself.)

Cheers and Jeers:
I don't see why all the girls are drool-
ing over Farley Granger when there's
someone like Rock Hudson around.

PATSY ARTHIN
Drexel Hill, Pa.

While reading Photoplay's story on
Marlon Brando (Dec.) I discovered it
said he was going to take dictation lessons.

Please, Mr. Brando, don't. I saw "The Men" twice and the thing I enjoyed most
was Marlon Brando's "ordinary" diction.

He sounded just like any person you'd
meet or know—not like these Hollywood
stars with their "perfect" speech.

BARRIE O'CILAK
Clifton, N. J.

Please tell me why so many Western
films are being made. When we get fed
up with them on Television and do head
for a "good" movie, we find a couple
more, so we just go home. We can watch
them at home and be comfortable.

SALLY RILEY
Lynnwood, Cal.

"Comanche Territory" certainly didn't
do justice to its stars. Hollywood should
be more careful about its mistakes. Any-
one with an ounce of horse sense doesn't
muddy up a creek by riding through it,
then turn around to let his horse drink.

BETTY JOHNSON
Houston, Tex.

We have just seen "Let's Dance." The
lead role would have been a natural for
Gene Kelly. Astaire doesn't possess the
ability or sincerity to portray the role. As
a "lover," he is a "ham."

DONNA AND FRITZ
Sioux City, Iowa

I just got back from seeing "All About
Eve" and I thought it was horrible. All
they did was argue back and forth.

MARTIE BRADBURY
Headquarters, Idaho

(Continued on page 6)
"Get off the streets Angela Vetto!"

It was the Enforcer speaking...

The double-fisted district attorney who matched himself against a nation-wide empire of "killers-for-hire".

This was his crucial moment—

the one last thing--to save the single living witness the underworld was sworn to get!

The real hero of this story is not Humphrey Bogart... it is every fighting District Attorney in the land!

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I dreamed I broke the bank at Monte Carlo in my
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I'm leading a charmed life...who ever dreamed of winning such a figure! Looks like a million...and so do I, with Maidenform* to shape my future.

Lucky, lucky me...now I'm supported in fabulous style.

Shown: Maidenform's Chansonette in white suit; also available in nylon marquisette and shear, and broadcloth...from $2.00. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N.Y., 16.

There is a Maidenform for every type of figure.


(Continued from page 4)

Sic Transit Gloria:

Everyone I have spoken to thinks Gloria Swanson's performance in "Sunset Boulevard" was disgusting. How can the critics think of giving her the Academy Award? If she does receive it, it will be out of sympathy.

Marilyn Miller
College Point, N. Y.

I saw the great movie "Sunset Boulevard" and thought Gloria Swanson was terrific. She should certainly receive the Academy Award for her outstanding performance in this wonderful picture.

Dot Williams
Encino, Cal.

Casting:

Let's see Janet Leigh, Jane Russell and Marie Wilson in a picture together—and call it "The Battle of the Bulge." It would surely give us G. I.'s something to take our minds off things.

S/Sgt. John Moran
Apo San Francisco, Cal.

There has been a lot of arguing pro and con as to who is the biggest rage of the new young stars. So why not cast Farley Granger, Tony Curtis, John Derek and Audie Murphy in one picture and let them fight it out among themselves.

Marge Kelly
Boston, Mass.

Question Box:

In the December issue of your wonderful magazine I noticed a letter from Margie Fritsch of Louisville, Ky., asking if Vera-Ellen sang her own songs in "Three Little Words"—to which you replied yes. Didn't Anita Ellis double for Vera-Ellen in this picture?

Patsy Tabin
Quebec City, Canada

(Yes, Anita Ellis's voice was dubbed in for Vera-Ellen's. We apologize.)

I have just seen "Hamlet" and "The Blue Lagoon" and I think Jean Simmons is one of the prettiest young actresses I have ever seen. Would you please give me some information about her?

Diana Bacelli
Harrisburg, Pa.

(Jean Simmons was born in London 1/31/29. She has hazel eyes, brown hair, is 5'4 1/2", 118 lbs. She married Stewart Granger 12/20/50. She made her film debut in England in 1942; next in "So Long at the Fair.")

Could you please tell me something about the boy who played Dominic in "Breakthrough"?

Gerry Prescott
Santa Barbara, Cal.

(H e is William Campbell, born in Newark, New Jersey, 10/30/26. He has hazel eyes, black hair, is 6' tall, 170 lbs., unmarried. Next in "Operation Pacific," he's under contract to Warners.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 305 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.
"The one Sin no Woman ever forgives"

He strayed... and he paid!
She saw to that!

JACK H. SKIRBALL and BRUCE MANNING present

BETTE DAVIS
BARRY SULLIVAN

in

Payment on Demand

with

JANE COWL · BETTY LYNN · FRANCES DEE

Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL · Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT · Written by BRUCE MANNING and CURTIS BERNHARDT
Pair of aces: Two Douglases chat on location of "Ace in the Hole."

Paul flew to New Mexico to see wife Jan Sterling, Kirk's leading lady.

It's the Truth That: Ava Gardner's dinner dates with Pat De Cicco at the "Little Naples" cafe are perfectly harmless, because Pat is Frank Sinatra's good friend. Golf champ Ben Hogan isn't too pleased with the way he's being portrayed by Glenn Ford in "Follow the Sun" and there's tension on the set. No extra bed was available, so Joan Crawford curled up and slept in a hospital chair the night before her twins had their tonsils out. Alan Ladd, who's had the most sensational publicity campaign in Hollywood, has now hired his own personal press agent. Sharman Douglas has confided to friends that Peter Lawford says he has no intention of marrying her, or anyone. Victor Mature wants RKO to advertise the picture he's making with Jane Russell as—"The Torso and the More-so!"

Ridiculous Rumors: That Kathryn Grayson is divorcing Johnny Johnston because she hopes to marry Mario Lanza. With a new baby girl in their household, the Lanzas couldn't be happier. Katie's heart belongs to her music. That Patricia Neal was dropped by Warners because of a rumored romance with Gary Cooper, who recently admitted his marriage to Rocky Cooper was experiencing difficulties. The truth is, Pat's contract called for a huge hike in salary which she refused to forfeit when the studio suggested it at option time. Every

Debbie Reynolds, who's being groomed to fill Judy Garland's spot at M-G-M, grooms friend Betty Kennedy's hair. Betty is music girl at the studio.

School's out for the day—so first-grader Cheryl visits mother, Lana Turner, on set of "Mr. Imperium"
Old friends Vera-Ellen and Peter Lawford almost missed greeting each other in Hollywood. A few days after Vera returned from picture-making in England, Peter took off for Australia on loan-out to Twentieth for "Kangaroo"
This 1-Minute Test Proves That—

PEPSODENT

gets your teeth 
BRIGHTER BY FAR!

Make this 1-Minute Test, today! Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? Now brush with film-removing PEPSODENT for 1 minute. Repeat the tongue test. Notice how much cleaner your teeth feel? Your mirror will show you how much brighter they look! Only PEPSODENT with IRIUM* has this film-removing formula. Remember: Brighter teeth are cleaner teeth—and less susceptible to decay!

For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

If you prefer powder, the answer is... 
PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER. It contains IRIUM and Pepsodent's brighter-polishing ingredients.

INSIDE STUFF

Sharing spotlight at Mocambo with Vie Damone is M-G-M find, Gianna Canale

other studio has offered to pay her what she's worth but Twentieth, anxious to get her special kind of glamour, got her name on a contract.

Behind the Camera: Cal arrived on the “Rich, Young and Pretty” set, just as Jane Powell and Vic Damone were about to do a love scene. The bell rang, the cameras rolled, Vic poured forth his passionate plea. Suddenly a strange expression came into Janie’s eyes, she put her hand up to her head and tried her best to smile. When she started to swoon, naturally we thought it was all part of the plot, until the make-up man dashed in. He caught the future little mama up in his arms just as everything went black. No more pictures for Janie until after the baby has arrived, says her studio.

It Seems to Cal That: Franchot Tone doesn't deserve the notoriety provoked by ex-wife Jean Wallace, whose current caper was suing (she lost) to gain custody of their two sons. When he married the former Paramount stock actress, not only did Franchot buy his bride a well-staffed home in Holmby Hills, he invited her mother, brother and little sister to live with them, too. Later he became little sister's legal guardian and raised her as his own daughter. There are always two sides but somehow in return for his kindness to Jean and her family, Franchot does seem deserving of a better break.

Stitch in Time: Maybe there's method in Warners' madness in taking Gordon MacRae's suggestion and signing Lucille Norman to a long term deal. If their number one songbird, Doris Day, decides to quit pictures (as some say she may) radiant radio singer Lucille would be a logical lady to fill Dodo's famous boots. In her screen test Lucille photographed like two million bucks, but in the acting department she's no Bette Davis. But then, neither was Bette when she first started!

New Twos: Joan Evans and Robert Patton looking heavenly happy at Harry Lewis's “Hamburger Hamlet” on the Sunset Strip... Ann Blyth and Scott Brady going to church on Sunday and out to dinner on Monday... Robert Sterling carrying Nancy Sinatra's books home from school. She's taking a course in music appreciation, which is a bit ironic, to say the least!

(Continued on page 12)
Which girl has the natural curl ... and which girl has the Toni?

Meet lovely Jane Cartwright and Nellie Jane Cannon of New York City. The Toni girl says, "My wave not only looks natural but it requires no more care than naturally curly hair." Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni wave? See answer below.

Now Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness— the deep rippling waves and the lovely, natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known ... plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your hair... leaves your wave soft and natural from the very first day. And your Toni with Permafix lasts longer—far longer.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. And only Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair.

Have a Toni with Permafix today and tonight discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so silky soft, so naturally lovely, people ask you if you have naturally curly hair! Jane Cartwright, the lovely blonde, has the Toni.
"Easy"

says

Joan Caulfield

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Now! Lose weight the way Nature intended you to! A quick natural way with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want... all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs... calls for no strenuous diet.

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Users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.

• "Whenever I step on the scales and don't like what I read," says lovely screen star, Joan Caulfield, "my first thought is Ayds. In my circle of friends, we all agree that Ayds is the most wholesome and natural way to a good figure!"

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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

1. Show Baby Your Love
2. Make Baby Feel He Belongs
3. Make Your Marriage a Secure Setting
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
8. Recognize Your Child's Natural Jealousy of a New Baby
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-Clunis says, "This booklet showed us how our child's security and happiness depend on us, and we're better parents for reading it."

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Street__________________________
City___________________________
(Continued from page 12) lot to make a picture. Now they're man and wife and we wish them the happiness we know they're going to have, because they have so much to share.

Musings and Mutterings: The very deserving Gene Nelson, literally dancing all the way home from his adoring Miriam about his new star status . . . That fur collar on Van Johnson's coat, attracting more attention in New York than the Statue of Liberty . . . Howard Duff touring the town with Ida Lupino's seventy-year-old aunt from England, who is paying her first Hollywood visit.

Bride of the Month: "I want you to meet someone!" It was Cal's good friend Ruth Roman, who sounded happier than a field of meadowlarks. Quicker than you can say "I do," she was off the phone and at our front door introducing us to Mortimer Hall. "Believe it or not," explained the beaming bride, "the first time I met Morty I knew I was going to marry him!" When she flew back from Las Vegas with her new radio-tele vision executive husband, Missus Hall walked right into trouble. Shawn, her huge pet pug, would have no part of his new lord and master. What did they do about it? "We sent him to a dog psychoanalyst," Ruth grinned at us, "and now he loves Morty as much as I do!"

Fond Farewell: Probably no other Hollywood couple has friends who are as loyal as those of Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor. Not once had one so much as whispered that this famous couple hadn't been too happy for some time. "I think their marriage actually has been over for two years," says one intimate, now that the Taylors have announced their separation. There are those who feel Bob was bored with his Hollywood pattern of living. Barbara has given the impression of being restless and really only interested in her career. The Taylors will undoubtedly divorce with the same friendly dignity that marked their eleven-year marriage.

Ball-bearing: Cal loves nothing better than a chat with Lucille Ball. When we heard the good news that she and Desi Arnaz were expecting the stork in June, we called to congratulate her. "Everything happens at one time," Lucille exclaimed gaily. "The other night Desi and I were at a radio station when a neighbor called and said there was a fire near our ranch. She wanted to know if she should break into our house and rescue my furs and jewels. 'Heck, no,' Desi screamed at her, 'rescue my citizenship papers!' Naturally Lucille won't be able to ride that elephant in De Mille's "The Greatest Show on Earth." She lost one prematurely born baby because, she feels, she travelled around so much. This time she's taking no chances.

Here and There: Mrs. Bob Hope and Jonathan Wayne (John's other wife), making a pilgrimage to Rome and delivering personal messages from Ann Sothern and Richard Egan to the latter's beloved brother, Father Willis Egan, a Jesuit at Gregorian College . . . Anthony Curtis backing his father, who is a tailor, in manufacturing an Anthony Curtis shirt . . . Dana Andrews having a reunion with five of his seven brothers when "The Frog Men" went on location in deep in the heart of you-know-where . . . The James Masons throwing a wine-and-dine-and-watch-television party. The Masons have installed their new set (of all places) in their living-room fireplace—but there's a reason. In England they didn't have our push button system of unit heating . . . The Clark Gables organizing the Ronald Colman, the Dick Powells and the Ray Millands, for the jai alai games in Tia Juana . . . Dorothy Lamour's Ridgely and Joan Bennett's Stephanie to enjoy the "younger set" with an ice cream party at Wil Wright's famous cone concession.

Last Laugh: For years Arthur Kennedy's great talent was wasted at Warner's. But after bringing him back for "The Glass Menagerie," they offered him another long-term contract. To this negative answer, they countered with a three-picture deal. Arthur wasn't even interested in signing for one! "I never want to be tied down again," he told us at U-I, where we watched him portray brilliantly the blind man in "Lights Out." Contrary to the usual pattern of behavior, Arthur has no time and too much humor to be bothered with bitterness. "I'll never forget working in one crummy Western," he mused. "There was an actor who had two lines to say and was obviously very unhappy about it. Naturally I wanted to know why he didn't refuse. 'Because,' he said, 'It's still under contract, though the studio is dropping me. If I refuse to play a bit, this automatically takes me off salary and I need the money.'" The actor's name? Richard Basehart!
"FIRST STEP in fashion is the figure," says Jean Dessès. "My newest clothes feature the vertical line, a flat middle, narrow hips. If you wear Playtex, you'll have the ideal figure for these new fashions."

"NOW SELECT the style, color and fabric that suit you. But remember, hip-hugging clothes require a Playtex—it's the one girdle that slims you and fits invisibly under the most clinging clothes."

"MORE THAN ANYTHING—the way you wear your clothes can do so much for them!" concludes M. Dessès. "Take some time putting them on—stand erect—carry yourself like a queen! It's easy if you wear a Playtex girdle—no other girdle has such a perfect balance of power-control, comfort and freedom of action!"

The First New Kind of Girdle in 11 Years

SECRET OF the new Playtex Fab-lined Girdle is the cloud-soft fabric lining, fused to pure latex sheath without a seam, stitch or bone! You enjoy all the famous Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom of action plus the extra coolness and comfort of fabric next to your skin! And, like all Playtex Girdles, it washes in seconds, dries in a flash!
Brief Reviews

(2) A MILLION DALEKS—Paramount: A science fiction fantasy based on the science fiction novel by Dennis Potter. The story of a group of Daleks, intelligent, mechanical creatures, is set in the year 2001. The Daleks are brought to life by the evil Dr. Who, who is bent on world domination.

(3) A MARRYING MAN—Columbia: A romantic comedy about a young man who falls in love with a beautiful woman, only to find that she is already married. The story is set in New York City and involves a number of colorful characters.

(4) A MAN AND HIS WIFE—Columbia: A drama about a married couple who are struggling to make ends meet. The husband is a struggling writer, while the wife is a homemaker. The couple's relationship is strained by their financial problems.

(5) A MARCH OF THE DAMNS—Paramount: A science fiction fantasy about a group ofdamns, intelligent, mechanical creatures, who are brought to life by the evil Dr. Who, who is bent on world domination.

(6) A MOTHER IN ORCHARD—Columbia: A drama about a mother who is struggling to make ends meet. The mother is a homemaker, while the father is a struggling writer. The couple's relationship is strained by their financial problems.

(7) A MURDER MADE ME—Columbia: A murder mystery about a wealthy woman who is found dead in her bedroom. The story is set in New York City and involves a number of colorful characters.

(8) A MURDER MUST HATE—Columbia: A murder mystery about a wealthy woman who is found dead in her bedroom. The story is set in New York City and involves a number of colorful characters.

(9) A MURDEROUS MIND—Columbia: A psychological thriller about a man who is accused of murder. The story is set in New York City and involves a number of colorful characters.

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In the popular swivel case

Your lips have been waiting for Cashmere Bouquet—and Cashmere Bouquet for your lips. So luxuriously smooth, naturally clinging, that your lips take on a fresh look, a luscious look, one that says right out “I dare you!” And somewhere among Cashmere Bouquet’s eight flattering shades is one that’s made just for you. But why not see for yourself, today!

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Creamy, and oh so clinging . . . .
in eight fashion-right shades!

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Talcum Powder
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Here's a special opportunity for ambitious women who want to earn money during spare moments. Without previous experience you can make up to $25 a week with ease—just by taking orders for Fashion Frocks, and you don't invest a penny of your own. These stunning new creations are such unbeatable values, you simply can't stop women from ordering them! Amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves and patterns—more than you can find in a dozen dress shops. Famous fabrics that are soft, rich, enduring—the cream of the world’s best mills. And, a complete range of sizes for every type of figure—Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors and Stouts. You can coin money "hand over fist"—and besides, you get dresses for your own personal use as a bonus, without paying a cent!

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Fashion Frocks cost dollars less than similar garments sell for elsewhere—they are priced as low as $2.98! You start by taking orders from friends... they'll tell their friends. Soon you're making big money like Marie Patton, Illinois, who took in an average of $39 a week... or Mrs. Carl C. Birch, Maryland, who earned $36 a week... or Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama, who averaged $31.50 weekly.

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Our elaborate Free Presentation Folio contains over 125 original styles and swatches. Examine the beautiful, glorious styles and colors—feel the rich fabrics. You'll be proud to show them to your friends and neighbors. So don't lose a second. Fill out the coupon. Paste it on a postcard. Mail coupon right now—while you think of it.

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Address __________________________
City______ Zone______ State_______
Age______ Dress Size______

LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON


G EORGE JESSEL, dedicating Mike Romanoff's new Hollywood restaurant: "Mike Romanoff's restaurant is a nice place where a family of four can have a wonderful seven-course dinner for only $3,400."

Double marquee sign: "In a Lonely Place" with "The Petty Girl."

An agent was raving about a new cowboy actor to a studio casting director. "This fellow is terrific," the agent enthused. "His gun never runs out of bullets and his guitar never breaks a string."

Bob Hope's definition of a bookie: "A pickpocket who lets you use your own hands."

Frank Fontaine, describing Hollywood golf: "A game in which a little white ball is chased around the course by producers too old to chase anything else."

Ben Gage, introducing his wife, Esther Williams, at a banquet: "I'd like you to meet my better known half."

Sign in a Hollywood bar: "Not responsible for ladies left over thirty seconds."

A housewife was telling a friend about seeing a sad movie at a drive-in theater. She advised: "It's a real tear-jerker—be sure and bring your windshield wiper."

Four-year-old Nora, daughter of muchly traveled Bob Hope, cornered Bob's secretary at home the other a.m. with the proud observation: "You know what? Daddy slept at home last night."

A Hollywood marriage broke all records for brief duration—the wife is suing for custody of the wedding cake.

Adele Jergens, talking about a new novel: "What a book. Once you put it down you just can't pick it up."

Sign in a Hollywood lingerie shop: "Our undies are the best. Smart women wear nothing else."

Overheard: The honeymoon is over when the dog brings your slippers and the wife barks at you.

Inflation has reached such a peak, according to Harry Fields, that if a man tells a gal she looks like a million dollars, she thinks he's trying to insult her.

Hollywood story conference: Two writers framing up alibis to tell their wives.
AT LAST... new TWO-WAY complexion beauty!

PAN-STIK* Creamy make-up by MAX FACTOR

There's such a wonderful difference in your complexion the moment you apply Pan-Stik! Wonderful, in the way it glows with natural fashionable loveliness... Wonderful, in the way Pan-Stik fondles your skin with luxurious softness to protect it from drying, dust, sun, harsh wind and cold. You'll like the way it artfully films tiny blemishes and freckles... never streaks or shines. Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, originally created this creamy two-way make-up for the delicate skins of Hollywood's famous stars.

Now, this wondrous new complexion make-up is yours! Try Pan-Stik... you'll see the difference, feel the difference, instantly!

PAN-STIK BY MAX FACTOR, HOLLYWOOD

...the only make-up that FEELS as wonderful as it LOOKS!
Women may differ about the rinsing question but they sure seem to agree that Tide beats any soap they’ve ever tried! Tide, unlike soap, forms no soap film... in fact, Tide removes film left by former soap washings. What’s more, Tide actually dissolves dirt out of clothes... holds dirt suspended in the sudsy water. Wring out the clothes—dirt goes, too. And your clothes have such a bright, fresh look—such a clean, CLEAN look, you’ll say it’s a miracle! Get Procter & Gamble’s Tide today!

"Clean is the word for every wash you do with Tide!" says Mrs. Jean Riché, Dallas, Texas

"With Tide, white things are such a gleaming, clean white... wash prints have such a fresh, clean brightness! I’ve tried all the leading washing products, but nothing ever got my clothes cleaner than Tide!"
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WHAT SHOULD I DO?

your problems answered

by Claudette Colbert

In any case, don't worry about it and don't feel guilty. Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-five and considered quite attractive. I am in love with a man twenty-eight. He is divorced and has one child, three. When I first met him, I saw him three or four times a week and he often spoke of finding a good mother for his little girl, of establishing a home, of marrying and settling down. We went together for eight months, steadily, then his calls for dates became more widely spaced until I was seeing him only once every two weeks. Finally, our romance was continued only because I telephoned him occasionally to keep in touch.

A few weeks ago he stopped at my house for a few minutes one evening and I blurted out my love for him and asked why he treated me so horribly. He seemed shocked and sorry for me. He almost cried and said he didn't know how he felt about me, but that he had decided he didn't want to marry again. When he left, he was like a little boy who has just seen his pet dog run over by a car.

I haven't heard from him since, although he promised to call. Do you think he returns my love, but is afraid of being hurt again or do you think he is one of those men who just can't let himself go?

Neapola O.

You made a serious mistake in technique when you "blurted out" your love for this man before he had given you a clue to his own feelings. There are exceptions to the rule but in general, a man prefers to do his own hunting.

Since time began, it has been a male privilege to pursue. I wouldn't say this was fair; I would only say that things are arranged in that way and when you attempt to coerce a man into declaring an emotion which he doesn't feel, you are attempting to rework nature. If the man is so tender-hearted that he tries to please you, your marriage will be difficult to hold together, because he will feel trapped.

Interest yourself in other things—find a new hobby, cultivate a new circle of friends, and profit by this experience. It won't be too easy at first but keep trying and you'll be well repaid for your effort.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am very much in love with a man of twenty-four, and I have reasons for thinking he is in love (Continued on page 26)

**F** The Mating Season (Paramount)

HERE'S a modern day romantic comedy that plays on both the funny bone and the heartstrings. But most of all it's a perfect field day for that fine actress Thelma Ritter. When the bank forecloses on her hamburger stand Thelma hitchhikes to Ohio to visit her ambitious young son John Lund. She discovers John is marrying Gene Tierney of the Social Register, whose mother, Miriam Hopkins, is the snob of all time. Thelma persuades John to let her become their cook. Complications follow fast and so do the laughs. The supporting cast includes such wonderful people as Jan Sterling, Cora Witherspoon, Ellen Corby, and Sammy Colt (Ethel Barrymore's boy).

Your Reviewer Says: A rare treat.

Program Notes: Thelma Ritter was born in Brooklyn, and graduated from the Manual Training School there. Between pictures she lives in New York with her family and keeps busy as a beaver on radio programs. She and her husband, Joseph Moran, experienced some pretty lean years, but today Mr. Moran is a vice-president of an advertising agency. They have two children, Joseph Anthony and Monica Ann. Thelma's proudest possession, she claims, is a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica which she won for stumpng the experts on "Information Please" with a Shakespearean question . . . Gene Tierney's attractive wardrobe was designed by her husband, Oleg Cassini, and it is a knockout. This is Gene's twenty-first starring picture, and her favorite . . . This is the last picture in which you'll be seeing Jan Sterling playing a minor part. Paramount has decided that talented Jan will be one of their biggest stars as soon as "Ace in the Hole" is released. A week before she started this film Jan married Paul Douglas. Jan was born into New York society. But ever since she succeeded Judy Holliday as the dumb blonde in stage production of "Born Yesterday," she's been playing tramp roles.

**F 1/2** Halls of Montezuma (20th Century-Fox)

THAT excellent actor Richard Widmark, in a sympathetic role for a change, is the star of this factual saga of the Marine Corps which is told with grim realism. Dick leads his platoon on a dangerous mission—the capture of an island in the Pacific. Chosen to accompany him on this perilous expedition are Walter (Jack) Palance, Skip Homeier, Reginald Gardiner, Robert Wagner, Karl Malden, Neville Brand, Richard Hylton. Photographed in Technicolor, the battle scenes and amphibious landings are spectacular and impressive. All performances are good with special mention to Walter Palance, Reginald Gardiner and Richard Hylton.

Your Reviewer Says: A good war melodrama.

Program Notes: Richard Widmark, who plays a former professor, actually was a college professor before he became an actor. He taught dramatics and speech at Lake Forest U. . . . Speaking of coincidence, Walter Palance, who plays an ex-boxer, was a prizefighter. Also, he was a star fullback at the U. of North Carolina, became a B-24 bomber pilot during the war, and understudied Marlon Brando on Broadway. . . . Neville Brand, one of the most decorated soldiers of World War II, was a sergeant with the First Ranger Battalion and one of the few survivors of the famous Dieppe commando raid. . . . Richard Boone, who plays Lt. Col. Gihllian, is one of Zanuck's new discoveries. He's a Los Angeles boy and a veteran of 150 television shows . . . This is Richard Wagner's first screen role. Fitting that he should be cast as a Marine, as he belongs to the Marine Reserves. During the filming of the picture an officer called to find out why he hadn't reported to Camp Pendleton for training. Richard was at Camp Pendleton—training in front of cameras.
Southern exposure: Doris Day, Steve Cochran, Ginger Rogers in controversial drama about Ku Klux Klan

(A) Storm Warning (Warners)

SONGSTER Doris Day, who has been making with the light fantastic lately, has her first crack at dramatic acting in this violent melodrama and comes off remarkably well. Doris plays a waitress in a Southern town, married to truck driver Steve Cochran. Ginger Rogers steps off for a surprise visit to sister Doris, witnesses the murder of a newspaper reporter by the Ku Klux Klan, and later recognizes to her horror that her sister's husband is one of the Klan. Before Ginger gets out of town she is horsewhipped by the Klan, attacked by her brother-in-law, and subpoenaed by District Attorney Ronald Reagan who is trying to bring the Klan to justice. There's a thrilling climax, complete with burning cross and death. Steve Cochran gives a sock performance.

Your Reviewer Says: Meaty melodrama.

Program Notes: This film was shot in the small town of Corona, some sixty miles from Hollywood, during the Christmas holidays of 1949. Why its release was held up so long no one seems to know. When Director Stuart Heisler saw the Yale decorations all over Corona's main street he promptly incorporated them into the script by setting the time of action as the holiday season. It added a gruesome note . . . Ginger says that this is the most rugged picture she has ever been in. She took a fearful beating and mauling from Steve Cochran (and he has quite a bit to say about Miss Ginger's fingernails) and then had to be whipped by a cat-o'-nine-tails. The whip was the real article, but in the hands of an expert who knew how to bring it down on her back and curl it over her shoulders without inflicting actual harm . . . Broadway's Steve Cochran (he last appeared on the stage with Mae West in "Diamond Lil") has just about become Hollywood's most despicable henchman. But there's no doubt that he'll be handed his stardom after this performance.

(F) Pagan Love Song (M-G-M)

ESTHER WILLIAMS and Howard Keel make a handsome romantic twosome in this Technicolor musical. Howard sings divinely; Esther swims divinely; they make love divinely. But the story's on the tired side. Howard plays an Ohio schoolteacher who comes to Tahiti to take over the coconut plantation of his late uncle. He sees Esther dunking herself prettily and figures her as one of the native girls, a gag she strings along with. There's the usual lovers' misunderstanding. But a couple of their Tahitian friends, Rita Moreno and Charles Manu, bring them together for the clinch fade-out. The dance numbers are striking, the water ballet excitingly beautiful, and the songs 'way above par—including such potential hits as "The House of Singing Bamboo," "Sea of the Moon," "Singing in the Sun," and "I'm a Happy Fool."

Your Reviewer Says: Mighty fine singing and swimming.

Program Notes: Though located in Tahiti, Metro preferred to location its South Sea musical on the exquisite island of Kauai in the Hawaiian group. The green vegetation, glorious beaches and the volcanic topped mountains in the background were just what the cameraman ordered . . . Esther's husband, Ben Gage, commuted back and forth to see his wife while she was on location, but never could linger long as he had to supervise "The Trails," their restaurant, and mastermind the house they were building in Maunderlee Canyon. Esther insisted upon a house that's completely baby-proof. Non-skid rugs, screened fireplaces, covered wall sockets etc., . . . Howard Keel is happily married to an ex-ballet dancer and has a young daughter. His ambition is to play straight dramatic roles. Wouldn't you know, and with a voice like that! . . . Charles Manu is a real-life Tahitian prince . . . Rita Moreno is a former Puerto Rican dancer who recently made her debut in "The Toast of New Orleans."

BY LIZA WILSON

outstanding

good

fair

F—for the whole family

A—for adults

John Wayne and Patricia Neal are the stars of this action-filled story of U.S. submarine operations in the Pacific in 1943. John plays the rugged executive officer and later the skipper (following skipper Ward Bond’s death at sea) of the $18,000,000 Thunderfish. Patricia Neal is a Navy nurse in Honolulu, still in love with John, her divorced husband. Scott Forbes plays an officer on the Thunderfish; Philip Carey, a Navy pilot who marries Pat. Among other thrilling exploits, the Thunderfish alerts Pearl Harbor and stands by for the dramatic rescue of pilots.

Your Reviewer Says: Underwater drama.

Program Notes: John Wayne kept hitting it head against the protruding pipes in the crowded submarine, the threatened to come to the side. But he really wore, for many of the scenes, was a baseball-type cap he borrowed from his friend, Director John Ford. Mr. Ford was a Navy Commander during World War II and wore the cap in the Pacific. . . . Philip Carey, blond, 33”, with shoulders to match, did summer stock in the East and appeared in a number of plays in Miami. A talent scout got him a test and he was promptly given a role in this picture.

(F) Stage to Tucson (Columbia)

Rod Cameron and Wayne Morris are a couple of trouble shooters sent to Tucson by the Union military heads to check up on a flock of disappearing stage coaches. Roy Roberts is the profiteer who is doing the hijacking and selling them at still prices to the Confederacy. When Rod and Wayne aren’t stealing in this Technicolor Western they’re doing a Quirt-Flagg act over pretty Kay Buckley. Sally Eilers operates a saloon in Tucson and has a tender spot for Rod.

Your Reviewer Says: Shootin’, ridin’, fightin’.

Program Notes: Sally Eilers, top star of the 1930’s, makes one of her intriguing screen appearances in this film. Harry Joe Brown, the producer of the picture, was formerly Sally’s husband, and the father of her very handsome son – Rod Cameron. Hollywood and as young hero in this Technicolor Western they’re doing a Quirt-Flagg act over pretty Kay Buckley. Sally Eilers operates a saloon in Tucson and has a tender spot for Rod. Rod has since married Angela Laves-Lico.

(F) Sugarfoot (Warners)

Randolph Scott is the star of this Technicolor Western which is filled with the usual action, hard riding, fast shooting, dust and danger. Rand plays an ex-Confederate officer who croons to Prescott, Arizona, to make a home and fortune. He meets Adele Jergens, a singer at the “Diana” where the sporting crowd hang out, and when he acts like a man with her he tangles with Raymond Massey, the leader of the lawless mugs. “Cuddles” Sakall plays a frontier merchant who becomes Randy’s friend.

Your Reviewer Says: The usual.

Program Notes: Randolph Scott is 6’3” tall. Much of his fun mail, the studio says, comes from the Scandinavian and South American countries where, it seems, they like his heroes to be big, gentle and active. Adele Jergens first met Randy Scott when she was dancing in the chorus of a New York night club and Randy, a Hollywood movie star, visited the place. Songwriter Sammy Cahn introduced them and had Randy autograph the menu for her.
from 20th Century-Fox

the musical with the mostest...

THE ALL-TIME, BIG-TIME, GOOD-TIME SHOW OF THE YEAR!

Call me Mister

8 Swell Songs

I JUST CAN'T DO ENOUGH FOR YOU, BABY
JAPANESE GIRL LIKE AMERICAN BOY
LOVE IS BACK IN BUSINESS
LAMENT TO THE POTS AND PANS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

I'M GONNA LOVE THAT GUY
GOING HOME TRAIN
MILITARY LIFE
and CALL ME MISTER

BETTY GRABLE! —willing and able!
DAN DAILEY! —dancin' so gaily!
DANIEL THOMAS —laughter he'll promise!
DANIEL ROBERTSON —he's got love on the run!
BENAY VENUTA —who could be cuter!
DUNHILL DANCE TRIO —terrific from Paris to Rio!
HARRY VON ZELL —rings the bell!
RICHARD BOONE
JEFFREY HUNTER
FRANK FONTAINE

Directed by LLOYD BACON - Produced by FRED KOHLMAR
Written by ALBERT E. LEWIN and BURT STYLER - Suggested by the Musical Revue by Harold J. Rome and Arnold M. Auerbach
(Continued from page 21) with me. I think that eventually we will get married. My trouble is a jealous woman. She is my boy friend's boss. I usually stop in to see him once or twice a week. He is always glad to see me, because we can have dates only on Saturday night.

My stopping to see my boy friend makes this woman furious. The minute I arrive, she thinks of something for him to do, usually something in the plant where I can't follow him.

Can you tell me how I can keep this woman from spoiling the twenty to thirty minutes that my boy friend and I can manage to be together twice a week?

Callie Anne T.

I wonder if you haven't misunderstood this woman's attitude? Offhand, I would suspect that she isn't emotionally interested in this lad in a person, but only concerned about his doing a good job.

Hasn't your mother explained to you that it is to your employer's advantage to call upon a friend during his business hours? Your friend draws his salary upon the basis of a certain number of hours each day, and his employer's presumption is that those hours will be devoted to business. Have you stopped to think that some employers would have fired your friend the first time he received a social call?

Although seeing your boy friend once a week may seem to be a tragedy, there are worse things in the world, believe me. Furthermore, if he loves you, he will manage to keep in touch with you. It won't be necessary for you to take the initiative, and interfere with his activities during business hours.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

A boy who is in my class at school drove me home and parked on the way. He began to get fresh and when I told him to stop, he said if he couldn't get what he wanted, I could get out and walk. So I did.

That was the last time I gave that boy a date, although he asked me for girls.

He told me one day that I didn't have to be so holy, because half the girls in town were willing.

Well, one Saturday afternoon a gang of us was hanging out at Cokes when this boy and several others came to our table and started to talk. This boy said so that everyone could hear, "So you're the girl who walks back from a ride and then tells everyone in town." This made me mad because I hadn't told anyone except my mother. I suppose that he thought he could make me feel small by saying such things. I wanted to slap him, but I didn't. Maybe I should have.

I still have dates, but not as many as the other girls who don't seem to mind what boys say to them. It begins to seem that, in this world, if you're good, you're soft in the head.

Pat MacT.

You, too, could be more lovely attractive charming

Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm and attractiveness more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

- Odo-Ro-No is the only cream deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
- Odo-Ro-No is the deodorant that stays creamy longer—never gets gritty, even in open jar.
- No other cream deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
- No other deodorant is safer for skin.

*Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

ODO-RO-NO CREAM
The Deodorant without a Doubt

Guaranteed Full 24 Hour Protection

Claudette Colbert

If you were my daughter I would be so proud of you that I'd give you a big hug, and probably a new white formal.

Cling to your ideals and one day a fine boy will come along who will respect you and who will ask you to marry him. In after years your husband will never doubt you for being impatient.

The girls who have a great many dates usually have to accept dates with less desirable boys, simply to maintain a popularity ratio.

Incidentally, I'm glad you didn't slap this boy. Slapping anyone, at any time, is rude. It doesn't solve anything, it detracts frightfully from your charm, and it is likely to form a habit that will barrass you on some occasion when you lose your temper in front of people who good opinion you value.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-five years old, married, and have one wonderful son, now two year old, also another child on the way.

Married during the war. When I came back from overseas, my wife was living with her family. I went to college for one year under the G. I, bill, and because the institute was two hundred mile distant from my wife's parents' home, we were separated except over the weekend.

When the baby was born I quit school and got a job in this town. I did my best—but—as my employer said—I simply didn't have enough training along that line and had to be let out.

I have done everything to get another job but jobs are scarce in this area, and my wife refuses to go elsewhere. She riled me before her family and their guests, and in private says her love for me is dead.

In spite of that, she goes through my pockets, reads my mail, questions me closely when I am away from the house and accuses me of looking "with interest" at other women. She is constantly asking me to take out divorce papers, but when she brings it up I keep saying I'll take the matter to an attorney, she cried. Since you seem to be an understanding woman, perhaps you can help me. I want to do the right thing and hold my family together.

Mark E.

Don't you think it would be a good idea for you to talk this over with your family doctor? It is no novelty for pregnant women to develop neurotic traits.

There is one other thing you might do: You might make it a point to be especially kind and indulgent to your wife. Praise your eagle, demonstrative man, but somehow I think that if you would reassure her that she is important to you, that you want to maintain your marriage, and that you think she is pretty and desirable, you might respond favorably.

It might even be a good idea for you to move on to another city where you can get a job, being faithful about writing or telephoning to your wife every day. When you are established, you will be able to send for your family. If your wife feels that you are determined to take care of her, she will join you. I believe her clinging to her own family would indicate that she believes that her own safety lies with them.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of...
Women are buzzing about the amazing new enamelon ingredient that makes low-priced nail polish chip less, wear better, look brighter than high-priced polish.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT NEW YORK'S SHERRY-NETHERLANDS HOTEL.
CLOTHES BY RUSSEKS

If you're tired of paying high prices for nail polish that chips, peels or flakes off quickly—then here's thrilling news. • This is the true story of an amazing new miracle-wear ingredient called Enamelon. Found only in low-priced, luxury CUTEX polishes, including the beautiful new CUTEX Pearl Brilliance—it's guaranteed** to give incredible wear . . . to last longer, chip less than your high-priced polish. • Here, too, is a new conception of color—a wonderful range of fabulous high-fashion shades that hold their original lustre even after constant wearing. • New CUTEX costs only a fraction of high-priced polishes. Try it today!

NEW CUTEX
COLORGENIC LIPSTICK
made by an exclusive electronic process. Unbelievable lustre and color-fast . . . won't bleed, cake or wear off like many high-priced lipsticks. So inexpensive. Try it.

CUTEX
luxury nail polish

**Money back if not completely satisfied
"Be Lux Lovely," says Jane Powell

Here's the beauty care that guards her million-dollar skin

This radiant young star has a beauty tip for you. "My Lux Soap facials do wonders for the skin," says Jane Powell. "I just smooth on the rich, creamy lather and work it well in.

"Next I rinse with warm water, followed by a quick cold rinse. Right away my skin feels so much softer, smoother." That's because active lather cleanses thoroughly but very gently, too.

"To dry I pat my face with a soft towel. I can always depend on this easy care for quick new beauty." See what this Lux Soap care lovely screen stars recommend can do for you!
Once again it is Gold Medal Award time. The votes you, the movie-goers of America, have cast throughout the year for the pictures and performances you most enjoyed have been tabulated. And on the pages that follow, the winners are listed.

The presentation of Photoplay’s Gold Medals will take place on February 12 at a glittering reception which will be attended by hundreds of Hollywood’s leading players, directors, producers and writers.

Prior to the reception, the Lux Radio Theatre will offer a one-hour dramatization of the picture you most enjoyed over the CBS radio network (9 p.m. EST) with the original stars cast in the roles they played on the screen. On February 13 the nationwide network of the American Broadcasting Company (from 10:35 p.m. to 11 p.m. in all parts of the country) will feature the Awards ceremony as it was taped at the moment the most popular performers and those associated with the most popular pictures received their honors. Newsreels will cover the scene. And Ralph Staub will devote his popular short subject “Screen Snapshots” to it.

The presentation of Photoplay’s Gold Medals—based on the only poll that represents the choice of you, the people, for whom the movies are made, once again becomes an outstanding Hollywood event.

To the winners the editors of Photoplay offer their congratulations.

Fred Sammis
Top actor: John Wayne stirred the public with his performance in "Sands of Iwo Jima," won leading place among men.

Top actress: Betty Hutton scored with her rollicking role in "Annie Get Your Gun," was favorite among the women.
AGAIN Photoplay Magazine announces the results of its annual national poll, in which you, the people of America, vote for the pictures and performances you most enjoyed in 1950.

Since we began this poll seven years ago your tastes in performances and pictures have reversed themselves completely. In the beginning, in 1944 during the grim days of World War II, it was the gayer, lighter pictures that were, understandably enough, your favorites. And, above all, you voted for the players who had represented laughter to you.

Now, our Audience Research interviewers report that your tastes have become more sober and thoughtful. The past year has somewhat resembled the war-like atmosphere of the year in which we began this national poll. It has been a year of sad tension for America, containing the tragedy of Korea together with threats of another world war. But you no longer favor frivolity, as you did in 1944.

The Photoplay Gold Medal Awards for 1950 go to:

The picture "Battleground," the film you the people most enjoyed of all pictures released during the past year.

Actor John Wayne, for his role in "Sands of Iwo Jima," whom you voted as your most enjoyed actor in a given role.
"All the King's Men," a troubled political drama, with Anne Seymour, John Derek, Brod Crawford, John Ireland

"Twelve O'Clock High" reveals the effect of war on men's minds. Above, Gary Merrill, Greg Peck, Millard Mitchell

"Father of the Bride," with Don Taylor and Liz Taylor

"Adam's Rib," story of love, law and laughter, with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn


Actress Betty Hutton—your only deviation from grim reality to gaiety—for her most enjoyed performance in "Annie Get Your Gun."


The top five pictures in popularity are all serious
WINNERS FOR 1950

PICTURES

“Sands of Iwo Jima,” tough story of fighting Marines with John Agar, John Wayne. Role put Wayne in top place

“Lost Boundaries,” racial theme based on a true-life story, with Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer and Richard Hylton


“Cheaper by the Dozen” proved the more the merrier. Myrna Loy, Clifton Webb, Jeanne Crain, Bennie Bartlett

dramatic pictures—despite the fact that you the people always insist, “When I go to the movies, I want to forget my troubles.” Three of your five top-popularity pictures for 1950 were war pictures (“Battleground,” “Twelve O’Clock High” and “Sands of Iwo Jima”); one was a drama dealing with racial prejudice (“Lost Boundaries”); and another was the troubled political drama, “All the King’s Men.”

Sixth, seventh and tenth on the list of the ten most enjoyed pictures were comedies, “Father of the Bride,”
Ann Blyth—for her touching performance in “Our Very Own,” as the girl who discovers she is an adopted child

Claudette Colbert—for stark realism she gave role in harrowing Jap prison camp story “Three Came Home”

Broderick Crawford—for his convincingly portrayed ruthless politician in the picture “All the King’s Men”

Larry Parks—for the ingratiating quality he gave to his role as late beloved Al Jolson in “Jolson Sings Again”


Not long ago—in 1947—experts insisted the public wouldn’t patronize war pictures so soon after the finish of World War II; and that never would pictures dealing with racial prejudice be popular. You have proved the falseness of both suppositions. In 1948 you chose “Gentleman’s Agreement,” a film dealing with anti-Semitism as one of your top ten favorites. In 1949 “Home of the
WINNERS FOR 1950

PERFORMANCES

Joan Crawford—for the rags-to-riches glamour and dramatic appeal of her acting in "The Damned Don't Cry"

Gregory Peck—for his portrayal of man torn between discipline and sentiment in war story "Twelve O'Clock High"

Brave" (which dealt with the Negro's place in America) was your third favorite picture of the entire year. You also were strongly partial to the pictures "Pinky" and "Crossfire" in the past and now 1950's "No Way Out" is high in your favor, even though it didn't make the list. All of these pictures deal with racial prejudice.

Olivia de Havilland—for versatile talent she displayed as plain, unloved girl in dramatic story of "The Heiress"

Spencer Tracy—for the frustration, humor and sympathetic quality of his acting as the "Father of the Bride"

Two other films also have had a tremendous impact on you this past year—"The Men" and "All About Eve." However, they were released too late in the year to be included in the 1950 poll. (Continued on page 73)
She was born Norma Jean Dougherty in Los Angeles but was orphaned while a baby. She had a rough childhood. She was shuttled about from family to family as a child, often working her own way. Every time she got a dime she’d spend it on a picture show, seeing the bill over and over again, all day, all evening. It usually meant she got spanked when she got back home. But she thought it was worth it.

She was married at sixteen, out of high school by seventeen and divorced at eighteen. She won’t tell his name. “He’s married again and very happy, but I understand his wife doesn’t like his name associated with an actress,” she explains gently.

Her first big hit was the dove-like little gold-digger in “Asphalt Jungle.” She portrays another little dope in “All About Eve.”

She sleeps in a bed that is broad and low to the floor, without headboard or footboard and she dotes on big, fluffy comforters—but uses neither nightgown nor pajamas.

She isn’t in love but she would love to be. As for the Hollywood wolves, who really are on her doorstep, she snubs them.

Beauty catch: Marilyn Monroe of “Will You Love Me in December?”
PHOTOPLAY

PIN UP #2

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK POWOLNY
Daughter Barbara had a speaking line in "Payment on Demand"... "and earned $55," Bette boasts.

BY LIZA WILSON

That old magic

Our girl Bette is a very grateful character these days. She is grateful to Claudette Colbert because she bowed out of "All About Eve" after she twisted her spine in a backstairs tumble. She is grateful to the Curran Theater in San Francisco for being so heavily booked that director-writer Joe Mankiewicz, who insisted upon authenticity in his theater scenes for "All About Eve," couldn't wait for Claudette to recover.

Thanks to "All About Eve," Bette won herself a husband (Gary Merrill) and comes March, she also may win herself an Academy Award (Oscar). All in all, fairly lively going for Miss Davis.

Now it isn't so difficult, really, for an actress to get an Academy Award in Hollywood. It happens every year. It has happened to Bette twice. All a girl needs is a good part in a major production and enough acting (Continued on page 76)
Suddenly she was having fun again. The nightmare of the past was forgotten as Bette’s heels clicked gaily across the set—towards Gary Merrill.
Take away Jane Russell's success and she will still have what she needs for happiness.

Bachrach

Most young people in Hollywood pretend a little but Tony Curtis isn't afraid to let the world in on his dreams and ambitions.

Fink and Smith

Kirk Douglas doesn't hesitate to go after what he wants—but he knows when and how to give up.

Fink and Smith

these

Enchanted

people

BY ELSA MAXWELL
They have a gift for living that gets them—what they want

SOME people seem to be sublimely at home in this world. Whatever happens—whether it is a general event or something that affects them individually—they have the happy faculty of making it pay off to their advantage. Instead of serving life, as most do, they make life serve them. They seem to know, sometimes at the most incredibly early age, exactly what they want. And they go after whatever it may be with such confidence and direction that, of course, they get it.

In (Continued on page 97)

June Allyson may look cute and little girlish—but more worldly and sophisticated stars could take a lesson from her.

Life is simple for Jeanne Crain—once she sets her heart on anything, she goes her own sweet way.

Humphrey Bogart can take care of himself—but he never forgets that there are some people who can't.
John Wayne, Gold Medal winner for role in "Sands of Iwo Jima"
man alive!

BY JOHN FORD

A Gold Medal for John Wayne came as no surprise to his old friend and director—who's ready to swear the Duke can do everything harder and better than any man he knows!

I CAN'T think of a better time than now—when Duke Wayne is sitting on the top of the heap—to say that he's my boy. Always has been; always will be.

I've liked Duke's style from the very first time I met him, in 1928 when I went down to U. S. C. to hire some big hulking fellows to play football in "Salute," a film which I was making at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. Duke wasn't as big or as old as some of the other players I talked to. He was just a rangy, overgrown boy who looked too tall for his clothes. But there was something about the confident way he carried his body that caught my eye. I liked his easy, unaffected grin, too. So that night in the fraternity house I asked him to take over the job of (Continued on page 83)

"When things go wrong," says director John Ford, right, "Duke is a mighty fine man to have around"

Chata bought him a ceramics outfit—and John had a new hobby. But the only thing he's done so far is keep old shoes in the kiln!

Son Pat gets a taste of his dad's wild screen life—he has a bit part in "Rio Grande," filmed in Utah
PEOPLE wonder what ails me. In Hollywood these days, I seem to be getting it from all sides: One rumor has it that I am getting temperamental. Another reports that I haven't changed at all. Over the air, I hear it announced that my boss Samuel Goldwyn is finding me “difficult.” A second report states that I'm handling my career pretty well.

Confidential whispers insist I am about to get married. "They" say I am madly in love with Shelley Winters—but that Shelley is not in love with me. "They" say I am not in love with Shelley—but—isn't it sad?—she is madly in love with me.

Well, here's the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth from me about this whole batch of talk.

I have changed. I've changed a lot. What guy—what girl, for that matter—doesn't change between the years of seventeen and twenty-six, which is what I'll be this July first. And particularly with two years of war service in the middle of those nine years? But (Continued on page 104)

What is happening to Granger?
A great deal, according to this story. You will find the truth more amazing than any rumors
Betty couldn't sleep. The Michigan pictures had arrived that day, and all evening she'd been poring over the faces of old friends. They swung like bright bells through her mind, ringing back five fabulous days, ringing the past alive, too. The scenes kept shuttling, fading in and out.

From triumph to misery, from heartbreak to acclaim. Five days of honor and royal welcome. Bespangled carpets flung out for the home-town girl who'd become a movie star—for her mother who'd worked at the Chrysler plant in Detroit. Five days of cheers and tears, of thrills and laughter—a tour of glory and an emotional binge.

And always in the movie star's shadow walked a child, invisible, who'd smashed
In the beginning there was poverty and tears—and a little
girl fiercely proclaiming, “You wait, Mom, someday I’ll get you
out of this.” The turbulent story of Photoplay’s Gold

Medal winner and her fight to make that promise come true

LIFETIME

BY IDA ZEITLIN

Betty Hutton at home with
daughters Candy and Lindsay and her
portrait as the famed “Annie”
Betty, as a baby, with her mother, Mabel Thornburg, who became the sole support of her two daughters when their father, Percy, above with Betty, disappeared. Sister Marion, two years older, was never as restless as Betty.

Betty's whirling dervish style won nickname of "The Blonde Bombshell" after first film "The Fleet's In" with Ed Bracken, Dot Lamour, Bill Holden as singer and mistress of ceremonies, Betty entertained the troops at Oahu, Hawaii.

ALL IN HER LIFETIME

her small fists against walls of hopelessness. "You wait, Mom, someday I'll get you out of this. Someday I'll buy you a fur coat down to the ground. Someday I'll be a star—"

Nothing seemed less likely. Mom had drawn her close, to hide the thrust of pain. Betty pulled away. "You believe it, don't you, Mom—?

"Sure, honey, I believe it—"

"That's good, because it'll happen. And you know why?" Blue eyes blazed into her mother's. "I'll make it happen—"

She'd made it happen—from beerhall to band to night club to Broadway to movies, her indomitable spirit never wavering. There had been many payoffs. But these five days stood alone, if only because her mother had shared them...
To "Aunt" Cuma, the friend who was never too tired to help her "train," Betty sent this early picture.

Even dignified Cecil B. DeMille couldn't resist Betty's infectious "Hiya Dreamboat!" Above, with sister Marion, now a singer.

With her mother and husband Ted Briskin, in happier days. Although Betty revels in excitement, she yearns for the security of family life.

For role in DeMille's "Greatest Show on Earth," Betty practices aerial acrobatics.

The idea had sprung fullblown from some promotional brain at Paramount. "We want to premiere 'Let's Dance' in Detroit, Betty. And we want to key the whole thing around your mother."

Yelps from Betty. From Mom, who up to now had watched from the sidelines, "Oh, Betty, d'you think I can—?"

"Mom, we'll doll you up like Mrs. Astor never dreamed of. Start dancing now, because you're the belle of this ball. Me? Don't be silly. I'm just along for the ride—"

Things started buzzing at the Detroit landing field. Chryslers packed end to end. Banners this high: WELCOME, BETTY HUTTON AND MRS. MABEL HUTTON. Flashbulbs popping. People falling all over each other.

Mabel falling on the neck of her old forelady....

"Remember me, Betty?" Betty whirled. Mr. Miller, principal of Foch Intermediate. Remember him! She must have spent more time in his office than in the classrooms. Smiling, he handed her a couple of tattered textbooks. "Take a look at these. I thought you might like to keep them as souvenirs." In her own childish scrawl on the flyleaves: "I love J.S."

"Jack Smiley!" she whooped. "I bet he's married now and has fifteen kids."

"Last time I heard," said Mr. Miller, "only five—"

... Into the cars and down to City Hall, where Mayor Alfred Cobo gave them the keys (Continued on page 90)
There comes a time in many marriages of long duration when even the happiest of couples reach that critical season best described as "the dangerous years."

And, recently, the chill wind of those years seems to be circulating around the marriage of the Gary Coopers, who, for sixteen years, have been thought of as one of Hollywood’s most solidly happy couples.

The flurry started when, just before Christmas, stunning, social Mrs. Cooper took their thirteen-year-old daughter, Maria, to New York. Gary remained in Hollywood.

Then came the torrent of rumors—were the Coopers going to break up? Was Gary going to leave the home which has been run so perfectly for him all these years and return to the man-around-town life he had lived so fully before his marriage?

Were we again going to be shocked as completely as we were at the Robert Montgomerys’ parting after twenty-two years, the Bob Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck break-up after eleven years and the even more tragic story of the Henry Fondas?

To prophesy what is going to happen in any Hollywood marriage is sticking your neck out a mile—but there are many reasons why the Coopers may try to weather current differences. Gary adores their daughter. He is proud of her and after I broke the story that Rocky was (Continued on page 95)
Even the happily married Gary Coopers couldn't escape the critical season known as "the dangerous years"
When TROUBLE comes in pairs

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

When the other half of a star marriage

has a finger in the career pie—it stirs up

trouble, depending on who's married to whom

Having two star careers in one family can be a handicap—unless one of the

Things might be different if Sue Ladd hadn't made that decision before she married Alan

People said "fine" when Judy wed Vincente Minnelli—and forgot something important

The Dick Powells had the last laugh
"My wife just couldn't understand," Dan Dailey told me at the time of his last break-up with Liz. "My world is so completely different from hers. She doesn't like show business or my friends. And how can either of us do a good job or be happy under those circumstances?"

It takes a very special type of understanding to be married to a movie star. You have to know when to be around, when to be absent—when to be possessive, when to be patient—when to talk, when to "take it." And it's difficult for the star, too, who has to reconcile the demands of both spouse and studio.

One of the hates of every movie producer is the mate of the movie star who insists on offering unsolicited advice. They'd rather have a movie mama to deal with any day—and they don't (Continued on page 81)
Pull up a chair and follow these Hollywood directions for putting yourself at ease in the social picture.

SOME people treat a chair as if they had squatters' rights... when you should give the impression that you float into a sitting position. Hal Belfor, U-I's coach, teaches starlets to sit down, get up, and walk gracefully. To sit down, use four counts. One: Step towards the chair. Two: Bring your feet together. Three: Turn. Four: Lower yourself to a sitting position. Use four counts to rise, too. One: Rest your arms or hands on the chair arms or chair seat. Two: Raise your body. Three: Put right foot forward. Four: Bring left foot forward, too. To stand as you should, raise your body up to its full height. This will pull in tummy and derriere and lift your shoulders.

Gene Tierney, above, illustrates the jack-knife approach. This is guaranteed to raise a laugh from the people behind you. But, take a graceful step backward, like Gene, below, and land with poise intact.

On the edge of disaster: Gene, above, settles down with a good book—but she'll land on the floor for sure. This may rest the arches but it's murder on the spine. You'll enjoy the book (and people will enjoy looking at you) if you relax like Gene, below.
sitting pretty

by Vicky Riley

The eager-beaver pose of "let's get really chummy" attitude taken by Gene, opposite, shows what happens to even a pretty girl in this position. For graceful contrast, Gene, below, is sure to keep the talk—and admiring glances—headed her way when she sits back and takes it easy.

Gene Tierney of "On the Riviera," is all set to go—two ways. Upper right, she's the awkward type with a load on her chest. Below, she has a hand to spare for her friends—and looks like a lady who knows how to shop.
Red, green, white check is used in dining area. Prints come down when movies are shown on wall.

Hand-carved beams frame fireplace alcove, with its red fireside benches. At left is music room, den.

Is your home a relic of the past or is it, like Shirley Temple's, bright proof that houses can change along with the people who live in them?
Nancy Davis, Marie Windsor, Gretchen Adamson greet Audrey Totter with gifts

Barbara Hale, left, Barbra Fuller, Nancy, Audrey
whip up curtains, towels for Audrey's new house

Floor show: The lack of furniture didn't bother them—they just spread a cloth in front of the fireplace so
wiener could be easily roasted. Clockwise, are Betty, Marie, Gloria, Gretchen, Nancy, Audrey, Barbara, Barbra

Close-up of Audrey's picnic menu
When a Hollywood bachelor girl buys her own home—

that's news. When friends pitch in and sew

for their supper—that's a party

RECENTLY Audrey Totter, bored with apartment house living, decided to enjoy the secure and happy feeling of owning a house. When a bachelor girl in Hollywood buys a home for herself that's news.

As soon as Audrey's little dream place, a modest, attractive two-bedroom home in Brentwood, was out of escrow, she got on the phone and called Marie (Continued on page 100)
FAITH—and five million dollars

by Maxine Arnold

The unbelievable story that began ten years ago—when a great producer saw a chubby fifteen-year-old girl and knew she could become the star Faith Domergue is today

THIS is a story of faith.

Twenty-five years ago while a twenty-year-old young Texan was taking over the management of the Hughes Tool Company and oil interests which he had just inherited, an infant girl was born in the colorful French Quarter of New Orleans. Ten years ago the paths of this man and this girl crossed in Hollywood—and, promptly, they began to live a Cinderella story that has taken ten years to complete.

The man is Howard Hughes, whose brilliance as a builder of airplanes, speed records, oil tools and motion picture stars has made him an almost legendary figure. The name

Expressions of Faith
Color by Bachrach
Hughes finally decided to hold "Vendetta" and introduce Faith to the public in "Where Danger Lives." Below, on set with producer John Farrow and co-star, Bob Mitchum, Faith, listening to voice recordings, had to spend weary month...
A devoted wife and mother, Faith is married to Hugo Fregonese, South American director, now with Hollywood studio. They have a daughter, Diana

Other than improving her figure—she's a slim 120 pounds—Hughes allowed no change made in her physical appearance. She is the cameraman's joy—photographs well from every angle. Placid and feminine off-screen, she's sultry, smoldering in films.
Dainty Sally Forrest is currently in M-G-M's "Vengeance Valley"

Smart investment for now and later is this rayon suit with its tiny, fashion-wise checks. Soft roll collar, curved hip pockets give it dress-up charm.

Figure-flattering, it comes in sizes 7 to 15, 10 to 20, 10 plus to 20 plus.

In navy or black with white check, gray with yellow or tan with cream.
A Weathervane suit by Handmacher, $25.00 at Kresge—Newark, N. J., Schuneman's, St. Paul, Minn.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 80

Liz Scott, of Hal Wallis's "Quantrell's Raiders," wears the original suit by Michael Woulfe in scene with Jane Greer in RKO's "The Company She Keeps"

Spring tonic: On opposite page—a Jaunty Juniors reproduction of the Liz Scott—Michael Woulfe bolero suit. In the new bright blue, it has youthful appeal with removable white pique trim on waist-length jacket. Slim skirt has soft pleats stitched below the waist. In rayon flannel, it also comes in tan or gray, sizes 7-15. Around $39.95 at Charles F. Berg, Portland, Ore., Jenny's, Cincinnati, O. and stores on page 91. Pearls by Marvella.
Monica Lewis makes her screen debut in M-G-M's "Excuse My Dust"

**sophisticated**

**APPROACH**

to spring

A lady enters the picture—in a suit designed for every smart occasion. In worsted sheen gabardine, distinctive jacket has double link closing, tiny check trim outlining the wide lapels. Skirt has stitched center pleat faced with the same check. Sizes 10-18 in navy, black, beige or gray, all with check trim. Around $65.00 by Lilli Ann at Saks 34th St., New York, N. Y. The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Straw roller by Stetson

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturers listed on page 80
Marcia Phelps—her friends envy her flawless complexion.

Marcia Phelps met her fiancé, David Guilford Morse, at a wedding last June. Now, their own wedding day is set—a charming church ceremony in Chicago's smart suburb, Glencoe—with six bridesmaids and Marcia a regally lovely bride.

Marcia has a beauty that captures the imagination. Her face so vividly expresses her real Inner Self... with its dramatic, wide-set eyes, cool, white-ivory skin, exciting look of loving life! The minute you see her, you feel you must know Marcia better.

Marcia Phelps—her friends envy her flawless complexion.

“Haven’t you felt the way others respond when you look your prettiest?”

Marcia feels that the first step toward looking lovely is an exquisitely clean, soft skin. “I adore using Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says. “This cream cleansing is so thorough, never-drying. It leaves my skin smooth and definitely clean.”

You, too, will love Pond’s Cold Cream care for your face. Use it every night (for day cleansings, too)—this way:

**Hot Stimulation**—a quick hot water splash.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond’s Cold Cream over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

**Cream Rinse**—more Pond’s to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—doesn’t your face look sparkling? And it feels smooth-as-silk!

It’s not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you know you look your best, it lets a sweet assurance ripple out from the real You within—draws other people to you on sight!

Get a big jar of fluffy Pond’s Cold Cream today.
Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Kathryn Grayson "Grounds for Marriage" dress in sizes 9—11—13—15—17.

Name ................. Size .........
Street ................................
City .......... State .... Age ....

Kathryn Grayson in original dress designed by Helen Rose for M-G-M's "Grounds for Marriage"

It's that exhilarating time of the year when the girl who sews is ready to wear—a dress like this. Easy to make, its simple lines show off the tiny checks that are smart this season. Crisp white pique dickey sets off revere front. Deep pique cuffs are removable. Try it in Celanese's Feathercheck—a rayon that feels like flannel.

For detailed pattern drawings see page 80
younger than anything!

...even newer than anything!

meet the newest thing in reform circles...a wonderful new kind of nylon, nylon made absorbent, silky-feeling, even more wonderful on the body...by a brilliant new process called "nylonizing" is the name. We give it to you first in the world...in the lightest, youngest nylon net figuremaker you've ever worn. We call it "little bit" because that's the size of it and that's the way it feels on the body...but it does a powerful job of slimming and trimming and it has the marvelous Jantzen-exclusive knitted "breathing top" to minimize your waist the easy way. White and delicate pink...girdles and panty-girdles 5.95 to 7.50...at most stores.

P. S. Jantzen has the most wonderful bras...with concentric-stitched cups...also in nylonized nylon!
This was the month in which premieres took precedence over parties—that's for sure. And provided just as much fun and excitement, especially with some of the late spot doings that followed the super-duper pre-showings and openings. We'll take up the doings and datings and duds in chronological order and, believe us, some of the datings and some of the duds were full of surprises!

First came the colorful opening of Warner's "Breakthrough." Movies, we should tell you, often open later in their home town than they do elsewhere in the country. In the big turnout that laughed, cried and loved it, was John Agar, one of its stars, beauing Susan Morrow, just when (Continued on page 77)

MARCH

Breezy gossip from Hollywood where light as the girls take their places at gala openings

AIRS

fashion takes the spot-light

By Edith Gwynn
one of a series of marvelous new Lilli Ann suits for spring, awarded the Fashion Academy Gold Medal for 1951 for “exquisite design, superb styling, lovely fabric, fine tailoring, smooth elegance ... the custom-made look.” This one has the season’s most exciting, most flattering color-stitched jacket ... comes in finest virgin wool sheen gabardine, superbly tailored over custom innerbody with custom-like half-lined skirt ... only in navy ... sizes 10 through 20 ... about ninety dollars ... at most stores.
As the wife of Lee Bonnell and the mother of three boys, Gale Storm of "Al Jennings of Oklahoma" never thought of herself as different from other stars—until the time she surprised a certain Hollywood newspaper columnist into laying the biggest egg of his career.

The story begins the day Gale dropped by her publicity agent's office with some eggs from her chicken farm. Soon after she...
As for your most enjoyed actors, after John Wayne—again in alphabetical order: Branderick Crawford in "All the King's Men"; Larry Parks in "Jolson Sings Again"; Gregory Peck in "Twelve O'Clock High"; Spencer Tracy in "Father of the Bride." You will notice that three of your tops-in-enjoyment actresses acted in pictures that were not on your top ten picture list—Olivia de Havilland, Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford. The same holds true for one lone male, Larry Parks. Now for a brief look at the difference of the sexes among you the people. The women of America outdistance the men in supporting all five of the tops-in-enjoyment actresses. (Joan Crawford's following among women exactly doubles her following among men!) It is the women again who out-race men in rushing to see actors Gregory Peck and Larry Parks. Only two of the top ten actors and actresses have more men followers than women: Spencer Tracy and Branderick Crawford. John Wayne is an actor who is equally popular with both sexes.

It is interesting to know how you answer the question, "If you were passing a theater showing a movie you'd never heard of, which star's name on the marquee would immediately decide you to buy a ticket?" Your immediate reaction is that, of all the top ten players, the name Gregory Peck would lure you into a theater. After him in marquee magnetism are Olivia de Havilland and Spencer Tracy, running at a dead tie.

It is the boys and girls between twelve and seventeen who, together, form the largest group of Betty Hutton's admirers. The same holds true of Ann Blyth. Boys from twelve to seventeen are solidly behind John Wayne, and girls of the same age bracket are Larry Parks's biggest group of fans. The same girls are even more delirious about Gregory Peck—closely followed by their sisters from eighteen to thirty, and the rest of the female population from thirty-one years of age up.

It is these older women (from thirty-one up) who most like Olivia de Havilland, Claudette Colbert, and Joan Crawford—with Joan finding by far her strongest following in this group. Women of the same age also like Spencer Tracy—the actor who, alone of all the top ten stars, has his widest following among adult men from the age of thirty-one up. Branderick Crawford scores more than the other nine with people in the eighteen-to-thirty age group.

There are a few other fascinating facts. Big-city folk enjoy Branderick Crawford twice as much as country people do. And people in the lower income brackets like John Wayne better than those in the higher brackets do. All the other eight top stars are liked equally well by all people in all sizes of cities or towns.

Also, as always, you the people helped your favorite younger players shoot up in popularity during the year 1950. Elizabeth Taylor rose faster than any other young actress in your estimation, followed by Yvonne de Carlo. Among the actors, you cheered on those mad young comedians Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, giving...
Everybody wants to hug me! I use new

Mennen Baby Magic

SKIN CARE!

...checks diaper odor...diaper rash
Bury your nose in my warm little neck. Smell good, don't I? Smooth your hand over my chubby little body. Better than satin, isn't it? My mother treats me to Mennen Baby Magic Skin Care, after my bath and with each diaper change. Smells lovely! Feels wonderful—because it has something special in it. New, protective "Purateen"! I even caught Mom borrowing from my unbreakable Squeeze Bottle for her skin. Can you beat it!

I like silky-soft Mennen Baby Powder, too!
Finest, softest powder made, with that delicate rosebud scent everybody loves. Gay Mother Goose pictures on the can. Plus an exciting Built-in Rattle. Makes powder time play time. Wonderful toy, when empty.

choice of nursery colors

MENNEN

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The End

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HELP CRIPPLED CHILDREN

EVERY SEAL YOU USE HELPS CRIPPLED CHILDREN

The National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Inc., Chicago 3, III.
Are you in the know?

Which keeps your velvet duds date-worthy?
- A steam iron
- Cellulose tape
- Mothballs

Those velvets and velveteens you're strut-
ing in, nowadays, need to be de-wrinkled. De-
linted. Never iron velvet; hang your duds in a steam-filled bathroom. Cellophane tape wrapped around your fingers (sticky side out), picks up lint. Date-worthy clothes must have good care. And doesn't it make good sense, on "those" days, to care what kind of sanitary protection you have? Insist on Kotex. That special safety center gives extra protection. Keeps you de-flustered!

What to do about kingsize pores?
- Mask 'em with makeup
- Make like an owl
- Tighten up

Can your complexion take a daytime close-
up? If not, you needn't play the night-owl circuit (to avoid "revealing" light). And heavy makeup's no go. To help delittle large pores, sud your face thoroughly, and often; then "tighten" with cold splashings and a good astrigent. Come calendar time, you can take your place in the sun or limelight, confidently. For those special, flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. No fear that anyone "knows" — with Kotex!

If his "competition" calls you, what's your cue?
- Be brief
- Linger on the line
- "Sorry, wrong number"

Be a-ring! And you chat for hours with the buzz boy—while your date smoulders on the family sofa. Think he's impressed? Ha... ha. Be brief! Else next time you're waiting for his call, don't ask for whom the bell rings. It's not for you. But at problem time, one of the 3 Kotex absorbencies will seem "made to order" for you. Try Regular, Junior, Super (different sizes, for different days). You'll wonder why you never thought of trying all 3 before!

To gals-in-the-know, does "Junior" mean—
- A prom
- A dress department
- A type of sanitary protection

A certain type of togs may be devoon for your gal-pal—but for you 'tain't necessarily so, because different gals have different needs. On problem days, as well. That's why Kotex comes in 3 absorbencies. And if you prefer a slightly narrower napkin, you'll want to choose Junior Kotex. Many girls find it gives just the right absorbency; fits more comfortably. Buy Junior Kotex in the Green Box.

Have you tried Delsey?
Delsey* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

Want to throw the most-fun party of the season? Plan a costume jamboree—with gals rigged in their Moms' old "twenties" outfits. (And maybe the boys' Dads could supply plus-fours.) Have a Charleston contest; with prizes. And even if calendar problems threaten you, don't retreat. Choose Kotex. With that new downy soft-
ness that holds its shape, you're set for hours of comfort—for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. So, as a confident hostess—you'll be "the bee's knees"!

How to win a reputation as a top-flight hostess—
- Hire a caterer
- Take on airlines job
- Give a "twenties" party

More women choose KOTEX®
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*U. S. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
That Old Magic

(Continued from page 38) know how not to ruin it. But getting a good husband is something else. The bachelor girls of Hollywood are not bachelor girls because they like it, and you can say that again. Bette was in the studio at Twentieth Century-Fox studios early one Sunday morning last April when Gary was testing for the part of the young director in "All About Eve." Bette had been invited to him in "Three O'Clock High" and she had heard his voice over the air many times on such New York radio programs as "Theater Guild," "Helen Hayes Theater," "Theater of the New Ear." And she had never met until that eventful Sunday morning.

"Certainly wonderful of you to come to the studio on a Sunday," Gary said to her.

"For this part," said Bette, "I would come to the studio seven days and nights a week.

The first two weeks the company worked at the Curran Theater in San Francisco. Bette, who usually has more pep than a bottle of vitamin pills, was a mess. Her marriage with artist William Grant Sherry left her dazed and disoriented, as seen in brutal headlines. She was hurt, humiliated and heart-sick. She kept strictly to herself. Bette never dramatizes herself. If she has a problem to work out she never works it out with a man. As P. J. Westmore, formerly director of make-up and hair styling at Warner Brothers, once told me, "If Bette's heels went da-da-da down the corridor in the morning, she wasn't in any of the spots and we'd have lots of yaks. But if they went dum—dum dum I knew she was worried and would sit in silence for hours.

In the Curran Theater those heels went dum—dum—dum. The cast was considerate and busy. They left Bette alone. "I was miserable, utterly," said Bette. But one member of the cast was most sympathetic. Gary Merrill. Would Miss Davis like coffee? A cigarette? A sandwich? Someone murdered? "You don't know when you fall in love," Bette answered the question I shot at her. "I guess I just liked Gary from the beginning," she added. "It was a thought was wonderful. And we fell in love while working in the picture."

"Following the first kiss?" I suggested.

"Possibly the second," said conservative New England Bette.

And she added hastily, "Now, really, I'm too old for romance stories. That's kid stuff. Let's just say I am wonderfully happy. I feel that this is a good marriage."

Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Howard Hawks, Randolph Scott, Bette Davis, and many others of the company noted that Miss Davis and Mr. Merrill found a lot of things to discuss in Miss D's dressing room. It seems they da-da-da across the set, once more she laughed easily and heartily in the Davis manner.

Following Gary Merrill's El Paso divorce (which he married Bette in 1941 to Barbra Leed but had long been separated) Bette flew out from New England where she had been vacationing with her family and daughter Barbara. Bette and Gary were married at the Hollywood Masonic Temple on July 31st.

"We drove East after we were married," said Bette. "I have driven across the country several times in the past, but Gary never had done so. And he thinks he never will again. One thing was great fun. We stopped at auto courts all across the country and were seldom recognized.

They carried cameras along. "We tried to take a few snapshots of each other for the fun of it," said Bette. But after a half-hearted go at photography they gave it up. Neither of them knows one end of a camera from the other. "Gary thought he'd take pictures of me to show Bette and Gary have their picture) without him. So when it was shown in Hollywood re- view Gary's pictures, there were bruises on Bette's honeymoon for the records. He isn't a sentimental person ordinarily."

"Maybe not ordinarily. But about some things Gary can be very sentimental. He didn't like it when I saw "All About Eve" (some couples have their song, but Bette and Gary have their picture) without him."

When it was shown in Hollywood re- view Gary's pictures, there were bruises on Bette's honeymoon for the records. He isn't a sentimental person ordinarily."

"A sentimental gesture, utterly," said Bette. Then she eagerly pointed out that Barbara had received $55 for speaking one line. Not bad for the child of divas, to who she'd promised "Bette is 285 a $35 a week," said Bette proudly.

Bette and Gary honeymooned at West- port Island in Maine. They lived in one of the back-to-nature shacks, same bath- room, and synthetic food, but Bette and Barbara visited them for a week, and contrasted the way they spent the week was completely dismayed by the Choc Sale. Bette did the cooking on a wood stove by the light of a kerosene lamp. Gary bathed Barbara in fish tanks, was interested in cooking. But Westport Island brought out a hitherto undiscovered domestic streak. "I specialized in soups," said Bette. "Definitely not the kind that comes out of cans. It was quite an experience cooking on a wood stove. Maine was dry this summer and we had to have bottled water. Between bringing in the wood for the stove and rowing the boat for additional wood for water, Gary was a very busy groom."

At the end of three weeks the Merrill's moved on the Prouts Neck, Maine, where they spent two months—until the time Gary had to leave for Germany in "Legion of the Damned" for Twentieth.

"Gary used to spend summers at Prouts Neck when he was a child," said Bette. "He had childhood summers at near- by Ocean Park."

I asked Bette to describe Gary Merrill.

"I don't know how to describe him," said Bette. "When he was born the mould was already on him. He is definitely individualist. He doesn't care what anyone thinks of him. He does what he believes in—and that's that. This I envy in him very much. I care a great deal what people think of me."

Gary Merrill is an actor's actor. He loves to act, and lives to act. Unlike so many New York actors, he doesn't think of retirement as a "gray train" and "a way to make a fast buck." Born in Windsor, Connecticut, he has always wanted to be an actor as far back as he can remember. To please his father, an insurance man, Gary Merrill Cole, where he received some excellent advice from the Dean. . . . "If acting is what you want to do, don't waste four years here."

"Sure have," said Gary enthusiastically. And that's for sure.
March Airs
(Continued from page 70) everybody thought Mona Knox was the gal he couldn't do without. Also, Wanda Hendrix, looking real cute in a shortish white evening gown, topped by a little black evening wrap with tiny matching muff, was with newsman Nils Larson (but her newest crush is designer Bob Boyle); and Ann Miller was with Charles Isaacs (Eva Gabor's ex) and hot hotel man Conrad Hilton, as everyone would expect.

What's more, Ann got lost from Charles and, when we last saw her, she was wandering around the parking lot looking for him or his car. Ann was all done up in a slinky, floor-length, very tight silver lame gown and a white mink cape-stole. (You couldn't imagine a more divine costume for searching—huh?) Joan Crawford was there man-less, with the Frank Lovejoy—and Frank is so-o-o good in "Breakthrough." Ditto for David Brian who with his wife, Adrian Booth, drove up in an Army jeep and got a big hand from the crowd in front of the theater.

There were a lot of Marine generals and Army brass at the inspiring ceremonies on stage preceding the picture. Others who enjoyed them were the Gordon MacRae, Janet Leigh, with Tony Curtis (she wore bountiful blue taffeta, mucho tiny flowers in the center of the bodice and more in her hair), Gene Nelson with Mirlin Franklin Nelson, Bob Stack with Claudette Thornton, stunning in a rather tailored blue faille, floor-length evening gown. She's his best girl—and don't let anyone tell you different! He even goes shopping with her and helps pick out some of the lovely things she wears. We know because we caught 'em at it in Beverly Hills!

Tail, statuesque Noel Neill was stunning in a very elegant gown that was a pale yellow sheath, embroidered all over in paillettes that shaded from yellow to gold. It had a new feature in a strapless bodice of gray taffeta that looked almost like a "raised sash"—with its hanging drape starting from just above the waistline, that terminated in two wide panels sweeping almost to the floor. She wore a lot of heavy gold jewelry—so knock out with the knockout color combination of yellow and gray, anyway!

Mocambo really has started (?) something with its Monday night Community Sings! Sure—we know this sort of thing has been going on for years and you may ask, "How corny can they get in Filmtown? But the supposed sophisticates around here went w-a-a-a-d for the old fashioned tunes, the colored slides flashed on the portable screen at the end of the dance floor and joined in with such vigor, we couldn't help but wonder where in heck did all these ring-troters, including plenty of almost youngsters, learn all the words???

ANYWAY, with Harry Crock as m.c. and radio star Art Baker "conducting" (and singing) the vocals; with an impromptu barroom quartet composed of Bob Stack, restaurateur Dave Chansen, sports writer Vince Flaherty, and Charlie Farrell singing "By the Sea" plus "When Irish Eyes are Smiling"; and other celebrity volunteers winning such prizes as a turkey, a sack of oranges, a live pig and a case of champagne, it was really fun. Mocambo is replacing its Charleston nights with the Community Sings—at least for a while—and they're sure going over! And why not, when Freddie Carger, whose great and for the most part, hot little band plays most of the better parties, gives with the dance music on these occasions?

Barbara Payton and Franchot Tone, a two soon to be one, Vic Damone with Susan Cabot, Louella O. Parsons, Yvonne

different as snowflakes

"Snowflake" Bentley,
the homespun Vermont scientist, proved with thousands of pictures that no two snowflakes are exactly alike.

Millions of housewives,
in more millions of washings, have proved there's no soap exactly like Fels-Naptha . . . nothing else that washes sheets, shirts, and all white goods literally "as white as snow."

For downright ability to keep clothes clean there's nothing like soap . . . and no soap like Fels-Naptha.

Use Fels-Naptha Chips in your machine or tub.

Keep Fels-Naptha Bar handy for high-spotting collars, cuffs and other heavily soiled articles.

Remember only Fels-Naptha gives you
1. Mild, golden soap.
2. Gentle, active naphtha.
De Carlo with Jock O'Mahoney (her ex-fiancé who are dating again)—after busting up with all those recriminations—remember? Janie Powell and Geary Steffen, the Ezio Pinzas, Marta Toren and Ronald Reagan—were just a handful who joined the chorus.

At Mocumbo, late the other night, we saw Lana Turner, Bob Topping, Ava Gardner with her manager, Ben Cole, and the Van Hofmans talked together. Also producer Bill Dozier with Linda Darnell, Linda, smart gal knows that a gorgeous brunette looks even more gorgeous in simple white and was gowned thusly.

LANA looked more luscious than usual (if that's possible) in a low-cut black satin gown, even lower than that in a heart shape cut at center bodice where she pinned her beautiful wing-like diamond clips. Her hair was piled very high with very blonde braids (false or otherwise) and we were sitting close enough to note that the three or four small diamond clips that studded her hair-do were either a couple of pairs of diamond earrings she wasn't using that evening, or a few odd diamond clips she had lying around the house. But they weren't rhinestones, Toots!

Jeanne Crain with Paul Brinkman (she in deep rose satin, white ermine wrap and lots of rhinestone jewelry), the Danny Kayes, Joan Crawford in a dream dress of red taffeta (one bare shoulder—the other heavily covered with deeper red roses), Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell were other stay-up-laters.

Knowing how much Linda Darnell and Bill Dozier are seeing each other, and ditto for Joan Fontaine and Collier Young, we really had to blink catching Dozier and Joan F. cozily and happily laving over dinner together at La Rue a few nights later. She looked so smart that evening in a street dress that was a long-sleeved sheath of emerald-green wool jersey, over which she wore a belted, sleeveless jerkin of rust-colored velvet with a huge "jewel" encrusted gold arrow thrust through the belt of rust-colored leather. The Robin Hood effect was completed with Joan's tiny, green felt peaked hat from which a long stiff quill jutted forward.

Then, of course, there was an opening of another sort—meaning the Hollywood Park race track. And that certainly has never been nor would be complete without hoss owners and hoss lovers, Betty Grable and Harry James. La Grable was wearing another of her perennial favorites at the track that day, a pencil-straight, slim-hipped (what else?) dressmaker suit of light cocoa-brown wool. Tailored, yet with feminine touches in the way of stitching and shaping in the matter of its coat collar and cuffs, and with buttons covered with the suit material. Hip-length coat was slightly nipped in at the waist. Only one pocket—a breast pocket on the jacket. The skirt was so tight that only its slit permitted walking with ease. Betty's gloves, shoes and bag were of darker brown cobra. Her hat was a matching tiny flat felt with a little grosgrain ribbon cockade toward the front.

...
Now then, we come to just about the most enjoyable "opening" of 'em all! But with the movies of such quality already mentioned, how can we or anyone say "most" anything about it? However, we never expect to witness a more hilarious event than the press preview (though it turned out to be a "ball" for the town's topers besides!) of "Born Yesterday!" And take our word, a new star was born. Of course, we mean Judy Holliday, who scored a hit in the play on Broadway, who almost didn't get the screen version for her very own.

And that's what the picture turned out to be—her very own! We sure hope the rumor that it won't be released for many months yet, isn't true. What a treat you—all have coming in this hilarious movie that Judy just wraps up and walks away with! Never have heard such raves from old-timers and newcomers as those that were heard when the lights went up.

You could still hear them later at Mo-cambo because it happened to be the same night that Carl Brisson bowed in at that spot. And what a big success he scored. His dots-in-law, Rosalind Russell, wasn't the only applause for Carl, whose vitality and attractiveness continues to amaze everyone. Van Johnson got up and sang a chorus of "Oh, You Beautiful Doll!" with him, as did Red Skelton. Adele Jergens, in a lovely short evening gown of ametyst chiffon, Betty Garrett and Larry Parks, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Patricia Medina (in a short, simple, puffed-sleeved black velvet cocktail dress) with Richard Greene (together but not yet reconciled), Terry Moore and Roddy McDowall, the John Dereks, Rhonda Fleming with Ronald Reagan (he sure gets around!), the Jerome Courtlands—were some of the ringers who called Brisson back for more and more encore.

And oh, gee!—nearly forgot—Shelley Winters was re-dating with Farley Granger. But what we started to say was that Shelley got herself all done up in a very 'nakedy' black sequin evening gown, complete with masses of pale silver blue mink for a wrap and special hair-do—the works! Then Farley showed up to take her to the "Born Yesterday!" preview all un-done in a sports suit plus blue shirt! She told a reporter, "I could have killed him!"

THE END

Betty Garrett makes intriguing necklace by folding velvet ribbon to V-point in front, embroidering it with silver, gold, turquoise, pearl beads.
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PHOTOPLAY'S
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Detailed drawings, above, of the Kathryn Grayson dress on page 68
learn this Barbizon Secret...

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Easter Beauty in Barbizon’s own rayon crepe with lavish all-nylon lace trim. This is “Ebonair”, designed in Barbizon’s patented 3-piece suit. There’s fashion news in the scoop neckline . . . the deep cut-out lace hem. White or Black . . . $5.

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to some fun and facts—on
“hollywood’s busiest phone numbers”
directed to you
by Hedda Hopper
read her gay story in
april photoplay, on sale March 9

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cally glance towards him or approval. Even when their "Romeo and Juliet" laid an egg on Broadway, Vivien still looked toward Larry for approval. In her sight her mate can do no wrong.

I met the Oliviers first in 1937 in London after they had just returned from Denmark, where they had starred on the stage in "Hamlet." Ever since that first "Hamlet," they have played their public and private lives. In fact, you wouldn't know where the working life ends and the home begins. Even before their marriage, Vivien accompanied Larry to Hollywood where her wish was to appear in "Wuthering Heights," with no thought of making a movie herself. Then David Selznick starred her in "Gone with the Wind." And they were both on the way up.

To get back to Juliet, it is fantastic that Olivia de Havilland has shelved her Hollywood career, for two years probably, to play Juliet on Broadway and across the country. I just couldn't find the right picture to make in Hollywood. Fiddlesticks! Other top actresses are finding them, so why couldn't Olivia? A lot of people in Hollywood will tell you the answer. Certainly Mark, who spent ten years writing his first book, "Delilah," and who has been working on the second for about five years now, has taken over one hundred per cent of the publicity, pictures, plays, pals, personal appearances, everything pertaining to Olivia. She will stand or fall on the advice of her husband. I hope for her sake that he is the best qualified person to give it. You'd think that getting married to a good director would be the quickest cut to helping a girl with her career. Well, Judy Garland married a very good director and a great understanding man, Vincente Minnelli. Don't get me wrong. Vincente is not responsible for Judy's emotional difficulties. Fate has done that to her. All I want to say is, that being married to Vincente is making life very private. If she needs and must have to be able to continue with her career.

Vincente, like Judy, is a creative artist, a man with all the emotion and excitement and personality that is part of show business genius, or any other genius. It's obvious that he has failed to help Judy as much as she needs. And that's a pity, because in spite of the present status of the stars, the studio of the old-time era, such as MGM, is full of directors. But they are not the directors, the men who really can make the kind of pictures that are needed for Olivia. She doesn't have to worry about that. I think they respect and love each other.

When Betty Grable reported for work one day, she was wearing a black eye, the rumor mongers worked overtime spreading stories of trouble in the Grable-James household. Betty had a perfectly legitimate explanation for the shiner. Something about backing into a garage door, after a long night of hard drinking. But even though Betty never complies, it must be a little difficult sometimes to concentrate on your career when your other half is away from home fifty per cent of the time. Betty was not the only one who noticed the change in her husband. He realized that he was not looked upon with much respect and she knows it. She was made a bit ragged on her return. But the next morning she was going to the line on the rehearsal stage and no one knew what went on in her mind behind the smiling mask.

When Clark Gable married Lady Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks Stanley, you could have knocked Hollywood off its pedestal. The rugged outdoor guy and the fragile wisp of femininity. It couldn't last, and it did. And it hurt Clark in his picture career, said the know-it-alls. And we all think we are. It has lasted more than a year anyway. They seem happy. And Clark is suddenly madly ambitious about his movie career. Maybe with Sylvia's helpful encouragement, Clark will make some good pictures again. One thing she has done is to loosen the Gable purse-strings. He must have parted with quite a few dollars in the alteration and re-decoration of his new manse in Hollywood.

Danny Kaye was unsuccessful as an entertainer until his wife Sylvia wrote the words for him to mouth on the stage and screen. I believe Danny appeared in England after he began to make his name in Hollywood. But Alan never makes a step or a professional move without Sue's counsel. She is frequently with him on the set. She goes along on his location trips. They are together twenty-four hours a day and night. And no two people in Hollywood are happier.

How about Van Johnson and his wife Evie, formerly married to Keenan Wynn? For awhile there, things were pretty rocky, professionally and personally. Some of the antigay fans objected to the circumstances of the marriage. Van, unaccustomed to the usual restraint of any marriage, was restless. There were quarrels, doubts, and "Did I do the right thing?" misgivings. That is over apparently. It's a happy place, the new big house in Beverly Hills, with little Schuyler and the two boys, Edwin and Tracy Wynn. And Van's pictures are again making money for his bosses.

I DON'T know how much good the new Mrs. Errol Flynn will do career-wise to her forty-year-old Prince charming. But be prepared to believe it, because Errol has never been ambitious—Bogey has been ambitious for her. He actually wanted to take a poke at the critics who panned her performance in "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre." Yet, I think the picture which incidentally was stolen by a little girl called Wanda Hendrix, whose career was to take a downward dip after she married war hero Audie Murphy. The small turn in Valley has been good for Bogey. But for her steady influence, there might have been many more panda incidents. Bogey is fifty years old. He is nearly double the age of his wife. He has been asked to hand in to the box office the boxes of costumes for the next? I'm told that "Stromboli" has paid back its cost, and made a profit. What would have happened if the Ingrid Bergman-Rossellini picture had been good? That is the question. But it's darn important for a movie star whose career success and happiness so often depend on the "other half’s" reactions.

The End
Man Alive!

(Continued from page 43) selecting the other boys to go to Annapolis with the company. I've never been sorry, for that was the beginning of a relationship that has been one of the joys of my life.

The following summer, Duke came out to the location of a Western we were making out in Newhall and hit me up for a job. He began driving a prop truck and before the vacation ended, he was an assistant prop man. He liked the work so well he never did get back to college, which probably saved a lot of wear and tear on the USC campus.

Duke's energy always has been inexhaustible. He's always seemed to have before him the perpetual challenge of the big man—to do everything better, and harder, and longer than anyone else. He was never afraid of work. But I recall that he almost fell over from fright the first time I asked him to fill in for a bit player who'd failed to show up.

"Who, me?" he said.

"Yes, you, you big lug." I yelled at him.

"Get in there with your coat on."

Duke wasn't very good in his first few screen performances, particularly in the love scenes. It isn't easy to be romantic with your foot in your mouth. But even then, he had the tawny ease which makes for great screen presence.

Today, Duke is a veteran of more than 150 motion pictures, a respected performer, and one of Hollywood's most valuable names at the box office. During the past two years, he's climbed from a position of obscurity to the very top of every survey conducted. Every studio in town is convinced that having Duke in a film is the positive insurance of its success. I have always thought so. Often I have wondered why both the public and the studio executives were so slow about catching on.

You see, it isn't enough for an actor to look the part and say his lines well. Something else has to come across to audiences—something which no director can instill or create—the quality of being a real man. To this day, I would not call Duke an actor. He is a reactor. Put him in a dramatic situation and he reacts to it as he would in real life. That kind of performance makes for fine, believable motion pictures.

That is largely why, years ago, I wanted John Wayne to play the lead in "Stagecoach." He was by no means a finished performer. But he was the only person I could think of at the time who could personify great strength and determination without talking much. That sounds easy, perhaps. But it's not. Either you have it or you don't.

In all of the adventure films which he has made for—"Stagecoach," "The Long Voyage Home," "Fort Apache," "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," "Rio Grande," and others—Duke's power as a man has contributed immeasurably to the integrity of those films.

Even when Duke was a brush youngsters just out of school, I enjoyed his company. I have tried a million times to get his goat but have achieved it less than a

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hundred, which is not much of a batting average for an Irishman.

I have spent a large part of my leisure time fishing with Duke in Mexican waters. You can learn a lot from the way a man conducts himself on a fishing trip. Not necessarily how he spits on his bait, or haule in a fish, or even how many fish he catches. It's more than that. I think it's a question of a man's capacity to enjoy himself, to relax completely, and throw off his pretensions. Duke has always been able to enjoy life, to swallow it and digest it in big, unchewed pieces. Depending upon the circumstances, he can be a roughneck or a perfect gentleman. He plays a hard-driving, if somehow costly, game of poker. He has fought enough fights to prove rather conclusively that he is not a man to fight with. And he has, without any apparent effort, learned to handle himself with dignity and charm.

I'm glad to be able to say that my affection for this boy has not been wasted. In Hollywood, it would be a dull day indeed if he weren't shot at least once a day by the cameraman in my office, or call me on the phone, to discuss a problem, an idea, or a piece of news. I have come to expect it as a part of my life. I trust it will surprise no one to have me say that if he has a bulbette the second unvital mind and an enthusiasm for new projects that would make him a welcome friend to any man.

Perhaps it is unduly sentimental of me, to mention that for years Duke has been trying to get his hats to look as battered and well-worn as mine. He tried sitting on them, soaking them, jumping on them and, lately, exchanging them when my back was turned. They still don't look comfortable on him. A hat, I keep telling him, must mature with the man before it looks as if it belongs on his head. Still, I can't think of another man with whom I'd willingly trade hats.

By keeping his eyes and ears open, Duke has come to know a respectable amount about the way motion pictures are made. During this time, he has been a prop man, electrician, stunt man, extra, bit player, assistant director, producer and a star. It would not surprise me to see him direct a motion picture before I go out of office. He would make people sit up and take notice.

During the past two years, Duke has set a pace for himself that would have worn an average man down to his shoes. He probably worked as hard as he has in the past two years. In the average week, he would have to work eighteen hours, and then get up and do it all over again. I could not think of a more horrible way to torture him than to tie him to his work habits. He would be completely restricted and then show him motion picture studio people walking. It would drive him crazy.

It is just now at the time in his life as in his career when all of the honors which Hollywood and the movie-going public can bestow upon him, will be coming his way. Last summer, I wrote him a letter in which I thought he received city's annual award for best Western performance of the year. He was infinitely more interested in the poem which accompanied it than in the trophy. "Pretty thing, isn't it?" he said, showing me the trophy to inspect. "But so important as the idea behind it." Frankly, I don't believe that there is an honor, a title, or an award which Duke cannot bear in good grace, and I believe the true gentleman that he is beneath roughneck exterior. Years ago, just before he went to Hollywood, I told Duke that he had a great future ahead of him. If it were not already so obvious, I would tell him the same thing today. He's right.

The End
Faith and Five Million Dollars
(Continued from page 62) Peters. Susan told Faith she was visiting there with a large group from Hollywood. They had hired a yacht, "The Zama," for the day.

"Come aboard for lunch?" Susan invited—and Faith, who had never been on a yacht, accepted eagerly. On board she was introduced to a "Mr. Hughes," a very quiet, thin man with dark eyes. "I thought he was the Captain," she says now. "He had a Captain's cap on. And he stayed in the background, didn't join in the party much. He seemed lonely—so I went over and talked to him."

Faith knew too well the feeling of loneliness. She could still remember the laughter of her school friends and their muckery of her lisp. She had experienced too, so recently, the feeling of aloneness in the hospital at night when she had wondered whether she would live—or if she would even want to—so she chattered away. She was still wide-eyed about her Warner contract. But mostly she talked about what she fondly believed was "his job," about the ocean, the weather, navigation and ship lore. "I didn't know anything about boats—I still don't," she says, "but I thought he seemed lonely and I wanted to talk about something that would interest him."

Hughes was amused by the chubby fifteen-year-old, with the sympathetic eyes, who lisped when she talked—and who talked so much—he didn't show it. "What a nice man the Captain is," Faith said to Susan Peters later as she prepared to go ashore. "I'd be willing to sail around the world with a man like that in command." Susan looked amused. "Don't you know whom you've been talking to?" she asked. "That was Howard Hughes!"

Faith didn't know then how prophetic her words were, how she was to embark on a ten-year trip to fame—with Howard Hughes completely in command.

Just why the millionaire industrialist chose to gamble on her—probably nobody will ever know. "I've thought about it many times," Faith says now, "and I've wondered—"

Howard Hughes, however, has a reputation for doing the unprecedented. After Jean Harlow had been turned down by every producer in Hollywood he personally directed her into renown in "Hell's Angels." He gambled on another unknown with Jane Russell, who today has evolved as a star of international proportions.

Whether he visualized Faith's photogenic possibilities as the provocative sultry screen type he has always preferred, or whether he was impressed by the warm spirit of the little friendly teenager who singled him out so sympathetically—who is to know?

Faith had come to California with her parents when she was six years old. In Beverly Hills, her father had continued in the automobile business and Faith had entered a Catholic grammar school.

Her early years had been unhappy. Her playmates' mimicry had kept her in tears, "so I would go home and play by myself," she says. "I was always making up little plays—pretending." Alone, she could even pretend to be the star of the school plays—"I was never the leading lady in those plays. I had to be a tree in the background. For when I read for a part I would get nervous and lisp still more."

Faith was put into a special speech class in school. She studied poetry and learned to give a fine, if lisp-y, reading of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees"—and of her favorite passage from "Invisible" which she still quotes today.

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Zonite
FOR NEWER feminine hygiene

(Continued on page 64)

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Out of the night that covers me
Black as the Pit from pole to pole
I thank whatever gods may be
For my uncontraceivable soul—

"I didn't even know what it meant, but I loved it—" she says. She was to need that "uncontraceivable soul" more than she knew.

The terrible accident that threatened to disfigure her happened when a friend from St. Monica's high school was driving her home—"He made a left turn off Wilshire—that's all I remember," she says. Another car hit them broadside and Faith was pitched through the windshield. "I came in the hospital three days later. My face was bandaged and the back of my head was like a jigsaw puzzle! I asked no questions. I didn't dare."

The day the bandages were taken off, Faith would allow no one in the room. "That was when I prayed as I had never prayed before."

Some months later, at the insistence of a family friend who'd always thought she should be in the movies, Faith went to the Warner Brothers' studios. Will Shuster, the agent, Henry Willson, whom her friend had interested in her. She didn't tell her parents. They hoped she would go to college and she really didn't expect anything to come of the venture. But after testing her, the studio offered her a seven-year contract, starting at $150 a week, and changed her name to Faith Dorn. "I must have sold an awful lot. They didn't say anything about my voice—but when I heard it over the sound track I was terrified!"

Then, Howard Hughes, back in Hollywood from being away with Warner Brothers, talked to her parents, and began negotiations that resulted not only in his taking over her contract, but in buying her away from her agent, too, so he could control her completely. He called a new slightly awed Faith into his office. This time he did the talking. He told her he had no immediate plans to put her in pictures. "But," he told her, "if you want to, if you're hungry, and if you have confidence in me—some day you will be one of the biggest stars in Hollywood."

He changed her name back to Dominigue because "it looks nice when it's written," he said. In her physical appearance he would allow no changes other than an improvement in her figure and a loss of weight which brought her to her present 120 pounds. He personally interviewed prospective coaches. And he engaged her tutor. Faith studied French, Italian, German, the history and appreciation of music, the history and appreciation of art; she took piano and voice lessons, diction, elocution and had two hours of ice skating daily. "I even had flying lessons," she adds. "Mr. Hughes thought it would be a good idea if I learned to fly. But he gave up after I'd had twelve lessons—I couldn't solo."

Faith's "class-room" was Director Leo McCarey's former office in the Hughes Productions building on Romaine Street in Hollywood—a fabulous Ziegfeldian setting with a magnificent oversize desk, assorted telephones, a record player, a radio, and even a bar—for which they could find no educational use. "You could have put on 'Joan of Arc' in there," her diction coach then, Robert Paris, agrees, adding—and Faith would be good in that, too. She has a deep talent, a certain exciting dramatic quality the great actresses of all time have had—Ethel Barrymore, Bernhardt and Duse."

To Robert Paris, who coached Rita Hayworth and Ina Claire, among many others, Howard Hughes entrusted the painstaking job of correcting Faith's speech impediment. The problem was to build up the muscles in her lower lip and tongue. For six months Paris prescribed using an ordinary tongue depressor. When held underneath the tongue this forced the tongue higher in the mouth, helped in the pronunciation of troublesome "S's," "L's," "N's," "M's," "T's" and "Z's." Taking a deep-ceremonial stance for two hours at a time Faith would hold the depressor under her tongue while she read scripts and poetry.

Later she learned to read with a cork held round-wise in her mouth to relax her jaw and build up her lower lip's strength. After this she followed weeks when she realigned with a toothpick across her eye-teeth. If the muscles didn't work correctly the toothpick broke. There were times when it did. But at last—it didn't—and Faith's lip had disappeared.

Every morning at nine Faith reported for "school" and worked there until one o'clock. Ask her today if she didn't weary of those five years of tutoring and waiting and she says, "No, I was always too busy to be bored."

It was a remote control, never appearing in the building during the hours she was there but telephoning her frequently to offer suggestions and ask how she was getting along. "It taught me about giving orders from someone you never saw. And when you get a compliment from Mr. Hughes," she says, "it's worth a hundred from anyone else."

As, for instance, one day in 1946, when she had begun working on "Vendetta." It was Christmas and she remembers so well when Hughes, who had never been on the set, called her and told her he thought she was doing very well. "I was elated for days!" she remembers. This was during the period of his own recuperation from plane crash injuries. But he had had Faith's rushes run for him.

It was significant of Hughes's personal confidence in Faith's dramatic ability that he had assigned the fiery role of the tragic heroine, Colomba from Prosper Mérimée's classic of the same name, a role which motivates the whole picture, as that in which to showcase his new star. The title of the picture was changed to "Vendetta" (revenge) and, ironically enough, there were times when the pixies seemed bent that way. It was four years in the making and there were four directors in the making.

Finally in 1950 at RKO, Mel Ferrer, who gets the billing, completed the project. There were months in between each version, and Faith says, "I died four times—a different illness for each director." But she didn't get discouraged. Again, she was sure Howard Hughes knew what was best for her.

During all these years Hughes paid Faith the compliment his Warner studio contract had called for, with every option raise (in addition to providing all of her coaching and tutoring) until at the end of that five years, still a complete unknown, was making $1,000 a week. That's what your Warner contract called for and after all, Warner Brothers might have been paying you this sum by now, he told her.

During the making of "Vendetta" Faith
eloped to San Diego with Ted Stauffer, an Acapulco, Mexico, hotel man. It was an
impulsive marriage that lasted only two
months. She filed for divorce from Stauffer she met that handsome
South American director, Hugo Fregonese,
at a party given for her good friend, Irene
Wright and
Fregonese, in Hollywood just three
days, had come to the party with a mutual
friend, Tony Moreno, with whom he was
staying. "It was love at first sight—really," 
says Faith. "I walked in and he saw me
across the room—and I saw him. That
was it. We started wending our way
around the place towards each other.
Tony Moreno introduced them and they
left the party and went dancing at Ciro's.
Hugh's a wonderful tango dancer," she
sighs, reminiscing. They had a second
date "a week later—then a day later—and
a day later—and... And so they
were married, Oct, 7, 1947, by a magis-
trate in Juarez, Mexico, and again later
by an Irish priest in Buenos Aires. They
have two marriages in Hugo's country
and we wanted to make sure we were
married right."

For the first time Faith's personal
desire and her career conflicted. She
completed retakes against her will in "Vendetta," and
her husband, who was unhappy with his
work in Hollywood at the time, wanted
to return to South America. Her seven-
year contract was the Hughes norm at RKO, studios, wanted her to re-sign
with them. But she told him she could
not. "Hugh is going to Buenos Aires—and
I must go with him," she said.

Hughes reasoned that Faith should be in
Hollywood when her picture was released.
"He thought it was unfair of me to leave
at that time," she says. "We parted very
badly. This was the only argument
we have ever had. But I had a hunch then
—although I didn't tell him—that I was
going to have a baby. When I got to South
America I knew," she wired Hughes the
news. "And then he understood and
wasn't angry any more." He wired con-
gratulations, and sent more of the same in
the form of yellow roses when her daugh-
ter, Diana, was born Jan. 1, 1948.

Meanwhile, in Hollywood, when queried
about "Vendetta," Howard Hughes an-
swered, "I'm waiting for the right moment
to release it." Perhaps Hughes was
gambling even then upon Faith's return.

WHEN Faith's baby was old enough to
tavel, Faith, who was homesick, and
her husband, who wanted to become an
American citizen, came back. Upon arrival
she immediately contacted her old em-
ployer and signed a new seven-year deal
with RKO, with a clause incorporated that
allows her to make one picture annually
for her husband in Argentina, with the
proviso that it will never be released in
any English-speaking country, and her
husband had the same clause inserted in
his Universal-International contract.

They promptly bought a charming du-
plex in West Los Angeles and rented
the lower half to her parents. "And we
wouldn't trade it for the most fabulous
estate in Bel Air," Faith says. "This way
my mother can baby-sit, too—it's wonder-
ful." Faith has settled down happily with
her successful husband, their chubby blue-
eyed daughter, Diana ("Dee-dee"), a
Siamese cat called "Mish-Mish," and a
toy Shetland Shepherd dog, "Apache
Warrior." "I bought him in a Beverly
Hills pet shop, because when I walked
by he was there watching, with his nose
against the window."

Off screen Faith's a devoted wife and
mother, very placid and feminine, with a
pronounced preference for long hair, ear-
rings, fans, dainty handmade blouses,
Chinese modern furniture, and a passion
for the color pink.

But before the cameras, she's sultry and
smoldering. Also, photographically perfect.
Which, according to RKO cameraman
Nick Musuraca, with his twenty-year ex-
perience, "just isn't supposed to be. Any
good cameraman will tell you that. This
girl hasn't one bad angle."

Although "Vendetta" was shot to
Hughes' satisfaction, he kept postponing
its release and at last announced he would
introduce his new star in "Where Danger
Lives" in which she would be supported
by established players like Bob Mitchum
and Claude Rains.

If the cast or crew had any qualms
about co-starring with an unknown who
would play the exacting role of the mad
murderess in this picture, they forgot
them when Faith did her first dramatic
hysterical scene—and all followed her,
consoling and commending her, when she
fled to her dressing room, still sobbing,
after the cameras "cut."

"Mitch' was wonderful," she says of
Bob Mitchum now. He sent her flowers
and he would clown and tease and make
faces behind the camera while he sighed,
"Ah, lucky Hugo—and put her at ease.

And when the picture was completed
Mitchum, together with Director John
Farrow, gave her a gold chain link brace-
let, inscribed: "From the other men in
your life." Of her talent, Farrow says,
"She's one of the finest young dramatic
actresses Hollywood has known."

Thus ends the first dramatic decade in
the life of a girl who so faithfully fol-
lowed a "skimmer" into an exciting new
world. But another story, that of Faith
Domergue—Hollywood's exciting new star
—has just begun...

The End

YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days
with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

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

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proof of such sensational beauty results!

Yes, scientific tests on 108 women—
supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—
proved conclusively that in 14 days regu-
lar facials with Palmolive Soap—using
nothing but Palmolive—bring loveller
complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here's the easy method:
1. Wash your face three times daily with
Palmolive Soap—each time massaging
its beautifying lather onto your skin
for sixty seconds.
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Remarkable results were proved on women
of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof
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you a lovelier complexion! Start your
Palmolive facials tonight.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

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Complexions!

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• Added softness, smooth-
ness—even for dry skin!

• Complexions clearer,
more radiant!

• Fewer tiny blemishes—
incipient blackheads!

For Tub or Shower
Get Big
Both Size Palmolive
(Continued from page 56) dressing room area transformed into a room and bath for Shirley as well as an adorable nursery for little Linda Susan, with its own bath. The kitchen also was expanded in the living space. A very large area for her living room.

Actually it is difficult to decorate such a large room without having it look like a hotel lobby, with groups of chairs and tables scattered about. But Shirley’s room is not at all like this.

For this living room area, she arranged furniture around the fireplace, delightfully situated in an alcove, and then set up on either side with built-in benches, topped with red cushions and framed with hand-carved beams. She then continued the living room area in a U-arrangement of two chairs and two love seats, facing the fireplace.

In front of one window, which has comfortable built-in seats, she put a permanent card table, flanked by two chairs. “This is my breakfast room,” she said. The dining room area, that she was used to be, and near the kitchen.

So far, we’ve accounted for about two-thirds of this wainscoting and wallpaper bearing figures of a dainty, charming pink star-studded Shirley’s gray-textured room.

The whole trick lies in the placement of the furniture. A massive gray-textured sofa acts as a partition as it faces the fireplace and slides into the alcove between the bookshelves. The U-shaped arrangement faces inward, ignoring the rest of the room, and the backs of these various pieces set the dining-room furniture apart. On one side of the room, a large group breaks up to the grand piano, and facing it the chairs facing the fireplace and those for television back up to one another. The walls are the principle to your home. If it follows today’s trend of combining living room and dining room, let your sofa be the divider. Should your living room get a lot of traffic along one wall, separate them with the color of the room, and place a chair in the middle, with a pair of chairs placed on each side of a lamp table. Low bookcases can also act as a movable partition if you make the background attractive with curtains of bamboo.

Shirley studied decorating at school. She has good taste and knows what she wants. Before she married Charles Black she worked with decorator Mildred Moore to achieve her informal, luxurious home she had in mind. She picked out two patterned fabric—a charming gray textile matching the red, and green and white on a gray ground—and then used these colors in the room’s entire scheme. Whenever a chair seemed to call for a print she used this same one. You might jot down this decorating hint: The next way to avoid this pattern, and, if the mixed prints sometimes give, is to use only one in a room, contrasted with plain colors.

Whenever you repeat a pattern several times, though, be sure to scatter it around the room. Be sure to scatter it around the room, as Shirley did. She put the glazed chintz on the two sofas and chairs that formed the U-shape and then repeated it in two of the chairs across the room, that flank the fireplace. If you choose patterned fabric for draperies and for a chair or two, separate these chairs from the draperies, using chairs with plain covers to stand near the windows.

Walls, rugs and draperies in Shirley’s room repeat the green, the large sofa’s gray and the red is picked up in the drapery trim, bench pads and pillows and on the trim of the great house area. A small check combining red, green and white, is used to upholster the host chairs in the dining room and is used on pads for the side chairs.

A large room needs a high ceiling, of course, and Shirley’s ceiling is all paneled and beamed with beautiful hand-carved supports. Its finish, though, defies description, and was done by an elderly German and his son who take pride in their craftsmanship.

The entrance hall, however, has a low ceiling because, just above it, is the projecting shelf behind the front entrance. Movies, projected through a wall panel, shine onto the dining room wall. For these occasions, Shirley removes the four fruit prints which hang there. Even then, it tie in with the room, their mats being made of the same red fabric as is used on window seats and benches.

The entrance hall is keyed to the living room floor. This wainscoting and wallpaper bearing figures of a dainty, charming pink star-studded Shirley’s gray-textured room.

In her bedroom, Shirley has kept her color scheme very simple, yellow and green, keyed by a linen chintz. This one lovely pattern she uses for draperies and cornices, and chaise lounge. But the French Provincial bed is well-made but check for beauty in its headboard and spread. Pale yellow walls and ceiling blend with the chenille rug.

Little Linda Susan’s room, next to her Mommie’s, has a small white crib beside the fireplace, and white, with the exception of the pink roses with green leaves that besprinkle the ceiling. Narrow blue and white striped paper covers the walls and the blue is repeated in the rug and upholstery. White’s reserved for the woodwork and chифforobe.

On the lower level, Shirley made few changes, except to substitute a soda fountain for the old pinto-sized bowl. The soda fountain stands at the foot of the stairs. Here, too, stands a junior table accompanied by two leather-topped benches and a star-studded red love seat. From this small room, you descend two steps into what was originally the doll room. Shirley’s collection totals fifteen hundred dolls. They are there still, but Shirley now has in front of their shelves, doors covered with special wallpaper panels. When the doors are closed, you’d never dream of all the space behind them.

Both of the downstairs rooms are floored with asphalt tile, which takes a fine waxed finish for dancing. To keep it strictly informal Shirley chose rattan furniture with turquoise cushions.

From the little soda fountain room, a door leads to the covered flagstone porch and beyond this the ground slopes sharply away forming a ravine. The sides are planted with shrubs and trees, so that although you hear the swish of traffic on Sunset Boulevard, all you can see is greenery, and you seem miles away from town.

Shirley’s grown up and her house has...

The End
COLOREYES, THE—RKO: Joan Will- 
urn, Libbette Scott; Diana Stuart, Jane Greer; 
Larry Collins, Dennis O'Keefe; Fifi Thorpey, Fay 
Baker; Mrs. Haig, Marjorie Wooll: Cliff Martin, 
Harry Cheshire; Red Fisher, Ken Tohe; Mrs. Seely, 
Irene Tedlyn; Mrs. Griggs, Marjorie Crossland; 
Hannahan, Edith Evanston; Judge Kendell, John 
Hoyt.

FLYING MISSILE, THE—Columbia: 
Bill Talbot, Glenn Ford, Franklin Seisher, 
Viren Lintfords; Admiral Scott, Henry O'Neill; 
Dr. Gates, Carl Benton Reid; "Fast" Payne, Joe Sawyer; 
Larry Haagen, John Quaken; Admiral Bradley, Anthony 
Ross; Vice-Admiral Davis, Harry Shannon; 
Chick Davis, Ross Ford; Mac, Zachary A. Charles; 
Andy Mason, Jerry Paris; Pete McEvoy, Kenneth 
Toby; Gen. Benton, Paul Harvey; Capt. Whetken; 
Grandon Rhodes; Lt. Jackson, James Scars 
Ferret, Bill Donnelly; Hank Weber, Richard Quine; 
Chief of Naval Operations, Charles Evans.

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—20th Century-Fox: 
Charles, Clifton Webb; Lydia, Joan Bennett; Jeff 
Babe, Robert Cummings; Arthur, Edmund Gwenn; 
Daphne, Joan Blondell; Hem, Gig Perreau; Tony 
Jack La Rue; Tex, Harry Von Zell; Joe, Tommy 
Retting; Michael, Dick Ryan; Tar Acre; Charles 
Lane; Joe's Father, Robert Kent; Doctors, Wh 
Rissell; Ashmead Scott; Gardner, William J. 
Lucy; H. E. T. Union Woman, Dorothy Neuntman 
Dawson, Esther Somers; House Detective, Jack 
Daly; Nurse, Sue Casey; Elevator Boy, Bob Harlow; 
Jewelry Salesman, Gilbert Fallman; Joe's Mother 
Betty Adams; Doorman, Perc Launters; Richard 
Thorne.

GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE—M-G-M: Dr. Lin-
coln I. Bartlett, Van Johnson; Joe Masino, Kathryn 
Grayson; Agnes Fox, Paula Raymond; Chris 
Barrett, Larry Sullivan; Dr. Carl Radin Young, 
Lewis Stone; Mr. Delacorte, Reginald Owen; 
Dr. Longinato, Richard Hageman; Stella, Teresa 
Harris; Tommy, Richard Anderson; Pette, Robert 
Sherwood; Helen, Paula Drew.

HALLS OF MONTZUMA—20th Century-Fox: Lt 
Anderson, Richard Widmark; Pinon Lone, Walter 
(Jack) Palmer; Sgt. Johnson, Reginald Gardiner; 
Coffman, Robert Wagner; Doc, Karl Malden; Cor-
onal Convoy, Richard Hyton; Lt. Col. Gilflian, 
Richard Boone; Pretty Boy, Skip Hommer; Lt. Hut- 
terfield, Don Hicks; Correspondent Dickerman, Jack 
Wells; Butter, Bert Fred; Sgt. Zelenka, Neville 
Brand; Nurse, Marion Marshall; Pvt. Whitney, 
Martin Miller; Nemura, Philip Ahn; Capt. Mackin; 
Howard Chapman; Romeo, Frank Kuanagai; Capt. 
McCarty, Fred Coley; Capt. Sean, Paul Lee; Car-
rier, Jack Lee; Pharmacut's Mate, Fred Dale; 
Frank, Chris Drake; Carpenay, George Conrad; 
Rodinou, Harry Kim; Marine Guard, Bob Koger; 
Pashkewich, William Harvey; Davis, Roger Me-
cie; Recruiter, Clarke Stevens; Aunt Emma, Helen 
Hatch; Ship's Captain, Michael Road.

LIGHTS OUT—UT: Larry Niven, Arthur Ken-
ndy; Judy Grene, Peggy Down; John Maitrany, 
Richard Egan; Corp. Flipp, John Hudson; Joe 
Hepp; James Edwards; Christ Peterson, Betty Adams; 
Mr. Nettus, Will Gerr; Mrs. Nettus, Nan Bryant; 
Fred Tyler, Russell Dennis; Janet Grayson, Joan 
Black; Gil Grey; Jim Backus; Frankie Hannon; 
Murray Hamilton; "Moose" Garvey, Don Miele; 
Diddie, Rock Hudson; Mr. Paterson, Minor Watson; 
Mrs. Paterson, Marjorie Crossland; Nurse Yale, 
Mary Cooper.

MAKTING SEASON—THE, Paramount: 
Maggie Carroll, Gene Tierney; Van McLean; John 
Loud; Frau Carrito, Miriam Hopkins; Ellen McVitty; 
Thelma Ritter; Betty, Jan Sterbing; Mr. Kalinger, 
Sr., Larry Keating; Geo. C. Kehmber, Jr., James 
Lorimer; Mrs. Cooper, Gladys Hurlbut; Mrs. Wil-
hannaw, Cara Witherspoon; Mr. Williamson, 
Mcclain Kee; Anne, Ellen Corby; Billie Bird; 
Sproul, Mary Young; Col. Cooper, Samuel Colt; 
Mrs. Fabreau, Gracie Hamilton; Mr. Pauch, Wil-
liam Welch; Mr. Tuttle, William Fawcett; Susie, 
Carol Combs.

MUDLARK, THE—30th Century-Fox: Queen Vic-
toria, Irene Dunne; Dissilf, Alice Guiness; Woman 
Andrew Ray; Lady Emily Prior, Beatrice Campbell; 
John Boone, Finlay Currie; Lt. Charles McClaren, 
Anthony Steed; Sgt. Footnaisy, Raymond Lovel; 
Lady Marypert Prior, Marjorie Fielding; Kate 
Noonan, Constance Smith; Slatters, Robert 
O'Casey; The Watchman, Edward Rigby; Herbert 
Roberts, Sony Sayers; Philip, William Strang; 
Sir Honey Poussay, Kynaston Reeves; Tucker, 
Wilfrid Hyde White; Honmoun, Ernest Clark; Asli, 
Lt. of Police, Eric Messiter; Princess Christian, Pamela 
Arvis; Prince Christian, Ian Selby; Christian, 
Maur, Ethel Dorothy; Mrs. de la Cherington, 
Brion, Howard Douglas; Diblit, Richard 
Norter; Jutler, George Dillon; Ben Fox, Leonard 
Sharp; Mrs. Fenry, Vi Kaley; Iren George, 
Freddie Watts; Ah Hook, Y. Yang; Petey, Paul 
Garrard, Hooker MacKen, Leonard Morris; Leo Beasles, 
Marjorie Greely; Sandy Fitch, Bob Head; Mrs. Daw-
kins, Walter 5r; Dzierzak's Valet, Alan Gordon; 
Queen's Mad, Grace Debonheu Russell.

OPERATION PACIFIC—Warners: "Dubie" 
Gifford, John Wayne; Mary Stuart, Patricia Neal.

"Pop" Perry, Ward Bond: Larry, Scott Forbes; 
Bob Perry, Philip Carey; Jones, Paul Picern; 
The Father, Bill Campbell; Commander Steele, Kathryn 
Greene; Holwell, Martin Milner; Camnphac, Cliff 
Clark; The Chief, Jack Pennick; Sister Anne, 
Vinegar, Carl Benton Reid; Jim Maron, Boyd Mikins; 
Squad Commander, Lewis Martin; Ruderman, Louis 
Mosconi; Junior, Sam Edwards.

PAGAN LOVE SONG—M-G-M: Minnie Bettens, 
Esther Williams: Hub Endicot, Howard Keel; Twist, 
Charles Milnna; Torn, Rita Moreno; Aunt Kate, 
Mina Gombell; Papera, Charles Freund; Maan, 
Dine Leehan; Tani, David Costa.

STAGE TO TUCSON—Columbia: Gary Hulbrook, 
Red Cameron; Barney Broderick, Wayne Morris; 
Kate Creeker, Kay Buckley; "Doe" Benten, Carl 
Benton Reid; Jim Maron, Roy Roberts; Joe Hey-
day, Harry Bellaver; Annie Benson, Sally Elies; 
Joe Fleets, Dangas Fowley; Sam Granger, John 
Pickard; Chany, Olin Howlin; John Betterfield, 
Charity, Jeanne Lopez; Boyd Stockman; Bar-
tender, John Sheehan; Eddie, Reed Howes; Sheriff 
Dete Deame, James Kirkwood.

STORM WARNING—Warners: Marsha Mitchell, 
Ginger Rogers; Bert Roatly, Ronald Reagan; Lucy 
Rice, Doris Day; Hawk Rice, Steve Cochran; Charly 
Bar, Hugh Sanders; Rommel, Lloyd Gough; Fauth-
er, Raymond Greenleaf; George Jane Lewis,
Hansel, Paul E. Burns; Bledsoe, Walter Baldwin; 
Cora Atlhes, Lynn Whitn; Walters, Sturt Rand-
all; Sean, Sean McClory.

SUGARFOOT—Warner's: Sugarfoot, Randolph Scott; 
Ror Caine, Adele Jergens; Jacob Stot, Ray-
mond Massey; Don Miguel, S. Z. Sakall; J. C. Crane, 
Robert Warwick; Fly-Up-The-Creek Jones, Arthur 
Hummer; Alsa Godden, Hugh Sanders; Red Heat, 
Leopold, Johnny-Behind-The-Stage, Hank Worden; 
Billings, Gene Evans.

TOMAHAWK—U-I: Jim Bridger, Van Heffen; 
Julie Madison, Tommy De Carlo; Colonel Carrrington, 
Prim Foster, Sol Beechworth, Jack Oakie; Lt. Rob 
Dancy, Alex Nicol; Don Castello, Tom Tully; 
Manoeuvred, Susan Cohan; Mrs. Carrington, Ann 
Doran; Bart Hanna, Rock Hudson; Red Cloud, John 
Wig Eagle; Hair Story, Raymond Montgomery; 
Pet. Osborne, John Peters; Pet. Purr, Dave Sharpe; 
Sgt. Newell, Sturt Randall.

UNDER THE GUN—U-I: Galvin, Richard Coste; 
Ruth, Audrey Totter; Lanau, John McLintic; 
Gower, Sam Jaffe; 3 Shot, Richard Tabor; Bragg, 
Shepperd Strudwick; Nero, Greg Marell; Gandy, 
Philipine; Nagea, Royal Dano; Clandy, Harry 
Letondal.

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MOTHER SAYS:

Tint GRAY HAIRs from view
It's safe and easy to do!

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DAUGHTER SAYS:

Rinse DRAB HAIR gleaming-clean
Add color-highlights and sheen!

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School girl, business girl, housewife, mother 
... they all look more beautiful with color-
bright hair. Triple-strength Nestle COLORINT 
hides graying hair with richer, longer-lasting 
color. Nestle COLORINSE adds glowing color-
highlights and sheen. Both absolutely safe, 
easy to use ... both in 10 glamorous shades.

Ask your beautician for a PROFESSIONAL application of COLORINT or COLORINSE - made by Nestle
Irresistible! Lipstick in the new "Shorty" case

So easy to have the kissable lips men adore with this new lip-width Irresistible. All the advantages of a pencil plus extra strength of the "Shorty." WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer, smoother, brighter. Perfumed with Irresistible fragrance.

Irresistible lips are so mmm... Irresistible!

(Continued from page 49 to the city. On to the Book-Cadillac. Betty's glance caught her mother's. Dozens of times they'd passed the scrawny kid would always linger, ave-stuck. "Oh, Mom, can't we just go in and walk 'round the lobby?"

"Honey, look at our clothes. I wouldn't dare-

Now the hotel was plastered with wel-come signs for them. Now the presidential suite was reserved for Betty, and Mabel was given a beautiful suite to herself. With Mabel in a tizzy of ecstasy, and calls coming in from her old pals at the factory. Betty was trying to assemble herself when the phone rang. Mommy could make strangled. "Drop everything, and get right over here.

Betty sprinted through the corridors, opened the door, plunged headlong into the waiting arms of Cele and Bub ...

Waves of warmth washed over them from the audience. Betty was their girl, who could do no wrong. Mabel belonged to them more closely still. She'd worked with them at twenty-two cents an hour, helped organize the union to get them better pay. And because the fairy tale of America had made them two, it had come true in a way for all of them.

The song done, Mabel stepped toward the footlights. Like a veteran, smiling and composed, she waited for the noise to die, then said she needed to thank you for the happiest night of my life. And I want you to know that I take no credit for this. This is God's work.

They shouted themselves hoarse and forced her back. Betty took her hand. "I have no words to tell you how we feel. But I have a song. Forgive me, Paramount, because this is a good picture."

It was of course "There's No Business Like Show Business." Through Betty's re-leased emotions it poured, and swelled from her soul. For who knew better than she the thrilling reality of every word?

She was back at Billy Rose's Casa Mañana—not part of the show, just singing with Vincent Lopez's band while the people danced. Good enough, most girls would have thought, for a sixteen-year-old who'd been getting nowhere fast till a year ago. But not good enough for a wildly impatient Betty, who had no use for crawling from rung to rung. Her idea was to fly.

A regular bill featured Lou Holtz among others. Holtz used to come down from his dressing room to watch her. Having watched his fill, he sauntered in to the boss. "Every time I let at the dame who sings with the band?"

Mr. Rose looked, listened and sent for the Lopez thrust. "I'm putting you in tomorrow night as a warmer-upper."

The house was anything but. In a trance Betty went home to Mom, who'd quit her job, sacrificed her treasured seniority at the factory to take a gamble with her girl. The girl's face was solemn. "This is it, Mom, live or die."

In the dressing room next night, they knelt down and prayed together. It's a Hutton tradition. Their faith in God is simple and unquestioning. A crisis finds them on their knees, laying their problems in the lap of God.

Betty made her entrance. In the sea of faces she was a看见. Dad, the effect was anything but. In a trance Betty went home to Mom, who'd quit her job, sacrificed her treasured seniority at the factory to take a gamble with her girl. The girl's face was solemn. "This is it, Mom, live or die."

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In the dressing room next night, they knelt down and prayed together. It's a Hutton tradition. Their faith in God is simple and unquestioning. A crisis finds them on their knees, laying their problems in the lap of God.

Betty made her entrance. In the sea of faces she was a看见. Dad, the effect was anything but. In a trance Betty went home to Mom, who'd quit her job, sacrificed her treasured seniority at the factory to take a
the mike, tore the stage apart and wound up swinging from the curtain. Catching her infection, the audience went mad and refused to let the next performer go on. The next performer happened to be Mr. Holtz. After three encores and prolonged salves of applause, he shut them up by leading her out and indicating that he had something to impart: "Ladies and gentlemen. Tonight theatrical history has been made. You, the public, have recognized a new talent, and so a star has been born. This, ladies and gentlemen, is show business."
The star spot on any bill is next to closing. That was Betty Hutton's spot the following night.

Her head shifted against the pillow. Her memories shifted like a movie montage. Back to the tour and Friday morning in Detroit, back to Foch Intermediate, where she'd once been a problem child and was now a celebrity, come to sing to the kids. Back to the arms of Miss Jones. She couldn't get to Miss Jones fast enough...

Deborah Jones had been her home room teacher, her champion, her light in darkness—one of those rare persons who could see through a child's defensive crust to its source. If many of the children were poor, Betty was poorer. Her clothes, spotlessly clean, were patched and worn, and her pride streamed like a banner in the breeze. With an active loathing, too fierce to be contained, she loathed her poverty. Her impulse was to strike out at an unjust world, and her more fortunate schoolmates represented that world. You had only to appear in a pretty new dress, and while pain twisted through her, she'd kick you in the shins and growl: "Meet me outside—"

She was always in trouble. Miss Jones remained her compassionate friend throughout. "Don't you see the child's all mixed up?" she'd plead with the others. "She's not bad, she's unhappy. Her emotions are too strong for her. She's simply battling for life." And to Betty, smoothing the hair from a tearstained face: "Someday you'll have lovely clothes, dear. Then you'll find out they're not as important as you think. Nothing really matters except what comes from inside. And inside, you're one of the finest people I know—"

Betty worshipped her. To the last day of her life, the name of Deborah Jones will be a light in darkness...

The Green Tree was Betty's idea—an unscheduled stop on their way to the Chrysler luncheon. "I've got to show you this beerhall where I used to sing."

Her heart gave a little lurch as they

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crossed the threshold. She might have been eight inches changed.
Same old chairs in the same old spots, same old piano, same old threadbare rugs. Same
guys—anyway, they looked the same—
sitting around with their sleeves rolled up. 
Sure, friendly "Red, Betty" places—in Lansing, which... During factory layoffs, with 
an income dropped to minus, Mom used to 
bring her here. Partly because they had to,
partly because Betty gave her no peace. 
"Please, please, Mom, let's go, and I'll sing for them and earn money." Her 
repertoire consisted of "Dinah," "Lazy-
bonies," and "Some of These Days." At the 
close of each number, if necessary, she'd 
throw nickels and dimes on the floor, and 
she'd pick them up in a hat. This was no 
case of charity, but of give-and-take in a 
spirit of fellowship. The company swung 
all factory workers. Betty was Mabel's 
daughter, and Mabel was one of them,
fighting to get them more dough. Why 
shouldn't they help when she was their 
uppers? Besides, the kid gave them their 
money's worth. Look at her! Half-pint of 
pluck and fire and a voice, knocking her-
sell out to entertain them. "Yeah, Betty!
Betty blinded and came to. She was no 
longer eight and nobody was throwing 
nickels and dimes. "Hiya, fellas. Just 
needed my pails to see where they raised 
me from a pup." 

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Betty was beside herself with excitement. Charlie wasn’t excited. An expert driver, he guided the car carefully as they started out for a place they never reached. Somewhere along the icy road they skidded, and hit a chicken truck. He died within ten minutes. The car looked like a flattened accordion, but Betty escaped with a concussion.

The concussion was nothing to the emotional shock. Her friend was dead, her chance was gone, and the accident made the local front pages. Once she was well enough to go back to school, she found herself marked, at best—eyed with curiosity, at worst—shunned by the holier-than-thou. Tsk-tsk, a girl who got her name in the papers! It brought years of seething rebellion to a boil. “I’m through with this town, Mom, and this kind of living. I’m going to New York.”

To Mabel, hampered by her own lack of education, a high school diploma was the passport to a full life. Betty’s clamorous pleas always shat-tered against that rock. “After you finish high school, you can try your luck. You’ve got to finish high school first.” Now Mabel could fight no longer. Betty’s will to go defeated her own will to keep her. A group of ambitious kids had formed a unit, with which they planned to stampede Broadway. Betty went along. Strangely, Broadway refused to be stampeded or even to take note that they were alive. A big-hearted agent forked out enough to send them home, and Betty was back where she started.

Disappointed, of course, but not for a moment disheartened. Still looking for spots, still looking for chances to sing. By now Marion was singing too. One night her boy friend picked Betty up to call for her sister, who was working at The Nut House. They were a little early. Passing the Continental Betty said: “Let’s go in a minute. Maybe they’ll let me do a number.” The management obliged. A man at one of the tables sat and listened, and whispered something to the waiter. Presently the girl was threading her way toward him, fanning inside. “Sit down, Miss Hutton. How would you like to sing with my band? I’ll pay you $65 a week.”

This was more money than she’d ever heard of. But she’d heard of the man all right. His name was Vincent Lopez.

A year of travel with the band. The night at Casa Mañana when the heavens spun. Then vaudeville and “Two for the Show” and more vaudeville, and Vincent sung to keep her with the band, though he might as well have sued a soaring lark.
One day she paced the floor of Abe Ber-
man's office, explaining her troubles. He
fought the best of which he could, but it
was incidental. Berman was buddy De
Sylva's lawyer too. "Do you know De
Sylva?" he asked.

"Not to speak of. But I've seen him
around. You'll never forget his face—"

"He wanted you for 'Louisiana Purchase.'
They told him you weren't available." He
picked up the phone and called De Sylva
in Florida. "Tell him that I want you for
'the Panamaha. Hattie. Whom do you think?
The girl you've been crying for, Betty Hutton.

"Sign her," said Buddy.

... Not long ago a story appeared that
covered up a lie about De Sylva. It went
on to say that, grateful or not, she never
let emotions tangle with professional
ambition and that, during the last year of
his life, Buddy refused to speak to her be-
cause she reneged on a picture she'd
promised him.

Like all half-truths, this story masks the
real truth. De Sylva was to Betty the kind of
friend you find in a lifetime. After the
success of "Panamaha Hattie," he went to
Paramount as head of production, and
asked her to make a picture test. She was
riding high on Broadway and she was
stubborn. "I've made tests, Buddy. They
dyed my hair black and stuck me into
drama. I'm through with tests."

His faith in her was such that he talked
Paramount into giving her a screen test for
'The Fleet's In.' Her movie his-
tory needs no re-telling here. It's been
run up merrily on the box office of the
world. If De Sylva's contribution is less
well-known than that of her choice of
leads, she herself simply shrugged it off.

"He just taught me the picture business, that's all, from A to Z and all the letters in between. He never fails me."

When he fell ill, Betty went to the hos-
ital. Except for his wife, no one but
Betty was admitted. It was then that she
gave her promise. "As soon as you're well
again, Betty, you'll be mine for you and
me."

But he had a second seizure that affected
his brain. No longer the acute-minded
man of his normal days, he sent Betty a
script that made her weep for him. Heart-
sick, she sent it back. "Have you read
it, Marie? Then you know how bad it is.
I'll do anything for Buddy, including a
lousy story. But for his own sake, he
shouldn't make it live. Can't we get
someone else to fix it?"

"Listen, Betty, if it were the greatest
picture in the world, he still couldn't make
it. He's far too ill. Forget it."

She was never able to reach him again.

Gone, proved to Betty that her friend,
whose large spirit held no room for petti-
ness, was gone. The real Buddy would have
talked things over with her. The real
Buddy died with the stroke that went to
his brain. In the warmth of her memory
he'll never die.

SOMEDAY I'll be a star," the child had
cried, struggling like a little tiger against
opportunity. But De Sylva, by dint of
her hard-pressed way out of darkness to
ward a vision, radiated and remote. "I'll
make it happen—" It was a pledge to her-
self, and she'd kept it in spades. Dancing
stars of to-day, and screen royalty of
the famous, "Annie, Get Your Gun," for
which she wins the Photoplay Gold Medal
for the actress giving the most popular per-
formance of 1930. About the golden medal,
Buddy De Sylva, the greatest showman of them all,
in "The Greatest Show on Earth."

"I'll do Annie for nothing," she told her
agent, tight-lipped, when it looked as
though that super-strand might fall through.
Paramount naturally nixed this proposi-
tion, though left to herself, Betty would
have made it good. She still can't get over
the wonder that, for doing something you
couldn't keep her from doing, she's
achieved economy beyond her
craziest dreams. Show business had lav-
ished the gifts of life upon her. But one
gift lay beyond its power to bestow.

... In the nursery Lindsay and Candy slept
her child. A woman you never want
—except that they should have waited
to know each other better. But who waits
when love strikes? It had been a whirl-
wind courtship in Chicago and they
taunted her. Only when Betty added
a room to her new house. Ted started a
branch of the Revere business in Santa
Monica, so they could live happily ever after.

Ted was the product of a well-to-do,
conventional background. He couldn't
understand Betty's world of the studio.
She couldn't understand his world of busi-
ness. At first the clashes were incompensa-
tional, for they always made up. And
the children, to whom both were devoted,
did much to hold them together for a while.
At a time of infatuation, the illusion of a
commitment, the illusion of love broke
down. Last March Betty filed for divorce.
Ted returned to Chicago.

In her teens, when it's normal for a girl
to be someone's property, Betty was already
carving a career to waste time on boys. Maybe
that was the trouble, she decided. Maybe she'd missed out on something important.
maybe she ought to learn about men. So she
tried men over, and over, and over again,
living it up. And found the whole busi-
ness as empty as a gourd. Betty's a com-
plex character. She revels in the excite-
ments of her profession and yearns at the
same time for domestic anchorage with a
good man.

Ted Briskin's a good man. His instincts
are kindly, decent, clean. Betty continued
to flirt with strangers, too. But she didn't
stop being in love with him. Last
July she went away to set her mind in
order, then flew to Chicago where she and
Ted talked things over. They agreed to
try it again. For their own sakes, and
especially for the children's. Ted would
stay in Chicago. He belonged there as
surely as Betty belonged in the picture
business. He spent some weekends and
holidays and when Betty wasn't working, she'd bring the children to him.

It was a valiant effort, foredoomed to
failure. No marriage can thrive that keeps
husband and wife 2,000 miles apart most of
the time. One day last December they
faced and accepted this reality. In Jan-
uary Betty filed for divorce again. Ted's
free to try the same thing as she. At least
he likes it. To Betty, it would be little short
of a crime to cut them off from his love or deny him
his paternal rights. As she explained it
to Lindsay: "Even though he doesn't live here
he'll be around enough. We'll be a family
and you'll be his little girl. He'll always
love you and he'll always come to see you."

She's too honest with herself to call it
a happy solution. It was just the only
solution possible. And the shadow of loneliness remains.

Awake in the darkness, she'd come full
circle. From now to then and back. This
was her life. A strange and wonderful
life. A life of regular stories—except
that the wrong prince kissed the wrong
girl. Well, you can't have everything.
Maybe someday the right prince
would come along. If not.

She was small, she said that prob-
lem too in the lap of God. Then she fell
asleep.

THE END
Restless Hearts

(Continued from page 50) living at the swank River Club in New York while he was here, I happened to sit next to him at a dinner party given by Jack Warner.

I thought I had never seen Gary look so troubled and I asked him how things were going. He is never much of a talker but he seemed to be eager to tell me—about Maria!

"Well, I think I'm working too hard for one thing," he said quietly. "I'm looking forward to getting to New York to see Maria. I've missed her more than I can tell you. She is a remarkable girl—she shines as a student and also she's fine at outdoor sports.

He didn't mention Rocky until I said, "And how is Rocky?"

Then he said, "I have talked to her many times on the telephone—in fact, we talk nearly every day."

BOTH Gary and Rocky were frank to admit that a big thundercloud had come up in their marital happiness that had grown bigger and bigger but which both thought could be settled once they got away from each other and could think things over clearly and honestly.

Far from being angry when I broke the story of their marriage vacation, Rocky sent me a telegram thanking me for the way I had handled it. Gary, too, said he was grateful—both seeming to think I had cleared the rumor-filled air.

What Rocky had said to me over the telephone had been definite and clear after I had asked her if they were parted:

"Well, I'm here and he's there," she said. "It's true we have had trouble. But if you're asking me about a divorce I'll tell you right now the answer is—'No.' I am a Catholic, and I have no intention of ever getting a divorce.

"I think not many people spend sixteen years together without sometimes having a disagreement—and this is ours. But I have a feeling we will work it out."

Gary's close friends say he is very worried. He does not want to break up his home.

Few people are more sincerely congenial than the Coopers. They have, until now, spent all their time together.

Ironically, if trouble had come up in the early years of their marriage even their closest friends would not have been too surprised because their worlds seemed so far apart. Gary, the tall, taciturn actor far famed for his Western roles and the socially prominent Rocky seemed an odd combination for long range bets.

Rocky is the stepdaughter of Paul Shields, wealthy New Yorker, and as Veronica Balfe she had been raised in the rarefied air of Park Avenue, Southampton, correct finishing schools, European vacations and all that goes with this life.

She was a typical debutante—young, lovely and different from any of the girls that Gary had known. Remember that tempestuous Lupe Velez and the colorful

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Countess Dorothy Di Frasso were two of his most publicized flames before his marriage.

He fell for Rocky and fell hard after he and the Countess parted, but he had been so long a confirmed bachelor that everyone was surprised when he and the social Miss Balfie took the fateful step those many years ago.

As the years went by, the Cooper's proved how wrong those people were who thought they could not balance their seemingly separate worlds.

I think Rocky honestly made every effort to adjust herself to Gary's way of life. She went hunting with him—and fishing—and just loafing. They bought a Ski Lodge at Aspen where they spent their vacations—and always their adored daughter was along with them. They have even taken her out of school from time to time to accompany them because they could not bear to be separated from her.

Gary said at that time, "We never want to go away without Maria. She goes in for all the sports we do—that is, all except horseback riding. I don't want Maria to ride—that's too dangerous, too many accidents could happen. Horses are not dependable."

That was a surprise coming from our Westerner who is such a fine horseman himself! But that's a father for you where an adored daughter is concerned.

Yes, Rocky not only tried to adapt herself to Gary's way of life, she learned to love it. And, in truth, it must be said that he went out all to please her and to know and like her better.

Their Beverly Hills home is typical of the changes Rocky made in Big Coop's way of living.

I remember attending a party at their home soon after they were married and I couldn't help but contrast their house with the one Gary had "batched" in by himself before he met Rocky. Then there had been "trapping," wall-to-wall, zebra skins, lion and buffalo heads, tiger skins on the floors. Most of these were relics of the safari he had made with Dorothy Di Frasso through Africa.

(After Dorothy became annoyed with Gary she had a few thousand harsh words to say about him—among them that he didn't know how to dress until she took him to London, to buy his shirts and other clothes. Well, whether Gary had a gentleman's wardrobe or just the cowboy rigs he wore when he first came to Hollywood from Montana, the man is there. And that's the important thing).

However, Rocky was not long in making short work of the lions, zebras and tigers. Gone forever were those trophies of his adventurous bachelor days.

His "expeditions" became much closer to home and to the conventional. Summers the Coopers usually spent with her relatives in the Southampton set. I'm not sure that this particularly appealed to him—but I am sure that Gary wanted to do everything that would make his wife happy—just as she had been anxious to share his kind of life.

All married couples have moments when it seems that life together has gone stale—that freedom would be very precious. It happens to the happiest of married people.

But Rocky is very determined—and I doubt very much if she would ever do what Betty Montgomery did in giving Bob his freedom after twenty-two years.

Betty had said to me over the telephone when I talked to her in Las Vegas, "I hung on as long as I could—but there is nothing else for me to do. After all, the important thing is for Bob to be happy."

"How about you being unhappy?" I felt like saying—but didn't.

Sometimes I think it's this restless, unsettled, unsure time we're living in that's responsible for so much marriage dissen-sion and trouble. Before we began living (and loving) under the shadow of A-bombs, mature couples fought through their difficulties—but seldom thought of separating.

Now, there seems to be a feeling that "Life is short—love is fleeting. Let us have Today—and forget Tomorrow."

And so, sane, mature and even balanced people rush to the divorce courts hoping there to find solace for their driving restlessness.

Well, there's far too much of it—and that's the way Mrs. Gary Cooper feels. She thinks there is nothing in the world important enough to cause two people who have shared so much and found complete happiness together to resort to a divorce.

"It's against all I believe and all I have been taught," she says—and do I admire her for sticking to her principles?

Of course, in any rift, no one person is entirely responsible for the break-up. We cannot use it as Gary who grew restless—or that Rocky failed him somewhere along the line.

Rather, let us say the fault was on both sides—and I sincerely believe the re-conciliation, when it comes, will be because both want it.

These are not silly children playing at marriage, picking up their toys and calling everything "square." No, Gary and Rocky are grown-up people who, for sixteen years, have known what real happiness is.

I hope by the time this is in print they will have made up. I don't know, of course. But I do believe they have a tie stronger than themselves, stronger than any temporary thing which may seem important now—and that is Maria, their only child.
These Enchanted People

(Continued from page 41) Hollywood June Allyson is one of these enchanted. Luckily, we call such people sometimes. But their good fortune, being more consistent than luck ever is, must be assumed to spring from certain qualities which they possess.

June is married to Dick Powell, one of the richest men in Hollywood. She has her new little son and her adopted daughter, Pamela. And her career is riding high.

June was no great shakes when she started in show business. The first night she was in a chorus line on Broadway she was so incoherent that she learned forward instead of backward—to find herself alone upwards and outside of the curtain. This, however, did not throw her into a tizzy. Grinning at her audience she continued dancing until she maneuvered herself off stage, sweet applause ringing in her ears. June’s like that. She lets people in on her mistakes as well as her dreams. So they go along with her. Not that June is all sweetness and light. She wouldn’t be where she is if she were. She’s stubborn. And beneath her little-girl smile and pout is man-sized grit and determination.

However, she controls herself, never making the mistake of delivering ultimatums, having tantrums or defying people. If something happens on the set that she doesn’t like she walks, very softly, to her dressing room. And there she stays—until she gets her way.

A few years ago, Metro wanted June to play the role in “Green Dolphin Street” that Donna Reed finally played. June shook her head. This was Lana Turner’s picture and she knew it. So the Metro bosses called a big meeting and described for June the dramatic scene she would play. They told her how she would climb up the side of the cliff with her bare hands in order to escape the tide and how, finally, she would come out in the convent.

And what,” June asked, “will Lana be doing all that time?” Then she grinned like a little pixie and left them—feeling rather foolish, I should think.

She may look and act little girlie but June has more know-how than many who appear far more worldly and sophisticated—Greer Garson, for instance.

If REER is insecure. The die of her inse-Ар после? was cast when, an only child, she grew up among older people. Unaccus- томed to children, she was self-conscious when she was with them and felt a need to show off; to hang by her heels, to tell tall tales. They didn’t like her. And so Greer acquired a lack of confidence in her ability to get on with people that still plagues her. Her nervousness at parties, for instance, causes her to talk to too much. Sometimes, to cover her insecurity she adopts a manner of condescending graciousness. And she never will make an appearance until she feels that she looks her very best—even if she keeps people wait- ing an hour or more.

She is far, far from being as much at ease as June. And so, of course, her way is far, far less enchanted.

Perhaps Greer’s marriage to Buddy Fogelson, a healthy, out-giving male, will help her. She adores him. With him, true to her instinctive femininity, she’s com- pletely a wife. Recently, when she and Buddy went to Chicago by train, he suggested lunch in the diner, Greer, who tells this story on herself, demurred. “I’ve never eaten in a public dining car . . .” It was, Buddy said, high time she did. So she did. And had a wonderful time.

Tony Curtis is like June Allyson. He isn’t afraid to let the world in on his dreams and ambitions and he doesn’t hide

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his vulnerability. Most young people who come to Hollywood pretend a little. Not Tony. He was, he tells you, Bernie Schwartz of the Bronx. And one day, when he was playing in the street in front of his father's tailor shop, a long black limousine drove by slowly because the street was so narrow and crowded. Recognizing the beautiful woman in the back seat, Tony ran after the car and, pouting on the windows, demanded Joan Crawford's autograph. She gave it to him so graciously, he adored her more than ever.

When Joan heard this story recently, she asked Tony to visit her dressing room. During most of the visit he was tongue-tied. He still has no social graces, no flair. But he soon will have.

For in Tony's life now there is Janet Leigh. What could be more wonderful? For Joan is beautiful and happy enough to warm the cockles of any man's heart.

"So you're lucky," he said, "that was a mistake. I'd like to think it was a mistake."

You could say it was Tony's luck that brought Janet into his life. But think about it and you'll know, as I do, that it was his warmth and his willingness to expose his inadequacies that charmed her—those qualities have charmed others in the past and will again in the future.

YOU do not have to be a Hollywood star with fame and such fortune as is left after taxes to be one of the enchanted. They exist the world over.

Kirk Douglas had a special gift for life even when he was very young and bitterly poor. And it was because his sisters, older than he, knew this that they pooled their earnings to send Kirk to college.

Some people will tell you that Kirk has gotten cocky and egotistical. Which is nonsense. He was always cocky and egotistical. Otherwise no one would ever have heard of him. You don't get what you want unless you believe in your rights to it and dedicate your energies to reaching for it.

Kirk didn't escape his youth, scot-free. Even today, rich, he will charge nothing. He always pays cash. He's still not easy about money and probably never will be. Also, following his separation from his former wife, he dated one Hollywood beauty after another. He acted as though he had no place in the world, to prove to himself again that he had made the grade.

Whatever Kirk does, however, he has the definite skill to stand off, watch himself and grin or groan over his activities with exactly the same perspective he would have about a friend. And even though he does after what he wants, hell-bent for election, he doesn't sit, brooding and bitter, if he doesn't get it.

He wanted, desperately, to play Cyrano de Bergerac. Stanley Kramer was the producer. It was Stanley who made Kirk a star. But, by the same token, it was Kirk in "Champion" who made Stanley an important producer. Jose Ferrer played Cyrano. And when the picture premiered, Kirk was there applauding the beautiful job of both the producer and the star.

Kirk has a personal magic that will see him through whatever he believes is his.

Jeanne Crain has too. Once she set her heart upon anything she acts, simply and calmly, as if it were an accomplished fact. I'm sure she believes it is.

She set her heart upon Paul Brinkman and married him in spite of half a dozen other girls more beautiful and successful and assured. In spite of her mother's disapproval too. Both her mother and her sister thought she was making a mistake to marry a man—about-town with acting ambitions. But Jeanne saw the problem and did something about it.

"Shall I have a baby? Maybe I'd better wait another year, until I'm better established." There are the things common to stars. But with Jeanne it's simpler; she has a baby when she has a baby. If this costs her a good role, such as she lost to Susan Hayward in "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" when she had her last son, well, she loses it. It never occurs to Jeanne to give up her personal life for her career or vice versa.

Several years ago a masculine star was working with Jeanne noticed that she spent all her time in her portable dressing-room on the set. She changed there morn- ing and night. She lunched there. "Don't you ever leave the dress and rest?" he asked. "Yes, I do," she said. "But you never use it!" he protested. curi- ous. "No," she said. "I've never stepped inside my regular dressing room and I never will until it is on star row."

Jeanne's dressing room then was in a building where lessers players park their belongings. There were always boxes there. In the story of herself she had written in her mind. Now her dressing room is among the stars—and she uses it.

Few girls, I think, ever have such a quite thing happen to them. You would think that Gene Tierney, for instance, would have much more confidence and a much better time of it generally. But that can't be. Gene, a darling and my friend, not sure of herself. She doesn't know what...
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(Continued from page 50) Windsor. The conversation went something like this:

"Hi, Marie. Well I'm in, and it's dreamy, even though it has hardly any furniture. I'm asking some of the gang over Tuesday to spend the day and have a picnic lunch. It's my first party. I would love to have you come and how about bringing your sewing machine. It would be so much more fun if we all do something, not just sit and yak."

Marie thought it was a wonderful idea. And so did all of the others—Nancy Davis, Barbara Hale, Betty Garrett, Barbara Fuller, Gretchen Adamson, and Gloria Silvers.

It was for all the world like an old-fashioned sewing bee. Nancy arrived with a gift, a lovely original oil painting—art, ideas galore. Marie, who has her license as an interior decorator, brought her portable sewing machine and before the day was done, so were the curtains for the back porch. Gretchen gave Audrey a charming antique lamp base and helped make guest towels. Barbara, a terrific cook, helping with the lunch, whipped up a tasty dish of chili and an egg ring salad. Gloria (Mrs. Sid) Silvers brought chintz ruffles which she had made for Audrey's bedroom windows and these she put up with thumbtacks. She's also making the underlaid mat and cutout curtains for the Venetian blinds. Gloria, Gretchen and Audrey were friends on the stage together.

From the "comfortable" corner (the davenport) came much discussion and comparison of notes between the two prospective mothers—Barbara Hale and Betty Garrett—as they busily worked cross-stitch on kitchen towels. "I'd just as soon it would be twins, really," admitted Barbara. "I want four anyway, and to accomplish twice as much at one time, I think would be simply wonderful. And little Jody (her three-year-old) would be twice as happy!" Betty admitted that she would welcome a double surprise for the same reasons.

The fact that there was practically no furniture—that the living room was bare except for a piano and davenport—didn't trouble Audrey or her guests. When lunch time came, Audrey set a cloth on the floor and produced paper plates. Her menu consisted of chili-dogs (hot dogs which she toasted in the fireplace, each in a bun topped with chili and raw onions) and an egg ring salad with shredded lettuce and relishes. For dessert there were small iced cakes and coffee.

Nancy Davis, one of Audrey's closest friends, has many talents; she's practical as well as artistic. When she discovered that Audrey's throw rug just fitted the den floor but was the wrong color, she took it home, dumped it in her washing machine with some dye and presto—changed it from a light beige to a Cardinal red. She insisted it was no trick at all—and not a bit messy; that she mixed the dye in a separate machine, and poured it in the machine on the wet rug which had been washed and rinsed and was still soaking. It certainly looked professional.

Marie Windsor showed Audrey the professional milk of magnesia that furniture will take in a room. She cut newspapers to the size that a table, chairs and a buffet would be, laid them on the floor and walked around them to be sure there would be plenty of space.

Barbara, after all, once planned to have a career as an artist and studied at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

In fact, by the time the afternoon was over, even though there was enough talk to make ten scripts—a lot had been accomplished. Nobody had neglected others, but towels were hemmed, curtains made, furniture "spotted" and three more inches crocheted on a wool rug. Audrey hopes that the rug will be for the living room—which is larger over, but then, Audrey has many friends to work on it.

Here are the recipes for the food served at the party:

**MOLDED EGG AND CHEESE SALAD**
(Makes 8 to 12 servings)

Hard cook: 4 eggs

Remove shells, separate whites from yolks and chop each separately.

Place in bowl: 1 package lemon gelatin
Heat to boiling; 1 cup water

Pour over gelatin and stir until dissolved.

Add: 1 teaspoon salt

1/2 teaspoon pepper

Oil lightly a 9-inch ring mold. Arrange chopped egg yolk around inside bottom edge and white around outer edge. If desired, place strip of pickles at outside edge of egg white. Pour over this 1/2 cup of gelatin mixture. Pack down firmly and place in refrigerator 30 minutes or until firm.

Combine remaining gelatin with:

3 (8 oz.) containers creamed cottage cheese
1/4 cup minced onion
1/2 cup mayonnaise

Pour egg mixture in mold and chill 3 hours or until firm. Unmold. Fill center with shredded lettuce tossed with French dressing. Garnish with olives, radish roses.

**CHILI DOGS**
(Makes 8 servings)

Heat in skillet; 2 teaspoons fat

Add: 1/2 cup chopped onion

1 tablespoon chopped green pepper

Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, 5 minutes, or until onion is just tender.

Add: 2 (no. 2) cans tomatoes, drained

1/2 cup chili sauce

1/2 teaspoon chili powder

1/2 teaspoon salt

Few grains pepper

Cover and cook over moderately low heat 1 hour. Fifteen minutes before chili is done, light the broiler. Split and butter 8 frankfurter rolls. Place in oven to heat. Fifteen minutes before chili is ready, grease 8 frankfurters.

Cook under broiler until well browned and slightly puffed on both sides. Serve on buttered rolls with 2 to 3 tablespoons of hot chili mixture.

Audrey Tetter is in "Under the Gun," Nancy Davis in "People in Love," Barbara Hale in "Emergency Wedding," Marie Windsor in "Down to a Deal."

THE END

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**Personal**

To Women With Nagging 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 giddiness. Getting up frightfully or frequent passages may result from minor bladder irritations due to cold, dampness or dietary indispositions. If your discomforts are due to these causes, don't wait, try Doan's Pills, a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. While these symptoms may often occur, 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!
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SAYs: Even better than "The
Men."

Program Notes: Arthur Kennedy
score a special pair of dyed contact lenses
during rehearsals and actual shooting. The lenses,
fitted over the corneas of the eyes, made
Arthur completely blind. Young Howard
Burton, a veteran who lost the sight of
both eyes in the Battle of the
Bulge, put
Arthur through his initial stages of simu-
lated blindness . . . The company spent
a one-month filming period at the U.S. Army
Hospital in Valley Forge. Director Mark
Robson discovered that the town of Pinta-
nixter, near Valley Forge, was full of
"actors" who wanted small parts in the
picture. It seems that at various times these
"actors" had portrayed George Washington
in the numerous pageants held in the Valley
Forge area. "I've got fifty George Washing-
tons in the picture," said Robson, "how can
I lose!" . . . Arthur Kennedy lives, sleeps
and breathes acting. When he graduated from
Carnegie Tech's drama school he
played county fairs, later played New York
in Maurice Evans' company. When he isn't
in Hollywood making pictures Arthur lives in
Wellesley, Connecticut, with his wife,
the former Mary Cheffey, and their two
children . . . Peggy Dow was born in Columbus,
Mississippi, went to school in Carbondale,
Illinois. Before she got a Hollywood job,
via television, she worked as a model at
Marshall Field's in Chicago.

(E) Grounds for Marriage
(M-G-M)

KATHRYN GRAYSON and Van Johnson
are the stars of this romantic group.
Kathryn, a temperamental diva once mar-
rried to Van, returns from a European
tour with a sore throat. Van, a New York
doctor who loves football, the Charleston
and the oboe, has gotten himself engaged
to Paula Raymond, who is definitely not
amused by Kathryn's throat trouble. Van
sets about curing his former bride's laryn-
gitis, and naturally a reconciliation follows.
Barry Sullivan has a small but amusing
part as Van's eccentric brother who has
toys and women for his hobbies. Regi-
nald Owen plays the manager of the
Metropolitan, Kathryn sings several opera-
cal numbers, as well as a popular Rodgers
and Hart tune, "Wait Till You See Her."

Your Reviewer Says: Zany comedy.

Program Notes: During production Kath-
rynn's little daughter Patti-Kate celebrated
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by VALDA SHERMAN

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TH' MILES NERVINE

Program Notes: As an angel Clifton Webb had to learn the harp. When the plot called for him to materialize as a rancher, poor Clifton, who has never cared particularly for the great open spaces, had to learn to roll cigarettes, ride mustangs and deliver haymakers. . . Edmund Gwenn has been an actor for fifty years. Despite his setbacks, he has made four pictures in 1950. After four years as a housewife, Joan Blondell returned to the screen last summer to play the flip sexy writer, described as "a good looking, smart girl who immediately gives one the feeling she has not spent her life in Pasadena." Joan divorced New York producer Mike Todd last May and is now ready to return to her career. "I never want to see a rat bag again," she said.

✓ (F) The Company She Keeps (RKO)

IZABETH SCOTT, Jane Greer and Dennis O'Keefe are the stars of this drama which deals with life after prison, and the rehabilitation of a parolee. Lizabeth plays a hard-working parole officer whose job it is to see that Jane Greer, a pretty parolee, sticks to the straight and narrow. Newspaper guy Dennis O'Keefe, engaged to Elizabeth, dates Jane and they fall in love. Lizabeth goes noble, and Jane goes back to jail when she figures that Liz has double-crossed her through jealousy.

Your Reviewer Says: One jump ahead of soap opera.

Program Notes: During production Liz Scott was dating Mort Hall, radio executive, who recently married Ruth Roman. The prop men played a gag on Liz that got a beautiful "double take." In one scene she was required to thumb through a card file containing photos of prime criminals—every "criminal" was a photo of Liz! . . . Jane Greer, wife of millionaire Ed Lasker, has two handsome sons and lives in the same house in Brentwood where Hayworth and Oreste Welles once honeymooned. A model in Washington, she was brought to Hollywood by Howard Hughes. She bought off her contract and signed with RKO. Shortly after, Howard Hughes bought RKO. She feels there's a moral there somewhere.

✓ (F) The Flying Missile (Columbia)

PHOTOGRAPHED at the Naval Air Missile Center at Redstone, Huntsville, Alabama, in this technical melodrama has an authentic and colorful background. Glenn Ford plays a submarine commander who believes that if submarines were equipped with deck launching platforms to house the Navy's new guided missiles, the combination would be unbeatable. Stymied by red tape, Glenn proceeds to swipe the material needed to build the launching device. When his pal Joe slams during the test and Glenn crippled, he glumly leaves the service. But his girl Viveca Lindfors and Admiral Harry O'Neill shame him into reclaiming himself, his breeches and his mental block against the Navy.

Your Reviewer Says: Should be popular with males of all ages.

Program Notes: While on location, Glenn Ford slipped down to Tia Juana and made a bundle on a job al a game. He did not tell wife Eleanor Powell. She was heard about it in a beauty shop, so she bought a fancy sink for the house they're redecorating. "We can't afford that," said Glenn. "Yes, we can," said Eleanor, "with your gambling money. Have it over." Glenn has Lindfors as Tia Juana desde 1950. When she returned she took her American citizenship oath.

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103
What Ails Me

(Continued from page 45) I am not more temperamental. I'm less so, for a reason I'll explain.

Nine years ago, I was a punk kid in a North Hollywood high school and I had just one dream: To get into movies.

I'd never been out of the state of California, I'd never seen anything. I was an only child, living with my father and mother.

Well, as you know, I did get into movies. My dream came true, and I'll be forever grateful to Sam Goldwyn, who gave me my great opportunity and who still has me under contract.

But, since that day in 1942, I've grown out of my teens into my mid-twenties. I've had the misfortune to be a part of the Navy. Folks like you readers of Photoplay have changed me from a "promising juvenile" in "North Star," and made me a star in an movie by Night," which incidentally is my own favorite among my pictures, and "Roseanna McCoy" and "Our Very Own." (You'll notice I'm leaving out "Edge of Doom" but I'll come back to that for a special reason later.)

This spring, all alone, wearing nothing but jeans, a "T" shirt and loafers, I spent four months prowling France, England, Austria, Germany and Italy. In other words, I've been so many places and seen so many wondrous things that I want to go to more places and see more wondrous things. I've been on wonderful trips that were built 2600 years before Christ was born and I've stood in a great outdoor plaza which Napoleon said was the most beautiful drawing room in the world.

As you know, I'm pretty proud about knowing a little bit about modern art. This past June, in Venice, I learned how little I knew about it, from a ten-year-old barefoot kid. Then I got out of high school, and lots of times since, I've regarded myself as a pretty generous Joe. That got knocked in the head in London last May when two little girls contributed their sugar ration for weeks to me so that I could take a box of chocolates as a present to George Coulouris's children.

My conception of my "ideal girl" keeps changing, and my dreams of what made a perfect marriage have changed, too.

As for my work, I love it more than I ever did, which means it only absorbs me, yet the irony is that it is such a job that I want to approach it more simply than I ever have. My feeling about the parts I now want to play is totally different from what it was two or three years ago. It is linked up somehow with the way I wish to live. Once I wanted to live like a millionaire. Even last year I wanted to live "very modern." I don't want either of those anymore.

So, what about these reports of my fighting with Sam Goldwyn, not seeing so much of Shelley, and all the rest of it? To begin with my Goldwyn troubles because my going to Europe came out of that, and my change of feminine specifications, and even my approach to my acting came about because I did refuse to do one certain picture last spring. It wasn't Mr. Goldwyn's picture, though he had the right to loan me out for it. I went on what Hollywood calls "suspension" rather than play it. I lost my salary — and Mr. Goldwyn lost what he'd been paid for me. I felt that was an even enough trade. I honestly believe I will be more valuable to him, in the long run, if I don't appear in pictures which I think will be disappointing to you people who have liked me. I believed this picture would be disappointing and so I went...
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---

let me tell you first about that kid in Venice and about the two little girls in London.

Those girls recognized me as Farley Granger but the kid in Venice only knew me as an American—and the way he arrived at that was by my blue jeans. He was only ten, but he was already a working man, a sort of assistant gondolier on the Grand Canal.

He came racing toward me, yelling, "Dungharees, dungharees," pointing first to my jeans, then to the beat-up pair cut off at the knees which he was wearing. It seems he'd got his from our Army when our G.I.'s were quartered in Italy years ago and apparently they were still his "best clothes" and he was very proud of them. He'd learned pidgin English from the G.I.'s, too, and when I told him it was special go to buy some very modern paintings I'd heard about in Venice he knew just where to take me and did. Only he didn't stop there, as I had originally meant to stop. He said, in his broken English, but you have to believe him, "Titians, the Raphael, the Michelangelo" and I think he would have collapsed of disappointment, if I hadn't agreed to go along.

Now you may think when I was just making a big noise like a guide, and watching out for a tip, and that is true. But because he did open up my eyes to art treasures I would never have thought about, staying several more days in Venice than I expected and I saw how much a part of their everyday life paintings and tapestry and all kinds of antique beauty are to the Italian people.

Most of them are desperately poor. To have enough to eat is a big adventure. To
take a hot bath is something they plan for days before and talk about for days afterward. In other words, they get the greatest happiness out of things we take for granted. They made me mighty humble. Money, sure as blazing, got me that trip to Italy, but I saw the GL's over there, who had stayed there and become civilizeds. They were painting, writing, whatever it was, and they were having a great time. It gave me an insight that I needed as to what you can get without money—the wonderful values you can have almost for free, if you only know enough to appreciate them. The Italians made me appreciate them.

But in England I found out that neither money nor appreciation nor "your name" will get you a thing if you haven't got the coupons, which is where the two little girls came in.

They tagged me down the street as I came out of my hotel. They were fans just like the fans here at home, except they were much shyer, but finally they came up and asked me for an autograph and, while I was writing it, I asked them if they knew where there was a candy store. I found out they didn't know about George Coulouris, the actor, and I explained I was going down to the country to visit him and his wife and I wanted to take his kids some candy as a present. "But you can't get candy," they said. "You haven't any coupons."

Well, it was Sunday. The toy shops were closed, and I figured I'd have to dispense with a gift. The girls asked me where I was then going, I told them I was headed for the Tate Gallery and they asked if they might meet me there a little later. When I said yes, they went running off.

An hour later, when I left the Gallery, there they were, with a pound box of what they call "sweets." "Would you take it?" they asked. "It isn't much, but we pooled our coupons and we could get this amount." All I could think of at that moment were the scores of Hollywood parties I've attended, where the buffet stretches through a whole garden, displaying turkeys, hams, and every other kind of food, often untouched.

DON'T misunderstand me. You only have to return from Europe to know ours is the greatest country in the world—but I had only to return to Hollywood to realize, too, that maybe we work too hard for what we want, work so hard that we don't have time to enjoy it.

I was in Paris, for instance, on July first when some sort of what they call a "gala" was going on. Since July first is my birthday, I preferred to think it was for me—which, of course, it was not—and I stood by the Seine, that river of Paris, and watched a big display that was going on in a barge there on the river. People were all done up in flowers and a band was playing—and the barge was slowly sinking. Since nobody was in any danger, it was pretty hysterical, watching that water creep up, the people beginning to scramble off, the band ceasing to play.

If we Americans have "know-how" this was plainly an occasion when these French had "don't know-how" and everybody's laughter could be heard for blocks.

I was traveling alone, but I kept running into people I knew and they kept introducing me to girls, and that was great. They weren't as pretty as Hollywood girls and not nearly as hep. But they had more dignity, they had more culture, they all could cook like dreams, and the combination, in some mysterious way, made them more feminine.

When I got back home I realized how all the young actresses I know are continually "at" their careers. I can't blame them a bit because I know I am continually "at" my own career. Yet I wondered if the girls, especially, weren't wrong, aren't losing something precious to them. For the first time I knew that a guy with them didn't feel terribly protective, or even terribly conquering. You knew those girls would be able to manage anything, conquer anything.

Which brings me finally to the different kind of roles I want and to "Edge of Doom." "Edge of Doom" was an off-beat picture, but I always wanted to do it. I thought that fellow was an interesting character, rather gloomy admittedly, probably neurotic, but interesting.

Well, now that I've seen Europe's suffering, now that I've seen the need to grab the little bits of happiness, to live in the immediate present, I know I want to play happy people in the future, in happy situations. I want to be part of a real love story—and now, honestly, I'd rather send people away from a theater smiling or laughing than I would deeply thinking or weeping. Which is exactly why I like "Strangers on a Train"—I'm just an average fellow in that.

And I don't think any part of this is being temperamental. I think it's like my giving up my extremely "modern" apartment when I came back and my very modern furniture and an address on a slick, smooth modern street, for a small, quite old house up in the hills that bears upon it the visible marks of people having lived happily there for years. It isn't "fashionable." It will never be "amusing." But it's solid, and comfortable and quiet. It's for me—right now at least.

You see, I think all that ails me is that I've finally grown up.

THE END
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Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels.

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels for 30 days.

My career depends on my voice. I smoke cool, mild Camels—the cigarette that agrees with my throat!

― Patrice Munsel

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Hollywood's Busiest Phone Numbers

by Hedda Hopper
Win a softer, smoother skin with your **First Cake** of Camay!

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**Camay**

the Soap of Beautiful Women
When a COLD threatens to run through a family

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A safe, direct way to fight infection

IF someone in your home has a cold don’t let it become a "family epidemic".

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Kills Secondary Invaders

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called Secondary Invaders.

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Tests showed germ reduction up to 96.7% even 15 minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle; up to 80% even one hour after.

Whatever else you do

So, whatever else you do, start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a sneeze, cough or sniffle. It’s a safe, direct way to attack the invasion—no dangerous side-effects.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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(1) Pneumococcus Type IV, (2) Streptococcus viridans, (3) Micrococcus catarrhalis, (4) Staphylococcus aureus, (5) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (6) Friedlander’s bacillus, (7) Bacillus influenzae, (8) Pneumococcus Type III.

A single gargle has reduced germs 96.7% in tests
FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 39 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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OF MUSICAL SUCCESSES...
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'THREE LITTLE WORDS'
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NOW ADDS A NEW AND
GLITTERING TRIUMPH
IN COLOR BY
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as the brother-and-sister, song-and-dance team in
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CO-STARRING
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KEENAN WYNN
with
ALBERT SHARPE
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Hear the stars sing the hits in the M-G-M records album!
"How Could You Believe Me When I Said I Loved You When You Know I've Been a Liar All My Life" • "Happiest Day Of My Life" • "Too Late Now" • "You're All the World To Me" • "Open Your Eyes" • "Every Night At Seven" • "I Left My Hat in Haiti" • "Sunday Jumps"
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

your problems answered by CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR Miss Colbert:
I am a constant reader of your column and agree with you on most of your answers, but you slipped—and how—in your answer to a girl named Stafla J. when you told her that she shouldn't marry a soldier whom she had never met but with whom she had corresponded for eleven months.

I knew my husband for only one week before we were married. I had corresponded with him for fifteen months when he was stationed in Okinawa. When he returned on leave I went to his base and married him. We had a one-month honeymoon and then he was again shipped overseas. At present he is in Japan and I am proud to be the wife of a fighting man.

I do not consider our marriage a "legal adventure" as some people put it, but a serious relationship for the rest of our lives. I love my husband very much and I will wait for him, even if he is gone five years. It isn't how long you have known a boy, but how much you love him that makes a marriage a success.

I am only seventeen years old and I can say truthfully that I don't miss any of the enjoyments of my life before marriage.

Bedelia W.

I am reminded of a wonderful story which aviation engineers like to tell: According to all laws of aero-dynamics, it is impossible for a bumblebee to fly; his body is too heavy for his wing span. However, the bumblebee has never heard this, so he goes ahead and flies anyhow. Occasionally a marriage is like this: it succeeds because it has never heard of the difficulties which might, normally, cause it to fail. I am certain that your marriage is going to be permanent because of your earnest young belief in it.

I would, indeed, be mistaken if I failed to realize that it is often possible for two articulate persons to become better acquainted by letter than they could within the narrow limits of what our society calls "dating." Yet letter writing is an occasional intellectual exchange, whereas marriage is a daily exchange of habit, mannerisms, personal tastes, dispositional behavior, emotional and ethical persuasion. A woman may be described as "married" if she has gone through a wedding ceremony, but she is not a wife in the specific sense unless she is living with her husband, sharing his life and assuming half of the marital responsibilities.

The wonderful thing about this life we live is that it is different for everyone, and that the possibilities for happiness are as multifarious as they are perennial.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I have three sons who are now eighteen, sixteen, and thirteen.

I have done everything for these boys. Their father deserted me when the oldest boy was five, and I heard nothing from him until five years ago when he began to send the boys gifts and occasional spending money. He is a long distance away from us, but to the boys he is a glamorous figure. He writes about his work and his other activities and builds himself into quite a personality. Incidentally, he has been married twice and divorced twice since he left our home.

Probably because he has never had the responsibility of the boys and because I have been the disciplinarian, the boys think their father is great and they question every rule I make. I have had to work like a slave to give them a decent home and a good education, and I get precious little thanks.

Right now we are having trouble over the boys' earnings. All of them work from time to time and I have insisted that they give me twenty per cent of their money each payday so that I could put it aside for income tax. At the end of the year it turned out that the boys didn't have to report because they didn't quite take in five hundred dollars. Now they want their tax money back.

How can I explain to them that I am entitled to this tax money whether they report their income or not? My oldest son says he thinks I should put his tax money in a separate account so that, when he is twenty-one, he can buy a car or get married, or perhaps take a trip to visit his father.

Sometimes I feel as if I will go to pieces out of exasperation.

Mrs. Martha J.

Your letter actually poses two problems: the small, immediate problem of the income-tax misunderstandings, and the larger problem of your relationship with your sons.

As you live in a large city, you will be able to discuss your tax problems with a representative of the Collector of Internal Revenue. I'm not at all a tax expert, but I can tell you that someone must pay the tax on all income. As you are the head of the household and responsible for all taxes, and as you will naturally claim the boys as dependents (exemptions), their earnings must be regarded as part of your income, or at least as a deduction from the amount of exemption you may claim. Better take your boys with you when you talk to the Deputy Collector so that the boys will understand the law, also.

(Continued on page 8)
Happiness is Bustin' Out All Over!

LULLABY OF BROADWAY

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

DORIS DAY · GENE NELSON

S.Z. SAKALL · BILLY DE WOLFE · GLADYS GEORGE · DAVID BUTLER · WILLIAM JACOBS

Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf

Written by EARL BALDWIN

DIRECTED BY PRODUCED BY
The really serious problem is your family relationship. There is an under-
tone of bitterness in your letter which worries me. You are entitled to sym-
pathy, because your lot has indeed been a difficult one. But to harp on this fact
will only bore your sons. Quiet fortitude is understood even by very young people,
and it earns respect. What of real concern your boys reach out in imagination toward
their father might be their need for ex-
pressed love, or their idea of expressed love. It goes without saying that your
boys are your love—but in the midst of the
problems of daily living, you may not
have made this clear to them. Perhaps,
if you would start at once to let them
know in every possible way that you love
them with all your heart and that your
only concern is their welfare and hap-
iness, they would turn to you naturally
and gratefully and return your effec-
tion. Self-pity, bitterness and criticism of
an absent father—in the past—nothing—
but warmth, sweetness, and a determina-
tion to ignore the hurts of the past will draw
your sons into a closely knit family
circle.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
For six months I have been engaged to a
widower. I love him, and I am sure ten
years before she passed away and always
liked both of them very much. My first
husband was very friendly with this
man, so you can see his association with
my fiancé is long standing and we un-
derstand each other. He is forty-five and
I am forty-one.

There is one serious problem. Zack has
daughter, fifteen, and she is difficult.
She insists upon going with us whenever
and wherever we go. If her father sug-
gests that she go with friends of her own
age, she throws herself on the floor and
has a temper tantrum.

She doesn't want to have any friends
from school although she is exceptionally
pretty and bright—but what a disposition!
She insists on choosing the movie we are
to see, and always ridicules my choice if
I voice it. When we pass, on our Sunday
drives, a restaurant which appeals to me,
she says she isn't hungry, but insists on
stopping at once if she sees a place she
likes.

I told Zack frankly that I didn't think a
marriage built on this spoiled girl's whims
could succeed. He broke down and said
he couldn't bear to lose me, that she
wouldn't be in two more years, that we
had our entire future together to plan,
and that he needed me.

I live with my widowed sister and have
a peaceful, contented, pleasant life. I
don't want to marry unless I can make a
success of it, and—much as I love Zack—I
don't know whether I could put up with
that girl.

Do you think this sort of thing can be
worked out happily?

Willow R.

The happy solution of your problem
depends entirely upon your own strength
of character. It's true that, in your pre-
rent living arrangements with your sister,
you have an easy and comfortable life.
It is also true that, if you married and
assumed a mother's responsibilities for this
recalcitrant fifteen-year-old, the first few
months—at least—of your new life might
prove to be hectic.

This girl needs help. You know as well
as do that a fifteen-year-old who pre-
ers the company of her father and his
fiancé to that of her own buddies is not
normal. I suspect that she is so dicta-
torial that her schoolmates can't stand
her. If she persists in her present be-
havior, she is going to end as a miserable,
lonely, poisonous woman.

Perhaps it is your destiny to save a
girl from herself. It wouldn't be easy.
Actually it might be unbelievably difficult,
and in the end your efforts might not suc-
cceed. You would have to have the full
cooperation and understanding of the
girl. However, there is a possibility that the girl needs a bal-
anced home, vast amounts of love and the
assurance of security, patient training,
guidance and prayer.

Claudette Colbert

Here is a letter from a Canadian girl who has solved her problem in a forth-
right and courageous manner. I believe it will interest readers of this column
—C.C.

Dear Miss Colbert:
I have just read the letter sent you by Mrs. Candace O. (November, 1950). Her
story is almost identical to mine. At seven-
teen I married a man ten years my senior
I am now twenty and have an adorable son
two years old.

About a year ago I began to lose all
interest in my husband. He was as good
as gold to me, was thoughtful, considerate
and generous, but I simply couldn't tak-
much interest in our marriage. I had
met a boy of twenty-five through my
brother and I realized that I was deeply
in love with him. Yet I also had to face
the fact that my husband loved our son
and would bring the baby up properly.
Also, this was an unstable, selfish
man and without a profession, even though he
grew, eager to dance (I love to dance,
but my husband isn't interested) and al-
together was a delightful playmate.

This is what I did: I made arrangements
for a neighbor to take care of my baby
from seven until nine three nights a week
for twelve weeks. (In exchange I cared
for the little girl during the day.) I en-
rrolled in night school to take dressmaking
and designing. (My husband was also
going to night school, so we were school-
nmates together.)

I filled my days so full that I didn't have
time for “mooning.” I am now on the way
to becoming a very successful designer
dressmaker, and I learned in my
classes, from listening to older women,
that a wedding takes place in about twenty
minutes, but it takes years for a marriage
to be built. I may never feel the one
“Prince Charming thrill” that I used
to get from my husband, but we have so
many other pleasures together: studying,
building a future, rearing our son, being

Continued on page 81)

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 pro-
tection.
New “Poured-In” Silhouette Gives Designers 5 New Reasons to Recommend

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

Top designers say that you can have the new “Poured-In” Silhouette with a Playtex Girdle. It’s one smooth line from waist to hips to thighs in newest fashions. Waistlines are slenderer. Hips are narrower. Skirts are straight—and really figure-moulding.

Made of smooth latex, without a seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE gives your clothes that poured-in look, gives you new slimness and freedom. And it’s invisible under your slenderest sheath! At department stores and better specialty shopseverywhere.

MADE BY A REVOLUTIONARY new latex process, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE is light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, actually “breathes” with you—dispels body heat. This sensational girdle fits and feels like a second skin, takes just ten seconds to suds, ten seconds to pat dry with a towel.

ON TELEVISION
PLAYTEX Presents

Take a Fashion Tip from Top Designers

ANTHONY BLOTTA, great New York suit designer: “Playtex works such wonders with the figure! It slims and trims away inches—gives you a lithe, supple silhouette.”

TONI OWEN, famous for her sports clothes separates: “It takes a wonderful girdle to give you this kind of a silhouette in complete comfort, but Playtex does it!”

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX, designer to royalty: “The woman who wants to wear the newest clothes successfully must have this lithe Playtex figure.”

Starring ILKA CHASE
Top afternoon entertainment on CBS-TV Network (see local paper for time and channel)

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES $4.95 to $5.95
In SLIM, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES $3.95 to $4.95
In SLIM, golden tubes, PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES —Fabric next to your skin— $5.95 to $6.95

All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
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PLAYTEX LTD. Montreal, Canada
Cupid’s Corner: Hollywood columnists lost their heads in reporting engagement plans for Joan Evans and Carleton Carpenter. They forgot to remember she’s only sixteen and must have parental consent. Last, not least, Joanie and the “Carp” are merely devoted friends... Obviously Greg Bautzer cannot forget Joan Crawford. Pretty party dresses with a set of doll clothes to match are his latest gifts to Joan’s tantalizing twins... There couldn’t be that rumored romance between Jane Wyman and Mel Ferrer. Among other reasons, he happens to be a happily married man, and Janie happens to prefer the company of director Howard Hawks who happens to be unmarried and unattached... If Steve Cochran has his way, and he has a way of having his way, his next wife won’t be actress Ann Robin, or any other actress—period!

Meet Mom: June Allyson says, and June should know, that she’s ready already to have two more children! And little Ricky, full name Richard Keith Powell, is such a spittin’ image of his famous father, his mother just shakes her head in wonderment. When it was time for his beautiful bride to go to the hospital, Dick fell apart. With her suitcase in hand he waited nervously in the doorway, while June calmly put bows in her hair! The day after the baby was born, Dick presented June with a second wedding band, a duplicate of her first. When they brought Ricky home from the hospital, they “gave” him to Pamela. There’s one nursery for both children and it’s a rule in the Powell household that everyone must ask Pam’s permission first, if they want to see her baby. How wise can parents be?

Prattle Tales: John Derek and his pretty Patti (how pleasant can you dress?) carrying a huge copper caldron through the crowds at the Farmer’s Market... John Lund, pleased because he no longer looks plump, dashing to New York for special dentistry... With every actress in Hollywood counting calories, Peggy Dow sobbing in her soup.

“Sign here, Mister,” a small voice said and John Agar, with Paula Raymond, delivered his autograph. Greg Bautzer, Ginger Rogers, Ava Gardner, Pat De Cicco at Romanoff’s. Ava went to North Carolina to visit her family.

Audie Murphy, who has role in John Huston’s “Red Badge of Courage,” won it through public’s demand. Guests on Hedda Hopper’s NBC broadcast recently were three promising people—Howard Keel, Tony Curtis and Jan Sterling.
When Norman Powell (Joan Blondell's son) visits dad Dick, the latter can count on June Allyson making it a gay occasion because the home folks in Athens, Tennessee, entertained her so royally she lost eight pounds . . . Jane Powell being enchanted at the baby clothes in Gail Patrick's shop—"Enchanted Cottage" . . . Marta Toren wishing she could permanently kill the rumor that links her name with Dr. Peter Lindstrom. According to the amoldering Swede, she has never entertained or been entertained by Ingrid Bergman's ex-husband.

Rampant Rumor: It's items like this that make Cal wish he had studied to be a plumber. We're all-out for Lana Turner, but too frequent to be ignored are those "inside" stories—stories of conflict inside the Turner-Topping household. Tall tales are told, some of them supposedly emanating from neighborhood servants who talked (too much) to reporters. Physicians have rushed to Lana's bedside on occasion but, despite the conjecture, we know she hasn't been a bit well since the recent sad loss of her baby. It's the general opinion of those who love Lana that, more than ever before, she is doing everything within her power to preserve this marriage. If it fails, even her severest critics will probably be prone to be sympathetic towards her.

Where There's Life: Cal, like everyone else who knows and appreciates Bob Hope, is delighted that he's signed another long term Paramount contract. Our visits to that lot for the past fourteen years were made memorable whenever we encountered the one and only—Mr. Ski-nose. Among his many great talents, is Bob's effortless gestures
It doesn’t pay to be a lady in Hollywood. Here are some of the screen’s First Ladies: P’ch Chatterton, Kay Francis, Norma Shearer—and where are they? Not on the screen. For that matter, it doesn’t pay to be a gentleman, either. Remember when they billed him as “Mr. Paul Muni”? dewey? The only actor who has a statue in Hollywood is Rudolph Valentino. It’s in DeLongpre Park, near the center of Hollywood, and very few people know it is there. You can always tell a tourist in movietown. He looks at the menu by the pictures of the actress, and if her picture is not there. I really felt I was aging the other night when I heard a guy say, “Lana Turner’s all right, if you like an older one.” When Mike Curtiz was shooting a scene in a ballroom on the boardwalk at Ocean Park, he shouted, “Stop the action! What is that noise!” His assistant replied, “It’s the ocean, Mike.” “Well, stop the ocean!” commanded Mike.

Jane Russell always looks so mean in those photographs. All right, so I’m peculiar—I look at the face! Tough guys in pictures always try to give the impression that they are really gentle people. Off-screen Edward G. Robinson has his art collection, Alan Ladd tends to his horse personally and Rudolph Valentino, is a babysitter. Betty Hutton is beginning to act as if she’s seen too many Betty Hutton movies. People don’t really care if Movies Are Better Than Ever. All they want is a good movie. You ought to get a load of the Romanoff’s stock company. At lunch almost any day when they’re not working you can see Humphrey Bogart, Paul Douglas and Oscar Levant. They can see the menu by her picture. If you know the address of the Fox Studio is 1201 West Pico Boulevard. This number reads the same backwards, so when producers don’t know if they’re coming or going, they can still find the studio.

I’d rather watch Garbo than any actress on the screen today. Ruth Roman is a pretty interesting character, off screen as well as on. I am of the opinion that if people are with each other long enough, they start to look alike. Look hard now and aren’t Joanne Dru and John Ireland beginning to resemble each other? Same goes for Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse; Dick Haymes and Nora Edington, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay. I’d rather watch a bad movie than a bad play. You must have noticed that everyone in the movies who writes a letter has an excellent handwriting. I wouldn’t like to see a movie in which detective Dana Andrews turns to the audience and says, “I can’t solve this case,” and then turns in his badge.

I know that Tyrone Power is a handsome devil, but he has to shave three times a day. That puts Ty two up on me in the shave department. Wonder what would happen if Lex (Tarzan) Barker found himself in a jungle? He always looks more at home to me in Mocambo. I understand Marlon Brando’s sex appeal because girls tell me about it. He’s “basie,” they say. However, regardless of what they tell me about John Derek, I can’t understand it. It’s about time that Maureen O’Hara got a good picture, instead of just good Technicolor. People who come to Hollywood are always amazed not to find movie stars at Hollywood and Vine.

Jane Wyman flashes the cutest smile just after she says hello to you. Don’t overlook Kathryn Grayson when you’re making an All-American Well-Stacked Team. I got it straight from the wardrobe department that she’d be out in front. I never see Janet Leigh without recalling the day she was wearing a sweater for a scene in a picture and a prop man commented, “Well knit, isn’t she?” Susan Hayward sometimes sleeps in just a striped jersey shirt. She doesn’t care what anyone says. I think Gloria Grahame can be one of the finest actresses on the screen. While walking along Schlep Row in Beverly Hills, I meet Marie Wilson, who’s wearing a sweater with a dog embroidered on it. I comment on how well the dog looks there. Marie smiles and says, “It’s there to watch things.” . . . Marilyn Maxwell has been known to slip a mink coat over her nightie and go to market. I like that actress, recently divorced, who said: “I like my ex-husband more than ever. He’s so kind. He let me get a divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty.” Yes, that’s Hollywood for you.

Names in the News: Good news for Burt Lancaster, whose three-year-old son now recovering from polio will have a little sister or brother (Burt’s fourth) next summer. Bad news for Dan Dailey, whose disturbance is deeprooted enough to create the possible necessity for a year’s retirement. Puzzling news on the Sonny Tufts, who finally announced their separation but continue to share each other’s company with obvious enjoyment. Heart-warming news for Joan Leslie, who celebrated the new year by presenting twin daughters to her husband, Dr. Wm. Caldwell. Frustrating news for Henry Fonda, whose honey was thirty, with twenty-two-year-old Susan Blanchard was interrupted when this twenty-year-old son, Peter, accidentally shot himself at target practice. Skeptical news that Shirley Temple’s avowed retirement is of permanent duration. Las Vegas news on Marie Wilson and Allan Nixon, who divorced while orchestra leader Garwood Van smiled approvingly. Admiring news that Edward G. Robinson testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee to “settle once and for all” insinuations made against his loyalty. Great news that Helen Hayes will make a Paramount movie and end Hollywood’s fourteen years of hoping to see her on the screen again.

Gallant Groom: It can happen here! Not only do we have Ruth Roman’s word that she picked a perfect husband, but the deal included a perfect mother-in-law. For a wedding present, Mortimer Hall’s mother gave his bride a diamond bracelet. “My husband gets up at six
every morning when I'm working," beams Ruth. "He insists on it, even though his job allows him to sleep three hours longer." Typical of Ruth's warm generous heart, she's given the little hillside home she loves to her mother. The Halls are living in their rented place and hope to build later. Wait until you see Ruth as a blonde taxi-dancer in her new movie. The gal reels with sex appeal!

It's True That: Farley Granger is getting a Hollywood reputation for being quite a rude young man . . . Ezio Pinza didn't create the expected sensation when he sneak-pretended "Mr. Imperium." Production went back for added scenes and retakes . . . Delightful Diana Lynn didn't re-sign with producer Hal Wallis but four studios in town offered her contracts . . . Due to Ethel Barrymore's illness, they finally had to close down production on "Kind Lady," but it was a great break for the actors whose salaries continue while they're waiting.

Big Boy: Cal, who knew John Wayne when he was just a glint in a B producer's eye, got a kick recently when he met up with "Mr. Box-Office, the Duke" was with his son, Michael, whom we've also known since he wore three-cornered rompers. It was quite a day for the six-foot lad who was celebrating his sixteenth birthday. "Dad made the down payment on a new Chevrolet," he exclaimed proudly, "but I have to keep up the monthly payments." John grinned when we asked him how his son expected to accomplish this miracle. "I'm part owner of a hotel in Culver City," he said. "Michael goes there every day after school and washes the windows!"

Welcome Mat: Cal loves Hollywood parties. Cal wishes that Patti and Jerry Lewis would give one a week like their recent Pacific Palisades housewarming. The famous comedian greeted us at the door dressed like a newsreel cameraman and before anyone could say "I'll take mine with soda," we were whisked into the library where lights, camera and sound track waited to record comments on the new house. That Jerry! So serious about it all, yet. Not a single "boo-

WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S WHISPERING ABOUT

BY HERB STEIN

Bob Taylor's secret weapon to duck people he doesn't want to see: His plane. Just hops in and takes off, as he did when he didn't care to see reporters at the time of his crack-up with Barbara Stanwyck . . . Hedy Lamarr aching to be a play producer on Broadway . . . The talent racketeers who promise you training and a good chance at becoming a star. The picture industry is trying to expose the phony ones. Check your exhibitor before you spend your dough. He can find out if the claims these people make are true or false . . . Greg Peck's shyness: His roles in "David and Bathsheba" looked so much like dresses, he switched to slacks when the company broke for lunch so his chums wouldn't chide him in the studio commissary.

The cosmetician in town who is suggesting lipstick for men—on the theory that it winds up there anyway! . . . The female "wolf pack" going daffy for Gene Evans, big hit of "The Steel Helmet," who is twenty-five, six feet tall and unmarried.

The drop of Dean Stockwell from the M-G-M contract list after a series of wonderful pictures left the studio without a child star for the first time in years . . . The Bogarts' search for a larger home because they want a larger family.

The versatility of a gal trying to get ahead: Actress Marian Richman sent letters to talent scouts and columnists, mentioning the characters she plays (and dig this): "Lead, ingenue, neurotities, toughs, housewife, sophisticate, comercials—and the real, friendly type" . . . The name stars here who go dateless as often as the seemingly popular ones in your own home town: One star confided that she spent two weekends in a row at home, washed her hair, bawled through practically both weekends because her phone didn't ring . . . The great courage of Susan Peters, trying a comeback via television, in which she plays a woman lawyer—an inspiration to our boys who were paralyzed in the service.

Stanley Donen as Liz Taylor's interest: This is the twenty-five-year-old director who was directing Liz in "Love Is Better Than Ever" and with whom she had dates for quiet dinners at her home after she split with Nicky Hilton. Donen was a former New York choraus boy with Gene Kelly. (During the same period, by the way, Ted Braslin, who had just broken with Betty Hutton, was trying anxiously to date Liz) . . . The opening scene of "Strictly Dishonorable" which will have Pinza in a bathtub—with bubbles, too (unless the censors snip it).

boi!" Later the Martin and Lewis television shows were projected. (Dean wasn't there as the boys belong to separate social sets.) As a special added attraction, there was a homemade housewarming party thrown by Jerry and written by clever actor-writer Don Maguire. Tony Curtis appeared in it—playing two spoons! There were other special features of the evening—Janet Leigh's plunging neckline amongst them.

Best Bette: As a woman, Bette Davis has found happiness at last with Gary Merrill. As an actress, too, she has her self-respect back again. Recently when she disposed of her Toluca Lake house, Bette did a very sweet thing. To each of those friends who have always been her friends, she gave one of her treasures possessions, picking the one thing each person had admired at some time. Speaking of Gary, and every Hollywood producer is these days, "Twelve O'Clock High" wasn't his first picture. During the war, he was one of the soldiers who played a soldier in "Winged Victory".

A Little from Lots: Cal finds it hard to believe that success has changed Kirk Douglas, who has always been a regular guy for our cold cash. However, one or two persons connected with "Along the Great Divide," insist Kirk was an altogether different thing but his usual friendly, unself-centered self. When he wasn't taking over the direction of the picture (which happened frequently, they say), Kirk's behavior in scenes with Walter Brennan caused that good soul irritation and unhappiness. Whether there's a connection we wouldn't be knowing. But upon completion of this production, director Raoul Walsh severed his Warner contract.

Home Folks: Since her divorce, Barbara Stanwyck has stopped refusing all party invitations from her closest friends . . . The Jimmy Stewarts now own the former home of director Charles Vidor, which is handy when they want to run across the street to borrow a cup of sugar from Hedy Lamarr . . . Arthur Kennedy, so brilliant (which ain't news, chum), in "Lights Out" moves his family to Hollywood and starts his own legitimate theater . . . Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw's first guest at their new Canoga Park ranch—a rattlesnake!

Redhead and governor: Susan Hayward plays hostess to Arizona's Howard Pyle on location of "David and Bathsheba"
hollywood party line

BY EDITH GWYNN

While other gals are getting gasps on TV with their so-low-cut necklines, Esther Williams drew all eyes from another direction—at the Louis B. Mayer's dinner dance. Esther was demurely governed from the front—but her plunging neckline that slew 'em. Way down to there! Hubby Ben Gage doesn't approve of Esther exposing her chest at all, at all. And he insists that she wear bras—why, we wouldn't be knowing. Deborah Kerr sported an up hair-do, more chic than becoming. Amazing how Deborah can "age" several years just with a certain coiffure. She looks like a teenager with her usual soft medium-length bob and, heaven knows, she's barely out of that category. Among those who danced to the always sensational music provided by Freddie Karger and his crew (the pet of Hollywood party-givers) were Mary Lee Fairbanks (wearing, believe it or not, a diamond tiara), Audrey Totter with producer Armand Deutsch (altar-headed, those two), the Jack Benny, Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross, Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse, Claudette Colbert (in shimmering black sequins from head to foot).

Betty Garrett's favorite accessories are a large bag made of Scotch plaid and pigskin and a little blue wool Scotch plaid cap, both of which she picked up on her trip to the Bahamas. The man who sold Betty the cap was surprised a woman would want it. He explained that they're worn by Seamen only. Plaid accessories give solid color suits a bright look.

Louella Parsons and Dr. Harry Martin gave a big wing-ding that lasted from the cocktail hour till an almost unmentionable hour. An amusing thing happened just as columnist Harry Crocken (Hollywood's most-in-demand bachelor) drew up in front of the Martin manse. As he got out of his car, Betty Bennett, all done up in several shades of green, alighted from a brand new green convertible. She yelled at Harry, "I have a different car to go with every dress." She was kidding—natch! The subject of cars furnished most of the gab for Clark Gable and Humphrey Bogart, both of whom own those British-made Jaguars—the kind that are so easy to fall out of! They spent hours comparing notes. Gary Cooper and Bob Stack, who also have same, said they call all such possessors "The Senior Hot-rodgers." Marion Davies, the Ezio Pinzas and, of course, animated Syl Gable were among the merrymakers. Sylvia drove to and from the party in her own dosed car. She just lets Clark enjoy the breeze in his Jaguar anytime the mood is on him.

The last time I saw Jeanette MacDonald she was wearing a ribbon about her neck and on it was pinned her favorite jewel from Gene Raymond. It's a brooch of pearls, diamonds, sapphires and rubies set in gold. Intertwined with the jeweled flower is the date of the wedding anniversary on which Jeanette got this beautiful bauble.

Anne Baxter and John Hodiak invited some fifty chums for an English dinner (complete with a huge roast and other Picadilly dillies) for a double occasion. They were previewing their newly decorated house and house-guesting Anne's ma and pa visiting from San Francisco. The gals went wild for the handbag that attractive Mal Millard carried. Ray bought it for her in London and its handle is intertwined with a solid gold linked chain. She can make two bracelets out of the handle any time the bag wears out. Clifton Webb, the Sam Goldwyns, Mrs. Reg Gardiner (leaving to join her spouse who's all tied up with TV in New York), beautese Paula Raymond, the David Waynes, the Ricardo Montalbans, the Darryl Zanuckets, the Dennis O'Keefes were some who were hosted by Anne and John that eve. Denny O'Keefe had just gifted some Steffie Duna with a real pearl necklace. It and its charming antique and pearl clasp were strictly in the "admiration department."

Dinah Shore, Mrs. Edgar Bergen and Mrs. Justin Dart (whom you knew as Jane Bryan when she was a movie star) got together and gave a mighty party luncheon baby shower for June Allyson at the Bergens' hilltop home. All the expectant mommas around here have completely tossed away the old "pink for girls, blue for boys" idea for their nurseries, baby clothes, etc. Junie chose yellow and white for her infant's wardrobe, bassinet, etc. Among the forty or more gals who helped unwrapping the gifts were Roz Russell, Donna Reed, Connie Moore, Polly Firestone, Mrs. George Murphy, Ginger Rogers, Kay Spreckels. The Bergen abode is way up on Beverly Hills "mountain" so Frances had huge painted cardboard storks at various spots along the hill—all of 'em flying in the direction of the house. Johnny Green's wife Bunny (no amateur photographer, she) took flash-bulb pictures of the party all afternoon.

INSIDE

Bulletin: Watch for Dale Robertson! He's worked around Hollywood for years, but it took boss-man Darryl F. Zanuck to discover him. The young man from Oklahoma gets a long-term contract and a big studio build-up for scoring so sensationally in "Take Care of My Little Girl." Tony Curtis got a terrific kick out of inviting his relatives over to meet Janet Leigh. They all came to the dinner table with autograph books... Clark Gable on the "Golden Horde" set at U-I, which translated could mean that George Sherman will direct the "King's" first independently produced production... Martin and Lewis laughing (with tears in their eyes) over the script of "That's My Boy"... According to George Sanders: "I accepted the Pinza role in the London stage production of 'South Pacific' because it was the closest I could get to auditioning for Hollywood producers!"

Happy Talk: Cal wishes those scandal spreaders could have been along the day we dined with Mrs. Errol Flynn. Patricia Wymore met us in the studio Green Room, her first day back following her European honeymoon. She was wearing those very necessary horn-rimmed glasses, a smart black tailored suit and she carried herself with becoming new poise and assurance.

"I'm starting a heavy dancing schedule immediately," she confided. "We had such a happy time, but I've put on a little weight."

We kidded her about those feuding rumors.

"All I can say," Pat laughed, "is, if a man enjoys my cooking, he has to be happy!"

Actually, Pat is a good cook. Her mother back in Kansas insisted on teaching her. "Someday," she warned her daughter, "you'll be glad that you know how!"

Pat is very glad indeed.

Arthur Kennedy, who considers role in "Lights Out" best he's ever done, rehearses with Peggy Dow between takes
Stuff

News, All Kinds: With no fanfare, which is so typical of Bette Davis, she and Gary Merrill adopted a baby sister for her little daughter Bee-Dee. They've named the lucky little lady "Margo" in honor of the brilliant character Bette plays in "All About Eve." Seventy-three years young, Lionel Barrymore rallied from pneumonia like a schoolboy... They announced their engagement, he's legally free, so Hollywood is wondering why Lex Barker and Arlene Dahl keep postponing their wedding... A final curtain call for Jack Holt, the original Westerner who was a real movie star from 1913-1940. Hedy announced her retirement from making pictures, because she's tired, wants to lead a simple life and have fun. Hollywood skeptics believe there's one thing that could make her reverse her decision—jewelry. Hedy's presents-efficiently enlarged their nursery. New arrival expected this summer... On her birthday, Richard Egan took Ann Sothern's daughter to the city pound to pick out her present, Little Tisha selected a mutt to end all mutts and named him "Rosebud." Dear Hearts and Gentle People: The untold story of Bette Davis's biggest kick when we're lucky enough to discover them. Recently we heard about the Pacific Lodge, a home that houses fifty or more boys, many being wards of the court. There are countless supporters whose names are unfamiliar to Photoplay readers. But you do know Red Skelton and Fred MacMurray and, like us, we're sure you'd like to learn that these two generous guys have done much to help the kids become useful, respected citizens. The story goes that when Red presented them with a station wagon, with typical, touching humor he had painted on the back, "Drive carefully. These are my boys—Red Skelton." In Case You Care: It's the last gasp for Hollywood glamour queens to wear rhinestone-decorated fingernails, to match jewelry that isn't rhinestone... Warner Bros. paid off and no longer have a commitment with Charlton Heston... Jane Russell's brother Jamie, who is starting his movie career, is the spittin' image of a young Cornell Wilde... Lana Turner and Bob Topping are anxious to find a ranch in Arizona and the sooner they occupy it the better... A wistful woman tried to crash Piper Laurie's table at the Captain's Table, not knowing she was with Vie Damone, who was up in front giving a free solo for the cash customers... Paul Douglas, who bought a TV set from Victor Mature, tuned in for the first time and caught a showing of Vie's ancient "Shanghai Gesture." Cracked Paul: "Does this come with every set?"

La Vie En Rose: Maybe it's just as well that Ava Gardner can't look into a crystal ball. Life without Frank Sinatra undoubtedly would hold little interest. Life currently with Frankie is filled with nightclubs and lowdowns that keep the fabulous beauty in a state of emotional upheaval. When they aren't together, which is when he's East broadcasting and she's making a movie, Ava seems lost. One night she and Kathryn Grayson called on Lana

Impertinent Interview

By Aline Mosby

U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Slambang Shelley Winters, tabbed "temperamental as a bombshell," is the first gal to put zir in the plaster city since Lana stopped filling sweaters. Recently theittle-talkers have had their claws out for Shelley again, accusing her of temperment on the set of "He Ran All the Way." Temperamental stars are "good copy." Everybody knows a dating deal about what other people say about Shelley. High time she spoke for herself.

"They say," we faced Shelley, "you were mad because you couldn't manage things on the "He Ran All the Way" set, the way you do at your own studio."

"That's not true," Shelley screamed quietly. "I went to a lot of trouble to do this movie, see! I didn't even know Bob Roberts, the producer. But I heard he ate at Lucey's. So I went there and had him paged. When he answered the page, I asked him for the part. Then I had to get Universal to let me do it. They wanted me to stay home and make "Little Egypt." They've been awfully nice to me—let me keep all the money I've made on my radio show and stuff.

When I signed to do 'He Ran All the Way' there was a big scene at the end where I kill Garfield. I'm in love with him, but I kill him. But when we get to this scene it's been changed. It's all Garfield's. I can't blame it. It was his own company..."

"Well, we finally compromised. I still kill him, but the scene's his."

(The compromise was negotiated after Shelley arrived on the set two hours late one morning with a battery of lawyers in tow.)

This temperamental business isn't good for me," she sighed. "My studio says I can't even talk about temperament. But all people have to do is look at my shooting schedule. One producer was afraid of me because of all the talk about temperament—until Universal showed him my shooting schedules and he saw I'd never held up any picture.

(There was a time, however, when Universal admitted to inquiring reporters that Shelley had stopped off a set and an hour had passed before she had come back.)

"Everything I do I get sat on for," wails Shelley. "Farley Granger and I wanted to go to Europe together, chaperoned of course. But my studio wouldn't let me go. They said it wouldn't look right!"

The old days, she sighs, when movie stars could be movie stars, have faded out.
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Are you really sure of your present deodorant? Test it under this arm.

Now try FRESH under this arm. See which stops perspiration, prevents odor better.

In a gay whirl at Mocambo are Vic Dione and pretty partner, Piper Laurie

Turner. Another night in the Zebra Cafe, Ava sat listening to the Mexican music. At closing time she invited everyone home for coffee, which could indicate that her solitude is unbearable. Frank's gifts of gold and emeralds would thrill the hearts of most fair maidens. Ava just prefers—Frank. The rumor that he's going to make an all-out effort to divorce Nancy Sinatra intrigues Hollywood. In face of odds that appear to be unsurmountable, Ava's future happiness hangs in the balance.

Day Dreams: Unless their plans change again, by the time you read this, Doris Day should be Mrs. Marty Melcher and honeymooning in Louisiana. Cal ran into his singing friend who was trousers-shopping in Beverly Hills. With great amusement she confided there might eventually be a second agent in the family. It's her son Terry, who has quite an eagle eye for business. Because she can't read a note, Doris has been threatening to take piano lessons. Finally she hired a teacher. "I think it would be a good idea if you took lessons at the same time," she explained to her son. Terry looked thoughtful. "Look, Do-Do," he reasoned. "Why should you pay twice? Let me take the lessons and then—I can teach you to play for practically nothing!"

Woof-Woof: Steve Cochran and his dog "Tchakowsky" are rapidly becoming famous in Hollywood. The animal literally worships his tail, dark and supersexy master. Not only does he walk like Steve and affect that attractive air of indifference but, when a pretty girl passes, the canny canine looks at her with (Continued on page 16)
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women...
so little
time...

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INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 14)

smoldering eyes! On the set of “Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison” Dorothy Hart was in her dressing room changing her clothes. Suddenly she let out a piercing scream. “I was never so startled in my life,” she laughs. “I happened to turn around and there was Tchaikovsky peering through the door. Honestly, for a second I thought it was Steve!”

Paging Pinkerton: Cal couldn’t have been more amused the night he drove up in front of the “Bantam Cock” at dinner time. On the air a celebrated columnist had just announced: “Lynn Bari has hired process servers who are searching for her recently divorced husband, Sid Luft.” Sid, who hits the columns daily as Judy Garland’s No. 1 escort, was back in alimony payments—or so the story went. In less time than it takes to tell, we saw Sid and Judy right inside the restaurant. A process server with a seeing-eye dog couldn’t have missed them! Judy, we’re sorry to say, seemed strangely remote and is changing from pleasingly plump—to almost a fat girl.

Human Dynamo: Cal opened his front door to find Tony Curtis ready to explode with excitement. “I just had to stop by and tell you what’s happened,” he exclaimed. “They sneaked The Prince Who Was a Chief and when I came on the screen, the fans shrieked like I was Sinatra—yet! Then the studio allowed me to invite my friends to see the picture in the projection room. My mother baked cookies all day. I bought some beer and we served—refreshments. Gee, my father got such a kick out of it!” Did his father really think he was such a terrific actor, we asked. Tony’s eyes twinkled with amusement. “I dunno,” he grinned. “When I introduced him to Danny Kaye, he was so thrilled—that’s all he’s been talking about ever since!”

Cal-culations: Cal is: Delighted over the great reviews Olivia de Havilland has received during the pre-Broadway run of “Romeo and Juliet” and hopes her New York debut will meet with equal success. Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier were unmercifully panned when they starred in this Shakespearean classic ten years ago . . . Disappointed that Marilyn Max—

(Continued on page 21)

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EYES
Blue . . . Hazel . . .
Brown . . . Black . . .

HAIR
BLONDE . . .
Light . . . Dark . . .
BRUNETTE . . .
Light . . . Dark . . .
BROWNETTE . . .
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Grannie Get Your Gun:

"King Solomon's Mines" has affected people in many strange ways. For instance, my mother works for a rather eccentric old lady of seventy-two. This woman is in good health and looks very young for her age. After she saw "King Solomon's Mines" she decided to go on a safari to the heart of the Dark Continent. This woman is very adept with a rifle. How young and lucky can you get?

Helga Schwab
Waterloo, la.

Readers' Pets:

I read the article "Lonely Joe" in the January issue about Auntie Murphy and I would like to say that I certainly wish I could do something about his loneliness.

Katherine Perkins
Lake Charles, La.

I don't see why everyone is so against John Barrymore Jr. Maybe he isn't as good an actor as his famous relatives but everyone has to learn. People expect him to be a great actor in his first picture just on account of his name.

Valerie Johnson
Niles, Mich.

Cheers and Jeers:

The next time Hollywood decides to produce a picture about the roller derby, I wish they'd make it a little more true to life. "The Fireball" presented the derby as an uncontrolled madhouse with no semblance of sportsmanship. It is a clean sport and should not be burlesqued.

Marilyn Salter
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Can't Photoplay have just one good picture on the cover every month without crowding in dogs, babies and married couples?

Kshemendra Lall
Georgetown, British Guiana

I have just heard Dick Powell sing on Bing Crosby's program. He's as "dreamy" as ever! Why can't we have some movies of him again..."killing" us gals with a song instead of a "gat"?

Mrs. Mike Wilson Jr.
Tulsa, Okla.

I am tired of hearing about Elizabeth Taylor and how beautiful she is. Jean Simmons is much prettier. Jean can act, too, something I have yet to see Liz do.

Ann Clark
Lansing, Mich.

All the raves about Ruth Roman being the sexiest gal in Hollywood is overdoin' it a bit. What about Pat Neal? To my notion, this gal is loaded with sex appeal.

Kathleen Lewis
St. Louis, Mo.

What is Janet Leigh trying to do, give an anatomy lesson to every man she dates? Nearly all of the upper half of her figure is on display in her publicity pictures. I'm no prude but I think she has surpassed the appealing stage.

M. Flynn
Casting:

How about a change of pace for Steve Cochran? He's a good gangster ("Highway 31," "The Damned Don't Cry"). I'd like to see him wind up with the girl—and his good health—just once.

Viv Pickett
Lima, O.

Why doesn't Hollywood team Richard Widmark and Mercedes McCambridge in a movie? Both spent years in radio before they were tapped for pictures. With their dramatic ability and dynamic personalities, to state they would be a sensation is being modest.

John F. McNamara Jr.
Freeport, Tex.

Question Box:

Would you please give me some information about Lee MacGregor? I saw him in January Photoplay and I have taken some interest in him.

Dorie Delaray
Downers Grove, Ill.

(Lee MacGregor was born in Hollywood 10/19/24. His hair is blue, electric blue. He is divorced. He got his start as an office boy at Twentieth Century-Fox, is now with RKO making "Best of the Badmen.")

Could you please give me the address where you send away for a book that gives all the movie stars' birthdays, studios, color of hair and eyes, etc.?

Carol T.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Send fifty cents to Photoplay Annual 1951, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., for the Photoplay Annual which includes this information on about 800 stars as well as other interesting features and full-page illustrations in color.)

A friend of mine insists that Mario Lanza, who starred in "The Toast of New Orleans," actually made the chandelier in the opera house shake with his powerful voice. I am trying to convince her that the movement of the chandelier was not done through Mr. Lanza's voice. I wish you could prove her wrong.

A. Medo
Sylvia Battista

(She is wrong. The A-G-M wind machine made the chandelier move.)

Who is that dream dish who played Charles Bickford's real son in "Branded"?

Frances Scott
New Orleans, La.

(That was Peter Hanson, born in Oakland, Cal. Dec. 5, he has blue eyes, brown hair, is 5' 11", 170 lbs. He is married to Betty Mac; has two children. Under contract to Paramount, he is also in "Molly.")

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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See the wonderful difference! 15¢, 30¢, $1.00 plus tax.
Wrong Rumor:Van Johnson's sojourn at Sun Valley without Evie raised those usual questioning eyebrows. Take it from Cal, things couldn't be running smoother for them.

"The minute I'm not working, I get so restless," Van told us. "It's difficult for a man to hang around the house in the daytime. Evie understands this. She had so many household duties she couldn't get away, so she urged me to go by myself. Even so, it still wasn't any fun without her."

Speaking of Van, and we can't speak too highly, his loyalty always astounds us. When he bought that expensive Santa Monica home, M-G-M loaned him the money. It proved to be too big and costly. When Van couldn't unload it, the studio came to his rescue and took the house off his hands. Van is so grateful for their help, he chokes up when he talks about it.

Summer Wedding: They haven't made a formal announcement yet, but by summer (after his options renewed), Rock Hudson will marry Vera-Ellen. Cal came across them recently out shopping for a house. "As long as there's a big yard for the Irish terrier Vera gave me," grinned Rock, "that's all I ask. Vera can have her way about everything else." For awhile it looked like they were heading in opposite directions. However, absence worked its little miracle. While she was making a picture in England, the handsome U-I actor discovered he had no desire to date the unattached belles of the town. She came back and Rock's strong arms were open and waiting. Vera was happy to find herself weak and very willing. Take it from Cal, it won't be long now!

Chit Chat: Most painters may stand before their easels when they work but not that young "old master" Claudette Colbert. "Me and Winston Churchill,"
A flawless manicure is the only kind that will pass a close-up screen test. And it takes instruments of La Cross precision quality," says Miss Collins, "to give such a perfect manicure."

That's why so many professional manicurists prefer La Cross to any other manicure instruments. And that's why lovely stars like Yvonne De Carlo, whose hands get La Cross salon care, choose La Cross instruments for home manicures, too!

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INSIDE STUFF

Linda Darnell's daughter Lola shyly greets her guests at third birthday party. Keeping an eye on sons Paul and Michael, is lovely Jeanne Crain.

She grins, "we sit." Incidentally, Claude's been having a wonderful time at Sun Valley. An expert skier, Claude has won the slalom race at this famous resort. And last year, bedded with a back injury as she prepared for her annual skiing trip, she could only torture herself with memories of the beautiful white slopes. This year she stayed at Sun Valley a month to make up for lost time... Barbara Payton, who gets around with Franchot Tone, startling the natives by getting around in sheer black stockings worn with white shoes... Thelma Ritter, who only gets featured billing in "The Mating Season," stealing all the applause from stars Gene Tierney and John Lund at the preview... Richard Clayton back to Hollywood from the New York theater and back with beautiful Ann Blyth at the "Mudlark" premiere and the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund dinner... Joan Evans and Jerry Paris are co-authoring an original screen play which, by some strange coincidence, would be just perfect for their acting talents.

Behind the Scenes: It's the untold stories that give Cal his biggest boot out of Hollywood. Steve Cochran had one for us when we met up with him at a small cocktail party given by the Mortimer Halls (Ruth Roman).

"A few years ago when I was broke," confided Steve, "I had a chance to do a play in San Francisco. As I walked down Hollywood Boulevard, trying to figure things out, in the forefront of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, I saw a girl trying to fit her shoe into those famous footprints. It was Ruth Roman whom I had known in New York and this was her first day in Hollywood! Ruth didn't have many money but she loaned me enough to get to San Francisco. That was the turning point in my life. I've been working ever since."

Did he pay back the money? "I wouldn't be here drinking Ruth's good liquor if I hadn't," laughed Steve.

The evening ended with Vic pouring his heart into words that were written to an old Hebrew folk song called, "Where Can I Go?"... Cal can't sing, but for Vic Damone, our theme song remains, "Stay As Sweet As You Are."

Sights and Sounds: Irene Dunne's face still sore and sensitive from those endless months of wearing that rubber mask for her role of Queen Victoria in "The Mudlark"... Gordon MacRae a plaid dinner jacket, driving with the top down and singing a solo on his way to a Hollywood party... Scott Brady dancing with a doll at Ciro's and not worrying a snit because Universal-International failed to renew their option... Charlton Heston spiking rift rumors when he drove out from the East with his wife, the former Lydia Clarke, rising young New York stage actress.
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says Donna Reed

"My beauty bath leaves my skin so smooth, so fragrant!"

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Donna Reed

in "SATURDAY'S HERO"

A Sidney Buchman Production.

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

for your Beauty Bath
**½ (F) I'd Climb the Highest Mountain (20th Century-Fox)**

SUSAN HAYWARD and William Lundigan are the stars of this heart-warming Technicolor drama which was filmed in the North Georgia hills. Based on Corra Harris's novel, the picture tells a gentle but gripping story of the adventures of a young and eager Methodist minister and his city-bred bride, among the proud Southern folk of North Georgia. There are many interesting characterizations, among them: Gene Lockhart as a greedy storekeeper; Ruth Donnelly as a kindly neighbor; Alexander Knox as an agnostic and recluse; and Lynn Bari as a fashionable lady from Atlanta who takes a great interest in the Bible after meeting the preacher. Barbara Bates and Rory Calhoun look after the romance department.

**Program Notes:** Georgians will get a fine case of nostalgia when they see the red clay roads, the Blue Ridge Mountains, and the Chattahoochee River. Filmed mostly in and around Dacula, Georgia, director Henry King used five hundred natives, a dozen or more of them in speaking parts . . . This is Susan Hayward's twenty-fifth picture. She has come a long way since David Selznick discovered her on the cover of the Saturday Evening Post and brought her to Hollywood to test for Scarlett O'Hara. Her twin boys are now five years old . . . After ten years in B pictures Bill Lundigan, a very excellent actor, has been rediscovered all over again (this time by Darryl Zanuck) and is rapidly becoming one of the top male stars in Hollywood. And it couldn't happen to a better guy. The Lundigans live in a small house in the un-chic section of Beverly Hills, and share one car. It's Rena Lundigan's theory that Hollywood divorces are caused by too many cars . . . Rory Calhoun, a former forest-fire fighter and logger, was born in Hollywood. He's six-feet-three, has blue-green eyes and dark brown hair.

**½ (F) Three Guys Named Mike (M-G-M)**

WHAT a popular gal Jane Wyman is in this entertaining comedy which glorifies the airline stewardess! She has Van Johnson, Howard Keel and Barry Sullivan, all guys named Mike, just pleading with her to marry them. Jane's training and adventures as a stewardess with American Airlines are the real McCoy, according to honest-to-goodness stewardess Pug Wells. Van is an enthusiastic young scientist Jane meets in the clouds. Howard, in his first non-musical Hollywood film (doesn't sing a note, alas) is a pilot. Barry is a young advertising executive who helps her put over a soap campaign. For the finale Jane gets into a sarong and the boys get into a free for all. Guess who wins? Right.

**Your Reviewer Says:** There'll be a run on airline hostess jobs.

**Program Notes:** A postcard measuring 3 x 5 feet was delivered to Howard Keel on the set, from his home town of Gillespie, Illinois. Every inch of space was covered by messages of good luck from friends and acquaintances. Howard hung it on the wall of his dressing room. Howard's baby girl, who has the fancy name of Kinya Diane Keel, is taking swimming lessons from Esther Williams, who starred with Darryl in "Pagan Love Song" . . . The Van Johnsons have put in an order for two canes. On Van's only day off from the picture he and Evie spent the entire day moving into their new house, and heaved furniture about like a couple of stevedores. Result: A couple of strained backs. Van's career as an artist will serve as a birthday present for his tiny daughter, Schuyler, when she reaches eighteen. Van has made, and is still making, a series of small paintings which will be bound in a book and dedicated to Schuyler. It traces Van's career as an artist from the time he was a kid . . . Pug Wells, the technical adviser on this film, is the American Airlines stewardess who inspired this story. Pug and Jane Wyman became great pals. Jane, incognito, in stewardess uniform, made a regulation flight to Phoenix with Pug.

Southern spiritual: William Lundigan, Rory Calhoun, Susan Hayward in story of a circuit-riding minister

In the clouds: Van Johnson, Bonnie Kay Eddy, Jane Wyman in the amusing adventures of an airline hostess

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 88. For Best Pictures of the Month and
Crime Inc.: Zero Mostel is key witness when Roy Roberts, Humphrey Bogart seek to convict a dealer in death

(A) The Enforcer (Warner)

UMPHREY BOGART does a swell job as a hard-punching, hard-working assistant district attorney in charge of homicide in a crime-infested city. After four years he feels he has an air tight case against gangster Everett Sloane, who sells murder. (His gang is so thorough it has its own undertaker.) Then Ted de Corsia, hatchet man of the killers, is killed, and Bogie's murder rap against Sloane has collapsed. Methodically he reviews the records. There must be a clue he has overlooked. In flashbacks a starkly realistic story of murder is told. It's grim, but so full of suspense your hair will stand on end. Excellent in the supporting cast are Zero Mostel, Lawrence Tolan and Roy Roberts.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for grown-up crime fans.

Program Notes: Remember “Murder, Inc.” in the New York headlines of a few years ago? Writers Martin Rackin and Philip Yordan took much of their gruesome material right out of the criminal court cases. Laurence Tolan was attending Stanford when a talent scout saw him in a college production and straightway had him tested for the part of Duke Malloy. Tolan's uncle was a detective sergeant in the homicide squad of the Detroit police force for twenty years and he gladly taught his nephew how the young punks of the Purple Gang used to talk, walk and kill. ... Zero Mostel (Big Babe) is known to night club patrons all over the country as a leading comedian. Zero was last seen in “Panic in the Streets” ... Susan Cabot, who plays one of the victims, worked in New York in radio and television ... Robert Steele (Herman) first came to notice of the critics when he played with Bogart in “The Big Sleep” ... Bogart, who rose to fame with a cold blue steel automatic in his hand, admits that he doesn't even keep a BB gun in his house. Says Bogie, “If any burglars ever try to get into my house I'll pick up the telephone and call the police.” Which is exactly what Lauren Bacall did recently when a crazy man tried to break in.

Bringing up baby: Ronald Reagan, Diana Lynn face unusual parental problems when they adopt a chimp

(F) Bedtime for Bonzo (U-I)

BONZO the Chimp is an utter charmer and the biggest scene stealer since W. C. Fields. Ronald Reagan, a psychology professor whose father was a thief, is determined to prove that a person's character and personality are the product of environment rather than heredity. To prove his theory he borrows Bonzo from zoology professor Walter Slezak, brings him into his home to live as a child under normal conditions. He hires Diana Lynn to be a “mother” and baby sitter to Bonzo. But Bonzo is fascinated by jewelry and proceeds to lift a fancy necklace from a jewelry shop. Professor Ronnie suddenly finds himself up to his ears in cops. Lucille Barkley is the Dean's daughter engaged to Ronnie, and Herbert Heyes is the Dean who stands pat on heredity.

Your Reviewer Says: Everybody will love Bonzo.

Program Notes: Although he has been in pictures for two and a half years (his last was “My Friend Irma Goes West”) this is Bonzo's first starring part. The five-year-old chimp was generally well behaved but on occasions reverted to type and took to the sound stage rafters in short bursts of temperament. Diana Lynn was particularly successful with him during his fits of temperament. She played the piano on the stage to calm him down before his scenes. Diana found, however, that when Bonzo heard the fiery, passionate “Polonaise” he went into a silent contended reverie; but on the first notes of the dulcet “Claire de Lune” he beat himself on the head and jumped up and down on the piano stool ... Producer of this film, Michel Kralie, gave Diana her first movie break in a Henry Aldrich picture. At that time she was playing piano with a symphony orchestra ... Ronnie Reagan, who has been doting Nancy Davis, told visitors to the set that he was quite resigned to the fact that audiences wouldn't even know he was in the picture. “When I went to the rushes all I looked at was Bonzo in spite of myself” ... Auburn-haired Lucille Barkley has been kept under wraps at Universal.

BY LIZA WILSON

outstanding

good

fair

F—for the whole family

A—for adults

Best Performances See Page 32. For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 33.
**V** (F) Royal Wedding (M-G-M)

USING as its background England's famous royal wedding (Elizabeth and Philip) this Technicolor musical is as sparkling as Tiffany's showcase. Fred Astaire and Jane Powell play a famous American brother-and-sister song-and-dance team (just like Freddie and sister Adele used to be) who are signed for a London engagement during the Big Event. Janie is picked up on shipboard by a romantically inclined young Lord (Peter Lawford) and Fred falls for an English girl (Sarah Churchill). Stand-out performance is given by Keenan Wynn who plays twin brothers, one very dase and dase, and one very pip pip. As always, Fred's dancing is sensational, as is Jane's singing.

Your Reviewer Says: Fine fun for everybody.

Program Notes: This is the picture that Judy Garland was supposed to do but when she became temperamentally again she was removed, and Jane Powell given the part, Janie, more at home in the singing department than the dancing department, worked like a slave and Fred rehearsed her day and night. She may not be another Adele Astaire but she does all right. Sarah Churchill is England's Winston Churchill's daughter. This is her first American film. The Metro brass saw her in Los Angeles when she was appearing in a road company of "The Philadelphia Story." She is married to Tony Beauclerk, an English photographer, who was recently tested at Metro.

**V** (F) Call Me Mister (20th Century-Fox)

**V** (F) Gene Autry and the Mounties (Autry-Columbia)

**V** (F) The Groom Wore Spurs (U-I)

HERE's a light farce which pokes fun at Hollywood. It tells the story of a Western film hero who can't ride, shoot or sing, and the lady lawyer he employs to keep him out of trouble. Ginger Rogers as the female attorney has her hands full keeping playboy-cowboy Jack Carson from being taken on a one-way ride by gambler Stanley Ridges. The stars receive top comedy support from wise cracking Joan Davis. Jim Brown plays Jack's plane pilot.

Your Reviewer Says: Escapist film fare.

Program Notes: As soon as this film was completed Ginger Rogers flew to New York to play in the Celebrity tennis tournament at Forest Hills. The Fort Worth girl, who has been making a living for herself steadily since the age of thirteen, is something of a human dynamo. Though Ginger looks fragile she's probably the movie colony's most rugged feminine star. She weighs a mere 165 pounds, but she plays tennis like a man, better than most of her Hollywood male opponents. Exception: Greg Bautzer. Joan insists that what the country needs right now are more Joan Davies. "The woods are full of dramatic actresses," says Joan, "but just try to find a good come dienne." Joan was seven years old when she made her first public appearance at an amateur contest. She made like Sarah Bernhardt and delivered a long dramatic recitation. The audience hollered. Says Joan, "I caught on quick."

**V** (F) Gene Autry and the Mounties (Autry-Columbia)

GENE AUTRY this time switches his exciting activities to western Canada where as a U.S. Marshal he has trailed Carleton Young, suspected of having robbed several Montana banks. From the Mounties Gene learns that Carleton is also wanted by them as the leader of a revolt against the government. The robber-revolutionist and his gang use as a spy youthful Jim Frasher who considers Carleton a hero, despite the adverse opinion of his sister, Elena Verdugo. Gene shows Jim the error of his ways, and with the help of comic Pat Buttram and the Mounties, brings Carleton and his gang to justice.

Your Reviewer Says: Action for Autry fans.

Program Notes: Elena Verdugo, who sprang into the national spotlight three years ago when she became the first woman to kiss Gene Autry in a movie, in this film gets to have her scene deleted because of the protests of Autry fans. is a direct descendant of the Spanish conquistadores. Her ancestor, Jose Maria Verdugo, once owned, by grant of the King of Spain in the late 18th century, on the lands which now house Universal-International national studio. A prominent heavy in the picture is House Peters Jr., whose father was a famous star of silent movies.

**V** (A) Cause for Alarm (M-G-M)

ORETTA YOUNG is the star of this outstanding suspense story which will keep you glued to your seats right to the surprise twist ending. And no fair telling Lorettta's fans lest it spoils for them the surprise. Lorettta is bed-ridden by a heart condition which is intensified by her diseased mind. He believes that his wife and his physician (Bruce Cabot) are in love and planning to murder him. Barry writes a letter to the District Attorney informing him of their plan and substantiates his statements by carefully concocted proof. Barry's death followed, and Lorettta's efforts to re-
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ber: Brighter teeth are cleaner teeth
—and less susceptible to decay!

For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day
—see your dentist
twice a year.

(Continued from page 26)
retrieve the already mailed letter, will cer-
tainly keep you in suspense. Famous stage
actress Margalo Gillmore plays Barry's
fussy aunt. Little Bradley Mora has a few
delightful moments as a neighborhood kid.

Your Reviewer Says: Goose pimples.

Program Notes: Loretta Young and her
husband, Tom Lewis, celebrated their tenth
wedding anniversary during the filming.
This, by the way, is Tom's first crack at
being a producer. As a beginner he's better
than many of the old-timers.... Although
he has been under contract to Metro for
three years Bruce Cowlung gets his first
romantic lead in this picture. Bruce is a
Connet, Oklahoma, boy, who attended the
Eufaula High School, and graduated from
the University of Arkansas, where he starred
on the football team. A chance meal in a
Hollywood restaurant led to his film con-
tract. Cameraman Charles Rosher noticed
him attacking a steak and brought him to
the attention of director Clarence Brown.

✓✓✓ The 13th Letter
(20th Century-Fox)

PRODUCED almost entirely in the
French-Canadian section of eastern Que-
bec, this adult mystery drama has both
suspense and authentic, colorful back-
grounds. It also has some of the best act-
ing seen on celluloid recently. The story
tells what happens in a provincial village
when someone starts writing poison pen
letters. Michael Rennie, a young doctor
new to the town, is the first target, and
eventually traps the villain. Charles Boyer
gives a fine characterization of a man of
sixty married to a pretty young wife, Con-
stance Smith. Linda Darnell plays a crip-
pled girl in love with the new doctor.
Brilliant in character parts are Francoise
Rosay, Judith Evelyn and June Hedin.

Your Reviewer Says: Off-beat mystery.

Program Notes: As an aging doctor in this
film Charles Boyer wears a heavy beard
and walks with a shuffle. In order to condi-
tion audiences to the "new Boyer" he de-
liberately stayed off the screen for two years
after his last romantic role. His French
accent is right at home in this story laid in
French Canada. As the crippled Denise
Linda Darnell gives another of her non-
glamorous performances. "Playing serious
marty parts," she says, "is like learning to
act all over again." Linda has been a star

A poison pen involves Linda Darnell
and Michael Rennie in a small town
mystery drama in "The 13th Letter"
for Mr. Zanuck since she was fourteen and had a crush on Ty Power. Twenty-one-year-old Irish beauty Constance Smith was discovered by Mr. Zanuck in "The Mudlark" and brought to Hollywood on a seven-year contract. In England she modeled clothes for a famous photographer and won an acting contract from J. Arthur Rank because she looked like Hedy Lamarr. She was fired by Rank when she blew her top, because he criticized her Irish accent. Michael Rennie is a native of Yorkshire, England, and didn't decide to be an actor until he was twenty-six. As a member of the Royal Air Force he trained fliers at Macon, Georgia, during the war. Francois Rosay, a famous French star, is best known in America for her pianist role in "Quarter." Judith Evelyn, top ranking Broadway star, makes her screen debut as the jealous nurse.

[F] Only the Valiant
( Warners )

It's 1837 and the Apaches are making trouble for Uncle Sam's soldiers in the New Mexico desert. Gregory Peck is a young captain admired as a soldier but hated as a strict disciplinarian. He's in love with Barbara Payton, who lives with her father at Fort Irwin, and, unfortunately, stands a friendly kiss she gives Gig Young, a lieutenant at the post. When Gig is given a dangerous detail, and tortured to death by the Apaches, Greg is blamed by Barbara and his fellow officers. The Indians in this picture are a savage lot, under the leadership of famed Tucos (Michael Ansara) and the battles are bloody and barbarous. In the cast are such hearty Indian fighters as Ward Bond, Lon Chaney, Terry Kilburn, Steve Brodie, Warner Anderson and Jeff Corey.

Your Reviewer Says: Fine action.

Program Notes: William Cunney (Jimmy's brother) produced this picture. It was made on location in New Mexico, not far from Gallup—a spot famous for its pink sandstone cliffs, once the stronghold of the Apaches. The Indians used in the picture, however, are Navajos. This is Greg Peck's fifteen film since he came to Hollywood, fresh from the Broadway stage, in July, 1943. Greg flew in from location to attend a gigantic birthday party held at his home for his three sons, Jonathan, six, Stephen, four, and Carey, one. Their birthdays are so close together that Mr. and Mrs. Peck decided to celebrate with one big party. After Barbara Payton's rave reviews in "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye" the Cunney Brothers put her under personal contract. Barbara and Franchot Tone are a hot romance. Lon Chaney, son of the late silent star of many faces, is an ardent fisherman. He treated the cast one day to a fish dinner—a 15-pound trout he caught in Canada and had deep-frozen. When the sun refused to shine one day, director Gordon Douglas had the Navajo Indians do a traditional sun dance. Sure enough, that afternoon the sun came out. But later he discovered that the braves had put on a rain dance instead—ever mindful of their picture careers, and salary checks. They were quite annoyed when the sun came out.

[F]½ (A) Quebec
( LeMay-Templeton-Paramount )

John Barrymore Jr., Corinne Calvet and Patric Knowles are the stars of this episode in Canadian history which dips heavily into blood and melodramatics. It's 1837, and the settlers in Quebec province are eager to establish their own government, in spite of both French and British control. A fiery rebellion follows. Corinne plays the beautiful and mysterious Lafleur, brains behind the uprising, and Junior is

"Hollywood won't show my favorite scenes!"
says JANE RUSSELL, starring in "HIS KIND OF WOMAN" on RKO RADIO PICTURE

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And hours of badminton leave my skin parched... But Jergens Lotion softens my hands and face...

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THE MEN WHO MAKE THE STARS MORE BEAUTIFUL

LINDA DARNELL
Starring in
THE 13TH LETTER
A 20th Century-Fox Production

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use to make Hollywood's famous stars
more beautiful on and off the screen.

(1) (F) Rawhide
(20th Century-Fox)

HERE'S the best part Tyrone Power has
had in many a day. And our boy Ty
digs right into this stirring episode of
Americana. The time is 1880, and the place
is the adobe desert station of Rawhide, one
of the stops on the stagecoach run from
San Francisco to St. Louis. Edgar Buchan-
an and Ty, in charge of the station, have
been advised that three desperate crim-
nals, Dean Jagger, Jack Elam and George
Tobins, under the leadership of murderer
Hugh Marlowe have broken jail. Susan
Hayward, a cynical entertainer from the
Gold Coast, and her baby niece are de-
tained by law at the station. The desper-
doers swoop down, hell-bent on robbing
the California stage, and there follows a
night and morning of sheer terror. Really
gives you the creeps.

Your Reviewer Says: Tiptop suspense.

Program Notes: This original screen play,
authored by writer Dudley Nichols, was
shot at Lone Pine, California, four hours'
drive from Hollywood. The snow-capped
mountain in the background is Mt. Whitney.
Those coyote hounds are the real thing.
This is Ty's first movie to be made in the
United States in nearly three years. "And
thank heaven," he said, "there were no
camels. Camels and I just didn't get along
in Africa when I was making "The Black
Rose." They bit me at every chance." Following
the completion of this picture Ty
left Hollywood immediately to join his
wife, Linda Christian, in London, where he
has been starring ever since in "Mr. Rob-
erts" . . . Susan Hayward was roughed up

Your Reviewer Says: Melodrama.
This tenant phase Darryl surly Richard Mark responsible California's information newspaper English The Nazi I much hiding; 

\[\frac{1}{2}\] (A) Lightning Strikes Twice (Warners)

RUTH ROMAN, Richard Todd and Mercedez McCambridge are the bright and shining stars of this mystery melodrama that takes much too long in the telling. When Ruth, an Eastern actress, arrives in Arizona to spend a month at a dude ranch, she gets lost in a raging storm and is befriended by a surly suspicious character (Richard Todd) who is hiding out after his murder acquittal. At the Tumble Moon Ranch she meets the owner (Mercedez), a strange girl who is responsible for Todd’s acquittal, and her neurotic, crippled brother (Darryl Hickman). Before the real murderer is trapped many things happen, involving wealthy ranch owners, Frank Conroy and Kathryn Givney; parish priest Rhys Williams; and loquacious playboy Zachary Scott—who is too good an actor for a walk-on part such as this.

Your Reviewer Says: Pedestrian.

Program Notes: This picture was made in February 1950, at Victorville, California ... At that time Ruth was dating Ronnie Reagan, and had not even met Mortimer Hall (son of a newspaper tycooness) whom she married in December. Ruth celebrated her first year at Warners during the production of this picture and as an anniversary gift Jack Warner elevated her to full stardom ... But the big excitement of the location was when Mercedes McCambridge eloped to near-by Las Vegas to marry film and radio producer, Fletcher Markle. She flew back to the location the next day. Mercedes has a theory that nothing is more dangerous than “money in the bank.” So she spends all her money on travel. John Lawrence, her son, has traveled so much with her that he speaks French and Italian even better than English ... This is Richard Todd's first American-made picture. He was nominated for an Academy Award for his Scotsman in “The Heiress” ... Darryl Hickman, former child star, is now nineteen, and playing neurotic roles. A far cry from the roles he used to play as a child in Shirley Temple pictures.

\[\frac{1}{2}\] (A) Target Unknown (U-I)

SUSPENSE, good goose-pimply kind, is the keynote of this fast moving, semi-documentary picture based on the methods used by German Intelligence to extract information from captured American flyers during World War II. Mark Stevens plays the role of a young flight captain who outwits the German High Command; Robert Douglas plays a Nazi colonel; Gig Young a Nazi officer. Alex Nicol is a Yankee sergeant, and Don Taylor a lieutenant on Mark's bomber shot down in German occupied France. The picture was made with the full cooperation of the Air Force and reveals a phase of military intelligence hitherto not shown on the screen.

Your Reviewer Says: Exciting film fare.

Program Notes: A military training film turned out by the Air Force titled “Enemy Interrogation” gave U-I the idea, locale and factual materials for this picture ... This is Mark Stevens's first film under his new U-I contract. He was formerly under contract to Twentieth. Mark started in show business

---

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of "know-how" make the low price
possible. So change today to Listerine
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at the age of sixteen, and began his picture
career with Robert Douglas, a veteran of
the London stage, has played Nazi mil-
itary officers in his last two films. Douglas
in the Fleet Air Arm of the British
Navy for more than six years... Alex Nicol
was played in "Mr. Roberts" on Broad-
way when the studio discovered him. You saw
him in "The Sleeping City" and "Tomahawk"
... Don Taylor served in the Air
Force during the war, and played a lead
in the Air Force stage play, "Ringed Vic-
tory." His last big success was in "Father
of the Bride"... Gigi Young, soon after
this film was finished, married Sophie Rosen-
stein, studio dramatic coach.

✓ (F) Vengeance Valley (M-G-M)
A GOOD off-beat Western filmed in
Technicolor showing the Rocky Moun-
tains in all their splendor. Burt Lanca-
ter and Robert Walker are foster brothers,
sons of Ray Collins, ranch owner. Burt
and Bob return from the long winter
-guarding the cattle on the range to find
that Sally Forrest has an illegitimate child.
Burt covers for Bob (it is his child) and
in doing so Sally's gunmen brothers be-
lieve he is the father. Burt and Bob go
on spring round-up and Bob has seen to
it that Sally's brothers, John Ireland
and Hugh O'Brian, are along. He plans for
them to kill Burt. The action climaxes in
a blaze of gunfire. Joanne Dru plays Bob's
wife. Carleton Carpenter is excellent as
one of the ranch hands.

Your Reviewer Says: Well-cast Western.

Program Notes: As his first picture for
M-G-M Burt Lancaster chose this, his first
Western, which was made near Canon City,
Colorado. He has already wanted to play
a two-listed guy in a bigtime oater. London
 Palladium's Val Pernell phoned Burt and
tried to set a date for him to appear at the
famous British show spot. Burt hopes to
make it in 1951, but ever since Mark Hellin-
ger starred him in "The Killers" Burt has
been up to his ears in pictures. He says he
hasn't had a vacation in four years... Bob
Walker usually plays a romantic young man
in his pictures, so he was delighted to have
a crack at a real villainous part. Bob's two
suns, Bob Jr. and Mike, were staying with
him during this production. (Mama Jen-
nifer Jones Selznick was in Europe.) When
he came home one evening he had to two
squirts from water pistols hit him in the
eye, "How are you ever going to beat Burt
Lancaster to the draw when you can't even
beat us?" asked his youngest... Sally For-
rest has only a small part in this picture,
but Metro is grooming her for big glamour
parts. Sally, once dropped by Metro, made
a big hit in Ida Lupino's "Not Wanted," and
promptly Metro wanted her again. This time,
they promise, things will be different.
Joanne Dru and John Ireland, husband and
wife, are crazy about acting. When not mak-
ing pictures they play in little theaters.

Best Pictures of the Month
I'd Climb the Highest Mountain
Rawhide
Target Unknown
Call Me Mister
Three Guys Named Mike
Royal Wedding

Best Performances of the Month
William Lundigan in
"I'd Climb the Highest Mountain"
Tyrone Power in "Rawhide"
Betty Grable in "Call Me Mister"
Brief Reviews

(F) AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES—20th Century-Fox: This World War II adventure in Technicolor has Tyrone Power shipwrecked on an island populated by various Japs and French widow Micheline Presle. With Tom Ewell, Bob Patern. (Feb.)

(W) BONEY YESTERDAY—Columbia: Hilarious screen version of smash Broadway play highlights Judy Holliday as the dumb blonde who's interested only in Brod Crawford and minks—until Bill Holden comes along and teaches her about democracy and love. (Feb.)

(F) BRANDED—Paramount: Alan Ladd is a renegade who passes himself off as the kidnapped son of rich Arizona rancher Charles Bickford—until he falls for his "sister" Muna Freeman. Peter Hanson makes an impressive debut as real son in this intriguing Technicolor melodrama. (Feb.)

(F) BREATHER—Warner Bros: A dramatic World War II epic—centering around the invasion of Normandy and the experiences of a group of men involved in the final push to victory. With David Brian, John Agar, Frank Lovejoy. Jan J

(F) COMPANY SHE KEEPS, THE—RKO: A story in which parole officer Liz Scott tries to reform ex-convict Jane Greer. With Dennis O'Keefe. (Mar.)

(F) CRY DANGER—Olympic RKO: Dick Powell stalks the man that framed him into serving a five-year term at San Quentin. With Rhonda Fleming, Dick Edmund. (Jan.)

(F) CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Kramer: Faultless screen version of classic 17th Century romance with Jose Ferrer as the poet with the protruding nose. Mutis Perras as the girl he loves and wins—for William Prince. (Feb.)

(F) DALLAS—Warner Bros: Rowdy tongue-in-check Western starring Gary Cooper as an ex-Confederate colonel who goes to Texas to take care of some unfinished business with villainous Yankees Steve Cochran, Raymond Massey, Zon Murray, Ruth Roman in the gal in the case. (Feb.)

(F) DOUBLE CROSSBONES—11: Donald O'Connor's songs and dance routines save this nonsensical comedy about 18th Century pirates. With Helen Carter. (Feb.)

(F) EMERGENCY WEDDING—Columbia: A trivial comedy about the complications that arise when millionaire playboy Larry Parks weds hard-working doctor Barbara Hale. With Edward Frank. (Feb.)


(F) FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—20th Century-Fox: Angels Cliffion Webb and Edmund Gwenn come down to earth to settle marital difficulties between Joan Bennett and Robert Cummings so that Gis Perrell can be lonely. Whitney Fantasy. With Joan Blondell. (Mar.)

(F) FRESCHEL—U-I: Sheriff Joel McCrea finds it impossible to keep law, order and a state of bachelorhood when Shelley Winters hits the western town of Boundary by her husband to gather around her. Fun—and Technicolor too. With Elsa Lanchester, Paul Kelly, John Russell. (Feb.)

(F) GOLDENBERG, THE (Molly)—Paramount: Heart-warming screen version of popular TV show with Gertrude Berg, Philip Leach, Arlene Dahl, Larry Robinson in their original roles—and Edward Franz, Barbara Rush, Peter Hanson as a triangle Mrs. Goldberg's helper square. Also El Brendel, Miliza Korjut, Joseph Daniel. (Feb.)

(F) GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE—MGM: Zany comedy with music, about Kathryn Grayson's efforts to win back husband Van Johnson, seen from Paula Raymond. With Barry Sullivan. (Mar.)

(F) HALLS OF MONTEZUMA—20th Century-Fox: Factual adventure of a marvel to capture a last-inusted island in the Pacific. With Richard Widmark, Dick Hyton, Walter Pidgeon, Lita Hines, Celeste Holm. (Feb.)

(F) HARVEY—U-I: Whimsical screen version of the famous play, in which James Stewart and a 6' tall invisible rabbit cause a lot of confusion for Josephine Hull, Peggy Ann Garner. (Jan.)

(F) HIGHWAY 361—Warner Bros: First action comedy to break on the robbers and killings of the real life Tri-State Gang. With Steven Dunne, Robert Webber, Wally Cassell, Virginia Grey, Gaby Andra, Aline Towne. (Jan.)

(F) KANSAS RAIDERS—U-I: Technicolor screen version of Civil War days and the early careers of the West's most fabulous bad men—played by Audie Murphy, Richard Long, Tony Curtis, Brian Donlevy. With Scott Brady, Matineer. (Feb.)

(F) LIGHTS OUT—U-I: Arthur Kennedy gives a magnificent performance in this touching story of a blind veteran who, with the help of friends John Hudson and James Edwards and USO worker Peggy Dow, is finally rehabilitated. (Mar.)

(F) MATING SEASON, THE—Paramount: Thelma Ritter's the real star of this hilarious comedy about the complications that develop with socialite in-law Gene Tierney and Miriam Hopkins when Thelma takes a job as cook in John Lund's household. With Larry Keating. (Mar.)

(F) MOWER STORY, THE—MGM: Disappointing sequel to "Mrs. Miniver" concerned with the post-war problems of Gerar Garson, Walter Pidgeon, with Cathy O'Donnell, John Hodiak. (Jan.)

(F) MUDLARK, THE—20th Century-Fox: The appealing legend of a British waif who goes to Windsor Castle to serve the secluded Queen. Irene Dunne is Victoria, Alec Guinness is impressive as Dickson, but Anthony Ray steals the show as the little

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33
She thought her face was clean...

**Until she took the “tissue test”!**

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floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

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**Take Your Charm Cue from joan crawford**

—the star who made glamour a movie by-word.

Beginning, on page 86, a new exciting series that will answer your personality problems
WHEN you purchased this copy of Photoplay you paid a five-cent higher price than you have had to pay since the year 1942.

The editors think you should know something of the facts underlying this.

For a matter of several years, during which almost every item in your daily lives from the morning paper to the pound of beef at dinner has doubled and tripled in price, Photoplay's publishers have been absorbing the same rising costs.

In the past year alone the cost of producing Photoplay has risen twelve per cent. Beyond the higher prices paid for paper and printing, engraving and binding, the people who produce all these things as well as those who work on the magazine (the editors, writers, artists and photographers) have had to have higher wages so that they, in turn, could meet the higher prices they must pay for every item in their daily lives.

Thus, during the past few months, it became imperative that the price of Photoplay be increased or the quality of the magazine be materially reduced.

Since its inception forty years ago, Photoplay has carried the banner of better publishing—better story material, the best in photography, the finest printing, the richest of color. Now to reduce the quality would be to abandon Photoplay's basic principle. Neither to the editors nor to the readers who come to Photoplay for the best would such quality reduction be a welcome solution.

The publishers of Photoplay chose the alternative, to raise the newsstand price by five cents, and agree that in doing this the magazine shall if possible become more beautiful and exciting than ever before.

Beginning, therefore, with this issue, Photoplay will offer you every month ten full color pages instead of the eight it has previously featured. These pages will be devoted to color portraits of the stars by the finest Hollywood photographers, handsome spreads of pictures, exciting Photoplay Pin Up Girls, beauty and fashion layouts and rich photographs of the stars' homes.

Nor is that all. Turn to Inside Stuff starting on page 8. Here the editors modestly believe you will find the most comprehensive news coverage of Hollywood available to movie-goers. Added to the complete reports of Cal York are new special columns exclusively prepared for Photoplay by star reporters Sidney Skolsky, Edith Gwynn and Erskine Johnson; United Press (Hollywood) correspondent Aline Mosby; and Herb Stein, columnist for the Hollywood Reporter.

The bylines on feature stories will continue to be names of authority. In this issue your attention is called to Elsa Maxwell's analysis of Hollywood's marriage break-ups ... Louella O. Parsons's understanding story of Esther Williams ... Hedda Hopper's gay inside line on Hollywood's busiest phone numbers ... Sheilah Graham's honest barbs in "Big-Head Aches."

The editors of Photoplay who have had the privilege of creating this new magazine for you humbly hope you will receive it with the same enthusiasm with which they put it together.

Fred W. Hammon
VOLCANIC!

The story of Polynesian love in the South Pacific!

Filmed in the exotic paradise of the South Seas—a rare and exciting love story of "The Islands" of the man from the West who won and loved Kalaau!

Bird of Paradise

Technicolor

"All I will ever know of love and beauty... and rare adventure..."

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Written and Directed by DELMER DAVES • Associate Producer HARMON JONES

20th CENTURY-FOX
THE BREAKING POINT

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Elsa puts her finger on the trouble spots that put these Hollywood marriages in the headlines.

All marriages have a breaking point. But many marriages are so strongly rooted that they never come to the degree of strain and stress that would be their particular ruination. It all depends, of course, upon the man and woman involved.

Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton came to their breaking point before their marriage really began; just as soon as either of them was required to think first of the other. The failure of this marriage—if six months of life on luxurious ships and trains and hotels can be called a marriage—must be blamed, I think, not upon Liz and Nicky, but upon their parents who first spoiled them; then sanctioned their marriage after a courtship so short and public that they were little more than strangers.

Elizabeth’s attitude toward marriage was, at best, unrealistic and romantic. Perhaps with a similarly unsophisticated young (Continued on page 96)

Shelley Winters could use a private switchboard to handle the nearly thirty calls she gets each day.

When Frank Sinatra croons to Ava Gardner over long distance—a voice out of the past haunts her too.

Howard Duff’s phone keeps ringing but the girl he’d like to hear from never calls.

HOLLYWOOD telephones work overtime. So do many of their dialers. There’s a great turnover in both. The busiest numbers, of course, belong to the most popular girls and boys. Girls and boys are popular in Hollywood for the same reasons that they are popular in any town or city in any part of the country. The girls are beautiful and the boys are handsome. Which is exciting anywhere. They’re young and filled with the joy of living. Which also is exciting anywhere. Besides, they know the secret of subtle flattery. And last, but by no means least, they have that thing called sex appeal.

If you have sex appeal, sweetheart, you’re in. You can be thirtyish, plain and as self centered as Snow White’s stepmother.

Unfortunately, in Hollywood there is another reason for popularity. There is fame. Young men want to be seen with important and glamorous stars no matter how much some of those bird-brain dolls might bore them.

And the same goes for young women. (Continued on page 83)
Those three a.m. telephone calls are the reason Bob Stack's mother has insomnia.

Fink and Smith

That long distance beau doesn't have to dial Information to find out what Janet Leigh is doing. Hedda knows!

Engstead

Ask the girl at the switchboard,
says Hedda, if you want to know the
most romantic numbers in Hollywood.
She's Ann Blyth, Hollywood's most intriguing young paradox

When Ann Blyth swaggered into the Press Photographers' Ball dressed as Sadie Thompson, cameras clicked, bulbs flashed. Ann wore a tight black dress, red shoes, a blonde wig and black beret. She dangled a cigarette and leaned on Scott Brady, who was attired and illuminated as a lamppost. Some of her best friends, finding her vaguely familiar, gave a casual "Hello," then a surprised double-take. "So this is your suppressed desire." In the true spirit of Sadie, Ann later torched through "My Man," torrid yearning in her blue eyes. Before the ball she had asked her Uncle (Continued on page 82)
The second time they met, Stewart Granger sent fifteen-year-old Jean Simmons into the giggles.

It was New Year's Eve. Arm in arm they explored their new house, dreamed over the moonlit pool and plunged into the most hilarious honeymoon any couple ever had.

WHEN Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons married they realized, suddenly—having up until now thought of nothing but marriage—that New Year's Eve was only eleven days away.

Being stars, they have a fine instinct for drama. Being newlyweds, they are still in that lovely state where two is company and anyone else a bore. The house Stewart had bought in Bel-Air, while not new in itself, was new and strange and beautiful to them. So—even if it meant moving heaven and Hollywood—Stewart insisted they had to be in residence by December 31st. And they were!

They dined elegantly, just the two of them, black tie for Stewart, a filmy evening gown for Jean. At ten they dismissed the one servant and, arms entwined, walked through their first home together. They gazed at each one of the twelve rooms, inspected the several bathrooms, then visited the kitchen—a paradise of gadgets, with dishwasher, washing machine, garbage (Continued on page 89)
When Jean asks him if he'd love her if she weren't an actress, Stewart laughingly tells her "no!"
Betty Grable's measurements have changed since she was World War II's No. 1 Pin Up Girl—but to even more exciting proportions.

Where she used to measure 33" bust, 23" waist and 33" hips, she is now 35" bust, 23½" waist and 35" hips. The current fashions, featuring more hip and more you-know-what, might have something to do with that. Her height, 5'4"—and her weight, 116 pounds, haven't changed. Her legs still are unchallenged as the world's finest.

Betty's idea of heaven is a large gooey dessert loaded with whipped cream. She won't eat liver. Before she married Harry James, eight years ago come July, she hated hard liquor so the very smell of it made her sick. Now, because Harry enjoys it, she joins him in a before-dinner cocktail.

She wears blue, like her eyes, or gray—and never buys evening clothes because night clubs and parties bore her. She never wears make-up at home. She's perfume happy, having approximately a quart of every known brand, using it lavishly. She sleeps in a seven-foot-wide bed, in long-sleeved, sheer, pink pleated chiffon nightgowns, which Harry has made to order for her and which barely reach to the middle of her perfect thighs. Her poodle, Pumpkin, sleeps alongside in his bed. That is, when Harry is in town. When Harry is on the road with his band, the glamorous Grable snuggles down into a blue flannelette nightie, and Pumpkin curls up on Harry's pillow. Betty loves going to bed at nine, rising at six.

Her only nickname is Honey. Harry calls her that. Her nickname for Harry is Honey. (See how this gets the Jameses in a rut.) When she drops out of the "top ten" at the box office, she declares she will quit. Approximately 9,741 other actresses have made this statement at some time, but Betty will undoubtedly be the exception who will live up to it.
My Guiding Star

He was a lowbrow . . . she was a highbrow.

He went in for people . . . she went in for Art.

But he had all the answers she needed

BY SHEILA MACRAE

The first time I ever saw Gordon MacRae, he was just nineteen and I was a year and a half younger. The place was Roslyn, Long Island, New York, the year was 1939. He stood before me, absolutely bouncing with good nature. In one fast glance I considered him as crass and insensitive a fellow as it had ever been my bad luck to meet.

Today, ten and a half years later, I look back at that moment and thank my guardian angel for Gordon’s tolerance, understanding and wonderful sense of humor.

Gordon has taught me how to live. Behind his constant laughter there is the kindest heart in the world. Behind his charm there is a sensible, always working intelligence.

Those of us who live in Hollywood see more clearly than anyone can see anywhere else on earth that wealth and fame have little to do with happiness. In other places where (Continued on page 98)
Take him out of a night club and he wilts. He’s stingy, a social climber, a playboy.
That's what some reporters say about Pete

They don't make newspaper columns—but the kids he surfs with have a different brand of stories about Peter Lawford.

Before he left for Australia, where "Kangaroo" is being filmed, Pete spent strenuous hours learning to use a bull whip. He grew side-burns, mustache, for role.

THIS is a personal story. It's about a friend of mine who happens to be a movie star. His name is Peter Lawford and I met him when he was twenty-one. For reasons of their own, certain sections of the Hollywood press have latched on to Peter as their whipping-boy. With a twist here and a gouge there, they've created a character who bears little resemblance to the one I've known for seven years.

The Lawford they've fabricated is a (Continued on page 70)
Without Ben, the babies and that cookbook,

she's a fish out of water

ESTHER WILLIAMS, the glamorous swimming queen whose popularity year after year clicks merrily at the box office, is more old-fashioned than you would believe possible.

At a big formal party given by her boss, Louis B. Mayer, and his beautiful wife, Esther walked in with her new figure (her baby was then about six weeks old) looking like a Harper's Bazaar magazine cover in a very decollete gown, close fitting, showing off that beautiful mermaid form like white silk scales. She later told me she was so happy all her bosses were there so they could see she had put on no weight.

She whispered forlornly as I passed by her table, "Why do they always separate husbands and wives at parties? I've missed Ben so much all during dinner."

"But, Esther," I laughed, "he's at the table right behind you."

"I know," she conceded. "But he's not close enough so I can touch his knee with mine!"

This girl, who looks like the personification of Miss 1951—or should I say Mrs. 1951—wants no part of any modern "doodads" of matrimony and she's practicing what (Continued on page 101)
make hers
old-fashioned

by Louella O. Parsons
Movie masquerade

BY KAY MULVEY

Recipes tested by the Macladdon Kitchen

Paula Raymond, Michael Rennie, Mona Freeman, Rod Cameron, Adele Mara, Pat Nerney. Mona stumped them until Rod came to the rescue.

No one could say a word until the others had guessed the title of the movie they rep-

Rod's buffet supper made a tempting table
A gay party that kept the guests guessing and gave Rod Cameron's new wife a novel introduction to the movie set

When the Rod Camerons returned from their honeymoon, Rod wanted his bride, Angela Alvez-Lico, to meet a few of his picture friends. His invitations read as if Angela was his guest of honor—which indeed she was. On informal beige paper, Rod wrote:

Would you like to come to a supper honoring Angela Alvez-Lico, my new leading lady. By the way, this is permanent casting. Since this will be Angela's first venture into the theatrical world, the party is to have a theme. So come dressed as a title of a motion picture. Festivities will start at 8:30, supper at 11:00. Hope you can make it. Let me know.

So there would be no awkward moments for Angela or his guests, Rod stood beside his wife at the living-room doorway (Continued on page 107)
Tony Curtis came from the New York tenements. But the simple old-world charm he gets from his parents makes him Hollywood’s new dreamboat.

He never misses his daily workout with trainer Frankie Van at the studio gym. Good-natured and enthusiastic, Tony is rated a “good guy” by those who work with him.

Photograph by Sterling Smith

First caller for the day is Tony Curtis’s kid brother. Eight-year-old Bobby has the same drive and restless energy as Tony, whom he adores.

At drugstore on studio lot, Tony stops for a soda and quick look at the magazines. There may be a story about him!
His career is important to his family—and especially to Tony, who loves it and wants to make good more than anything else. He picks up his fan mail first thing, beams when he's told, “It's growing, kid!”

Tony's daily chore—chopping wood for Mama. The family lives in a tiny apartment near Universal-International studios.

The Schwartz family (Tony Curtis is the name Hollywood gave Bernie Schwartz) live the same life they used to live in the Bronx. Mama Helen Schwartz rules the roost. She keeps, for instance, a whole mantel full of pictures of Tony, which embarrasses him—but if she wants it, that's the way it's going to be. Tony and his mother have been especially close since a younger brother, Julius, was killed in a New York traffic accident fourteen years ago. Manuel Schwartz, too, is Tony's balance wheel. Recently, when relatives came to visit, Tony had to move out of the family apartment and bunk in with his agent and Marlon Brando. He says of both, as he says of so many, “He's a sweet people.”

Tony seems headed for big things now that he's made good in his first starring role in “The Prince Who Was a Thief.” But he promises, “I'll never be a schmoe.”

He studies the fit of new sports jacket at Sy Devore's Hollywood Shop. “Big date tonight,” he tells Sy and Barrett Wainman, who assure him the shoulders are perfect.
Tony checks with agent Mike Meshikow on any roles coming up that might be good for him.

Warmhearted, down-to-earth Mama Schwartz has to see—and approve—the new jacket.

Papa Manuel, who works in downtown Los Angeles as a tailor, still advises Tony on business problems.

At dinner, Tony tells family about Buick he’s buying on time—brought papers home for Papa to see.

The kitchen is tiny. Tony, Mama, Bobby are a tight squeeze. Tony is saving to buy family a new house.

bronx express
It's late—but not too late for Janet Leigh to admire Tony's coat all over again as she says goodnight to him at her door. Tony's family is fond of Janet, who laughingly insists she'll get fat on Mama's Hungarian stuffed cabbage.

End—of a Curtis day. Family all sleep in big, eiderdown quilts, wrapped around them Hungarian style. Once Janet stayed overnight, slept on couch in one of the quilts—and liked it so much Mama is making one for her.
Don’t put out the lights and go to bed until you’ve tried Hollywood’s dreamy directions for a real beauty sleep.

Eleanor Parker in Juel Park’s lovely Angel negligee of nylon net over satin. The net is embroidered with tiny pussy willows. 

Corinne Calvet in green satin housecoat, with long, shocking pink sash, also designed by Juel Park. Plastic shoes have removable straps of shocking pink nylon.
No time for beauty? Nonsense. Pursue beauty while you sleep—the way they do in Hollywood. There are a dozen and more things you can do at night to keep you pretty through the day and you don’t have to look a freak while you do them. (Continued on page 73)
Three rooms and bath, a private entrance and decorating ideas galore gave Joan Evans a place of her very own—right in her parents' home!

"There's gonna be a great day!" sang Joan Evans. "Our first very own home and me with an apartment in it!"

Many teenagers dream of having their own apartments and many parents view the dream with jaundiced eye. But a girl who combines high school (Joan's a senior) and a career definitely needs more independence than a room in her parents' home would give. Yet a separate apartment doesn't fill the bill either. (Continued on page 93)
June Allyson, shown with Frances Bergen, made a quick recovery. Is Farley Granger going ahead with such speed he can’t see his old friends as he passes by?

Mink and popcorn go together for Esther Williams, above with husband Ben Gage and Loretta Young. Was Liz Taylor, here with Spencer Tracy, too high up to see the pitfalls of a marriage that was to change her to a disillusioned woman?

There isn’t a sweeter character in Hollywood than Dan.

BIG-HEAD ACHE

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM
level look at some star offenders

who reached the top—

only to lose their balance

Dailey, shown below with Betty Grable, but even he couldn’t avoid a success penalty

Alan Ladd let his studio do all the talking—until recently

WHEN Kirk Douglas first came to Hollywood, he had an insecure quality that made you want to help him. He was so friendly, like an eager kid whom you have to restrain from running errands for you. I actually met Kirk before Hollywood did. I answered Kirk’s ad to rent his walk-up apartment in Greenwich Village, when I wanted to go back to New York for a month to have my baby.

I didn’t take his apartment—too many stairs. But we became chums. And when he did that brilliant job in “Champion” I went to town for him verbally and in print, said I thought he should win the Academy Award.

After “Champion” everyone said, “How Kirk has changed!” Everyone said it, that is, except Kirk. “I’ve always been like this,” Kirk said. And by “like this,” he meant brash and confident. Maybe he always was. But the pre-success, modest approach was pleasanter. People believed that Kirk’s divorce from his very nice Diana was caused by his success. Kirk himself stated (Continued on page 104)
FASHIONS

featuring Debra Paget
star of Twentieth’s “Bird of Paradise,
in designs inspired by the picture
“Bird of Paradise,” the Technicolor production filmed in the Pacific by Twentieth Century-Fox, is the inspiration for many of the newest and most exciting colors. Leading designers, influenced by the tropical settings of this picture, have translated them into the colorful, wearable clothes and accessories shown here.

- Debra Paget, left, in halter sun dress with draped bodice. The softly gathered skirt, zippered in back, has wide cummerbund belt. In pima broadcloth, sizes 10-16, it comes in a wide variety of “Island” colors—tenga red, tapu straw, paradise yellow, isle green, kalua blue. Dress, $16.95. Not shown is matching little boy jacket for street wear, $10.95. By Toni Owen at Gano-Downs, Denver, Colo.

- High in appeal, low in price is the young dressmaker suit, right, in wilt-resistant rayon shantung. Cutaway double-breasted jacket flatters the neckline with a shawl collar. In all the “Paradise” colors, plus many others, it comes in sizes 9-15, 10-18. $25.00 by Joselli at Lansburgh’s, Washington, D.C.; Macy’s, San Francisco, Cal., and stores listed on page 76.

Photographed by Engstead at Bel-Air Hotel, Hollywood

Left, the "Bird of Paradise" pin created by Coro
Gloves by Dawsonelle
Handbag by Jenny

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 76
• Inspired by the sarongs of the Island girls, William Travilla designed this figure-flattering dress worn by Debra Paget. Slim wrap skirt suggests the graceful sarong lines. Wear it now with the slim bolero and, later in the season, show your shoulders like Debra, below, in a smart halter sundress. We suggest making it in one of Burlington's colorful crease-resistant rayon linens.

For detailed pattern drawings see page 76

• Photoplay Patterns
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York

Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($0.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Debra Paget "Bird of Paradise" dress in sizes 9-11-13-15-17.

Name.............................................. Size........
Street................................................
City.................................................. State...... Age.....
Put grace in your step...

Grace Walker Shoes help develop the natural charm of a graceful walk. Try a pair of Grace Walkers...you’ll thrill at their comfort and style. They’re sensibly priced, too. See Grace Walkers at your favorite store, or write us for nearest dealer’s name.

Friedman-Shelby Division, International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Missouri
Island intrigue: Pictured in neutral colored tapu straw, separates with a double purpose—as a smart ensemble or as easy-to-match pieces.

- Two for the money: Enchanting in domestic linen, sleeveless blouse, above, features mandarin collar, colorful "Bird of Paradise" embroidery. Shirt has new trumpet flare. Also in kalua blue. Blouse $5.95, sizes 30-38, matching skirt, sizes 10-18, $7.95. Straw belt around $1.00. All by Dorothy Korby at Sage, Allen, Hartford, Conn.
- Just right for each other: In silk pongee, sleeveless blouse, left, has little collar, criss-cross tucking on bosom for handmade look. Skirt has unpressed box pleats. Blouse and skirt about $12.95, both in sizes 7-15. Also in isle green and paradise yellow. Mix Mates by Horwitz & Duberman at Wanamaker's, Philadelphia, Pa. and Jays, Boston, Mass. Aster carnation

Holeproof's nude nylons
Mademoiselle's shell pump
Betmar's picture hats
For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 16
Gay, lively and darling are words that rush to describe Patricia the minute you see her. You can't help being captured by her disarming smile, her laughing blue eyes, her creamy magnolia-blossom complexion. Her face shows you all the merry charm of her Inner Self—bubbling out to make you love her at first sight.

Patricia Stevens has a complexion that's soft and smooth as petals. "I always use Pond's," she says.

"You have more fun when you know you look your prettiest—"

Patricia says

It certainly gives a girl a happy lift of confidence to know she looks her best.

And Patricia feels a pretty complexion boosts any girl's glamour-rating. "I like Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing my face better than anything," she says. "It makes my skin feel fabulously clean and soft. And cream cleansing can't be drying."

You, too, will like Pond's Cold Cream care for your face. Do this Pond's treatment every night (for your day face cleansings, too)—this is the way:

**Hot Stimulation**—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat, to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

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.

Isn't it easy? And how fresh-as-spring-rain your skin looks—and feels! You'll just love this Pond's beauty care!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you know you look your best, it gives you an added confidence that makes the real You within sparkle out—draws other people to you on sight!

Start your Pond's beauty care now. Help your face show a lovelier You!
allows for extravagance. Though he could do with a Ford, he drives a Cadillac because he enjoys driving a Cadillac. He also goes good.

How a man spends his money is still his own affair in this country, praise be. But in Hollywood, you sometimes wonder. They poke fun at stars who can't get along without swimming pools, clothes, wines, which is what a man at Peter who has no swimming pool, the reason being that he has no use for pool-swimming. For nine years he's surfed at Malibu and San Onofre. They say he commanders and does it stiff enough, which makes him a snob. The wealthy do their swimming at beach clubs, yet in nine years he's never belonged to a beach club. But Peter's damned if he does, and damned if he doesn't. But he doesn't belong, they chortle, he won't pay the price. This is so beautifully inconsistent that it hardly mer-

IOW do these stories get about? Because it's easier to pin a tag on a guy that doesn't drive.

If you want the real story of Peter and money, ask the kids he surfs with. They'll spill enough tales. I got a chance at a job of a little of that sort and said, "Do you have the clothes?" He gave me a whole outfit. This goes on all the time. In his quiet way he finds out who's down on his luck, and takes care of it. The boy looked uneasy. "Oh, don't ask what's in it," he said. "It's a straight thing." It's absolutely idiotic to say that when Peter goes out, he pulls his own weight. Given his talent, he's entitled to this, and his friends, the McLeans, have millions, the party must necessarily be on them. He takes his turn. It's a matter of principle. There's a man in Hollywood—generous, kind. He's no Peter, but he's a number. It's virtually impossible to get ahead of him. His sense of hospitality is such that he's allergic to being a guest. I've seen Peter in restaurants with his son. I've seen him arrive ahead of time to make arrangements with the captain. While coffee was being served, I've seen him slip from the table to pay the check. Lovers of Peter, clothes, the most ascen-

Take Lawford and girls. Seem he's commanded the crime of dark starers: Object, publicity, they say. Look closer, and you'll find the shoe is on the other foot. Certainly Peter's dated screen stars. And doctors date nurses, and shoe clerks date the hosiery counter. It's natural to gravitate to people in your own business. But Peter's also dated UCLA coeds, and little Robin, whom he met at the beach. But these kids aren't news, because the hounds ignore them. Their job is to pin-

LIKE any thoughtful, level-headed young man, Peter will marry in his own good time and without benefit of prodding once he meets the girl of his choice. He's been brought up to regard marriage as an honor. He would prefer to wait until he's interfered into it lightly and not to be broken when he marries, he proposes to stay married.

They call him a social climber. It doesn't seem to matter to them that he doesn't have to climb, that he's the son of an English baronet, born to wealth that was lost through the war, and to the kind of back ground that can't be lost. When Peter came to California, he refused to allow the studio to make capital of these things. If he was going to be accepted at all, he wanted acceptance—both as a hu-

The McLeans (their late mother owned the Hope diamond) are also his friends, it might be because they like Peter. Naturally they themselves a ball with the Sharman Douglas episode. This was cut exactly to measure. An am-

Where Hollywood demanded or got the
proof remains a mystery, since Peter never gave Sharman a bracelet. By the code of both, you don’t buy expensive bracelets for girls unless you’re engaged to them.

Both Peter and Sharman answered questions directly. “Are you going to marry Miss Douglas?” a reporter asked in New York.

“No,” said Peter.

“Are you in love with Miss Douglas?”

“No,” said Peter.

“What do you think of Miss Douglas?”

“I think she’s very nice.”

“Is she the nicest girl in the world?”

Peter grinned. “That’s a rather large question. I know many nice girls—”

So the story head ran: Peter Lawford says Sharman isn’t the nicest girl in the world.”

But that was amusing. They both laughed at it. It was done without malice, and worked no harm. Peter gets along fine with newspaper men generally. He’s capable, as some are not, of seeing their viewpoint. If they lay for him, he knows it’s because they’ve been burned by Hollywood before, and hardly blames them for not believing all they hear. Naturally goodhumored, he maintains his humor, carries no chip on his shoulder and assumes they’re okay unless they prove otherwise. If they want to fence, he’s ready for them. He enjoys fencing.

LAST year he went out on a ten-weeks’ personal appearance tour, and met the boys en masse for the first time. Standing around with half a dozen, he was answering questions that went back to childhood. In the course of which, he mentioned that his mother had once been in politics.

“Labor or Conservative?” popped a guy, knowing perfectly well where anyone named Lady Lawford would stand, but looking guileless as a cornstalk.

Peter eyed him thoughtfully. “Where did your mother come from?”

“Texas.”

“Democrat or Republican?” inquired Peter.

This brought a howl from everyone, including the questioner, and the meeting proceeded with warmth and goodwill.

Then how does the Hollywood picture of Peter develop, since it isn’t a picture but a cockeyed misrepresentation? I’ve often wondered, and I think I’ve unearthed a clue. As I said at the start, it’s only a certain section of the press that has it in for him. The ladies and gentlemen of the fourth estate are people, and you’ll find all kinds among them. Some are fair, objective and deal only in facts. Others crave buttering up, and get it.

“Battering up” is a form of attention alien to Peter. It embarrasses him. Among his intimates, he’s casual as a breeze. With others, he keeps the English reserve he was born to. If the occasion arises, he’s invariably courteous. But he won’t go out of his way to make what he considers an exhibition of himself.

At first the barrage from the highly vocal group who don’t like Peter bewildered him, then it made him mad. Now he’s outgrown all that. He’s a well-adjusted person, with an adult sense of values. Go your own way, do your job as well as you can, live by the standards that keep you at peace with yourself, and the rest doesn’t matter. Being no ostrich, he’s aware of what they say, but he’s not afraid of it and doesn’t think it’s important enough to be worth fighting.

I guess he’s right. I guess it’s not that important. As a friend of his, though, I’ve been getting fed up with the wisecracks. And I thought Photoplay readers would like to know him as he is, too.

The End
Shorter skirts spotlight shoes. Photoplay presents some pretty footprints for you.

a. Be at ease in the social picture in this smart lattice shell pump with its open toe, made-for-comfort medium heel. By Grace Walker, a mere $11.95.

b. A wisp of a shoe to flatter the foot on dress-up dates or dancing evenings. Allied’s multi-colored kid high-heel sandal by Twenty-ones is a dream at $12.95.

c. You’ll really go places with the oblique lines and artful straps that give this shoe its smart barefoot look. By Velvet Step in cherry red or blue calf at a breathless $12.95.

d. A graceful V-throated pump for those well-dressed occasions. Perforations give it that saddle-stitch effect. In navy, red or town brown calf by Jolene, it looks expensive but it costs only $8.95.

e. Shine in this gleaming black patent leather D’Orsay pump with its foot-flattering vamp and medium right heel. Around $11.95, by Accent, it’s also available in blue or red calf.

Complement your shoes with Holeproof’s proportioned nylons in “singing tones.” Rhinestone pin by Coro.
Flower by Heineman.
Chiffon scarf by Glentex.

For stores nearest you see page 76
Good Night, Ladies

(Continued from page 59) Arlene Dahl goes in for glamour at night. She doesn’t neglect a single rite of bathing, hairbrushing or cold creaming that will make her beauty even more glowing the next day. But she manages to be lovely at night, too.

For instance, on pin curls. Arlene puts her hair up in just a few curls every night. But she hides the clips or Bobby pins with her own invention, “The Dahl Cap.” Arlene had the cap made in all shades for her personal use. However, the shade that’s most flattering to your coloring and harmonizes with your bedroom decor would do nicely. It is made up exactly like a baby’s bonnet with a beguiling ruffle about the face, a big kitten bow that ties under the chin. The trick about it is that it is elasticized at the back so that it will stretch over your curls, not lose its shape and really make you look adorable.

Arlene now is working on frilly gloves that will button tight about the wrist to protect your bed linen when you night-cream your hands for maximum loveliness. When you use a particularly heavy night cream or an oil on your face, Arlene suggests you make a pillowslip of terry cloth that will slip right over your pillow. She always protects her face after exposure either to hot sun or high winds. Arlene, who uses a rose-colored terry cloth, points out that this cloth is easily laundered. Get the all-the-time beauty habit, and you’ll never look frumpy, Arlene says.

Being French, Corinne Calvet would know that the soap used in men’s preparations is much less drying to the skin than that used in women’s preparations. So she uses a man’s soap, not only for washing her face but also for her showers.

Corinne snorts at the idea of letting husband John Bromfield see her do even so much as one beauty exercise. She would not dream of going to bed at night with a cold-cream face or with snaked-back hair. She takes a warm tub bath, late at night, and into that tub water she pours just a touch of either bath oil or a slightly oily skin lotion—perfumed. This leaves the skin with the lightest coating of oil, too delicate to be felt, but highly beneficial.

The oatmeal skin treatment which Madame Bromfield recommends she uses only when Johnny is away on location, or coming home some hours after she has completed it. She mixes warm water with

...loves her Spiral Stitch

LOVABLE BRA

...it never loses its shape

...and always flatters hers!

Imagine... a Hollywood spiral stitch bra at such a low price! Now, for only $1.50, Lovable brings you this superior style... cups spiral-stitched to hold their shape for the life of your bra. Ask for Lovable #997... you’ll love it too!

Other famous Lovable Bra styles, from $1. Also in Canada.

Any way you figure, it’s

The Lovable Brassiere Company, Dept. P-4, 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16.
oatmeal (exactly the kind you eat), coats her whole face generously, relaxes half an hour, then washes it off. It's stimulating, slightly astringent and very cleansing.

Her cornmeal hair trick takes an hour. Take the dry white meal as it comes from the store, powder your head with it heavily, brush it out for ten minutes. Repeat six times. Your hair will shine magnificently—as magnificently as Calvet's.

Loretta Young is a girl to make the professional beauticians blush their teeth. She washes and curls her own hair. She does her own manicures and her own pedicures. She never wears nail polish, merely using the slightest touch of dry powder on a buffer. But because her hair is straight, she does have to pin it up at night. Also, being the type who never lets her glamour down, she wraps her pin curls so they can't be seen, with broad pieces of crisp tulle. Usually she uses two contrasting colors, ties it at front in a big, big bow. It's so crisp it barely, if ever, wrinkles but, regardless, Loretta has it pressed every morning so it is always lovely and fresh. (Another girl, who must be nameless, but who is also a glamour doll, follows this same Young trick, only she carries it a step further. She wears false bangs at night which exactly match her real hair. We can't tell her name because she says her husband doesn't know this little item.)

Loretta also wears an eye mask so that she can sleep late on those mornings when she's not working. You can buy these masks in most stores but until we saw Loretta's we'd only seen black ones. Loretta's is black on the inside, but pink on the outside—pretty as a picture. The pink satin Loretta added.

At night Loretta uses a light cologne which her husband discovered and had made up for her. Daytime she uses the perfume made from this same scent. It is the only one she ever uses. Subtle, yes? She also has sachets of it stored in her linen closet—a trick you should copy.

PEGGY DOW, like most of the younger beauties of Hollywood, is strictly a soap-and-water girl. But one beauty problem with which she must cope constantly is her baby-fine hair. Being smart, Peggy's long since discovered the most flattering way to wear her hair is to have it softly fluffed around her distinctive young face. But if you've Peggy's type of hair you know it has a tendency to lie flat to the head, to dry out quickly and to lack luster. Therefore, one night a week at least and two, if she's free, she gives her hair a hot-oil steaming. She rubs baby oil into her hair and scalp, just as hot as she can stand it, then she wraps her head in a big Turkish towel turban, saturated in hot water to make the whole treatment hotter. When ever the turban cools, she re-dips it in hot water. This, properly done, takes nearly two hours. Peggy also sleeps with the oil on her hair, then, in the morning, gives herself the most careful shampoo. She uses a vegetable-fat soap and, rinsing her hair so clean that it squeaks when she twists it in her hands, she puts just a touch of lemon juice in the final rinsing water, then brushes her hair, preferably in the sunshine, and, as a final glory, touches it lightly with a flower cologne.

Effectively, while oil-steaming her hair, Peggy gives her feet and legs a beauty treatment, too. A casual, relaxed girl off screen, she likes to go around barefooted in rolled-up jeans. But, being brainy, she knows this dries out the skin at her feet and ankles. So she soaks her feet in a bowl of warm oil, and saturates her legs similarly. Too many girls forget their feet and legs. Don't! Beyond this, Peggy's night-time beauty binge is utterly simple: Clean face, clean teeth and always eight—or preferably nine—hours' sleep.
Eleanor Parker's beauty trick is sleep, sleep and more sleep. She's a late-to-bed, late-to-rise girl—except when she's working. Then she reverses it but still she gets ten hours nightly and often more. She sleeps in a room into which no sound can intrude and she sleeps without a pillow as she thinks this is better for her general posture.

However, no matter what hour Eleanor goes to bed she brushes her shoulder-length hair with two hundred slow, careful strokes. She then takes off her makeup with a cleansing cream, scrubs her face carefully with a special astringent soap which she has made up from her doctor's formula and finally applies a night cream. And about once a week she uses a special cream around her eyes.

Eleanor's an eight-toothbrush girl, too. She buys brushes that have pointed rubber tips on the handles, gets them in eight different handle shades so that she can distinguish them from one another and has them in two open glasses on her bathroom shelf. She uses a fresh brush after every meal and a fourth before retiring when she also gives her gums a massage between each tooth with the rubber tip. The second set of brushes she uses the next day. In this way she can be sure the first four brushes are dry and they, in turn, are used the third day and so on.

Eleanor says this meticulous brushing cuts her dentist bills to an absolute minimum. Also, instead of having her teeth professionally cleaned half-yearly, as most of us do, she has hers done quarter-yearly. To insure the teeth's pristine whiteness by this extra careful daily care, plus the quarter-yearly expert care, the lovely Parker says, is real glamour insurance.


The End

We're proud of May Photoplay!

- Ten special color pages
- Additional features
- Special news columns
- Everything you want to know about Hollywood

RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW—ON SALE APRIL 11

Bird of Paradise Nude by Holeproof for the colors that bloom in the spring

Fresh, light-hearted, young as Spring itself. That's Holeproof's new Bird of Paradise Nude, the tone to win a woman's fancy. And two whisper weights of this sheer nylon beauty in 15 and 30 denier serve every pretty and practical purpose with Holeproof's amazing finer fit, longer wear.

(Left) Shad-O-Bar heel, 15 denier, 60 gauge, $1.95 a pair.
Other styles, $1.35-$1.75.
Prices slightly higher in Canada
South Season
your new spring things

with Coro's
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richly jeweled love-token of The Islands
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PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Wherever you live you can buy

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

Toni Owen (halter dress), 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Joselli (suit), 512 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Dorothy Korby (linen separates), 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Horwitz & Duberman (pongee separates), 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Coro jewelry, 47 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.
Betmar Hats, 1 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.
Dawenelle gloves, 16 East 34th Street, New York, N. Y.
Grace Walker shoe, 1507 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Twenty-Ones shoe, 119 Seventh Avenue, North, Nashville, Tenn.
Velvet Step shoe, 1505 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Jolene shoe, 1204 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Accent shoe, 1509 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

STORES ALSO CARRYING THE JOSELLI SUIT

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison-Paxon
New Orleans, La.—Maison-Blanche

PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Detailed drawings (left) of the Debra Paget pattern on page 66

Fabric for Debra Paget pattern on page 66

Burlington
1410 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

*inspired by the 20th Century Fox production "Bird of Paradise". Color by Technicolor

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Modess because
Incredible new idea in fragrance...
TOILET ESSENCE Lenthalic

Incredible Toilet Essence lasts far longer than toilet water. Costs far less than perfume extract. Never anything like it.

Throughout your day, fragrant companion and constant evidence of your vital presence... long lasting Toilet Essence.

Wherever you go, Toilet Essence leaves a fragrance trail, a reminder that you were there and may come back again.

So admired. Friends ask, "What is that wonderful fragrance you have on?" Toilet Essence has true perfume character.

So unusual. Only Lenthalic makes Toilet Essence. Enjoy it in cherished Tweed or witty Repartee. Costs only $2.50 (plus tax).

Never be without it. Toilet Essence pays you such nice compliments. Use it in your bath... smooth on afterwards.

a reminder that you were there
...and may come back again

TOILET ESSENCE IN Tweed or Repartee

© 1951, Lenthalic, Inc. 673 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 24, N.Y.
Back in 1936, clubs, camps and hospitals around New England enjoyed a special sort of entertainment: "Professor Upham and His Magic Act." "Professor Upham" was ten-year-old Carleton Carpenter.

Four years of weekends and summers Carp pulled rabbits out of hats. Then, deciding to explore other branches of show business, he joined a traveling carnival and became a one-man dramatic club, writing, directing and producing shows at Bennington High. Broadway came next and a few days after he left Vermont he was dancing and singing in the chorus of "The Chocolate Soldier."

From then on, discounting eighteen months as a Seabee in the South Pacific, Carp counts only ten days when he wasn't working.

"Where," his friends demand, exhausted by Carp's endless activity, "do you get the energy?"

"I think I'm glandular," is his bland reply.

It was inevitable that Carp should go to Hollywood. Louis de Rochemont, producing "Lost Boundaries" in the East, spotting him in a commercial training film, cast Carp in one of the principal roles. Then, after M-G-M signed him to a long-term contract, continuing his rugged working schedule, in less than a year he was in "Summer Stock," "Father of the Bride," "Three Little Words," "Two Weeks with Love" and "Vengeance Valley." He likes "Vengeance Valley" the best. "It's a meaty acting part, my best to date," he says. "Besides, for two weeks before the picture began I was able to get out to the back lot at the studio and get some terrific riding instructions. It was a real kick—and on the studio pay roll, too."

Evenings, Carp spends with Amanda Blake or Joan Evans. And often when Joan's busy he drops over to her house anyhow for an evening of bridge with her parents. He's almost too casual about his clothes. When he visits Joan's house he's likely to be wearing a pair of blue jeans and a brown leather jacket, not too new. When he dresses up, his preference is for bow ties.

He eats like a fiend and is a steady customer of Wil Wright's ice cream parlor in Hollywood, but his dynamo pace burns up the calories before they can have any effect on the lanky 6'3" frame, on which he carries only 150 pounds.

This, of course, gives Carp a gangling appearance and he's the first to kid about it. "Just call me 'Uncle Stretch,'" he says. "When my mold was cast, Mother Nature must have been having a taffy pull. All length and no width—that's me."

Most of his friends, however, call him Carp. No one that's known him for more than two minutes could possibly address him as Carleton. His good humor, his versatility as a song-and-dance man and his natural flair for acting recommends him to all ages.

Last winter, M-G-M booked Carp, together with Debbie Reynolds, into the New York Capitol Theater. The ovation he got from audiences who packed every performance amazed and delighted him. He'd never pictured himself as a romantic leading man and to get the gleeful applause usually reserved for a Farley Granger or a Gordon MacRae—that was wonderful.

"I had a tough time in New York," Carp says. "My schedule at the theater allowed me no time to look up old friends. So I was happy when one of the gang dropped by backstage without waiting for a formal invitation. I'd tell him to pass the word along to the other kids that this was the only way I could see everybody. I sure didn't want anyone to think, just because I didn't have a chance to call, that I had gone Hollywood!"

Between shows, however, Carp did a little huckstering for "Abadaba Honeymoon" the number from "Two Weeks with Love" which he recorded with Debbie. "Have you bought your copy?" he'd ask, not quite twisting your arm. The music shop across the street from the theater sold out as a result by the time Carp ended his engagement. He also launched a vigorous campaign for "Ev'ry Other Day," his own composition.

Since there's no new picture scheduled for a couple of months, Uncle Stretch says he's "just going to take it easy." Want to bet?
All was serene aboard the "Showboat." Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel began their romantic duet. Gazing soulfully into each other's eyes, they sang of their love. Behind them, in a lighted . . .

. . . doesn't show up at all. Better use wax fruit instead." The switch was made. Kathryn and Howard resumed their places. Once again they sang, oh, . . .

. . . sax fruit in all directions. His stand-in, chattering with excitement, joined the monkey business. Soon they were throwing everything they could lay their . . .

. . . wax fruit in all directions. His stand-in, chattering with excitement, joined the monkey business. Soon they were throwing everything they could lay their . . .

. . . so tenderly. And once again, the monkey hopped up on the table. He reached for a banana, bit into it — and screamed with rage. Angry, he pitched the . . .

. . . cabin, was a small monkey. Slyly he helped himself from a bowl of fruit. Then, "Cut," yelled the cameraman. "That fruit . . .

. . . paws on. Everyone scattered! "What happened?" gasped Kathryn. "Oh" grinned Howard, "the monkey didn't like the 'bit' part the cameraman gave him."
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 6) good comrades and good friends, understanding one another as human beings. These are the things that last.

Mrs. Orin F.

Dear Miss Colbert:
The other day I picked up a magazine when I was waiting to have my shoes half-soled and I read your opinions. Well, I got the impression you think all men are blackguards and all women are angels and I can't go along with that. But then I thought about myself and I thought, yes, she would say I was a blackguard.

This is about a man. I had to quit school in eighth grade to take care of my mother and three sisters when my father died. I was thirteen. By the time I was twenty-one, I was out of the Army, my mother was deceased, and my sisters were married. Well, I made friends with a girl, nice, I thought, and saw quite a bit of her. Right away, she started talking wedding bells. I kept changing the subject, but gosh, women can be persistent. Then I found out she had three kids by her first marriage. I should have picked up then and left, but I had my first good job of a lifetime, and it was Christmas time, and so I guess I married this girl to get rid of her.

Ten months later, we had a little girl. Well, the bills piled up, and there was never enough money. My wife was not much of a cook and wasted a lot in the kitchen. She played bridge with the neighbors and kept a tacky house. Kept talking about wanting I thought, because a woman's wealth was her kids, and every pay day I could see myself slipping farther and farther behind, what with charge accounts coming due for all the clothes the kids had to have, and the dentist's, insurance, furniture payments—you know.

When she told me there was another little one coming, I decided to get rid of it for a month and decided that this wasn't for me. Five kids, a shiftless wife, a rough job, debts, debts, debts. So I lit out.

Lady, I'm two thousand miles from home, and that suits me fine. I got a little job. Got a little apartment. Do my own cooking. Keep things neat and clean. Sometimes take a nice, proper girl out to a show or a dance or a movie. I don't aim to be caught again. But here is what I want to say: There's something wrong in the scheme somewhere. Women have ruined marriage, to use it was never no good in the first place.

A Happy Bum

No. I don't consider you a blackguard and I'm sincerely sorry if I have given that impression of my general attitude toward men. And, incidentally, neither do I consider all women angels.

First of all, you are brave and self-sacrificing to give up your schooling in order to support your mother and sisters. Your letter gives me the impression that you are highly intelligent and that you would make a fine married woman. I urge you to leave school and college training. Incidentally, I hope you are now going to night school or in some way working toward a better future for yourself.

Although you have made several mistakes (we all do, you know) your greatest was in marrying this woman in the first place. You did it out of gallantry, of course, but that was wrong. No man should allow himself to be taken in by marriage by courtesy, by convention, by family pressure, by tears and hysterics, if that man has taken no advantage of the girl before marriage. In our society, the man has the privilege of choosing his mate; he should exercise that privilege with very wisdom, don't you think?

Many a man, in your place, has looked at the horizon and wondered what it would be like—over the hill. You have found out. I know that your freedom seems sweet, but I know also, from your letter, that you suffer from a sense of guilt.

You can overcome the sense of guilt to some degree by sending your wife a money order each month. Two of those youngsters are your own, and you will be happier if you do not abandon them entirely, leaving them to bear the burden of your mistake.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a college senior and for two years I was engaged to a marvelous girl. We were both extremely happy, or at least I thought we were. Last summer I was working out of our home state on a good paying job in order for us to be married next June. You can't imagine how I felt when I came home to find that she had just eloped with my best friend. When I look back on our happy months I realize that he was always with us, but I was too excited to realize that he was jeopardizing our love.

Here at the university I see them quite often. In fact, she and I have met on several occasions, "accidentally," except that I don't think the meetings were accidental. She has hinted that she still loves me and does not want her marriage to interfere with our relationship. I still adore her and it is a great temptation to be with her, but her husband has been my lifelong friend and I am torn by my loyalty to him, although he certainly didn't have qualms about me.

I have only one semester left before I graduate, but I cannot bear to be in university with this girl. Would you advise me to continue our relationship, or drop out of school?

Manfried N.

I have the uneasy conviction that no matter what I say, you will do exactly what this girl wants you to do the instant she makes her wants clear.

Your letter was too long to print, but much of what you said tugged at my heart. Although you are a senior in college, you are only twenty-one and still without the fineness of character which makes it possible to bear up under romantic blows. However, you are obviously highly intelligent, so perhaps your mind will save you from your own tender spirit.

First of all, if this girl had been as much in love with you as you were with her, she would have waited for you, wouldn't she? Next, if you had married this girl, you wouldn't think of meeting an ex-girlfriend and suggesting that some sort of clandestine relationship be established, would you? Honor is a part of your nature, and honor is clearly not even a motive to this girl.

I can almost hear you say, "Maybe this girl is worthless. I still love her."

However, there is one fact which should make you leave this girl utterly alone. Your triangle is exactly the sort of thing which often ends in tragedy. This foolish girl's life may rest squarely in your hands. You can save her from a possibly vengeful husband by avoiding her, thinking of her as little as possible, completing your college work and taking a job as far from her as possible.

Claudette Colbert

 Velvet step

CASUALS are your best buy!

Every view of you in these unique-new casuals of softest leather, genius-fashioned for fit and lots of footwear, adds up to a wonderful buy.

Sizes 4 to 10...SLIM, NARROW, MEDIUM—

for the store nearest you, write Peters Shoe Company, St. Louis
Angel Face

(Continued from page 40) Pat to shop for her at the neighborhood drugstore for a nice bright shade of nail polish. Given this unusual opportunity, Uncle Pat had decided to pull all the stops, she needed any and all the way. A shade called "Barneyyard" he refused as not being "red enough," and finally came home with one called "Helen's Lips."" 

Off screen, however, Ann has a Victorian quality. She walks through life serenely. Ugly emotions or anger, she works off in the deeply dramatic roles she portrays on stage, where they cannot hurt or harm another. "In the nine years I've known her," recalls Frank MacFadden, who works with her daily at the studio, "when she isn't before the camera—I've never even heard her raise her voice."

AN intriguing little paradox, Ann Blyth. As Scott Brady says slowly, "At times Ann's a child you feel she should take by the hand and lead across the street. Then again, she has the wisdom of the ancients." Her director adds, "When you explain to Ann what you want in a scene you sometimes think she doesn't understand what you're saying. But when she gets before the camera!—she breaks the bank, gives you everything you asked for—so much more!"

Ann lives in a white stucco bungalow in Toluca Lake with her beloved Aunt Cis, her pink-checked, white-haired Uncle Pat, a terrier named "Tommy," a "very independent" black and white Persian, "Mickey Cat," and "Caruso," an ambitious canary who's so happy there he sings all the time, uncovered or no.

Right now Ann is on what she calls an "airing kick." She says, "I come home and my Auntie says—'Oh, no, not another pair.'" She has a ravenous appetite, forever munching on chocolate bars. She's learning to do a spirited Charleston and she likes to knit and crochet while she listens to mystery stories on the radio—"When" says Uncle Pat, "you don't even go near her or make any noise." Without doubt Ann's the girl of the moment. There are roller coasters, their rise and descent. She can even spot them from the air. If she even flies over one and discovers it's within a reasonable radius of where she's going, somehow she figures out a way to get back there.

She treasures every sentimental keepsake from the past for its memories. There's a little wooden trick box somebody gave her as a kid—"Nobody can even open it now," says Uncle Pat, "but Ann won't part with it anyway." Her "sides" from "Watch on the Rhine"—they're getting yellow, but she still has them—and the autographed picture of Bing Crosby inscribed, "To My Dear Friend, Ann," is on the mantel of the fireplace. Some of her dolls are graduated and she'll take them to ANGEL to varnish. She's a dear, but it hasn't been easy," her aunt laughs. "Just let her suspect a departure and she rushes in with, "Oh, please don't give her away that one. There's a medal her aunt gave her when she was six and a ring her mother gave her at the dance. It was my first really big jewelry," she says now, eyes shining. Today, you will find this big tin of perfume on the bureau in her bedroom. "She gave me this for my sixteenth birthday. I wanted it so badly then, I felt I must have it—and Mother understood."

She's less sophisticated than her twenty-one years. She holds her own with Hollywood's top stars, enacting such challenging roles as that of the brat in "Mildred Pierce," and a girl falsely accused in Universal-International's "Bonaventure," with Claudette Colbert. Hers is a talent that inspires David Miller, who directed her in "Our Very Own," to refer to her as a "young Helen Hayes," and to add, "there's nothing Ann can't do; she has every quality a director look very good, let me tell you."

To act was ever her burning dream since childhood, when, poor though they were, her parents drove to New York in their walk-up flat on 49th Street in New York, by "dressing up" and by imitating every song she heard on the radio. Her mother ironed clothes and pinched pennies to earn a four-year scholarship to school. And Ann wore proudly any hat made by her of a bit of lace and ribbon and a flower bought in a dime store.

Despite her popularity with such eligibles as Scott Brady, Richard Long, Roddy McDowall and others—and the long line of wishfuls who don't know her but who say, "Before I get married—I've got to have a date with Ann Blyth," her dedication to her career has left Ann little time thus far for serious romance.

Hollywood, parentally protective concerning its favorite daughter, wonders what and when. Ann herself is ambivalent. Columnists, on the other hand, keep hyping Ann, trying to shock about the lack of love in her life, and look forward to her being "awarded" by romance. Of these, Ann laughingly says she's sorry she can't "arrange that just now." It is her hope the man she will some day marry will have the gift of understanding, of kindness and a sense of humor. "We're sports like I do. It would be wonderful to find someone who would be able, too, to understand how much this business means to me. How long and how hard I've wished and worked for it. And how it wouldn't be easy to just stop tomorrow and never act again."

In view of her devout faith and religious and charitable activities, it is to be expected that rumors would arise from time to time that Ann will enter the church some day—but her denial is simple. "That is a calling God reserves for certain people. I don't think of it, but I do think of so many other ways of doing good in this world. Each of us has a certain job to do." Then she adds quietly, "And I have mine."

SHE has never allowed any publicity to be cooked up about her that's untrue, and when a very big national magazine wavered from the facts, far from being happy about the space break, Ann's reaction was a tearful, "But it isn't me." It took months to prevail upon her to cut her hair for the screen—even a few inches, to the still-long bob she wears now. Ann, who personally selected her own earrings since she was 12, has also refused to pose for cheesecake art. It was weeks before she finally agreed to appear in a couple of shots for publicity for "Katy-Did-It," even when the studio insisted, "This time it's legitimate," pointing out that, after all, she did play an artist's model in so many other parts in a bathtub.

For Ann's life as an actress, too, is motivated by her fervent faith, her desire to make the most of whatever talents God has given her, and her belief that her gifts should be shared with all whom one can reach, and in whatever needed way. A belief co-inspired by her late mother, the gentle, gracious lady who showed her so wisely and approximately from the large oval-framed picture on her bedroom wall now. Almost as though she's saying of her beloved daughter—and actress in her own right—"I'm so very, very proud of you!"

THE END
Hollywood's Busiest Phone Numbers

(Continued from page 38) There are climbers all over the place. The Hollywood star can never be sure that the young man dancing with her at Mocambo likes her for herself. At least girls in Peoria don't have that problem.

Shelley Winters fairly lives on the telephone—gets nearly thirty calls a day. She isn’t the shy type about calling the boys. When Farley Granger was in Europe last summer, Shelley says that she supported the phone company. Some men like a girl who goes after what she wants. Some men don’t. Evidently, Farley does.

When Farley, who is very clever about disguising his voice, calls Shelley he loves to pretend that he is an editor or a columnist. “Miss Winters,” he says pompously, “you have just won our popularity contest.” Or, “Miss Winters, is it true that you made insulting remarks to a glamour queen and gave her a shiner at Mocambo last night?” After one of these sessions with Farley, Shelley will shun the phone for all of a half-hour.

She isn’t exactly a beauty, Shelley, but she has plenty of youthful bounce, and gobs of that old a. Besides Farley, Marlon Brando calls her for dates. So does Jerry Paris, writer Stanley Roberts and writer Al Bykes.

ONE of the most eligible and attractive bachelors in town is Bob Stack. Bob has youth, good looks, social position, money, charming manners and shares billing with Peter Lawford as being a marvelous dancer. Moreover, Bob, who doesn’t table-hop when he takes a girl to a night club or a restaurant, has a way of making a girl feel that she is the most important woman alive.

Bob probably gets more phone calls from girls than any young man west of the Rockies. His youngish, gracious mother, Betsy Stack, says, “Our phone rings constantly.” Betsy doesn’t mind acting as Bob’s secretary when he isn’t there. But she does object to those three-o’clock-in-the-morning calls (Bob sleeps right through them) and nothing annoys her more than to answer the phone and have someone hang up quickly.

Last year it looked as if Bob and socialite-heiress Irene Wrightsman were headed for the altar. Then Kirk Douglas appeared at a big party with Irene—the same party to which Bob took Evelyn Keyes, who previously had gone with Kirk. Now Kirk and Irene, in spite of their coy denials, are expected to marry. However, Bob’s heart isn’t broken—regularly he’s been dating Evelyn Keyes, Pat Neal, Rhonda Fleming, Wanda Hendrix and Claudette Thornton, the beautiful starlet to whom he is supposed to have given a very handsome ring.

Undoubtedly one of the busiest Hollywood phone numbers is Ann Miller’s, Annie is a wonderful dancer—and a wonderful listener. And there is nothing so flattering to a man as a girl, particularly when she is willing to listen. Very few men in Hollywood ever get a chance to take center stage. But Ann always gives it to them—doesn’t even pull out her compact while they tell her about a big deal.

If it isn’t Connie Hilton, the fabulous hotel man, who is calling Annie, it’s Charles Isaacs, a millionaire once married to Eva Gore, or the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, or William O’Connor, now an important Hollywood legal eagle. Manhattan playboy Herbie Klotz (who has rushed Hedy Lamarr, Ginger Rogers, Paula Goddard, Margaret Lindsay and millionairess Barbara Hutton) is a frequent caller from New York and a devoted flower sender. Frank Ryan, head of the Jules Bache Co., calls from Europe and John Gillen, a Texas oil man, calls from Texas and, at the drop of a sombrero, flies in to take Ann to La Rue for dinner. Also in the line-up are producer Eddie Grainger, actor Philip Reed and those aviation tycoons, Alvin Adams and Sherman Fairchild. However, I have a hunch Annie would chuck all her millionaires and tycoons for a quiet dinner with Bill O’Connor.

Recently, when I was in New York everyone asked me, “Who is this Greg Bautzer? And why do all the movie queens fall for him?” Greg Bautzer, I told them, is a well-known Hollywood lawyer, tennis player superb, and eligible. And in Hollywood an eligible bachelor is worth the Aga Khan’s weight in diamonds.

Greg, who’s been romancing Hollywood’s “name” girls for years, starting with Dorothy Lamour and Lana Turner, was ringing Joan Crawford’s phone last year. Then he discovered Ginger Rogers. But he and Ginger broke off last August, heaven only knows why, and Ginger moved to New York where she entered, and held her own beautifully, in tennis and golf tournaments. Meanwhile, in Hollywood, Greg was calling Jane Wyman.

During Greg’s romantic romp with Janie one of my spies reported to me that at one party he kept his eyes glued on the front door, not on Jane. Presently he slipped away from the telephone and called—well, what do you know—Joan Crawford, demand-

exclaimed one amazed listener when she heard the refreshingly different radio program. “My True Story.” She’s not the only listener who says this, either, for “My True Story” presents real-life dramas of real-life people, direct from the files of True Story Magazine. They’re stories that could be your own, your neighbors’, or your friends’ . . . everyday loves, hopes, fears and problems of real people.

TUNE IN

“MY TRUE STORY”

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Thrift with a lift

You’ll thank Stardust for instant allure at a wee small price! NO other bra does more to give your figure that firm rounded look, with flattering separation. You’ll prize the dainty shirring that helps shape and mould . . . you’ll appreciate the clever elastic inserts that assure comfy fit and action-ease! In luscious rayon satin that’s actually wear-and-wash guaranteed for an entire year! Yours for only $1 . . . other glamorous styles $1 and $1.50.

“The bra that made famous!”

STARDUST INC.  EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1

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, lasting one. —Mrs. A. W.

A.—A particularly good idea perfume does not “stay with them” is a Liquid Skin Satchet. It smooths on the skin very easily, and lingers longer because of its diffusion and evaporation than any other type of fragrance. Try a Housebrand Chantilly Liquid Skin Sachet. Only $1.50 plus tax at better stores.


WANT MORE beautiful Nails?

USE...

TUFFENAIL

Not a polish, sealer, or top coat. Over 1,000,000 women have used TUFFENAIL for lovelier nails.

...and for a Fast, Gentle, Safe Cuticle Remover

USE...

Qticare CUTCILE REMOVER

Tuffenail and Qticare in Vogue's exclusive non-spill applicator vials—at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

VOGUE PRODUCTS, HOLLYWOOD 31, CALIF.


dreams take shape in Flatternity 00s...
The shape of your lovely legs...shaded by Flatternitys, Measured-to-Fit. Choose $1 gauge for beauty and satisfaction, 60 gauge for extra dividends in both sheerness and wear.


To The younger set I suppose Joan Evans has the busiest telephone. Joan, a very sophisticated young girl, is dated young actors and spends hours with them on the phone discussing the theories of acting. Among her dates are Jerry Paris, Hugh O'Brian, Carleton Carpenter (“he's a real wacko”), Parley Grane, Ralph Blum Jr., Hunt Stromberg Jr. and George Brand, son of the well-known publicity director, Harry Brand. At her dramatic class Joan discovered a talented lad named Kirby Weatherby. She got him an agent, a name change to Lee Kirby, and now has a protégé—and another caller.

Scott Brady claims that his phone rings on an average of fifty times a day. Not all the calls are for him. Some are for his brother, Larry Tierney. “And even I manage to get one occasionally,” says his wonderful Irish mother. To add to the confusion the Brady-Tierneys are on a party line with a couple of girls who are evidently very popular, too. “Lots of times,” complains Mrs. Tierney, “I can't cook dinner for the boys because I can't get on the phone to order any groceries.”

Scott calls Dorothy Malone in Dallas, Texas, constantly. Also Betty Underwood in New York, and Ann Blyth and Piper Laurie in Hollywood. If Larry answers the phone when it rings he always says, “Yes, this is Scott,” and makes conversation like Mortimer Snerd. “I lost a lot of girls that way,” Scott says, grinning.

Paulette Goddard and Hedy Lamarr are a couple of girls who give not only the local operators but the international operators, too, a rough time of it. Paulette’s been dating with eligible young men of three continents; among them, the Earl of Warwick, the Argentine millionaire Alberto Dodero, circus magnate John Ringling Norte, columnist John McLain, producer-playboy Raymond Hakim and Mexican bullfighter Manuel Capetillo. And recently in New York Paulette and Cy Howard bumped into each other on the Stork Club-El Morocco circuit. When I asked Paulette about Cy she said flippantly, “Our relations are strictly dishonorable.”

Cy, a self-confessed boy genius, is the producer, director and writer of the “Irma” and “Luigi” shows and simply rolling in the green stuff these days. Money is something to which Paulette has no tolerance.

I think men like Paulette because she never pulls her punches. She’s always fun. She’s a good sweetheart. She gets, but she gives. And she probably owns the finest collection of jewelry in Hollywood.

Hedy Lamarr, of course, is beautiful,
What's the truth about Liz Taylor? Before you judge, read Ida Zeitin's appealing story in May Photoplay.
if you want to be

CHARMING...

SURPRISED meeting me here? Then let me explain:
I know what it means to feel insecure. I came from nothing, had no education to speak of and am not even a natural beauty.

But this didn’t stop me. And it need not stop you. Any girl who is willing to work at it can be attractive, popular and can make friends. All she needs is the know-how.
I think I can tell you a few things that will help.

A few girls are just naturally beautiful. They're born that way. Maybe it's because I've never had that kind of beauty myself, that I think such natural beauty can sometimes be more of a handicap than an asset.

Almost always the attractive girl men turn to look at in the street is the girl who has worked at it, who has faced her bad points and learned to play them down, recognized her good features and made the most of them.

Take me, for instance.
When I was seventeen I was awkward and much too thin. I also had to learn how to sit, how to walk, how to carry myself. And my face? No "Miss America" looked back at me from my mirror.

I had to learn—after a lot of early mistakes—to style my hair away from my face, and simply, so that my eyes were what people would see. I had what people call good facial bone structure; but I had to toss the rouge box into the ashcan before anybody knew this.

Some girls go through life wearing their beauty problems like neon lights—for everyone to see.

One of my good friends is a salesgirl at Magnin's. I've known her for fifteen years, I guess, since she was a tall, gangly, shy teenager. But until just the other day, I didn't know that besides being a sweet, warm and generous human being—she was very attractive. She hadn't even known it herself.

A few days after Christmas, I lost my cook and my nurse in one fell swoop—and found myself with a big house to keep clean, and three meals a day to prepare for four hungry children, on top of all ordinary duties.

This friend, full of sympathy, came to the house to stay with me and help out until I could hire new servants.

As I have said, she's unusually tall and has a tendency to stoop, probably because she is self-conscious about her height. It had never occurred to me that she had even a passably good figure.

That night, after we had tucked the children into bed, we half-crawled wearily to my dressing room to have a shower and get ready for bed ourselves.

As my friend stepped out of the shower, I was amazed to see that she had a perfectly lovely body—slim, neat little waist; full, young girl breasts, long, graceful legs.

"Where have you been hiding that handsome figure?" I blurted out. "All six feet of it?" she laughed.

That was it. Because she felt too tall, she had fallen into a habit of "shrinking" herself, pulling her neck down, into the shoulder cradle and her diaphragm down onto her hip.
Something new. One of the most glamorous women in the world gives you the benefit of her experiences to help you find your brighter self

by Joan Crawford

bones. What resulted was not a prettily petite figure, as she had unconsciously hoped, but a sagging, old-lady slouch. Tired as we both were, I said we had to do something about that posture—give that wonderful body a chance. "Stand up against that door," I told her.

Then I had her press every part of her body firmly against the door frame—heels, calves, thighs, smell of the back, between the shoulder blades, middle of the neck, back of the head.

"Now," I said, "pull your head up straight toward the ceiling as high as it will go. Feel as though your whole body were suspended. Now, walk away from the wall. And don't sag."

The change in her carriage was miraculous. She felt stiff and awkward at first, of course. Everybody does, trying anything for the first time.

But, as I told her, if she'll practice that back-against-the-door routine every night—walking away straight and tall, the good posture will soon become second nature.

When I first came to Hollywood, one of my major worries was my ignorance about etiquette. Most young girls worry a lot about this, I think—probably because the word seems somehow to imply that to have it you must have been to the manner born or at least "polished" in some fashionable finishing school. This isn't true. Any girl can learn to conduct herself charmingly in her social life if she learns a few simple rules. The American word "manners" isn't quite good enough. If what you want to know is which fork to use and when or how to introduce people correctly, any up-to-date book on etiquette will tell you. But more than "good manners" is involved in real social know-how. You can have a whole bag of tricks—know how to hold a knife and fork and how to rise when an older person comes into the room—and still be rude and selfish.

It's much more important to learn not to push ahead of someone at a counter in order to be served first, than it is to know which fork is meant for which course.

Real politeness comes from the way a person feels. Genuine friendliness will prompt consideration for other guests at a party, it will indicate the gracious good-night and thank-you to the hostess, the appreciative telephone call the next day or the warm little note of thanks.

Manners are catching. There is contagion in the pleasant greetings you give your boss or your co-workers when you arrive at work in the morning, and in the "excuse me" which springs to your lips when you have been momentarily thoughtless of another's rights or feelings.

Also, believe me, awkwardness and embarrassment in social situations will disappear as you shift your concentration from your own comfort to that of the other people around you. Good breeding, like beauty, is more than skin deep.

I hope, as these articles get under way, a lot of readers will be prompted to write me about the charm problems which they find disturbing. I won't be able to answer every letter personally, but I will read the letters carefully, analyze (Continued on page 88)
YOUNG WIVES! READ HOW TO get these extra advantages in INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Medication!

Zonitors are one of the most important steps forward in intimate feminine cleanliness. They provide a modern scientific method of continuous medication—so much easier, less embarrassing to use yet one of the most effective methods. So powerfully germicidal, yet so absolutely safe to delicate tissues.

How Zonitors Work...

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories—each sealed in a separate glass vial—so easy to slip in your purse and carry if away from home. When inserted, Zonitors release powerful germicidal and deodorizing properties for hours. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. All you need is this dainty suppository. No extra equipment.

Destroy Offensive Odor

Zonitors actually destroy offensive odor. Help guard against infection. They 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. Any drugstore.

(Continued from page 87) the mail with an eye to determining which problems are most common, and then devote the succeeding articles accordingly.

Meantime I want to borrow a problem which turned up in this morning’s fan mail.

My girl friends think I’m the prettiest girl in our town,” this letter read, “but the boys don’t like me. I can’t talk to them. I just freeze up when I go out with a boy… and no boy has ever called me up for a second date.…"

There’s where I need this letter, but the crux of this girl’s problem, of course, lies in that one phrase, “I can’t talk to them.”

But she can lick this problem. First, she must quit worrying about what she is planning to say, about the absorption job she is going to make—shift her attention from herself for a moment, and concentrate on him, try listening for a change.

The following suggestion has nothing to mean to imply that a girl can make a hit with her date by spending the whole evening in rapt, respectful silence. No tongue-tied girl has ever been the belle of the ball. If your date is interested enough to call again he has found out enough about you to know that he’s interested.

What will attract him most, though, will be the discovery that you are interested in him.

Psychologists have discovered that teenage girls are more mature socially than boys of the same age, that the girls have a major responsibility in setting up lines of communication between the sexes. I have the feeling that the girl who wrote to me in our present problem is thoroughly reassured by the knowledge—scientifically sound—that the new boy who is making her so uncomfortable is probably more uncomfortable than she is. He is testing a ground for his social competence, even more than for hers. It is up to the girl to let her boy friend know that he makes the grade.

“But you never told me what to say,” my correspondent tells me.

If you were introduced to him by mutual friends you have them as a starting point for your conversation, I would advise her. If not, or if he is still in school, find out what he is studying and ask questions about what he enjoys. And then listen to him! A girl who has found out what her mutual interests are, or, just as good, may wind up in a friendly argument. If any case, you won’t “freeze up.”

If you have a charm problem write to Joan Crawford, c/o Photoplay, 321 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills. Cal. She will answer as many questions as possible in her columns, but cannot make personal replies by mail.

The End

Cast of Current Pictures

BEDTIME FOR BONZO—U.I.: Prof. Peter Boyd, Ronald Reagan, Jane, Diana Lynn, Prof. Hans Neumann, Walter Slezak, Valerie Tibetan, Cyril Bakerley, Babcock, Jesse White, Dean Tillington, Herbert Heyes, Lt. Daggett, Herbert Vivian; Intern—Pete Walker, Edmund North, Ed George, Mr. Gargan, Ed Marman, Ed Gargan, Mr. De Wit, Joel Fredkin; Chief of Police—Edmond Allen, Chief of Police, Brad Sweeney, Police, Fred M. Hurlock, Lou Scriver, Frank Flournoy, Policeman, Howard Banks, Fireman, Perc Lamdy; Fireman—Brad Johnson and Bill Maslow; Cigarette—I. M. MISER, Mr. MISTER; Sentry—Forty-9; Kay Huddison, Betty Grah; Hopey Dooly, Dan Dailey, Stanley, John; Dopey, Thaddeus Beale, Tad Bres- ertson, Billy Bartol, Benen Venuta, Mess Sergeant, Richard Boom, Mrs. Boom, Sergeant Hunter, Serenade—H andy Kesterson, Gen. Steele, Harry Von Zell; Jones, Dave Willock, Albertson, Robert Ellis, Brown, Jerry Paris; Dummy, Dave Duvall, Loun Spencer, Art Stanley, Rob Roberts, Little Soldier, Tommy Bond, Gabby, Harry Capone, Honey valley, Garden, Shorty, General’s Aide, Fred Libby; Chief of Staff, Ken Christy, Major McCall, Russ Conway, Staff Artist, Jack Emery, Arnold Moore, Colonel, Dabbs Greer, Col. Edwards, Mack William, Gooch, Tom, Sarge; Lieutenant, Steven Clark, Tennessee, Robert Easton.

CAUSE FOR ALARM—M-G-M: Ellen Jones, Loretta Young, George Z. Couse, Barry Sullivan, Dr. Ranma Guggage, Bruce Cowling; Mrs. Elles, Margalo Gilmore, Hally (Dilly), Bradley Morra, Mr. Catarson, Parnitman, Irving Bacon; Mrs. Warren, Georgia Rackson, Mrs. Smith; Sergeant, John Grady, Mr. Baker; Lonesome Sailor, Richard Anderson.

KEN FORCING—The—Warners: Martin Ferguson, Humphrey Bogart; “Big Babe” Lastich, Zoro Mostel; Joseph Rico, The Big Kid, Albert Mendoza, Capt. Frank Nelson, Roy Roberts; “Duke” Tano, Lawrence Tolon; Spt. Whitman, King Donovan; Jack Grip, Col. Addams, Pat Toner; Thomas O’Hara, Dan Bedloe; Tony Vito, Tito’s; Tino Via; Ace, Jack Leneko; Victoria, Mr. Steele, Griselda; Mr. Quinn, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Victoria, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steele, Mr. Shaheen; Kolins, Mr. Steel
A Toast to Love

(Continued from page 42) disposal and an intercommunicating phone system. In the hall were shiny buttons which connected with the furnace and could be pushed to heat any room you wished.

It was wonderful, so far.

It became even more wonderful. It was such a particularly exquisite California night, warm and full-mooned, the Grangers stood in the open doorway and looked out across the gardens at their swimming pool. The inventiveness of America enchanted them because the surface of the pool water was unmarred by so much as a leaf, on account of a wonderful invention called a skimmer that prevented such things.

Then they returned to the living room, tenderly took the vintage champagne out of the cooler, and settled down on a couch before the blazing fire.

At the stroke of midnight, they toasted themselves and their love, first of all. Then they toasted Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—because of "King Solomon's Mines" which made Stewart a star overnight, and because of his terrific contract and the happy fact that three action pictures were lined up for him, one right after the other, and that in the first one, "Scaramouche," he plays three different characters.

Then they toasted Michael Wilding, who had been best man at their wedding in a little Methodist church in Tucson, Arizona, and who is Stewart's best and oldest friend; also their many Hollywood friends, particularly Cary and Betsy Drake Grant, whom they see constantly, and who are a delightful example of a newly married pair with two careers, which they hope to follow.

It wasn't until they left the fireside and went upstairs that they noticed the house was really pretty chilly. And it wasn't until the next morning that they discovered, when they started to phone out their New Year's wishes, that neither of the phones was hooked up.

However, they didn't let any of this upset them. They stabbed on all the furnace buttons at once, decided to take baths in two of their eight bathrooms and then planned the fun of fixing their first

Dry skin. "My skin had been dry, before I tried the Noxzema Home Facial," says beautiful Mrs. Ellen Sloan of Raleigh, N. C. "This beauty routine helped my skin look so much lovelier, I follow it daily now!"

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Money-Back Offer! Try the Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If skin doesn't show real improvement, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.

Hollywood Men Reveal the Things That Scare Them Away in the May Photoplay

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breakfast in the lovely new home together. But the bath water ran stone cold, and they did not know how to fix the heater. And later, downstairs, suffocated with the furnace heat, they could not turn it off.

Fortunately the gas stove in the kitchen worked magnificently and they ate eggs in the quantity that only the English, egg-starved by years of rationing, could have consumed. When they finished they put the dishes in the washer and turned on the water. Moderately, they thought.

They were wrong. The water flooded not only the dishes but the whole kitchen. They were so soaked, they decided they might as well get into bathing suits and go the whole way in the pool.

They did— and found that while the "skimmer" had skimmed the surface all right, it had ignored the depths of the pool which was full of everything from dead bees to old birds.

"It slowly seeped in as to why we should have waited for the agreed-upon date of occupancy," Stewart explains. "Apparently the departing owners hadn't had time to check up on details. The only thing Jean and I could do was to laugh, and we took that as an omen of the New Year—that we were, we hoped, to be in on things so pleasantly hilarious.

This is one of the keys of his character—to search out the funny side. Currently he's the hottest thing in Hollywood. Glamour girls sigh for him, producers cry for him, publicity pursues him, and Mr. Granger, who actually isn't a Mr. Granger at all but a Mr. James Stewart, carried it off blithely. He's as dapper as he's tall, which is plenty at six feet three. He's so witty that you have to be careful or you'll trip over an unwary question.

As for instance, when I told him how good I thought him in "King Solomon's Mines," he said, "How on earth could you distinguish me from those other animals?"

As for instance, when I said Photoplay was being deluged with inquiries about him, he said, "Am I actually known as anything but that dreadful man who married Jean Simmons?"

The truth is that he can't keep away from the subject of Jean Simmons, but you can't exactly blame him. They were married only last December twentieth after a wait of three years, and he is definitely a man in love. A man in love with a beautiful bride, and a man in love with life, and his profession and excitement generally. He uses his wit to conceal the intensity of his emotions—but the tension of his temperament stands out all over him, in his quickly flashing dark eyes, his expressive hands, his over- all, very male handsomeness.

His parents had hoped he would become a doctor. They sent him to Epsom College, with this in mind, "When I couldn't become a specialist, for financial reasons," he says, "I decided I wasn't bright enough to be a G.P." He insists that he became a movie extra, not for any love of the drama, but because it seemed the easiest way to meet beautiful girls.

That's when he met Michael Wilding, who shared the same lofty ambition. Their friendship has remained constant and they both still like to meet beauties.

He did some amateur boxing along about then. He still loves to watch fights so much that, recently, when M-G-M sent him to New York for a week, he never went near a legitimate theater but saw Joe Louis fight, caught three baseball games and nine movies. Jean is as ardent a movie fan as she. She will next be seen in "Androcles and the Lion."

In those starting days of his, Stewart drifted into the legitimate theater professionally, in what the English call "reper
tory," which means playing all sorts of parts night after night, and he must have been very good at it because he became a member of the Old Vic Theater, which is absolute tops in that class. He did some eighteen films, during which inter
terval, with one eye on Hollywood and our James Stewart, he changed his own working title, by pushing his last name forward and adding his grandmother's maiden name—Granger.

It was "Caesar and Cleopatra" with Vivien Leigh which brought him to the attention of the large American audiences. He is really keen on "King Solomon's Mines" and of his British films he prefers two that haven't been seen here except in the art houses—"Blanche Fury" and "Madonna of the Seven Moons."

It was nine years ago when he and Jean first met. She was only thirteen then and he was married to an actress named Eliza
beth March. On this subject he gets serious. As he discusses it, his voice conveys deep emotion.

"It's been whispered about," he says, "that Jean had something to do with the break-up of my marriage. That is absolutely not true. She was a child when I first met her. The next time I saw her he was two years later at a film premiere. She was trying very hard to be dignified and grown-up, and I couldn't resist wav ing across the theater at her in a way that
made her giggle. This embarrassed her greatly, quite shattering her poise, and after that, when I'd occasionally run into her at some theater or other, I'd try to set her laughing again. Then I went into service and everything else was forgotten."

He dismisses his war record. "Mine was like everyone else's," he says. "I did what I could. Then I was invalided home, during the worst of the buzz bombing."

"It was peace that broke my marriage," he told me, plainly picking his words carefully. "The reason may be difficult for an American to understand. I hope this country will never have to know what it is to live day in and day out, night in and night out, under bombing—and then suddenly to have it stop.

"My wife was a very fine girl and I can sincerely say that to this day—and I believe for the rest of our lives—we are and will be particularly good friends.

"During the war, we had been very brave and bright about the bombs. We didn't let them stop us. We went to the theater and out dancing. We never hid out and we seldom went to shelters."

"But when peace came, there was the most tremendous nervous reaction. It was as though all the tears, the resentments we had stored up during those years together, were suddenly loosened, and we knew we could no longer live together. We had a small son, Jamie, and a baby daughter, Lindsay. But we couldn't go on.

"It was nearly a year after our separation that Jean and I were cast together in 'Adam and Elynn.' She was no longer a giggling little girl. She was a superb, instinctive actress but she was still less than twenty. So we waited three years to be sure of our feelings—and, well, you saw the result the night we became engaged."

I HAD indeed seen it and let me tell you that I think the result is as bright and right as sunshine. The night they announced their engagement they had a lavish dinner at Romanoff's for Louella Parsons. They returned to Louella's after dinner to see a movie, which I was going to see, too, and they were really aglow. I've never seen a girl more prettily in love than Jean that night. She was proudly displaying her "ring." Like the house in Bel-Air, the "ring" had gone a bit wrong, for again Mr. Granger was making a grand gesture. It wouldn't do for his fiancée to have just a regular diamond in regular old platinum and gold. No, siree.

He had to order one especially designed—the same one on which later, the British were to demand a duty of $8,000, so that Jean had to leave it in customs while she was in her native land, though she picked it up again on her way back to Hollywood. But on their engagement night the ring was not finished. So debonair Stewart had tied a string around her finger. Many a man would have thought of that, of course, but it takes a gentleman with real flair to also think of getting heavier string and tying a huge knot on top, to represent the stone.

Jean is forever asking me if I would love her if she weren't an actress," her husband says. "She assures me that she would love me regardless. But I can't honestly answer her in that same sweeping way. I tell her that the beauty and temperament that compel her to act are the very qualities that endeavor her to me."

He laughed suddenly. "I like her being so different from me," he said.

"But in what way?" I asked.

"I adore her being a woman," he said.

Well, the understatement of that is just why the feminine audience is going to go for him—and big. He knows his job and he's very much a man, a fact of which, I'm sure, he is not in the least unaware.

The END
Ronald Reagan is in “The Last Outpost”

Dear MOVIE STAR

You’ve been having an unusually rough time of it these last few years with lurid headlines, and self-styled “investigators” who, try as they will to make much of a few bits of scandal, will never make us lose our respect, admiration and affection for you. Perhaps, therefore, my openly expressed belief in you—shared by most of the movie-going public—may help to repay in some small way the debt of grace we owe you, and make movies possible. It’s a debt far and above the modest price of admission we pay at the box office.

Speaking for myself, I’ve been going to the movies for more than two decades, or most of my life. I still remember the streaky film of silent pictures—as though it were raining indoors—the scratchy, tinny tone of the first “talkies.” How we held our breath while the first images captured by the early cameras. But, in the fair short time it took us both to grow up, the motion picture industry became almost a miracle of perfection in its infancy.

The fascination that movies held for me as a child became an ever-widening world of wonder and delight. In my early teens, the movies instilled in me a deep sense of who which will enrich my life for as long as I live. MacDonald-Eddy operettas opened the door to a world of music of which I’d been unaware. For me the movies have brought to glowing life the dull pages of history and the great moments in the lives of statesmen, presidents, scientists. They bring back to the twentieth century, the long-ago and far-away events that took place in Biblical times. We even visit the moon from a theater seat. Thus pictures have conquered, in imagination at least, the barriers of time and space.

The movie industry has attacked with telling force our shameful race hatreds and injustices through such stirring films as “Gentlemen’s Agreement,” “Pinkny,” “Home of the Brave,” and so on. As movie stars, you are aware of the importance to your public of sheer entertainment, but eagerly accept assignments that will make us all aware of the wrongs we must correct.

Along with the millions of other fans who go to the movies each week, I go there to seek other things, too. For those whose lives creep along in the same dull groove from day to day, the movie picture is often killing boredom of daily routine, and the strains and irritations that fray the nerves. You help us to widen our knowledge of people and places; you bring us the needed release of laughter in rollicking comedies; you sometimes give us a breath—tightening thrill of heavy drama. Not a cure, no, for all our ills, but a respite from them, and renewed strength to face them with higher courage.

You are good citizens away from the camera, too, and your records during the war on battle lines or home front is something we’ve not forgotten, and never will. Your continued efforts in the sale of bonds, and the entertainment of war vets, your generous expenditure of time, money, and energy in aiding various charities, you make all of us, no matter how poor, feel that we earn our deep respect.

With all these things in mind, the unhinging and malicious back-fence gossips of the nation will never convince your fans—our friends—that the cinema capital of the world is a “city of sin,” as they would have us believe.

I realize that in my dull but blessed anonymity, I can go out and paint my town red, in peace, and privacy, (if I wanted to, I so desire... (I’ve wanted to, many times.) But let George or Gloria Glamourpuss get even slightly squiffed, and the greedy—for-gossip wire services of the whole nation erupt like a volcano.

Being human, you probably resent your responsibility (far greater than that of your fans) to observe all rules of decorum and dignified conduct, with nary a misstep allowed. We, your every snoop finds its way into print, your actions and words (often distorted and disfigured) have a powerful influence in hero-worshiping boy-saxers. Even adults will ape you when it comes to clothes, hairdo, speech—or even suicide. Such is your power over the lives of your audience, and though you never meet us face to face, we think of you as friends.

I’m sure that more than one who thinks that a star’s life is all gay and glamorous events. It’s quite likely you sometimes grow weary of your job, too, and perhaps even the California sunshine palls. I know, too, that you’ve a hazard in your profession that’s unique, even in spite of devotion to your job, and that is a possible fast, greased slide down the long ladder it took years of work and effort to climb.

Therefore, in return for all that you have given me throughout the years, I offer you as actors and as human beings, my faith, respect and warm affection. I also give you my promise that I will always raise my voice against those who would use you as a scapegoat for their own failures, or as a target for their malice. Multiply me by millions who feel the same way, and you will find you’ve a huge army of very loyal friends.

Lynn Scott Redd
(Continued from page 60) Happily, Joan's family found the perfect combination. From the exterior their home appears to be a single family dwelling, and it probably was, originally. It's a stone's throw from Sunset Boulevard, on the side of a hill and in California Spanish style. You walk up a flight of stairs to the entrance and find that Joan's apartment is located directly below with its own separate entrance at the side.

Joan is ecstatic about her apartment, which comprises a large living room, bedroom, bath and kitchen. Her apartment already had dark green walls in the bedroom and gray walls in the living room and she loved them both. Colors were reversed in the carpeting—green in the living room, gray in the bedroom—to tie the two rooms together.

Some of the furnishings came with the house, some came from her family's apartment and a few were purchased. The arrangements and selections, however, were all Joan's. And Joan proved a good point: With a good sense of color and taste you can put together a good room without taking any course in decorating. Besides, since you have to live in your home, it's better that it reflect your taste.

This doesn't mean that everyone should eliminate the services of a decorator. Decorators can help you achieve the effect you want when perhaps you cannot accomplish this yourself. But Joan, with the wall and floor colors decided upon, did a fine job of decorating her rooms.

It wasn't, "I'll take this, this and this," but instead to her mother: "Katherine, are you going to use all those mirrors? I have a good idea." And "Don't you think that sofa would look good in my place?"

Since the house was partially furnished, and the Eunson family had brought their things from New York, Joan, though young, with her sensible attitude agreed they should use the furnishings at hand as much as possible. For the few bare spots that needed filling, she bought a chartreuse love seat to go in front of a window, and a desk.

The desk is a story in itself, and one to which you homeowners should pay heed. Joan liked the lines and decided to finish it herself. It took her a week. Each morning, before leaving the house, she applied a coat of varnish to it. She repeated this for four mornings. On the fifth morning, she rubbed it down with steel wool, and the sixth morning, she completed the job with a rub-down of paste wax.

Much of the unfinished furniture available today is well styled. To finish it, follow Joan's procedure or use clear shellac rather than varnish, if you prefer.

Joan put the desk, modern in style, on one side of her fireplace. Then, feeling something massive was needed on the other side of the fireplace, she put two black bookcases side by side. One of these cases would have been too narrow. But, together, they are important and they balance the wall arrangement perfectly.

Though Joan loves her apartment, there was, in her opinion, one tiny flaw. The fireplace had no mantel. Someday, Joan vows, it's going to get one. In the meantime, she used her imagination and painted the iron band, which outlined the fireplace opening, a bright red.

So often we get a good idea but are afraid to carry it out, worry that it may not be good taste or that it isn't "being done." Nonsense! Your ideas may not work out as happily as you anticipated, but in trying them you learn something and your ideas get better all the time. In Joan's case, that extra touch of red outlining the fireplace spiked the whole room style.

Pieces that came with the house included a modern coffee table, glass-topped with a black lacquered base, three end tables of the same materials, two textured green lounge chairs and an armless red chair with shag cover. Joan flanked the fireplace with the two green chairs, the coffee table between them, in the center of the room, and tied all three together on a large, white shag rug.

To offset the weight of this grouping, she placed a gray corduroy Charles of London sofa against the wall opposite the fireplace, an end table on each side, and the red chair nearby. Joan knows that a room must have balance in order to achieve harmony, not only in each grouping, but in arrangements of the groupings. Notice how she worked out the fireplace wall, with heavy objects on either side, a grouping in front, and another grouping opposite. To complete the room, the love seat is in front of the windows at one end of the room, and at the other end is a gray shag studio couch with red shag pillows.

If you're in doubt about furniture arrangement in your home, get the room measurements, and mark the outline on graph paper, using an inch to the foot. Then make a set of small paper squares to scale to represent the furniture pieces and move them around (Continued on page 95)
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Red lamp shades, chair and sofa pillow accent gray living-room walls, sofa. Black framed pictures have green mats to match rug.

Joan Evans drew floor plan of her apartment, above, to guide her in decorating. Left, Joan tacks her treasures on cream-painted beaver board.
I want them where I can see and enjoy them.

"Green and yellow are my two favorite colors," Joan said. "Wasn't I lucky that they worked out so well in the apartment?" She was lucky, but because they are her favorites she would have worked them in somewhere, somehow. That's a good tip to remember. Always try to use your favorite colors in your home. No doubt they are flattering, whether you realize it or not.

Since the living room featured green with gray and red, Joan put yellow in her bedroom, charming with the gray shag carpeting and the deep green walls. The bed came with the house, but lacked a headboard. So Joan had one made and had it covered with quilted yellow satin, which is repeated in the bedspread and on the cornice above the two windows on either side of the bed. Joan put pattern in the room with her draperies, a floral design in rayon satin combining red and green on a yellow ground.

When it came to a dressing table, Joan had another brainstorm. Her bedroom has only two free walls for furniture. Closet doors cover one wall, and the doors to the kitchen and to the upstairs take most of the second wall. Obviously the headboard had to go between the windows on the third wall, and that left only one wall for twin chests and a dressing table. When they were placed in a row, it looked like an assembly line. That's when Joan had her inspiration.

"Why not let the two chests be part of the dressing table?" she asked her mother. "Separate them about thirty inches, and use a piece of glass to span them, like a shelf, and that will be the dressing table top." A piece of molding, an inch down from the top of each chest, holds the glass in place, and Joan has a dressing table that just about fills the entire wall. But that created a problem. Even an average sized mirror looked "way out of proportion in relation to the chests. Joan solved this dilemma by putting together six mirrors, so that they extend from dressing table top to ceiling. So Joan has practically a wall of mirrors, which makes the room seem larger, too.

Two final pieces in Joan's bedroom came from New York: a chaise longue in champagne color, and a rattan stool, tailored in design, to go in front of the dressing table. The room still lacked something so far as color was concerned, a solidarity, so Joan selected a brown velvet to cover a pillow for the chaise and the dressing-table stool.

Joan's kitchen doesn't get much use. But it's handy for parties. There's no stove, but there's a hot plate to keep prepared dishes hot until serving time. The kitchen's done in gray, to go with the rest of the house, gray linoleum, gray formica, and touches of red to relieve it.

A girl's first apartment deserves a bang-up celebration, and Joan had one. Her mother makes divine chili, Joan says, with cheese in it. That was the pièce de résistance, with plates and plates of it. Since Joan doesn't plan for meals regularly, no provision was made for a dining area. It would be a waste of space. So for parties she sets up card tables along the wall, and serves buffet style. Then guests perch on chairs and couches, and the overflow take over the floor.

In planning this way, Joan hit upon another rule for successful interiors. Above all, decorate to fit your way of living. For it was in doing this that she created her teen-age Heaven.
The Breaking Point

(Continued from page 37) man this would have been all right. But with Nicky Hilton, the indulged scion of a hotel magnate, who at least fancied himself as the most cosmopolitan and sophisticated of young gentlemen, it was no go at all. Elizabeth’s girlish notions soon seemed to bore him. And his all-night sessions at the Casino at Monte Carlo crucified her. I used to see her and a girl friend on the beach in the morning and always Elizabeth looked lonesome and unhappy. Her marriage never had a chance of surviving long enough to cause the problems which crack up many marriages and turn others into mature relationships—such problems as another man or another woman, money worries, an increasing incompatibility and later in life a frenzied search on the part of one or both for someone who will make them feel young and exciting once more.

This last state of affairs offers, I think, the true story behind the Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor separation, the Bob Montgomery’s divorce and the Gary Coopers’ recent difficulties.

All these couples, had to put it bluntly, come to the dangerous years. Every couple does. But the restlessness of the stars is not curtailed by any problem of rent or this week’s grocery bill. How many men and women, I wonder, work out their marriage so that it endures, even though less romantically, simply because their finances make a divorce impractical. Movie stars, fortunately or unfortunately, do not have to do this. Moreover, stars have egos which make them especially susceptible to the romantic fancies to which they constantly are exposed.

When the stars marry they give up, as all do, the admiration of many. For a time their love is sufficient. Far too often, however, within a year or two—as a marriage settles down into a calm everyday affair and a husband ceases to kiss a star’s hand or a wife ceases to hang on a star’s least word—to me is dubious. This, I think, is the real reason for the divorces of Joan Crawford and Joan Fontaine—and Heddy Lamarr, of Mickey Rooney and Paul Douglas and Errol Flynn, to name a few.

But Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, the Bob Montgomerys and the Gary Coopers weathered this “settling down” period. Their break-ups came only when the “boys” (that is to say, Elvis with his wife [and with] Lupe fra-grance. Smooths all of you to silken freshness.

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96
The Taylor's, the Coopers, the Montgomerys all fought for their marriages. Otherwise they might have survived so many years with all the strain and stress to which stellar marriages are exposed.

Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, too, fought for their marriage—at the risk of seeming ridiculous with their off-again-on-again diodes. Those who are fond of Betty will tell you that Ted didn't measure up as he should have, that he was too willing to let Betty shoulder the major responsibility. Maybe. But I suspect no one could measure the ambition and drive and force of Hutton. For these qualities were generated in her to an abnormal degree during those years when she fought poverty and forged her performance into one that would carry her to the top. This has been a big year for Betty. She won Photoplay's Gold Medal Award and got the starring role in Cecil B. DeMille's "The Greatest Show on Earth." Only a man whose life pattern had been like Betty's could be expected to equal her ambition and drive and force. And two such dynamos, of course, wouldn't get on at all—probably never would be attracted to each other in the first place. All of which doesn't mean that Betty, like any other woman, doesn't long to be married to a devoted man upon whom she can lean. But the lack of such a marriage is, in all probability, the price she will pay for having attained all those things she, long ago, set her heart upon.

Linda Darnell and Pev Marley, goodness knows, have fought for their marriage, have parted and come together only to try it again. Linda married Pev, who always warned her he was too old for her even though he loved her, because he represented security. Linda was a little girl from Texas, who knew nothing. Pev had been around. But now Linda has been around too and learned a lot. And, now, secure herself, I suspect her subconscious urges her husband and white with the whirling is good. But I won't believe this phase in Linda's development is to be the breaking point for her and Peverell until they're actually divorced.

Headlines about Hollywood break-ups are cold and misleading. They do not tell the human stories of trials and triumphs which are part of all marriages, even those that never reach their breaking point.

THE END
the mistake
that 6 million
women made

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MOSCO * CORN * REMOVER

(Continued from page 46) people have lots of money, they are usually very odd, or titled, or something unique like that. The people in Hollywood, however, are young, just ordinary people like you and me. They've made their own names and money. But that money is more often than not, brings them misery.

Until Gordon came into my life I was all set to guarantee my own misery in later years. My name was Sheila Margo Stephens, and I was a member of the Millpond Stock Company, mostly made up of ambitious amateurs like myself. We were, all of us, nice normal kids from nice nor-

mally families.

I was wildly ambitious. I meant to be a great stage star. I read, dreamed, thought theater. The only other thing I ever thought about was myself and how tal-

ented, sensitive and wonderful I was.

I met Gordon when the Millpond Stock Company held an audition for new actors. Gordon, instead of being impressed with the Millpond Company and the seriousness of its name, was immediately attracted to my talents, he hummed gaily and tapped out a dance. So when he, together with one other fellow, was chosen to join the troupe, I didn't like it. The other chap's name was Ira Grossel. He's in Hollywood now, too, and one of our best friends; only now he's been re-titled Jeff Chandler.

Almost immediately Gordon began trying to date me, but I turned down all his bids. The director of the company was more to my taste. He was very serious, very highbrow and he told me about suf-

fering for one's art.

But Gordon would not take my brush-
offs seriously. He kept trying to date me and I kept turning him down, until the night when he told me there was a girl in his home town he much admired. Before I knew it I had spent the whole evening with him.

Just at that moment my director friend got a chance to go to California. It was a much better opportunity for him and I dedicated my career as I believed myself to be, I couldn't very well ask him to give up his career for me. So I bade him a tearful, brave farewell. I was sure I would never love again. As the most friv-

ulous way of trying to forget I invited Gordon two days later to meet my family at my own home.

Now my mother and father are naturally

together. They took my Gordon at once. So did my sister, and as for our family dog, he went mad over him. We played games and sang. It was, I later had to admit, very pleasant.

After that, my parents kept asking why I didn't bring that nice boy around again. So I asked Gordon to the house frequently while I allibied to myself that I invited him because of my folks. I discovered I liked to listen to him sing and that I was begin-

ning to think he was handsome. Of course, it annoyed me that he still kidded me when I read my poetry. When I argued that real art and life were based on suffering, he hooted with laughter.

WHEN autumn came and our company broke, Gordon went to New York and became a page for the National Broadcasting Company. That's how he got his first big break. He was hustling around, at his page duties, while he hustled he learned quite a lot. Gordon hardly didn't thought of singing professionally until that moment but his work had paid him a sum of fifty dollars a week, he quickly said yes.

What's more, he telephoned me this thrilling news immediately, asked me to help him celebrate his good luck by having dinner and going to see a show with him. We were both theater-crazy, of course, so I rushed downtown, feeling both excited and a little panicly at the thought of his going out on the road with Mr. Heidt.

It wasn't yet six when I got to NBC and Gordon had a sort of funny look on his face. He said, "Shella, darling, there's a little shop here in Radio City I wish you'd come in with me. I'd like you to see something.

It was a jewelry shop and Gordon

headed for the ring section. It was just the smallest diamond in the place that he chose—he was months paying for it, saving up for it. But it is a such a beautiful jewel in the world for me. That day in 1941 we came out of that shop treading on air. I must admit I had complete forgotten my absent director. And Gordon apparently had forgotten the girl back home.

Gordon went to Cleveland for his first engagement with the Heidt company. We wrote one another every day. Gordon telephoned me every Sunday (when the rates are cheapest).

A couple of months later Mrs. Heidt telephoned my mother. I promise to chap-

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erone your daughter most carefully if you will let her come out here to visit," she said. "You mark my words. This Gordon MacRae will be famous some day— if only you'll let your daughter come here long enough to get him back to eating and sleeping again."

It was spring in Cleveland, and I was eighteen and Gordon twenty. I sat in the night club where the Heidt band was playing, and my dreams grew rosier again. I decided I could no longer put off marrying just to get my career started.

Then into my life came the Reverend Clark, the white-haired darling who married us. He took me into his study and said he had to talk to me.

I'll never forget his words: "My child, no couple I have ever married has been divorced. I'm a little worried about how serious you are about this marriage."

"I'm madly in love," I said, almost angrily. "You have to be more than that," he told me. "You have to make sure that you will give up every other thing to make this marriage succeed, that your young husband will come first in all your thoughts, that you are prepared to serve and cherish him all the days of your life."

I PROMISED. I was so sure our life together was going to be flawless. Less than two months later I was thinking about leaving Gordon. Less than four months later I was sure I would.

My first reason was our quarrels. They were numerous and long. Today I know that they were almost entirely my fault. That was because I was moody and proud of it. When I was blue, I was bluer than the ocean. When I was gay, I was giddier than a butterfly. Gordon, bless him, had the most even disposition. He still has.

I didn't know anything about running a home and certainly nothing about how to make a cheap hotel room look homely. And out on the road as we were, we lived in a dreary succession of hotel rooms. But the real cause of our quarrels was Gordon's habit of making friends wherever the band went. He just liked everyone, which I thought was half-baked of him. I boasted that I liked so few people.

Yet we always patched up our quarrels—or rather Gordon patched them up, because he knew so much more about living than I did. It took me years to learn that first truth about happiness which Gordon always knew instinctively. That is, when you like other people you have made your first step towards being a part of the world instead of against it. When you like people, they like you. When you hate, you get hate in return. It seems childish now that I had to learn that, slowly and painfully.

Then came my big temptation—an offer for a play in Chicago that would have paid me $350 a week. I was out of my mind with joy at the idea. "I'll miss you, darling," Gordon said, "but I won't stand in your way."

Right there was the second thing Gordon had to teach me about happiness: to think of others first, not one's self. He was doing it automatically on that occasion, not complaining that his salary would be only a seventh of mine; that he'd be lonely; or that our lives would be broken up. No, he thought of me, my chance, my fame. The difference was that I thought of that, too—and that only.

It was that angel, Horace Heidt, who saved me. "Sheila," he said, "if you take this offer you'll grow away from Gordon and be from you. So make up your mind right now whether you want this show or a divorce."

I turned the show down. I got a reward. Almost immediately Gordon was asked to replace Frank Sinatra on CBS. ---

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SORES were quite sudden, career women couldn't bear to stay out of service so he went into the Air Corps.

When peace was declared we discovered that competitors had sprung up everywhere. We went through a rather rough two years. We even got to the point where we had to take our first baby, Meredith, back home to my folks to live. Gordon and I struggled along, though. Again, my career called me. In fact, at this time we needed the money I might earn. But just then I discovered that I was going to be a mother again and late in 1946, Heather was born. All of a sudden Gordon had four sponsored radio shows at once and we lived like kings. We rented a ten-room apartment on Park Avenue, had a limousine, servants and ate in the grandest restaurants.

Oh, yes, we became quite a couple, we MacRae. Then, business being what it is, all the programs were dropped at once and, instead of earning in the thousands weekly, Gordon and I were back again, scratching for five bucks or less.

But Hollywood and a man who has now become one of our closest friends, Bill Orr, recognized Gordon's talent and signed him to a contract for Warner Brothers.

Then we came West—but this time we got a business manager who wouldn't let us spend every cent we got our hands on. We moved into a quiet English-type of house. And I, Sheila MacRae, found that without doing it consciously, I had finally come to the point where I automatically thought first of what was good for my husband and my children. Another thing— I found that now I really liked people too.

It was thrilling to meet Gary Cooper and Cary Grant and Joan Crawford and other famous stars, but having come at last to see life through my husband's eyes, I knew that it was just as exciting to talk to the doorman or the gateman. I became aware, too, that wonderful as symphonies were, jazz was also music, and beautiful as opera was, you could learn more about life in the daily newspapers or in the love of your children. And suddenly I also became aware that I hadn't had a mood of months and months and months—no mood, that is, except the happy mood of love and its fulfillment.

Finally Gordon and I had our son, who is now just beginning to walk and talk. We sent then one day what was practically an accident happened. A part was open in a picture called "Backfire" at Gordon's studio. They asked me if I'd like to play it. Gordon was very joyous at the idea. "Darling, you'll be right on the lot, with me," he said, "and it isn't fair to let a talent like yours go to waste."

I had a great time making the picture—but I'll tell you the truth: I don't give a hoot whether I make more or not. They are fun, yes—but, as for a career for a career's sake, that's out. I can't even think of it as being in the same class as my home—my babies and my husband, who has, at last, taught me that by forgetting yourself you find yourself—and live happily ever after.
Make Hers Old-Fashioned

(Continued from page 50) she preaches as Mrs. Ben Gage every moment that she is free from being Esther Williams in front of the cameras.

Take a little vacation without Ben? Unthinkable! What's the fun in going anywhere without the person you love best in all the world?

Flirt a bit at dances with some other man because that's supposed to keep a husband on his toes? That's fatal! Esther doesn't even like to dance with anyone else unless it's an old friend of both hers and Ben's such as M-G-M music director Johnny Green, himself happily married to Bunny Waters, Esther's close friend.

A luncheon date with a business manager or even with her agent? Ben advises her on all her business affairs—why shouldn't he come along for lunch if business has to be discussed while eating?

Well, God love her—you can't help but admire her courage—when we say matrimony bands are too loosely tied and too many married couples live like bachelor girls and men-about-town.

I WISH I could have taken some of the doubting Thomases who can only see Hollywood as the scene of broken homes and many divorces right into the new home of Esther and Ben with me. They wouldn't believe what they saw.

I arrived on the day that the children's nurse was "off" and Esther was taking care of the babies.

It was the first time I had been to the Gage home in which they had moved one day before the birth of their second son, Kimmy. My first impression was that no one would ever think it belonged to a woman star recently voted second only to Betty Grable for drawing ticket buyers to the box office and whose salary is in four figures a week.

An old-fashioned cradle stood in front of the open fireplace which was crackling cheerfully in the long living room that also serves as a dining room. The baby slept peacefully except for several moments of wakefulness at which times Esther took him up, changed him, gave him his bottle and patted his little head before putting him down again.

Esther, in dark blue slacks and matching shirt, might have been any housewife just back from a hurried trip to the market. And she continued to bubble over with her housekeeping chores—doing this, straightening that—as we talked.

"All the things in this room are antiques," she said, "I have been collecting them for years and we never really had a place for them until we bought this house. The cradle was in my collection and has served both for Benjy and Kimmy."

Kimmy, who arrived two months ahead of schedule, is being given very special care, although I must say she didn't look like an ailing baby nor did he act like one. There's just fourteen months between Benjamin Gage Jr. and Kimball Austin Gage.

"You might say," said Esther confidentially talking girl-talk, "that Kimmy was an accident. We didn't expect to have a baby that soon. I don't want to have another baby now until Kimmy is about two. I feel I owe that to my health—and to my studio. They have been good to me even though, of course, I have lost a lot of time having two children so close together. But career-wise, I wouldn't give up my children for anything. And I mean anything."

"That sounds as if you have something special on your mind," I prompted.

"I have," she nodded. "For instance, I suppose you know that I was almost nom-

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THROUGH the window I could see the tree-shaded lane that serves as the driveway to the house. Big oak trees, the kind you see in northern California, line the lane. When I remarked about the beautiful trees, Esther said, "They helped sell the house to us—but it was the kitchen that really did the trick. I'll show it to you.

That kitchen! It's just wonderful—like the old-fashioned kitchens that belonged to our great-grandmothers. A whole corner was taken up by a brick fireplace and there was also a comfortable window seat with cushions covered in chintz. Plants were growing gaily and colorfully in every window.

"But where do you cook?" I asked, not seeing any visible stoves.

Then she took me to a place partitioned off by a gate where two stoves, electric and gas, stood side by side. "I have to have the gate there," Esther explained, "because Beni is old enough to get into everything and I love to cook.

The Gages use the kitchen for their breakfast room, in fact they eat most of their meals there. "I hate a regular dining room," Esther laughed.

The house has two rooms upstairs, as I found out on our tour—Esther's and Ben's apartments. The nurseries are on the first floor so the nurse doesn't have to wear herself ragged running up and down the stairs all the time.

"You know," went on Esther, "we always keep the children with us. I honestly believe a baby gets lonesome living in shut-up nurseries as far away as possible from its parents so they won't be bothered by crying. Not ours! As you see—the baby stays down here in his cradle all day with Ben and me when we are home.

I wondered out loud what a pediatrician would say to that arrangement? Most of them think baby girls are made less nervous by absolute quiet,

"Oh, it's all right with our pediatrician," Esther assured me. "He is a young, unmarried man, and when Ben and I went to Acapulco to sell our vacation home there, he stayed right in the house looking after the babies and keeping them with him as closely as we do.

And I had already noticed that this modern Mrs. with the old-fashioned ways also helps in picking up a baby when he cries. When she did it for about the third time, I laughed and she knew what I meant.

"I don't care," she argued. "Every woman wants to hold a baby in her arms—and inated by the Hollywood Women's Press Club as one of the 'uncooperative' actresses of 1950.

"I believe that had its basis in one particular thing that happened on several occasions; I had to break interview and portrait-sitting appointments at the last minute—and each time it was because Beni had become ill.

"I remember one particular time; I was half out the door on my way to the studio when he started vomiting violently. Do you think it's possible I would have left him for one moment until the doctor got here and said he was all right? Never! I wouldn't leave a sick baby of mine, Louella, for the best publicity break in the world—I just couldn't!"

She shook her head vigorously. "Before I was married and before the babies came—it was different. You see, I was free then to be helpful in every way possible. As an actress, I realize how very valuable publicity is. As a mother, well—there are many problems. Do you understand, Louella?"

Being a mother and a career woman myself, I said I most certainly did—and I meant it.

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will you give me one good reason why a baby shouldn’t be held and loved.”
I couldn’t. I had done too much of the same thing with my own daughter.

The babies even attend the parties Esther gives. I suppose that will keep them from being shy and self-conscious as they grow older. She told me that at the Christmas party she and Ben gave there had been twelve adults and ten children celebrating in one room!

“Both my mother and father are still alive,” she said proudly, “and they were the grandparents of all ten of those children.
I have two sisters and a brother and they all have children and I am going to have many more, believe me.”

Esther and June Allyson are very close friends and their babies—Esther’s second and June’s first—were expected within a few weeks of each other. Esther beat June by a week or two because Esther’s Kimmy was two months premature.

“I’m going to make it up to M-G-M,” Esther said, like the good conscientious business woman she is, “by doing some extra pictures. But the doctor says I must not swim until Kimmy is at least three months old.”

At that rate, by the time you read this Esther should be at work on “Texas Carnival,” her next with Howard Keel.

As you might expect, the swimming pool of Esther’s is next in importance to that cradle in the living room.

“The pool is heated,” she explained, “and even on Christmas Eve Donna and Tony Owen (Donna Reed, she meant, and it’s typical that she referred to her friend by her married name), Betty and Larry Parks (Betty Garrett) and all our guests went in swimming. You know, that was a funny evening. There we were, all the girls in pictures—but not once were pictures discussed. We talked formulas and babies.”

“Just as you and I are doing,” I couldn’t help saying and then wished I hadn’t because Esther might have misinterpreted it as a “crack.”

But she didn’t. Apparently she believes that there is nothing more important in the world for women to talk about than children—and perhaps she is right.

The only time she even faintly veered from the subject of her children was when she told me about the success of the cafe the Gages own, “The Trails.”

“Ben has given up all his radio work to manage it—that’s how much money it is taking in,” she enthused, “It’s going so well we are now going to add on drive-in service and a private room for parties. I guess I’m just a lucky girl. Could anyone have more than a husband she loves, two beautiful babies, a career—and a successful business on the side?”

She was joking about the cafe, of course—but what she said is all so true.

It is so true that I do not mind in the least that this sounds like a very sentimental story about a movie star without a single “hot” item. No heartaches. No heartbreaks. No problems. No divorce. No torch. No neurosis.

Instead, it is just a story about “folks”—two young people who fell in love and married and had babies perhaps a little too close together. That the heroine happens to be a movie star, the glamorous and beautiful Esther Williams acclaimed for one of the most beautiful figures in the world, doesn’t change the happy circumstances at all. I wish I had many, many more stories like this to write.

Indeed Esther is lucky. She is one of the few celebrated women in the world living and loving and treasuring life just as though the gold dust of fame had never been sprinkled over her name.

The End
Big-Head Aches

(Continued from page 63) The break was because Diana wanted an acting career of her own. And I can well believe there wouldn’t be room in the Douglas home for two careers. With Irene Wrightman, there will be no career-conflict excuse.

And here’s an odd P.S. on Kirk. He won the award for the most cooperative actor of the year from the Hollywood Women’s Press Club during the time he campaigned for the Oscar. One year later, at least two of the members told them they considered Kirk the least cooperative actor.

Olivia de Havilland, this year’s "least cooperative" actress, is accused by the Hollywoodites who used to be her friends in pre-plane working days, of behaving like an obedient Victorian daughter. Only Marcus Goodrich is not her husband, he’s her husband. Olivia didn’t see much of her own father. Her parents were divorced when she was young. But it is such a pity that Olivia is no longer the happy-go-friendly girl who used to drop in on her friends with chocolate cake—"because I know you like chocolate cake." And who used to walk in the hills with a pal or two and read her own poetry.

SVITA hasn’t really been the same since her two years’ fight with Warners, which damaged her health and hurt her deeply. Now she and Marcus are so ambitious for her, I don’t believe she will be able to relax until she has out-Helened Helen Hayes on the stage. And even then they will find some other goal for her to reach.

The more successful Farley Granger becomes, the less available he appears to be to his former friends, for him to turn to now is a war buddy of Farley’s got a three-day acting job on “Our Very Own,” Farley used to give him only a brief “Good morning.” Also, Farley doesn’t return telephone calls the way he used to.

Well, how many stars can stand the dizzy pinnacle of success without having their heads turned?...

Here’s one! Remove the mask from Jane Powell and you find the same sweet, gentle girl who began her career seven years ago in “Song of the Open Road.” I was in a shop in Beverly Hills this past Christmas. At a near-by counter, Jane was buying a shirt. A friendly George Steiner was worried to the core of her being: “Do you think he’ll like it?” she asked the patient salesman. “You’re married to him—you’ll make him happy, isn’t it?” Then—Jane had a new worry—the size—was it right? I left her still fusing and fluctuating. And I thought—I hope you always stay as sweet as you are, Jane. If she doesn’t I’ll give up believing in Happy-Go-Lucky actresses.

The only change in Alan Ladd from the day he was signed in 1939 to do “Rulers of the Sea” to December 19, 1950, when he won the Women’s Press Award, is that now he has a private press agent. The latter will have to be very ingenious to be as good for him as Paramount Studio has. Alan is living and lovely proof that a guy can travel from obscurity to top fame and still remain modest, hard-working and completely regular.

They used to call Ava Gardner the “stepping stone girl” because she made Hollywood ask, “What is she?” by starring in Mickey Rooney. I had lunch with her at Metro in those early days. And all I remember is a tall girl with friendly eyes who seemed unable to conceal her love for Ava more sure. Just made her more elusive and less talkative. I’m told that not even her bosses could reach her direct. They have to use a telephone call service.

It’s going to be even harder to talk to Ava in the future. She plans to live away from Hollywood between pictures. Ava is

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BORO PHENO FORM
not career crazy. I still think she'd drop the fame and the glamour for a good marriage. There's talk that Frank Sinatra will get a quick Mexican divorce to marry Ava. Wonder.

Then take Gordon MacRae, who was runner-up for the uncooperative title this year, won (or "lost") might be a better way of putting it) by Robert Mitchum. I honestly have not noticed any difference in Gordon from when I met him during his first picture at Warners two years ago. But these press girls know their onions and they know their difficult actors. The one change I see in Gordon is the difference in his style of living. I guess he's feeling pretty confident about the future or he wouldn't have bought a $65,000 estate.

And for contrast there's Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh's current adorer, who I believe is going to be one of our top palpatitors. Tony, just as wide-eyed and naive as when he first came to Hollywood, tells pals: "Seventeen more payments and the car is mine!"

Success and Sir Charles and Lady Mendl changed Arlene Dahl for the better. She was always beautiful. But Sir Charles and Lady Elsie rubbed Arlene with some of their own polish. She never forgets the amenities. I remember a party recently given by a top Hollywood star and his gracious wife. It was a small affair but with really big names, like the Ronald Colmans, Jack Benny's, etc., etc. Arlene was the one guest who penned a "thank-you" note the next day, and she also sent along a little gift with it. She will, I'm sure, make a very charming wife for Lex Barker, whose family is socially prominent in New York.

I could ask, "What has success done to Elizabeth Taylor?" It's more to the point to write "What did marriage do to her?" It made her wary, more reserved, and destroyed her dream that life was a beautiful bowl of peaches and cream, invented just for her.

Loretta Young has always been friendly and cooperative, regardless of whether she's up for an Oscar or not. So has Joan Crawford. And it pays off. During Joan's two-year career fade-out before "Mildred Pierce," Hymie Pink, Photoplay's ace photographer, regularly took Joan's photograph at any shindig she attended and regularly pestered magazines and newspapers to print them, and this kept Joan's morale from dropping to zero. Without
An I can AGE | wonder New AMAZING OLD MUSIC to EXPERIENCE Famous Frocks and show fashions, Sweety, Blonds. I get — a complete wardrobe for your female one at D-414, Cincinnati 25, Ohio. Mail the coupon today and get a complete LINE today! HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. D-414, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

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Movie Masquerade

(Continued from page 53)—so he could introduce her to the others as they arrived.

At a great big party, of course, it's perfectly proper to speak to anyone by whom you are standing or sitting. At a big party a host or hostess simply can't get around to introduce everyone. But at a small party, like Rod's, especially when a new wife is being introduced (or even a guest of honor who is a stranger) it's essential that introductions be performed carefully and immediately.

One of the cleverest costumes was worn by K. T. Stevens (Mrs. Hugh Marlowe). K. T. held an apple. Her blouse was made of newspaper. Her skirt had printed pages pinned on it with headlines that read: "Trouble with Paradise," "Stork Club," "The Last Time I Saw Her," "Great Little Girl," and "He Knew About Women." You've guessed it—a plug for her husband's latest success—"All About Eve." Hugh carried a carpenter's kit with a blueprint very much in evidence. He was "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House." Adele Mara arrived in a bright red costume with a tail red pointed hat, riding a broom. She represented "Wake of the Red Witch," her first big success.

There had to be a double bill! Michael Rennie wore a huge red quill pen across his shirt. And tied on his head was an alarm clock, the hands pointing to twelve. A marquee for his double bill would have read "The Scarlet Pen" and "Twelve O'Clock High." The first named was the movie Michael came from London to make, only now it's being called "The 13th Letter."

Paula Raymond's dress had playing cards pinned all over it. With some guessing Hugh came up with "Inside Straight," which he remembered was the title of Paula's new picture.

Angela, still waiting for her trunks, had tied the lid of a pan on her head, beret fashion and represented "Undercover Girl." And Rod who wasn't able to dream up an idea to represent his own picture, "Stage to Tucson," wore his wonderful

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To Tampon users...

Fibs

— the Tampon with rounded ends
— the only Tampon "Quilted" for comfort...
"Quilted" for safety...

Next time try FIBS

(inter internal sanitary protection)

make lovelier curls while you sleep!

GOLDEN GLINT Hair Rinse glorifies hair styles by tinting your hair the romantic shade most flattering to you and your new "personality" hair-dol! Makes sure, too, that dull, drab hair doesn't dull your coiffure! Use Golden Glint after each shampoo for glorious color, life, lustre, and dancing highlights in your hair. Leaves hair silky, manageable; is not a permanent dye. Choose from 11 tints or colorless Lustre Glint.

10¢ and 25¢ packages everywhere
authentic Indian costume—which everyone guessed immediately—"Broken Arrow."

Mona Freeman's costume, however, stumped everyone. She looked just like Mona Freeman except for a blouse and skirt, a cardboard audience, low heeled shoes and a calico bottle.

K. T. guessed "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," Rod suggested "The Youngest Profession," and Michael on a desperate try came up with "Swatter Girl." But always Mona shook her head silently. At last, realizing the party wouldn't be much fun for Mona if she had to spend the entire evening in silence, Rod broke his own rule of not letting anybody speak until his or her costume was guessed. Whereupon Mona explained that she and her husband Pat Neney had picked up his costume at the last minute. With a bucket in one hand and the head out of the back of his car, he said he was "Jackpot," which the gang identified in thirty seconds flat.

When Rod planned his party he called on K. T. Stevens for his costume. "I can't serve such masculine fare as spaghetti or tamales with chili—as I did in my bachelor days," he protested. "That's no way to introduce a bride." Whereupon K. T. came to the aid of Rod's party by furnishing suggestions. She sent her cook over to help—well, with festive and delicious results.

Following are the recipes (each for six servings) for the dishes served:

**LOBSTER AU VIN**
Combine in a bowl:
- 1 1/2 cups cooked or canned lobster
- 1 1/2 cups cooked or canned shrimp
- 2 cups chopped celery
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper

Mix together:
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup white wine
- 3 teaspoons grated onion

Mix lightly into fish with a fork. Spoon mixture over lobster shells. If available, or use any fancy dish. Place filled shells on platter. Garnish with pimiento slices and stuffed green olives.

**POTATOES AU GRATIN**
Cook and mash 6 medium potatoes. Add:
- 1/2 cup hot milk
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper

Mix until well blended. Spread in greased chafing dish. Then sprinkle with:
- 1/2 cup buttered soft bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese

Cover chafing dish and cook on low flame about 20 minutes or until lightly browned.

**HOT PINEAPPLE DIXIE BISCUITS**
(Makes 1 dozen 3-inch biscuits)
Sift together into a bowl:
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon sugar

Add: 1/2 cup shortening
Cut shortening into flour using a pastry blender or two knives until mixture resembles coarse cornmeal. Add about 1/2 cup buttermilk. Stir in quickly with fork. Form into balls. Place on greased baking sheet. Bake 15 minutes. Cut biscuits in half; brush with 1/2-inch thick. Cut with 2-inch biscuit cutter. With tip
NORMAN SALAD
Arrange leaves of red cabbage, slices of green bell peppers and tomatoes on platter. Have Norman Salad Dressing in the center of the platter for dunking.

NORMAN SALAD DRESSING
(Makes about 1 quart)
Combine in a large jar:
1 can condensed tomato soup
2 cups salad oil
1 cup wine vinegar
⅓ cup sugar
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
1 clove garlic, mashed
Shake until thoroughly blended. Store left-over dressing in a covered jar in the refrigerator. Shake again before using.

APPLE DUMPLINGS
Combine in a mixing bowl:
2 cups biscuit mix
2 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup milk
⅛ cup melted butter or margarine
Stir lightly with a fork until well blended. Knead gently 10 strokes on lightly floured board. Roll dough ¼ inch thick; cut into 6 (6 inch) squares.
Place each on a square of biscuit dough. Mix together in bowl:
⅓ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ cup raisins
Fill centers of apples with sugar mixture. Sprinkle apples with lemon juice, dot with butter. Bring opposite sides of dough together on top of the apples. Moisten edges; seal; prick with fork. Place close together in greased baking pan. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 30 to 40 minutes or until apples are tender and pastry is brown. Serve hot with cream or hard sauce.

THE END

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THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES

BY ALYCE CANFIELD

Seeing is believing. Here are Dan Duryea's figures to prove what taxes do to star salaries

WHenever income-tax time comes around there are certain to be a great rash of stories with the general theme, "Pity the poor movie star!" A lot of people refuse to believe the government takes as much money from the stars as they claim. This is for them.

Last year was a typical year for Dan Duryea. He made three pictures, "Winchester '73," "The Underworld Story" and "Al Jennings of Oklahoma." For each he received $60,000, totaling $180,000. Out of this money he pays Uncle Sam $96,264. (This sum is based on the old tax rate. He undoubtedly will have to write out a check for a considerably larger sum this year.) He pays the State of California $10,930. His agent, Mitchell Hamilburg, gets ten per cent or $18,000. His public relations expert, Bev Barnett, receives $4,800. These are mandatory expenses. After they are paid, the balance to Dan is $50,006.

That's a lot of money. But Dan has other business expenses. Male movie stars wear their own clothes on the screen, unless it is a costume picture. Last year Dan spent about $1,800 for his wardrobe. And, since he is a free lance player and no studio foots the bill for his fan pictures, he spent $2,500 for photographs, postage and mailing while $3,000 went to his part-time secretary who handles this. Besides, there were union dues, a press clipping service, Christmas business gifts and more "hidden expenses" than anyone but a star would believe possible; entertaining on a luxury scale, the generous tips movie stars must give or be branded as "cheap skates"; the additional costs that those who sell a movie star anything—from domestic service to dental work to a diamond ring—ask for these things, almost always.

Actually Dan stands in a unique and wonderful position in Hollywood. He's financially secure. If he never made another picture he would not have to worry. He would be able to live well and educate his two sons, Pete, eleven and Dick, eight. For Dan has been acting for a good many years. And before taxes were what they are today, he invested his surplus dollars wisely.

The figures at right further attest to Dan's business sense. They were taken from the records he keeps regularly so the annual computation of his income tax will not be too nightmarish for either him or his tax consultant.

Dan Duryea budgets his salary, has made sure sons Peter and Dick will be well educated. Dan's next in "Al Jennings of Oklahoma"

<table>
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<th>Income</th>
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<tr>
<td>Federal tax</td>
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<tr>
<td>State tax</td>
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<td>Agent</td>
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<td>Public relations</td>
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<td>Ads in trade papers</td>
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<td>Secretary's salary</td>
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<td>Wardrobe</td>
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<td>Union dues to Equity, American Federation of Radio Artists and Screen Actors Guild</td>
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<td>Transcriptions and press clippings</td>
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<td>Stationery and office supplies</td>
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<td>Business gifts while in New York</td>
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<th>Personal Expenses</th>
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<td>Accident and health, life insurance premiums</td>
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<td>Fire insurance on two houses</td>
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<tr>
<td>Other insurance, including personal, floaters and liability</td>
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<tr>
<td>Auto insurance</td>
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<td>Auto expenses—repair, new top, polish, gas, etc</td>
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<td>Contributions, including churches</td>
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<td>Household expenses: Dry cleaning, laundry, rug cleaning, plumbing, window washing, food</td>
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<tr>
<td>Doctor and dentist</td>
<td>1,500</td>
</tr>
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</table>

Expenses of New York trip, including airline fare, hotel, meals, theater, taxis, tips, etc
Which girl has the natural curl ... and which girl has the Toni?

Meet lovely Eloise Sahlen and Susie Parker of New York City. The one with the Toni says, "My wave not only looks natural but it requires no more care than naturally curly hair." Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni wave? See answer below.

Now—Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known . . . plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave soft and natural from the very first day. And your Toni with Permafix lasts longer—far longer.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. And only Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair.

Have a Toni with Permafix today and tonight discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so silky soft, so naturally beautiful, people ask you if you have naturally curly hair! Eloise Sahlen, at the left, has the Toni.
He wears the cleanest shirts in town

...his “Missus” swears by TIDE!

He wears the cleanest shirts in town!
There isn’t any doubt
That all his shirts are washed with TIDE
’Cause when TIDE’s in—dirt’s out!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

YES, Tide WASHES CLEANER
...cleaner than any other washing product sold throughout America! And we do mean any other—old or new! Just try Tide in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you’ll hang up the cleanest wash in town!

NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO! In hardest water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains whiter than any soap you can name! They’ll be so shining white... so radiantly clean, you’ll say there’s nothing like Tide!

AND BRIGHTER! Just wait till you see how your wash prints glow after a Tide wash! The colors look so crisp and fresh... the fabric feels so soft... it’s really beautifully! Get Tide today—for the cleanest wash you’ve ever seen!

P.S.
PREFER TO SKIP RINISING?
With Tide you can skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!
She wears the cleanest clothes in town
... her mother swears by TIDE!

She wears the cleanest clothes in town—
So does her little brother.
Their clothes are always washed with TIDE—
They've got a clever mother!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

YES, Tide WASHES CLEANER

... cleaner than any other washing product sold throughout America! And we do mean any other—old or new! Just try Tide in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up the cleanest wash in town!

NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO! In hardest water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains whiter than any soap you can name! They'll be so shining white... so radiantly clean, you'll say there's nothing like Tide!

AND BRIGHTER! Just wait till you see how your wash prints glow after a Tide wash! The colors look so crisp and fresh... the fabric feels so soft... irons so beautifully! Get Tide today—for the cleanest wash in town!

P.S.
PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?

With Tide you can skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!
Here she was, back in her berth, hopping mad and more than a little bit puzzled.

What right had that attractive man in the Club Car to terminate so quickly a conversation that had begun so pleasantly? Who did he think he was? There was no mistaking his attitude . . . snubbing her thus deliberately . . . the brush-off complete. And, as a beauty contest winner, she wasn't used to being brushed off.

Mixed with her resentment was a feeling of regret. Annabelle was sure that he was at least a director or a writer . . . definitely someone important on his way back to Hollywood. Such contacts were valuable; a girl needed all the help she could get in screenland.

It was possible, too, that he even knew Mr. Stukas, the famous producer to whom she carried a number of priceless letters of introduction setting forth her ability.

As she began to undress, her anger cooled off and the incident lost some of its importance. After all, what did it matter? . . . He was just another guy. What did matter were those letters to Mr. Stukas. It was Mr. Stukas who really counted . . . the man she must impress . . . the man who could make or mar her career in Hollywood. Everything depended on Mr. Stukas. She would do that bit from "Interlude" for Mr. Stukas . . . she would say this and that to Mr. Stukas. Abruptly she dropped off to sleep.

She awoke happy and eager. As the train halted at Pasadena, she stepped to the platform for a momentary walk and a breath of sweet California air. As she did so, a man moving in a sea of baggage brushed by her, avoiding her eyes. It was her acquaintance of the Club Car.

"'Board! All 'board," cried the porter as he helped Annabelle up the steps. When the car door closed she turned to him.

"Who was that man with all the luggage?" she demanded curiously.

The porter grinned. "Honey chile, you sho do need glasses! You don't know him? He's the Big, Big Wheel in Hollywood. He's the Mr. Stukas!"

It could Happen to You

When you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you repel the very people you want to attract. You appear at your worst when you want to be at your best. . . . You've got in wrong when you want to be in right.

Don't guess! Don't take chances! Put your faith in Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution against offending that millions rely on.

When you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

That's why so many women . . . so many men . . . call it part of their passport to popularity, and make it a delightful ritual, night and morning.

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.
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Cover: Elizabeth Taylor of "Father's Little Dividend" and "Place in the Sun"
Natural Color Portrait by Globe Photos

Features

Foof! there goes perspiration

Stopette Protection is Positive Protection

You can be sure of Stopette. Each mist-fine
spray envelops the entire underarm—de-
strs odour-producing bacteria, checks ex-
cess perspiration instantly. Does both with
the lightness of a fine, fine cosmetic. And
Stopette is easier than ever to use. Never
touch Stopette, hardly know it
touches you. Harmless to clothes. And the
squeezeable Stopette bottle is unbreakable
..can't leak or spill. It's time you joined
the millions of Stopette users! Buy it for
the whole family—your man wants it, too!
All drug and cosmetic counters.

MAY, 1951


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Happily... M-G-M announces... A JOYOUS NEW ARRIVAL...
THE BLESSED EVENT OF 1951... "FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND!"

It's a boy... and a bundle of joy! The oh's... the ah's... the laughter... will echo across the nation!

M-G-M presents

SPENCER TRACY
JOAN BENNETT
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

"FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND"
(It's Funnier Than "Father Of The Bride")

DON TAYLOR • BILLIE BURKE

Screen Play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich • Based on characters created by
Edward Streeter • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Cheers and Jeers:
With such actors as Stewart Granger about, why do you movie magazines persist in filling your pages with Tony Curtis and the like? We older gals purchase a magazine now and then, you know, and I for one am fed up with this accent on youth. After all, it's the more mature players who give the topnotch performances so let's see more of them in the magazine.
L. Lewis
Topeka, Kans.

I just saw the sneak preview of the film on Rudy Valentino's life in Photoplay.
I wonder whose life that film is really intended to depict. It most certainly isn't Valentino's. And to say that weak-chinned Tony Dexter resembles dear departed Rudolph Valentino is the insult of the age.
Patsy Goldman
Portland, Ore.

I recently saw "Storm Warning." Why put Doris Day in a show like that? I enjoyed her very much with Gordon MacRae and Gene Nelson in "Tea for Two," and "The West Point Story." Let's have more pictures like "Storm Warning" but keep Doris Day in musicals.
Kathryn Hogan
Salt Lake City, Utah

I saw Bing Crosby standing on Vine Street in Hollywood doing absolutely nothing. I asked him for his autograph. He said, "Sorry, I'm too busy." I was up in Spokane where he played a benefit softball game for Gonzaga (the high school where Bing went in his younger days). I asked him about the game. He said very rudely, "We had a good team but it was an awful game." On Bing’s team were himself and his four boys.
Now I can understand why he was voted the most uncoopertive star in Hollywood.

Delores Tellefsen
Los Angeles, Cal.

Casting:
Why don't they cast Carleton Carpenter with Debbie Reynolds or Piper Laurie in a picture like "A Date with Judy" or "Good News"? He's a wonderful young actor.
Paul Sawyer
New York City

How about making "South Pacific" into a movie, with Mary Martin and Erich Pinza in their original roles. Gloria Swanson would be grand as Bloody Mary, with Richard Todd as Lieut. Cable and Debra Paget as Liat.
Barbara Jeanne Morris
Salt Lake City, Utah

Readers’ Pets:
I'm sore. Granted that Stewart Granger was fine in "King Solomon's Mines" and that Tony Dexter was okay in "Valentine"—does that mean that Richard Carlson, who enriched both pictures with quiet dignity and fine acting, must be lost in the shuffle with everyone singing over the other guys. I say no. Give Dick his due. He's wonderful!
Zelda Bishop
San Francisco, Cal.

What's wrong with Betty Garrett? Can't we have a little more of her? Why isn't she put in a picture and given the leading role. Give her a chance to make a star of herself. Please.
Nancy L. Bland
Seattle, Wash.

Question Box:
Since I've seen "The Pagan Love Song" I was wondering if Esther Williams was really singing when she was with Howard Keel.
Mary Lou Zimmerman
Mishawaka, Ind.

(M-G-M says Esther did her own singing.)

"Movies Are Better Than Ever" when they keep finding new talent like Philip Carey, appearing in "Operation Pacific," but we not little people know a little about him. I haven't seen one picture or story about him in any movie magazine.
Peggy Smith
San Jose, Cal.

He was born in Hackensack, N. J. 7/15/25, is 6', 3½' tall, weighs 200 lbs., has blue eyes and blondish-brown hair. He is married and has a baby daughter, Maureen Ann.

Would you please tell me if Rock Hudson played in "Shakedown" as a doorman?
Roselyn Mamone
San Leandro, Cal.

(Good observation—yes, he did.)

Can you do a guy a favor? Print a picture and some information about that lovely girl who appeared as the maid in "The Mudlark" and as Charles Boyer's young wife in "The 13th Letter." Is she married?
Lee M. Sullivan
Buffalo, N. Y.

(Her name is Constance Smith. She was born in Limerick, Ireland, has green-gray eyes, light brown hair, 5' 3½"., weighs 116 lbs. She was married on February 9, 1951, to British actor Bryan Forbes. Her next, "House on the Square").

Would you let me know if there were two movies made of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and who played the leading parts?
Diane Williams
Pleasantville, N. Y.

(There were three versions: 1920 with John Barrymore; 1932 with Fredric March; 1941 with Spencer Tracy.)
ALAN LADD and PHYLLIS CALVERT

Alan Ladd blasts a million-dollar mail robbery wide open ... as an agent of the U. S. Mail's crime-fighting service!

All his faith was in his .45 ... until a good woman taught him another kind!

Appointmment with DANGER

AUTHENTIC!.. Based On Excitement-Jammed Cases From The Files Of The Post Office Department... In The Tradition Of 176 Years Of Crime-Fighting!

PAUL STEWART - JAN STERLING - Jack Webb - Produced by ROBERT FELLOWS - Directed by LEWIS ALLEN

Written by RICHARD BREEN and WARREN DUFF - A Paramount Picture
... what should I do?

Claudette Colbert's next picture is "The High Ground"

Your Problems Answered

by Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am going to have a baby in two months and my husband and I, who live in a three-and-one-half room apartment, have spent considerable time fixing up our half room into a nursery. Our landlady will not let us take out the bed in this room, so we have had to "work around it," but aside from that we have prepared a complete nursery.

Now, my mother-in-law writes that she is planning to move in with us for a month's visit as soon as the baby is born. Her home is two thousand miles away. Usually she drops us a card saying that she is on the way, and she arrives before the card does. While here, she takes complete charge of the house, planning all the meals, and entertaining her friends in our apartment.

She is a nice person and truly means to be helpful. The only place we can put her will be in the nursery, and that will not be good for the baby. I feel that my mother-in-law is welcome to stay a day or two to see her grandchild, but I simply cannot stand the usual month's parade of friends who usually stream in and out of the apartment when she is a guest here. The confusion makes me sick, so what might it do to a small baby?

How can I convey this fact to her and to my husband, who chuckles and says his mother is a "scream"? Am I being selfish?

Mrs. A. W.

I can't agree with your husband that his mother is a "scream." She may be a delightful person, socially, but the apartment in which a new-born baby is getting its early start in life is surely not the most desirable location for a month's meeting of gregarious friends and relatives.

However, it shouldn't be necessary for you to make this plain to your husband (he should think of it himself, incidentally) or to your mother-in-law. This is a job for your doctor.

You should discuss this entire situation with him at once. He will, I am quite sure, have a talk with your husband and point out to him the very real dangers to the health of the baby and to you in the presence of relatives and friends, however well-meaning, who might be carrying all manner of germs.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a thirteen-year-old boy, a freshman in high school. I want very much to be like other boys, but I am finding it almost impossible.

My father and mother are divorced. I live with my father, and between us we could have a nice home and could get along fine, I think. The trouble is that my mother keeps coming back to us.

This is a sad thing to have to say about your own mother, but she is an awful mess. She comes back, crying, saying she has been a fool and that she wants to make a fresh start. Her good behavior lasts about a month, then she fights with the neighbors, gets drunk, swears at my father because he won't give her money (even if they are divorced and he pays regular alimony through his lawyer), and makes life miserable. When she is with us I have to ask my friends to stay away because she is rude to them, and I never know whether she is going to be presentable or not. How can I get my mother to go away and leave us alone? I have talked to my father about this and he has said that we must be charitable. He says that she always gets disgusted and leaves eventually, but that it is important to her to have a "port in a storm."

That's fine for her, but what about my own life and my standing with my friends?

C. E.

At thirteen, you know your physical limitations. You wouldn't think of trying to play tackle on your state college team.

You know that a first-rate tackle needs to weigh two hundred pounds or more. He needs a fully developed body and plenty of grit because he is going to meet up with a lot of rough linemen on his opponents' teams.

Well, the emotional problem that you are tackling is as much beyond your solution powers at present, as trying out for the university squad would be beyond your physical powers.

Don't try to solve this one. Simply wait for time to correct it. Your father must be a noble and an understanding man. Apparently he has tried to explain to you that your mother's conduct indicates a great personal tragedy. It seems to me that you ought to respect your father's handling of the matter and should help him in every way possible.

It wouldn't be wise to discuss your family difficulty with your friends. Simply tell them that your mother isn't well, and that until she regains her strength and goes away again, you won't be able to invite your friends to the home. Then drop the subject. Your friends always know more about these things than you suspect, but they respect your silence about personal matters.

Incidentally, your letter indicated both intellect and courage. Develop both and I believe you will have an excellent chance for great personal happiness.

Claudette Colbert

(Continued on page 32)
Now WARNER BROS. present

GREGORY PECK

...as Captain Lance who gave Fort Invincible its name!

The more desperate his fight on the desert's scorching sands, the more adored he was in her arms

ONLY THE VALIANT

ALSO STARRING
BARBARA PAYTON - WARD BOND - GIG YOUNG - LON CHANEY

SCREEN PLAY BY EDMUND H. NORTH AND HARRY BROWN
FROM THE NOVEL BY CHARLES MARQUISE WARREN
MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN
DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

AND!
"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"
"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"

ON THE WAY
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
That Certain Party. All was Gold Medal and all glittered at Photoplay’s annual Award Ceremony. This oldest award in the film industry which started way back in 1919, this year went to Betty Hutton and John Wayne for giving the most popular performances in 1950, and to “Battleground,” as the most popular picture. Crystal Room impressions: Jane Wyman (with Greg Bautzer) being introduced by her good friend and ex-husband Ronald Reagan, who brilliantly emceed the brilliant affair. Janie, last year’s winner, presented Betty Hutton’s Award to Paramount Vice President Y. Frank Freeman. Betty was in Florida. . . . Handsome John Wayne, beaming with pride while his boss-man “Papa” Yates of Republic humorously reminded everyone that “Duke” gets something else beside awards for his histrionics . . . Bette Davis, looking heavenly in a halo of flowers, receiving heavenly looks from her handsome husband Gary Merrill . . . Dean Jagger receiving deserving congratulations on his forthcoming role with Helen Hayes . . . All these and many more glorifying the Gold Medal Awards and making this occasion a star-studded night that Hollywood will long remember.
Wearing a new hairdo and a radiant smile, cute Ann Blyth is winner for her role in "Our Very Own." With her is handsome newcomer, John Hudson.

Ralph Staub, who filmed reception for his Screen Snapshots, chats with the John Dereks.

Liz Taylor, with Stanley Donen, accepted Spencer Tracy's citation for "Father of the Bride."

Photoplay's Editorial Director Fred Sammis greets Shelley Winters, Farley Granger.

M-G-M Executive Producer Dore Schary presented William Wellman, left, with Gold Medal for direction of "Battleground."

All Pictures Taken at Photoplay's Famous Gold Medal Awards Ceremony.
BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

John Wayne, the big heman, carries his own make-up up from studio to studio. Wayne must have a certain type of make-up put on his face just so . . . Esther Williams in a bathing suit may be pin-up art to most guys, but she reminds me of the line about a certain leading man who told his tailor that he wanted a suit with shoulders like Esther Williams's . . . A few of his intimates call Spencer Tracy "The Donkey" . . . Mickey Rooney always appears to be in a hurry even if he's merely standing around . . . Cornel Wilde makes no secret of it, so I guess it's okay to tell that certain scenes in a picture he keeps that curl in place with a bobby pin . . . There have been all kinds of precautions in Hollywood, but I rather go for Gabe York's suggestion that a novel premiere would be for the actors to sit in the grandstand and watch the public go into the theater. I can't remember seeing a movie hero smoke a cigar.

There's always a show in a studio commissary. I like to watch, say, Ruth Roman and Steve Cochran having lunch together when they're working in a picture, each asking the other what they should eat . . . L.B. Mayer is the only executive who has a dish named after him. Mayer Chicken Soup is a specialty over at M-G-M. A studio commissary is a place where all the ham isn't in sandwiches . . . I don't believe Piper Laurie ever ate flowers. Sue me! . . . If you ever go to Hollywood, try the fried shrimp at the Beachcomber, the Belmont special at Chasen's, the spaghetti at Chianti's, chicken Milanese at Romanoff's, but regardless of the restaurant, be sure to bring your own bottled water . . . Only recently in a prominent restaurant I saw Shelley Winters darting from table to table. When I asked the proprietor if there were any celebrities in the place, he answered, "Yes, Ten Shelley Winters."

Anne Baxter wears lacy black nightgowns to bed. When Anne had to wear a nightgown for a scene in a picture, she brought one of her own to the studio, but was told that she couldn't wear it—the censors would object . . . I know several actresses who make up to go to bed, insisting that this is the place a lady should look her best . . . I wonder how Elizabeth Taylor looks when she gets out of bed in the morning. A producer asked the husband of a certain glamorous actress making a screen comeback if she is still as beautiful as ever. He replied, "Yes, but it takes her half an hour longer" . . . I am convinced that Corinne Calvet is sexy, but not as sexy as she talks it . . . Whenever I go to a drive-in, I always look upon every car-hop as a girl who came to Hollywood to get into the movies and didn't make it.

I often get the impression that Doris Day is amazed that she is a movie actress and that she is muttering, "Look what happened to me—strictly a singer with the band" . . . I don't know of any actress who did so little in a picture and got so much out of it as Denise Darcel. It could be because Denise put so much into it . . . One night Ronald Colman's agent phoned him and when told Mr. Colman wasn't in, said, "When Mr. Colman comes in, please have him call me no matter how late it is. However, if it's too late, tell him I will call him in the morning."

Although I don't watch Hopalong Cassidy on TV, I am mighty pleased by William Boyd's tremendous success. It's nice when it happens to a nice guy . . . Ronald Reagan is just about the most romantic president the Screen Actors Guild ever elected to office . . . Joan Crawford is still the movie actresses' idea of a movie actress . . . I can't stand those actors who read their lines so that their diction lessons show . . . Jack Carson seldom makes me laugh on the screen, and never off . . . Wonder what became of Senator Johnson? . . . Telling me about his early days in Hollywood, Kirk Douglas said that he was once invited to a party which was crowded with celebrities. "In fact," emphasized Kirk, "I was the only person there I never heard of" . . . I know it's hard to believe that a dish like Marilyn Monroe goes to the movies alone or with her dramatic coach—female—but it's true, because I've seen it with my own eyes . . . George Sanders's voice always seems to fit his dialogue . . . Romance in movietown goes like this: He fell in love with himself and she fell in love with herself and they were married. That's Hollywood for you!
**STUFF**

excitement. "Guess who is here?" he exclaimed. "Just can't imagine—who?" we guessed. "Hyman Pink!" (Photoplay's demon photographer) he all but shouted. Joan laughed till she cried when we told her.

People, Places, Things: June Allyson and Dick Powell have asked their close friends, the Edgar Bergens, to be Godparents of little Ricky . . . Out-sporting those daring gents who sport those plaid dinner jackets, Douglas Fairbanks wears one of powder-blue velvet . . . The Van Johnsons are so excited over the Paul Clemens painting of little Schuyler, they're throwing an unveiling party . . . Peggy Dow is collecting pin-up pictures of all the Hollywood beauties and sending them to Richard Long's (the first actor to be drafted) buddies.

Wedding Bells: He's probably one of the busiest actors in Hollywood, but somehow Alan Ladd always manages to give Calif a good story. "We just got back from San Francisco," he told us. "Believe it or not, Carol Lee (she's Sue's daughter by a former marriage) is now old enough to become engaged. She met Jim Brown on the campus at UCLA. He's a fine boy but of course we wanted to meet his parents." Further checking reveals that Jim not only resembles Alan, their personalities are amazingly alike. What Alan didn't tell us, was this: Before they returned from up north, he and Sue visited the Military Hospital at Fairfield. They found one-fourth as many casualties as were there six months ago—a good sign but still not good enough. Needless to say, the boys were so grateful for Alan's visit.

Studio Close-Ups: Only Bing Crosby could get away with having his stand-in pose for him in the gallery. Bing's head will be superimposed on the stand-in's body when the pictures are reproduced for advertising art . . . Virginia Mayo wasn't exactly pleased when they gave newcomer Virginia Gibson a better part in "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" (a re-make of the old "Gold-diggers"

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**hollywood party line**

**BY EDITH GWYNN**

So many premieres, parties, fashion shows and special events to report upon this month! This department doesn't have to tell you that Photoplay's Gold Medal Award ceremonies in the Beverly Hills Hotel's Crystal Room was a really impressive and star-studded event. In keeping with our country's emergency program, boss-man Fred Sammis decreed that the affair be informal this year. Therefore, we can't describe the fabulous fripperies worn by the females. For the most part they were clad quite simply. Most of them covered their classy chasses with late daytime black dresses. Shelley Winters (whose date for the fete was Farley Granger) was all done up in something very fancy (see page 9); Gail Patrick looked so chic in an off-the-shoulder cocktail dress of pale gray, embroidered at the neckline and hipline in jewel-toned beads. This dress was a hand-knit wool with a clingy sweater-type bodice; the ribbed skirt was straight and slim.

Saw Phyllis Kirk having lunch the other day in Romanoff's. The perky M-G-M starlet looked cute as a button in her newest spring outfit—a smart Adele of California suit from Amelia Gray, combining a navy and white crossbar wool jacket and slim navy gabardine skirt.

Phyllis Kirk

There's no doubt that the plush benefit premiere of "The Mudlark" brought Hollywood's brightest highlights. A terrific bunch of stars braved unseasonable winds and weather that evening for the glamorous opening. Irene Dunne, chairman of the committee for St. John's Hospital Guild, was able proudly to announce that the great turnout (plus other Hollywood contributions) had raised $135,000 to build a new hospital wing. Irene was gorgeously gowned in a low-cut, strapless, hoop-skirted dress of white lace, embroidered with shimmering metallic embroidery. The "bleacher" fans in front of the theater almost howled the place down with cheers when Clark Gable and his Sylvia arrived. Clark wouldn't speak over the mike but willingly posed for the photographers. Jane Wyman wore a dress in a shade she calls pink champagne because of its various undertones. Jane Russell was in floor-length black with a low-cut tight-fitting bodice "filled in" with dead-white lingerie touches at the bustline. It had a black halter neck which somehow made Jane look much heavier than she is. A big crowd went to Mocambo for the Billy Eckstine opening later. We ran plump into (plump is right!) Judy Garland with Sid Luft and that gal was just plain radiant—but weighing no less than 145 pounds. However, Judy says that, if and when she makes a picture, she can diet it off in no time! That's what the gal said!

Almost all Filmville's varied talents turned out to make the fourth annual Damon Runyon Cancer Fund Fashion Show a huge success. Don Loper's fascinating new collection, paraded by many stars acting as models, furnished the style parade after dinner in the Embassy Room of the Hotel Ambassador. Roz Russell emceed and got a big laugh when she called Van Johnson onto the floor to help a mannequin get out of a bolero jacket that was giving her trouble. Van fumbled a while with the tiny buttons but finally got it off. While Jane Russell was modelling a cute polka-dot dress, Roz flipped, "I wish we were related so I could borrow from Jane. And I don't mean her money!"

Most of Hollywood's glamour girls who were lucky enough to get tickets dragged their husbands or beaus to Adrian's semi-annual swank fashion exhibit, followed by a champagne supper. Adrian preceded the showing of over a hundred gowns with a sage and charming talk in which he said, "Clothes should be useful and they should be able to be worn until you're tired of them. They should be good for seasons to come." He added that he's not as much interested in fashionable clothes as in beautiful clothes and that individuality is paramount. "Women should not look as if they were stamped out of a cookie mold." Strangely enough, Don Loper had expressed virtually the same sentiments to us only a few nights before. Loper said, "A really chic girl wears the things that do most for her; those she's most at ease in—and never buys a dress, suit, hat or hair-do just because 'that's what they're wearing.'" Adrian's offerings, like the new designs from Irene, are replete with trimmings of huge artificial flowers—big, luscious, exquisitely shaped ones—that do everything from "add a touch" to wrap around entire bodices and flow along the entire length of billowing chiffons and other filmy materials.

Laugh course: Adding to the fun at brilliant Photoplay Award affair are Bette Davis and her new husband, Gary Merrill.
WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S WHISPERING ABOUT

BY HERB STEIN

The bad blood between Jeff Chandler and Rock Hudson because the former failed to pull punches in the fight scene rehearsals for "The Iron Man" ... John Agar, now completely unidentified as Mr. Shirley Temple, making the gossip columns with Paula Raymond ... The town's big joke over the news that Howard Hughes's RKO Studios wouldn't go for Rex Harrison in "Androcles and the Lion." The town is apparently thumbs down on Harrison for keeps ... The big laugh line in "Operation Pacific" when a gal says in answer to a proposal, "I wouldn't marry a submariner—I like to sleep with all the windows open." ... Mike Curtiz's remark: "I won't believe in color Television until I see it in black and white." Ezio Pinza's daughter Claudia making her debut in vaudeville—as a singer, natch!

The baseball sequences for "Love Is Better Than Ever" at M-G-M being submitted for okay to Hollywood's top sports authority—Ethel Barrymore. The village groaned when M-G-M let Miss Barrymore's option drop—and she, the first lady of stage, screen, radio or anything ... Bill Cargan's observation that with the rash of war pictures now in release and those currently shooting, it seems as though the studios issued more uniforms in the past year than the armed forces.

Bob Mitchum's very favorable comeback with the Hollywood Women's Press Club, which named him the most uncooperative actor of 1959. After a later luncheon with the gals, they said their faces matched their lipstick ... David Selznick's hiring of a press agent for wifey Jennifer Jones ... Kirk Douglas beginning to believe all that's written about him—no standard hat size will fit him ... Gene Fowler's near-completed life story on Jimmy Durante which will be followed by a similar yarn on Jack Dempsey ... The squawks coming to Paramount from exhibitors because of Bob Hope being on Sunday TV.

The offers pouring in for Gene Evans, star of "The Steel Helmet." And not too long ago he was so broke, he was sleeping in public washrooms. He says now all he wants is plenty of girls and a Cadillac, because he doesn't want to go Hollywood ... Rita Hayworth's agents trying to get her back here to do the musical version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" ... The titters at a revival of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," when Ingrid Bergman first calls Gary Cooper Roberto ... Maggie Whitling's wonderful idea of taping her bedside chats with vets at hospitals—and sending them to the lads' folks ... James Mason taking chirping lessons so his voice won't have to be dubbed in for singing roles.

INSIDE

movie) ... Time, tolerance and probably that fabulous fan mail Spencer Tracy received following his sensational comedy performance in "Father of the Bride" have made a new man of him. They're now calling him the most co-operative actor in the studio... Between script problems, Ava Gardner's dissatisfaction over her small part in "Scaramouche" and other reasons too numerous to mention, Cal hears the picture may be postponed indefinitely.

Dark Victory: M-G-M wasn't kidding when they invited Cal out to meet the "new" Greer Garson. Whoever decides such things decided the beautiful Britisher needed a complete change of pace. So they surrounded her with new wardrobe women, a new hairdresser and all new technicians. Then they assigned her George Fossey, the studio's top cameraman. Completing the metamorphosis, Greer wears a black wig (they're keeping her own red tresses for Technicolor) in "The Law and Lady Lovett." At first she wasn't too pleased with this transition. But after she saw those Fossey rushes in the projection room, that did it! Incidentally, contrary to the rumor that ranch life has made Mrs. Fogelson pleasingly plump, Greer's figure would shame a schoolgirl!

Old Folks: Not to coin a phrase—time marches on! At Palm Springs recently, Cal ran into a group of Hollywood's youngest and finest. There was Elizabeth Taylor, Craig Hill, Betty Lynn, Dick Clayton, Helenene Stanley, Roddy McDowall, Robert Patten and Wanda Hendrix, "We're down here for the weekend," chorged the sun-tan brigade. Cal tried his best to look appropriately shocked. "Oh, we're properly chaperoned," they quickly added.

The chaperones? The Marshall Thompsons and the Geary Steffens (Jane Powell) who are barely out of their teens themselves!

Betty Hutton nearly fell off her perch when producer Cecil B. De Mille handed her the Gold Medal she won for top performance in "Annie Get Your Gun." Betty couldn't attend ceremonies, was on location for acrobatic role in "The Greatest Show on Earth"

Betty Garrett shares the spotlight with husband Larry Parks, who won citation for performance in "Jolson Sings Again"
STUFF

The Big Show: Cal was struck speechless (for once!) when he heard the fabulous voice of the glamorous unpredictable Tallulah Bankhead. "Darling," she phoned us, "will you come back for dinner after my 'Big Show' broadcast? I'm just having a few close friends, darling—Ethel Barrymore, Glenn Anders, Liza Wilson and George Cukor. With Gaylord, the Bankhead pet parakeet, perched jauntily on our shoulder, we sat through an evening of enchantment. The charm of the famous Barrymore voice held us spellbound. "I always laugh when I hear people are scared of Ethel!" There was complete reverence for the great lady of the theater, when Tallu said it. "You will come back again, won't you, darling?" urged our fascinating hostess. "Darling," we could only answer, "how darling!"

In Case You Care: Shelley Winters has decided to turn over a bright and shiny new leaf. In the future, she insists, she's going to pay more attention to her grooming and dress the way the public expects a movie star to look. . . . Actor Barry Nelson, who was one of several who carried a tanzilated torch for Janet Leigh, not only recovered beautifully but recently married the lovely Teresa Celi. . . . June Haver and Dule Robertson, who were both on the same lot, had never met until his police dog leaped into her car. Now here's the switch. They haven't been going together ever since! . . . At U-I, two of their top stars have clashed with such temperament, they can't get along with the Chimp and Francis the Mule to hold still for a still . . . Greg Peck is so proud of his sons. To all who would listen in the Twentieth Commissary (he was wearing a tweed sports jacket over his "David and Bathsheba" tunic), Greg confided that four-year-old Michael has learned to ride, while six-year-old Jonathan is now jumping.

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY ALINE MOSBY
U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Hollywood's newest, hottest crooner is a handsome blond who doesn't give a hang about his fame and fortune. He's husky Gary Crosby, idol of teenagers since last fall when he made his radio debut on his pop's radio show. Instantly the network's switchboard started buzzing.

Since Gary has shot to fame (his two record tunes, "Sam Song" and "Play a Simple Melody," have sold nearly a million and a half copies) his family has worked overtime to keep him from taking it too big. Harry Lillis Crosby, his father—better known as Bing—is so casual about everything Gary does that Gary sometimes wonders if he's doing anything. Gary says, "I didn't even know when I was going to cut that record I made until Dad grabbed me and took me to the studio about a half hour before we started singing." Billie Wyatt Crosby, his mother, better known as Dixie, somehow conveys the idea that his singing is nothing for him to feel the least bit important about, that he's just doing what comes naturally. And his three brothers in turn are only doing what comes naturally when they cut Gary (who will be eighteen in June) down to size.

He never sees reporters. It was by the merest chance that we ran into him at the snack bar of the Palm Springs Tennis Club. After several hams and haws, Gary blurted, "I don't know anything about the record. You'll have to ask my dad. He tells me nothing." He's too busy going to prep school to be much interested in his singing fame. He insists he doesn't know how much money he makes, never sees his fan mail from lovestruck females and doesn't even care for girls.

And his sudden fame? "I guess I like it," he said.

Gary recorded his best-selling platter with the same nonchalance his old man is famous for. Decca bigwigs talked Bing into waxing the duet after they heard Gary on the radio show. Bing's been plagued by gags from Bob Hope et al that Gary can start supporting the Crosby clan. Bob cracked that Gary "carried" Bing on the waxing. Gary scoffed, "Aw, I could never carry him. I might be a singer someday if I'm any good at it, but first I'm going to Stanford and take a business ad course."

We inquired if this fame has brought him favor with the females. Gary examined the ceiling, became interested in something happening outside the window.

"Girls scare me," he blushed. "I don't see them very much."

Later Gary got his twin brothers and, standing outside the club house window, pointed me out to them. When I looked up and saw them they giggled and ran.

Louella Parsons had plenty of exciting news to report at Photoplay Awards ceremonies—with her agent Wynn Rocamora

And then good-bye: The Broderick Crawfords made their last public appearance together at Photoplay's presentations. A few days later they separated. Brod was voted one of America's favorite actors for his performance in "All the King's Men"
Absorbed in the Awards are Howard Keel of top film and James Whitmore

Son Christopher accepted Joan Crawford’s Award—because she was ill. With him are Joan Evans and Lee Kirby

Looking backward are the Paul Brink mans. Jeanne Crain was in one of popular films, “Cheaper by the Dozen”

Inside Hollywood: Well, Barbara Stanwyck did divorce Robert Taylor. Now that it’s all over but the pouting, everyone thinks he knows the cause and the blame is evenly divided. Those closest to her are being dramatic about the current tragedy in Stanny’s life. Our guess is she will survive in the future, as she has in the past. When they passed out character and strength, Barbara Stanwyck got more than the lion’s share. The hurt will probably go deeper with Robert Taylor, a sensitive guy who started out wanting a home, a wife, children and the simple things of life. Hollywood, in her own peculiar way, weaves very strange patterns of destiny.

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Moppets and Motherhood: Jimmy Stewart’s kid story, told at Ann Sothern’s party, remains Cal’s favorite. On young Michael’s birthday, it seems the Stewarts allowed their two sons to stay up any have dinner with Mom and Dad. “Originally,” grinned Jimmy, “we told the boys we were going to get them a new baby. Then when we learned about the twins we had to break that news!” So, the story goes, at the table Gloria tactfully explained that they had now arranged for each boy to have a new baby, Ronnie was ecstatic. But Michael, who loves the Stewarts’ huge German Shepherd dog leaned over and whispered in his mother’s ear: “As long as you’ve arranged for each of us to have a baby, couldn’t you manage to have a little puppy for Bello, too Mommy?”

Payment Deferred: It happened to Ray Milland and he’s still laughing! One (Continued on page 16)
"Your Figure is Your Future..."
says

Geraldine Brooks

Outstanding young Hollywood dramatic star praises the famous

Invisible Playtex® Girdles

They're the most popular girdles in the world—and no wonder! PLAYTEX combines figure-slimming power with complete comfort and freedom of action. They're actually invisible even under the most clinging of clothes—because they haven't a single seam, stitch or bone!

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TONI OWEN is Geraldine's favorite designer. She says, "I'm for the slender, young-looking figure—and that means I'm for PLAYTEX, the girdle that makes this supple, slim figure a possibility. It takes a wonderful girdle to give you the new silhouette in comfort—and PLAYTEX does it!"

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Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and lasts! Get Mum!

New MUM cream deodorant
A Product of Bristol-Meyers

(Continued from page 14) morning he was on his way to Paramount to work in "Rhubarb." With a few moments to kill, he dropped by Blum's in Beverly Hills and had a cup of coffee at the counter. Then he had a second cup. When the waitress handed him his check, it was for ten cents. "I believe you've made a mistake," said Ray. "I had two cups of coffee. The check should be twenty cents." Flipped the girl nonchalantly, "No, ten cents is correct. You see, I had a dream about you last night—I owe you the second cup!"

Tabasco Sauce: Cal can't reveal names (we promised) but a Spanish-speaking friend recently received a letter from Mario Cabre, the tempestuous bullfighter who dedicated those love sonnets to Ava Gardner. It seems Mario's pride has been stabbed, because Ava allegedly made light of their friendship. He may come to Hollywood and if he does, when reporters ask him about Ava, Mario plans to exclaim indignantly: "Ava Gardner, who ees thee person? I nevar heard of her!"

Speaking of Ava, a year ago there was talk (some say threats) that the studio had lost all interest in her. Well, since they've seen what she does in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" she's up to there in red carpets and the big build-up. Yes, Ava's having her own quiet little last laugh.

Scuttlebutt: It was bound to happen. Because Evelyn Keyes played opposite

(Continued on page 19)

Men of distinction: Brig. Gen. Henry Kellox and Louis B. Mayer were dinner partners. Latter's film "Battleground" won one of the Awards

Accepted, with pleasure: Y. Frank Freeman, Vice-President of Paramount Pictures, receives Gold Medal for Betty Hutton, away on location
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CLEAR RED... bold, singing, daring, dramatic...
in three distinct true reds... one with just the right nuance of shading for your individual coloring. Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of Color Harmony make-up... planned this alluring lip strategy to spotlight your coloring... to fashion-light your most flattering costumes. You'll love its non-drying, smooth-spun texture that keeps your lips soft and velvety. What's more, it stays on and on... never smears. $1.10 plus tax.

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Doctor develops sensational new
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Pursettes
The Only Tampon with lubricated tip

Pursettes are now obtainable at all leading stores. This sensational new tampon for internal sanitary protection was developed by a surgeon and is the only one with lubricated tip.

Pursettes offer all the advantages of internal protection plus an amazing new degree of comfort, security and convenience. Pursettes are 'medically-correct'—the lubricated tip insures easier insertion. No applicator is needed.

Pursettes are purposely designed to be small in size yet insure greater absorbency. Just test Pursettes' absorbency in a glass of water. You'll be simply astounded. And this one 'safety-margin' size makes it adequate for all users.


Be up to date. Change to Pursettes.

(Continued from page 16) of Chandler in "Smuggler's Island," local louses would love nothing better than to have you believe this caused the break between Jeff and his wife. Cal is known the Chandlers and they're wonderful people. The going was very rough at times and nerves were often on edge. But Jeff wasn't big news then and they could have the same differences that very normal family has, and no one new. Or cared. Today it's a different story—the same old story. In the spotlight how can anyone get away from himself and work things out? Whether they divorce is problematic. It's positive Evelyn Keyes was not the cause if they do.

Here and There: Betty Lynn's baby tower for Jane Powell attracting all the beautiful "babes" of Hollywood ... Michael Wilding, unused to the personal robing of American reporters, graciously declining to discuss his marital status. Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis entering one of those "model homes"—for friends who are coming out from the East to settle here ... Bill Holden entertaining Richard Carlson with amazing stories about those four weeks of shooting scenes in a submarine ... Jeanne Crain, wearing one of her eighteen Cell Chapman gowns she bought in New York, throwing a party for the Walter Chryslers.

Prediction: That M-G-M will not renew Ezio Pinza's contract when it expires this summer. Talk is that he may resume his original role in the London production of "South Pacific." Brilliant the bombastic basso is in opera, but his personality lacks impact, camera-wise. His humor, it seems, isn't the kind that is familiar to American movie-goers. Last and not least, that Italian accent is a bit difficult to understand. "Mr. Imperium," complete with retakes, is in the can. "Strictly Dishonorable" is now in the throes of laborious production. Those enchanted Hollywood evenings seem to be limited for the great Mr. Pinza.

Smooth Sailing: All's calm on the Topping-Turner front and Lana is leading a
INSIDE STUFF

GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

brand new life and loving it. Bob brought his yacht to Balboa where they've taken an apartment. He's co-owner of a fibre glass company, where essential plastic parts are manufactured. We wouldn't be a bit surprised if they land government war contracts. In the meantime, while her husband works eight hours a day, Lana is doing her own marketing. For the first time in her life she's discovered things like oranges are now being sold by the pound; no longer by the dozen. To show off her newly acquired knowledge, one day Lana smiled sweetly at the deli-catessen clerk and said: "I'll take one pound of eggs, please!"

On Again—Off Again: There's no age limit to the whimsicalities of Dan Cupid in Hollywood. Ginger Rogers publicly admitted she is no longer seriously interested in Greg Bautzer. In the meantime, the bombastic barrister has finally gotten around to Jane Wyman. On a steady dating basis that is. Fanning our little flame, enter Steve Cochran! When he and Ginger made personal appearance in Florida recently, they got to know each other better. Ginger went on to New York but when she returned to Hollywood, there was Stevie at the station to meet her. It was 8 a.m. too, and our boy hates getting up early! Amongst other interests Ginger and Steve share the same religion.

Close-ups: Jane Wyman has lead in her shoes, but only to get a shuffling old-age effect for her role in "The Blue Veil". Robert Mitchum winding up his two year probation period with a record of behavior that is a credit to both himself and Hollywood.

Attention, Readers: In the Photoplay Annual, 1951, we gave the Screen Actors Guild (SAG) as an address for those stars who are not under contract to any specific studio. The Guild informs us that they have received many letters from our readers listing the stars from whom they would like to have recent pictures. The Guild cannot comply with these requests. However, you may write to any single star in care of the Guild and your letter will be forwarded.

(Continued on page 35)

DON'T MISS

THE PHOTOPLAY DRAMATIC SCHOLARSHIP

See announcement in June Photoplay
on sale May 10
Complete Two Year Scholarship
to the Pasadena Playhouse, including room, board and textbooks
Holmes & Edwards introduces the most enchanting pattern of our times!

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A gay, new pattern that sparkles with the very breath of youth. An exquisite blending of old world charm with the young, vital spirit of today. Prophecy!... the most glowing welcome in years for May Queen.

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Service for eight, 52 pieces $69.93 with chest.

Holmes & Edwards is superior to all other silverplate. The most used spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver where they rest on the table. Thus should wear occur, there is sterling underneath.

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Holmes & Edwards Sterling Inlaid Silverplate
Crack-up: Bette Davis and Barry Sullivan face an impending crisis in a dramatic story about the cause of a divorce.

**\(\frac{\pi}{2}\) (A) Payment on Demand (RKO)**

THOUGH not as exciting as she was in "All About Eve," Bette Davis gives a brilliant performance in this adult film which reports the case history of a divorce. After twenty years of marriage and two daughters (Betty Lynn and Peggie Castle) Barry Sullivan, a wealthy lawyer, tells Bette that he wants a divorce. In the process of getting her decree Bette becomes bitter, even stooping to hire a detective to spy on her husband. A Caribbean cruise brings her to her senses—she wants a reconciliation. Stand-outs in the supporting cast are the late Jane Cowl, Otto Kruger, Frances Dee, John Sutton and Kent Taylor. It's not a tear-jerker, but it's definitely for women.

**Program Notes:** This is Bette's first free-lance job since she terminated her eighteen-year contract with Warners in 1949. It also marks her return to RKO, after a sixteen-year absence, where she got her first big screen role, the little tramp Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." At the time she made this film Bette was still married to William Sherry, though there were rumors that the marriage was on the rocks. At the end-of-the-picture party (which Bette always gives the last day of shooting) an irate Sherry appeared and for no reason at all gave Barry Sullivan a punch on the nose. Divorce proceedings quickly followed. This picture also marks the movie debut of Bette's pretty little three-year-old Barbara Davis Sherry. She plays her mother's first little daughter in a flashback sequence... Frances Dee is the wife of Joel McCrea and makes her first full movie. She had not seen Bette since their co-starring roles in "Of Human Bondage" in 1934. Frances spends her time on the McCrea ranch in The Valley making a home for Joel and their two teen-age boys... "Payment on Demand" was made with two endings. Bette demanded the studio release it with the unhappy ending. But Howard Hughes, the big boss, likes happy endings. Guess who won?

**\(\frac{\pi}{2}\) (F) U.S.S. Teakettle (20th Century-Fox)**

ARY COOPER, a fine figure in a lieutenant uniform, is surprised and dismayed when he finds himself the skipper of an experimental craft during the last war. Gary's one of those "ninety-day wonders" (landlubber converted into seamen after three months' training) and so are the other officers on the Teakettle, Jack Webb, Eddie Albert and Richard Erdman. Gary finds help, however, in his bosun, Millard Mitchell, who is a veteran "of salt." From the time Gary consults his handbook on how to get the ship out of dock until the hilarious climax when the ship careers through the harbor missing battleship and bridges by inches you won't stop laughing. Jane Greer is Gary's WAVE wife, and Ray Collins is the Admiral who has a theory about steam turbines. Gary hasn't been so good since his old John Doe days.

**Program Notes:** The Norfolk Navy Yard, Naval Base, Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay were the location sites for this comed based on an article in "The New Yorker"... This picture is a "home-coming" for Gary on the 20th Century-Fox lot. When he first arrived in Hollywood twenty-five years ago, Gary got his first film job at Fox—an extra in a cowboy picture starring Tom Mix. This is Gary's 75th picture... Jane Greer, wife of million aire Ed Larson, acts because she likes to act. Military uniform she claims, play an important part in her career. In 1943 when she was a singer in Washington, she was invited to pose in the first uniform issued to the WACs. Life Magazine ran a photo graph of her in the uniform on the cover and immediately three Hollywood studios tried to sign her up. She chose Howard Hughes... Eddie Albert, married to Marge, and about to become a papa, was given a true-to-life casting when he was selected to play a Navy lieutenant, a rank he held for four years during World War II when he served in the Pacific on the U.S.S. Sheridan, an attack transport.

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 30. For Best Pictures of the Month an
A blessed event: Spencer Tracy and Elizabeth Taylor in the heart-warming, hilarious sequel to "Father of the Bride"

WWW (F) Father's Little Dividend (M-G-M)

THIS delightful comedy, a follow-up of "Father of the Bride," reunites Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Bennett, Don Taylor, Billie Burke and Moroni Olson. With his daughter married, Spencer plans a carefree second honeymoon with his lovely wife Joan Bennett. Then Liz drops a minor atomic bomb—she's going to have a baby. Poor Spence takes it hard, he just isn't ready to be a grandfather and he'd like to punch that silly smirking Don right in the nose. Of course there's all the before-baby excitement but after several false alarms the baby is born—a darling except that he screams every time he sees Spence. Just when Spence is working up a fine hate for his grandson the kid clutches his finger and smiles. From then on Spence is the baby's slave.

Your Reviewer Says: As much fun as "Father of the Bride."

Program Notes: Obviously when Metro made this film they thought that by the time they were ready to release it Elizabeth Taylor would be happily married to Nicky Hilton—and a mother! However, even though their star is divorced and baby-less, this comedy is bound to clean up at the box office. When this picture was finished last winter Don Taylor and his wife, Phyllis Avery, left for Sun Valley for a second honeymoon, their first vacation together since the birth of their two daughters. Joan Bennett was quite flattered by the criticism of her following the preview. They said she was much too young to play Elizabeth Taylor's mother. Joan wants to go on record to say that her own daughter Diana is older than Elizabeth Taylor, and her granddaughter is four months older than her screen grandson. Joan's waistline and Liz's both measure twenty-one inches. As soon as he completed his role in this picture Spencer Tracy left for San Francisco to see a number of ballets he missed in Los Angeles during the Sadler's Wells engagement. Spence, like another rugged he-man, Jimmy Cagney, just loves the ballet.

WWW½ (F) Appointment with Danger (Paramount)

LAN LADD has his best part in many a picture in this realistic, action-crammed drama of murder and post-office thieves. Based on true episodes from government files, the story concerns a two-fisted, tight-lipped cynical member of the Postal Inspection Service (Alan) who is sent to Gary, Indiana, to solve the murder of a fellow postal detective. The only witness to the crime is a nun (Phyllis Calvert) whose life is in danger. Alan discovers that a tough bunch of cookies are planning a million-dollar postal robbery. There's a spine-tingling climax in which Alan helps solve the robbery and shoots it out with the gang. Paul Stewart plays the leader of the hoodlums. And Jan Sterling is a knockout as Paul's girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Good suspense.

Program Notes: This film throws an exciting spotlight on the Postal Inspection Service, founded 175 years ago, the oldest and most secret of all government investigating agencies. First called "U.S. Mail," the picture was made over a year ago, and was shot for the most part in Chicago and Gary, Indiana. It's Alan's twenty-first picture since he soared to overnight fame in "This Gun for Hire." Hundreds of Alan's fans appeared whenever the company tried to work in Chicago. Twice Director Allen set up a decoy camera and faked scenes several blocks away. The director finally solved his traffic problems by working at night. Jan Sterling started on the stage portraying stuffy English girls (she was educated in Europe, hence the English accent) and didn't get a break until she played the part of Billie Dawn in the Chicago company of "Born Yesterday." Ever since she started playing these "bad" girls, she has been getting on beautifully. She received so many "raves" following the previews of this picture, Paramount signed her on a long term contract. When she made this picture she had not yet married Paul Douglas—but I had hopes," says Jan.

BY LIZA WILSON

★★★★ outstanding
★★★★ good
★★ fair
F—for the whole family
A—for adults

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Lose weight the way Nature intended you to! A quick natural way with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

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Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories...works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

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The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS
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Leaves hair silken soft, manageable, easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN... is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!

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World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

prisoned by the cave-in of a nearby Indian cliff dwelling. Kirk realizes the longer he strings the yarn the greater glory and money for himself. He makes a deal with the sheriff, a complete louse, to slow up the rescue. Results: a circus for the people, a New York job for the reporter and death for the victim. Jan plays the hard, tartish wife of the victim.

Your Reviewer Says: Brilliant and completely without heart.

Program Notes: This grim film was shot almost entirely on location near Gallup, New Mexico, along famed Highway 66. Many a tourist, Hollywood-bound with his family, had his heart's desire—to play in a picture... The scenes showing the man in the hole, played by Broadway actor Richard Benedict, were shot at the Paramount studio in Hollywood... Working in the same film for the first time in twenty-five years of happy married life were the Porter Halls. Porter plays the ethical newspaper editor who saves Kirk, and Geraldine plays one of the comedy gapers... Constant visitors on the set were Paul Douglas and Irene Wrightsman who flew in from Hollywood by plane... Paul came to see his bride, Jan Sterling, and on one trip presented her with a belated wedding gift—a gold ring studded with twenty-eight diamonds... Although her father doesn't like actors (Helmut Dantine married and divorced one of his daughters) Irene Wrightsman, once the steady date of Robert Stack, is expected to marry Kirk any time now... While Paramount was shooting "Ace in the Hole" at one end of Gallup, Warner Brothers was shooting Errol Flynn in "Rocky Mountain" at the other end, both at the height of the summer tourist season. Said one delighted tourist, "I saw more movie stars in Gallup than I did in Hollywood."

[F] Bird of Paradise (20th Century-Fox)

Quick and tired of the grim realism of life today? Want to escape to a beautiful tropical island? Then this is your picture. Louis Jourdan is invited to the South Sea Paradise for a vacation by Jeff Chandler, son of the island's chief. He takes one look at Jeff's sister, Debra Paget, and makes up his mind to stay forever. The high priest warns his presence can bring only disaster. Louis learns of the awful fate of another white man, Everett Sloan, who had given up the outside world for a native girl, but he sticks to his decision to the bitter end.

Despite the well-worn plot, the picture is worth seeing for its beautiful Technicolor scenes of a volcanic eruption and native dances.

Your Reviewer Says: Utter escapist.
Dora's DOWN

PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.


Zanuck for a change of pace. She won a small "straight" part in "Fourteen Hours" and Mr. Zanuck has promised her that she can play an American girl in a musical in which she can display her talents for dancing and singing.

\( \frac{3}{2} \) (F) Air Cadet (U-I)

This semi-documentary film made with the cooperation of the Air Force, shows for the first time on the screen how jet fighter pilots are trained. The documentary part is excellent, the plot part pretty dull. To Randolph Field, Texas, for their pre-flight and basic training came Richard Long, Robert Arthur, Alex Nicol and James Best. Best flunks out and the other three go to Williams Field in Arizona for advanced instructions. Here they meet Stephen McNally, a major evidently suffering from a guilt neurosis, who takes a great dislike to Richard. Richard falls in love with Gail Russell, the major's estranged wife, which doesn't help matters at all. Robert and Alex fall for Peggie Castle. Richard and Steve carry their feud into the air and there is an exciting sequence when Steve blacks out and Richard has to rescue him.

Your Reviewer Says: Aerial scenes are exciting.

Program Notes: On this location Steve McNally incurred the wrath of the front office when they learned that he had sneaked off to take a 550-mile-an-hour ride in a jet-propelled F-80 Shooting Star with one of the "frecon jockeys" who was doing his stuff for the picture. "What's all the shouting for?" asked Steve. "I felt safer and certainly smoother than driving my jalopy down Willshire Boulevard"... One of the ironies of these troubled times caught up with Richard Long while he was making this picture. Just when he was getting into big time parts along came the U. S. Army. He was inducted immediately after this picture was finished. He stepped out of the screen uniform of a second lieutenant in the Air Force into the real life O.D.'s of a buck private in the Army... Alex Nicol is a new face in Hollywood and one of the white hopes on the U-I contract list. He was playing in "Mr. Roberts" on Broadway when he was given a small part, followed by a contract, in "The Sleeping City," which was made in New York... Robert Arthur is well known for his performance as the jeep driving lieutenant in "Twelve O'Clock High"... Peggie Castle achieved such popularity among the flying officers at Williams Field that she was officially named "Miss Jet Job of 1950."

\( \checkmark \) (A) On the Riviera (20th-Century-Fox)

VERSATILE Danny Kaye plays a dual role in this expensive musical farce which is done up in lavish Technicolor with real French Riviera background shots. Danny plays an American actor entertaining at a Riviera night club and a famous French aviation hero who makes love to all the pretty girls except his wife. When the Frenchman has to disappear suddenly for financial reasons, the actor is hired to stand in for him at a brilliant ball—and the actor makes no exception of the wife. There are the usual mistaken-identity cliques, the double entendre, the did-he-or-didn't-he's. When the plots within the plots don't get in his way Danny has a field day for himself—and that's good. Gene Tierney is beautiful and sexy as the neglected wife and Corinne Calvet is cute and sexy as the fairy girl friend of the actor.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much plot.

Program Notes: In less than ten years Danny Kaye has zoomed to sensational success after a most discouraging start. He has become the idol of London from the King, Queen, Princess Margaret and cabinet members to the thousands who queue up at the London Palladium every time he plays there. He taught President Roosevelt to bark like a dog, he got George Bernard Shaw to sing with him, he showed Winston Churchill how to do an impersonation of Danny Kaye, and he taught Princess Margaret the can-can... Gene Tierney was given the full glamour treatment for her role. The costumes she wore were created by her designer husband, Oleg Cassini, who probably spends more money on his wife's clothes than any husband in the country. "My husband can afford to be generous," says Gene. "It's 20th-Century-Fox's money"... Corinne Calvet was born Corinne Dibos, but when her French father, who manufactures baking dishes in Paris, thought her acting would disgrace the family name she took the movie name of Calvet, which she read on a bottle of seine. Recently she received a letter from her father in Paris saying that he had seen her in an American film and that it would be all right now to change her name back to Dibos.

\( \checkmark \) (F) Up Front (U-I)

The spirit of cartoonist Bill Mauldin's famous war-time drawings of the two sad-eyed “dogfaces,” Willie and Joe, has been captured to a remarkable degree in

(Continued on page 29)

we're headin' for the last round-up

... of votes for next month's color line-up. So send in the names now of

Your favorite actor ________________________________
Your favorite actress ________________________________
Your favorite pin-up girl ________________________________

My name ________________________________ My age ________________________________
Mail to: Readers Poll Editor, e/o Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
Brief Reviews

(V) AMERICAN GUILLOTINE IN THE PHILIPPINES—20th Century-Fox: This World War II adventure in Technicolor has Tyrone Power shipwrecked on an island populated by vicious Japanese and French widow Micheline Presle. With Tom Ewell, Bob Petroni. (Feb.)

(V) BEDTIME FOR BOZO—U-I: Ronald Reagan and Diana Lynn have hilarious problems when they adopt a wayward orphan. Bozo, of course, steals the show. (Apr.)

(V) (A) BORN YESTERDAY—Columbia: Hilarious screen version of smash Broadway play highlighting Judy Holliday as the dumb blonde who's interested only in Brod Crawford and minks—until Bill Helden comes along and teaches her about democracy and love. (Feb.)

(V) (F) BRANDIED—Paramount: Alan Ladd is a renegade who poses himself off as the kidnapped son of rich Arizona rancher Charles Bickford—until he falls for his "sister" Mona Freeman. Peter Hanson makes an impressive debut as real son in this intriguing Technicolor melodrama. (Feb.)

(V) (F) CALL ME MISTER—20th Century-Fox: An American entertainer in postwar Japan, Betty Grable runs into estranged husband Dan Dailey—with the obvious results. Danny Thomas contributes to this Technicolor tun-fest. (Apr.)

(V) (A) CAUSE FOR ALARM—M-G-M: Loretta Young frantically tries to retrieve a letter written by dying husband Barry Sullivan accusing her of an attempt on his life. A suspenseful melodrama with a twist ending. (Apr.)

(V) (F) COMPANY SHE KEEPS—RKO: A story in which parole officer Lar Scott tries to reform ex-convict Jane Greer. With Dennis O'Keefe. (Mar.)

(V) (F) CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Kramer-UA: Faulty screen version of classic 17th Century romance with Jose Ferrer as the poet with the protruding proboscis, Mala Powers as the girl he loves and woo—tot William Prince. (Feb.)

(V) (F) DALLAS—Warners: Rowdy tongue-in-check Western starring Gary Cooper as an ex-Confederate colonel who goes to Texas to take care of some unfinished business with villainous Yankees Steve Cochran, Raymond Massey, Zon Murray, Ruth Roman's the gal in the case. (Feb.)

(V) (F) DOUBLET CROSSBONES—U-I: Donald O'Connor's songs and dance routines save this unsensational comedy about 18th Century pirates. With Helena Carter. (Feb.)

(V) (F) EMERGENCY WEDDING—Columbia: A trivial comedy about the complications that arise when millionaire playboy Larry Parks and hard-working doctor Barbara Hale, With Eduard Franz. (Feb.)

(V) (F) ENFORCER, THE—Warner: Plenty of action with Humphrey Bogart as a fearless prosecutor out to smash a murder syndicate headed by Everett Sloane. (Apr.)

(V) (F) FLYING MISSILE, THE—Columbia: Fictional story based on the actual building and launching of guided missiles. Played against authentic Naval base background by Glenn Ford, Viveca Lindfors. (Mar.)

(V) (F) FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—20th Century-Fox: Angels Clifton Webb and Edmund Gwenn come down to earth to settle marital difficulties between Joan Bennett and Robert Cummings so that Gigi Perreau can be born. A surrealistic comedy-fantasy. With Joan Blondell. (Mar.)

(V) (F) FRESHIE—U-I: Sheriff Joel McCrea finds it impossible to keep law and order and a state of bachelordom when Shelley Winters hits the western town of Bottleneck to avenge her father's murder. Fun—and Technicolor too. With Elsa Lanchester, Paul Kelly, John Russell. (Feb.)

(V) (F) GOLDBERGS, THE (MOLLY)—Paramount: Heart-warming screen version of TV show with Gertrude Berg, Philip Loeb, Arlene McQuade, Robert Morley in her original roles—and Edward Franz, Barbara Rush, Peter Hanson as a triangle. (Mar.)

(V) (F) GOLDWINE WORE SPURS—U-I: Jack Carson, a movie cowboy, who can't ride or shoot, hires lawyer Ginger Rogers to keep him out of trouble in that night and unusual Western. (Apr.)

(V) (F) GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE—M-G-M: Zany comedy, with plenty about Kathryn Greyson's efforts to win ex-husband Van Johnson away from Paula Raymond. With Barry Sullivan. (Mar.)

(V) (F) HALLS OF MONTESQUIEU—20th Century-Fox: Romantic adventure of a marine platoon's struggle to capture a Japanese-held island in the South Pacific. With Richard Widmark, Jack Holt, Walter Pidgeon and Reginald Gardiner. (Mar.)

(V) (F) I'LL CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN—20th Century-Fox: A tender Technicolor drama with William Lundigan as a circus ringmaster who tries to solve the problems of his North Georgia parishioners. With Susan Hayward as his devoted wife, Rose Calhoun (Norma Shearer) and Brian Donlevy. (Apr.)

(V) (F) KANSAS RAIDERS—U-I: Technicolor story of Civil War days of the West's most famous bad men—played by Audie Murphy, Richard Long, Tony Curtis, Brian Donlevy, With Scott Brady, Margaretta Chapman. (Feb.)

(V) (F) LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—Warners: Ruth Roman becomes involved in intrigue and murder when she meets Dick Todd, Mercedes McCambridge in this modern Western mystery. With Zachary Scott. (Apr.)

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big Bath Sizes

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Bouquet
Soap

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MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., 205 E. 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.
(Continued from page 26)

this entertaining comedy built around their exploits in and out of foxholes. Tom Ewell and David Wayne not only look like Mauldin's characters but bring out caracterizations remarkably in keeping with the wry humor of the popular cartoons. The story revolves around the bitterly fought Italian campaign of World War II, with Willie and Joe keeping squads of M.P.'s constantly busy in futile attempts to keep them out of trouble. Italian actress Marina Berti plays a Neapolitan siren; Richard Egan, an army sergeant and Jeffrey Lynn, an eager beaver officer who has plans of winning the war all by himself.

Your Reviewer Says: Fine fun.

Program Notes: "Up Front," say the U-I experts, is conclusive proof that the cost of war making has risen proportionately to the cost of making war itself. Back in the "All Quiet on the Western Front" days a machine gun cost about $10 for the entire production. Today a machine gun rents for $75 a week, not including ammunition. The ammunition for Willie and Joe alone in defending their foxhole cost $100 a minute. David Wayne and Tom Ewell (the last time they appeared together was in "Adam's Rib") are New York actors who are being wooed hand-and-hand by producers. Berti is married in lock, stock and barrel with his attractive wife and children, even signed a long-term contract with 20th Century-Fox. But Tom still isn't particularly attached to Hollywood and commutes from his twenty-acre Bucks County farm in Pennsylvania. But he's weakening—he's signed a contract with U-I for two pictures a year, following his big success as Willie. Marina Berti flew to Hollywood from Rome the day after she finished her role in "Quo Vadis." No, she is not Bob Taylor's Italian girl friend. She is happily married to an Italian actor-director, Claudio Gora, and they have two boys. She has only been in one other American film, "Deported," which was partially shot in Italy.

☆☆☆ (F) Lullaby of Broadway (Warners)

Doris Day and Gene Nelson are teamed in this cheery musical. Gene's dance numbers are exciting and expertly done—and the boy is quite an actor. Doris sings in her usual charming manner, joins Gene occasionally in a dance and looks stunning in Technicolor. A good supporting cast includes Gladys George as Doris's mother, an alchoholic cafe singer whom Doris thinks is a bigtime Broadway star. S. Z. Sakall plays a wealthy owner who backs shows, Florence Bates, his wife, Billy de Wolfe and Ann Triola an out-of-work vaudeville team.

Your Reviewer Says: Easy on the eyes, the ears and the mind.

Program Notes: Doris Day bought Martha Raye's home in Toluca Lake last year, removed the mirrors and the bar, and is now living like a movie star for the first time in her career. Her mother and son live with her and any minute she'll be a bride again... Gene Nelson is a Los Angeles boy who was a high hurdler and high jumper at school. Later he became a featured ice skater and graduated from that to musical comedy. He was spotted in "Lend an Ear," a revue Bill Eythe produced in Hollywood, and signed by Warners.

½ (F) The Fat Man (U-I)

FRESH from the whodunits of the air waves comes 200-pounder J. Scott Smart, called Jack. Jack, as a sort of Nero Wolfe detective, except that he'd rather Charleston than raise orchids, is given quite a baffling case to solve. A Beverly Hills dentist is murdered in New York and the dentist's nurse (Jayne Meadows) reports the only thing stolen is an X-ray of the teeth of a mysterious young man (Rock Hudson). The Fat Man with his Man Friday (Clinton Sundberg) takes the plane for L. A. and between gargantuan meals does a fine bit of sleuthing. Involved are a nightclub entertainer (Julie London), a batch of millionaires who don't want to be questioned about a racetrack robbery and a very sad circus clown (Emmet Kelly). No fair telling who the murderer is.

Your Reviewer Says: Not good, not bad.

Program Notes: Emmet Kelly, known as "the king of circus clowns," was for many years a star of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus... The best way to get into pictures these days, it seems, is to get a whodunit radio program, or so says Jack Smart who is well known to radio audiences. Preceding him in films were Howard Duff, radio's Sam Spade; Jeff Chandler of Michael Shayne fame; Frank Lovejoy of the "Night Beat" afer; and Jack Webb of "Dragnet"... Jack Smart, who has done the "Fat Man" radio show since 1946, keeps happy by eating what he likes, cooking what he eats, playing the bull fiddle and dancing the Charleston. When he is in the East he lives in a fisherman's shack in Maine and flies to New York each week for his broadcasts... Dull and mediocre Julie London is married to Jack Webb, who got his first good picture break in "The Man." Julie claims that movies are a hobby with her now. Her real job is making a home for her husband and their year-old daughter... Twenty-five-year-old Rock Hudson was formerly a mail man in his home town of Winnetka, Illinois. After he served a hitch in the Navy during the war he decided to have a fling at Hollywood. Universal has signed him on a long term contract, and has promised him a big he-man build-up.

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Irresistible!

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All the advantages of a pencil plus extra strength in the lip-width "shorty.

Fresh...fragrant...smooth all over with

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Keeps you cool, dainty in hottest weather. Smooths as it soothes... and prevents chafing.

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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ACE IN THE HOLE—Paramount: Charles Taber, Kirk Douglas; Lorraine, Audie Murphy, Jack Kennedy, Frank Cady, Lee Minnou, Richard Benedict, Sergeant, Ray Teal; McCord, Louis Martini, Papa Minnou, John Berkle; Mama Minnou, Frances Dominey; Deputy Sergeant, Gene Evans.

AIR CADET—U-I: Major Jack Page, Stephen McNally, Joe Consuelos, Alex Nicol; Janet Page, Gail Russell; Ross Collins, Richard Long; Captain, Sullivan, Charles Drake; Gail, Rock Hudson; Walter Carver, Robert Arthur; Jerry Connell, James Beatt; Pat, Peggy Castle; Major Jim Evans; Parkey Buer; Cadet, Eric Norden; Instructor, Russell Dennis.

APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER—Paramount: Al Godard, Alan Badl, Sister Augustine, Phyllis Calvert; Earl Boettger, Paul Stewart; Dolly, Jan Sterling; Joe Regan, Jack Webb; Paul Ferrar, Stacy Harris; George Sudeikis, Henry Morgan; David Goodman, David Wolfe; Marnie Ahearn, Dan RSVP; Taylor; (Postmaster), Harry Antin; Mother Ambrose, Geraldine Hall, Leo Carney, George J. Lewis, Gene Gunner, Paul C. Lees.

BIRD OF PARADISE—20th Century-Fox: Andre Lawrence, Louis Jordan, Kalon, Deon Page; Tenga, Jeff Chandler; The Beachcomber, Everett Sloane; The Kahuna, Maurice Schwartz; The Trader, Jack Egan; Chief, Prince Lea Lani; Skippy, Otto Walden; Van Hook, Alfred Ziskin; Nounou, Mary Ann Venura; Chaucer, David R. Bray; Tenga’s Friend, Sam Monzarrat, Chiefess, Violet Nathaniel; Chief’s Man, Solomon Pa.

FAT MAN THE—U-I: Brad Reymond, I. Scott Smart; Pat Bayl, Julie London; Ray Clark, Rock Hudson; Bill Norton, Clinton Sundberg; Tony, Bob Rourke; Jane Adams, Jayne Meadows; Gene Gordon, John Russell; Lt. Stark, Jerome Cowan; Ed Deets, Emmett Kelly, Lola Gordon, Lucille Barkley; Fletcher, Robert Oscarik; Happy Stevens, Harry Lewis; Shifty, Ted Hart.

FATHER’S LITTLE DIVIDEND—M-G-M: Stanley Banks, Spencer Tracy; Ellie Banks, Joan Bennett; Kay Dunstan, Elizabeth Taylor; Buckley Dunstan, Don Taylor; Doris Dunstan, Bille Burke; Herbert Dunstan, Morton Olsen; Police Sergeant, Richard Rober; Deilah, Marietta Canty; Tommy Banks, Rusty TAMBLY, Rex Banks, Tom Irish; Dr. Andrew Nordell, Hayden Rorke; Reverend Galsworthy, Paul Harvey.

LULLABY OF BROADWAY—Warners: Matilda Howard, Doris Day; Tom Parnham, Gene Nelson; Adolph HUBBELL, S. Z. Sakall; “Lefty” Mark, Billy Dirck; Wife, Preston Foster; Gloria Howard, Gladys Page; Mr. HUBBELL, Florence Bates; Gloria Davis, Anne Truilla; George Forman, Hanley Stafford; Specialties, Page Cavanaugh Trio, the De Mattiazzis.

ON THE RIVIERA—20th Century-Fox: Henri Duran and Jack Martin, Danny Kaye; Lilu, Gene Tierney; Collette, Corinne Calvet; Philip leptis, Marcel Dallio; Periton, Jean Murat; Louis Forl, Henri Letondal; Antoinette, Couton Sundberg; Goffeau Sig Ruman, Mimi, Joyce MacKenzie; Minette, Monique Chantal; Alice, Corin, Marisa Kosche; Mme. Pate, Ann Cody, Eugene, Mart Blanchard; Dance Team, Ethel Martin, George Martin and Vera Martin; Miller, Bob; Ray, Ray and Gwyneth Vernon; Spanish Dancer, Rosario Imperio; Chef, Antonio Filari; Arad, Charles Colvert, Lena Pentrom, Dina.

PAYMENT ON DEMAND—KKO: Joyce Ramsey, Betty Days; David Ramsey, Barry Sullivan; Mrs. Hedges, Jane Cowell; Robert Tunney, Kent Taylor; Martha, Betty Lynn; Twilights, John Sutton; Eileen Brooke, Frances Dee; Duke, Peggie Castle; Prescott, Otto Kruger; Sisson, Waler Sande; Phil Polonski, Brett King; Jim, Richard Anderson; Mrs. Evans, Natalie Shaefer; Mrs. Gates, Katherine Emery; Molly, Lisa Golm.

U.S.S. TEAKETTLE—20th Century-Fox: Lt. John Hanks, Wayne Morris; Cooper; Ellie, Jane Greer; Chief Bottorff’s Mate, Larrabeau, Millard Mitchell; Lt. Bill Barron, Eddie Albert; Commander Reynolds, Janis Carter, Admiral Tennessay, Ray Collins; Capt. Elyon, Harry Von Zell; Euston Anthony Barbo, Jack Webb; Eugene Chuck Dorrance, Richard Egan; Norelli, Warren Lembreck; Ryan (Chief Engineer), Henry Slate; Commander, Ed Begley; Battleship Admiral, Pay Roos; Roonoo, Charles Tannen; Wazee, Wazee, Charles Buchnik; Marce, Jack Ward; Crew Members, Ken Holden, Called Denny, Jack Hauser, Carl Smith; Top Boy Sailor, Barnard Kate; New Boy Sailor, James Cornell.

UP FRONT—U-I: Joe, David Wayne, Willie, Tom Ewell; Emi, Marina Berri; Capt. Ralph Johnson; Jeffrey Lynn; Sgt. Capi, Richard Egan; Payo, Maureen Caylor, Major Leader, Vaughn Taylor; Poppa Russo, Silvio Miconetti, Colleen Akeley, Paul Harvey; Glen, Roger DeKaye; Rasa, Prendergast, Grazia Nacezio; Driver, Mickey Knox; Tartino, Tito Vialli; Arlo Allen, Darren Dublin; Lt. McRae, Hidie Ward; General, Selmer Jackson; Cooper, Ken Tohey; Walsh, John Duscette; Moore, Lynn Osborn; Braceham, Hal Bokos.

VALENTINO—Columbia: Joan Carlisle, Eleanor Parker; William King, Richard Carlson; Lisa Reysa, Patricia Medina; Luigi Verdutti, Joseph Calleia; Maria Teresa, Donna Drake, Eddie Moran, Lloyd Gough; Rudolph Valentino, Anthony Dexter; Mark Teneor, Otto Kruger; Tilde, Marietta Canty; Photographer, Paul Bruer; Butler, Eric Wilson.
MARIO LANZA, born Alfred Arnold Cocozza, looks like a center on the Los Angeles Rams, moves as gracefully as the lightweight boxer he once was, and sings like an angel straight out of heaven.

Not yet thirty, full of beans and delighted with this wonderful life which is opening before him, Mario is no shrinking pilgrim hiding his light under a bushel. He has ears to hear his own voice and he has read the statements of eminent critics, hailing him as the greatest singer since Caruso, whom he portrays in his third and latest picture.

He has already been invited to join the New York Metropolitan Opera Company, and his "Toast of New Orleans" recordings are expected to net him $200,000.

Yet, in spite of all this, Mario is not vain. He is still vividly conscious of the grinding poverty of his youth, the mean streets and alleys of South Philadelphia, the bleak struggle for existence in a tough and, at times, sinister environment. "Except for the accident of being gifted with a voice," he says, "I'd be doing some kind of manual labor. Either that, or walking on my heels from soaking up too many punches in the ring. I'm a lucky guy."

When he says this, his face lights up and his brown eyes become misty with emotion. "It's wonderful for my mother and dad, too," he rushes on. "Dad is a disabled veteran of the first World War, shot to pieces in the Argonne fight, but no matter how poor we were, he always told me to forget the financial rewards of singing and think only of excellence. I can still remember the tears streaming down his cheeks, as I sang the aria from 'Pagliacci,' matching my voice with Caruso's in one of his records."

It was this same aria from Pagliacci, incidentally, which opened the door of the future for Mario. Prodded by an irate and practical grandfather, Mario got a job with a trucking concern, hauling heavy freight. His first task was to deliver a piano to the Academy for a Koussevitsky concert. With the instrument set up, Mario dropped down on the bench and broke into his beloved aria. As he finished it, Koussevitsky, who was in a near-by dressing room, came shouting into the studio and kissed Mario on both cheeks. After that, Mario was in. He was given a scholarship to the Berkshire School. Then he served three years in the Army and came home to a series of concerts which finally flung him into the comforting arms of M-G-M.

Married in 1945 to Betty Hicks, sister of an Army pal, Mario is now the father of two daughters—Elissa, born last December 3, and two-year-old Coleen. With all this, and Hollywood, too, it would seem that Mario Lanza's cup of happiness could not hold another drop.

**The End**
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find out about new WONDER DRUG

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At Your Drug Counter Now!

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was fourteen I looked about seventeen, I was as tall then as I am now, and I weighed the same. Jon was twenty. We ran away and got married, and have been as happy as most married couples are.

Now I am only twenty years old and we have three children, a boy five, a girl three, and a boy almost two. We have a nice house which is almost paid for.

We feel that this country is in terrible trouble, and we want to do something about it. Jon wants to go into the Army, and I want to join one of the women's services, whichever one will have me.

The thing that is holding us back is our family. Do you suppose there is someone among your readers who would like to take our children and bring them up, leaving us to help protect this country? It shouldn't be too difficult to find someone to take our youngsters. They have naturally curly hair and blue eyes, and they are chubby and healthy.

I feel that I have given them a good start in life so that someone else could finish the job and enjoy them while I am serving my country. I could write the children very interesting letters while seeing the world and doing some of the things most girls get to do when they are my age.

Mineola R.

Almost any mother to whom you might talk would tell you, if she had the courage of complete honesty, that there are times, when children are clamoring, fighting with one another, demanding attention and care, that she feels like walking out and never returning.

Bringing up children properly is, admittedly, a twenty-four-hour-a-day task, and it is, incidentally, the greatest service a woman can render her country.

Great responsibility settled upon your shoulders at an age which we now consider too young. In a way, you were cheated of your girlhood. However, I have a cheering reassurance for you. By the time you are thirty, your youngest child will be almost twelve, and you will have free time from your household chores to enjoy yourself. At thirty you will feel as young as you do now, and you will not have aged even when you are forty. As time goes by you will find that

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Send your true story to

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P. O. Box 1614, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
So be glad that your family is well launched; be assured that you are serving your country magnificently by rearing three new citizens; be happy in the knowledge that your girlhood will wait for you to catch up with it.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am now nineteen. When I was in high school I began to smoke, mostly because the girls I chummed with smoked.

The boy I was going with (we have since broken off) was in college at the time, and when he came home and we had dates he led me to believe that a girl lost something of her sweetness if she smoked. It gave me the impression that boys consider a girl who doesn't smoke just a notch or two nicer than those who do. I don't care much about smoking, but once in a while I enjoy a cigarette. However, whenever I smoke in the presence of other people I feel as though my entire personality undergoes a change. I am not quite myself, a little showoffish, I suppose you would call it.

I wanted to ask if all boys feel about smoking (for girls, that is) as my college beau felt.

Pat M.

If you feel that your entire personality changes when you smoke, then you shouldn't smoke.

In general, for a girl who has attained full maturity, the question of whether to smoke or not to smoke is much like the question of eating or not eating olives. It is simply a matter of individual enjoyment.

There is one other consideration: In one section of the United States it is considered bad taste, socially, for a young girl to smoke in public, and by public is meant any social gathering. A wise girl never takes the lead in starting to smoke. She waits until others, whom she admires, have accepted a cigarette.

As to the attitude of a boy toward feminine smoking; that, too, is individual. Some men prefer a girl who smokes, because it establishes between them a sense of comradeship. Some men have a preference, and some are opposed to the practice. The most gracious thing to do is to ask a man outright what his views are, and then decide whether you like him well enough to abide by his preference.

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.

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Are you in the know?

What's your reaction to last-minute bids?

- Eager beaver
- Thumbs down
- Think it over

Ee-magine being asked to tomorrow night’s shindig on such short notice! Should you gals say nay? Think it over. If the boys have jobs, it may be hard for them to plan ahead; or could be they’re low on loot. If there’s no excuse, you’d better squelch eleventh-hour bids. But just because it’s calendar time, you’ve no excuse for date dodging. Learn to count on Kotex for confidence. You'll see how poised you can be when you discover those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

What helps smooth out too-curly locks?

- Brushing
- Stretching
- Softening

If you’re a frizz-kid, have your tresses shaped and thinned out. After each washing, use a softening rinse; apply wave set to a-t-r-e-t-c-h hair while putting into pin curls. And you’ll find constant brushing helps. Of course, you can smooth away “certain” cares—with the comfort of Kotex to keep you at ease. Because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that holds its shape.

When leaving a vehicle, which is correct?

- Ladies first
- Ladies last
- Look before you leap

When you leave a bus, street car, taxi or jalopy—ladies last is the rule to remember. That’s so your squire can assist you to a safe landing. Why tempt fate or thwart his gallantry? Why take risks at any time? You know, you can side-step problem-day “accidents” as surely as you can say “Kotex”... because, with that special safety center you get extra protection. Try all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super!

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

P.S. Have you tried Delsey®? It’s the new bathroom tissue that’s safer because it’s softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that’s the nicest compliment there is.)

Laughing stock

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson’s “Hollywood Ree on your local television station.)

Carmen Miranda’s frank wordage who somebody admired her jewel-encrusted compact: “My hooband geeve thees me after beeg fight. Beeg fights, be prassants. Leele fights, nawthing.”

Ethel Barrymore’s definition of wrinkle “Wrinkles should merely indicate whose smiles have been.”

During his Korean trip, Bob Hope to jokes, through an interpreter, to a Japanese audience. Every time the audience laughed the interpreter took a bow.

Hollywood’s uttering about the gentle man bricklayer who married the big bricklayer. Everybody sent them “Hi” and “Her” towels.

Definition of what it takes to be a go-rhumba dancer: Nothing but a ship background.

Newest Hollywoodese for peroxide blondes: Bleachcombers.

Overheard at Ciro’s: “No, dear, you don’t look forty. But I’ll say you did once.”

M-G-M will release “Love Is Better Than Ever” just about the time Liz Taylor gets her final divorce decree.

Robert Q. Lewis, about a much-married actress: “She’s driven so many husbands crazy that psychiatrists pay her royalties.

Definition of a Hollywood rancher: a guy who owns a $5,000 station wagon ar a flowerpot.

Sign in a Hollywood delicatessen: “you don’t smell it, we ain’t got it.”

Asked where he got his middle initial Joe E. Lewis said: “It’s a present fro Elizabeth Scott.

Drive-in theaters: Pet shops.

Even toupees go to the beauty parlor in Hollywood. Bing Crosby’s dome doil gets a gray tinge every morning for his role in “Here Comes the Groom.” He explains: “Paramount is giving me dignity.

There’s a sign on a building near Warn Bros: “Lodgers taken. Good food, free air, excellent view of Virginia Mayo, Dor Day, Joan Crawford, etc.”

A sailor won $3,000 on a Hollywood qu show, then was asked, “Do you expect to get anything out of the service?” “Yes snapped the sailor, “ME.”

Nineteen-year-old Debbie Reynolds, er thused about “Singing in the Rain”: “I joo love it. It’s a period picture—1929.”

Overheard at Mocambo: “When woman meets a man who looks her strait in the eye she’d better do something about her figure.”
Back in the fold: In Hollywood again, after several years abroad, lovely Merle Oberon was welcomed by hostess Hopper.

Dick Widmark's appearance at party gave Dan Duryea a chance he'd been waiting for. He wanted a picture with Dick, as friends say they look alike.

Three's company: Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis hurried back from a day of sunshine at Malibu Beach to be among the hundred and fifty guests that greeted Photoplay's Editorial Director Fred Sammis (left).

Singers four: Clifton Webb, Gordon MacRae, Alice Faye, Vic Damone provided impromptu entertainment. Vic got another invitation that day—from Uncle Sam's draft board.

At soiree Hedda Hopper gave for Fred Sammis, guests Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall told Bob Mitchum of Bogie's plans for his trip to Niobe, Africa, for exterior scenes of "African Queen."
A lovelier-looking complexion rewarded Tucson’s Mrs. Ann Snodgrass, when she tried the Noxzema Home Facial. “Greaseless Noxzema is wonderful,” she says.

Easy, New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations ... no complicated rituals! With just one cream—greaseless, medicated Noxzema—you can help your skin look softer, smoother and fresher, too!

All you do is follow the easy Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in actual clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor’s Home Facial, you “creamwash” to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base ... the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal externally-caused blemishes, while it helps soften and smooth.

Money-Back Offer! Get Noxzema today at any drug or cosmetic counter—40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax. If it doesn’t help your skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and get your money back.

Do this for a lovelier-looking complexion!

Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, “creamwash” with Noxzema just as you would if you were using soap and water. When you “creamwash” your skin clean with Noxzema, there’s no dry, drawn feeling afterwards!

Evening—At bedtime, “creamwash” again with Noxzema just as in the morning. How fresh it feels! See how you’ve washed away make-up, dirt—without harsh rubbing!

*externally-caused
Elsa remembers the days when heroes measured their manhood by the Zombies they could carry. And doesn’t forget the trouble they brewed for themselves.

You cannot pick up your daily paper, it seems, without reading about another Hollywood brawl. No wonder those whose knowledge of Hollywood stems solely from the press get the idea Hollywood is a roistering community.

Nicky Hilton rows with an Air Force lieutenant... John Agar is arrested and charged with drunken driving...

Lawrence Tierney does this... Humphrey Bogart gets into a scrape with a Panda or some other kind of a pooka...

Sonny Tufts does that... Dan Dailey goes to the Menninger Clinic in Kansas City for several months... Whereupon everyone (Continued on page 91)
**HOLD THAT MAN!**

By Katherine Albert

Ten Hollywood men can’t be wrong! If your phone’s stopped ringing or your date line’s dragging, theirs may be the reasons why

EVERYTHING is fine. You’re in love. He calls you every night. He sees you at least three times a week—a midweek movie date, a heavy date on Saturday night and Sunday with the family. Not to mention the fact that all your friends take it for granted that you’re practically engaged and invite you to parties as a couple.

And then he isn’t so interested. It doesn’t happen suddenly. There (Continued on page 116)

- Gene Nelson: Possession isn’t nine-tenths of the law, when it comes to romance.

- Jimmy Stewart: Be yourself or you won’t be with him
- Gregory Peck: Let your attentions wander and you'll find the man will, too

- Howard Duff: Tell a man what to do and he'll be doing it, alone

- Bill Holden: No husband wants to be regarded as a complaint department

- Victor Mature: If she made him what he is today, she won't be around

- John Derek: Too much flattery won't turn a man's head your way
LIZ

When she rushed headlong from one romance to another, people excused her because of her youth.

But when she ended her marriage, that was different

THE fairy tale's over, and the princess of dreams has told it to a judge. "Forever after" lasted not quite seven months. On May 6th Elizabeth walked down the aisle of the Church of the Good Shepherd, and one guy was heard to mutter, "If that's how Helen of Troy looked, no wonder!" On May 6th she joined hand, heart and life to Nicky Hilton's till death did them part. Their lips clung so long in the rapturous post-nuptial kiss that laughter rippled over the pews, but Elizabeth heard nothing till she heard Father Concannon's gentle voice: "I think that's long enough—"

On May 6th the world was well lost for love. On December 1st it was a dead duck. Liz fled Nicky's bed and board to take refuge, not with her parents, but with Marjorie Dillon, her stand-in and erstwhile bridesmaid. During the traditional season of peace and goodwill, the Hiltons were exchanging gilt-edged court writs. On December 22nd, Elizabeth filed (Continued on page 95)

Friends say Liz and Stanley Donen, who also is getting a divorce, are just consoling each other
...a kiss. And in a few weeks was engaged to wealthy Bill Pawley

Few months later Liz (with mother) was in love with Nick Hilton

Marriage of Hiltons (with his dad) seemed an idyl. But storm signals went up on honeymoon

or mixed-up teenager?

by Ida Zeitlin
On the home lot: Vera-Ellen didn’t know she’d changed until that day in church when her mother, far right, said in a shocked whisper, “Vera-Ellen, you’re slinking!”

by Liza Wilson

Candleflame blonde

She was the kid-sister type, the hearts-and-flowers gal. Then Vera-Ellen got smart

VERA-ELLEN used to be strictly the fluffy, bubbly ingenue type. Even fluttered her eyelids. She went in for dirndls and peasant blouses, and in the evening girlish organdies and voiles, with more little bows and ruffles than you’d find at a strawberry festival. She wore bangs and did her hair in thousands of little ringlets, with a flower coyly tucked in one of the curls. Her hobby was hearts. They dangled from her wrists, her throat, her ears. Not only dangled, but clanked a bit, too. She had hearts embroidered on her panties, her bras, her nighties and her dresses. Even worked them on her (Continued on page 113)

Vera-Ellen of “Happy Go Lovely” with pet “Happy.”
She keeps 20” waistline by mowing neighbors’ lawns
PHOTOPLAY

PIN UP #4

Color Photograph by Virgil Apger
The John Agar PUZZLE

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

He's on the defensive. He's defiant. He refuses to let the public into his confidence. But this ace reporter surprised him into some unexpected admissions

"I will never let Linda Sue forget I am her father"

John, at entrance to new Westwood home, which he shares with his widowed mother, grandfather

When he's out with his mother, a charming woman, John comes out of his shell

With grandfather Frank Rogers. John's
John Agar had no previous experience in "taking" the goldfish existence of Hollywood, the hard jolts that go with fame

IT IS astounding to me that John Agar's private life seems so unhappy and confused at a time when his career is hitting on high. This is not the way things normally go in Hollywood. Usually it's when a career is going badly that our boys and girls become mixed up and make mistakes they are sorry for later.

Admitting that John was completely cut-up at the time of his divorce from Shirley Temple, still—almost eighteen months have rolled by since then. But, although young, well liked and successful, he has not snapped out of whatever is depressing him.

Frequently, he is seen "stag" at the various night clubs, seeking a table in the background and just watching the people of his own age having fun dining and dancing. Even when he dates a pretty girl he seems preoccupied and not really interested.

Also, it is not unusual for Beverly Hills stay-up-lates to spot young Agar driving his car along the deserted streets until the wee small hours of the morning—alone.

Twice his name has made the news columns—when he was arrested on a drunk driving charge.

I've always felt a lot of sympathy in my heart for these young people of our profession who (Continued on page 114)
Shirley Temple knows how to grow begonias, her husband doesn’t. But he’s finding a spade and a willing back help.

**Fink and Smith**

Give them an inch of ground and they’ll turn it into an Eden.

For these Hollywood stars have that magic touch called “the green thumb”

These stars acquired green thumbs in different ways. Anne, in her mother’s orchid house; Shirley, with the few pots of begonias her mother gave her; Faith, in a tropical New Orleans garden. Lauren and Phyllis learned by trial and error and Barbara became an expert when the Williamses built in The Valley. But all of them know the “growing pains” no real gardener can escape.
Spring tonic

Anne Baxter wonders if fertilizer actually stimulates plants or whether it's just so repulsive they try to grow away from it!

Phyllis Kirk says the first seeds she planted acted as if they were in a cemetery—they stayed buried!

Ask Faith Domergue how she manages to grow flowers so beautifully and she'll answer, "How? Why, on my knees; on my knees!"

Watching for rattlesnakes, coaxing Bogey to buy "one more shrub," keeps Lauren busy.

Fink and Smith

Fink and Smith

Smith and Ormits
There's never been any question of who knows best between Clifton Webb and his mother, Maybelle!

Peter Lawford goes his own way—but he always goes home to Mother

When Mama takes the role of leading lady, many a star course is changed

NEVER underestimate the problems of Hollywood mothers—or, for that matter, the problems of their daughters.

Who knows best, mother or daughter or son? The score varies. When it comes to choosing the men the darling daughters shall marry, or the girls their sons shall marry, it's about a fifty-fifty score.

Jeanne Crain's mother objected so strenuously to Paul Brinkman as a son-in-law that Jeanne, who until then had hardly drawn a breath without the sanction and cooperation of her family, quietly disappeared for twenty-four hours and returned to her frantic mother—who meanwhile had called in the
police to search for Jeanne—all signed, sealed and married to Paul. And in this case daughter knew best. The Brinkmans, after five years of matrimony and three sons, are among the happiest couples in Hollywood.

June Haver's mother was obviously right to object to Jimmy Zito for June's husband. But when June told her, "I'm going to marry Jimmy. If you want to go along with it, fine. If not, we're still getting married," she went along with it. Later, Mrs. Haver was smart enough to refrain from saying, "I told you so." So today they are friendly; but they live in (Continued on page 107)
He's a natural

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Tony's mother calls him Bern-a-la and he calls her Helen. He has a mania for shoes, garlic and Picasso, hates oysters and opera and is one gentleman who doesn't prefer blondes.

He doesn't like popcorn.
He has a mania for shoes, now owns twelve pairs of all kinds, and hopes someday to own twenty pairs—"with trees and a special place for them in the wardrobe."

He is deeply introspective, has few illusions, and doesn't like to shave, "I'm always afraid of cutting my throat."

He prefers cats to dogs and if he had the room he'd like to have five of them. "You never get too attached to a cat. It doesn't hurt so much when you have to give 'em up."

His legal name is Bernard Schwartz. He plays chess "not well," and thinks he would have made a very bad businessman.

He takes no vitamins, dislikes hill-billy entertainment, and his monetary plans include "a house for my folks, send my kid brother to college, have all the clothes I need, a car and an occasional trip to New York. I have no desire to get rich."

His hair is black, thick and curly, and he's very fussy about the way it is cut. He is fond of garlic and onions.

He is an excellent boxer. (Continued on page 98)
this is Susan

by ruth waterbury
1. The Barkers keep two medium-priced cars. Susan does the marketing, Jess drives twin sons Tim and Gregory to school.

2. Jess Barker, like Susan, knows the meaning of poverty and he's just as determined they'll never be poor again.

3. Susan admits her temper still blows up but cools off when she sees Jess and the boys waiting for her to calm down.

4. The Barkers bought their two-story home in The Valley during the war, still haven't furnished the living room.

“I had been to market one day recently,” said Susan, “and when I came home with my car full of heavily loaded paper bags, cartons and the six-year-old twins, Timothy and Gregory, I overheard my agent in the next room talking to my studio.

“But I must insist on this,” he was saying. ‘It is imperative for a star of Miss Hayward’s importance.’ At that I laughed long and loud. I didn’t have any idea of what he was insisting on then, and I still don’t because, you see, he knows his job and I don’t bother him with silly questions. But the tone he used when he said, ‘a star of Miss Hayward’s importance’—this was my private little laugh and no wonder.

“You see, it wasn’t too long ago when, for the first time in my life, I had a brand new dress to wear and I wouldn’t have had that except that it was given me by Louella Parsons, no less, because we were going out on a personal appearance tour and she wanted me to look nice. Back in those days, judging by outward appearance, I was in clover.

“I had a contract with Paramount and before that I did a little modeling. Nobody in Hollywood knew that I had been living on beans—wonderful, lovely, cheap, filling beans—to stretch my tiny salary over my big ideas. Come to think of it, even the beans were a vast improvement over my former diet of shredded wheat and milk which I stretched out over my low-income period between being dropped by Warners and signed by Paramount. And that,” said Susan, “is the story of my life.”

The string quartet will now play “Hearts and Flowers.”

But the truth about Susan is that (Continued on page 104)

Don’t get her wrong—she loves being a star and the money and excitement that go with it. But she’s too close to the past to lose her sense of direction now.
Pamela Archer's open adoration would melt a stronger fighting heart than Audie's

his Love wears wings

BY MAXINE ARNOLD
"I'd be happy with Audie anywhere," says Pam. Above, with his best friends, the Pitt family

ANY DAY now, when Audie Murphy's divorce becomes final, you'll read of his engagement to a girl who should have met him even before he married Wanda Hendrix—and who almost did...

Dark-eyed, soft-spoken, petite, Pamela Archer is an air hostess supervisor in Dallas for Braniff Airways. She has raven hair, olive skin, and quiet wisdom which bespeak her Cherokee (one-eighth) heritage. She's a girl whose undivided heart may well provide for this restless, lonely star-soldier such happiness as has long escaped him.

And if you think the story of Audie and Pam could only happen in Hollywood—then you've never been to Texas.

Back in 1945, Pam Archer fell a little in love with a Life Magazine picture of the nation's most decorated soldier. A handsome young man with dark curly hair and a round babyish face, but with eyes that had seen too much for his twenty years. "That was when I first 'met' Audie," Pam drawls softly. "After that I read every line printed about him, and admired him so very much."

For two years she followed Audie's life and career via clippings, film gossip columns, and newspapers.

All the pilots (Continued on page 111)

Pam's attitude towards Audie is exactly what any doctor would order for him

Says Audie Murphy, "I can't help feeling there's something awfully right about this." He's in "Red Badge of Courage"

If you don't believe a girl can fall in love with a picture and that love will find a way—then this story is not for you.
He’s a fugitive from the conga line—a rebel about romance. But whether he plays a heel or a hero, you can’t help loving that man.

the guy’s a doll
ONCE I make up my mind," Ricardo Monttalan is fond of saying, "I follow through." And he does.

It was in New York City in 1941 that Ricardo definitely made up his mind to become an actor, a good straight dramatic actor. As a boy in Mexico, he had dreamed of becoming an engineer. At seven, he was all for being a bullfighter. When he visited his older brother, Carlos, in Los Angeles he appeared in several plays at the Fairfax High School. A talent scout hinted that he might even get him a test at mighty Metro.

But big brother Carlos insisted that Ricardo, the baby of the family, move with him to New York and make a connection there with some reliable company, preferably on Wall Street. "You need," he said, "a solid money-making profession."

"In New York," says Ricardo, "I saw a couple of Broadway plays magnificently acted. That did it. I knew that whether I failed or not, I had to try acting. I went to my brother and (Continued on page 93)
Mink was this blonde’s best friend.

For even before Judy made the final payment on her coat, it turned out to be a star investment...

Sensations occur about twice a minute in Hollywood without, as a rule, elevating anybody's blood pressure.

But you would have thought a bomb had gone off in the vicinity of Hollywood and Vine the night Columbia previewed "Born Yesterday," with Judy Holliday as Billie Dawn. Overnight Judy was the great new star. Fans in the bleachers outside the Pantages Theater scanned the faces of departing celebrities, and, disappointed, began to chant "We want Judy." They hadn't even seen the picture, but they heard the news. Reporters and photographers pestered the studio for appointments; Judy's agents were badgered for her phone number—hostesses wanted her for their parties, advertisers wanted her endorsement, (Continued on page 108)
caught in a Baby shower

BY KAY MULVEY
Recipes tested by Macfadden Kitchen

Dot Lamour prepares a welcome for a new citizen
and gives her guests some novel ideas to take home

DOROTHY LAMOUR HOWARD and Kay Williams (Mrs. Adolph, Jr.) Spreckels have been friends since the days when Dotty was singing in a band in Erie, Pa., and Kay's mother owned and operated a fruit farm outside of town.

When Dotty decided upon a shower for Kay, she asked Kay, properly enough, whom she would like her to invite. Whereupon Kay, very carefully, went through her address book, marked the friends she would like invited and turned this book over to Dotty.

Dotty sent out little stork party (Continued on page 105)
This year, when vacation time comes around, it is more important than ever to relax and glimpse far horizons. This year also—considering the new highs to which living costs and taxes have risen—it is essential to stretch the vacation budget.

So—consider a Hollywood holiday!

In and around Hollywood you will find beauty, variety and excitement—at prices as economical or lavish as you please.

On the following pages are beautiful California vistas, photographed in color... a contest that offers not one but several Hollywood holidays for two, in return for the best last lines for a limerick... an itinerary that will make you impatient to be on your way and, if you are thinking about a California vacation, answers to all your questions about travel, accommodations, sightseeing tours and the costs of these things.

It is with pride and pleasure that we present this special travel supplement, compiled after months of research, reporting and photography by the entire Photoplay staff.

THE EDITORS
Be sure not to drive past Holiday Inn, where Hugh O'Brian, Allene Roberts, above, are lunching or you'll miss a breathtaking experience. Perched on bedrock high above the sea, the restaurant overlooks Malibu Bay crescent on the Pacific.

In this enchanted land you'll find new adventures in summer living—and have beauty spots like these before your eyes on every trail.

There's never-ending excitement to a Hollywood holiday. Even a week's stay brings the variety of a semi-tropical sea, snow-capped mountains, fragrant orange groves and missions as old as California history. There are, besides, wherever you go, breath-takingly beautiful houses, set in vivid gardens, hillsides blanketed with bright geraniums and fields scarlet with poinsettias. There are (Continued on page 77)
Bill Williams and Barbara Hale relax after a day's outing in Red Rock Canyon in the desert, mecca of many travelers.

Circle the graceful lanes around Bel-Air, below left, for a view of star homes, nestling in the hills. A stone's throw from the ocean, on Sunset Boulevard, is Santa Ynez Inn, below, swank movieland motel.
Apache Lake in Arizona: Pioneers gazed at it from covered wagons. Now it's a Greyhound bus stop

Tanner buses take visitors on tour of Warner studio, also arrange chuckwagon luncheon on the set of Old Western movie town

ENTRY BLANK

There was a young girl who said, "Whee! I'm Hollywood bound, on a spree!"
Her husband said, "Honey, You know we've no money,"

(Fill in last line to rhyme with "spree")
(Example: "It's Photoplay's treat, dear," said she.)

Fill in this coupon and address your entry to:
Win a Hollywood Holiday, Box 1616
Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Name

Street

City ................. State

Travel across mountains, prairies
and desert to the blue Pacific.

Join the stars in movieland.

Try your luck in this great con-
test—it can be your passport to
the best time of your life
THREE GRAND PRIZE
PHOTOPLAY-SPONSORED
HOLLYWOOD VACATIONS

With Round-Trip Transportation by
SANTA FE RAILROAD
GREYHOUND BUS LINES
HAPPINESS TOURS

Including complete accommodation for a traveling companion, meals, hotel and entertainment in HOLLYWOOD.

PLUS a complete travel wardrobe as selected by Photoplay's fashion editor from the lines of

KORDAY sportswear
DORIS DODSON dresses
MINX MODES dresses
SEA NYMPH bathing suits
BRILLIANT bathing suits
SEA GODDESS swim fashions by Shepherd
DELTAH jewelry
NANCY TUCKER blouses
HOLEPROOF hosiery
LADY BERKLEIGH pajamas
ACCENT shoes
HONEYBUG slippers
HONEYDEB playshoes
MILLER GIRL lingerie
BARBIZON slips
MARTHA MAID slips
UNITED MILLS slips
POWERS MODEL slips
MAIDENFORM brassieres
PLAYTEX girdles
EXQUISITE FORM brassieres
FORMFIT foundations

From Santa Fe's luxurious new Super-Chief, passengers have a breathtaking view of places like Cajon Pass, above.

DO YOU want a Hollywood vacation with all expenses paid? You can stake your claim to this magic solution of your summer holiday problem with a few words—a few words appropriate for the last line of the jingle on the opposite page.

For three Grand Prizes in Photoplay's 1951 Travel Contest offer vacations for you—and your favorite traveling companion—that are, literally, the stuff of which dreams are made.

The Happiness Three Nations Tour entitles you and your companion to two weeks of exciting travel including—besides innumerable Hollywood and Los Angeles excursions—visits to the Grand Canyon, Catalina Island, San Diego, Tia Juana in Mexico, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle, and Victoria, Vancouver, Lake Louise and Banff in Canada. These trips are specially scheduled to leave August 26 and September 2.

The other Grand Prizes will carry you to California; one via the Santa Fe Railroad's Super Chief—and return on the Santa Fe Grand Canyon; the other via luxurious Greyhound bus. En route you will see the great West, rich both in scenic beauty and historical interest. Reservations will be made for you in Hollywood at a famous hotel. You'll meet the stars, you'll appear on a radio or TV show, you'll tour a motion picture studio, you'll enjoy sightseeing trips especially arranged by the Tanner Company, with all expenses paid by Photoplay.

And that's not all! Whichever prize you win you will receive a complete travel wardrobe, chosen for you by Photoplay's Fashion Editor.

Now turn to page 85 for the simple contest rules.
Good luck!
Keep cool. Look romantic. Pretty sheer dresses for your summer vacation. Watch all eyes travel your way when you appear in the Paris pink voile dress, left, worn by Betty Lynn of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Take Care of My Little Girl." Shadow lace embroidery adds a romantic touch to skirt and shoulder yoke. Around the waist, a velvet spaghetti cord belt. Under $23.00, also in white, leghorn beige, dusty blue. Center, Barbara Bates of Twentieth's "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" starts her vacation right in a blue voile dress-up shirtkmaker dress. Intriguingly feminine is tucked
bosom front, skirt with front stitch pleating, Peter Pan collar. Under $18.00, also in beige, lavender and yellow. Both dresses by Doris Dodson, sizes 9-15, both with skirts stiffened at hem with horsehair braid to keep them fresh and perky. Above, Phyllis Kirk of M-G-M’s “Three Guys Named Mike” decorates the summer scene in a crisply charming organdy dress. Rolled collar crisscrosses over the solid-color bodice. Appliqued pattern in skirt gives it a fetching opaque effect. By Minx Modes, sizes 7-15, it comes in yellow, blue or pink permanent-finished organdy. Under $13.00
Team a white sleeveless button-front blouse and slim, matching skirt with roomy pockets. Add black gloves, Garay's black patent belt—and you'll look smart and sophisticated wherever you vacation. Blouse is under $4.00, skirt under $6.00; both in Fuller's pique. Also available in black and yellow, sizes 10-18 by Korday. A handy sightseeing accessory—a Revere movie camera

Gleaming accompaniment to summer cottons: Black patent pump with low shell, lattice detail, by Accent

Casually correct for dressier dresses is this imported linen shoe with its high wedge, graceful ankle bowknot tie. In pastel and dark colors, $4.99 by Honeydebs
Court action: You'll win a round of applause in these pique little-boy shorts, above left, with cuffs and handy pockets. Pique halter blouse is cool and comfortable. Each under $4.00 by Korday in white, black, yellow, sizes 10-18. Coro bracelet

Plunge into the playtime picture in the black satin lastex one-piece suit, above right, with its shirring detail, halter tie. Also in yellow, red, blue or green, sizes 32-38. This Sea Goddess suit by Shepherd is under $8.00. For that important white accent, a cotton cardigan styled by Cruise Aid

Smart you, in this linen-like nylon outfit, at left, which washes and dries so quickly, needs no ironing. Flattering V-neck white blouse buttons at back. Black skirt is gathered at waist. Blouse, about $6.50, also in pastels, dark colors, sizes 32-38. Skirt, $7.95, also in navy, sizes 24-30. By Nancy Tucker
Prepare for a real vacation with this easy-to-make summer dress. Bib front with stand-up collar, brief sleeves and fitted midriff belt are in eye-catching frosty lace. It's sophisticated and charming with a matching stole, and you'll love the easy-to-get-into button-down back. Make it in Avondale's chambray, which is color fast and also has a perm-apress. For something new, try one of their brightly colored denims.
Now Deltah enriches lustrous, glowing, simulated pearls with hand-set rhinestone circlets that flash with diamond-like brilliance, to give you necklaces excitingly styled in the Parisian manner. Just perfect for daytime and glamour-time costumes...

Celeste necklace shown $17.50 including Federal tax; other styles from $5.50. In handsome gift cases.
HIDDEN

ATTR ACTIONS

THERE'S MORE THAN MEETS
THE EYE IN BEING WELL DRESSED. THESE
LINGERIE LINES WILL MEET THE TEST

MONA FREEMAN OF
PARAMOUNT'S "DEAR BRAT" SAYS:

"There's so much variety in the cut and
style of today's fashions that it's impor-
tant to choose your lingerie with care."

NANCY OLSON, NEXT IN
PARAMOUNT'S "SUBMARINE COMMAND," SAYS:

"I think the new strapless lingerie styles
are exciting and a perfect accompaniment
to your summer vacation wardrobe."

For luxury lovers:
Lady Love 8-gore slip with lace bodice, deep lace insets at
hem. In the new trumpet flare, it comes in
sizes 32-40, white or pink. $3.95
Sheer loveliness: For those transparent dresses, a white strapless slip with lace bodice, crepe skirt, matching lace trim. A Powers Model slip by Movie Star, sizes 32-38, around $4.00.

Charm companions: Nylon marquisette and taffeta bra with plunging neckline, removable straps. By Maidenform, sizes 32-40, $3.00. Frilled cotton petti-coat has deep embroidered organdy hemline. By Miller Girl, small, medium, large, $1.98. Both, white only.

Evening elegance: Dreamy Grecian-type strapless nightgown of "no-run" jersey. Appealingly feminine is medallion trim on bodice, satin half-sash. By Luxite, in white, pink, blue, sizes 32-38, $3.95.

On the double: Camisole slip that can be worn as a suit blouse. With all-nylon embroidered bodice, nylon acetate skirt, it has elasticized waist band. An original Gilead by United Mills, white only, sizes 32-38. Under $6.00.

Stripes enter the bedtime picture with these Lady Berkleigh pajamas in a crinkle crepe that needs no ironing. In pink, blue and aqua on white, sizes 32-40. $3.96.

For stores carrying the fashions shown on these pages see page 100.

Continued on page 88.
Joyce McKenzie appears in Twentieth Century-Fox's "On the Riviera"

New fabrics will make their appearance on the beach this summer. Dramatically exciting is the one-piece taffeta bathing suit, above, in clear pastels with a black overplaid, highlighted with gold metallic thread. Shirred panel front and elasticized back insure a graceful fit. Can be worn strapped or strapless. By Brilliant, the suit comes in sizes 32-38, costs around $8.00.

Joyce Holden is in Universal-International's "The Iron Man"

Sleek and lovely is the one-piece suit, above, with shirred cuff bra, removable straps. Front shirring gives it its beauty line. By Sea Nymph, in a lastex faille, it comes in black, navy, mint, lemon, berry, blush, sizes 32-38, 9-15. $8.95. For vacation memories, an Eastman Kodak Pony 135 camera.

Piper Laurie of Universal

International's "The Prince Who Was a Thief"

A touch of French sauce—lacing at the side—adds piquancy to the doeskin lastex and nylon suit, left. Wired and cuffed bodice has shoestring halter tie. By Miller Girl, sizes 32-38, it comes in green, coral, peacock, rose, blue and maize. Priced at $10.95.

For stores carrying these fashions see page 100

Photoplay Fashions

Photographed by Christa around the pool of the Town House, Los Angeles, Cal.
A Christmas engagement for pretty Grace Rodgers and Edward S. Hill, Jr.! She is a senior at Finch Junior College, New York. It will be a June wedding — Grace an adorable bride!

Grace Rodgers' happy face gives out her charming Inner Self. Her blue eyes smile delightfully—her complexion looks spring-soft. Her face shows you right away what a refreshing person Grace is!

"When you look your best — you can forget about yourself,"

Grace says

What a wonderful feeling of self-confidence you get when you know you look attractive!

Grace thinks every girl's first beauty rule is clean, soft skin. "I wouldn't think of skipping my nightly Pond's face care — ever," she says. "It gives my skin extra good cleansing. And, since it's cream cleansing, it can't be drying."

Every night (day cleanings, too) care for your face with Pond's Cold Cream, this way:

**Hot Stimulation** — give face a quick hot water splash.

**Cream Cleanse** — swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

**Cream Rinse** — more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation** — give face a tonic cold water splash.

Now — just see your prettier self . . . that sparkling clean, soft look your skin has!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. Look your best, and the You within sends a bright confidence glowing from your face — draws friends to you on sight!

Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!
Enjoy your trip
—take the
beauty route followed
by these Holly-
wood stars

If you've ever watched a Hollywood glamour doll on a personal appearance tour step out of an overnight plane, a rattling train, a crowded boat or a bus en route to a camp show, you have marveled how she managed to keep her hair without one straggling lock, her make-up without blurred lipstick or shiny nose, her clothes free from a single wrinkle.

That, dear readers, is no accident. It's the fine art of traveling beautifully. With the Hollywood girls, this is good business. For those of you who contemplate a summer vacation, to travel beautifully is wise and thrifty.

Actually, every one of these tricks of Hollywood's lovelies, who have travel in their blood and brains in their heads, is simple, easy to learn, easy to master.

Nancy Davis advises: If you are traveling by car, start with clean hair done up in pin-curls. Tie a scarf or turban around your head. Carry a brush-and-comb set in a small case; stop at the last gas station before your destination and comb out your hair. Also cleanse your face and put on make-up, using dime-store sample sizes of powder, lipstick, cold cream and such which you can carry in your handbag. Change from slacks or similar loose driving clothes to the outfit in which you wish to arrive.

When driving, wear those cream-skin gloves used to whiten and soften hands. They're fine to grip the wheel and they give you a beauty treatment at the same time. Cream your face—nobody's going to see you. Put eye drops in your eyes, eye cream underneath. Use no make-up except lipstick.

If you start driving with the top down, don't overdo the sunbath unless you want to look like a lobster. Put a good anti-sunburn lotion (Continued on page 80)
Vacation Unlimited
(Continued from page 62) lavish and interesting restaurants and shops; fantastic movie lots where overnight a street in Cairo is transformed into a fairy woodland. The TV and radio studios accommodate large audiences. There’s no other land like it...

PhotoPlay has planned a seven-day holiday which includes the most glamorous, the most fabled, the most memorable of Southland experiences.

Let’s assume you reach Los Angeles Sunday afternoon and check into the Ambassador Hotel (the Ambassador has been chosen because it is centrally located).

Ask the hotel to do these things:

Make reservations with the Gray Line Tours, 1207 West 3rd St., Mutual 3111, for Tour #2 (Beverly Hills-Beach Tour) for Monday morning; make reservations for Tour #1 (Pasadena Tour) Wednesday afternoon, and for Tour #8 (Farmers Market and Broadcast Tour) Thursday morning.

Reserve a table at The Cocoanut Grove for Monday night at nine. Reserve a table at Romanoff’s at 1 p.m.

Make plane or boat reservations for your Catalina trip Tuesday.

Make reservation for dinner at La Rue on Tuesday night at 8.

Make reservation for a table at Mocambo for Tuesday night at 10.

Make reservation for a table at Ciro’s for Tuesday night at 11:30.

Make reservation for the activity you select for Wednesday night (details later). Arrange for a U-Drive car Friday.

Consult the hotel travel bureau for reservation advice about the glamour spot in which you decide to spend weekend.

Now turn the page for the complete itinerary for your exciting week.

planning a
hollywood holiday?

You may secure free, authentic travel information by mailing this coupon.

PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

□ Please send free travel literature, information about costs, routes, etc., right from my home city.

□ I would be interested in details of an escorted tour to Hollywood.

I am planning to go to Hollywood about

(Date)

There will be ______ in my party

Your name ____________________________

(Please print)

Address ______________________________

____________________________________

____________________________________

Phone ________________________________

(This offer expires after Dec. 31, 1951)

Be gay, be comfortable, enjoy a new world standard in travel

the new Santa Fe

Super Chief

Be pampered every mile of the way!

Enjoy the Turquoise Room—the only private dining room on rails...

The Pleasure Dome—“top of the Super, next to the stars”... The smoother-riding cars—all room and room-suite accommodations.

Just see your local ticket agent for reservations.

Daily between Chicago and Los Angeles

Santa Fe
### MONDAY

Budget: $2.25

**Breakfast**
- Early breakfast in the hotel coffee shop.
- Board Gray Line Bus at hotel door at 8:45 (passengers are collected at all major hotels) for tour of downtown Los Angeles area, Westlake (MacArthur) Park, Wilshire District, past motion picture studios, along Hollywood Boulevard, Sunset Strip, Beverly Hills, Westwood (site of UCLA), Bel-Air, Brentwood, the Riviera, Will Rogers’ estate, along the Santa Monica Beach, and back to Beverly Hills.

**Termination**
- Terminate trip at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. Drop into Terrace Room for a quick, light cocktail if you indulge. Then walk half block south on Rodeo Drive to Romanoff’s for luncheon.
- Return to Wilshire Boulevard and walk west to Saks-Fifth Avenue shop and I. Magnin. Return to Beverly Drive, and stroll along the three blocks which make up its business district. Keep your eyes open for celebrities.
- Return to Wilshire Boulevard and Beverly Drive (south-west corner) and catch a Wilshire bus, which will let you off in front of the Ambassador. The hour will probably be around five. Dress for dinner (girls in date dresses with a light coat during the summer, spring and fall, a heavy coat during the winter; men in business suits). Stroll across the street northward to the Brown Derby or another on the street westward to The Zephyr Room of The Chapman Park Hotel for a quick, light cocktail. Back to The Grove in time for your nine o’clock dining and dancing date. If you don’t care to dance, there is a theater in the hotel which shows new movies.

**Dinner and Dancing at The Coconut Grove**

$15.00

**Total**

$36.87

---

### TUESDAY

This is your day to go to fabled Catalina Island. Fly with United Air Lines or take the Catalina Island steamship. Plane fare is $4.35 round trip. Bus fare to the Airport is $1.25. The Catalina steamer round trip fare from Los Angeles on Monday through Friday is $5.59; on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, the fare is $6.84. (Round trip from Wilmington, if you drive to the harbor in your own car, is $4.55 weekdays. $5.50 weekends and holidays.)

Catalina is a leisurely experience, although there is plenty to do. There is a fine golf course. You may take a glass bottom boat trip (don’t wear a blue or lavender garment as you see it, literally, fade from the sunlight); there is a sightseeing trip conducted every hour in an open, child-stowaway bus; the shops are interesting.

Upon returning to Los Angeles and your hotel, rest, shower, and dress in something dark, simple, but smart—your smartest. Take a taxi to La Cienega Boulevard, B Runway 2–2733, to fulfill an eight o’clock dinner reservation. Watch for celebrities, but don’t neglect your food—it will be superb.

Just before ten, move across the street to Mocambo for dessert, coffee, and the floor show. Move on (eastward a few blocks) to Ciro’s by 11:30 p.m. for a creme de menthe frappe and the midnight floor show.

Still exhilarated? Move on to the Encore Room, near Ciro’s, where the stay-out-lates gather to hear hot piano. Or take a taxi to Barney’s Beanery which is the salt to leaven the trifle of the Sunset Strip. You’ll love the contrast, also the onion soup.

**Catalina trip for two (roundly)**

$14.00

**Transportation to and from**

**Activities on the Island for two**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dinner at La Rue</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dessert at Mocambo (with coffee)</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner at Ciro’s (with coat)</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Encore Room</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barney’s Beanery</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taxi fare for evening</td>
<td>7.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Total**

$59.00

(Continued on page 82)

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### WEDNESDAY

**Breakfast**

- Have a dip in the hotel pool.
- Walk about nine short blocks east on Wilshire Boulevard to the Town House. Have a cool drink in the Zebra Room, or the Cape Cod Room; deep into The Garden Room to encourage yourself to come back some spare hour some evening for a dance.
- Stroll back to Bullock’s-Wilshire tea room (have the hotel make a reservation for this, too) for brunch. There is a style show from noon on, and men might as well see this as women.
- The food is good and you’ll have to admit the styles are “buy-me.”

**Be at your hotel at 1:45 to board the Gray Line bus for Pasadena tour. On this you will see the Federal Buildings, Civic Center, The Plaza, Spanish Quarter, French & Italian Quarters, Orange Grove Avenue in Pasadena, Brookside Park where the state picnics are held, the Rose Bowl, Cal Tech, the Huntington Library, and San Gabriel Mission. (Admission to the beautiful Old Mission is 35 cents, so entrance is optional.)

For the evening see a play at the Pantages, hear a light opera or a symphony at the Philharmonic Auditorium, watch the ice capades or ice hockey at Pan-Pacific Auditorium, attend a baseball game or dance at The Palladium. Or go roller skating, ice skating, miniature golfing, horseback riding, or sit in the bleachers at a movie premiere. Or dine at Chasen’s.

**Cool drinks at Town House**

$2.00

**Brunch at Bullock’s-Wilshire**

$4.50

**Pasadena tour**

$5.18

**If Mission tour desired**

$7.00

**Dinner at Chasen’s, 9039 Beverly Blvd**

$10.00

**Evening at theater or choice of choice, top possible cost**

$12.00

**Total**

$34.38

---

### THURSDAY

**Breakfast on the terrace if weather is fine. Be ready at 8:45 a.m. for the Gray Line for your Farmers Market-Broadcast Tour. On this you will see Griffith Park (3700 acres of recreational facilities), the Los Feliz district, Angeles Temple, a radio broadcast, and luncheon in the Farmers Market. (Price of the luncheon is not included in the price of the tour.)

Use afternoon to buy gifts or California clothing or trip mementos for yourself—or just have a wonderful time window shopping.

In the evening, have your dinner at one of the intriguing international restaurants or, if you don’t go in for the exotic and wish to stick to good American food, dine at: Tail of the Cock, 477 S. La Cienega; or Tail of the Cock, 12590 Sunset Blvd. (Valley); or Tallyho, 8750 Beverly Blvd., (Great steaks), or Barclay Kitchen, 8158 S. 3rd St. (Have the hotel call in advance, because you will need a key to get in—this restaurant is exclusive, but cozy and the food is unsurpassed.) Or, for seafood: The Kings, 8153 Santa Monica Blvd.

Incidental shopping note: the shops are open on the famous Miracle Mile until nine o’clock every Thursday evening.

**Breakfast for two (including gratuity)**

$2.25

**Gray Line Broadcast-Market Tour (two) (Continued)**

$4.60

**Luncheon—Farmers Market (as you will)**

2:30 u.p.

**Dinner**

$19.35

(Continued on page 82)
**Hollywood Holiday**

Includes all these Hollywood features...

**LUNCHEON:** You will be the guest of Happiness Tours at luncheon right on a real movie lot in the famous Republic Pictures studio.

**SEE PICTURES MADE:** The Happiness Tour party will be taken to see a picture being made, dependent on the studio picture production schedule at the time of the tour.

**TOUR STUDIO:** The members of these Happiness Photoplay Tour parties will be taken on a complete inside tour of the Hollywood Studios. A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

**MEET THE STARS:** While touring the studios, the Happiness party will have an opportunity to see and meet the stars on the grounds at the time.

**ALL THESE EXCLUSIVE HOLLYWOOD THRILLS**

PLUS a complete 7,000 mile tour of all California, the Canadian Rockies, and Old Mexico.

Yes, everyone can be a winner. Happiness Tours and Photoplay offer you the opportunity to enjoy all the glamour and the pleasure and thrills of America's most value-packed vacation. Join either Aug. 26th or Sept. 2nd Special 3 Nations Tour. Live and play with the stars in Hollywood, visit Old Mexico... see the Grand Canyon, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Lake Louise, Banff... enjoy this wondrous Hollywood Holiday—3 Nations Combination. Reservations are limited, act now. A complete 3 Nations Tour is described and illustrated in detail in a big color folder, IT'S FREE! Write for yours today.

**ENJOY ONE OF MORE THAN 30 HAPPINESS VACATIONS**

Happiness Tours offers America's greatest travel values in the widest selection of all-expense, escorted vacations throughout the United States, Mexico, Canada and Europe. Whether you want to spend a week-end or a month, there is a Happiness Tour to fit every purse and purpose.

Leading Travel Agents feature and sell Happiness all-expense tours. Remember your key to vacation pleasure—Happiness Tours.

Send for this FREE 1951 Happiness Vacation Guide. It's brand new, just off the press, loaded with vacation values and ideas for everyone. Send convenient coupon or postal for your copy today. It's FREE.

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**HAPPINESS TOURS, 39 So. State Street, Chicago 3, Illinois—Dept. PP5**

Gentlemen: Please send me literature as checked below:

- Complete details on Happiness-Photoplay Hollywood Holiday
- 1951 Happiness Vacation Guide

Name

Address

City _ Zane _ State

I am interested in a vacation to __________________. Please send specific literature.

**DON'T WAIT—ACT NOW—MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!**
designed
from
a man's
point
of view...

"coquette"
is a
Sea Goddess
and you'll be one too!

How can you miss? All Sea Goddess
swimsuits are Designed From A
Man's Point of View — with
emphasis on fit. Coquette, worn
here by Adele Mara, star of
Republic Pictures' "California
Passage," is made of wonder-
ful faille lastex, has a
specially boned, built-in
bra. Wear Coquette with
or without shoulder
straps; choose from
these wonderful
colors: Spanish
gold, sunset pink,
lilac, turquoise,
red, dark green,
black, navy.
Sizes 32-40.

Nice Going
(Continued from page 76) on face and arms
—such as Tartan, which you can be sure
of, as it has been approved by the Ameri-
can Medical Association. Then put the
top up after a short time. Take along a
thermos of the water you're used to
drinking. Many stomach aches come from
changes in drinking water.

Hang your dresses in a zipper bag
hooked to the roof of your car. If your
car has a solid top, you can buy rods
on which to hook the bag. A knit dress
has more advantages than most people
realize; it doesn't wrinkle, it absorbs
moisture.

Margaret Whiting, Cyl Charisse, and
Arlene Dahl, all of whom have recently
been going by bus to camps and hospitals
to entertain servicemen, offer these sug-
gestions: When you go by bus you see the
world and the world sees you. So wear
comfortable but attractive clothes. Nix
on tight skirts that slide up if you want
to put up your feet. Take along a pair
of cotton gloves and keep them on. Not
only are they ladylike, they protect your
skin. Have a fresh pair for your arrival.

Don't slump. Don't look out of
the window all the time. Rest your eyes. It's
a good time, too, to do eye exercises:
Close eyes, look up right, down left, etc.
Cup palms over eyes; see black. Do your
foot exercises secretly, rotating feet,
stretching ankles. Use the same hair deal
as in auto travel and comb out in ladies
room at last stop before destination.

Anne Baxter, who has been working on
location nearly two years, has discovered
wonderful tricks for train travel.

Suppose you're making an overnight
trip or longer. Use the first night as a
time for rest and relaxation. Prepare for
the second night as a transition, a rest
cure. After that, be yourself.

Anne, the first night out, has an early
dinner and asks the porter to make up
her berth while she's in the diner. She
doesn't hang around the club car after-
ward but goes to bed at once; gives her-
self a quick facial; puts oil on her hands.
If you are traveling alone, you might take
along that old lingerie, that washed-out
nightgown you were about to throw away.
Then when you get to your destination
you can dispose (Continued on page 83)

Mala Powers never spills a drop of per-
fume when she travels—she seals the
bottle tops with easily removed candlewax
ANOTHER Honeydebs FIRST

Exclusive with Honeydebs for your added health and daintiness Honeydebs shoe linings are treated with Pedi-Pure for
• ODOR RESISTANCE
• GERM RESISTANCE
• PERSPIRATION RESISTANCE
• MILDEW RESISTANCE
Pedi-Pure is absolutely harmless to the skin.

Stunning for sunning!

imported linen Honeydebs
in 17 sunshine colors!
in a host of smart styles!

$3.99

The smartest casual 'neath the sun, exquisitely designed of pure imported linen by the makers of famous Honeybugs. Styled to suit every taste and star with all your summer costumes. Lighthearted colors that rival the sun.

IT YOUR FAVORITE STORE.
FRIDAY

Rent a U-Drive automobile. Rates for convertibles are usually $10 for the first four hours, $5 for the second four hours, and paid, plus a mileage charge of 10 cents per mile for the first 50 miles, which are free. A closed car is about $7.50 per four- to eight-hour mileage as above.

Drive to Hollywood Blvd. and Laurel Canyon and turn north to follow the canyon road over to the mountain to The Valley on the other side. This highway is so widely used that you should know something about it. Don't drive fast; the curves are sharp and the traffic is heavy.

When you reach Ventura Boulevard (the main Valley thoroughfare) turn left and continue to Coldwater Canyon: turn left again and follow Coldwater Canyon back to Beverly Hills. Turn left on Sunset and drive along The Strip, which will be familiar to you now. Proceed along Sunset to Highland Avenue, turn right to Melrose, turn left and continue to Windsor Drive. Stop in at Lacey's for a Monte Cristo sandwich and a quick look at any lurking celebs.

After leaving Lacey's, drive east to Wilton Place, turn south (right) Continue on Wilton to Olympic Avenue. Turn north and continue on Olympic to the beach. Sun yourself. Go for a dip.

At five, drop into Ocean House (in the summer) for a Coke, horse's neck, or what you will. This is the former home of film star Marion Davies and it is magnificent beyond exaggeration. Note the ceiling in the bar; this room was once the formal drawing room in this huge house. Over $100,000 worth of gold leaf has been applied to the ceiling. Everything about Ocean House is sumptuous.

From Ocean House, continue along the Coast Highway to the Holiday Inn, well beyond the heavily inhabited beach areas. This bar-restaurant is perched on a peak high above the ocean and offers a two waffle years, a breath-catching view of the Malibu Bay crescent and the Pacific. In the case of rush timing, you may have to compromise with a Coke, horse's neck, or cocktail, a long look at the view, and a quick trip back to U-Drive.

On Sunset, drive east to the Coors Boulevard (half a mile to Santa Ynez Inn, one of the most delightful restaurants. Summer or winter (unless the thermometer bursts) the are roaring fires in the fireplace (it is always cool at the beach), San Ynez is not only a restaurant-cocktail lounge, but a motor hotel with swimming pool as well. See page 63).

Proceed along Sunset into Hollywood. Turn north (left) at Highland Avenue and go to Hollywood Boulevard. Turn off the Boulevard and McCadden Place. Half a block north (left) is Don, The Beachcomber, one of the most famous of all California restaurants.

The beverages are out of this world, and so is the Chinese food. You don't care for Chinese food, don't return to Hollywood but sip some of the Coast Highway to Venice, and dine at Jack's at The Beach, which is at the end of the Venice Pier. Jack's is as popular with Hollywood people as the Beachcomber.

In case you are interested in sea food or Chinese dishes, continue along Sunset Boulevard (after leaving the Coast Highway) to Bel-Air and dine on French and American specialties at the lavish Bel-Air Hotel.

Car Rental (approximately) .......................................................... $20.00
Breakfast at Musso-Frank's ........................................................ 2.50
Lunchroom, Luxe  ................................................................. 1.00
Ocean House ................................................................. 2.00
Holiday Inn ................................................................. 2.00
Santa Ynez  ................................................................. 2.00
Beachcombers ............................................................... 15.00

(Jack's At The Beach, slightly less) ........................................... $7.50

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

Weekend at a resort. In the winter time, which Californians interpret to mean "between November 1 and May 15," try Palm Springs. This most delightful of resorts is approximately 125 miles northeast of Los Angeles via excellent highways, many of them divided. Palm Springs is not only a place; it is a state of mind. Ten thousand years ago, ancient man lived in the area now occupied by Palm Springs; modern discovery of the area took place in 1879, and the first permanent community of Palm Springs (aside from the Cahuilla Indians of the Agua Caliente tribe) was John Guthrie McCullum, who built a desert home in 1884.

During October, November and December, the days are hot, the nights cool; during January, February, and March, the days are warm, the nights cold; during April, May and early June the days are blistering, the nights tropical.

It is not true, as rumored, that Palm Springs is too expensive for the average person. It is possible to spend a hundred dollars a day in Palm Springs; but it is also possible to have an equally happy time at about $16.00 a day.

The "great" restaurants are the Chi-Chi (pronounced shee-shee), The Dunes, The Doll House, The Shadow Mountain Club (you must have a guest card), The Tennis Club (guest card), and The Racquet Club (guest card).

A reasonable hotel is the Del TaQuitz, 316 S. Palm Canyon Drive, where rates begin at eight dollars per day, single.

Plush hotels are The Biltmore, on the Indio Road; La Quinta Hotel at La Quinta, and the famed, beloved Desert Inn, right in the heart of Palm Springs.

There are several delightful Dude Ranches in and around Palm Springs, the B/H, The Smoke Tree, The Deep Well, for instance. These are run on the American plan (meals included); they are always booked solidly for the season well in advance, and their rates usually start at $25 per day per person.

Another desert resort is Borrego Springs, 168 miles southeast of Los Angeles and 83 miles northeast of San Diego. This is new, but it promises to be as popular as Palm Springs. There are two spanking-fresh hotels, both run on the European plan (no food included in rates): Rancho Borrego Club, where the rates start at $10.00 double; and Desert's Desert Resort, rates also $10.00 double.

Far-famed Furnace Creek Inn is in Death Valley, about 300 miles northeast of Los Angeles. It is a luxury hotel. Rates start at $30 per day, double occupancy, (American plan). However, Furnace Creek Ranch is run on the European Plan, and rates start there at $5.00 for two. The Amargosa Hotel, European Plan, is open year around, and rates start at $5.00.

During the summer season, try these resorts:

The Alisal Ranch. From March until October each year, it is one of the fun spots of the coast, forty miles north of Santa Barbara, three miles inland, and only a short distance from the delightful Danish-organized Solvang where everyone goes for coffee and wonderful Danish pastry. Alisal is friendly and for amusement there's riding, tennis, archery, hiking, swimming, golfing, and lazing in the sun. And a waltzing at night. The rates begin at about $15.00 per day or person. Worth it.

Apple Valley Inn is about 125 miles east of Los Angeles, over ti Cajon (Ka Hoan) pass, and only a short distance from Victorville and the George Airforce Base. It consists of a huge, friendly, subtubus, in which the public rooms are housed (court, library, cocktail lounge, huge dining room in which a nightly square dance is held and a series of small lodges on the hills above the main building. Some of the cottages accommodate three units, some two, some one.

Don't expect to see apples or apple trees around the Inn. Apple Valley is desert except that it lies at an altitude of 3,000 feet.

The Inn was opened on November 22, 1948, and has become a favorite of picture people. Horses may be rented for $1.00 per hour on week days; $1.25 on Sundays. There is a 9-hole golf course at the Inn, and the pool is heated. The cocktail lounge is a Gay Nineties replica, and the walls are papered with plasters 60 to 100 years old. The dining room is particularly inviting. The waiters, all attractive, wear Western togas and, in many cases, valuable Indian bracelets set with exquisite turquoise. Their hand-wrought silver belts are beautiful.

Have shelled eggs, Hawaiian style, for breakfast. Interestingly enough, the kitchen is in charge of a Hawaiian boy.

Rates (American plan, with meals) start at $26.00 per day for two, for the course, the great lakes the year around.

Going south from Los Angeles, some of the most beautiful are Laguna, where the Riviera at 825 Coast Boulevard, South, is enchanting and where La Playa at 985 N. Coast Boulevard is an attractive mot hotel. The Surf & Sand, also on the Coast Boulevard, is modernistic and new and the Coconut is quaint and friendly.

At Del Mar, the Surf & Surf Hotel has everything a week-end traveler could desire: handsome public rooms, comfortable bedrooms, both pool and surf bathing, and delightful food.

In La Jolla, the Beach Club Apartments are on the sea. In addition to breathtaking views, this new, smart hotel offers both surf and pool swimming, golf, badminton, volleyball, tennis, surf fishing, tennis, aquaplanning, water skiing, nightly dancing, and—as often as you wish to drive to the nearby Tia Juana—jai alai. You haven't lived until you've watched jai alai.

Rates at the La Jolla Beach Club begin at $6.00 per day during the winter (September-June 14th) and at $12.00 during the summer season.

The End
(Continued from page 80) of them and you won’t be bothered with soiled clothes to pack. Write your first letters home on the train; that’ll keep your family in a good humor and you won’t have to think about them for a day or so after you get where you’re going.

For vacationers who wish to travel by train—and for whom Pullman accommodations are off-budget limits—traveling by rail-coach can be fun. When going coach, try to book reservations on an extra-fare streamliner. The extra fare never comes to more than an additional five dollars and, aside from greater speed, these trains have special foot-rest and reclining chairs, luxurious dining coaches and beautiful and spacious rest-room facilities.

Keep an attractive and non-crushable dark blouse (nylon’s wonderful) and skirt on hand so you’ll look attractive during social activities in the club car. Bring a blanket. You can rent a pillow but blankets are not available.

SEND ahead all luggage that is not absolutely necessary for use on the train two or three days before you leave and it will be at the station when you arrive. This saves a lot of tips, lots of worry.

Take garments that won’t get out of shape, get shoulder pads crushed or soil easily. Take as few changes as possible.

Select separates in combinations that are interchangeable. Choose colors that combine and supplement each other.

Before Terry Moore married Glenn Davis, she dashed back and forth week-ends to Hawaii where Glenn was playing pro-basketball. Therefore, her rules for beauty while flying are based on romantic experience. The “travel light” rule is important in plane travel. Three sets of separates—she traveled in one—kept Terry supplied with clothes for a week. She wore a sweater, carried her coat. Her only luggage was a generous make-up kit (which she also used as her purse) and a garment bag. She carried slacks in the make-up kit and donned those for plane sleeping.

When Patrice Wymore married yachting-loving Errol Flynn, she learned to look lovely while living at sea. Her rules are good for those who contemplate a river trip or a lake jaunt.

Because Errol’s yacht is anchored for such long intervals offshore Pat wore yachting caps that pulled down right over her hairline. This was because the hard water made it impossible for her to take care of her hair properly. As their trip took them into different climates, Pat had chiffon or jersey caps for warm weather, felt caps with ear flaps for bad weather. On board she usually wore slacks.

To protect her skin from the drying effects of water travel, she used mineral oil, both for body and face. Pat has very light eyebrows and lashes. Because of salt spray and wind, mascara was unsuitable. So she had her eyebrows and lashes dyed, which lasted about two months.

Donna Reed, in traveling, uses as much nylon as possible because it’s so easy to launder. She can get by with one nylon blouse, slip, nightgown and two pairs of panties and bras. She keeps to one basic color in her outer clothing—gray, black or brown. Whatever color she chooses, her garments are interchangeable. Donna keeps cosmetics in a plastic box which holds five plastic bottles and three plastic jars, non-spillable and non-breakable.

All these hints add up to the fact that if you want to travel beautifully, comfortably and arrive at your destination with poise and bandbox freshness, it’s wise to plan ahead. So take a tip from the stars themselves for the most successful vacation of your life.

The End

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Barbizon

Only Barbizon Slips are made in "Body-Contour**" sizes to fit the 4 basic figure types.

Mother's Day
May 13th

Here is a list of thrilling things you can do in Hollywood for free:

Television broadcasts: At least a month before you plan to be in California, write to the television stations listed below telling them: (1) on what dates you wish to visit the station; (2) which programs are your favorites; (3) how many persons there will be in your party.

Note: If the broadcast which you are to see is scheduled for 7:30 p.m., better be in line at 7:00. Studio seats are supplied on a first-come, first-served basis.

If you're too late for next month's open house, write to the stations at the following addresses. See the times of the shows and find out if you can take advantage of the free shows:

KFI TELEVISION, 141 N. Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, CHANNEL 9
KHJ BROADCASTING STATION, 1331 N. Vine Street, Hollywood.
KLAC TELEVISION, 1000 N. Cahuenga Boulevard, Hollywood.
KTAL TELEVISION STATION, 721 Bronson Avenue, Hollywood.
KTTV TELEVISION, 5746 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

Premieres: Sit in the bleachers outside one of Hollywood's glamorous preview theaters and watch the celebrities arrive.

Watch newspapers for announcement of the amusements pages, of a gala premiere. Most bleacheries begin to assemble at four in the afternoon, bringing a picnic dinner. Although the day may be warm you will want to bring a comfortable coat because California nights are always cool.

There is no charge for the bleachers seat because these facilities are erected by the studios for the convenience of fans. You will not be able to collect autographs unless you are in the front row, and even then the ceremony of the premiere will move so swiftly that celebrities will not be able to stop.

If you are a camera fan, you will be able to get spectacular pictures because the scene is always brilliantly lighted.

An Evening at Olvera Street: Ona Los Angeles' first thoroughfare. Don't go in the daytime because the Mexican shops, the habitus of the district and the general surroundings are not only serene but picturesque by night, shabby and garish in sunlight. The best hours are between seven and nine. There are street singers, numerologists, portraitists, vendors of huarches (handwoven Mexican sandals), handmade glassware, candles, baskets, food stuffs and heaven knows what not.

Forest Lawn is undoubtedly one of the most famous cemeteries in the world, but it is much more; it is the home of The Little Church of Flowers. Wee Kirk of the Heather (the Annie Laurie church) and The Chapel of the Incas, where more weddings are solemnized than funerals are held. The mausoleum is filled with art treasures, notably the stained glass replica of "The Last Supper." There is a charge for viewing this exquisite work, but one must write or phone in advance
CONTEST RULES

1. Write or print in the coupon provided on page 64—or on a reasonable facsimile thereof—your last line of the jingle. Your last line must rhyme with "spree." Fill in, too, your complete name and address. Mail your entry to: Win a Hollywood Holiday, Box 1616, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. By filling in this coupon, each entrant agrees to accept the decisions of the judges as final.

2. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight May 15, 1951.

3. Anyone living in the continental United States and Canada may enter this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications and their advertising agencies.

4. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.

5. Entries will be judged for originality, interest and aptness of thought by the editors of Photoplay Magazine. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

6. All entries became the property of Macfadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.

7. The winner will be announced in the September, 1951 issue of Photoplay. This contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.

8. Should the winner of one of the grand prizes be a minor, such winner will have to be accompanied on the trip by an adult of the winner's family, the traveling expenses of such person to be paid by Photoplay. In such event, the person accompanying a minor shall be in lieu of a guest.

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FOODS OF

In addition to Southern California's "great" restaurants where the menus are so large that a cub scout could spend a comfortable weekend under them, there are many delightful restaurants which specialize in national dishes. (It is wise to call before you visit any restaurant, because their hours change from season to season and they may require reservations.)

ARMENIAN FOOD:
Har-Omar, 1605 N. Ivar Ave., Hollywood
The menu is translated and each dish is described. A favorite hangout of John Garfield, William Saroyan, etc. Dinner from $1.75.

CHINESE:
Hollywood: Don, the Beachcomber, 1721 N. McCadden Place.
Reservations only. Dinner from about $3.00. Always celebrities here.

In The Valley: Ching How's, 11386 Ventura Boulevard.
This spot is owned by James Wong How, celebrated cameraman. Dinner from $1.85. Closed Monday.

Downtown: China City on N. Broadway
This is a quaint, brilliantly neon-lighted village. Prices are very reasonable.

EAST INDIAN:
Wilshire District: Vagabond's House, 2501 Wilshire Boulevard.
Their curries are celebrated among those who know and enjoy East Indian food.

ENGLISH:
Sunset Strip: Cock'n Bull, 9170 Sunset Boulevard.
Luncheon: 12:30 to 2:30; dinner, 5:30 to 11:00. Waitress serves cocktails, salads B & B, beverages and dessert, but patron selects entree and vegetables from the buffet table. Luncheon starts at $1.50 and dinner at $3.50. Editorial hangout.

In Santa Monica: Fox & Hounds, 2900 Wilshire Boulevard, Santa Monica.
Beautiful bar, sunken dining room, genial atmosphere. Dinner $2.00 to $3.50.

FRENCH:
Downtown: Taix, 321 Commercial Street
One of the OLD (as L.A. views age) restaurants. Not fancy, but regular customers love it. Tell the maitre d' whether you want family service or a booth dinner. "Family service" seats you at a bare table for 7, and the food is served family style. No menus, you take what has been prepared "for the family." Luncheon this way is under a dollar dinner under two dollars. "Booth service" supplies you with tablecloth, some privacy and some choice of food.

Midtown: Perino's, 4101 Wilshire Blvd.
One of the "great" restaurants, Perino

Watch For It At Your Neighborhood Theater!
"HOLLYWOOD AWARDS"
the exciting screen snapshots film taken during the presentation of Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards to Hollywood's outstanding performers. Produced by Ralph Steag for Columbia Pictures, this special film will be released throughout the country beginning April 19th. Ask for it at your local theater! It's an on-the-scene experience you won't want to miss!
ALL NATIONS

serves fabulous French and Italian food. Dinner from $4.00 up.

Hollywood: Ernest's, 401 N. La Cienega Boulevard. A simple place, crowded at the dinner hour, the food and service are according to your taste. Dinner from $1.25 up.

HUNGARIAN:
Mama Weiss Czarda, 224 S. Beverly Drive. Weiner Schnitzel and dozens of other good things; menu explained in English; dinner from $2.00. Closed Mondays.

ITALIAN:
Downtown: Little Joe's, 900 N. Broadway. 11 A.M. to 9 P.M., Closed Sundays, this is a celebrated spot for lovers of chicken cacciatore, ravioli, veal scallopini. Sawdust on floor, table bare. Inexpensive.

Hollywood: Lucey's, 5444 Melrose Avenue. Near RKO & Paramount studios, always celebs present at noon. Italian delicacies, and an extensive American menu. Luncheon at $2.00, dinner from $3.50.

On the Sunset Strip: Villa Nova, 9015 Sunset Blvd. Closed Wednesdays. Reproduction of a restaurant destroyed in Salerno, it is hung with fishnets, partially lighted by huge fireplace. Romantic. Ask the waiter to advise you because the menu is too long to read. Dinner starts around $2.50.

RUSSIAN:
On the Sunset Strip: Bublichki, 8846 Sunset Blvd. No matter how the international situation deteriorates, it is to be hoped that Bublichki continues to flourish. There is nothing like chickeuma in Moscow. Rum cake is marvelous. Dinner is from $2.50. Closed Tuesdays.

On the Strip: Charochka, 8824 Sunset Blvd. Closed Wednesdays and Thursdays. The chopped chicken liver and beef a la Stroganoff are marvelous. Dinner from $2.50.

SPANISH:
Midtown: Original El Cholo, 1121 S. Western Ave. Here is the place to try enchiladas, tacos, tamales, chile relleno, and delicious cinnamon-spiked Mexican hot chocolate. No chili powder used in El Cholo's cooking. Prices reasonable. Closed Mondays.

Padua Hills: The Little Theatre of Padua Hills, 3 miles north U. S. Highway 66 at Claremont. Call to make reservations. Closed Mondays. One has luncheon or dinner, then attends a play given by young Mexican players learning “theater.” Luncheon from $1.50; dinner from $1.75.

SWEDISH:
On the Strip: Bit of Sweden, 9051 Sunset Blvd. Luncheon noon to 2:30; Dinner 5 to 9:30 except Sunday, 1 to 8:30. If you've never had Smorgasbord, you've never lived. For $2.50 you return to a groaning table as often as you like; first trip: cold seafoods and appetizers; second trip: cold meats and salads; third trip: hot dishes.

SYRIAN:
Hollywood: Hatton's Shish-Kebab, 1610 N. Vine St. If you don't care for any of the wonderful Syrian dishes available, try a baked Virginia ham sandwich—the best in town. The menu is translated. Prices start, for full dinner, at $1.75.
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How Hollywood's Drinking Habits Have Changed

(Continued from page 37) remembers that Bob Walker went to the Menninger Clinic to be cured of his alcoholic malady. "Hollywood!" they exclaim. "A crazy place!" No one, of course, takes the trouble to comment on the fact that Bob Walker and Dan Dailey were intelligent enough first to regard themselves objectively and then to seek sound help for whatever ailed them and to regard it as a great pity that there aren't more people as wise as Dan and Bob. So, let me say it. And let me say that it's also a pity there aren't more communities as temperate as Hollywood is today.

This hasn't always been true. I well remember when celluloid heroes used to measure their manhood by the number of Zombies they could imbibe, still standing. I remember, too, when the Eves in the Hollywoods—famous often for no other reason than a myopia which gave their eyes what was vulgarly known as a bedroom look, or some other physical attribute which happened to stir the nation's imagination—used to dress for a gala party in garments that would cover them sufficiently should they suddenly be seized with an impulse to dive into a swimming pool.

I WAS reminded of how Zombies used to be the measure of a man when Clifton Webb recently gave a party at Don the Beachcomber's. With a few friends and his mother, Maybelle, Clifton was celebrating the success of a new picture. Clifton, very happy and gay and strictly a one-cocktail—before-dinner drinker, ordered a Zombie, the famous concoction that is made of many varieties of rum.

"This isn't at all the pernicious drink I've heard tell it was," Clifton announced, emptying his glass. "In fact, upon this occasion I'll have a second Zombie."

But soon he pushed the second drink aside. "Either I underestimated this drink," he told us, "or I overestimated myself."

There's no room in the high-powered business that the movies have become for the hijinks of the old days. The producer who does not bring his picture in on time and at a figure which protects his bankers' interests does not get money to make another picture. By the same token, producers want nothing to do with actors or actresses who do not have a reputation for being on the set on time, ready and able to work.

To return to the ladies who used to dress for immersion in a swimming pool, the only star I ever saw do such a thing is now eking out a living in second- and third-rate stage companies, tortured by all the fears of persecution which can come out of a bottle. A great pity, too, for she was chic and beautiful and charming with a real talent.

With the exception of this star, I have never seen a woman star in anything that could, by the furthest stretch of imagination, be called a drunken state. Compared to women in New York and other world capitals, the stars can be called teetotalers. All of which is to their great credit.

At a cocktail party recently Irene Dunne received about two hundred guests and was quite equal to their gregariousness following Martinis, Scotch Mists or Manhattans although she had only a cup of tea to sustain her.

At the de Havilland—Goodrich house you are invited to tea, and tea you get. Both Olivia and Marcus know the difference between Scotch and bourbon—and they have liquor in their house for anyone who wants it—if they remember to offer...
it. Which they are likely not to do, the conversation becomes as animated and stimulating as theirs is likely to be.

The women in Hollywood cannot afford to drink. Alcohol puts on weight. It dulls eyes. It coarsens a face. You do not, unless you are an absolute fool, jeopardize a fortune for the sake of a cocktail. Also the girls in the movies cannot take the late hours that go with drinking. Betty Hutton, when she is in production, goes to bed at eight o'clock. If she has a few friends to dinner they know enough to go home when the clock strikes eight. Betty tells newcomers, "When I'm working, I'm usually sleepy by eight o'clock. So maybe you'd like to make other plans for later on."

Some men, in Hollywood as elsewhere, manage to hold their looks and careers as well as cups that cheer for years and years. But they're the tough exceptions. Humphrey Bogart cannot visit New York without becoming involved in a cafe fracas, if only with a panda. And Errol Flynn never seems to do much of a job of self-discipline in any country.

People drink, I think, only when they do not find life good enough or are bored.

In the old days—Hollywood hostesses used to invite dinner guests for seven o'clock. Often enough, because some guests were late getting away from the studio, dinner would not be served until nine or nine-thirty. These delays, which meant two hours or more of cocktails for the early arrivals, did nothing to improve Hollywood's social life. Which is why I initiated invitations that read: "Cocktails at 8:30. Dinner at 9:30." And now invitations like this go out regularly.

Actually I doubt if the stars have as much uninhibited fun as they did in the old happy-go-lucky days before movie contracts had clauses which allow a studio to cancel out if a star's behavior is not what it should be.

Besides, these days Hollywood parties number among the guests the producers and other studio executives who are the stars' bosses. And a star is not likely to misbehave under these circumstances.

In the old days, too, the comparative few who captured public imagination had the power of kings and queens. Today there is no one who cannot be replaced—as the money interests that invest in movie production well know. More important still is the fact that the majority of the stars of today are men and women of good taste and education. If they do not have these things when they arrive, the studios that undertake to prepare them for stardom teach them how to behave personally as well as before a camera.

It's amusing to trace Hollywood's drinking pattern from the old days of, say, 1934 until 1951. The pattern is very similar to that of an individual who learns, after many mistakes, to take—in civilized stride—a cocktail, an aperitif, a liqueur or a glass of wine. A sense of moderation and an appreciation for simple drinks, it appears, come only with time. I still shudder when I think of the great bowls of Mexican tequila garnished with slices of tropical fruits that Hollywood served in the old days. Then came those foaming glasses in which gin, brandy and coconut milk had been whipped to a fine froth. Now, following the stars' recent holidays and location trips to Europe, you find wine cellars in Hollywood homes. But I predict the vogue for wine also will pass. Wine is not a popular American drink.

Of one thing only am I certain—moderation among the Hollywood men and an almost complete abstinence among the Hollywood women is here to stay.

The End
Ricardo, who hates to be called Montalban, or Montalbón, got himself an agent who promptly called him Menthelbaum. And the agent got him a job with Tallulah Bankhead who simplified the whole thing by just calling him Darling.

His interview with the glamorous and unpredictable Miss Bankhead was enough to scare the living daylights out of a young actor and send him straight to stocks and bonds or men’s wear. It was two o’clock in the morning when his agent phoned frantically and told him to meet him immediately at Miss Bankhead’s apartment; there might be a part for him in “Her Cardboard Lover.”

Ricardo is a stickler for etiquette. (He called Loretta Young Mrs. Lewis for a year after he had married her youngest sister Georgiana.) It seemed rather unorthodox to him to be visiting Miss Bankhead at two in the morning. But his agent assured him it was quite all right, and get over there fast.

Miss Bankhead’s apartment building forbade pets; it said so in the elevator, Ricardo noticed. But obviously she overlooked rules, he decided, as a lion cub named Winston Churchill jumped on him and floored him as he entered the room.

“Can he remember lines?” roared the unpredictable Tallulah. His agent roared back that Mr. Menthelbaum had the memory of ten elephants. Seems that the young actor he was replacing couldn’t remember lines. Miss B. looked him over and said she guessed he’d do.

By then it was three A.M. and Ricardo had to report at the theater for the evening performance, letter perfect, and without a rehearsal. The replaced actor turned up too and offered to punch Ricardo in the nose. And, of course, the minute he went on stage he froze and forgot his lines.

Well, Ricardo survived this ordeal of sound and fury. He also survived a part in “Our Betters” on Broadway in which he headed a conga line with ebullient Elsa Maxwell. He still wanted to be an actor. His mind was made up. Heaven only knows where our boy’s determination would have landed him—but his mother’s illness sent him hurrying back to Mexico.

Today Ricardo is getting somewhere in his adored profession. No longer is he just a handsome Latin who rhymes, sings and makes romantic love in lavish Technicolor musicals. The studio is now giving him a crack at straight dramatic roles in such fine pictures as “Border Incident,” “Battleground,” “Right Cross” and “Across the Wide Missouri.”

After seeing him in “Border Incident,” and “Battleground,” Dore Schary, his studio boss, called Ricardo “a fine dramatic actor; in fact, one of our finest.”

Ricardo and Georgiana have three children—Laura, nearly six, Mark, four, and Anita, two. Even before he met Georgiana, Ricardo had made up his mind he was going to marry her. And having made up his mind, followed through. They were married two weeks after they met. He has made up his mind he wants a big family—and he’s following through admirably.

“Ricardo,” says his brother-in-law Norman Foster (it was Norman who gave him his break in Mexican movies) “has become
a regular American family man." His children, with Hoagland Cassidy and Roy Rogers outfits and "shoot you dead" as you enter the room. He reads the comics to them, and enjoys the cartoons just as much as the children do. When they are naughtily prankish, Daddy agrees with the old-world opinion that respect for parents inspires love, not fear.

The Montalbanes are great in family reunions, and when it's their turn to have the family over they do it up fine. With Georgiana's, Loretta's, Sally's and Polly Ann's families there are thirteen children — which gives you a rough idea of how «queer» these reunions are. Last year Ricardo's parents visited him. As Senor and Senora Montalban speak only Spanish, and Georgiana and the kids speak only English, it could have been confusing — but it wasn't.

Ricardo collects old records, his pride and joy being a Caruso record. Jazz at one time annoyed him because it wasn't pleasant to his ear. Now he takes a great taste running from classic to Disneyland. He loathes shopping for himself. "Consequently my wardrobe is not varied." He never wears a bow tie, and doesn't own a hat. He doesn't dress up in a tuxedo and taking his wife dancing. They're a dreamy couple on the dance floor. Georgiana tall and slender, and Ricardo with his broad shoulders, slim waist, and the physical grace of a ballet dancer. In fact you can't blame Metro for wanting to make a handsome Latin playboy out of him.

When the Montalbanes take a short trip they usually go to the mountains. Ricardo likes longs of green grass, and trees. "The desert not too much. The ocean not too much," he says with a shrug.

In his bachelor days he drove a snappy sports car. "I've never been reckless. "But marriage and children slowed me down," he says. People who have driven with Ricardo claim he is probably the only driver in Southern California who will wait for a pedestrian to cross the street!

When a writer wishes to learn the faults of an actor she goes to his co-workers. And learns plenty! (An idol to millions is often just a pain-in-the-neck to his fellow workers.) But in the case of Ricardo Montalban this system did not work. All the studio folks, from the waitresses in the commissary to the brass in the front office, seem to adore him. "Sweet," they call him; "a doll," "a perfect gentleman, so thoughtful and considerate," and, "he's more than a personality, he's an actor."

A unit man said, "He's always interested in people. He doesn't beat a hasty retreat to his dressing room and slam the door when I bring visitors on the set. You'd be surprised how many actors do."

"Some players I have to remind fifteen times about an interview," complained a publicity woman. "And then they fail to show up. I don't even have to remind Ricardo once. He puts everything down in his little black notebook and he has yet to forget an appointment."

So, looking for flaws, what does a writer do? She goes straight to Ricardo himself. Oh my, yes, he has faults, he says. So many of them.

"I am a pest when friends come to my house," he says with a smile. "I love the gathering of friends. And I hate to see them go home. It is probably very late, and they have to work tomorrow, but I will try to think of ways to keep them longer. "Have I played you my new record," I'll say, 'Let me tell you my new joke.' I am a real pest.

"And I must learn to conquer my enthusiasm. I have allowed wonderful discussions about religion, politics, music, Mexico and pictures to become arguments.

I ran my voice when I get excited. And in this country that is not attractive. Ricardo claims he has the awful habit of taking advice from perfect strangers, rather than from his own family. "A perfect stranger, who doesn't care a sheep if I live or die, will tell me not to take a medicine. My wife who loves me will tell me not to take it. So I take it. Completely disinterested people are always advising me about my affairs. They tell me things about my wife and my in-laws, whom I adore, will give me sane advice. I won't listen."

Impatience, he believes, is his worst fault. "It bothers me if something isn't done immediately. I blew my top when the studio kept me waiting ten months on salary before they assigned me a part in 'Fiesta.' Right now I want to move out of my house. I want a pool and grounds. Every week I say, let's sell the house. But my wife keeps saying no. She is right, of course. As soon as I get a house with a pool and grounds I will want something else. I think I'm in the future—in place of enjoying thoroughly what I have in the present."

RICARDO used to be one of our better Hollywood worries—about his pictures and his roles in them. Having made nine worthwhile films in Mexico (one of them was even nominated for a Mexican Academy Award), he did not want to be typed as a song-and-dance man in such musicals as "On an Island With You," and "Neptune's Daughter."

"There was a long period there when I'd take my worries home with me and brood over them far into the night. I don't know how my wife ever put up with me," he says sadly.

But now he has adopted the "when it's done it's done" philosophy. And he feels a hundred per cent better.

Incurably honest, Ricardo admits, "I think I am just a little bit conceited. I'm impressed when crowds cheer as I drive up to a premiere, or when I read a rave review about myself. But my conceit never lasts long. I always think of my first premiere and my first critic."

When Ricardo was in New York, before Miss Bankhead offered him a job, he made some of those 16 mm. movies, in which he was billed as "The Latin from Manhattan." They were called "Soundies." (You put a coin in the machine, and you got movies.) Ricardo dragged a few of his friends around to the neighborhood bar. A tipsey said, "I'd like to have joined the party. When Ricardo came on the screen the sailor gulped his bourbon, and reeled out of the bar with a nasty.

"Brother, do you stink?"

But such an intense, hard-working young man Ricardo has a grand sense of humor. He tells wonderful jokes, especially on himself, acting out all the parts. During dull war news he entertains the crew with his imitations. With a topcoat he will illustrate his first encounter with a bull, a near-sighted bull. Ricardo is a master of pantomime.

A woman once said Ricardo lives his religion every day. Three years ago at the Tom Lewises (Loretta), the Montalbanes met Father Peyton, whose radio program encourages family prayer. Father Peyton suggested Ricardo and Georgiana make a nightly practice of saying The Rosary. "It takes just seven minutes," he said, "to say this most beautiful prayer of all!" Ricardo "Of course we can find seven minutes." Every since, he and his wife have said The Rosary together every night, no matter how late it is, no matter how tired they are.

Mother once gave him up: "Ricardo's really a good man. Not just on the surface. But deep inside."

THE END
Liz—Spoiled Brat or Mixed-Up Teenager

(Continued from page 40) for divorce.
At first, people refused to believe the
darkening sky. Not this time, they
groaned, not so soon, not for the bride of
brides. But the storm signals thickened,
and Nicky was elected bad boy. Nicky
drank; they said; Nicky gambled—even on
the honeymoon. One rumor had him
chucking a handful of chips at his lady in
Cannes—a story hotly denied by Elizabeth.

When she walked out on him, though,
the tide started turning. Liz should have
acted according to pattern and gone home
to mother. They’ve always been close.
Her father dotes on Liz. Brother Howard
has been her ally from childhood.
These were her natural protectors, but
she bypassed them to go to Marjorie
Dillon’s. Why? It must be that they
frowned on the step she’d taken, so the
talk went, and from this it followed that
Liz must be at fault. Nick, after all, was
a practising Catholic, his marriage vows
sacred. No one had known him to drink
in his bachelor days except as a gentle-
man drinks, and, if he gambled on the
Riviera, who doesn’t?

In print, sweet Liz turned willful, flighty
and headstrong. Especially after her
appearance at a premiere with Stanley
Donen, director of “Love Is Better Than
Ever.” Donen has been separated from
his wife for about a year. No other girl
on his arm would have caused a ripple.

Liz created a riot. With the rift from
Nicky so new, she should have stayed at
home, preferably weeping.

AGAInst the hue and cry, M-G-M took
over. It’s entirely possible that Liz suf-
f ered a nervous collapse. She’d gone
through emotional upheavals aplenty, and
she’s sensitive to a bad press. In any case,
such was the story when news hounds
sniffed out that Rebecca Jones, entered at
Good Samaritan, was the one, the only,
the captivating Taylor. Each morning they
whisked her to the studio for a day’s work,
each evening they whisked her back to
the hospital. Then flu laid her low, and of
that there’s no manner of doubt, for the set
was shuttered, and you don’t shutter sets
in Hollywood for mythical ailments.

These who cried tears from Liz should
have been satisfied on January 29th when
her suit was heard. “Will you tell the
court briefly,” her lawyer asked, “what
your husband’s conduct was?”

The dark-fringed eyes looked scared.
“He was indifferent to me and used abu-
sive language and—”

“I can’t hear a word,” protested the
court reporter, two feet away.

The judge made a small joke. “Pretend
my reporter’s a little hard of hearing.”

The kindness of the judge, the laughter
of the court or her own tensions proved
too much for Elizabeth. Down went her
face into her gloved hand. So bitterly did
she sob, that the lawyer asked and re-
cieved permission to put the testimony
into the record for her. Was it true that
almost from the beginning of their mar-
riage, Hilton had been indifferent and
argumative and picked fights for no ap-
parent reason? Was it true that he spent
most of his time away from her on their
honeymoon, staying at the casinos till
five or six a.m. and forcing her to stay
home alone in a cab? Was it true that this
conduct continued after their return, causing
her to grow nervous and to lose weight?

Liz assented. She recovered sufficiently
to give an example of Nick’s rudeness.
While unpacking at the Bel-Air Hotel,
with her mother and Barbara Thompson
present, Nick had come in and said, “What
the hell's going on here?" Barbara (Marshall's wife) verified the incident.

Though a property settlement had reportedly been arranged, Liz waived alimony and asked for the return of her maiden name. Hilton's lawyer filed formal denial of the cruelty charge. A nisi decree was granted, to become final within the year. Her ordeal over, Liz broke down again, burrowing like a forlorn puppy against her agent's coat. Hardboiled newsmen left memories of an elderly woman with few months back, sighing for lost illusions.

Liz was led to the judge's chambers. On emerging to face reporters and cameras, she seemed to better. Her reply to questions about Stanley Donen was variously quoted as "absurd" and "a lot of applesauce." Next night she went dancing with him at Mocambo.

Some call Elizabeth spoiled, some say she's mixed up. At fifteen she was the darling of M-G-M, the focal point in a world of glitter and stardust. You work, yes, but your work thrills and excites you. Great names, who wouldn't otherwise know you exist, seek you out and make much of you.

Whose head wouldn't be turned?

ELIZABETH'S also mixed up. In spite of her good looks and fame, she was nineteen to Hollywood's thirty. She'd been a child star. Comic books still enthralled her, school was a bore, chattering and dreaming were her favorite pastimes. Like any teenager, she was overwhelmed by attention from the national grid hero. One day he invited her to an exciting on game. Liz sat in Glenn's box, thrilled to his dazzling feats, shared his triumph as the crowd hoisted him aloft. "I stood there," she told her mother, "and wanted to shout, 'I'm with Davis, I'm with Davis.'"

By contrast with the boys she'd dated, Davis was a man and must have made love like a man. I'm sure she thought she was special. Glenn had stirred building emotions, personalized the adolescent's dream. He became a symbol. Inexperienced Liz mistook the symbol for the man. Making "The Conspirators" in England, she wrote to him often, talked of him, frayed and danced gaily with other men. The advantage of a symbol is that he's not around to cramp your style.

Later she pooh-poohed the whole Davis episode, and insisted that the press had made a mountain of it. But it wasn't the press who hung Glenn's football round her neck. It wasn't the press who wrote letters from London to her father (for publication) with Glenn's name as the theme song. Nor was it the press who sent her flying to his arms when his plane landed. That was an ill-timed kiss. Hard on its heels came the news of her betrothal to Pawley. Official explanations had her meeting Glenn for "_PULL LANG SYME" and to let him down easy. I wonder what they call hard.

The Pawley romance broke up on altogether different grounds. The marriage Elizabeth had planned to Glenn was a mirage—three comfortable years away. Pawley was twenty-nine, he'd won his prize, wanted her for his wife and no one more. Eligible from every point of the compass, he sprang one flaw. With his life and business rooted in Florida, he didn't propose to transfer them elsewhere. Liz didn't love him enough to say, "Whither thou goest, I'll go with thee.

One story written around her wedding day, when all that touched Liz had to touch her tenderly, says the Pawley bust-up stemmed directly from terror. Liz had given Pawley a list of M-G-M, and Bill's, and returned later than expected. She found her fiancé "livid with rage and jealousy. He bustled her into his car and roared away on a mad reckless drive that ended only when he smashed out his anger at the gas pedal, he showed Elizabeth a weakness she hadn't suspected—an ungovernable temper. When he broke her heart last, she was shaken, trembling and afraid. That was the end of their engagement—right then—"

IT'S hair-raising tale, and I find it hard to sort out the counter of my own. I interviewed Liz one day in California. Bill's ring was on her finger. She showed it proudly, talked on and about Bill, their hoped-for marriage in the spring. She was a rather old, a little frailfulness. It was hard not to date, though of course she didn't want to date anyone but Bill. They hadn't been able to figure their future yet. Maybe Bill could start something in California. "For a while I thought I could quit pictures and be a little housewife. Now I know I can't. But, oh dear, I miss Bill so much I could just about die—"

Two weeks later the engagement was off—terminated at the close of a wild drive in Florida, but on her home ground. For all I know, Pawley's temper outclasses Nero's. His photographs show a resolute, indignant spinster in the making. She was afraid of him, I'm Harvey. She put her own finger on the sore split. "I thought I could quit pictures, but I can't." She and Pawley called it a day and her heart wasn't broken but bruised by carpers who failed to understand.

Free as a butterfly, she started dating again. Most girls, burned twice, might have paused to make sure and doubly sure before they cast themselves on the first man. Most girls don't flatter men as Elizabeth does. And this time conditions were idyllic. Nicky was young, attractive and mad about Liz. When she said, Davis, he had wealth behind him. I don't mean for a minute that Elizabeth married for money. That's the least of her worries. I do mean that marriage to a movie star poses fewer problems. Unlike Pawley, Hilton's job lay in California. "Nicky," Liz caroled, "wants me to go on with my work."

Yet hardly had the sound of wedding bells died on the air when the sound of battle arose. They'd been married in a Catholic church by a Catholic priest. Obviously, Hilton expected their union to last. So, I feel sure, did Elizabeth. It couldn't work and they kept them apart. Well, Elizabeth's career is nobody's trifile

But Nicky knew all about it beforehand. Liz made no secret of her screen ambitions, so where was the beef? I'll answer that for him. Is Hilton the first to discover that heaven has little in common with earth? Publicity? Sure. A few pictures now and then? Why not? Of course the couple wanted to make their own.

Europe made it plain that their private lives could be damped in a fain's ear, with room to spare. Elizabeth loved the fanfare. Nicky went along with it up to a point, but it stuck in his throat. That he made his wife unhappy, there's no denying. Too many eyes bore witness to Elizabeth's tears. That he turned "indifferent" over-
night through pure cussedness is, according to his friends, so much malarkey. He must have been good and unhappy himself. I don't know Nicky Hilton. Those who do say he's an earnest citizen, forging his hard-working way into his father's hotel kingdom. If you point out that their earnest citizen got himself mixed up in one of those senseless cafe brawls they answer, so what? To Hilton's defenders, it proves nothing except that the crash of his marriage hit him hard. After the fracas, a spokesman plaintively begged reporters to refer to Nicky as Nick. "After all, he's grown up..."

"Want to lay a bet?" inquired our sporting newsmen.

O KAY, Nicky didn't like the fishbowl. But his real unhappiness, by general belief, involved a more personal problem. All you need is read between the lines of the stories. Again and again it pops up like a hopeful refrain from Nicky. "Naturally we don't want to wait too long for children. My brother's a year and a half younger. He has two, with another on the way. I can't let him get too far ahead."

And Elizabeth's voice in counterpoint: "We don't want children for two years yet. Nicky and I want to have lots of fun first."

At this stage I doubt Adonis in modern dress could make Elizabeth give up her career. Not the Liz who begged on her honeymoon for a day's work in "Quo Vadis" or told a writer naively: "I could have come back earlier to star with Laurence Olivier in 'Carré.' But that wouldn't have been fair to Nicky." As a rule, it's not fairness that keeps a girl close to the side of the man she loves.

Grown-up love has the other's happiness at heart and adjusts any differences that arise. Children could have waited—or they could have come without hurting Elizabeth's career. Look at Jeanne Crain, Betty Grable, Esther Williams. But her work evidently meant more to Liz than Nicky, and his ideas on marriage meant more to Nicky than Liz.

Nobody takes Donen too seriously, and the story is that they're consoling each other. The direct Miss Hopper put a question direct to Donen. "If you were free to marry now, would you marry?"

Answer: Quote I doubt it unquote—

Maybe her new bid for freedom is the beginning of Elizabeth's maturity. Once, when Nicky acted up at a party, she reportedly wailed: "I was pushed into this marriage." If that's what she said, it was the plant of a child unwilling to face up to her own mistake. She's faced up to it now. Probably against the judgment of all her advisers, she found the courage to make a major decision. She knew the storm of disapproval it would raise, and she's taken disapproval hard. Nevertheless she stuck with it. To think for yourself can be habit-forming. It's a sign of growth.

Love dies every day. After twelve years it died for the Bob Taylors, and for the Robert Montgomerys after twenty-two. They rated a paragraph on the back pages. Elizabeth made the headlines, which is understandable.

For when she stood there in her bridal robes, so young, so beautiful and beloved, she was more than herself. She was hope and mystery and wonder. Kids with dreams in their hearts hugged them closer. Older people remembered an ideal of happiness—gone for them perhaps, but not gone from the world because Elizabeth would live it. Well, she didn't... It's a pity. But people should know better than to set other people on pedestals. They should know that springtime doesn't last forever. And what's wrong with summer?

The End
He's a Natural

(Continued from page 50) He smokes less than a package of cigarettes a day, has no television set, and a very profound sentimentality he thinks of New York's Central Park as the most beautiful place he has ever seen. "It meant so much to me in my boyhood."

He owns but one hat—a pork pie.

Had he not become an actor he would have liked to have been a painter. He was born on June 3rd, 1925.

He is a sound sleeper, likes to sleep at least ten hours, and thinks the greatest asset in a wife is "that security that prevents her from being influenced or affected by what the Joneses have."

He loathes having a manicure, and made his first professional appearance for ten dollars a week in the Catskills; he played the lead in "The Jazz Singer" and was twenty years old.

He has an aversion to short, "droopy" socks, wears garters, is inclined to be quick-tempered, and owns about two hundred records—mostly "bop" and "jump."

His eyes are blue and he has a good memory for faces and is a good shot, but has difficulty remembering names and never remembers the license number of his car.

He is right-handed and currently finds himself unconsciously breaking into song, usually "If I Were a Bell" from the Broadway show, "Guys and Dolls." He has a true, though untrained, baritone voice.

Tony Curtis's favorite comic strip stories are of Jack and the Beanstalk and David and Goliath—"stories of little guys up against big guys"—this being the keynote of a rugged boyhood which tempers his deeply sympathetic outlook on life.

He never eats oysters and his favorite comic strips are Prince Valiant and The Katzenjammers Kids.

He drinks no hard liquors.

He wears no rings, dislikes opera, and thinks it "silly" to make any distinction between blondes and brunettes.

He is not affected by heights, has no collecting hobby, and there was a period in his life when he wanted to be a doctor. He likes tea, with lemon and sugar.

He used to wear arches in his shoes because of flat feet but has now cured himself of this pestilence with a walk at seven o'clock in the morning.

He is one of three children and himself would like someday to have three boys. He hates hand-painted neckties.

He confides that he is "terrible in English and spelling." He is inordinately fond of Hungarian cookies stuffed with jelly and cinnamon, made by his mother.

He likes to paint still lifes and landscapes, studied at New York's Beaux Arts Institute and his mother is the proud possessor of a canvas entitled "Portrait of a Toothache" which he painted at the age of fourteen after an experience at the dentist's. He recalls that when he presented it to his mother, she remarked: "So beautiful. What is it?"

He excelled in school track contests, and as a boy he once acquired a reputation for playing cops and robbers. He is inclined to forget anything in which he is not deeply interested.

He yearns someday to visit Italy.

His memorizing of dialogue does not come easily. He has a camera but finds photography uninspiring.

His horsemanship is second-rate and he has no intention of improving it because he wants to discourage the studios from putting him in Westerns. He gave up smoking a pipe because it was too much trouble.

He cherishes a single cuff-link made of a simple metal which was owned by his father when he was an actor in Budapest, planning someday to have it matched. "It has brought me luck."

He finds polo a bore, wrestling undependable and machinery completely baffling. His mother calls him Bern-a-la and he drinks only one cup of coffee a day.

He learned to play golf, has just started tennis and he would give a lot to own a Picasso painting. He gets seasick at the first lurch of a boat.

He used to be constantly biting his cuticles but has broken the habit.

He doesn't like corsages or flowerers worn on the person; his girl friends are always presented with a tiny bouquet to carry.

He calls his parents by their first names, carries no fountain pen and loves to play poker.

He can speak Hungarian. He was named after his parents, owns a bunch of lighters but carries none and is a great movie fan for period and adventure films.

He has a passion for shirts, now has forty-three of all kinds, mostly with tab collars and French cuffs. His personal idol was F.D.R. and he never seems to have time enough to get things done.

Tony Curtis remembers a big bully at school who was perpetually beating him up. He finally knocked a hat on him until the day he was discharged from the Navy. He went to the old neighborhood, sat on the steps of the boy's house and waited for him. Five hours later the bully was still sitting and was good as a goose. Tony struck him one blow and knocked him down. He lay there, startled and bleeding at the mouth. Tony stared at him for a moment. Then, without a word, he turned and walked away. "It was as if all the hatred had rushed through my body and out of my arm. I never thought bitterly about him again."

He is an excellent swimmer, prefers a pool to surf, weighs 155 pounds and, while he was loading a torpedo at Guam, the loading chain broke, hit him in the spine and paralyzed his legs. He thought he would never walk again but after seven weeks in a hospital he was okay, though evidences of the injury still remain.

He cannot ski or ice skate and his latest picture is "The Prince Who Was a Thief."

He always wears a sailor hat at the beach, likes sweet wines—chianti or a tokyo type made by his parents.

His favorite singers are Dean Martin, Perry Como, Frank Sinatra and Tony Martin. He constantly experiences stage fright on the first day of shooting a picture. His reading taste tends towards the biographical in the arts; his current interest being Tolstoy. He likes "Moulin Rouge," which again is symptomatic of his preoccupation with "little men beset by an overwhelming world."

He is always riding binges.

He does not smoke, but occasionally, when not working for a few days, grows a goatee, shaving it when people begin to get curious.

He doesn't play gin rummy, favors Italian restaurants, fell madly in love with a little Italian girl in elementary school.

He studied under the G.I. Bill at the Dramatic School of the New School of Social Research. He has a fierce hatred for people who push others around.

Tony Curtis is for marriage: "Soon as my parents are comfortably settled and my responsibilities are taken care of . . . oh, maybe in about five years."

The End
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THE CHARMING GIRL is—every blessed time—the girl who is fascinated by the people around her or the job or social situation immediately at hand. Charm is really nothing magic at all, but an attitude.

And we can do something about our attitude.

You're familiar with the pretty girl who seems effortlessly popular in her school days, who picks and chooses the dates she wants, stakes her "private property" sign on the most attractive boy in the crowd and, more often than not, once she has married him, goes—as my mother used to say—to seed. As though she said, "I have my husband, now I can quit," she lapses into boredom, lets herself get fat, sloppy and matronly before she is twenty-five, starts dying before she has even started to live.

A downright plain Jane with what I call charm—a warm curiosity about life and the people about her, an eager determination to learn to make something of herself—has a much better chance for success and happiness.

In Hollywood, in any new crop of starlets among the dozen or so hard, selfish, you're-lucky-to-have-me girls, there will be one whose attitude sets her apart. She accepts her beginner's contract for just what it is—a beginning, a chance and a challenge. She has won her chance, as a rule, not because of a pretty face or a luscious figure, but through a walloping performance in an amateur play, perhaps, or through hard work as a student in a good dramatic school.

For a brief six months the you're-lucky-to-have-me girl is a big shot. She "snoots" the hairdressers and ignores the technicians and makes eyes at the front office executives. Before long, however, she's outraged when her wooden performance—and not pull—is decisive and she is through in pictures practically before she started.

And the girl who survives option day? That girl comes on the set without bombast, to work and to learn. She knows that the people on the set, from the wardrobe girl to the electrician, know something about the motion picture business that she will have to know if she is going to make good as an actress. And she is not too important to ask "How?" and occasionally "Why?"

"What has she got that I haven't got?" Miss Out-in-the-Cold will moan when the dust has settled.

Honey, it's the old story—she gets because she gives. Giving is the secret of charm.

Okay, you say, so it's a question of attitude. That is a thing you can do something about. But what about the things you can't do anything about?

"I've always been fat," one of our readers writes. "I guess it's hereditary. I've tried diets, exercise, massage—nothing works. I can't lose weight. And I give up."
To begin with, it's not hereditary. Medical science has established this fact. It could be glandular. In perhaps three cases out of a hundred, obesity results from a glandular imbalance. But if this is so, your doctor can prescribe treatment. And in nine out of ten cases the treatment will be successful. But if you're one of the ninety-seven out of a hundred overweight girls whose fat is not glandular, you're fat because you eat too much. You won't be the first girl who has faced up to this particularly unpleasant fact. I had to do it when I was in my teens; I looked unattractive and I felt miserable. That is the worst part of this overweight business. Extra pounds not only play havoc with our appearance, knowing that our friends are tsk-tsking about our unsightly bulges makes us so self-conscious and defensive that our personalities are affected, too.

My doctor ruled out any glandular source of my problem. So there was nothing for it for me but to go on a rigid program of diet and exercise. I have a will of iron when I set my mind on something—I knew I had to reduce, so I did. I'm not going to suggest any diet. Your doctor can put you on a safe reducing regimen. As for exercises, I could give you a list of mine but if you are unable to cut down on your food intake, exercising would prove just an arduous waste of time. Remember this, if you really can't stop eating too much, there's a reason. You are what the psychologists call a "compulsive eater." But you could, if you discovered the reason—and faced it.

To the infant, remember, food is synonymous with security. And that goes for the adult as well if he has never outgrown his infantile insecurities. Insecure, we feel hungry—but not really for food—hungry for love, for protection, for reassurance. The girl who "can't lose weight" has to learn to look to her family, her friends, her work—and not to the icebox—for the reassurance she craves.

I am a little stamped by this "etiquette" question from one of our readers. "I am president of our reading club," she writes, "and I must wear a corsage when I preside at our luncheon meetings. Could you tell me the correct way to wear it? Should the stems point up or down?" I can't answer that out of my own experience. I hate corsages and have never worn one in my life. Now, before the National Association of Florists hates me, let me qualify that. I love flowers and I love wearing them. It's strangling the poor things with wire and tinfoil that I object to. How—and when to wear flowers? To me, nothing shouts spring more effectively than a fresh nosegay of violets. A single, perfect camellia can work magic with that tired old black dress. And a cluster of fresh daisies or carnations caught in the belt of a fresh summer dress makes it even crisper. For a club luncheon, why not a spray or lilies of the valley—not wired, please; or, for a gala night, a cluster of those tiny, exotic green orchids?

As for the up or down of it, I should say that Mother Nature knows best. Flowers grow with their proud little heads up in the air. So, up with them.
If It’s Whiter Skin You Want...

(Continued from page 53) she's not the tempestuous, flamboyant woman you see on the screen. She is a working wife and the happy-minded mother of two boys.

The Barkers’ house is a simple two-story affair on a simple unfashionable street in the San Fernando Valley and they have two medium-priced cars in the garage. And on the small lawn in front of their house you usually see the boys’ bikes sprawling. It is true that they do have a swimming pool in the back yard, but it is mostly to keep the kids happy. The neighbors across the street that have nothing to do with the movie business have a pool in their back yard for the same reason.

That’s not much like the rich wife in “Smash Hit” who drank too much, is it? Or like the wildly romantic girl of “My Foolish Heart” who loved so completely she had an illegitimate baby. And, if you haven’t seen her latest picture, “I Can Get It for You Wholesale,” I will tell you right now that she’s not like its ambitious hardboiled heroine either.

Susan loves being a star and she loves the creative excitement that goes with stardom. She has fought and worked constantly to get to the top and she prays every night that she can continue to be a top-ranking personality for a long time to come. “As a matter of fact, my knees are wearing out.”

Susan doesn’t take her characters home with her. Every twice in a while, Mrs. Barker’s temper blows and when that happens all the cast goes out of the cupboard and all the bystanders run for the hills. But really, it is over much more quickly than you would imagine. Her one big problem is to discipline her emotions and her temper. She tries to be truthful, even as you and I. She will tell a polite lie, for instance, saying her best friend’s hat is pretty when she doesn’t actually think it is. She comforts herself when such situations arise with the knowledge that everyone thinks his or her taste is good and it doesn’t necessarily have to agree with Susan’s. But in matters of importance, she tells the whole truth and tries to face it too.

She grew up in Brooklyn and was named Edythe Marriner. Her father always said she took after his mother, Katie Harrigan, who was on the stage before that helped shape her character. From the very first mention of Katie Harrigan she knew what her ambition was and when Grandma came over from the old country and shared the Brooklyn flat, she adored her.

Grandma used to give premieres in the front room—whole plays sometimes—and Susan was the little mimic who memorized while portions of them were going on. They first signed her—it broke her heart because they wouldn’t let her call herself Katie Harrigan. They said it sounded like a burlesque queen, but to Susan it rang out with the laughter in her. That her grandmother stood for and that her mother and father stood for too.

Her parents’ happy marriage had a great deal to do with making Jess and Susan’s marriage work. They both come from happy families. When they were married, all Hollywood said it couldn’t last, but they knew better.

Maybe it’s because Susan was brought up on the installment plan that she can’t go one cent into debt for anything now. Back in Brooklyn, the Marriners would have an icebox—a nice, new shiny icebox—for a few months, and then someone would come and take it away; or they would have a beautiful stove until those men were there again and they would have to go down to the corner and buy a secondhand one for boys.

The result of all this is that at Christmas now she goes mad gift-buying. She has a business manager who tells her what to do all year and she listens and almost always follows his financial advice. But at Christmas she forgets it like crazy. She buys everyone too much and gets gifts for everyone she can think of—even if they are virtually strangers. She trims her Christmas tree—and none of those modern white and pink ones either—but a huge old-fashioned green tree tied all over with red and white bows and ornaments and she helps Santa load the boys’ stockings and Jess’s socks with all sorts of giddy things. Jess loves the excitement, too, because he never had it either when he was growing up.

NYBODY who loves to act has an overactive imagination that makes him or her take everything literally. Personally, I think that’s why the whole world is in love with Susan. If you told her that a certain person was nice, she’d be flattered. You’d say “That’s Bathsheba,” and she’d tell them she’d like it much better if it were “Bathsheba and David.”

Originally, she had the same sort of idea about marriage, but she soon found out that you can’t be a man’s wife, he is going to be the boss or, despite all your charms and what not, you are going to be a very unhappy character. When she signed with “Bathsheba” she told them she would like it much better if it were “Bathsheba and David.”

Several years after their wedding date, the Barkers may not have their living room furnished. But they have peace of mind, perfect health and a future reasonably enough secure that they could boot out working tomorrow and not have to worry too much. Add that to their having the boys and not a debt in the world and you know they are fortunate people, most of them. Their last Christmas together would have put into that living room furniture is going to take the family to Ireland this summer.

Susan is very grateful for her good luck, but she takes it all so for granted to look up and around at God’s beautiful world and appreciate it. I know people who are so ambitious they don’t take that time. We all should do this. I know it’s given Susan strength she couldn’t have had otherwise.

When the boys ask, “What will we be when we grow up?” she tells them they can be anything they like, so long as they are healthy and happy and honest, and I for one know they will be. Perhaps the Barker boys can sell that idea to every other kid on the globe—and if they do, the world will become a happier place to live in.

The End
Caught in a Baby Shower

(Continued from page 60) invitations, writing down the time, place, all the details and R.S.V.P. Not all guests responded, however, so about two days before the shower Dotty called those she hadn't heard from to ask if they were coming.

In order to take advantage of her lovely gardens and, at the same time, add a charming and amusing note to the party, Dorothy borrowed an old-fashioned baby carriage from the studio prop department, and filled it with mixed spring flowers. Her table appointments, too, were lovely and amusing. In between two huge silver punch bowls, filled with champagne punch, she placed a stork made of vegetables; the body a large, firm head of cabbage, with two leaves pulled out to give it a "ready to fly" look, the legs toy drumsticks, the neck a stick covered with cotton, the head a turnip with olive eyes and a long carrot nose, the topknot of cotton. There were other storks too—a tired one, leaning against a lamp post on the bar, a lovely blue, pink and white one on the buffet.

Before Dorothy had her last baby, Tommy, her friends at the studio gave her a shower. At this party, a large brocade satin throne-like chair, with tall candlelabra on either side, was reserved for her. Dotty borrowed these things so Kay could sit like a Queen while she opened her gifts.

At a party with so many guests, Dotty, who is now making "The Greatest Show on Earth" for Paramount, thought it best not to plan any order of events. As each guest arrived with her present, the gifts were placed near the throne. Dorothy's memory for names is incredible. She didn't slip once. It takes thought to pass through a room full of people and introduce everyone correctly.

As Kay opened her gifts her sister, who sat beside her, made notes so Kay could write thank-you letters later.

The gifts she received were practical and elegant, ranging from the leopardskin carriage robe Dorothy gave her, to a warm woolly blanket from Ann Rutherford. Jane Wyman brought a cunning Dutch mill nursery lamp, June Allyson contributed

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I THOUGHT A GIRL KNEW THESE FACTS BEFORE SHE MARRIED
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When those annoying days arrive next month it should be comforting to know that you can "bathe as usual," even if you prefer a tub. There's no odor with Tampax and it is so easy to dispose of.

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baby bits on which was embroidered "Please do not kiss me." Betty Hutton brought sheets and pillow cases and Joan Fontaine, a pink dress.

There was one bit of unplanned entertainment. When little Ridgely Howard, Dotty's eldest son, got up from his nap and came sliding down the banister he looked at the room full of women and said in a loud voice, "You know, some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed." With which he was whisked off to the garage to help his daddy in the workshop.

Dotty's refreshments included:

1. Finger sandwiches (cream cheese, colored pink and blue); small wreath sandwiches; assorted hors d'oeuvres; grilled cream cheese and clam canapes; champagne punch; pink champagne; and pink and blue bassinette cake, used as centerpiece on dining table.

2. Grilled Cream Cheese and Clam Canapes

(Makes about 50 canapes)

Trim crusts from 1 loaf thinly sliced white bread. Cut each slice into 2 triangles. Toast triangles on one side. Spread untoasted side with the following mixture.

Drain: 2 (7 oz.) cans minced clams

Combine:

- ½ lb. cream cheese
- 3 tablespoons minced clam liquor
- 2 teaspoons minced onion
- few drops tabasco

½ teaspoon salt


3. Cream Puffs with Deviled Crabmeat Filling

(Makes about 50 cream puff shells)

Combine in saucepan:

- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup boiling water
- ½ teaspoon salt

Heat until butter melts and mixture boils. Add all at once; 1 cup sifted flour. Stir vigorously until mixture forms a ball. Remove from heat and cool one minute.

Add, one at a time, beating after each;
- 4 eggs

When mixture is thick and glossy, drop from small teaspoon onto greased baking sheet, about 2 inches apart. Bake in a hot oven (425°F.) 20-22 minutes. Cool. Cut and fill with Deviled Crabmeat Filling.

4. Deviled Crabmeat Filling

Open and drain: 2 (6½ oz.) cans crabmeat. Flake with a fork; removing all tendons. Place in saucepan:

- 6 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ½ cup finely chopped onion
- 1 teaspoon salt

Cook over low heat until onion is soft but not browned, about five minutes.

Add:
- 6 tablespoons flour
- 1 tablespoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¾ teaspoon red pepper
- dash of tabasco

Combine over low heat; then add:
- 2 cups milk

Cook over low heat about ten minutes, stirring constantly until mixture is smooth and thick. Add crabmeat and ½ cup grated American cheese. Stir gently. Heat together for three minutes.

5. Champagne Punch

Place 2 quarts lemon ice water in punch bowl. Pour 4 quarts champagne over lemon ice.

6. Pink Champagne

Chill 4 quarts of pink champagne. When well chilled, pour into punch bowl. Float several pink Azaleas on top.

Finger Sandwiches

Trim crusts from thin slices of bread. Cut slices into small shapes such as rounds, triangles, crescents. For wreaths, cut an equal number of rounds and circles (rounds with holes in the center). Spread bread shapes with softened butter before filling. Garnish with slices of stuffed olives, pickles, pimiento strips, or parsley.

Sandwich Fillings

Ham Spread

Mix in bowl:
- ¼ cup ground cooked ham
- ¼ cup minced parsley
- 1 tablespoon mayonnaise
- 1 tablespoon horseradish

Chicken Livers Spread

Mix together:
- ½ cup finely chopped cooked chicken livers
- 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs
- 1 teaspoon minced onion
- ¼ teaspoon salt, dash pepper

Moisten with a little cream.

Chicken Spread

Combine in bowl:
- ½ cup ground cooked chicken
- 1 tablespoon mayonnaise
- 1½ tablespoons finely chopped toasted almonds
- ⅛ teaspoon salt, dash pepper

Caviar Spread

Mix together:
- 1 (2 oz.) jar caviar
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice

Salmon Spread

Open and drain: 1 (7 oz.) can salmon; Flake with fork. Remove skin and bones. Combine in bowl:

- 1 tablespoon minced green onion
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped black olives
- ½ teaspoon garlic salt
- ¼ cup French dressing

Add flaked salmon. Mix well with fork.

Snappy Cress Spread

Wash, dry and finely chop: ½ cup watercress.

Combine in bowl:
- 1½ tablespoons softened cream cheese
- ½ tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1½ tablespoons French dressing
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- dash pepper

Add chopped watercress; blend well.

Roquefort Spread

Mash in bowl: 6 tablespoons Roquefort cheese.

Add:
- 1 tablespoon softened butter
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; and blend well.

Coronation Egg Spread

Put through sieve: 4 hard-cooked eggs.

Combine in bowl:
- 2 teaspoons mayonnaise
- ¼ teaspoon prepared mustard
- ¼ teaspoon vinegar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon garlic salt
- dash cayenne

Add sieved hard-cooked eggs. Mix until well blended.

Peanut Butter Spread

Combine in bowl:
- ½ cup peanut butter
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 6 tablespoons top milk

Blend well.
Does Mother Know Best?

(Continued from page 49) separate apartments. Ditto for Anne Baxter and John Hodiak. For a time, I didn't think Anne would ever be able to break loose and take unto herself a mate. Her mother objected to all her gentleman callers—most of all to John Hodiak, whom she refused to receive. But Anne was in love. So was John. I'm sure Mrs. Baxter is delighted now that she finally gave her blessing. They are not only very happy, but marriage for Anne was the right turning point in the finery-and-finger crossword. She shed pounds of blubber, burned her slacks and "sloppy joes," and is now one of the most attractive, best dressed gals in town.

It isn't always men who cause the mother-daughter fracas. I remember Linda Darnell was battling with her mother because of the latter's unconventional behavior. I was on the set when Mrs. Darnell came to visit Linda. For a scarf she wore two fine king-size snakes! It was supposed to be a joke, but Linda didn't laugh. She continues to see her mother—infrequently.

"I want my child to have a normal childhood," explained Shirley Temple when she refused a fabulous offer to make a star of Susan. Yet I wonder how Shirley would have felt in retrospect if her mother had said "No" to Shirley's career. Her entire life would have been different, of course. But who is to say that it would have been happier?

There was a time when Olivia de Havilland, her sister Joan Fontaine, and her mother Mrs. Fontaine, all lived under the same Hollywood roof—stormily. It's true, but it's hard to believe that there actually was a time when the three ladies were more or less friendly. No one knows exactly why Olivia stopped speaking to her mother. But I'm told Olivia didn't let her mother know when she was expecting a baby. And as far as I know, Mrs. Fontaine has not yet seen her grandson. Obviously Olivia is one star who does not believe that "Mother knows best."

And Betty Grable is one star who does. Her mother is still making the decisions. And to date, they've paid off at the box office. It was Mrs. Grable who pounded on a Paramount table until the executives agreed to release Betty from her B collegiate picture contract. It was the same determined dame who yanked Betty to New York and pushed her into the stage hit, "Du Barry Was a Lady," which brought her to Twentieth as a $300,000-a-year star.

Today, Betty's mother is right there on the set to approve every dance step executed by her famous daughter. Betty would have retired years ago, but for wanting to please her mother.

When Judy Garland moved out of her mother's house in the Carthay Circle district, a lot of trouble moved in for Judy. Against her mother's advice, Judy switched from the doctor who had known her all her life to a doctor who would give her the sleeping pills she felt were essential. After Judy's attempt at suicide, she not only refused to see the old doctor, but her mother as well. Later, she relented, first making sure reproaches were out.

The closeness of Lela and Ginger Rogers is legendary. Ginger's professional respect for her mother has already lasted for a quarter of a century, starting when Ginger won a Charleston contest at the age of fifteen. And today, with Ginger a mature, successful woman, every movie is okayed by Mama. And personally and politically, mother and daughter are one of the same mind on everything. You can bet Ginger says "Mother knows best!"

Ann Blyth was like a lost lamb when her mother passed away a few years ago. Because Mrs. Blyth had master-minded every move made by her daughter since she put her in grand opera at the age of three! It speaks volumes for her mother's all-around coaching that Ann has been able to carry on so well without her.

For Famous Hollywood sons who say "Mama knows best" include Clifton Webb, Mickey Rooney, Tony Curtis and Peter Lawford. Peter, aged twenty-seven, prefers to live with his mom and dad. Rooney invariably goes home to Mama when his marriages turn sour. Tony Curtis lives with her all the time and when he gives a party, Mama gets into that kitchen and comes out with the most gorgeous Hungarian goulash.

But Clifton Webb takes the biscuit in mother-son closeness. Mama Maybelle has always lived with Clifton and always been boss of the menage. It isn't a question of "does Mother know best"—Mother knows . . . period. When she's with Clifton on the set of his picture, he's as anxious and nervous about impressing her as a starlet making her first screen test. I once heard him tell the assistant director, "Maybelle is coming. Give me a big build-up." And you should have heard Clifton raise the roof when a columnist misspelled Maybelle's rather unusual name!

All in all, mothers are pretty much the same in Hollywood or in Hoboken—have the same griefs, the same hopes, the same joys everywhere.

The End

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Happy Holliday

(Continued from page 59) every producer in town wanted her for a part that absolutely nobody else could do.

Everybody wanted Judy. But Judy wasn't there. A sleuth could have found her by calling a certain Greenwich Village apartment, in Manhattan. For Judy in private life is Mrs. David Oppenheim, and Judy had gone home as fast as an airline could take her, the minute the last set-up in the picture was on film.

"Born Yesterday" wasn't Judy's first flying at pictures. Nor even the second. She was so good as the suspected murderer in "Adam's Rib," a year ago that some Holliday enthusiasts thought Judy should win two Academy awards—best star performance in "Born Yesterday," best supporting actress in "Adam's Rib."

But what most people don't know is that Judy's trip to Hollywood to appear in "Adam's Rib" was in the nature of a come-back. She had been "discovered" by Hollywood, as promptly undiscovered, and had been all washed up in films at the ripe old age of twenty-three.

Twentieth Century-Fox had her under contract for six months in 1945, at about one-hundredth of the salary they would have to pay her now—if they could get her.

This studio's talent scouts had spotted Judy at the Trocadero where she was appearing with Betty Comden and Adolph Green in an off-beat night-club act they called "The Reavers." What they saw then was a pretty blonde—who was also a deadly mimic, an inspired comedienne, a song satirist with a style all her own. They told Judy she ought to be in pictures and made her an offer.

Judy hesitated because accepting would mean breaking up "The Reavers."

"Don't be crazy," urged Betty and Adolph. "It's your big chance."

So Judy reported to the studio. The producers, seeing her for the first time, out of her familiar setting, saw her all alone and on her own—and they pegged her as just another pretty little blonde with a tendency to get too fat. They had hired her and they might as well use her, so they cast her, dubiously, in mousy, ingenuous roles in "Something for the Boys" and "Winged Victory."

The Judy Holliday of the Revers got lost somewhere, and the Judy Holliday who emerged should have died.

So Judy was fired, and she fled home to mother, to pals who knew she was no drab mouse. She would never set foot in Hollywood again.

It wasn't the first low spot in her life—or the last—but Hollywood had been able to do something to Judy nobody had ever succeeded in doing before. It had shattered the reassuring spring for her tremendous vitality and talent, her magnificent self-confidence.

That kind of terrible isolation, which most of us feel now and then, Judy Holliday had never experienced before the shattering six months in Hollywood. She had always before known that she was loved and wanted.

As the only child of Abraham and Helen Tuvim, her father a music educator and her mother a music teacher, she had been treated from the time she was born as a person and a welcome addition to her parents circle of intellectual, rather "arty" friends. Fortunately, neither of her parents insisted that she be a Personality.

"All I wanted was a child," her mother says now, "I didn't care what profession she took up but she was pretty or not. We loved her—that was enough."

Habitudes of Belmar, a New Jersey summer resort where the Tuvins spent their...
The stage was set for Judy. When she was fourteen, Judy wanted to take a loft with one of her girl friends, fix it up with orange crates and odds and ends of decorating material, and use it for a workroom. Judy was to write, and the other girl was to paint. Mrs. Tuvim started right out with Judy to look for the space, but the other child's parents were so aghast they wouldn't let the friend participate. The project turned out to be impossible because of lack of space as well as lack of money, and was dropped—but to Judy's full satisfaction. She had learned firsthand why it couldn't work.

When, at seventeen, she was graduated from Julia Richman High School in New York, she decided to forgo college in favor of a job as switchboard operator at the Mercury Theater. She intended to write plays and felt she would learn her craft more quickly in the theater itself than in a classroom. On her first vacation from this apprenticeship job, at a summer camp in the mountains, she met Betty Comden and Adolph Green, both just as ambitious and intense as she.

For their own amusement as well as to divert other vacationers, the three—along with Alvin Hammer and John Frank—worked up a series of comic sketches which they performed every evening. It didn't occur to them then that their "act" had professional possibilities. Soon after they all had returned to New York, Judy went out on a Sunday night blind date, decided her escort was a dud, and left him on a corner in the village. It was very late, and it was raining heavily.

Judy turned into a doorway, to dry off, and heard music coming from below. Down she went, to find a tiny, smoky little night club, the Vanguard, where nearly all of the "guests" turned out to be performers trying out their own talents.

Judy sought out the owner of the place, Max Gordon. "Can anybody get in the act?" she asked him.

"Anybody good," Gordon told her.

"Well, I have some friends ... and we ... well, I can't explain just what we do but we're good," Judy assured him.

"Come on down, then," said Gordon.

They appeared the following week and after a frighteningly bad start—Betty Comden went on alone to sing "The Stateley Homes of England," forgot the lyrics and burst into tears—completely captivated the sophisticated clientele of the Vanguard, and Gordon put them on as regulars at five dollars a performance.

Their very next booking was in the toniest night club in America—the Rainbow Room! Betty Comden—who wanted to play Shakespeare—Adolph Green—who wanted to be a serious actor—Judy Holliday—who wanted to be a playwright—were The Revers' now, whether they liked it or not, and all New York was talking about them.

But it was only a stopgap, they all agreed. "The only trouble was," Betty Comden says now, "that it took us five years to stop gapping."

They created some sketches that still are not forgotten, and Judy discovered that she was something of a song writer herself, when her music and lyrics for "The Girl with the Two Left Feet" became a quick sensation.

She even recorded the tune with Leonard Bernstein—then relatively unknown, now one of the nation's leading composers and conductors—at the piano!

If it had occurred to him, Bernstein could have done Judy an even greater favor than playing her accompaniments. One of his best friends was a talented young clarinetist, David Oppenheim. David had seen Judy work, and was clamoring to meet her. Judy had heard David play, and was equally intrigued. But Bernstein never got around to introducing them. Cupid had to mark time in the wings for a few more years.

During "The Revers" much publicized run in the Rainbow Room, acts imitating their zany routines sprang up all over the country. When their booking ended, all of their imitators were working, but "The Revers" couldn't get a job. The bid from the Trocadero—and Judy's subsequent brief fling in pictures—came when they were down to their last dollar.

Triumph—dip—triumph—dip.

It was time for another triumph, Adolph Green finally convinced a reluctant Judy that afternoon when she was to brace Harold Clurman for a job in "Kiss Them for Me."

Time it was, and Judy got the part, killed the people and won the Clarence Derwent award for best non-featured performance of the year. And then, when the play finally closed—and the up-again-down-again life was getting monotonous by this time—Judy couldn't get a stage job anywhere.

In the meantime, she had to eat—and she welcomed the tiny checks for reading commercials on daytime radio serials. Even as a housewife enchanted with

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the disappearance of dish-pam hands, Judy was a knock-out. Her friends say that every time Judy was on deck to sell soap, big-timers from all over Radio City would wander into the studio where she was working to see and hear her in action.

She obviously wasn't going to sell soap forever, and Judy had a hunch that something big was about to happen.

She was broker than she had been since "The Revuers" sang for their supper and five dollars a night at the Vanguard, but she bought a mint coat!

"I just had to feel prosperous," she explained, "and besides, I found a friendly little man who said he would sell me the coat on time."

Dollar-down-dollar-a-week the coat may have been, but it turned out to be a great investment.

SHE was wearing it the day, soon after, when a message came through at CBS that Max Gordon, the famous Broadway producer, wanted to see her. His "Born Yesterday" was three days from its Broadway opening, and Jean Arthur, who had played Billie Dawn in the out-of-town tryouts, had withdrawn from the cast. Somebody who had seen Judy in "Kiss Them for Me" had told him she was the girl who could come to the rescue.

The producer first tried to reach Judy at her home. Mrs. Tuvin, under the impression that the Max Gordon calling was the Max Gordon of the Vanguard, poured out her heart. "Oh, Max, what am I going to do with Judy. I can't get her to do anything. All she does is bang away at that piano, she eats too much, and she'll get fat . . . and really . . ."

That it was the Max Gordon looking for Judy seeped through ultimately and in some confusion Mrs. Tuvin told him that her problem could probably be reached at the broadcasting studio.

After this it was probably with some qualms that Mr. Gordon waited in his office for Miss Holliday to arrive.

She came in a cloud of mink and self-confidence, and said of course she could learn the part in three days.

However, she was not interested primarily in acting. She was a writer. Perhaps he would like to read her play.

Perhaps, later, Gordon broke in, but right now there was the question of the imminent opening of "Born Yesterday."

Oh, that Judy said. Well, of course, if he insisted, but the salary he had mentioned was not adequate at all.

What happened is theatrical history. Judy took over the part—at her terms, and proceeded to take over Broadway.

"Born Yesterday" was a smash hit and when Judy agreed finally to return to Hollywood she was in a position to choose her parts and more.

Early in the run of "Born Yesterday," Judy finally met David Oppenheim. They were quietly married in January, 1948, and set up housekeeping in the apartment in the village. It is furnished charmingly with fine, mellow antiques which Judy refurbished herself. The kitchen is a gourmet's paradise full of copper pans and mixing bowls where Judy loves to cook and—her appetite is legendary—to eat.

David's very good job as an executive with Columbia Records keeps him fairly continually in New York, and although Judy is committed for a picture year at Columbia and is constantly submerged in offers from other studios, Hollywood continues to be just "a nice place to visit."

Now Judy's pals won't have to hold her hand any more and tell her that an up always follows a down. For Judy, from now on in, is strictly the girl on the top.
His Love Wears Wings

(Continued from page 55) and other air hostesses teased her about him. "They couldn't help knowing how I felt—I talked about him all the time," she laughs now. So when Pam read one day that Audie would be guest of honor at a big square dance, to be held at his friend Ray Woods' dude ranch, she made excited plans to attend. "And one of the pilots who knew Audie, and knew how much I wanted to meet him" promised to introduce her. She was supposed to work that night until twelve, but she left early and, still wearing her hostess uniform, drove fifteen miles out to the Woods' place.

"And I saw him," she said. "He looked so handsome, standing on the sidelines, quietly watching the dancing."

Pamela, of course, looked frantically for the pal who'd promised to introduce her, but, having a gay time, he forgot. "Say, there's a girl, an airline hostess—fan of yours—wants to meet you," he'd told Audie. But when he never mentioned it again, Audie thought he'd been kidding. The pilot who failed Pam that night used to tease her about Audie in the three years that followed. He'd brief her on news about Audie and Wanda. They were engaged. They were married. They were rowing. They were back together. Then came the report of their divorce.

Back in Texas at this time Pam and another hostess, Gloria Knight, were making plans to vacation in California. "I'm going to meet Audie Murphy," Pam would say. And Gloria, a fan of Farley Granger's, insisted she was going to see him. "We were kidding," Pam explained. "I didn't dream I really would."

It was a week before they were to leave that another air hostess, Marjorie McMahon, called Pam one morning at 8:30. "Guess who's coming over," she asked. Pam, having worked the night before until midnight, was in no mood for guessing games. "I don't know—who!" she said drowsily. "Audie Murphy!" said Marjorie. Pam laughingly admits she came awake in a hurry, especially when Marjorie called her granddaughter, Dr. W. C. Browne, to the phone and he assured Pamela it was true.

Dr. Browne had looked after Audie and the other Murphys since they were kids. Audie was coming to see him. "Tell him Gloria and I are coming out to California," Pam said to Marjorie. "Ask him if we may contact him." Marjorie did that and Audie left a phone number and said to give him a ring when they arrived. He would get them into a studio.

But when Pam and Gloria checked into the Miramar Hotel and called Audie, he wasn't in. His apartment manager was French. She couldn't understand their drawl. "Two girls phoned from Texas," she told Audie. And he thought they were still back home.

Finally, a week of their vacation was gone, only four days remaining—and still no word from Audie. How humiliating it would be when they got back to Dallas and had to admit they hadn't even set eyes on Audie Murphy. "We knew everybody back home would know!" she said. A little desperate, she put in another call. Again he was out, but this time the landlady seemed to understand her better. And late that afternoon Audie called and made a date to take them to Universal-International for lunch.

He was just as Pam always had pictured him. "Youthful, and so modest and friendly—I felt I'd known him always."

When he telephoned later asking them to have dinner with him at the Malibu Inn, Pam was starry-eyed, "We didn't expect him to do anything else for us." It was quite evident, they thought, that they drove along the coast to Newport, There, dining in the romantic island atmosphere of "Christians' Hut," Pamela told Audie she had been supposed to meet him at a square dance three years before.

"So you're the one," he laughed. "Why didn't you say something?" Then, not laughing, he added, "You might have changed my whole life—"

Audie Murphy's whole life was about to be changed even then—and he was beginning to realize it. The eyes of this Texan sight straight and fast, and he'd sized her up as his kind of girl. Quiet, a little shy, but intelligently alert, so sincere and the most honest human being in the whole world," he says.

Two days after Pam and Gloria returned to Dallas—with autographed copies of Audie's book, "To Hell and Back," to prove it was all true—Audie phoned Pam. She was alone in the house she shared with five other officers, and doing her scheduled domestic chore—"We each have rooms to do every week—and whoever feels like it cooks." Because she was so excited and couldn't think of anything sensational to say, she talked at random about everything, his book, the weather in Dallas, visibility—Audie managed to get in the suggestion that Pam drop in on the Ray Woods's and their children—and also say 'hello' to his horses, "Snuffy" and "Bazooka" pastured there.

The following week he called again. He didn't know when he could get back, he

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Candleflame Blonde

(Continued from page 42) gloves and shoes. Heart-edged valances outlined the windows of her bedroom. Her dressing table mirror was heart-shaped. She even read by a heart-shaped lamp.

This heart phobia was in full bloom in 1947 when Gene Kelly persuaded Louis B. Mayer that "the best dancer in Hollywood was Vera-Ellen and he wanted her to do the exciting 'Slaughter on Tenth Avenue' number with him in 'Words and Music.' Gene had known Vera-Ellen ever since she worked on Broadway with Betsy Blair, who became Mrs. Gene Kelly.

Vera-Ellen arrived on the Metro set the first day of rehearsals in her usual rehearsal costume of fluffy ballet skirts, hearts dangling, of course. Somehow fluff and hearts didn't seem appropriate for the bold, sensuous dance that tells the story of the sordid romance of a Hell's Kitchen boy and girl. The next day she wore sweater and slacks. No hearts. Soon after that she established the Vera-Ellen rehearsal costume, which has now become famous on the Metro lot. The costume consists of a turtle-neck sweater, form-fitting, and satin blue jeans, tres form-fitting.

Vera-Ellen ceased being an ingenuous. Let's skip the psychanalytic claptrap and say she grew up. She wasn't conscious of it at first. Then two things happened that brought it right smack to her attention:

She used to get fan letters regularly from a boy who always started out by saying, "I want to be your brother." But, after "Words and Music" was released there was a silence. And then one day she received a letter from the same boy, which said, "I have just seen you in 'Slaughter.' Our relationship has changed."

The second happening was one Sunday last spring when Vera-Ellen went to church with her mother. (She is a regular church-goer and often sings in the choir.) As they were walking down the aisle, her mother turned to her. "Vera-Ellen," she whispered, in shocked accents, "you're sinking!" It was then Vera-Ellen realized how much her attitude had changed.

She's determined to keep that twenty-inch waistline. When she isn't in production she can easily take on weight. So she mows lawns, hers and the neighbors'. She thinks lawn-mowing is the best kind of exercise. When she's rehearsing she lives on grapefruit and scrambled eggs. "I like to feel fragile and undernourished when I work," she says. She haunts the health stores in Beverly Hills and Hollywood and buys their gluten bread, yogurt, health candies and cookies.

Vera-Ellen was married once but has been divorced for the past three years. "As deeply sorry as I am," she says, "that my marriage had to break up I feel that I learned a great deal from it, and I have profited from the experience." She feels her marriage, disillusioning as it was, has saved her many heartaches the past three years. For it wasn't until Rock Hudson came into her life that she took any man seriously or really went steady.

SHE lives with her mother (her father, whom she adored, died about two years ago) in a small house in North Hollywood. Her full name is Vera-Ellen Rohe—but she prefers Vera-Ellen. Her father was a piano tuner and her uncle a minister. She was such a bookworm as a child that her mother enrolled her in a dancing class when she was nine, just to get her to exercise.

She decided to make dancing her career and her first trip to New York was as a delegate to the convention held by the Dancing Teachers of America. While there she auditioned for Major Bowes, was assigned to one of his units and went on the road. That was in 1937. Her first Broadway break was in Billy Rose's show at the Casa Manana, where she did her own specialty number. She was a Rockette at the Radio City Music Hall, then appeared in a series of musical shows. Samuel Goldwyn saw her in "The Connecticut Yankee" and signed her to a contract.

She gathered up her mother, her Pomeranian and her canary and came to Hollywood. Their first afternoon in town they took a Santa Monica streetcar and asked the conductor to point out the Goldwyn studios. Vera-Ellen couldn't have been more disillusioned. "It will look more like a studio inside those walls," she assured her mother. But it didn't. She and her mother lived in a two-room apartment and invested in a car. However, she and Mr. Goldwyn parted in 1948 when he wouldn't give her a hike in salary.

It was in 1948, on Gene Kelly's urging, that Metro signed her for "Words and Music." Fred Astaire dropped by the set one day and saw her working with Gene. He posed the question, "Who's Gene Kelly's dancing partner?" and when Fred was signed to do "Three Little Words" he asked for her.

For the records, she is five feet, four and one-half inches, weighs between 108 and 111 pounds and her measurements are: bust, thirty-three inches, hips, thirty-two, and waist, twenty. She has brown eyes and her hair is what she calls "candle-flame blonde." She explains, "One of my boy friends told me that. It must have been a very romantic evening." The End

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(Continued from page 45) seem to be getting tangled up emotionally and so I was glad of the chance to talk with John when Photoplay asked me to do a story on him. John today is wary of reporters. He says little and suspiciously considers every question put to him, before replying. He is constantly on guard—on the defensive—even a little defensive. "John," I said, suddenly, "are you unhappy or worried about something?"

I think the direct approach surprised him. He attempts to keep his face deadpan but my question has hit home—He flushed slightly and his chin set stubbornly under his tanned skin.

His voice was quite steady, almost disinterested as he replied, "No, I'm all right. I'm trying to work at it. At least my career is going very well. You know, I've made eight pictures and I'm still under contract to David Selznick."

Obviously, he had made a neat switch from a personal subject to his career.

Because Parsons is not that easily sidetracked. Before he could get completely away from the personal, I asked, "Do you bear any bitterness toward Shirley?"

"No, I have no bitterness," he answered, carefully. "Life is too short to harbor grudges and I have only happiness for Shirley in her new marriage. After all, you only get out of life what you put into it. Maybe I didn't put enough into my marriage to Shirley."

And there was about the extent of his philosophizing. I asked him if he thought that Shirley, who had been only seventeen when they were married, was too young to appreciate the responsibilities of married life. (A Beverly Hills psychiatrist has recently said that teen-age stars are too young to accept the mature responsibilities of marriage and that is why so many of their unions fail.) He had also said that teenagers marry to seek independence and freedom from parental control. He argued that seventeen is too young to marry.)

"Do you agree with what he says, John?"

I asked.

"I can't say that I do," he replied calmly, "I don't know. My marriage to Shirley Temple belongs to yesterday and I am willing to let it go. I must not discuss it."

And then he signed off—and I mean, signed off.

It was obvious John had a chip on his shoulder and was reluctant to trust anyone. He'd arrived several minutes late for our appointment saying he had had an accident with his car. And he was politely full of apologies. But I doubted the accident angle. I wondered if he had not been hesitant about coming to our interview.

"You just told me that you are deeply and sincerely interested in your screen work, John," I went on. "What about those drunk-driving charges? Those aren't going to help your career.

"I was not drunk and I have witnesses to prove it. I am going to fight this in every court in the country if necessary!"

Suddenly, I realized I had put my finger on what is hurting and tearing at this boy. I believe he feels the world is against him. There must be so much bottled up inside him which he feels he cannot bring out in his own defense, must have been deeply hurt at Shirley's divorce charges. They were unusually strong for a divorce suit even in Hollywood. He made no attempt to state a story of his own.

But what he does not seem to realize is that his silence won him much admiration from people who might otherwise have been prone to criticize him.

If I had been hurt by his attitude when he first arrived, I found myself feeling much more sympathetic. John had
not been brought up in a theatrical world. He has had no previous experience in "taking" the goldfish existence and the hard jolts that usually go with fame. "Do you ever wish that you had gone back to Chicago and taken over the plant your grandfather built?" I asked.

John shook his head. "My father died in 1935 and we sold the meat packing business because there was no one to carry on. I am the oldest of three children. My mother wanted to come to California and, as the head of the house, I was expected to come with her. My sister is married and still lives in Chicago. My brother is in Stanford. But we've never regretted coming to the Coast to make our home."

John seems so very fond of all his "people." His mother, to whom I have talked on several occasions, seems to be a charming woman and I am sure her advice to this boy who seems so hurt by life, is excellent.

John went on to tell me that several years after they moved here, he went into the Air Corps. In fact, he was in the Service when he married Shirley.

"Shirl was only fifteen when I first met her," he reminisced. "We were married two years later, 1945."

There was a nice, gentle smile on his face—so different from his flare-up when Shirley had been mentioned before.

"How old were you?" I asked. "What difference was there in your ages?"

"I'm thirty now. My birthday is January 31st and my baby's is the day before, January 30th."

This was the first time he had mentioned Linda Sue. I had heard that he does not visit her often.

He tightened up again.

"Tell I'll see her a lot—when she is older. Make no mistake—I'll never let her forget that I am her father."

"She'll be proud of me," he said huskily, "I'm going to make sure of that—both as a man and as an actor. As I see my future now—it is to work, work, work. And, in time, in a few years, I will have gained the polish and finesse that comes with experience."

Was it Shirley who had influenced him to become an actor? I asked him.

He said, "Shirley had nothing to do with it. David Selznick signed me because (I hope) he thought I had possibilities. First, I went to dramatic school. Then I got my first real job in 'Fort Apache' with John Ford."

Since that time John has made seven pictures. (His latest is "Along the Great Divide."). Careerwise, he's really doing all right.

But inside—this boy has got to get himself straightened out. This may not come until he meets another girl he can love—to whose understanding his very sensitive personality can respond.

"Some day you'll marry again?" I questioned.

"I can't answer that"—there was that old stock phrase back again! "I have no plans. I am happy living with my mother. My career and Linda Sue are the important things in my future."

I'm not sure about that. I think the most important thing in John's future is John.

Before we can conquer the world for whatever noble cause, we must first conquer ourselves. We must learn that our experiences should bring us understanding, not bitterness. We must not feel that the world is against us—that is destructive.

So, I would like to see John let down his guard—hold out his hand again to life. I think he would be surprised at the warm answering pressure.

THE END
Hold That Man

(Continued from page 38) isn't any big fight or anything. But he just doesn't call every evening. He's busy over the weekend and the excuse is lame. What went wrong? Or you've been married a couple of years. It was wonderful in the beginning. And then—well, what he says or does. It's an attitude. You know you've lost him. But why?

With thousands of girls trying to find an answer to this question we asked to movie stars for an opinion. Their answers offer an excellent idea of the things that make men burn. If you've lost your fellow of course you want to know how and why. If you haven't you should read what these men have to do and become of romantic pitfalls.

Howard Duff said: 'A girl loses a man when she's always on the skin cover. All of a sudden you find your life is being run for you. Most men start to run when this happens. Lots of times you make an arrangement to go one place and as soon as you get there she wants to go somewhere else. So the evening is spent in the car, driving from place to place. A girl putting on lipstick or even combing her hair at the time. Doesn't bother me, but what does is the girl who is always quite with you. You take a girl to Ciro's or some place like that and she's always looking around to see whom they can see—and wave at all people. It shows me she's not interested in me.'

Howard Keel is annoyed by small things. He can't stand, for example, "A woman who smokes on the street. I don't smoke and I don't do anything for her or does any of the things a man should do for her.

'Since I'm not much of a talker myself I like to talk to women when they are late and keep you waiting—oh no! When a woman is unattractive and lets her appearance go, she loses her man. There is an old and very wise saying, 'A man never leaves a girl until she becomes the girl he used to.'

Keefe Brasselle did not have to stop to think when questioned. Typical of the fiery Keefe, he just smiled. 'Girls lose men when they stop being interesting. I always try to do pleasant things for girls. For example, I don't smoke but I carry a lighter. I always open doors for them—you know, small attentions. Girls should act as if they are interested in the girl. Girls become blase—as so many girls do after they think they've hooked the guy—they lose him.'

Victor Mature yelled, 'I'd like to meet the guy who ever lost a guy—any thing else—she really wanted. The trouble is that women get a guy and he's the early-home type. That's she's liking. Then she starts wanting him to stay up all hours. In other words, they want to change the guy all around and after they have mangled him and changed him they don't like the jerk any more. So the moral of the story is—so far as men are concerned—stay as repulsive as you are.'

James Stewart believes there is just one reason for a girl's losing a man. "Girls lose men when they don't act themselves," he said. "Men are uncomfortable when there's around an artificial type. They know the girl is acting artlessly but they don't know what to do about it. So because they don't know what to do about this situation, they feel inferior."

Jeff Chandler smiled. "The one thing that gets me off a girl is when she does my thinking for me, tells me what's going on in my mind, when she tries to read my thoughts and is usually wrong. I need intellectual independence and a private room in my soul where I am my own man."
John Derek believes that a girl loses a man when, "She laughs at everything you say or accepts everything you say as gospel, when she's too obliging...you can't be that wonderful. Talking too much is more dangerous than not talking enough. What so many girls don't realize is that boys are more shy than they are—particularly when they're very young. I was always worried for fear the evening's entertainment wasn't going to be just right. Girls should realize boys have problems too. So many girls just sit back with the attitude, 'It's your job to keep me happy.' And they let the guy carry the ball because he made the date."

Gene Nelson is one of the most articulate young men in Hollywood and his answer proves it. "Girls lose men when they start hanging on too tight. Jealousy can cause them to hold romance too close and not let anything else in. Remember 'Apartment for Peggy'? In that picture Jeanne Crain and Bill Holden were talking about money. She said, 'Hold this fifty-cent piece in front of your eye and what do you see?' 'I see a fifty-cent piece,' he said. But when he held it at arm's length she could see the whole room, too. She said, 'Never hold money so close you can't see anything else.' This goes for romance. Never hold love too close you can't get air around it. There is room for other things besides romance, things you do together that broaden the scope of romance."

Gregory Peck waxed philosophic when he said, "Girls lose men when they lose sincere, honest concern for their welfare, feelings and happiness. Men and women become interested in one another first and fall in love second. When interest dies in one or the other then love loses its foundation."

William Holden was very definite. Said he, "A girl loses a man when she doesn't take her own responsibilities. The home is her department, yet I've heard locker-room talk where the guy says, 'I came home last night and my wife was crazy. The kids had poured red paint on the cat's back.' It seems to me this is her department and she should cope with it. It certainly isn't what the guy wants to hear. He wants everything pleasant."

And that's why girls lose men, according to ten bright Hollywood stars.


"I'll have to operate immediately . . . "

Has the doctor ever said that to you...and made you think "Who'll be home to mind the children, to cook...will my husband be able to get along without me?" This is one of many types of problems you'll hear in dramatic form on the radio program "My True Story," which comes direct from the files of True Story Magazine. You'll hear the hopes, fears, loves, ambitions and jealousies of real people, and through their problems gain a better understanding of your own. So . . .

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America's Biggest Selling Laxative!
Because this is a special travel issue we are replacing the star comic with a preview of some of the things that you—as a Hollywood tourist—might see.

Santa Anita: "I wonder if the guide was kidding... we've been here hours and we haven't seen Francis, the talking mule, yet!"

Studio tour: "Now remember, Myrtle, if a director tries to discover us, play hard to get!"

Studio gate: "Will you please tell us when any stars come out—we haven't seen one yet!"

On the Strip: "Gee, Myrtle, wouldn't you know that they'd have a Jane Russell special this weekend—and me a petite blonde!"
You're lovely-to-look-at even in close-ups, with Solitair!

Can your make-up pass the "close-up" test?

Every complexion can look fresh and lovely from afar. But your most important moments are in close-ups . . . and then, skin faults are quickly prominent. Imperfections that your make-up doesn't hide, become obvious—and suddenly, the illusion of beauty is gone! . . . Unless, of course, you wear the make-up that stands the test of closest inspection—Solitair. Solitair conceals so cleverly that every little complexion blemish becomes your secret! Your skin seems to come alive with youthful freshness—uniformly flawless, yet completely natural—even in close-ups. If you have not worn Solitair, wear it tomorrow. Your mirror will instantly show you the wonderful difference!

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Six inspired shades.

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Seven lovely shades
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My cigarette must be mild. I smoke CAMELS. They agree with my throat and they taste grand!

Annie Jeffreys
Stage and Screen Star

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Noted Throat Specialists Report
On 30-Day Test of Camel Smokers . . .

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Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! Once again, in a repeat survey just completed by an independent research organization, doctors in every State in the Union and in every branch of medicine were asked: "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?" Once again, the brand named most was CAMEL!

More Doctors Smoke CAMELS than any other cigarette
In Color!

Ava Gardner
Esther Williams
Farley Granger · Doris Day
Jeanne Crain · Shelley Winters
and 12 others
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WITH YOUR
First Cake of Camay!

She was Eileen Clarence
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Yes, and her lovely face lights up whenever she talks about Camay. “It didn’t take long for my skin to look fresher and clearer,” she tells admiring, inquiring friends. “When I changed to regular care, my first cake of Camay brought new beauty. Camay’s wonderful!”

Follow this bride’s way to new beauty! Wake the sleeping beauty of your skin with your first cake of Camay. Change to regular care—use mild, gentle, rich-lathering Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap touch your skin—and look for exciting new loveliness.

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Give all your skin Camay’s fine complexion care—use it in your bath, too. The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings that “beautifully cared-for” look to arms, legs and shoulders. You’re lovelier head to toes—touched with Camay’s flattering fragrance!

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You’ll treasure Camay for its gentle mildness. And the lather it gives is so rich and creamy. Camay in the “Beauty-Bath” size is Camay at its best. Big and thrifty—that’s the beauty of this larger cake.

Camay
the Soap of Beautiful Women
Here she was, bejeweled and exquisite, putting in a completely miserable evening. The man she secretly admired was giving her the brush-off...polite but definite. And she didn't know why. It can happen that way sometimes: the very night you want to be at your best you appear at your worst. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) has a way of cropping up when you least expect it. At such a time, diamonds aren't a girl's best friend...Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful extra-careful precaution against halitosis*?

Simply rinse the mouth with it and lo! your breath becomes wonderfully fresher, wonderfully sweeter. It stays that way, too...not for mere seconds or minutes but for hours, usually. Don't trust to makeshifts that do less. Remember, Listerine's germ-killing power is the secret of its success against odor-producing bacteria.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning. It makes your mouth feel delightfully fresh and clean, and gives you greater assurance that you are on the agreeable side.

And, of course, before any date—never, never omit this extra-careful precaution. It pays off in popularity.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation and the odors it causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

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MORE LOVE SONGS FROM THE STAR WHO THRILLED AMERICA WITH "BE MY LOVE"

Golden-voiced Mario Lanza enraptures millions of movie-lovers in the role he was destined to play...the love story of the fabulous Caruso, gallery god of his era...who sang his way from cafes to fame...and into the hearts of the world's most glamorous women!

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—says Time Magazine

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DOROTHY JARMILA
KIRSTEN • NOVOTNA
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WITH
TERESA CELLI • RICHARD HAGEMAN • CARL BENTON REID

Written by Sonya Levien and William Ludwig • Suggested by Dorothy Caruso's Biography of her Husband
Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • Associate Producer JESSE L. LASKY
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR Miss Colbert:
I am twenty-seven, a secretary engaged to a young doctor, twenty-five, who is completing his internship this summer. We have been engaged three years and I am deeply in love, but I have problems.

His family (from a near-by large city) is quite social; my family is not. His mother is nice to me, but she has said many times that I should have gone to college.

Bob himself seems to have some doubts about our future. He told me frankly that he didn’t know whether he was really in love with me. He has said that he likes me better than any girl he has ever known, and he always takes me to the important functions here in town and in the city. Yet he has advised me to accept other dates, because so much of his time is taken up at the hospital. When speaking of the future he says “if we get married,” not “when.”

I am beginning to get nervous because I feel I should marry soon, start making a home and having a family. Bob says that it will be two or three years before he will be able to make plans, and if war should break out he will be in uniform. I have told him that if he goes into the Army, we should be married at once so I could be with him as long as he remained in this country.

Do you think Bob is sincere?

Maureen A.

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am twenty-nine, and I work hard to support my seven brothers and sisters, from age seven down to seven. Our mother passed away four years ago and things have been tough ever since. Our father has been out of a job two years. He doesn’t even look for work, just sits around the house.

I try to make our house as attractive as possible, but I don’t have much time between my job and doing the housework.

When I see the homes of some of my friends, I think I can’t stand the way our home looks. Nobody picks up after himself, nobody makes beds unless I raise hell. It gets pretty discouraging. We eat okay, but there isn’t enough money for proper clothing for anybody, especially the girls who need pretty things.

I have just about decided to go into the Navy, I could send an allotment, so that I wouldn’t be working too much hardship on them. And, I’d be away from the quarreling, mess-making kids.

When I mentioned my idea to my father he blew up. He said I was a quitter and if I loved my mother’s memory I would stay and take care of the family.

Paul di P.

It seems to me that it is your father, not you, who should be supporting and disciplining the family. It may be that your father is suffering from a sort of grief paralysis; he may be unable to assume his responsibilities because he is without emotional direction since his mother’s death.

You might discuss this with your family doctor, or if there is a mental health clinic or a family service board in your city, you might seek help from them. You will find it very helpful, and you will also feel that you have your responsibilities.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:
I have been in this country only two years. At present my little son and I are with my husband’s people. My husband is in Korea and I am lonesome.

When I hear a girl from my own country was come to the (Continued on page 6)
When 'Mildred Pierce' brought Joan Crawford her greatest public acclaim, it brought with it something else... the hard job of finding another role that would be its match. That challenge has now been triumphantly met. 'Goodbye, My Fancy,' the play that made Broadway brighter (H.N. MOREHOUSE) is now on the screen--and by far the most exciting picture Joan Crawford has ever appeared in!

No one could look more like an Angel-- and love like a Devil!

“Best Drama of the Month” -- says LOUella PARSONS in Cosmopolitan magazine

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

JOAN CRAWFORD

ROBERT YOUNG

FRANK LOVEJOY

("the lovable Sergeant of 'Breakthrough')

"GOODBYE, MY FANCY"

WITH

EVE ARDEN

DIRECTED BY

VINCENT SHERMAN

PRODUCED BY

HENRY BLANKE

ON THE WAY!

"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"

COLOR BY TECHNI-COLOR

and!

"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"

Screen Play by Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts • Based on the Play by Fay Kanin

From the Stage Production by Michael Kanin • In association with Aldrich and Myers
In this country we have an eloquent epigram which says: "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." In brief: If you wish to destroy a person or a thing, first make it seem evil.

It could well be that your girl friend's husband is afraid that you may tell his wife that he made improper advances to you. Apparently he is trying to convince his wife that you are without honor so that she will believe him and not you if you should try to inform against him.

Couldn't you see your girl friend during the day, and keep away from her husband who is obviously bent on trouble-making? If it isn't possible to arrange to see only your girl friend, perhaps you might be wise to continue the friendship entirely. You will find that as you remain in the community and improve your English, you will make many friends, particularly if you will take an active part in the church work in the town.

Incidentally, it is never a good idea to make friends with a stranger in the foyer of a theater. Americans call this a "pick-up" and it sometimes gives a man the wrong impression of a girl, particularly a pretty girl whose husband is far away.

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.
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Worn with specially-designed waterproof Dryper panty. No chafing, no binding. Baby is comfy all the time in any position—toddling, creeping or sleeping.

Playtex Drypers are available at department stores and wherever baby needs are sold. Change from wet to Dryper, the diaper you use only once... then flush away.

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Nylon-Lined and Waterproof!

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*sanitary* snowy-white diaper pads

...use only once; then

flush away like tissue

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**Worn Inside Bunny-Soft, Playtex Dryper Panty. Nylon-Lined and Waterproof!**

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**No fuss... No muss... from WET to DRYPER!**

**ONE**—Shake out used Dryper pads and flush away; then rinse panty. You never even touch pads.

**TWO**—Slip fresh Dryper pads under bunny-soft nylon web of another clean Dryper panty.

**THREE**—Close snaps at leg openings; pin each side as usual. Presto, a dry happy baby!

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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. 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 extra 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 ($2.98) or your money back. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today—a full month’s supply, $2.98.

* "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

The Laughing Stock

By Erskine Johnson

(See Erskine Johnson’s “Hollywood Reel” on your local television station.)

It happened in Hawaii.

Two natives were watching Carmen Miranda’s performance there and one said, "Her hands have the same grace as those of a hula dancer. Aren’t they wonderful?"

"Yes," said the other, "Do you think they’re her own?"

Fannie Brice was asked if she thought Esther Williams was a real star.

"Well, she’s a star," said Fannie. "Dry, she ain’t."

One Hollywood starlet to another:

"Why don’t you go to him in a perfectly straightforward way and lie about the whole thing?"

Lonesome soldier to a blonde on Hollywood Boulevard: "Pardon me, miss. I’m a stranger in town. Could you direct me to your house?"

A movie producer was telling a friend about giving his girl friend a string of pearls for her birthday. "Why," said the friend, "didn’t you give her something practical—like a car?"

The producer smiled and replied: "Did you ever hear of a phony car?"

A character in "Meet Me After the Show" is described in the script as follows: "She is slightly overfed, overdressed, overambitious. She is a walking mantrap, rich, earthy and—to say the least—eager.

After due consideration, Producer George Jessel hired an actress for the role—his ex-wife, Lois Andrews.

Definition of a temperamental movie queen: Star of rage and scream.

Jack Paar, about a strict Hollywood psychiatrist: "If you’re late for an appointment, he makes you stand."

Overheard: "She’s at the awkward age. Too old for teddy bears and too young for wolves."

Phil Epstein, commenting on a movie doll who had consumed one too many: "That’s what you get for drinking on an empty head."

Edmond O’Brien remembers the girl who used to complain that she had nothing to wear. She’s on television now, proving it.

Nat "King" Cole, during a Hollywood night club engagement, put this verse into his tune, "Calypso Blues": "Hollywood girl give me big scare. "So black the roots, so blonde the hair. "Her eyelash false, her face is paint. "The pads are where the girl she ain’t."

Overheard: "She’s gotten where she is today because she was born with the gift of grab."

Robert Stack’s angle on women with unattractive voices:

"I get scared if any gal even looks like she might whine around her finger."
Which girl has the natural curl ... and which girl has the Toni?

Putting their heads together, charming Marilyn West and Eva Gernay agree that the Toni wave feels as silky soft, looks every bit as attractive as naturally curly hair. Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni Home Permanent? Look below for the answer.

Now—Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair.

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known ... plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your hair ... leaves your wave soft and natural from the very first day. And month after month your Toni Home Permanent with Permafix takes no more care than naturally curly hair.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. And Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair — or your money back.

Have a gentle Toni with Permafix today and tonight discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so naturally lovely, people ask you if you have naturally curly hair! Beautiful Eva Gernay, the girl on the right, has the Toni.

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Ann Shumaker's Toni (on the right) with her sister Roxie's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

Toni Refill Only $1
TIME OUT FOR TALK: Among Hollywood performers who contributed talents to benefit in behalf of Jewish Home for Aged were Monica Lewis, Vic Damone, Ann Blyth, above.

BE MY LOVE: A manpower shortage in Hollywood? Not according to Elizabeth Taylor. Twenty-nine publicity minded young men called the fabulous beauty in one week, each hoping for a date . . . Practically everyone from his studio head to the gate man is begging Anthony Curtis not to marry Janet Leigh. They believe that Tony's popularity can eventually top the immortal Valentino's . . . Ava Gardner's phone is "disconnected" every Sunday afternoon at two, which is the time Frank Sinatra goes on the air. You didn't hear it announced, but his thrilling rendition of "I Am Loved" was dedicated to and inspired by the luscious lovely.

FIRST AID: Cal didn't realize how sick Bing Crosby was, until we called on a friend in St. Johns Hospital recently and happened to talk to one of the nurses. While a kidney stone operation is very painful, Bing had no idea it was going to hurt that much. He couldn't see a soul and he just barely had strength to speak. However, when he heard that Jimmy Stewart was there with his sons who were having their tonsils removed, him he had to see. "How about a few holes of golf?" was Jimmy's sympathetic attempt at humor. "Even in this condition, I could still beat Hope," the "Groaner" managed to groan.
“Hm, it wasn’t that funny,” thinks Spencer Tracy. But Betsy Drake and Cary Grant aren’t joking in the way they look at each other, at a party.

Look carefully—that young fellow behind Carol Lee Ladd (Sue’s daughter by a previous marriage) is Carol’s fiance, Jim Brown.

Up to Date: Dan Dailey has returned again from the Menninger Clinic and this time his friends think and hope he’s back in Hollywood “for good.” Everyone welcomed Dan, especially 20th Century-Fox (who put him back on salary six weeks before he was scheduled to start “The Dizzy Dean Story”) and Virginia Grey who was his first date upon his return. Dispositions should improve in the Louis Jourdan family, now that the stork is expected. Louis and Quique (pronounced Keech), who were inclined to be antagonistic in the past, are now happy, excited people. Originally they planned to wait five years and then begin adoption proceedings...Probably the unfunnest funny man was Red Skelton, the day his little Richard Freeman had to submit to a double hernia operation. Now the comedian, who worships his children, has to suffer through it all over again when Valentina Maria parts with her tonsils.

Cabbages and Things: Susan Hayward, who collects evening shawls as a hobby, is now designing them for the commercial market...Kathryn Grayson introducing a new and not very popular fad in Hollywood. She doesn’t wear lipstick...It’s the same old story, Gene Nelson, who struggled so long for a foot of film, is now being so overworked he looks completely...
I have trouble recognizing Farley Granger when he isn’t with Shelley Winters... When they do a restaurant scene in a picture, why don’t the actors leave tips?... John Wayne pretends to be surprised by his tremendous success, but I wonder. This Wayne can’t compare with David Wayne as an actor but there isn’t a better movie personality than John... I remember sitting in a projection room with Hedy Lamarr watching Elizabeth Taylor in “National Velvet” and beautiful Hedy remarking, “Now there’s what I call a beautiful girl.” And now Liz has supplanted Hedy as Hollywood’s most gorgeous actress... Jeff Chandler, for my money, is the best bet of all the promising new actors... When Linda Darnell walked into Schwab’s wearing blue jeans, Tom Jenk remarked, “Now there’s a case where the end justifies the jeans.”

A sex bundle that has been somewhat overlooked, except by Tony Curtis and me, is Janet Leigh. She’s going to blossom in some forthcoming movies and will prove that she measures up to, say, Lana Turner... Ann Sothern deserves a better deal than being typed as a Marseilles type... Dick Powell plays, I’ll always remember him singing in those enjoyable Warner musicals... Doris Day is the most normal actress in the movies... Honestly, after seeing certain pictures, wouldn’t you think that the gamblers got to the stars to “throw” the picture!... Jack Henley believes that “Up Front” is a documentary about falsies... Tony Curtis, directing a group of actors: “Don’t pay attention to what I say. It’s what I mean that counts.”

I’d say that if Bill Holden registered more S.A. on the screen, he’d lead the male parade of stars. They don’t come more capable than Bill, or nicer... Funny, but Errol Flynn isn’t as brave in pictures as he used to be... In the list of box-office champions, only two females, Betty Grable and Esther Williams, appear. One is a dancer and singer, the other a swimmer. It could be that movie-goers don’t like actresses... Marilyn Monroe is the best chunk of cheese around... I can remember when it was fashionable for the movie stars to have a house at Malibu... Why doesn’t Paulette Goddard make a movie, instead of just making romantic items? She should be on the screen... In every war period a comedy team makes a hit comedy about the Army... There were Beery and Hatton in “Behind the Front,” Abbott and Costello in “Buck Privates” and now Martin and Lewis in “At War with the Army.” None of them amused me... I’d say that in Hollywood some couples get a divorce just to keep their friendship from going on the rocks.

Include me in, as the saying goes, as a member of the Judy Holliday fan club. And for your information, Judy doesn’t talk that way when she isn’t in front of a microphone... You can always spot a new successful writer in Hollywood: He carries a pipe, wears a loud sports jacket and gets around in an open car, job... Monty Woolley is a discerning judge of “Front”... Arthur is never a hit with me... After all is said and done, more is said than done”... Robert Mitchum offered Jane Russell a piece of candy on the set. Jane said, “No thanks, I’ve got to watch my figure.”... “You mean you get a kick out of it, too?” asked Mitchum... Eleanor Parker doesn’t resent the fact that fans often tell her she isn’t anything like a movie star... No matter how hard the critics pan him, the fans love Alan Ladd... Kirk Douglas should button up his shirt and stop displaying his chest... My favorite description of Ezio Pinza is that he is a harmonic shot for theMike-along man... Only in the movie do laborers sing while they work... Bette Davis isn’t Tallulah Bankhead any more than Tallulah is Bette, but they are both daftling!... Hollywood is a place where Frank Sinatra’s girl friend Ava Gardner played love scenes in “Show Boat” with Robert Sterling who, when he finished, hurried to keep dates with his girl friend Nancy Sinatra... Two of the most undervalued pictures of the past season were “The Breaking Point” and “In a Lonely Place”... I never sit in a Hollywood night club that I don’t think I’m back on Broadway. Night clubs seem out of place in Hollywood... When Lana Turner put her foot prints in the forecourt of Grauman’s Chinese Theatre, a spectator, said, “That ain’t what made her famous.” Yes, that’s Hollywood for you.

exhausted... It happens to one out of a million, but Francis Lederer’s new automobile license is the same as his street address... Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman inviting Joan Evans and Bob Arthur to “come sit with the old folks” at a Hollywood party... Howard Duff invading the kitchen of the Villa Nova and exchanging autographs for their famous spaghetti recipe... Starlet Kathleen Hughes rendering first aid to her car-sick pet duck (so help us) by feeding it dramamine, the new drug for seasickness.

Inside Hollywood: Cal was amused recently, because in all the excitement of writing about Alan Ladd’s fabulous new Warner contract (they say he’ll receive a percentage and $250,000 a picture) reporters completely overlooked the most dramatic phase of the story. Actually it will be the second time for Alan on the Warner payroll. Years ago when he was an insecure, inhibited unknown, he was one of the gang who worked on the sets. Many a day as he watched actors from the sidelines, he wondered if he would ever find his rightful place in the world. The deserving guy did, as you know, and he’s never ceased to be grateful. Going back to Warners should be a great source of satisfaction for Alan Ladd.

“Peeks at Parties”: Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra carrying on a corner conversation that looked as if their subject was an unpleasant one... Jeanne Crain and Esther Williams comparing waistlines, on account of because both girls took those special exercises for new mothers and got their old figures back... Richard Widmark taking over the drums and Gary Merrill wielding the stick in the popular Garden Room of the Bel-Air Hotel... June Allyson, by some strange coincidence, producing two dozen pictures right out of her evening bag, when Mark Stevens inquired about the Powell offspring... Joan Crawford looking very beautiful and not a bit frightened, as she dances with Mel Dinnertime, whose prolific pen produced such hectic little hair-raisers as “The Window” and “The Spiral Staircase.”

Caught between raindrops, at Ciro’s, are Donald O’Connor and wife Gwen, in smart matching parasol and raincoat
STUFF

$64 Question: No wonder young actors get bewildered in Hollywood. Take Marshall Thompson, for example. Every time he appeared on the screen he gave an excellent performance. The fans loved him. But after “Command Decision,” his studio let him go. When the picture was previewed, however, he was so sensational they reversed their contract and doubled his salary. Now, just when Marshall and Barbara (she’s Dick Long’s sister) are expecting their first baby, the studio dropped him again—because his salary is too high! Speaking of Dick Long, who was the first actor to be drafted (see page 93), his performance is so outstanding in “Air Cadet,” the Government is using him to exploit the picture and encourage enlistments.

Panic in the Pantry: The Gary Cooper wanted it to be a very special party—and it was! To begin with, tongues wagged again when Gary suddenly flew to New York (he had to exploit “You’re in the Navy Now”) but he returned in time to play the charming host. Glamour girls beamed, twinkled and froze under the special cellophane tent. As usual in Hollywood, there were extra women, so Steve Cochran was invited to come stag. That rugged individualist, however, showed up with Ginger Rogers! Well, it beamed, love intrigue too, and no one was disappointed, because Jane Wyman was there with Greg Bautzer. While necks craned and eyes popped, the handsome attorney made a bee-line for Ginger and turned on the charm. Fortunately, Clark Hardwicke (whom she used to date) joined Jane. And Stevie boy, oblivious to the chaos he had caused, was having a grand time chatting at the bar with a lovely lady. Here’s hoping they never page Élsa Maxwell!

Mother Knows Best: Apropos of the Cooper party, when they invited Barbara Stanwyck, they figured her first date since divorcing Robert Taylor should be an exciting one. So Gary phoned Farley Granger’s house. “This is Gary Cooper,” he said, “may I ask who this is?” Farley’s mother, who is always alerted to

hollywood party line

BY EDITH GWYNN

One of the outstanding soirees of the month was the dinner dance given by Doris Duke, who seems to prefer life in Filmtown to high jinks in Honolulu, where she has a fabulous Hawaiian palace. Errol Flynn brought bride Pat Wymore, who floated around in a voluminous gown of black tulle. Gene Tierney with Oleg Cassini, Mrs. Doug Fairbanks (in peacock and black satin, topped by a diamond tiara yet!), Ginger Rogers with Steve Cochran, Marion Davies in dark blue chiffon dripping with pearls and diamonds, Ann Miller with Bill O’Connor, the Red Skeltons, the Charlie Chaplins were just a few of the hundred or more that “the Duke” entertained. She received in a gown of lilac net (a few million yards of it), its bodice tightly draped; the only trimming being bands of almost-purple velvet ribbon applied between the ribs and hips.

Caught Jane Wyman hurrying to a date in her new blue and white checked summer-weight wool suit. Youthful as all get out, it had navy trim on the collar and pockets. Came from Athena, Janie said. Her bonnet was from Rex—a small navy Melusine with narrow band of rhinestones to match the band around the edge of her face veil.

Jane Wyman

Judy Garland and her about-to-be ex, Vincente Minnelli together hosted a party to celebrate their daughter Liza’s fifth birthday. The more than fifty children that Judy and Vince entertained before Liza cut the cake, hugging her little copy of a “grown-up” evening gown (gift of Momma) and her majorette uniform (gift of Poppa), couldn’t have guessed or understood the irony of the situation that reunited the Minnells for that day.

Betty Grable, who almost never night-clubs, for sure splurged on that beautiful black lace gown (what there was of it! Wow!) she wore to Giro’s the night she and Harry James celebrated his birthday there. Betty looked just plain fancy gorgeous! Another Betty looked right cute, too, about two minutes after she got back from that location trip to Florida making “The Greatest Show on Earth.” We mean Photoplay’s Gold Medal Award Winner Betty Hutton, who had just enough time to have a night’s sleep, a shower and to fling herself into some clothes before tearing off to the ball game with Pete Rugolo. Betty wiggled into Wrigley Field in a slick navy blue sports outfit, topped by a little off-the-face navy hat.

At one of the better soirees, somebody, remarking that short and long skirts in evening clothes shared the spotlight just about evenly, asked Van Johnson if he was happy because it looks like soon the short ones will really predominate. “Oh, heck!” said Van, “I don’t mind the long skirts. I have such a good memory.”

The ensemble that Ruth Roman took along to Hawaii on her delayed honeymoon with Morty Hall proves what we told you a couple months ago: The Vogue for a cinch to continue through summer and perhaps longer. Ruth’s smart money-saver is a combination of short boxy black velvet (dull velvet) jacket combined with a swishing street-length dress of black and white printed pure silk crepe in a tiny geometric pattern. Its collar (a large feminine shawl-like one) can be worn outside the jacket; but countless other prints or solid pastels for either day- or night-time wear go with this little coat—making it at once the perfect topper for lunching or a warm weather evening coat.

Reminds us of Paulette Goddard’s divinely smart summer cocktail or evening dress, another of those interchanges that can mean much more than one costume. Except for Paulette’s “million-dollar diamond choker” that she wore with it the night we dined together, the outfit is rather on the demure side—yet furnishes many a suggestion for the more sophisticated “combining.” The dress has a perfectly plain, high-necked black light-weight jersey top, a wide black leather belt. The very full calf-length skirt is of white organdy. The neckline of the blouse and its short sleeves are outlined with white organdy. That’s a lovely dress in itself but the mere addition of a bright bolero, cardigan or coat-type topper of any kind—or even a skirt of green or red over the white organdy—would transform the original costume into almost as many as you choose.

Judy Garland dissolved—into gales of laughter when Jerry Lewis rehearsed love scene for NBC’s “The Big Show”
WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S
WHISPERING ABOUT

BY HERB STEIN

Betty Hutton's ex, Ted Briskin, finally caught up with Liz Taylor at Palm Springs, made the rounds with her—at the same time her ex, Nicky Hilton, was there for a "golf tournament." Young Hilton, by the way, kept hanging around the Beverly Hills hotel when Liz checked in, hoping to see and reconcile with her . . . Butch Jenkins, former big child star at M-G-M, who was slugged with TB (but now over it) has been working as a soda jerk in a Santa Monica drugstore. His actress mother, Doris Dudley, is now in the real estate business . . . The local bars that are featuring Jane Russell martinis—served with two jumbo olives!

Warner's interest in Tony Martin to play the Jolson role in the remake of "The Jazz Singer." Nobody thinks of George Jessel, who only originated the role on Broadway, years before Jolson soared to film fame in it . . . Los Angeles Board of Education asking parents to herd moppets under eight into bed by 7:30, nine year olds ditto by eight. The reason: Staying up to watch television prevents needed sleep—and the kids' grades are slipping . . . Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd's newest venture: A new Hoppyland being built at Venice as a playground for kids to the tune of $50,000—and the tie-up with a bank here which will permit youngsters to open "Hoppy" savings accounts, for which they get special passbooks, an eight-piece "Hoppy" thrill-kit—also fifty cents for each new adult account the kids bring into the bank . . . Howard Hughes's most recent order: A huge RKO build-up for Margaret Sheridan, along the lines of Jane Russell, Faith Domergue and the late Jean Harlow. Watch for it.

Allan Nixon's black eye: Received by Marie Wilson's former spouse from one of her new escorts when Allan decided to drop into her house uninvited one night and was mistaken for a prowler. The excuse he gave his current date, Lynn Bari, ain't printable . . . Eddie Charles's latest bid comment when he caught stripper Lili St. Cyr at Ciro's for the first time: "She's got the kind of shape the world should be in" . . . The easy way to make a buck: RKO paying M-G-M $2,000 a week for the loanout of Sally Forrest. Know what she did for three weeks to earn it? Took tennis lessons from a local pro for an added scene in "Hard, Fast and Beautiful."

The new fashions here will show girls wearing fur bracelets! . . . Dick Powell and June Allyson looking for a Vermont farm where they can spend the summers . . . John Agar's utter seriousness about a singing career. Taking voice lessons and begging David Selznick to let him do a musical, either on the stage or in a picture . . . Ava Gardner's health—she's a very sick lass . . . The small mortuary here that slogans: "Those whom we have served recommend us to their friends."

INSIDE

her famous son's kidding, replied: "Why, of course. This is Gloria Swanson!" Gary tried again. Finally, he gave Mrs. Granger his phone number and she checked it with the Goldwyn publicity office. Of course they had a big laugh when she called him back. For the record, Farley took Barbara to the party. In case you hear they're having a romance—you'll know how such ridiculous rumors get started.

Neglige News: In "Strictly Dishonorable," Janet Leigh will introduce something new, according to studio information. For some scenes (that she does not do with Ezio Pinza) Janet wears a combination negligee and nightie. What Cal wants to know is: Does that mean something you can parade in which is also suitable for sleeping? Or is it something you're supposed to sleep in that looks well enough the next morning to parade around in after a hard night's snoring? . . . Nancy Davis (at this writing still Ronald Reagan's dearly beloved, no matter how many weak denials they get printed) was just one of four gals who tossed bridal showers for Arlene Dahl, M-G-M made Arlene a present of her wedding nightgown and negligee—just as they did for Liz Taylor. (See the July issue for a luscious color picture of Arlene in this confection.) Let's hope this studio present portends more happiness for Arlene and Lex than it did for the Nicky Hiltons . . . In "Texas Carnival," Esther Williams will wear a negligee and lace panties fashioned especially for an underwater ballet she's doing in that movie with Red Skelton. She's swimming in this gadget, too. But so far, no one has explained how such a costume could look like anything but a clingy thingy when it gets wet!

Forward March: Douglas Fairbanks, as a citizen and representative member of a town that has too long been a tar-

Glamorous Jane Russell and her football star husband, Bob Waterfield, chat with Joe E. Brown at recent party. Joe, who has been on tour with "Harvey," is back in Hollywood again for "Show Boat" Keeping her eye on Dad: Patricia Hitchcock, who now is in Broadway play, gets some fatherly advice from director Alfred Hitchcock on set of "Strangers on a Train"
STUFF

get, is an inspiration in Hollywood. Recently, Cal had the good fortune to spend an evening in the Fairbanks' home on the Santa Monica Riviera. There we quietly observed the fond father, the devoted husband, the charming host. "I'd like to show you my collection of miniature soldiers," said Doug, with pride in his voice. In a special room, marching around the shelves that line the walls, we saw this fabulous collection that Doug began as a boy. They receive his personal tender care, for their craftsmanship and the tradition of their uniforms excite their collector, who is a pretty exciting guy himself. The Ronald Colman, the Ray Millands, Janet Gaynor and Adrian, Sharman Douglas, and others, joined Cal in appreciating an evening to be remembered.

Dollars and Sense; Cal always looks forward to an evening with the Bill Holdens, whom he has known since those days when they were long on love and short in the short change department! Today, twelve years later, they're still in love and Bill's success has only made him nicer. "I took the boys to see their mother in that last picture she made with George Montgomery," said Bill, as he winked and grinned across the table. "I'll finish that story!" Brenda Marshall interrupted, with an air of hurt dignity. "When Bill asked Scott and West how they liked them on the screen, they answered: 'We thought mama would never finish talking, so we could hear that man shoot those guns!'"

Merry Go Round: Clark Gable forgetting his cares (which mostly concern the poor pictures they've been giving him) by taking his bride to Cyr's to look at the lady with a "peel," Lili St. Cyr. Marilyn Monroe telling Craig Hill all about her chest cold. Sigys Craig: "What a lucky illness! ... Dennis Morgan shedding thirty pounds and now looking

IMPERTINENT

INTERVIEW

BY ALINE MOSBY

G. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Farley Granger asked Shelley Winters for a date two years ago and ever since, the outcome of this combination has been a burning question.

Now we can report the next breathless bulletin on this soul-searching romance. Farley and Shelley are being co-starred for the first time in "Behave Yourself," no connection intended. In this they play husband and wife. So we booted over to the set to see if their real-life love scenes were as torrid as their real-life clinches. Between scenes Farley revealed that if they like celluloid domesticity, life may imitate their movie.

"You might say we're giving ourselves a taste of married life beforehand to see whether we like it," he dictated as we scribbled notes.

"Yes," we said patiently. "But are you really going to get married?"

"We may," said Farley. "We talk about it a lot. The other day Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons both announced our engagement, which wasn't true. I think they both decided to print it before one could scoop the other."

Does Miss Winters think her movie role will be repeated in real life? "No," said Shelley firmly. "Will that spoil your story? Just say I don't know. No, say if I don't kill him during this picture, I'll marry him," she grinned.

Anyway, in the movie Granger and his favorite blonde play a young couple who get mixed up with gangsters and tiff over his mother-in-law on the side. Farley admitted that he and Shelley squabble in real life too.

"I don't mind, though," he said. "I like to have a little variety."

"We fight less on the set than after working hours," put in Shelley.

Farley told me they "fought like heck" to get their "make-believe marriage" roles. "I guess the studio wanted to do the picture because the producer, Jerry Wald, loves publicity and so does Shelley," he grinned. Miss Winters had no comeback, having by now rushed off for a wardrobe fitting. "If there's a good reaction from the public, we may do more pictures together," Farley went on.

"I read the script and said I'd do it if they could get Shelley. We like working together. In many ways, it's good to be acting with somebody you know very well. You don't have the initial embarrassment of getting acquainted. Shelley and I are pretty free with each other."

The only difficulty is when he tries to get a word in edgewise between Shelley's bubbling chatter, he chuckled. "I take care of that, though," he said, "I just clamp my hand over her mouth. If only life could be like it is in the movies. The movies usually end a story with a man and girl going off to get married. In real life that's when everything starts."

When Bill Holden was in San Diego, making "Submarine Command," he flew home weekends to be with his family. Above, on vacation with Brenda at Palm Springs His Honor, the Mayor of Palm Springs, is none other than silent-screen star Charles Farrell, left, chatting with Ida Lupino, Howard Duff at Foreign Press Association's International Star Banquet
RUN RESISTANT exclusive!) Grooms Hair-dos—Saves Waves In New York: Judy Holliday, Jose Ferrer, Gloria Swanson, Celeste Holm, just before news came over wire that Judy, Jose had won top acting Oscars for 1950

INSIDE STUFF

the way he looked many pictures ago... That country gentleman, Fred Astaire, buying dungarees in Sears Roebuck for that new ranch he bought in the San Fernando Valley... Jeff Chandler ordering an Ann Sheridan sandwich at a drive-in, while the lady with him tells the waitress to "load it" with ham. The lady with him? Ann Sheridan!

Oscar Night in Manhattan: Cal almost wished he was three thousand miles away from the Twenty-third Academy Award presentation. For it was 3,000 miles away that the real drama of the awards was taking place. In New York, a combined birthday celebration (two days late) for Gloria Swanson and an Academy Award party was being given by Jose Ferrer. Most of the nominees who were not in Hollywood were there: Celeste Holm, George Cukor, Sam Jaffe, Thelma Ritter, Jose, Judy Holliday and Gloria Swanson. Hysteria broke out when it was announced that Jose had won the Best Actor Award. Then a hush filled the room as they heard Broderick Crawford, over a special wire, announce the name of the winning actress, Judy Holliday. Before the last syllable was uttered Gloria had her arm around a tearful Judy congratulating her. Gloria—always a grand trouper—took her defeat philosophically. "It's all right," she told friends. "I've won so many things. I think if I'd gotten the Oscar I'd have to die. And now that I didn't get it, I don't have to die. I'll start working tomorrow for next year." (Continued on page 21)

In New York: Judy Holliday, Jose Ferrer, Gloria Swanson, Celeste Holm

In Hollywood: Best supporting honors went to George Sanders, veteran stage actress Josephine Hull. Helen Hayes accepted Oscar for absent winner, Jose Ferrer
They wear the cleanest clothes in town—
At home or at a party.
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Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Tonight! Be his dream girl...

Leaves... promised "Branded"—don't one Beverly enjoy think wish Mary It 18 P BETTER Tonight! BETTER OILS LIQUIDS THAN your finest TOSS Than many shampoo Show Try is easier use. hair shampoo, Lustre-Creme soft, beauty Shampoo Lustre-Creme today—a be his dream girl tonight!—his handsome Hollywood he-men, such as Jeff Chandler, Tony Curtis, Ty Power?

Barbara Miller Portland, Ore,

I think you Hollywood writers have gone a little too far in saying that Debbie Reynolds is preparing to take Judy Garland's place. Nobody could take her place. There is one—just one Judy Garland. Jeanne Allender Lexington, Ky.

Why is it that most movie queens look like cases of malnutrition? It was a delight to see Joan Blondell in "For Heaven's Sake," not only because of her long absence from the screen, but because she looks healthy, well fed and feminine. And while I'm on the same bone, I wish they'd leave Judy Garland alone. As long as weight makes her feel good, that's the important issue. Look at the price she paid for that "Hollywood look"?

N. Goldenusky Long Beach, Cal.

Let's have more movies like "Branded." That was a real Western—and Alan Ladd and Mona Freeman were just made for the parts.

Kay Eberhart Evanston, Ill.

I promised to take my twelve-year-old son to the movies this Sunday afternoon. I looked at the advertisements to try and find a movie with some uplifting moral theme. I looked in vain.

This is what I found: "Branded"—Blazing through the West; "The Mutineers"—One Woman on Board with a Ship Full of Killers; "Frenchie"—Wanted by Every Sheriff in the West; "Congolaise"—Death Battle with Gorilla Monsters of Jungle River.

Is it any wonder that the youngsters of America are growing up "trigger happy"?

William J. Brislin Fort Edward, N. Y.

Casting:

Tony Curtis is one of the most handsome movie actors in Hollywood. Why not have a movie with him and Janet Leigh, his dream girl? If he can act with actresses like Piper Laurie, why can't he be with Janet once?

Mary Lou Milz New Glarus, Wise.

Everybody has been reading so much about the so-called feud between Bette Davis and Tallulah Bankhead, I think everybody would enjoy seeing them together in a picture.

Beverly Baker Sharon, Pa.

Readers' Pets:

I don't mind seeing Farley Granger plastered all over magazines because he isn't too hard to look at, but why don't you have a little more on that handsome Irishman, Scott Brady. The poor fellow wants to kiss the Blarney stone and he
can't even get to do that, and Mr. Granger can tour Europe for a couple of months. So give Scott a break.

JOAN SULLIVAN
New York, N. Y.
Tell me, is there a cuter girl anywhere in Hollywood than Doris Day? And talk about talent! That girl can do anything. Besides that, she has the kind of wholesome appeal that we movie fans like to see. When are the studio heads going to stop giving her second billing under such inferior talent as Virginia Mayo?

BARBARA BEHRMAN
Westfield, N. J.

Question Box:
I would like to know if "King Solomon's Mines" is a book. If it is, will you please tell me the name of the book, and the author.

ANITA SEGAL
New York, N. Y.
(The movie was based on the book of the same name, by Sir Henry Rider Haggard.)

How about some information about the lovely young thing who played Howard Keel's co-pilot in "Three Guys Named Mike." He didn't say much, but oh, those eyes!

ROSALIND MCGUIRE
Indianapolis, Ind.
(He's Bob Sherwood, born Feb. 21, 1927 in Yonkers, N. Y.; is 5' 11'', weighs 145 lbs., has light brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Played in "Mr. Roberts" on Broadway in New York, also in "The Magnificent Yankee.

I have heard that June Haver might become a nun. Is it true? I hope it's right, because she would make a wonderful one.

JEANNE RAMEYI
Shreveport, La.
(There seems to be little foundation for this rumor.)

Who was the beautiful girl who played Loretta in "So Young, So Bad"? I never saw her before but I sure hope I'll see her again. She's the type of girl I'd like to marry.

PFC PIERCE HARDY
Munich, Germany
(That was Anne Francis, 5' 7½" tall, weighs 120 lbs., has ash-blonde hair and blue eyes. She practically grew up in radio, started at six years old, "So Young, So Bad" was her first picture. Her next is "Whistle at Eaton Falls.

Could you please tell me the name of the tango Jane Powell and Ricardo Montalban danced to in "Two Weeks with Love."

ROSE MARIE ZEDALIS
Newark, N. J.
(The name is "A Media Luci" published by Leo Feist, Inc., 799 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

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Exciting Bouquet

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Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal—here's news you'll welcome! Tests show that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is amazingly mild! Used regularly, it will leave skin softer, smoother, flower-fresh and younger looking. And the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love." Love is thrillingly close to the girl who is fragrant and sweet, so use Cashmere Bouquet Soap daily. Complexion Size for face and hands, the big Bath Size in your tub or shower!

Complexion and big Bath Sizes

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!
Are you in the know?

Which flatters a chubby chassis?
- Slinky black
- Canary yellow
- Soft, cool colors

To cure a "video" should you try—
- The shock technique
- The absent treatment
- Humoring the guy

If you're collarbone-conscious, what helps?
- Mermaid mannevers
- More upholstery
- A library cord

Got a lean-and-hollow-look around the collar? Adding "upholstery" helps—so eat hearty, Swin like crazy. And do this: Sit very straight, tummy pulled in. Hold a book in each hand, shoulder-height. Keeping elbows well back, slowly boost books toward ceiling, then slowly lower them—20 times daily. Even on "those" days, you can boost your confidence—with Kotex. For that special safety center gives you extra protection.

How to prepare for "certain" days?
- Circle your calendar
- Park up your wardrobe
- Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting... non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt now. (Why not buy two—for a change?)

Have you tried Delsey?
Delsey* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

Cal bets she will, too.

Oscar Night in Hollywood: A crowd of 2,000 fans watching the stars enter the Pantages Theatre. Lex Barker, hardly recognizable, arriving in full dress—a departure from his screen costume of leopardskin . . . Fred Astaire dancing backstage to the strains of Bob Merrill’s “Mona Lisa” . . . Josephine Hull’s wonderful speech directed to a 6’4” rabbit and Miss Hull’s award coming just a few days before her fiftieth anniversary in show business . . . Grandma Marlene Dietrich almost stealing the show in a sheer skirt slit to one knee . . . Stanley Donen handholding with Liz Taylor . . . Nominee Jeff Chandler and the missus back together for this occasion . . . Jerry Lewis’s pantomiming during Dean Martin’s song, breaking up the theater audience, puzzling the radio listeners . . . Jewels, furs, happiness, heartbreak—all part of a glittering evening.

Just Between Us: While Janet Leigh did work long and hard on those ballet numbers for “Two Tickets to Broadway,” in the long shots her strenuous routines will be executed by Patricia Denise, the lovely ballerina who is famous on two continents . . . Insiders are of the opinion that illness was not the reason why Ann Blyth was rushed to London to replace Constance Smith in Tyrone Power’s “House on the Square.” The lovely Constance, so they say, proved to be wrong for the part . . . Under one condition did director Joseph Mankiewicz replace Anne Baxter (who is stalking the stork) in “Doctor Praetorius,” with Jeannine Crain. She had to agree to cut her long hair, to forfeit familiar mannerisms and concentrate on creating a new personality. To work for that guy named Joe, Missy Crain would have been happy to wear a clothespin on her nose!

Set Stuff: “What’s the matter, didn’t you like my last picture?” It was Dana Andrews parked right next to Cal in a Sunset Strip drive-in. It was one of those days and, not expecting to meet a movie star, we had actually looked right through him! “Why don’t you come out to the ‘Frogmen’ location,” invited the

The “tissue test” proved to Joan . . .

that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

Do you feel that all cleansing creams are alike? So did lovely Joan Bennett until she convinced herself with the “Tissue Test” that there really is a difference in cleansing creams!

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her “immaculately clean” face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! 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 . . . lets 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.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

Woodbury
Cold Cream
floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten
"I can’t afford to split hairs" says model Ann Klem… her camera curls stay free of broken ends with DeLong

the bob pin with the stronger, smoother grip

Stop envying the hair-do’s of beautiful models! Your hair, too, can be always well-groomed. But be sure to use De Long bob pins. The stronger, smoother grip means longer lasting curls… greater freedom from fuzzy, split ends. No wonder De Long is the “smart set” favorite!

INSIDE STUFF

You’re always “set” with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • HOOKS and EYES • PINS • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

The Dean Martins, Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh at Jerry’s birthday party. See page 112 for stills from home movie take-off on “Sunset Boulevard”

friendliest actor in Hollywood. “You’ll get a great kick out of sitting there in your overcoat and watching the actors freeze to death.” If we hadn’t seen it, we never would have believed it. In trunks, a glass-faced rubber helmet, rubber-feet fins and a slate and pencil around his neck for undersea writing, Dana had to keep diving in and out of the blow-zero water. “From now on, just refer to me as ‘wet pants Andrews,’” he called out to us. From now on we’ll like him even better.

Party Pranks: Have to tell you about the hilarious birthday party that Jerry Lewis’s cute wife Patti gave for him. The reason it was so rib-splitting was because, a few nights before, Jerry and Dean, plus Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis, song-writer Mack David and a few others had produced, acted, directed and generally “messed up” their version of a burlesque of “Sunset Boulevard.” The Martin-Lewis film is titled “Fairfax Avenue” (that’s not one of Hollywood’s swankier streets) and on this particular evening, after dinner, the film was flashed on the family screen for the forty guests. We just wish we had space to go into details about how funny a picture it was. Actually, this isn’t the first one the boys have made. But maybe someday you’ll see them on TV—it’s a cinch you won’t see them in theaters. And you’d be surprised how many big stars (aside from Janet and Tony who just love “working” in them) have participated in the fun.

(See page 112 for pictures from “Fairfax Avenue”)

Show Business: Too seldom, Cal feels, do you hear about the great friendships of Hollywood. Such a one exists between Judy Garland and Roger Edens, the brilliant M-G-M arranger-composer, who was there when Judy gave us her memorable “Somewhere over the Rainbow.” Roger remained a friend in need and she often needed one. At Mocambo recently, the orchestra and most of the patrons had departed. Roger Edens left his table and moved to the piano. “How about it, Judy—for old times’ sake?” he called over to where she sat with her party. Judy came over, started to sing. Suddenly she was a little girl with a great voice again, a little girl who just wanted to please. While she poured out her heart, her listeners were thrilled to tears.

Crystal Ball Stuff: If the truth were known, Sally Forrest probably is just as curious about her future as we all are. The girl who was discovered by her fiancé-manager, Milo Frank, is soaring to stardom with startling speed. Recently when Howard Hughes saw Ida Lupino’s “Hard, Fast and Beautiful,” so impressed was the boss-man with Sally’s performance, he dug down in his own pocket and paid for two extra days’ shooting to build up her part. Fred Astaire wants to dance with Sally, M-G-M has brilliant plans for her. Still being postponed, however, is the date of her marriage to Milo Frank. Some say Sally has changed her mind. Knowing how grateful she is for all he has done for her, Cal can’t believe that these two who had so much to share, could suddenly have nothing.

(Continued on page 24)
"My Lux beauty bath leaves my skin so smooth, so fragrant!"

"I love my daily Lux beauty bath," says Ruth Roman. "It's so luxurious—leaves my skin exquisitely fresh and smooth."

There's wonderful new luxury in the Lux bath-size cake! See for yourself how abundant the rich active lather is, even in hardest water.

A daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you sure of skin that's fresh and sweet. You'll love the delicate perfume that clings.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

for your Beauty Bath
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 22)

Beverly Hills Beach Combers: Any party Bette Davis gives is informal and fun. The one at Malibu the day before the Gary Merrills left for London was no exception. "Wear something comfortable, so you can relax like we do," they warned us. Bette wore stockings that fitted on her feet like gloves, thus avoiding leather soles and high heels. Gary in shorts proved to be a host who knows how to enjoy his own party. "When we descend upon London with two children, two nurses and a cook," Bette bantered, "they'll think we're having another blitz!" Typical of the Davis tradition, while they're making that picture together the Merrills will live in the country and avoid those smart hotels. About those two war orphans they're supposed to adopt. A Hollywood columnist, desperate for a news story, dreamed that one up.

Sex Appeal: In case you care, men's sox are now the last gasp in Hollywood! Gary Cooper's are shocking pink when he wears them with his dinner clothes. Van Johnson's feature a mug of beer design with white angora wool "foam." Gordon MacRae's have clocks that are clocks and not embroidered arrows. Tony Curtis's are monogrammed. Cal can't make up his mind whether to wear plaid, puce—or just cut off his feet!

News, All Kinds: Good news that Howard Duffs leg is healed and he's well enough to play opposite Josephine Hull (Cal's dream girl) in "Fine Day". Disappointing news that Judy Garland ended high hopes for a reconciliation, when she divorced Vincente Minnelli just before departing for that London Palladium engagement. . Delightful news that Bing's brother Bob is expecting another Crosby (his fifth!) which makes him one up on the "Groaner". . Heart warming news that Dorothy Lamour's five-year-old son, Ridgely Howard, will suffer no ill effects caused by complications that followed the measles. . Secret news that Glenn Ford is suffering from a serious eye infection and undergoing very special treatment. . Encouraging news that two lonely people like Barbara Stanwyck and writer-producer Norman Krasna are charmed with each other's company. . Amusing news that Warner Bros. would give their collective shirts to have Humphrey Bogart back under exclusive contract. . Startling news that Anne Baxter's maternity clothes have a Chinese motif.

Barbara Stanwyck appeared recently at Ciro's with another Bob—named Stack.

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selected summer fashions
individually created
just for you!

Swim Suits: doll doe-skin nylon content lasts, wired bodice, nylon fagoting. Sizes 32 to 38. Rainbow of colors. $10.95

Fine batiste Slip lavishly trimmed. White only. Sizes 32 to 40. $2.98

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Mandarin Pajamas, softest rayon crepe, trimmed in contrasting plaids. Sizes 34 to 40. Malze, pink, blue, white, nile. $3.98

Panty of 2 bar tricot, piped elastic edging. Soft, sleek, comfiest. White, pink, blue, malze, S. M. L. 79c

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ENJOY NEW SLIMNESS, new comfort, new freedom! New Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle has a cloud-soft fabric lining fused to smooth latex sheath without a single seam, stitch or bone. It caresses you to new slenderness, fits invisibly under sleekest clothes.

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“No other girdle slims so wonderfully, so comfortably!” say top fashion designers like famous CEIL CHAPMAN

Choose from the 3 most popular Girdles in the world

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With fabric next to your skin. You’ll look slim and feel wonderfully comfortable. In SLIM golden tube . . . $5.95 and $6.95

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A new latex process. Light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, dispels body heat. SLIM, shimmering pink tube $4.95 and $5.95

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More figure-control, greater freedom than girdles costing over three times as much. SLIM silvery tube . . . $3.95 and $4.95

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large. Extra-large size slightly higher.

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Prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries

ENJOY NEW SLIMNESS, new comfort, new freedom! New Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle has a cloud-soft fabric lining fused to smooth latex sheath without a single seam, stitch or bone. It caresses you to new slenderness, fits invisibly under sleekest clothes.

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Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large. Extra-large size slightly higher.

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Prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries
Encore: Lavish Technicolor version of the life of world’s greatest tenor, starring Mario Lanza and Ann Blyth

WWW (F) The Great Caruso (M-G-M)

POR years Hollywood has wanted to make a film about the greatest tenor of our time, Enrico Caruso. After “The Midnight Kiss” and “The Toast of New Orleans” Metro knew that at long last they had their boy—Mario Lanza, who has a voice right out of heaven. The story gets under way with Caruso, who lived only to sing, earning pennies in a Naples cafe. Following his first success at Covent Garden he goes to New York where at first he is coldly received, but later becomes the most famous star the Metropolitan Opera House has ever known. Ann Blyth is cast as Mrs. Caruso and is excellent in her tender love scenes. Among the famous musical stars appearing in this picture are Dorothy Kirsten, Jarmila Novotna, Blanche Thebom and Teresa Celli.

Your Reviewer Says: Good entertainment.

Program Notes: Mario Lanza at twenty-nine has become the teen-agers’ delight. Mario was born in Philadelphia and his real name is Alfred Arnold Cocozza. He’s married and has a baby daughter named Elisa. Following his starring role as Caruso (Mario confesses he once scrapped the label off a Caruso record and substituted one with his own name on it to get a job), Mario went on a concert tour which covered fourteen states. Everywhere he was mobbed by fans. His ambition is to appear at La Scala in Italy. On the set Mario gave Ann Blyth lessons in Italian. Ann already speaks fluent French. Dorothy Kirsten is not only a star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, but has distinguished herself also in radio, concert and on records. Two years after her success in “The Search,” Jarmila Novotna, one of the Met’s top sopranos, came to Hollywood for the first time to make an appearance in this film. Among the musical highlights are arias from such all-time favorite operas as “Aida,” “Rigoletto,” “La Tosca,” “Il Trovatore,” “Lucia” and “Pagliacci.”

Tangled lives: Dick Basehart, Paul Douglas, Barbara Bel Geddes in tense, dramatic story of a man on a ledge

WWW (A) Fourteen Hours (20th Century-Fox)

HERE’S suspense drama at its best. Based on a real New York suicide case of some years ago the picture is fascinating and gripping. Paul Douglas gives a fine, human characterization of a simple New York cop, who suddenly becomes the friend and confidant of a confused young man (Richard Basehart) perched on the ledge of a Manhattan hotel. Agnes Moorehead is the dominating mother and Robert Keith the bewildered father. Barbara Bel Geddes is his understanding girl friend. Howard Da Silva plays the police lieutenant and Martin Gabel a psychiatrist. All are excellent. As is Debra Paget as a bystander who finds a boy friend in the shadow of tragedy.

Your Reviewer Says: Taut thriller.

Program Notes: This unique suspense drama (without even one single flashback) was filmed in New York. Director Hathaway had the cooperation of the New York city police force, and a large portion of the city’s population. The “Hotel Rodney” is in reality the Guaranty Trust Building in the financial section of Manhattan. Paul Douglas dropped twenty pounds for his role of traffic cop and looks wonderful. His only gripe about movie-making is that he misses seeing baseball and football games. When they showed Richard Basehart the narrow perch it was for the first time he ever did it. He asked, “Well, at least I’m not going to have to fake looking frightened.” Tragedy struck Richard just as he was settling into his role when his wife Stephanie, whom he married in 1940 died, after a lingering illness. When it was over, she finished this picture Barbara Bel Geddes started rehearsals on John Steinbeck’s “Burning Bright.” It failed in New York in early fall—and so did her marriage to agent Carl Schreiber. When little Debra Paget went on location for this film it was her first trip East of her birthplace, Denver, Colorado. On her off-days she went in for intensive sight-seeing.
(F) The Lemon Drop Kid (Paramount)

BOB HOPE has a high old time of it in his newest comedy which is based on a Damon Runyon story, and crammed with those fabulous Runyonese characters. Bob is right at home in his part of the Lemon Drop Kid, a Broadway racetrack tout, who’s soft in the head for Bratzy Barter (Marilyn Maxwell), a beautiful show girl. The story concerns Bob’s efforts to raise $10,000 which Moose Moran (Fred Clark), a tough New York hoodlum, dropped on one of his phony tips. Bob rounds up the Broadway mugs and con boys, dresses them as Santa Clauses, and tells them they have to beg for the moola to establish an old folks’ home for Nellie Thursday (Jane Darwell) and some of the “old dolls.” Oxford Charlie (Lloyd Nolan) moves in on his racket—and the outwitting starts. Contributing to the wonderful fun are William Frawley as Gloomy Willie, Jay C. Flippen as Straight Flush, and Harry Bellaver as Sam the Surgeon.

Your Reviewer Says: A romp for Bob, and fun for all.

Program Notes: Marilyn Maxwell, who has traveled over a great part of the world with Bob, is teamed with him for the first time on the screen. The film was made at Paramount studios, with a short location trip to nearby Santa Anita race track where the racing sequences were shot. The four-karat diamond ring which Andrea King wears in the picture is the real thing—presented to the actress as an anniversary present by her husband. Nat Willis, a local attorney, much to the discomfort of Bob and the other Santas the Christmas scenes were filmed during the late summer when the temperature was over ninety. Society Kid Hogan, a close friend of the late Damon Runyon, was hired as technical adviser. Hogan works as a pari-mutuel clerk at Chicago’s Arlington Park and makes his screen debut as one of the Santas.

(A) Goodbye, My Fancy (Warners)

JOAN CRAWFORD, looking very chic indeed, plays a congresswoman in this comedy which too quickly turns into a drama with a problem. When she’s invited by her Alma Mater to attend Commencement to receive an honorary degree she becomes as nostalgic as a pressed rosebud, much to the disgust of her brittle secretary, Eve Arden. Seems that Good Hope College for Women slipped up on one little matter—Congresswoman Joan had been expelled by that seat of learning some twenty years previously because she stayed out all night with a man. The “man” turns out to be Robert Young, president of the college, and still carrying a torch for Joan. Further romantic complications arise when old beau Frank Lovejoy shows up as a Life photographer. Aiding in the fun are Janice Rule, Virginia Gibson, Lurene Tuttle, Morgan Farley and Howard St. John.

Your Reviewer Says: Adult and interesting.

Program Notes: Joan was letting her hair grow out during this picture, which called for a lot of feminine fretting. No more of those severe Harriet Craig haircuts for Joan—thank goodness. Now it’s Eve Arden who is sporting one of those butch hairdos. And on her it doesn’t look good either. Eve is in fine form as a comedienne, however. The studio has great plans for Janice Rule, making her screen debut as Bob’s daughter. Auburn-haired, green-eyed and nineteen, Janice has been dancing for the past four years in Chicago and New York night clubs and on the stage in “Miss Liberty.” She’s going to be the next Ruth Roman. Another young and promising Warner contract player appears as Janice’s roommate in the film. She’s Virginia Gibson, the red-haired dancing girl who made her screen debut in “Tea for Two.” The college campus scenes were made at Occidental College.

BY LIZA WILSON

outstanding

good

fair

F—for the whole family

A—for adults

PANDORA and the Flying Dutchman (Romulus—M-G-M)

AVA GARDNER is so beautiful and sexy in this handsome and highly romantic Technicolor drama that the boys will go stark staring mad for her. Ava plays Pandora Reynolds, a restless, dangerous American girl, a femme fatale, who finally finds love and happiness in the legendary character of Hendrick Van der Zee (James Mason), a tormented gentleman who must sail the seven seas until he meets a woman who loves him enough to die for him. The fusing of this Seventeenth Century "Flying Dutchman" legend into a Twentieth Century Spanish Riviera setting makes for exciting situations, much beauty and great romance. There’s a bull fight sequence that shows Mario Cabre, Spain’s idolized bullfighter, to excellent advantage.

Your Reviewer Says: Unusual.

Program Notes: This expensive and beautiful film was produced by old-time producer-director Albert Lewin who believes that audiences want romance on their screens, not dreary reality. The picture was filmed last summer along the Spanish seacoast. The interiors were shot in London.

Luscious Ava Gardner, excitingly goaded, gives her best performance to date. While on location Ava was visited by Frank Sinatra, which made international headlines, and was wooed by the romantic Mario Cabre who wrote love poems to her. "A romance with Mario—that’s ridiculous," said Ava. "All Latins are gallant and romantic. I found Mario quite attractive, but I certainly wasn’t in love with him. Why, I had no time for romance during the making of "Pandora."

I never worked so hard in my life, from five in the morning until dark, for five long months." Ava gets real angry when she hears about the rumors that are being circulated about her. The rumor that she was having a baby in Europe made her seethe. "I’m sick and tired of the kind of publicity that turns people who might like me against me." Says North Carolina’s prettiest tarheel, "I want people to like me."

(FA) Go for Broke (M-G-M)

This is the highly entertaining and dramatic story of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, the most decorated group in World War II. It was composed of American-born Japanese, all volunteers from Hawaii and the United States. "Go for broke," is Hawaiian dice-shooting slang for "shoot the works." Van Johnson plays a snappy young second lieutenant, fresh from O.C.S., who is extremely disappointed when he finds himself in charge of a platoon of Nisei. Van’s a strict disciplinarian and his boys, played by as fine and likable a bunch of actors as you’ve ever seen, are not much on discipline. But when the 36th Texas Division, outmanned, is being cut to ribbons in the European campaign, Van’s platoon of little Japowkins yell, "Go for broke," fight like demons, and against overwhelming odds rescue the 36th. This glorious chapter of American history makes wonderful movie entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Better than "Battle-ground."

Program Notes: Composed of American-born Japanese, the 442nd amassed a record-breaking total of personal and unit decorations and citations, including more than 6,000 Purple Hearts. In fact the 442nd was the most honored and decorated unit in World War II. Their "Go for Broke" flag was proudly decorated with the Presidential Unit Citation. Many of the heroes of... (Continued on page 30)
Choose new May Queen—the enchanting new design that sparkles with gaiety and charm... classic Danish Princess, with its cool, Nordic beauty... romantic Spring Garden, for its refreshing floral note... or delicate Lovely Lady with hint of yesteryear.

Start your service now! Six-piece place setting only $8.06 each—includes knife, fork, salad fork, soup spoon and two teaspoons. For a small down payment, you may take home complete services. 8 place settings, plus 4 serving pieces and chest, only $69.95.

Holmes & Edwards is superior to all other silverplate. The most used spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver where they rest on the table. Thus, should wear occur, there is sterling underneath.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
Sterling Inlaid Silverplate
Ann Blyth starring in "Katie Did It"
A Universal-International Picture

(Continued from page 28)

the 42nd Regimental Combat Team play themselves on the screen. Five of the leading roles were played by Hawaiian veterans. Making her Hollywood debut in the otherwise all-male cast is Giana Maria Canale, young Italian girl, rated one of the most beautiful women in Italy. (Nopa, not Bob Taylor's girl friend.) Authenticity and realism were assured by all-out U. S. Army cooperation, plus a battery of technical experts. Chief consultant was Mike Maseoka, University of Utah graduate, and the first volunteer when the 42nd was organized. He is now legislative director for the Japanese-American Citizens League.

✓ ½ (F) Soldiers Three (M-G-M)
In SPITE of its highly talented cast, in which Walter Pidgeon, Stewart Granger, David Niven and Robert Newton, this adventure film is not the outstanding picture it should be. The plot concerns Walter Pidgeon's promotion to a General and the activities of his three problem privates—Stewart Granger, Newton and Cyril Cusack, who, if they can't find trouble, make it. The time is the 1980's, and the action takes place in India where His Majesty's Rutlandshire Infantry is having a go at the Indian forces. Pretty Greta Gynt is the only feminine member of the cast. The dialogue, a mixture of tough Cockney and Irish, is rather hard for most Americans to follow. The pageantry is impressive.

Your Reviewer Says: Adventure story.

Program Notes: To capture the sweep and pageantry of the Rudyard Kipling classic the company spent several weeks on location at the old Paramount Ranch near Malibu, and at Corrigan's Ranch, near Chatsworth. Hundreds of horses and elephants, and even Brahman bulls were effectively utilized in the spectacular scenes... Stewart Granger, Hollywood's new heart throb since he bared his mastery in "King Solomon's Mines," got himself engaged to Jean Simmons during this production. He was a very embarrassed actor one day when Jean visited him on the location. She walked on the set just as Granger, playing a fun-loving pirate, was stepping in front of the camera wearing a frilly kimono complete with feathers. Sighed Granger to his bride-to-be: "Yesterday I rode a bullock today I ride an elephant. But you had to visit me today." Soon after this picture was finished Jean and Granger were married, with Michael Wilding (Dietrich's boy friend) as best man... Warner's trimmed a drinking prototype to pose for a four-generation portrait—his mother who is ninety years old, his daughter Edna, and his two small grandchildren... Gretrude Lynne is a Norwegian who has been appearing in English films. She makes her American debut in this picture.

✓ (F) Follow the Sun
(20th Century-Fox)
The most dramatic sports event of the last quarter of a century was the comeback last year, after a near-fatal automobile accident in Texas, of golfer Ben Hogan. This film (there's too much putting, and not much petting) tells Hogan's life story from caddy to champion. Glenn Ford turns in one of his best performances as "Iron Man" Hogan who becomes the only two-time winner in the United States Open Tournament. Anne Baxter is cast as the understanding wife who helps her husband achieve his goal. Dennis O'Keefe plays the brawny, hard-drinking champ who befriends the badly frightened Hogan in his early matches. June Havoc plays the flip divorcée who later becomes Dennis's ever-loving wife. Among the famous golfers appearing in this picture are Sam Snead, Jimmy Demaret, Dr. Cary Middlecoff, Morrie Dutra, Eric Monti, Jimmy Thompson and others. You'll see re-enacted for the camera Hogan's galant and historic comeback, his body broken in Europe but put back on, at the Riviera Country Club, near Los Angeles, in January 1950.

Your Reviewer Says: For sports fans.

Program Notes: Ben Hogan himself assisted in the writing of this story, and acted as technical consultant, so let there be no carping... For six weeks before production started Hogan worked out on a practice course with Glenn Ford so that the actor, a better than average amateur golfer, could learn his various mannerisms and techniques. Hogan is in such a hurry to prove the iron which he credits with having helped him win the last U.S. Open... Anne Baxter, fresh from her triumph in "All About Eve," had the rare privilege of studying the character of Mrs. Ben Hogan firsthand. "She follows in the American tradition," says Anne, "The wife who is always there when her husband needs her." When they were married four years ago Anne and John Hodliak made an agreement that they would never visit each other on their sets. But John, an ardent golfer, broke the agreement. "I had to watch Ben Hogan in action."

✓ (F) Apache Drums (U-I)
Here is an entertaining Western in Technicolor that bypasses many of the conventional sagebrush clichés. The story is of a frontier town, Spanish Boot, New Mexico, by a band of Apaches bent on burning it to the ground and killing the small group of whites who defend it. At the head of the Indians are gambler Stephen McNally and the settlement's mayor, Willard Parker, both bitter rivals for the affections of storekeeper Coleen Gray. Their rivalry is complicated by the grim and bloody struggle to hold off the Indians until the arrival of the U. S. Cavalry. Arthur Shields plays a preacher, and Ruthelma Stevens a dance hall operator.

Your Reviewer Says: Bad Indians, for a change.

Program Notes: This was made near Dry Lake, California, which is part of the Mojave Desert. It was a mere 120° and the crew gave themselves relief from the heat by throwing buckets of water over one another, a pleasure that was denied the actors because of their make-up... Stephen McNally won himself a law degree from Fordham but shortly after graduation decided to become an actor. He got his start with a summer stock company in New York and after that nabbed an important role in a Broadway production of "The Man Who Shot Lincoln." He married Rita Wintrich in New York and they now have six children... Coleen Gray was born in Nevada and considers herself more a daughter of Hutchinson, Minnesota, where her family moved when she was seven. Before she got her Hollywood break Coleen worked as a page wrapper at Montgomery Ward, as a librarian at USC, and as a receptionist and...
Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete. Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped—and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration. Furthermore with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated to work all over again when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.

...For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap . . . prevents body perspiration odor yet mild and gentle . . . contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.
Announcing:
AN EXCITING NEW CONTEST
Photoplay Offers A
2-Year Scholarship
At The
Pasadena Playhouse

Tear off and mail to: Photoplay Scholarship Contest, Box 1250, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

ENROLLMENT BLANK

Please enroll me in the Photoplay-Pasadena Playhouse Scholarship Contest. I agree that should I be accepted for admission to the Pasadena Playhouse, College of Theatre Arts, I will comply with all student rules and regulations in regard to general conduct, hours, meals, health, studies and other items as set forth by the College. I will maintain to the best of my ability a satisfactory rating in my dramatic work and all academic studies required by the College.

(please type or print clearly)

Name
Address
City, State
School last attended
Name of high school
City, State
Date of graduation
Today's date
Date of birth
Signature

With pleasure and with pride, the editors of Photoplay Magazine announce a national talent search for dramatic ability, the winner to receive a full two-year scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse, College of Theatre Arts.

Here is the answer to the dreams of thousands of young women all over the country who know in their hearts they can be truly fine actresses if they have an opportunity to develop their talent.

To be eligible for this contest, you must be under twenty-five years of age and a high school graduate or a member of a June, 1951, graduating class. You do not have to be beautiful. A fine actress is judged only by the qualities within herself. You need not even have appeared in a high school production. Only two things are important: Dramatic talent and the ambition to succeed. If these qualifications are yours, fill out the enrollment blank on this page and mail it, together with the information requested on page 95, to: Photoplay Scholarship Contest, Box 1250, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

Not only will this contest prove a boon to the...
Want to be an actress—
Photoplay’s protegee today
and a star tomorrow? If
you do, here’s your
great chance to develop
your talents at the
famous Pasadena College
of Theatre Arts

scores of others—Photoplay’s scholarship winner
will live and study for the two exciting years

Second-year students “age” before eagle eyes of director James
Tracy. The art of make-up is an important part of their course

Students check schedule board in lobby of Playhouse,
where rehearsal notices are posted for benefit of all
ANNOUNCING
AN EXCITING
NEW SCHOLARSHIP
CONTEST

winner. All those who make any contribution in the try-outs which will be held this summer will be brought to the attention of local theater groups, stock companies, radio and television networks, producers, directors and modeling agencies.

Moreover, the three semi-finalists of the contest will visit the Pasadena Playhouse during the week of September 17-22, for the audition from which the winner will be chosen. All three girls will have their transportation and all expenses of the trip paid, and they will receive spending money for the time that they are in California as the guests of Photoplay. They will live in the dormitories, meet the judges of the contest and appear on radio or television programs. The two runners-up will be auditioned by the casting directors of three major studios.

The winner, of course, will remain at the Playhouse. For two exciting, eventful years she will live, breathe, study and act in the atmosphere of one of the most active play-producing groups in America. The two-year scholarship includes every expense met by a student during the school year ... room, board, books, tuition and all student fees. In addition, the winner will receive money for those meals not included in the board and a monthly allowance for spending money. One round-trip ticket to and from the college from her home will be paid for by Photoplay. Since the scholarship covers two years, from October 1, 1951, to the end of the school year in June, 1952, and from October to June of the following year, vacation plans and any money spent during the vacation or journey home must be the responsibility of the winner.

The certificate received from the Pasadena Playhouse on completion of the two-year course is equal to the certificate given by any recognized junior college. If the scholarship student has had two or more years of college previous to entering the Play-
Training is exacting but graduates of the Playhouse bear testimony to college's high scholarship requirements.
All the world of fun and frolic is yours in the Big, Big Show with those gorgeous, gorgeous Riviera Babes!

All the world takes a holiday!

DANNY KAYE
Gene Tierney
Corinne Calvet

On the Riviera
COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

See Danny Sing and Dance
"Rhythm of a New Romance"
"On the Riviera"
"Ballin' the Jack"
"Popo the Puppet"
"Happy Ending"

Oodles of songs so singy!
Oceans of laughter so ringy!
Oomph-la-la's of gals so zingy!

Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL
Directed by WALTER LANG

Screen Play by VALENTINE DAVIES and PHOEBE and HENRY EPHRON - Based on a Play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler - Adapted by Jessie Erns

with Marcel Dalio - Jean Morat - Henri Letondal
Irene McEvoy gives Kirk the single-minded interest he needs. Kirk's in "Along the Great Divide" and "Ace in the Hole".

This reporter was out to get her man—to answer the question Hollywood is asking about Kirk Douglas.

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Continued Love Story

THAT Irene Wrightsman McEvoy, the dark-haired beauty and daughter of oil millionaire Charles Wrightsman, is the only woman in Kirk Douglas's life, neither they nor anyone else denies. Kirk himself says that he and Irene are "going steady" and that he is seeing no other girl. Irene's love for the handsome, popular and wonderful guy is in her every look and action. She adores him.

But when you speak of marriage to either —ah, that's another matter. "Are you and Irene getting married?" I asked Kirk, an old friend of mine, when (Continued on page 98)
Elsa Maxwell puts together the
pieces of this romantic puzzle—
and predicts a startling climax
to Ava’s and Frankie’s love story

I PREDICT that Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra will
be married this summer . . .
Their's has been a long and a dramatic romance.
For it was back in January of 1950 that Nancy Sinatra
cried “Enough”—after Ava had appeared with Frankie
in Houston, Texas, where he was singing.
The cameramen who spied them there were greeted by
Frankie’s back. Ava covered her face with her
hands. Which only produced a more sensational
grab shot. Surprising, isn’t it, that the Hollywood stars,
drilled in public relations by their studio publicity
department and by the personal press agents they
employ, forget everything they’ve ever been
taught when they need it most. Proving, no doubt,
that human impulses always will be stronger than
any superficial knowledge.
This was not the first time Nancy had had trouble
with a roaming husband. Nor is Frankie’s suscepti-
bility a product of his success. His penchant for
romance troubled the Sinatras’ (Continued on page 91)
I've been photographing the swell bunch of actors and actresses who work at M-G-M. And Esther Williams is one of my favorites. I've never photographed Esther that she hasn't been ready and waiting. An able woman, Mrs. Gage. A sitting with her always goes like a charm—with plenty of laughs. So, driving up Mandeville Canyon, I was pleased with life—looking forward to seeing Esther's new Early American farmhouse and anticipating the first sitting of little Kimmie.

In the living room I found Esther perched on the edge of her chair. Ben gave me the cue. "If it's action you wanted from Kimmie," he told me, "it's too bad you weren't with us at three this morning."

"Kimmie just doesn't know night from day!" Loyally Esther defended her baby.

Two-year-old Benjie jumped up from his little stool in front of the fieldstone fireplace and ran over to the old family cradle in which Kimmie now was stirring. "He's waking up," he shouted.

Esther, with a glance at her baby, yawning and stretching, suggested we set up our equipment without delay. "Sleepyhead," she said, picking Kimmie up and bouncing him gently. Kimmie grinned as our shutter snapped. Then, before you could say Kimball Austin Gage, his eyes closed again. Benjie was frantic. If his Kimmie was going to be photographed, he wanted him to be at his best—a laughing, happy baby with wide searching brown eyes and an inquisitive grin. Into his brother's cradle he crawled, promising, "I'll wake him!"

Finally Kimmie opened his eyes and smiled. Again my camera caught him in the split second before he was off again.

And this time, not Benjie's chattering, nor Ben's urging, nor Esther's cajoling had any effect. Kimmie slept on, unconscious that he'd spoiled Mama's record for charming cooperation.
Youth on a mental fling ... a dreamer in gaudy sports shirts ... Don Quixote, tilting at life ... a dark flame fed by ambition ... a romantic puzzle

Farley's next is "Strangers on a Train"
Peppermint candy in a gold box . . . the warm handclasp of friendship . . . Denims on a dance floor . . . little-boy appeal of freckles . . . a love song in modern swing time

Doris appears in “Storm Warning”
THE young unmarried set in Hollywood—what are they like—those girls and boys?

Thousands of letters asking this question came to the editors of Photoplay following the intimate report on Hollywood's young married couples that was published in the February issue.

The intervening months have been spent in research and photography and we now have all the answers. Hollywood's single boys and girls are as varied as their personalities. On three things only are they in unanimous accord. They all want to get married. They all want to have families. They all think working in the movies is a happy-making job.

How Do They Live?

Those who live at home either pay the rent or help in some other way. Joan Evans is the one exception; but she also is the youngest of the group.

The girls are inclined to buy their homes, feeling that if and when they marry, their homes can go to their families.

Rent for those who do not live at home ranges from $65 to $175 a month, the average being $105. Very few have maids.

The girls who live at home average dinner with their families about four times a week—the boys less often.

The girls who live at home are pretty well agreed that mothers are more understanding of problems than fathers.

Peggy Dow lives at the Studio Club, that amazing place where girls getting started in any branch of the movies can live and have two meals a day for twenty dollars a week. Peggy has a room of her own separated by a foyer from the room of her suite-mate, a girl who works in publicity at Warners. There are several reception rooms in which boy friends can be entertained. However, when you have an outside date, Studio Club rules require...
Do they believe in affairs before marriage?

Do they help their parents financially?

How do they get on at home?

Do the girls ever propose?

Debra Paget, above with sisters Leslie Gay, Meg, shares room with fifteen-year-old Leslie, has never had a date

Betty Lynn, Mitzi Gaynor, Joyce McKenzie. Mrs. Lynn screams at Betty’s untidiness. Joyce has been divorced

Carleton Carpenter doesn’t like “easy” girls. Joan Evans goes Dutch, “knows so many starving actors”
Debbie Reynolds is glad her folks are just average people. She fixes dad's lunch, does the dishes, keeps room straight and mows the lawn that you be in by midnight. Another club problem is the telephone. Usually there's a line waiting to use it. Peggy uses it once a week to call her family—needless to say this is not all she uses it for!

Ann Blyth, who owns a lovely three-bedroom house in the Toluca Lake district, lives with her Aunt Sis and Uncle Pat. Aunt Sis is her

Rock Hudson has proposed only once—he's hoping Vera-Ellen will say yes!
"Dutch? No, sir, not on your life!" says Scott Brady. Piper Laurie has never been in love but will tell boy when she is.

Craig Hill has a system for going Dutch. Once a girl proposed to him but he told her honestly he wasn't in love with her late mother's sister. Ann takes complete care of her bedroom. But she refuses to consider this a chore. "I love doing it," she says, "my room is so beautiful."

Betty Lynn also owns her home. With her are her mother, aunt and grandfather. Betty hates housework, only helps when "my mother gets after (Continued on page 75)

"It isn't what you do," says Phyllis Kirk, "that makes a date special or average—it's the guy who makes the difference!"

Bob Stack, with Claudette Thornton, thinks this generation knows great confusion and frustration.
You’ll change your mind about this age being dull when you read Barbara’s story about her exciting years.

Call her “Silvertip” Stanwyck and Barbara loves it!

G. Morris
I was born on July 16, 1907, and I'm now in my forties. The forties, I think, give a woman a wonderful, challenging decade. I've never understood why women want to be forever "young." In my book it's far better, and easier, to take advantage of each day as it comes, to live it to its fullest extent for what it is.

My indifference to having my birth year printed has confounded some people, who assume that Hollywood has a particular fetish about letting an actress admit her age. It's true that in studio biographies, the date of a star's birth is nearly always carefully omitted. Each time one of these Stanwyck documents is typed I call the boys in the publicity department and just as carefully explain that I don't in the least mind having my age printed.

I find myself feeling genuinely sorry for women who refuse to admit their age—those who try to hold desperately to their twenties or thirties. I know one actress who was twenty-nine for so long I thought she'd never reach thirty. I aged five years while she was twenty-nine.

(Continued on page 72)
She called him a beast and he dug his feet in the ground. She told him what she thought of him and he rolled his eyes. But the way Kab headed for the home stretch proved Betty had horse sense.
It was a bright early spring morning. Miss Betty Grable bypassed the Twentieth Century-Fox sound stages and drove to Hollywood Park. She parked her blue convertible near the stables. She walked toward Barn 47. Several men in a group were offering comment.

“Just look at those legs!”

“Nice. Lovely. Very trim.”

“Yeah, man!”

Miss Grable, not unused to remarks on the subject, smiled happily. She joined the men who were looking at a beautiful creature with four beautiful legs.

“That horse really looks fit, Miss Grable,” said a wise-eyed groom. “He looks ready to run.”

Miss Grable nodded in agreement. “He’s in good shape now. He was fretful and cold so we shipped him to the ranch for a rest. A couple of weeks in the sun put him on edge.” (Continued on page 81)

“Animals have a sense about people,” says trainer Hack Ross. “They can tell if you’re afraid of ’em or dislike ’em. With Betty, they know it’s love. So they treat her gentle.” Betty’s in “Meet Me After the Show”
It wasn't the need for money that sent Lana Turner into her third marriage with millionaire Bob Topping.

The tragic death of Carole Lombard seemed to write "End" to Clark Gable's search for a happy marriage—until he met Sylvia Davis is a different woman since her fourth marriage, to Gary Merrill.

One thing is certain—the Hollywood stars believe in marriage. It often doesn't prove a blessed state for them apparently. But that never discourages them from trying again—and again—and again.

This story about Gary Merrill, the daring young actor on the matrimonial trapeze who made Bette Davis a wife recently for the fourth time, was told me by his friend. When Gary was asked, "How long do you expect this marriage to last?" he is supposed to have replied, "I give it five years—but what a five years!" As I say, I don't know how true it is. But switch the story around and ask Bette the same question. I know, like most women, she'd say, "Forever."

Take her three previous marriage tries. The first with Harmon Nelson, Bette's childhood sweetheart, was definitely meant to last forever. It went fine until she became famous. Then Ham quietly ankled the situation because in his New England tradition, the man is supposed to be the boss. It wasn't Bette's fault that Ham was the type of man who couldn't enjoy living in the house that Bette's earnings built—literally and figuratively. Husband number two, Arthur Farnsworth, died. You have to hand it to Bette—she's brave. It took real courage to try again after the publicized difficulties (British understatement!) of her third mating with William Grant Sherry. To get back to that "forever" business: Bette and Gary have a chance. They're both in the same business; Gary makes enough money so as not to be embarrassed by Bette's riches. And the last time I saw Miss Davis, her happiness had (Continued on page 106)
Keeping up with who's married to whom

has Sheilah dizzy. But not too dizzy to understand why some stars keep changing partners
PEOPLE hoped that Marjorie and Jeff Chandler would settle the differences that parted them. This was no lip-service hope, but the McCoy. In self-protection, studios generally view the emotional upsets of their stars with objectivity. The Chandler case proved an exception. Out at Universal gloom greeted the news. As one girl wailed: “Sure, I'd feel worse if it happened to me, but not much. You can't even take sides, they're both so swell.”

A year ago, the Chandlers would have been left in peace to work out their problems. Now, with Jeff emerging as a top screen personality and an Oscar Award nominee, everyone wants to get into the act. It's the same old price you pay for prominence, and it can't be helped.

Jeff said of his break-up with Marjorie, “It had nothing to do with Hollywood. I get tired of hearing Hollywood made the goat. It had nothing to do with my being an actor, except in so far as actors are strange people. (Continued on page 86)
For years they told him he was a mug. But one man’s faith and Jeff Chandler’s determination proved how wrong people can be.

“Marge had a fair career of her own but she quit the whole thing for the kids.”

In revolt against his childhood, Jeff grew an exaggerated sense of independence, hates having anything done for him.
Who said the first six months are the hardest? Not Jean and Stewart, who still are up in the clouds—of Bel-Air.

High on a Bel-Air hilltop stands the Jean Simmons-Stewart Granger honeymoon house. It's a rambling house, reminiscent of the old Spanish missions. When Stewart's trophies arrive from Africa, they'll hang in his den. Jean's own furniture and keepsakes, en route from England, will go into the living room. But both rate the upper patio as the best place of all. For always after a day at the studio and a quick plunge in the pool they dine here by candlelight—with the lights of the town twinkling far below.
Jean and Stewart spend much time out-of-doors. Upper patio, which they use as second living room, gives them breath-taking view of tropical gardens, lush country around Bel-Air.

At ease: Jean is in "Androcles and the Lion," Stewart, "The North Country"

Stewart, after his adventures in Africa for "King Solomon's Mines," is glad to settle down to backgammon with Jean.
PIN UP

#5

Color photograph by Dirone
stormy Winters

By Liza Wilson

She's an eager beaver about acting,
munches sandwiches at the opera
and now is on a "dignity" binge.
But sizzling or serious,
she's always sexy Shelley

DURING the recent opera season, the music-lovers of Los Angeles were given quite a jolt. It wasn't an earthquake, perennial L.A. jolter. It was Shelley Winters, dressed fit to kill, casually eating her dinner in the sixth row, while tubercular Mimi sang exquisitely to her lover Rodolfo.

"Farley loves opera," explained Shelley. Farley, of course, being Farley Granger and her number one boy friend. "He had tickets for both of us for the entire deal. The night of 'La Boheme' I had to work late at the studio. Farley picked me up at 8:15 and brought along a couple of sandwiches and a thermos of coffee for me to have in the car. But he drove fast, and I (Continued on page 83)
It's the luck of the Irish that they have the house at all! Proud owners Maureen O'Hara and her husband, director Will Price, firmly believe that. They fell in love with the place when they saw it, but it was beyond their means. By the time they had the money for it, the owners wouldn't sell. Came the magic day when a real estate dealer called the Prices, "Still interested in that house?" and it was theirs.

Then came the problem: What to put in it. Maureen and Will had some furniture, of course. Just to move the furniture from one house to another now that they had achieved their goal seemed anticlimactic. Yet they most certainly weren't going to junk their furnishings.

Well, the Prices used what they could in their new abode, reupholstered sofas and chairs and gradually they're buying other things to fill in, old (Continued on page 80)
Tall and terrific: Pat Neal, left, dramatizes height with lovely carriage, stresses "goddess" look with classic clothes. Jane Russell, right, emphasizes bosom with tiny waist, curbs fondness for Mexican food because of need to watch diet.

let these Hollywood experts

CHART YOUR BEAUTY COURSE

Full speed ahead to a lovelier you—with Hollywood as your guide to the right proportions for your height... the tricks of make-up and dress to suit your type.
BEAUTY—or even the illusion of beauty—is all a matter of proportion. Here you have the considered opinion of two Hollywood experts. One of these gentlemen is Adrian, the great dress designer who has dressed practically every one of our glamour girls since 1925, beginning with Garbo and Joan Crawford and coming up to Garson and June Allyson. The other is James Davies, the physical culture director of Paramount Studios for the past years, who has slimmed everyone from Dietrich to Betty Hutton. Adrian and Jim refer, of course, to body beauty, but proportion applies equally to facial beauty. As every bright girl knows, you can give the illusion of exquisite facial proportions by the right use of make-up. But Adrian can also dress you—at a faintly astronomical price—so that you look taller and slimmer, or shorter and thicker. (Continued on page 84)
Head for the sea and the sun in one of these one-piece bathing suits. With control where you need it and flattering all around, they're the answer to a girl's beach problems.

- Above left, M-G-M star Vera-Ellen, of "Happy Go Lovely," proves there's a lot in a name when it's a suit called "Dream Fit." Made of laton taffeta, it's the shirring that does the figure trick.

  About $15.95 by Catalina, 32-42 at Saks-34th St., New York, N. Y., and Gimbel's, Milwaukee, Wis.

  Above right, Vera-Ellen makes shore news in nylon laton taffeta with concealed flexible boning in bra, scalloped collarette. Wear it strapless or with self-adjustable straps. About $12.95 by Gantner, in sizes 32-38, at Boston Store, Providence, R. I., and Burnett's, New York, N. Y.

- Star at the beach in the lastex faille suit worn by Jeanne Crain, opposite, of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Take Care of My Little Girl." Fashion notes are interesting sawtooth detail on bra, artfully concealed hip pockets. A Sea Nymph suit by Jordan, with detachable straps, 32-38. About $8.95 at Hochschild, Kohn, Baltimore, Md., Filene's, Boston, Mass.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 90.
FASHIONS
Janet Leigh, of M-G-M's "Strictly Dishonorable," models original suit designed by Michael Wolfe for role in RKO's "Two Tickets to Broadway"

Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($0.35) for which please send me the Janet Leigh "Two Tickets to Broadway" playsuit in size 9-11-13-15-17.

Name .................................. Size ........
Street ...................................................
City ................................................. State ....... Age ....

* So young, so gay—a two-piece playsuit. Midriff blouse, open to the sun at the neck, is trimmed with same check as little-boy shorts. For street wear we added button-down-back skirt with high midriff belt. Make blouse in Bates' Picolay; the shorts, in one of Bates' fine woven cotton plaids—we liked their Macrae plaid
When All You're Wearing Is A SWIM SUIT...
Be Sure It's A Sea Nymph

One and Two Piece in LASTEX FAILLE; Blush, Lemon, Mint, Berry, Aquamarine, Navy, Black. Sizes 32-38.
At your favorite store or write PAT POMEROY • JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP., 1410 BROADWAY, N.Y. 18, N.Y.
Matching beachcomber jacket for suit, right, $10.95, in small, medium or large

Cotton gabardine espadrille with cork rubber soles. By U. S. Rubber, $4.45. at Gimbels, New York, N. Y.

Mona Freeman, below, appears next in the Paramount picture, “Dear Brat”

- For swimming, a one-piece romper bathing suit in a new fabric—woven rayon and cotton plaid—with shoestring tie.
  For playtime, matching pleated skirt that ties in back. Around $8.95 by Brilliant, 32-38, navy and green with white at Gimbels, Milwaukee, Wis.
Left, Joanne Dru next in Twentieth Century Fox's "Mr. Belvedere Blows His Whistle"

- Romp on the beach or swim in the sea in this one-piece suit. Made of Ameritex's waffle pique, it has separate button-in bra. Straps can be worn a variety of ways. Around $12.95, 10-16, by Rose Marie Reid in white with green, red or navy print at Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., and Rice's Fashion Corner, Norfolk, Va.

- A lady in lace print cotton—Mona Freeman, above. Suit has elasticized back, midriff. 32-38, in royal, green or white with black print. Around $8.00 by Shepherd at Oppenheim Collins, New York, N. Y. and Kresge, Newark, N. J.


Splash in Cotton

Handy at the beach is this water-resistant cotton gabardine carry-all sports bag. $5.95 by U. S. Rubber, Gimbels, N. Y.

"Hialeah" sun glasses with side protection for beach and sports. $1.25 by Solarex

For stores nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 90
She's the dreamiest gal in town, according to Mrs. Day—who isn't referring to her daughter's looks! And after what happened recently, Doris Day agrees Mama knows best! Doris had just finished making "On Moonlight Bay." And Mrs. Day, who loves to cook, had baked a batch of cupcakes for the gang at . . .

. . . wouldn't even let Doris carry them to the car. "Let's put them in the trunk," she said, "where they'll be safe." A few weeks later, Doris, driving across the hills . . .

. . . from The Valley, became aware her car had developed a rattle. She turned into a garage. The mechanic, charmed by Doris, gave the car the checking of its life.

But he found nothing wrong. "How about your trunk," he asked. "Carrying any rocks to make it ride easier?" "No," said Doris, but gave him the keys. The attendant . . .

. . . opened the trunk—and found Mrs. Day's cakes—hard as rocks! "I guess we've found the reason for the rattle," he said. "Right!" grinned Doris. "My rattlebrain!"
“Paisan”... Two piece dress—a dirndl skirt with the fullness laid in unpressed pleats to keep your waistline smooth... and above it, the blouse with matching trim on the keyhole neckline. Broadcloth skirt, an exclusive Doris Dodson print; blouse of fine voile. Navy, red or gold print with white blouse. Sizes 7 to 15. About $13.

Write for name of your local shop... Doris Dodson, Dept. P6, St. Louis, Mo.
Barbizon's "Lazy Gal"

Barbizon's travel-wise pajamas
...tailored like the finest slacks

For mint-cool summer lounging... for curl-up-in-comfort televiewing... for look-smart traveling and vacation nights... you want the tailored glamour of Barbizon's "Lazy Gal" Pajamas! Only Barbizon weaves this smooth rayon crepe... designs, cuts and sews each piece to bring you a top that doubles for a blouse, trousers that fit like expensive tailored slacks. White with Navy or in two shades of Blue. At your favorite store in sizes from 10 to 20 for as little as $6!

Barbizon Pajamas, Gowns, Bedjackets and Robes by the makers of famous Barbizon "Body-Contour"* Slips.

Look Ahead!

(Continued from page 49) There's no point in trying to hold on to your twenties or to any other age for that matter. Frankly, I'd hate to have to go through any period in my life again. Not that I didn't enjoy my teens, my twenties or my thirties. I've had some fun at every age in my life. But I think that when you get to your forties, your nice, honestly admitted forties, you really appreciate life.

When you're young and giddy, you're grasping at so much, so afraid you'll miss something, so intense about your future, your ambition, your determination, that you can't honestly say you're enjoying yourself. When I was in my twenties, I was so intent on enjoying myself that I felt quite deprived when I "had" to make a picture, since it would mean I couldn't go out. Now, I look back at the girl I was and I wonder how she could have been so silly. Work is so much more fun than just "having fun."

One of the most important aids for the woman who wants to be really young, and stay young enough to make a liar out of the calendar, is to keep busy. A busy woman hasn't time to wrap up her happiness, her whole life, in what she sees when she looks in a mirror. If you keep searching in the mirror for proof that you look younger than you are, you're a cinch to find some evidence of tension that will set you to worrying.

I get a big thrill out of my work, and I make a good many pictures. In fact, I'm black-mood miserable when I'm not working. During the last war several people in town were confounded because I was working more than I ever had before. I made four pictures in one year. Some "best friends" told me I was making a great mistake—that I'd have all four films released at once, in some spots play competition to myself and build up a nice case of box-office poison as a result. Well, they were right—I did have three pictures playing on Broadway simultaneously. Now, three Stanwycks in such heavy doses can be pretty sickening, let's face it. But the prophets were wrong about the result. It's funny, but I made the first ten in box-office standing that year—the first time I'd crashed that list in my long career.

My work has made every day a challenge. It's kept me so "on the go" that I have had no time to consider a calendar as anything but a guide which tells what day it is and when to write my thank-you notes.

And I don't give much thought to beauty-aids. I've never worn any make-up except lipstick. As for mascara, I don't bother with it, because it's always smudging around my eyes. Now I admit I'd like to have a facial or a massage one day because I hear they're good for you, but I just haven't found time to get around to getting a treatment. I haven't tried to make the time, either. I guess I dismiss many of these things as vanities because women who are too preoccupied with their make-up bore me as much as they bore men. So I swing the other way, feeling that vanity is practically a sin. It can be, you know. I've seen women actually sinning against themselves in that department. All their concentration and concern about their looks, their incapacity, by whatever devices, to avoid the marks of time on their faces, have made them neither girls nor women. They flitter and flutter, bedazzled by their attempts, but bedazzling no one else with their results.

And take this business of hair. I've seen a lot of women go through a period in which they're perpetually dyeing their hair. They are blondes one month and
brunettes or redheads the next. Where's the reason behind this? In most cases I've seen, the dyed hair has only confirmed the age of the person and added harshness to her face. People are continually surprised that I haven't dyed my hair—which is now filled with gray. I haven't touched it because, frankly, I like it this way. Just call me "silver-tip Stanwyck" and I love it. And I consider my hair today an improvement over the rather mousey sort of red hair I was pretty tired of. It looks far better on the screen, too. My hair used to photograph like dead corn.

No matter how extrovert I am about liking my gray hair, there are still those who can't believe that I don't want it hidden. Not so long ago I did an art layout for a magazine—in color. When the editors saw the pictures they ordered the retouching of my hair to hide the gray. When they had finished the job some $300 later, they gleefully wrote me that I wasn't to worry about the gray showing—they had fixed me up just dandy. I hated to throttle their happiness but I had to tell them I was disappointed because I liked the gray hairs to show.

HEAVEN deliver the woman in her forties from wearing outfits with frills and rosebuds meant for teenagers. They always make a woman look ridiculous instead of as young as she wishes she were. There's nothing which gives greater emphasis to age than clothes that are obviously on the wrong body in the wrong year. Simple clothes with straight lines are a woman's best friend. Suits, skirts, blouses and sweaters can come in infinite variety. For me, just make them simple. Even my evening gowns are simple. Oh, I've seen some fancy get-ups I've been tempted to buy, but they're usually so complicated in construction, so much trouble to get into that I decided against them.

When I'm on a picture I have no worry about clothes. If it's a dress epic, of course I'm interested, but I leave any problems to fine designers like Irene, Edith Head and Orry Kelly. Clothes simply do not give me any great concern. My tastes and requirements are specific and I don't fuss about them. Not even when I'm going to a formal gathering. Once I was invited to a large formal party given by Mary and Jack Benny. I'd anticipated it with some enthusiasm. Then—just a few days before the party I got an attack of pleurisy and was sent to bed by Dr. Joel Pressman, Claudette Colbert's husband, who attended me. He said I couldn't go to the dinner unless my temperature stayed down for the twenty-four hours preceding. Well, it did, and he gave me his okay providing I stayed abed until he came for a final check-up before the party.

I expected him around five or six, but he was delayed at the hospital and arrived at seven-thirty. After checking me, he asked "What time is the party?"

"Eight," I answered. "I'll make it by eight-fifteen."

"Well, it's now twenty minutes to eight. Do you mean you can get up and dress and be there by eight-fifteen?"

"Look, Doctor," I said, "if I started dressing at five and spent three hours getting all fussied up, I wouldn't look any better. I'd probably find so much that was wrong with me that I'd just wind up in a great state of irritation. Why bother?"

I arrived calmly at the party—on time.

Maybe I'm just too lazy to become one of those women who spend so much time on themselves. And who end up worrying themselves sick. The more they fuss, the fussier they get and the less pleased they are with the results. They get into an emotional and mental stew and destroy every possibility of having fun at a party.

---

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When you're twenty it's intelligent to keep yourself under control; when you're thirty it's wise to learn to be serene about annoying details; when you're forty it's dynamite unless you do both. Maintaining composure is one sure way to stay young. Our years will be warm and friendly if we women will just stop hating them. Hate lines etch deeply.

Because I don't worry about age, I've never tried to play roles that were obviously too young for me. Actually, it's been the other way around—I haven't played any real ingenues in my entire career.

I never had much patience with those actresses of the past who used to try to hold on to ingenue roles until they practically had to use a cane to get around. They didn't fool anyone. Thank goodness, that type is now practically extinct.

No woman who tries to fight back time is honest with herself. She only confuses herself on important issues. An ostrich with its head in the sand hasn't got a very good perspective on much of anything either.

Dreading the onslaught of age is like carrying a disease within you. It's like having some horrible weight on your conscience. And, too, it narrows horizons. It produces a failure to develop a real personality—which is a female's really attractive asset. It creates a blindness toward the good that can be done for others. It makes for a numbness toward the things in life that make each day exciting and a challenge. The yesterdays that are piling up get so burdensome that today's potentials aren't recognized. And as for the tomorrows—they're a horror!

Speaking of yesterdays, I pity the women who, by not admitting their age, have deprived themselves of any chance to enjoy reminiscences. They have to deny themselves the luxury of talking about any memories of their past, no matter how wonderful, that would date them. I love to remember way back. Way back to Pearl White's pictures. I adored her. Maybe that's why I hate ever having a double for my hazardous scenes even today. She did all of her own stunts. And she was my idol.

I've been warned that I shouldn't admit my age, that such an admission will hurt my "box office." Now, that's silly! After all, movie audiences aren't made up of dopes. They can count, can't they? And if they've noticed me at all, they certainly remember that I've been on the screen for quite a spell.

THE END

"I'll have to operate immediately . . ."

Has the doctor ever said that to you . . . and made you think "Who'll be home to mind the children, to cook . . . will my husband be able to get along without me? . . ." This is one of many types of problems you'll hear in dramatic form on the radio program "My True Story," which comes direct from the files of True Story Magazine. You'll hear the hopes, fears, loves, ambitions and jealousies of real people, and through their problems gain a better understanding of your own. So . . .

Tune in

"MY TRUE STORY"
American Broadcasting Stations
Continued from page 47) me." She admits that most of their family quarrels come about because she doesn't take enough interest in domestic matters. Her family—except her grandfather who, she says, is an angel—"screams" at her; too, for the absent-minded way she drives her car.

At the Lyons, there's no set time for meals. Betty's usually dashing out somewhere when her mother calls, "You get in here and get something to eat." She's apt to grab a bite on the go—which is all right with her mother.

Bob Stack lives in a big U-shaped house, in Bel-Air, complete with swimming-pool, tennis court and solarium. One wing of the house is Bob's. The other wing belongs to his brother, Jim. Their mother, Betzi Langford Stack, lives in the center section. Betzi is active in charities. Jim is a businessman. Bob is an actor. All go their separate ways and decide in advance who will use the swimming pool and when. Since all three Stacks are violent individualists the layout of their house suits them perfectly. "When an argument starts, we just go to our own quarters," says Bob.

Phyllis Kirk rents a charming little guest house on a big estate.

Nancy Davis has a small apartment.

CARLETON CARPENTER has lived alone so long he wouldn't have it any other way. He writes his family, who live in Vermont, about every two weeks. "When something sensational happens," he telephones.

Wherever Carleton lives he rents a piano. Composing music is his hobby. It's a hobby that pays off. His song "Ev'ry Other Day" is a number in his new movie "Whistle at Eaton Falls" and has been incorporated into the score.

Debra Paget, who lives with her family in a two-bedroom house, shares her bedroom with her fifteen-year-old sister, Debra does the dishes and helps clean house. And seven nights a week—unlike the other Hollywood girls and boys—Debra eats dinner at home.

Debra, at seventeen, has never had a date with a boy. "I have no desire to date," she says. "I'm afraid if I started dating one boy after another I might get confused. I wouldn't know the right one when he came along. Besides, I'm just interested in my career."

Debra, her mother, father, fifteen-year-old sister and year-and-a-half-old sister, live together. But her married sister and her husband and her married brother and his wife spend most of their time at the house. "We all go to the movies together. We all have fun," Debra says. Required to make an appearance at a premiere or some other public function, Debra takes her mother along.

Was this restricted pattern the family's idea? Debra says no. Her mother, Margaret Gibson, was in show business—a singer and comedienne. She doesn't work now because Debra wants her with her at the studio.

Scott Brady lives in an apartment with his mother and father and two brothers—one of whom is Lawrence Tierney. "The boys are a handful," says Mrs. Tierney, "always dashing around, eating at off hours."

Debbie Reynolds lives in a bungalow over at Burbank, not far from the Warner Studios. It's her father's house and in the family are her father, mother, brother and grandfather. Debbie's father is a railroad man and it's Debbie's job to fix his lunch-box. She also has to keep her room

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straight and do dishes. And, although Debbie is afraid nobody will believe it, she has to mow the lawn. "It's in real bad condition now," she admits, "I've been so busy away on a personal appearance tour and everything . . . ."

Dale Robertson hates living alone but his family—he calls his mother twice a week—live in Oklahoma. And he does not choose to share his apartment. "It gets too embarrassing," he says, "when you can't stand the guy you're living with any more. How do you tell him to leave?"

Rock Hudson agrees:

Joan Evans has an apartment under her parents' roof. The house, built on a hillside, has three levels. The lower level consists of living room, bedroom, bath and small kitchen. This is Joan's. Joan is constantly in difficulty over the state of her apartment, always promising she will "try to do better" about keeping it picked up.

Joan and her family—her mother, father and grandmother—do not quarrel. But they have really violent arguments, usually about who is a better writer or director or actor. Joan says, "If I'm wrong, I say I'm sorry. If I'm right and have not been convinced I just won't give in."

Craig Hill prefers to live alone, too. However, since his family are close by at Laguna Beach, where his father has an automobile agency, he spends weekends at home—unless there's snow in the mountains. Then he goes skiing.

Tony Curtis lives with his mother, father and kid brother in a small apartment. But he's planning to buy his family a home so they'll be all set. Tony doesn't help much around the house, because he works hard and bribes Bobby to do certain chores for him.

Tony's father, a tailor, hates the way Tony dresses. He plans Tony's outfit before Tony leaves the house. To save argument, Tony puts the tie he wants to wear in his pocket and changes in the car. Tony and his mother have a problem—his shirts. "Whenever I don't need a shirt, they're all ironed," Tony says. "But when I call and tell Mom I'm going out and need one she forgets." How is this argument settled? "Mom irons the shirt while I'm shaving." His arguments with his brother are likely to be over his record collection. "If he breaks one," Tony says, "he carefully puts it back in the album, then is surprised to see it broken."

How They Date

For the most part the Hollywood kids determine their own curfew.

The girls' families always meet their boy friends.

Movies are a favorite date with a stop afterwards for coffee at a drive-in or ice cream at Wil Wrights.

Dancing is a special date. The average girl began dating at fourteen.

The average boy began at ten!

Mitzi Gaynor was thirteen when she had her first date. Mitzi was a ballet dancer and when she played San Francisco she met a beautiful theater usher named Fred. They went out after the show and had black and white sodas and grilled cheese sandwiches.

Now Mitzi's engaged to a "big beautiful man named Richard." They have a date every Thursday night at least. "That's our anniversary date," Mitzi tells you. "We met on a Thursday."

Regarding her dates Nancy Davis says, "I put rules on myself and get in at the same time I would if I lived at home."

Since Nancy is a girl who requires a lot of sleep she never goes out at night when she's working on a picture. Small dinner parties at home are her joy. She limits these to once or twice a week, on the days

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In Canada, Minx Modes, Montreal.
she has her visiting maid. Nancy says she's never gone Dutch on a Hollywood date. But she did often in New York.

Joan Evans goes Dutch a lot because, as she says, "I know so many starving young actors." Joan dates boys in the industry almost exclusively. "They seem to understand my problems. Besides, I'm so new to this business that actor-talk simply thrills me. I want to talk about pictures all the time."

Joan's first date was an Exeter prom. "I was the youngest girl there," she says. "But my mother worked on the theory that unless I had been ready to handle myself well, unless I was adult enough to accept the responsibility of a date like that, I wouldn't have been asked.

Joan loves to entertain in her apartment in her parents' house, to have kids over and listen to records. Her biggest party was a house-warming. Thirty-five dropped in from nine o'clock on. At midnight she served chili that had been made early that morning and was re-heated on the hot plate in her small kitchen.

Joan's idea of a special date is the ballet, the theater, or a concert.

Carleton Carpenter likes to get Sunday breakfast for his friends. He also has people in for dinners which he cooks. Macaroni and cheese is his specialty. Occasionally, Carleton says, he will go Dutch.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS likes to go Dutch. "And most of the boys agree," she says, "particularly college boys who have to buy books and who aren't earning any money." Debbie still goes with boys she knew in high school, doesn't mix too much with the Hollywood crowd.

Asked if there are restrictions on her dating she says with casual pride, "My family trusts me."

Phyllis Kirk doesn't go out with actors very much. She likes writers, she says, "and musicians, mostly one musician." That would be Andre Previn, the brilliant young pianist who headed the M-G-M music department until he went into service. Now Phyllis, who is by way of being an intellectual, spends hours writing him.

Phyllis likes to cook buffet suppers for her friends. About special dates she says, "I never think of a date being average or special according to what is done. It's the guy who makes the difference."

Dale Robertson was five years old when he started going out with a little girl who lived around the corner back in Oklahoma. "And we went together," he says, "right straight through school." Dale likes to have friends over after dinner for talk and TV. Out-of-doors his favorite date is to go horseback riding.

Betty Lynn goes Dutch when she's with a bunch of professional people on tour or something like that. But she doesn't believe in it for a real date.

Betty's very social, loves to go out. But when she stays in she likes to have girls over for "heavy talking."

Tony Curtis, who says he was "pushing six" when he started to date, likes to ask the kids to his place to listen to his record collection. He'll go Dutch if he's on layoff. "If a girl's in accord," he explains, "and says, 'You're with me tonight,' I'm not in the least embarrassed."

Rock Hudson will go Dutch "if a girl asks me and I'm short of cash." He's dated non-professional girls mostly because "a girl's a girl and a guy's a guy whether they're in pictures or not." His favorite girl now, however, is Vera-Ellen.

Rock doesn't entertain at his apartment. "I wouldn't," he says, "inflict my cooking on my friends."

Roddy McDowall didn't start dating until he was seventeen. Now he almost never dates non-professional girls. "I'm in love

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Worn by Jan Sterling, in "Ace in the Hole"
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take with acting," he explains, "and actor-talk. When I take a nonprofessional girl to a Hollywood party and everyone starts talking shop I'm afraid she'll think she's rather out of it. I try to bring her: into the conversation and say something quite foolish.

Occasionally Roddy, who likes to entertain beside his swimming pool with barbecues, will give Dr. Tho. "But," he says, "I have to know the girl awfully well." Scott Brady was vehement about going Dutch. "No, sir, not on your life!" It's a very special date for Scott when he takes a girl to the fights. For an average date he likes an amusement park. When he was going with Ann Blyth, he said, "She always wanted to go to the ballet.

Peggy Dow, who often has friends to dinner at the Blyth home, occasionally she goes to a night club but she doesn't like them. "They give me a headache." Although "crazy about actors," Peggy has a lot of nonprofessional friends whom she met when she went to Northwestern University.

Bob Stack says, "Going Dutch is silly. If you're going to take a girl out, then do so. Bob likes to give tennis parties at his place, following by "a long drink of water," so a date is special "only if the girl is special."

Craig Hill will go Dutch. "When it's necessary. If the girl can afford it, then she goes to a lot of places she might not, but he doesn't change hands before or after the date. One night I'll take care of everything and the next time she will."

How They Feel About Wolves . . . Love . . . Marriage

Not one girl would admit ever proposing to a boy. But more than half of the boys insist they've had proposals. The girl is usually five proposals. She knows. She keeps a diary. The average was three or four.

The affair before marriage is definitely no proposal. Nancy Davis doesn't worry about wolves. "You have to open the door to most wolves, anyhow," she says. She admits she doesn't tell a boy when she's in love with him. "I'm not young," she says if I am." Nancy has learned how to say "no" to a proposal and stay friends.

Phyllis Kirk will marry, "When I feel that I am capable of taking on the responsibility—the great responsibility of marriage." Regarding wolves she says, "A good percentage of so-called wolves are wolves because they're encouraged to be."

On affairs before marriage, she believes it's up to the people involved and the circumstances.

Mitzi Gaynor says she wouldn't come right out and propose but "there's such a thing as maneuvering."

Mitzi let her sweetheart know when she was in love with him. "I did," she says. "I said, 'Darling, I'm in love with you.'"

Mitzi, nineteen now, plans to marry when she's twenty-one. She has never, she insists, had an experience with a Hollywood wolf.

Craig Hill, proposed to by a girl, handled the situation honestly. "It's best," he says. "I just told her—as nicely as I could—'I wasn't in love with her.'"

Craig, who doesn't think it hurts to let a girl know you're mad about her, wants marriage, as soon as he is financially able.

The "easy" girl doesn't appeal to him. "To each his own," he says, "I don't condemn any girl for the life she wants to lead. But I wouldn't be seen out with a girl on the fourth of July."

Betty Lynn has no luck being friendly with a boy whom she's turned down. "We're not chummy afterwards. I'm embarrassed. I tell a boy 'No—at least not yet.' That's wrong. I go into the career business, which is silly. I just say 'no' all wrong so we're not friends any more.

As for wolves she analyzes the situation simperably enough. "Wolves are very conceited. Their egos are so great that they dare not risk a 'no.' Therefore it's up to the girl to put up a barrier. Generally wolves can tell who will be receptive and who won't. Our smart wolves won't try unless they think they have a chance. But, let's face it—there are some who are not so smart. Betty doesn't make brash statements to any boy. But she thinks it's always for love she feels. She'll marry, she says, "when I meet the right guy."

Joan Evans has not yet been in love—really. But she lets the boy know when she's married, and she's always receptive. "She'll marry, she says, "when I meet the right guy."

Jean Davy has not yet been in love either. But she too will make it known when she is. Debbie, proposed to, always says, "I'm too young for marriage." For the wolves she has a cute question: "When do you think you're ready to marry? " says, "and a couple have telephoned me. But I haven't made a date and they've gotten the idea.

Beverly Reynolds has never really been in love either. But she too will make it known when she is. Debbie, proposed to, always says, "I'm too young for marriage." For the wolves she has a cute question: "When do you think you're ready to marry? " says, "and a couple have telephoned me. But I haven't made a date and they've gotten the idea.

Debbie used to want twenty kids. But she's cut the number down to six. Roddy McDowall was horrified to hear that girls propose to boys. "You mean you can marry them just like that? Say it right out? Oh, no! I'd get-out and run or tell her to get out and run.

Roddy says he's never been in love. Of the affair before marriage he shrugs, "I let everybody lead his own life as long as he doesn't bother me with it.

Piper Laurie is another girl who hasn't been in love. But she, too, will let the boy know when she is. She hopes to be married in two or three years. Of wolves she says, "I let wolves know how I feel about things. If they don't like it, I don't go out with them again."

Ann Blyth has no doubt she will know when it is the right time to marry. "It happens when it's supposed to," is her theory. "Your guardian angel tells you."

Ann's experience with wolves has been nil. "I never go out with a boy I don't know very well," she says.

Carleton Carpenter proposed to a girl back home but fortunately they were too young for marriage. The easy girl has no appeal for Carleton, who feels, "If she's too obvious you don't have the fun of the chase."

Tony Curtis, speaking of the easy girl, "I see that kind of girl. I feel sorry for her. I think, 'Gee, that's a shame.'"

Tony has had a proposal of marriage—but he wasn't prepared for any such thing and the girl wasn't either. Tony also has protested. He never has determined not to marry until he gets a house for his folks. Debra Paget will not marry for at least five or six years. "My career is all that means anything to me now," she says. Scott Brady has yet to fall in love. But this doesn't concern him. He'll marry "when I meet someone I want to marry.

Dale Robertson definitely believes in settling down to a girl you love her. He proposed once—to a girl back home. But they were too young for anything to come of it. He'll marry, he says, "when I find someone who can put up with me and with whom I can put up.

Bob Stack says he has never made a marriage proposal. Regarding obvious girls he says, "If you don't have respect for the girl you take out it's no good. You want to marry her to your advantage at a minute. What are you trying to prove?"

Rock Hudson has proposed—to Vera Ellen. He hopes she will accept him. He wants to marry when my next option is lifted—"If I can get her."

He doesn't believe in the affair before marriage. But he doesn't damn those who disapprove. "It's their business," he says.

Sally Forrest says she is not able to establish a friendship with any boy whose proposal she has refused. "When you act as if you don't want 'em, you get 'em," she says. "For me it doesn't work out too well after all."

Mary was too young to have much trouble with wolves. "I just make fun of the fellow who tries to be one and don't waste my time," she says.

Peggy Dow thinks this is the best way to cope with wolves is to make a joke of his tactics. Confronted with a proposal she's "honest—but not brutally honest."

How Do They Feel About Their Work—Their Generation?

Do they like these years they live in? Do they think their generation is better than or worse than the previous generation that went before them? What is their attitude and their families' attitude about their work? Do they think they've missed anything by being in pictures?

Tony Curtis takes a dim view of his lifetime. "Everything is made too easy.

---

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Dodie Reynolds says, "My parents are very average people, I'm glad to say. They think it's nice, my being in pictures. And when I get a good write-up they say, 'That's swell.' But when my brother, who loves to play baseball, tells about the home run he hit they think that's just as swell. And—you know what?—so do I."

Craig Hill thinks this generation is better, "because we're more mature." And he's glad; he's in pictures because when he works he works hard but between pictures he can ski and sail and swim.

Nancy Davis appreciates the interesting people she meets through her work.

Roddy McDowall values the people he meets and the travel he enjoys.

So does Peggy Dow. Peggy sums up her generation by saying, "I think we've done remarkably well."

Piper Laurie's family says, "If this is what she wants to do, it's fine with us." Piper says, "Doing a scene well—that's the greatest thrill in the world."

For Ann Blyth, acting is "fulfilling the dream." And she says, "God has been so good to me that I wouldn't have lived at any other time."

"There's more realism in this generation," says Rock Hudson.

Dale Robertson says of his generation, "We're better off because there is more opportunity for learning."

Phyllis Kirk believes that fundamental human nature does not change, so this generation is no better, no worse than the last.

Bob Stack's motto is "Live for today, but hope for the future." Bob feels his postwar generation knows great confusion and frustration.

Mitzi Gaynor thinks "This generation is allowed too much freedom. There are almost no restrictions on us. So I think it is worse."

"This generation is worse because conditions are worse," says Betty Lynn.

These are Hollywood's young people—a serious group living in a serious time. They're well adjusted, generally. They face their problems honestly. But the important thing about them—and it shines through everything they say and do—is that they're doing the work they love and they're happy.

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House With a Past

(Continued from page 61) pieces that will work in well with the new. In fact, a house has a lot more character if it’s filled with the things you love.

The story of Maureen Will came from countries thousands of miles apart, essentially they have the same kind of background, where the accent is on family. Both in Ireland and in the South, everybody is related to everybody else in the county.

Though many miles away from their kinfolk, the Prices are still an active part of the family group. In fact, hardly a year goes by where they don’t move one homestead or another. And these trips yield their weight in treasures for their Bel-Air home. The grandfather’s clock in the entrance hall was found by Maureen on a trip to Ireland. But alas, it arrived in pieces, victim of rough handling on the trip. Fortunately, a wonderful craftsman came to her rescue, and you can never guess what a treasure he made.

A table came from Ireland too. A group of spool-back side chairs were found in Mississippi, near Will’s home. The whole house really is a blending of Irish and Southern.

But in color it’s as Irish as the traditional shamrock. There’s green carpeting throughout the entire downstairs. And in the living room, a love seat wears a deep soft green. The walls are lined with green and two lounge chairs repeat the green in the piping and quilting, but have chartreuse cotton upholstery. All of these upholstered pieces came from the old home in the South. The furniture is mahogany and our upholsterer makes it as good as new. Take a tip from Maureen O’Hara. Once you’ve bought a good furniture piece, it’s good for life! Dark green faille draperies display a floral pattern in greens and golds throughout the rooms, and the green is relieved with white walls and ceiling.

You might think that using just one color throughout would be monotonous, but this isn’t so. Green happens to be Maureen’s favorite color. With her tawny hair, green eyes and creamy skin, it brings out her warm coloring. Choose the color that most becomes you and surround yourself with it.

Maureen and Will have another decorating trick worth borrowing. They used the same colors and fabrics in the room which adjoins the living room. It was once just a porch but they put in sliding doors, took out a window seat and continue the feeling of the living room, with more informality, of course. This way, there’s continuity between the two rooms, and the furnishings are interchangeable. There’s the same white on walls and ceiling, the same green carpeting. The deep-seated sofa repeats the green texture used in the living room, a soft, terry cloth so the sofa is in harmony with the rest. The curtains pick up the chartreuse from the living room’s sofa and chairs, two lounge chairs are covered with the same chartreuse quilted cotton, and two other chairs wear the green and golds that hang at the living-room windows.

Green as Ireland the room may be, but it has a Southern accent all the same! Over the sofa Will placed mementoes of his Southern heritage—nice, looking very handsome indeed on a green mat and in a dark mahogany frame. In the center, a Southern gentleman of the old school, Will’s ancestor, of course, looks dignified and over a grouping of furniture the Confederate eagle spreads his wings.

Maureen and Will aren’t in a tearing hurry to finish furnishing their house. The old piano will do until they find the right one, but they’re looking for a Bechstein.

And over it, they’ll need a large picture or wall grouping. Right now they’re trying a pedestal table in front of the fireplace. If they decide to use it, they’ll cut it down, but in the meantime, they’re getting the effect. They chose the ouzice cofee table in the living room against that. Maureen found a gigantic library table in a bargain basement, saw its possibilities, had the top painted and made a huge, imposing job to bring out the satiny grain.

A real home grows slowly. Christmas and birthdays offer an extra chance for gifts with a real meaning. At an auction, Will bought a grandfather clock in a town in Ireland he felt sure would please Maureen. When she opened the gift, she cried. “You couldn’t have found anything anything else. How did you know?”

By complete chance, the town pictured was where Maureen had spent many a happy childhood vacation. Now it hangs over the small chest beside the living-room fireplace. Of such things is a home made. Beautiful old English wine coolers were Will’s birthday gift to his lovely wife, and on an anniversary he gave her two unused old altar plates he’d found in Dublin.

If you've looked at the living room, here's their other house. The two couches that flank the fireplace wear red cotton shag covers that practically match the deep red carpeting, and for contrast, there are the two windows with green, red and white plaid wool. This wool Will bought for one dollar a yard. It was regular coat fabric, but he saw no reason why it wouldn’t make good draperies and he was right! The mahogany step-table rode along on the moving van also, companion to the diminutive captain’s chair, proud possessor of sixty years of age. With the rich panelling, and two of the walls lined with books from floor to ceiling, the den has great warmth.

In the accessories, this room too mingles Irish and Southern. There’s a striking painting by Marie Hull of a dignified old Negro, and there are some rare old Irish decanters, of china, made around 1800. The entrance hall greets you with wall papered in the same style, while yellow floral design on green ground. This blends with the surrounding rooms: the living room, down two steps at the right; the den almost straight ahead; and to the left, two steps down, the gray and green dining room.

Though the dining-room floor has the same green carpeting, its walls are gray, and sheer white curtains are topped with a gray and white swag, the same fabric used on the dining chair upholstery. In point of fact, the dining-room, worth copying, is a small bay lined with mirrors and filled with plants. Architecturally, a large opening was needed at the back, but the exterior of the house is a bay window, extending the entrance hall, but the mirrored bay substitutes for the usual window. It’s a good trick that gives depth to any room.

And you don’t need a bay or alcove to do it.

Two console tables hold silver and linen, but Maureen felt that the breakfast would crowd the dining room, so she put it in the entrance hall. Here it’s very much in keeping, yet it’s close enough so they can take the room to keep dinnerware and glassware within easy reach. “Try that idea in your home,” advises Maureen. “Sometimes a furniture piece looks better around the corner than adjacent. The exception is the china closet—yes, it still can keep your equipment handy.”

The bedroom, bathroom and Maureen’s dressing room are as Irish as can be, with the same green. Everywhere there’s a sense of space, but there’s also the fact, there’s even a map of Ireland over the tub.

In the bedroom and dressing room the green’s somewhat muted, with a touch of blue. In the bedroom one whole wall is green. There’s a brass bathtub with a wrought iron cover, and in the living room, under the windows, there’s a mahogany wainscoting along the wall. There is a dining room, with a green fire screen, and a mahogany sideboard. But elsewhere there’s hardly a thing Irish.

Mahogany pieces occupy wall space, including a secretary where Maureen keeps her writing. “The only one thing Irish in the house,” said the beautiful Maureen, showing a picture of her lovely sister. Then other pictures, of other members of her family, and a more handsome group you’ll never see. These they hung in the living room, in a bedroom or dressing room and not in the living room. Portraits excepted, of course, for they are considered works of art.

All the bedroom furnishings came from the same source, or nearly so. Here are some of what you might consider a bargain. There are shelves for knickknacks and cupboards for cosmetics, with mirrored doors.

Will’s dressing room is completely different, forsaking the green for natural finishes. It has a wall paneling featuring built-ins for storage.

Browny’s room forsakes the green also. Yellow roses bespeak the walls and ceiling, and white cotton carpeting covers the floor. When the girls are going to bed, they can gaze straight from the South—her very first big bed. It’s covered with a quilt made in the well-known flower garden pattern. The closest thing for it’s the size of a small room and not only has racks for dresses, but plenty of shelves for toys.

Maureen’s and Will’s house is secluded behind a redwood fence backed by shrubs. When the gates are open, you can glimpse the red brick exterior that gives no hint of the friendliness inside. But you probably see, too, a bevy of children, Bron and her friends, playing under the trees or dashing up to what looks like the back of the house.

The End
Betty Talks to Horses

(Continued from page 51) again. He likes the warm weather.

Kab, a seven-year-old stallion foaled in the Argentine sun, whinnied softly. Miss Grable put her arms around Kab's neck and murmured into his ear. She told him he was the most beautiful hunk of horse-flesh west of the Allegheny Mountains.

Kab responded, as would any adult male under the circumstances, by looking smugly self-conscious. He dug one hoof into the ground; he rolled his eyes.

Next to her husband, her children and her home Miss Grable loves horses best. She breeds and raises fine Thoroughbreds. She likes to race them for fun and profit.

"It's a fascinating business," says Betty. "We get a lot of pleasure out of it."

The other half of that "we" is, of course, her musician husband, Harry James.

"Someday," continued Betty, "we hope to go into it on a full time basis."

"Like Miss Elizabeth Arden?" asked an interviewer. Miss Arden is the fabulously wealthycosmetician who operates a large scale racing stable, and reputedly selects yearlings for "their beautiful tails," and has them rubbed with her ten-dollar-a-jar face cream. "Like Miss Arden?"

"Goodness, no," said Miss Grable. "We're just small fry in the racing business. We want to keep it that way. More fun."

Just a few years ago Mr. and Mrs. James were urban dwellers. They went to the races only on special occasions. Then they bought two pinto ponies. "Then," says Betty, "we had to have a ranch."

Every spare moment after that was spent in the car looking at ranch property. They found a likely parcel of two acres. Another, five acres. Several more. Finally they found exactly the one they wanted. They bought it—sixty-two acres.

"Those two pintos weren't exactly hemmed in," says Betty mischievously.

Since then they've bought a second ranch, to get more room for paddocks. This consists of 108 acres, fenced and cross-fenced. On the original sixty-two-acre tract they have two ranch houses, barns for about forty horses, tack rooms, stud barns, a hay barn and a short stretch of track.

Betty's father, Conn Grable, lives permanently at the ranch and oversees things. Betty, Harry and the children go out on weekends and live the life of ranch hands.

"Top" greetings: John Wayne, winner of Photoplay Gold Medal for top acting role, meets Carnation contest winner Judy Coxen of Wichita Falls, Kans.

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There are fifteen Thoroughbreds in the Grable-James stables. The number fluctuates, as new colts are born and some of their bandtails are claimed in claiming races. Brood mares and colts predominate and only three or four horses are now running. Betty and Harry regularly race products of their stables at Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, Del Mar and Bay Meadows—sometimes even on Eastern tracks.

At present the Grable-James stable is not operating at a profit, but Miss Grable is confident they will have it on a paying basis before long. In the meantime, she points out, it is their one luxury.

"We don't entertain lavishly," she says.

"And we don't spend money on fancy clothes or jewels. Right now we're investing in horses. And in addition to the fun of it we expect to get a return on our investment."

ARRY'S idea of a pleasant evening is to curl up with a Breeder's Guide. Says he: "I want to keep track of what I'm spending money on."

Miss Grable is also a student. A recent visitor at the James home, knowing only that girl horses are fillies and boy horses are colts, was somewhat astonished at the scope of Betty's knowledge.

In self-defense the visitor switched the subject to more mundane affairs. "Is horse racing honest, Miss Grable?"

"Racing," said she, after giving the matter sober thought, "is one of the most carefully supervised sports in the world. The tracks have done everything possible to keep it clean and give the public a square deal. You can be sure that the judges and stewards and other track officials are 100 per cent honest. I think a good majority of the owners are on the honest. And I know the horses are honest."

"What about betting? Do you bet?"

"Of course I do. I think most people who own and race horses like to make a bet. It's part of the fun. That's why I'm not betting to make money. When you have a horse entered in a race it adds to the excitement to back your judgment with a ticket on his nose. I usually bet five dollars on my horse's race."

"What about a system? Is it possible to beat the races?"

"Well, I never heard of anyone doing it," said Miss Grable. "There's a well-known saying around race tracks, 'You can beat a horse race, but you can't beat the races.' I think anyone who tries to make money by betting on horse races is, to put it mildly, very foolish in his thinking."

The Grable-James racing Thoroughbreds are trained by a husky, smiling ex-Texan named Hack Ross, a fine judge of horseflesh. Hack admires to talk about horses in general, and the Grable-James horses in particular. On the subject of Miss Grable in person he is inclined to wax eloquent.

"She surely does like horses," says Ross. "Understands them. Animals have a sense about people. They can tell if you're afraid of 'em or dislike 'em. And it works both ways. With Betty they know it's love. So they treat her gentle, too."

Betty is sure the Grable-James horses will soon be paying their own way. Sentiment, he thinks, is the thing that often keeps a stable in the red. You have to operate on business principles. "Remember, a bad horse eats as much as a good horse. So you have to get rid of him."

Miss Grable admits this is one of the hazards of the breeding business. She calls the foals her "babies."

"They're so soft and sweet," says Betty. "And when you select their parents, see them new-born, watch them through adolescence, and keep them healthy until they're up and get ready to run, it's a job of putting the whole thing on a personal basis."

But she's intelligent and has a practical turn of mind. She figures there's a way to work out any problem. And she'll find it. In the meantime she's having a lot of fun. After all, this is only an avocation. She's still Betty Grable, the laughing, dancing, Technicolor beauty, now a partner in the stables of the James brothers, a small ruling family in town, still tops at the box-office.

At a recent meeting an interviewer noted Miss Grable's firm, friendly handclasp, the "good hands" that can handle horses. He noted she was wearing a cashmere sweater and a gorgeous purple shiner.

"Got a new bicycle," she explained. "The darned thing threw us."

Seems she took a corner too fast. Went into a dive and whanged her forehead on the handlebars.

"And only one more shooting day on the picture," said Miss Grable ruefully. "Wouldn't you know it would happen?"

In the picture, "Call Me Mister," Betty had Dan Dailey as co-star for the third time. They had some production trouble at the start, but when it was over, for the first time in her ten years at the studio, spoke up. Her fans had written that they wanted to see her in musicals and she thought that the picture was being held out for more singing and more dancing. "After all," says Betty, "audiences have put me where I am today. And I think we ought to give them what they want."

The picture is "Someday," Mrs. James says, "we want to make it the most romantic of all our pictures. We're putting a great deal of money into it."

It is a pleasant, rambling affair of white brick. It stands on two and one-half acres that nestle at the foot of the Beverly Hills. There are many trees and a wide-courtyard. The front of the house is a high-ceilinged living room and a den paneled with oak. There are several fireplaces.

"Someday," Mrs. James says, "we want to put the ranch on the property. And when we have that picture, we'll have a regular ranch house, country style. In the meantime the new furniture that we are buying will be things that we can use out there later on."

She is planning to use the ranch for living out in the sun. More time for the laughter of children. More time to watch foals grow strong and learn to run. There'll be quiet moments and exciting moments. There will be moments like that time at Bay Meadows.

It happened in the seventh race, the San Mateo Handicap. The price was $10,000. Betty and Harry James left the grandstand. They walked hand-in-hand toward the saddling ring. Their horse, Kab, was entered to run.

"Can he do it, Harry?" Betty asked with a catch in her throat. "Do you think he can win it?"

"He's fit," Harry said, trying to be calm. "And he's ready. He'll make a race of it."

When the call came he was running, Kab nicked 20 yards away from them. Kab nickered. He saw them coming. He stood quietly as his saddle was put on and cinched. Then, as Harry gave the word, he started trying to make his way to the starting gate. Betty reached her arms for Kab.

Back in the grandstand they heard the call, "Here they go!" and the race was on. Kab went to the front, running easily. Betty jumped to the hurdle, set her eyes glued to a pair of glasses. "Come on, Kab! Come on, boy!"

At the half, at the three-quarter, and into the stretch it was Kab out in front. And Betty, rode with him every inch of the way, urging him, pleading with him.

Down the stretch Kab heard the call and he never looked back. He hit the wire and finished. "We've won!" Betty exploded with excitement. "Kab won for us, darling!"

Harry didn't say anything, but he smiled wistfully. He hadn't really seen much of the race. He had been watching his wife—the girl who talks to horses.
Stormy Winters

(Continued from page 9) was afraid I'd spill it on my new dress, so I just took my dinner in with me and hid it under the seat. I was so hungry, my stomach started growing. So I ate. Next season, it is rumored, the forgotten set may make opera-melodrama at Shea's. She took a long look for the cure for the stomach growl, long a horror of the music world.

Shelley's the impulsive type. And it gets her into trouble. Sometimes now, off and on, there's been a tendency among Hollywood columnists to rap Shelley across the knuckles. Success has gone to her head, they say. She holds up production. She's not to be petted, which is tantamount to kicking your mother down the steps. One columnist, suffering from acute acidity, wrote, "Shelley Winters has a heart of gold, I am told. Maybe now that she is a success, we won't have to dig so far to find it."

In a way, Shelley does hold up production. "I always get tied up in knots when I start a scene," she says. "I use any pretense to delay starting for a moment. I'm so frightened, I'm sick. Every scene with me is opening night on Broadway."

Shelley's definitely an eager beaver. She just can't stand that most stars gripe like mad if they make two pictures a year, Shelley made seven pictures during 1949 and 1950 including loan-out for "He Ran All the Way." When she suggested she be granted a vacation, this picture there was great surprise. "What would you do with a vacation?" she was asked. "Study acting," said Shelley. And study acting she did, in New York at the Elia Kazan Academy.

She wants to be in every picture. Every time the trades or columns announce that so-and-so has been signed for such-and-such a picture, Shelley demands to know why she wasn't offered the part.

Apropos of Shelley's eagerness, when she was in New York some time ago, her representative, as a gag, told her that Sir Laurence Olivier was endeavoring to get in touch with her to discuss a part in Olivier's next film. Shelley was agog. One of the boys in the New York office was in on the gag, kept calling her at her hotel, always when she was out, was on pins and needles. One day, signals got crossed, Shelley was in her room. There was nothing for him to do but invite her to come down and have her representative, "this guy has an awful reputation. He's a terrific wolf. Why, he'll tear the dress right off your back." "Okay," said Shelley, "I'll wear an old dress."

It was this. The representative was grim determination that landed Shelley in her first "legit" play. It was in 1940, after she had worked as a salesgirl in a five-and-ten, modeled in department stores, played walk-ons and batted around generally. Chester Erskine was casting a play called "Conquest in April." She charged upon him, one August day when he was with the doorknob on account of the heat, and demanded a part in his play. She got it, but not until she'd worn him to a frazzle and borrowed money enough to join Equity.

Maybe it was maybe it was Shelley's volatile personality that befuddled him. Anyway, the contract was signed before Mr. Erskine realized that if Miss Winters had appeared in all the plays she was claimed to have appeared in, she would have had to be a member of Equity, already. When, later, he faced her with this, her comment was "Yipes!" "Conquest in April" collapsed in Philadelphia. But Shelley didn't. It took her eight years, but she finally hit the jackpot.

Recently Shelley took inventory. In the three years she has been a picture success, she has bought her first mink coat, her first car, bought and furnished an apartment for her mother, and a home for her sister and herself. "And I still have money in the bank. As soon as I find time, I want to take a course in economics. UCLA. My salary is beginning to puzzle me."

Shelley thinks she would like to get married again. "I don't know if I really think that or if I just think I think that. But this I know. If I do marry, I would want to marry someone in the business. Wouldn't it be a terrible bore to have to talk to someone every night who didn't know what you meant when you mentioned 'dissolves' and 'dolly shots.'"

Occasionally Shelley dates the field. But always she comes back to Farley Granger. He's steady. When she started work on "A Place in the Sun," the publicity boys tricked to make something romantic out of the gab sessions with Monty Clift. But they didn't get far. Monty and Shelley were only recalling their early struggles in New York.

Shelley's marriage was not a happy one. It was a wartime marriage and it didn't work out. On New Year's day, 1943, she married Mack Mayer, an Army officer, in New York, after a three weeks' whirlwind romance. She was divorced in California in October, 1947.

At present, Shelley is on a dignity binge. Or she is pretending to be. She does not want to be called "scatter-brained" or "wacky." "I prefer working at Paramount," she told a group of U-1 executives. "At Paramount everyone called me Miss Winters. Here, they call me 'Stinky.' There's dignity at Paramount, in case you wonder what happened to dignity."

When an interviewer, having been informed by her that she borrowed her name from her favorite poet, politely asked her the name of her favorite poem by Shelley, she haughtily replied, "Now you surely don't expect me to answer that at one o'clock." And then hastily added, with an evil glint in her eyes, "And don't ask me at six o'clock, either."

Shelley's real name, for the record, is Shirley Schrift. She was born in St. Louis, August 18, 1923. Her mother was Rose Winters, an opera singer with the St. Louis Municipal Opera, and her father, Johan Schrift, a men's clothing designer. The family later moved to Brooklyn.

The role that Shelley wanted most of all was the role of the mill worker in George Stevens' "A Place in the Sun." Based "An American Tragedy." When a friend of Shelley's suggested her for the part, Mr. Stevens very emphatically said, "Thank you, no floozies." But he was conned into seeing several casts of Shelley's pictures. When he had said, "Maybe." By that time, Shelley was having the whinnywhams. After a series of tests, he gave her the part.

Shelley thinks that George Stevens is just about the best thing that ever happened to her. "With Stevens, I was like I went to school. I followed him around the set like a pest. Universal should have paid Paramount for letting me do this picture, instead of charging them."

The pathetic little mill girl is a complete change from her former sexy roles. In the picture she wears no lipstick, no makeup, and she has her blonde hair darkened to a lusterless brown.

"In the future, I want to play human beings," said Shelley. "But don't get me wrong. I don't think that sex should go out of the window entirely. Sex with dignity—that's for me."

THE END
Let These Hollywood Experts Chart Your Beauty Course

(Continued from page 63) Jim says you can't buy his ideal, that you must work for it. He advises you to buy your clothes to fit you whatever it lacks, except for adding actual inches in height, and you can even seem to accomplish that with correct posture. It's Jim's argument that most girls' main trouble lies in the fact that they do not have for their individual heights.

So this month we have sought out six varied beauties from suave Susan to Neal, down to little Debbie Reynolds. Here are their measurements and weights. Here, to go along with Adrian's theory that even a one-inch doll can look chic if dressed properly, we'll stick to the old rule for dressing smartly. Here also are some of their personal beauty tricks.

First check yourself on Jim Davies' height and weight chart. Jim feels it is not enough to be merely the ideal weight for your height. Dreamily, your waist should be ten inches smaller than your bust measurements.—like Elizabeth Taylor's—but your hips should be exactly what your bust takes off in real life.

Tip-topper among today's stars, Patricia Neal manages that bust-waist proportion—but her hips are two and a half inches slimmer. Here, for comparison, are Pat's measurements:

Height 5'8"  Weight 135  Bust 35 1/2  Waist 29 3/4  Hips 33

Clotheswise, Pat never goes in for frills. When she dresses informally, she looks like the average college girl, flat shoes, off-the-shoulders and a shirt, cardigan sweaters. But even for cocktail parties, or real fmrals, she goes in for a classic line. Since she holds herself beautifully and moves with grace, this "goddess" look is perfectly at-home parties, she likes luxurious pajamas.

She makes her mouth up generously with bright, bright lipstick. She puts her perfume on the pulse at the wrists, rings, finger tips and back of neck. This is a wonderful trick that lets the scent emanate subtly. She prefers her hair its natural brown, with little or no wave, but often has to dye it for a picture. In evening she emphasizes her eye make-up, but at no time does she use a conspicuous make-up.

Jane Russell is next in altitude to Pat, though what is not what has made Jane famous. Here is Jane's range:

Height 5'7"  Weight 135  (drop ten pounds! orders Mr. Davies.)  Bust 37  Waist 25  (If Jane added an ideal two inches here, what would this do to her box-office value?)  Hips 37

Jane likes to wear all black, and surprisingly enough, off screen she prefers high-necked dresses, with long sleeves and slim, plain skirts. Her dramatic sense is expressed by way of shoes. She has them in nearly all colors, though she adores red and, unlike many a girl, she carries a stole beautifully, draped about her shoulders or tossed over one shoulder.

Jane is one of those rare girls who are more beautiful off-screen than on. She follows every doll's standard beauty routine—the daily bath, careful food choices (though she likes Mexican food (a bit too well), lots of sleep and plenty of exercise in the open air. She neither drinks nor smokes, not caring in the least for either of these indulgences, but she says the absence of tobacco and alcohol helps her maintain her sparkling eyes and fine complexion.

Actually Gene almost exactly meets Jim Davies' standard. Thus:

Height 5'5"1/2  Weight 113  Bust 36  Waist 20  Hips 32

Being married to a very famous dress designer, Oleg Cassini, Gene is provided with one of the loveliest wardrobes imaginable. She has her own handbag of simplicity in dress and Oleg, with loving cleverness, designs all her outfits to emphasize her exquisite face, her year-round sun-tan, and her innate patrician quality.

Gene uses anything but solid colors—and almost always it's all-white for evening, all-black for day. Her gowns rarely have any trimming, but all are designed to set off her jewels, which are divine.

Gene uses shades of pink rather than red for lipstick, rouge, and nail polish. With her skin's tawny overcast, this is very provocative. Sometimes she experiments with the many tints of proteins and nail polish, but she never goes too extremes. But her naturally exotic look, she realizes the dramatic virtue of understatement. Result: She is usually the most distinctive girl in any room she enters. (Note: Gene never eats sweets—but eats at least two apples a day.

Exactly the reverse of this social technique is displayed by Ruth Roman. And is displayed is what I mean. Here is a beauty and an actress, whose assault on the eye is a kind that every average girl wishes she had.

There is only one way in which you can use the word "average" about Ruth. She is of "average" height.

Here are Ruth's measurements:

Height 5'4"1/2  Weight 120  (Davies disapproves; Ruth argues this is sexy.)  Bust 36  Waist 26  Hips 34

(Jane Russell is next in altitude to Pat, though what is not what has made Jane famous. Here is Jane's range:

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Height 5'4"1/2  Weight 120  (Davies disapproves; Ruth argues this is sexy.)  Bust 36  Waist 26  Hips 34

(Milo Anderson, of Warner Bros., who has dressed Ruth ever since that studio signed her, says that Ruth "wears" her clothes, and not vice versa. In other words, Milo says Ruth makes you see her first and the gown she's wearing second.

Accordingly, Milo gives Ruth tight-fitting gowns of solid color with neckline or belt that is perfectly cut for visibility reasons. She seldom wears accessories of any kind. Her make-up is quite deliberately exaggerated. With her dramatic flair, she gets away with it. She wears dark lipstick, nail polish of such a dark red it's virtually black. She puts her rouge on along the cheekbone that runs just under the eyesocket, and recommends this trick to other girls who want to look chic. The trick is deceptively simple. Her technique is to feel this bone with your fingertips, blending in the cream rouge from about the center of the eye, upward and outward. When it comes to the ear, she is careful; of course that no beginning or finishing point is visible.

When you come into the cute, little-trick department, that doll of dolls, June Allyson, does the first time being paced by another cute little trick named Debbie Reynolds. In height there's barely a half inch between them—and both of them have dream measurements.

Both girls, though they may be on a small scale—but that's the very thing that Adrian and Jim Davies point out: You can be small and still be flawless. Mrs. Dick Powell's figures line up thus:

Height 5'9"  Weight 99  Bust 35 1/2  Waist 23  Hips 34

(June Allyson, the most famous of all girl, has an even smaller 5'5" and a weight of 90.)

Juni is one of those lucky lasses who can eat and eat—and still not put on an ounce. Some of this may be due to the way she goes for steaks—which, as you know, are high in proteins and low in calories. A lot of it may be the way she bounces around, always active, singing, dancing, running her home, her new baby, her career, her very active social life. (The French artist wonderful for this, in that they keep half as much as they do for the ultra-conservative, very deluxe Los Angeles society.)

Juni always looks freshly scrubbed, entirely natural. She isn't quite—which is a wonderful art when you can achieve it. For example, her hair is naturally quite curly. She likes it to appear almost straight. So she goes to the back of her head and have it cut in a style that makes her look an inch taller. She never has any sort of permanent or wave put into it, but to give it "shape" before parties, or for camera appearances, she puts it up in about six very loosely rolled curls. She rolls this up on the night before, when sleeping, which is in her frame, in her nose, in the kind the lighter tint, there is no harm and even more parf.

She has had to learn about wearing clothes. She now looks like a junior fatale, and she couldn't pull it off if she tried. She has no inclination, she wears nothing but sweaters and skirts, with loafer or saddle shoes and she still wears this out of the house, when going to parties. (She herself, and she knows she can get away with it. She loves black and white in separates or even in two-piece dresses. Debbie Reynolds, a mere five feet and one-fourth, (Continued on page 100).}
A gala party on Christmas Eve announced the engagement of Martha Ann ("Teka") Osborne to Bronson C. Rumsey, Jr. Both are from prominent Savannah families. Their wedding this summer will be held at historic old St. John's Church—with a bevy of eight charming bridesmaids, and Teka looking a serenely radiant bride!

Martha's darling face lets you see at once the charm of her Inner Self. A winning sweetness looks out from her soft blue eyes. Her cloud of dark brown hair sets dramatically her exquisitely clear, soft complexion. No wonder you feel so attracted to Teka the instant you meet her.

"Knowing you look your best gives you poise"

Martha says

Isn't it a wonderful feeling—the confidence that comes when you look your prettiest? Martha feels the first rule of loveliness for every girl's face is fastidiously clean skin. Her own complexion is beautiful. "I cream it with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Pond's leaves my face feeling grand and soft. And since it's cream cleansing, it's never drying."

Every night (for day face cleansings, too) cream your face with Pond's Cold Cream as Martha does. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Doesn't your skin look alive, refreshed, and feel soft and beautifully clean?

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. Look your best and a sparkling confidence floods out from the You within—attracts others to you on sight!
On tenterhooks and on the home lot, Jeff was working in "Abandoned Woman," when Bob Palmer, casting director, hove into view, shaking his head, saying, "Too bad, too bad." Jeff's hopes hit the familiar lobgian trail. Palmer eyed him sadly. It's dade, killer, you'll have to shave your chest.

"Broken Arrow" was shot almost wholly on location, so they didn't see much of Cochise. He lay low, but when the stills went up, the doves started cooing (studio parlor for a murmurr and flutter among the secretaries) which is considered a fine omen by the front office. Out of a way of the offering, they did try and easily pick his. "Who's that? Such a quiet face, yet so alive." After the preview, a rival producer clapped a Fox executive on the shoulder. "Great performance. Sorry you've only got the guy on loanout."

"Don't cry," said the Fox man, "we tied him up for six pictures."

So they were pleased, but hardly astonished, when he was tapped for Academy honors. Simple justice, they said. Cochise took it less calmly. People had been offering him bets that he'd be nominated—a steak dinner here, an ice cream soda there. When the news broke, he took them all on, naturally expecting to lose. This time he was working in "Iron Man." As they broke for dinner, the unit manager came over, faking a busy hunt through his pockets, a trick that could pass. Jeff discovered, without studying much. Without studying much, he graduated at sixteen.

They then his mother remarried. Healthily aware that his first wife was to go, Jeff realized this marked the passing of a dream. His dream had been twofold—to be his own boss and to take care of his mother. For the latter, there was no longer a need. For the former, Jeff went to work as cashier in a restaurant run by his father, who'd reentered the scene some years earlier to make friends with his son.

After that, when he met a girl older and wiser than himself, whom he remembers with affectionate gratitude, she recognized growing pains when she saw them and helped him through the confusions of his life. Quite lazily, she told him, "Don't wait for the world to knock at your silly door. It won't. Make up your mind what you want to do and do it.

He wanted to be an actor. That he'd known from the time of his first appearance in a school play. So he took a course in commercial art. By Jeff's youthful logic, this field looked more promising. His skill in drawing had won him prizes at high school. "You can study art or dramas," said his father. "I'll pay you."

He could get to go through channels, said the boss. "You've got to go through channels," said the boss. "You've got to go through channels," said the boss.

Put your hand on it, brother, never mind what the-fors. Now repeat after me: 'I solemnly swear that from here in on, in my name's Jeff Chandler and finished'."

But to Sheila MacRae, a friend of ten years, he's Jeff in one sentence and Ira in the next. Gordon calls him Jeff-rey, starting as a baritone and ending in the bass. By now Jeff knows that his name was changed at birth. In revolt against an overshadowed childhood, he grew an overdndeveloped sense of independence, and hates having anything done for him. She who is chosen to clean, is not the same as the one who is chosen to be chosen or of being. One generally brackets overprotection with wealth, which is a fallacy. Jeff was the sun round which his mother's world turned. That it was a round in which she lived was revealed after her marriage broke up, and she worked at what she could—now in a factory, now as a practical nurse. Money was scarce and earned in the streets of New York. Yet she saw to it that the boy went to nursery school and that his clothes were good. But fears for her eye was not streaked. Years later he asked her mother was born and why she had settled for life. But he had no reason to believe that life was any better. Her attitude was understandable. Differently constituted, she might have been infected by her terrrors. As it was, he began to feel fenced in. His good record in school and freshman year at Erasmus, he was an honor student. Then the realities began to assert themselves. His grandfather died. With her small savings, his mother ventured into business—a candy store complex on a soda fountain. Jeff, already responsible, arranged his class schedules so he was through at noon. Between them, they kept the press open from six a.m. till midnight. After two and a half years, they failed anyway and the savings were lost. Meanwhile, school grew shakower and the grinding present and impatience of the future. Eventually, they were rescued by a Jewish family who, after he'd been through a scene, would discover, without studying much, that he graduated at sixteen.
Lesson No. 1: you can't knock 'em dead at eighteen dollars a week or even thirty-six dollars. The thing was to free lance. He free lanced. It developed," says Jeff, "into a tremendous nothing. I went back to art school as an instructor."

One of the students was also studying dramatics at the Feagin School in Rockefeller Center. She invited half a dozen chums, including Jeff, to a school play. Sitting there in the darkness, the forces working within him fused to decision. As if a clock had chimed, he knew that this was the hour. No more fooling around, wasting good time good youth. 'Make up your mind what you want to do and do it.'

Next day a young man appeared at the Feagin School. "Hello. I want a scholarship—" Not quite so abruptly, but he doesn't recall the preamble. Only his own sense of urgency. 'I'll do anything—paint scenery, sweep floors—"

Jeff picked his hour better than he knew. Classes were overloaded with aspiring Jullets, and men were at a premium. They asked him to read and withdrew in a huddle, out of which one of them broke. "Well, young man, you won't have to sweep floors. Mr. Rockefeller does that."

It was a great year, both for the training he got and the friendships he made. Sheila Stephens was there, who later changed her name to MacRae. So was the guy you now know as Jack Carter. Jack used to bring two huge seeded rolls for lunch, filled with everything in the icebox. These he shared with Jeff, who held up his end by investing a dime in two candy bars. Art still came in handy. He drew at night to pay for his room and board.

When it came to leaving, however, he and the school held clashing views. Jeff was offered room, board, and ten dollars a week at the Millpond Playhouse in Long Island. To him, this was heaven-sent opportunity. To the school, it was a run-out. "Either finish your work here now or don't come back." He chose to follow his star to Millpond.

There it shone for a while. Though he slept on an Army cot, which his visiting mother regarded with horror, he was happy. Though they didn't always get the promised ten bucks, he and the others were having the time of their lives, developing into an all-year stock company. Food, shelter and the theater sufficed till the cold winter of 1940 set in, and they found themselves craving a certain degree of warmth. Each weekend the producer took off for his cozy hearthside, abandoning them to their heatless dorms. On such occasion they raided the cellar. Led by Jeff as supervisor of the troupe, they gathered a bucketful of coal, piece by priceless piece, built a meager fire and tried to get the deep-freeze out of their bones. Monday restored the producer to their midst. He called them into conclave, and he wasn't kidding.

"I understand you used some coal over the weekend. Are you responsible, Ira?"

"Used it?!!" exploded Jeff. "We mined it."

"You had no business to. That coal was supposed to heat the theater for the first two performances."

Allergic to being shoved around, Jeff blew his top, packed his bag and went to visit his mother. For six weeks he stayed put in New Jersey.

Big things, however, were brewing. At Millpond he'd met Bill Bryan, whom he still refers to smilingly as "my brother," so close was their friendship. Bill's folks were starting a summer stock company in Marengo, sixty miles from Chicago. "I'm
Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

What mends broken lipstick?

- Glue
- A heat treatment

Put pucker-paint back in the pink—by softening broken ends over low flame. Press together. When slightly cooled, smooth seam with fingernail. And to smooth off makeup, use Kleenex—absorbent, heavenly soft—so different from ordinary tissues. Saves complexities!

Clean piano keys with—

- Water
- Milk
- A boogie beat

Piano keys shrink from water. So whiten "ivories" with milk—and Kleenex tissues. Kitten-soft Kleenex protects the keys; it's stardy...doesn't crumble. And with that Serv-a-Tissue box there's always a Kleenex tissue handy to polish furniture, ash trays, mirrors. Saves trouble.

No groping in the dark, if you—

- Eat carrots
- Sparkle your "specs"
- Use luminous paint

Save stumbling, fumbling! Outline door edges, switch plates with luminous paint. Likewise, why not sparkle your "specs" with new Kleenex eyeglass tissues? Big enough, strong enough, lint-free—and they serve one at a time.

To "save" salad bowls, avoid—

- Termites
- Soaking

Wooden salad bowls "wooden" warp, if you'd avoid soaking them. Scrape, dunk quickly in cool water; dry with Kleenex and stash away in a dark place. You can't beat Kleenex for K. P. duty. Let this soft, strong tissue soak up moisture, grease; save time, trouble.

Kleenex ends waste — saves money...

1. INSTEAD OF MANY...

2. YOU GET JUST ONE...

3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX

America's FAVORITE TISSUE

* U. S. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

---

Jean Fontaine's recipe for pineapple cream

1 can sliced pineapple
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 banana
1/2 cup sugar (whipped)
1 medium-size bottle of maraschino cherries

- Cut pineapple slices and cherries into small pieces. Crush banana and force through coarse sieve. Blend pineapple, cherries and banana with sugar and lemon juice. Combine whipped cream and vanilla, then fold cream mixture into fruit. Pour into refrigerator tray and chill for 12 hours or overnight. This recipe yields six generous portions.
BACK in '48, prompted by Dick Powell, the movies took fleeting note of Mr. Chandler. At a radio rehearsal, Dick ambled over to him. "Ever think of working in films?"

Picking himself off the floor where the shock had bounced him, Jeff stifled a horse laugh. "Yeah, I've thought about it."

"Tell you what, come over to Columbia tomorrow. We'll have a reading."

Dick introduced him to the casting director. "This kid ought to be in pictures."

The director's eyes moved from Powell to Chandler to Powell. Jeff read and translated his thoughts. "All right, you so-and-so, if you want him in pictures, we'll put him in yours."

He appeared in "Johnny O'Clock." If you remember him, you're one of the few. Not till the advent of Mishkin, almost three years later, did he get a crack at performances you can forget.

Back in '46 too, he and Marjorie Hoshelle were married at the home of friends. "Marge had a fair career of her own. She's a good actress. But she quit the whole thing for the kids, and took a tremendous joy in my career. For a long time," he says soberly, "it was pretty wonderful." Then his face brightens. "And we have two wonderful children. They're monsters, but they're great."

Four-year-old Jamie was named after a character played by Hepburn in "Without Love." Jeff's responsible. "I always liked Hepburn, and I liked the flourish she gave to the part. It was fine with Marge. But when she picked Dana for the second, boy or girl, I got conscience-stricken. 'Look, we've loused up one girl with a boy's name, let's not do it again.' We settled for Deborah or Dana, depending on sex. Then in a soothed out or soothed mood, I said, 'Okay, Dana either way,' thinking for sure it would be a boy. So Marge crossed me up and we had a girl. She's Dana."

So new is their rift that Jeff speaks of the past as if it were the present. "Wherever we go, we paint the walls dark green. It's the only color that goes with the furniture. Maybe someday we'll have the furniture re-covered. . . ." At which point, he stops short.

You hope that someday they will have the furniture re-covered. Out at Universal, everyone's rooting for Chandler and his wife to find happiness. As you leave him standing with the sunlight on his grizzled hair and his kindly eyes shadowed, you find yourself rooting too.

The End


Wherever you live you can buy

PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS

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

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Rose Marie Reid bathing suit
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Caltex bathing suit
2126 Beverly Blvd.
Los Angeles, Cal.

U. S. Rubber shoes and bag
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New York, N. Y.

Madcaps hats
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New York, N. Y.

Solarex sun glasses
Bachmann Bros.

Kleinert beach bag
485 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Fabric for pattern on Janet Leigh
Bates
40 Worth Street
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*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.
The Gardner-Sinatra Jigsaw

(Continued from page 39) bliss long before their separation in 1946 when Frank’s name was linked with Lana Turner.

But always before, Frank has come home one dinner-time with a “Hi! Where’s the spaghetti?” Once he arrived less casually, a $12,000 ermine coat slung over his arm. His apologies are likely to be worded in ermine, pearls or a Cadillac. Let it be said, neither to Frank’s credit nor his discredit, merely as a fact, that he is generous to a fault. Frank knows he should have more respect for money but he’s never been known to do anything about this—except to keep his eyes open for a good site for a gas station when he drives through his old town of Hoboken, New Jersey. “It’s a cinch I’ll wind up running a gas station there,” he tells you.

All these things Ava knows. Which indicates to me that she is as completely in love with Frankie as she appeared to be the night I met them at a party and Frank, proudly, introduced her to me.

It’s perfectly true that under his contract with Columbia Broadcasting System Frank will make $3,000,000 in the next three years. That’s a powerful lot of money—until you start paying the taxes and surtaxes that, it is reported, leave only about twenty per cent of the gross income; then deducting Nancy’s allowance of one-third of his income up to $150,000 and ten per cent after that; paying the bills for the lavish manner in which Frank lives, his percentages to his agents, his clothes, his beaux gestes.

As far as money goes Ava is in a position to make for herself as much money as any individual is allowed to keep these days. As Julie in “Show Boat” she is a Technicolored sensation. But she still says—as she said back in 1942 when, at twenty, she married Mickey Rooney, divorcing him a year later—and again in 1946 when she married Artie Shaw to whom she was wed for exactly eight months—“I don’t especially want to work. Most of all I want to be married and have children. I also want more education. My career I put third.”

For Frankie certainly Ava has jeopardized her career, more than once. After the great to-do she and Frankie and the bull-fighter, Mario Cabre, staged in Spain, the executives at M-G-M spoke to her very plainly. They gave her warning first over the trans-Atlantic phone. When she returned to Hollywood she was put “on the carpet.” But she countered plain talking with more plain talking. In answer to

Foot specialist... everything’s special about this character! Sweet-skinned, smooth-skinned... thanks to good Mennen Baby Oil. Helps prevent diaper rash, skin discomforts. Divinely soothing.

Gay dog... most people’s favorite house pet is a Mennen Baby Oil baby! Apply after baths, at diaper time... contains pure, gentle lanolin. Extra ounces give you more for your money—every time!

Picklepuss... it’s a nuisance, but there’ll be a short wait for Mennen Baby Oil while mother opens a new bottle. It’s your baby’s ideal skin protection... your best buy in baby oils.

Gay dog... one-third of his income up to $150,000 and ten per cent after that; paying the bills for the lavish manner in which Frank lives, his percentages to his agents, his clothes, his beaux gestes.

Every baby is the right type for Mennen Baby Products
one gentleman’s criticism of Frankie I hear she replied that the only difference between Frankie and the executive was the fact that Frankie is thirty-three years old and the executive was close to twice that—so it held that Frankie had done was terrible. then such similar conduct on the executive’s part was inexcusable; he surely was old enough to know better.

Nancy’s family resent Ava. They blame her for Frank, for she is the one who inspired he, they say, is all “mixed up.” They wish he would meet someone else and be diverted. That Frank and Ava are in love never occurs to the Barbatos.

Ava’s attitude irks them. Which is understandable. When Ava’s in Hollywood she drives Frank’s Cadillac around town. And the instant she’s free of production she goes to wherever he is. Also she spent weeks in New York shopping with Frank’s mother, for the furnishings for his Park Avenue apartment. Last winter and early this spring Frankie and Ava had trysts at Palm Springs, with Frank’s sponsors very nervous indeed about the way he winged back and forth, often returning to New York barely in time for his TV rehearsal.

Now all of this well might be damned as brazen conduct on Ava’s part. But I do believe it is. If Ava broke up the Sinatra marriage, she did an unforgivable thing. Frank in leaving home left not only his wife but three children, little Nancy, now eleven, little Frank, seven and a half, and Christina nearly three. But Frank was in trouble with Nancy. He has tried to advance his association with Ava, that Ava is wholly innocent of any blame in the break-up. A great many people in Hollywood agree. And Ava, who is considerate, had nothing to do with the Sinatra break-up, is naturally a forthright creature, not given to furtive conduct.

Also, whenever Ava and Frankie have been together they have been chaperoned. And her statements to the press have been guarded. Only once did she almost break down when in London she said: “I can’t go around screaming I am in love with somebody who isn’t even divorced. I think Frank is wonderful and if I were in love with anybody it would be him.”

Ava would have you know that she is no femme fatale. And it is true there’s nothing remotely mysterious about her. She adores children, is godmother of Van and Frances Heflin’s four-year-old Kathy and great friends with artist Paul Clemens’ ten-year-old daughter. She’s a man’s girl; a good companion who likes prize fights and sports; gay, comfortable, easy-going.

Whenever Ava gets dressed up she’s wonderful to see, as she was the night Frankie opened at the Copa cabana in New York and she postponed her flight to Europe to applaud him from a ringside table.

I’ve often wondered with what mixed emotions Frankie sang that night with Ava in his arm and fed her telegram from Nancy tucked in the mirror in his dressing room.

A couple of nights later, Ava left for Europe. Reporters and photographers at the airfield looked everywhere for Frankie. And never found him. He was there just the same. But he and Ava said goodbye in the big limousine which brought them from the city to the airport, sister, Beatrice, who went with Europe with her, checked final flight arrangements.

I’ve wondered, I admit, about the throat hemorrhage which forced Frankie to leave his Copa engagement and fly to Spain at the very moment Toreador Mario Cabre was protesting of Ava, “She is the woman I love with all my soul.”

There was a great hurrah over a $10,000,000 gift to which Frankie had been reported to have taken to Ava. Such a gift would be typical. But Ava—maybe for political reasons—inists Frank brought her only six bottles of a soft drink and chewing gum.

Until last night Ava’s villa on the Mediterranean, outside of Barcelona, a drenching rain was falling. So Ava, unable to work, was waiting for him. They lunched and spent a long afternoon alone, talking. Any of who knows them knows what they talked about—theirs, if and when Nancy agrees to a divorce. Then they drove to a great estate called La Bastida where they were living.

There Frankie stayed the night while Ava was put up at another estate near by.

“Has gone,” Ava told reporters the next morning. “I will not see him again.” When I’m through production and return to New York.”

But somehow in July, when Ava was working in the London studios, Frankie was in London. They were carefully chaperoned by Ava’s sister, Beatrice, who lived with Ava in her Park Lane flat.

In Spain Mario Cabre told reporters, “I’m not going to marry Ava, because it takes too much time.”

But this time Frankie, too, was convinced Mario never was going to marry Ava. Where he had been very unhappy about Mario a few months earlier, he now was equal to little jokes about him.

“When Frank gets back,” Ava told reporters when she flew home, “he’s threatening to arrive with his hair in a braid and wearing a bullfighter’s costume.”

He came—wearing no braid and no bullfighter’s costume—but bearing gifts... a gold charm bracelet from Paris for Nancy, toys for his children.

Ava’s reconciliations were rife. They also were short-lived. Because by this time all Hollywood was buzzing with all the things Ava had had to say to the M-G-M bosses who were said to be thinking about withholding the plum role of Julie in “Showboat” from Ava unless she quit seeing Sinatra once and for all.

“I don’t get it,” a young starlet on the Metro lot said. “I can see what Sinatra sees in her all right. I’m not blind. But what she sees in him—that’s the puzzle.”

I know what Ava sees in Frankie. . . . He’s no Adonis. He can be rude and abrupt. He’s hotheaded. He never lets his right hand know what his left hand does—and this probably is just as well. He has associated with wrong people in his time, I suspect.

But there’s more to Frankie than this. We met, in 1943, as implacable enemies, for I had attacked him frightfully in my newspaper column. Soon, however, we became friends. How this happened is a fascinating story which I must save for next month. When I’ll also tell how—although Hollywood insists Nancy never will give Frank her hand—she will submit to a high flyer in Mexico without Nancy’s permission—I think their summer marriage will be arranged.

Next month, Lisa follows up her amazing prediction with her reasons for making it—and more behind-the-headlines news about Ava and Frankie. Reserve your July Photoplay now—on sale June 8th.

The prettiest in Hollywood—according to a jury of Hollywood men.
DICK LONG GOES TO WAR

He's Hollywood's first recruit, just another GI Joe—and the only stars he sees are the ones he'd better salute!

Dick, on "Air Cadet" set, shows Steve McNally, director Pevney, draft notice

So little time and so much to say, by Mom, before Dick reports to draft board

A last date with Peggy Dow, a last look, as civilian, at lights of Sunset and Vine

At Patriotic Hall, in downtown Los Angeles, Dick is sworn in with other recruits


STARDUST, INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1
Announcing an Exciting New Contest

(Continued from page 35) Playhouse—where Dana Andrews, William Holden, Eleanor Parker and others, whose names are synonymous with the acting profession, once studied—is a small Western college. Sprawled informally over a picturesque community, surrounded by miles of citrus groves, the low buildings are in the casual Spanish mood. In the distance are the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Madres. Nine miles away is the metropolis of Los Angeles and within an hour's drive, the sparkling blue waters of the Pacific. Students at the Playhouse are like students everywhere. They wear the same easy clothes, they are filled with the same desire to cram eating, sleeping, friendship, study and play into every twenty-four hours. But the talk here is professional. And everywhere there is the intense enthusiasm for acting which is not just a profession but a way of life.

The spirit of Pasadena is as young as the students, as old as the art of acting. There are classes in dramatics and theories. There are classes in speech where voices are developed to their richest tones. There are classes in stage movement and the dance where students learn to accent a mood with the simple turn of the hand or motion of the hand. And finally, there is the first rehearsal, the first play.

In time, those who study at Pasadena develop into full-fledged members of The Theater. They become part of a team that functions as a stock company, continuously casting, producing, presenting plays in one of Pasadena's four Playhouses. Nightly the curtain rises, nightly the newcomers face the test of experience. The theories learned come into focus. The talent that was just a promise is at last fulfilled.

PHOTOPLAY SCHOLARSHIP RULES

1. Entrants must have been graduated from high school or be a member of a June 1951 graduating high school class. They must have maintained a grade average of "C" or better during their last school year.

2. Entrants must be young women of adequate physical health and under 25 years of age on July 1, 1951. They must reside within the continental limits of the United States.

3. All material must be typewritten, double spaced on white paper not larger than 8 x 11 inches. The name and address of the contestant must appear in upper right-hand corner of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and will not be returned.

4. All material must be mailed to: Photo-play Scholarship Contest, Box 1250, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

5. To enter this contest, submit the following items postmarked not later than June 25:

   a. Enrollment blank, or reasonable facsimile thereof, found on page 32.

   b. Answers to questionnaire on page 95.

   c. A letter of not more than 300 words on: Why I want to be an actress. Tell why you think you can act. State your reasons simply. Your letter will be read for content, not literary style.

6. If you qualify for the second stage of the contest, you will be notified by July 10. Then you will be asked to send postmarked not later than July 25:

   a. Two snapshots—one full length candid snapshot, one close-up snapshot.

   b. A voice recording not more than four minutes in length, based on one of the scenes that will appear in the July Photo-play (on the newsstands June 9). Voice
recordings must be paid for by the contestants. Recordings vary in price from thirty-five cents to two dollars.

7. If you are eligible for the third stage of the contest, you will be notified by August 6. You will be auditioned before a local board of dramatic authorities appointed by Photoplay. The auditions will be held in towns convenient to the greatest number of contestants during the week of August 13-18. You will be judged on the basis of a prepared reading, an impromptu reading and a pantomime. You also will be required to submit, not later than August 15:
   a. Two letters of character reference from outstanding members of your community—clergyman, doctor, teacher or businessman.
   b. A photostated copy of your high school record. (Since most schools will be closed at this time, it is suggested that you have a copy of this record photostated when you enter the contest.) If you have had some college training, you will also be asked to submit a copy of your college record.

8. From the auditions, three final candidates will be chosen. If selected, you will be notified by September 6, that you are invited, as the guest of Photoplay, to visit the Pasadena Playhouse during the week of September 17-22. Here, you will be auditioned by the board of judges listed below. And at this time, the scholarship student will be chosen.

9. The final judges of this contest will be:
   1. Ethel Barrymore—actress
   2. Gregory Peck—actor
   3. Stanley Kramer—producer
   4. Joseph Mankiewicz—director
   5. Thomas Browne Henry—Dean, Pasadena Playhouse

10. The decision of the judges will be final.

11. This contest is not open to employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., or to members of their families.

12. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

13. This contest is subject to all State and Federal regulations.

14. The winner of this contest will be announced in the December, 1951, issue of Photoplay.

QUESTIONNAIRE—PHOTOPLAY SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

Answer the following questions numerically. Please type your name and address in the upper right hand corner of each page.

1. List the high schools, business schools, colleges or universities you have attended, with addresses. Give complete dates, diplomas granted or degrees conferred.

2. List any theatrical experience, including school, camp, church, community or professional work.

3. Have you done any writing outside of routine class work? If so, list this writing, together with the name of any publication in which it has appeared.

4. Have you done any art or design work? If so, list this work together with the name of any publications in which it has appeared. Also state the art courses you have taken.

5. Do you sing, dance or play a musical instrument? What? State your training.

6. Indicate your first and second choices among:
   a. motion picture actors, actresses, films
   b. radio male, female performers, programs
   c. television male, female performers, programs
   d. stage actors, actresses, plays
   e. poems, poets
   f. plays, playwrights
   g. fiction, non-fiction, authors
   h. classical music, popular compositions, composers
   i. magazines, other than Photoplay

EVERY TIME you buy a Thrift-Pak, you get enough Listerine Tooth Paste to last the average family for a whole month. You get two regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢, a saving of over 30%. Within a year the average family’s bound to save as much as $3 or more!

You’re sure of Listerine Tooth Paste quality! As makers of Listerine Antiseptic, we would never put our name on a product that isn’t top quality. There is no dentifrice you can buy that beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

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("Listerine" means breath control!)

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of “know-how” make this low price Thrift-Pak possible.

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...UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

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if you

Cultivate the Divine Discontent

I have never really been a contented person—completely satisfied, that is, with myself. As long as I can remember, there have always been things I wanted to learn, new places I wanted to explore, new ideas I wanted to investigate. And improvements I wanted to make in myself—in my appearance, my work, my relations with other people.

Recently I heard a man say about a friend of mine, "Mary could be very charming—if she weren't so discontented."

It brought me up short and I found myself resisting—even resenting—the gentleman's criticism of my friend. Mary's restless urge to make something of herself is one of her most intriguing qualities. She is an actress whose talent has never really had a chance to flower, a bright girl whose intelligence is ignored because she happens to look helplessly fragile and pretty. I respect and admire her discontent—and I would say that the quality is a virtue—and charming—if it is controlled and turned into constructive effort to change the unsatisfactory state of affairs which caused it.

I share the sentiment of whatever sage it was who called it the "divine discontent." Insofar as our dissatisfactions prod us to grow and change, it seems to me they are indeed "divine."

But then aren't all our personality traits good or bad according to their direction—or their degree?

I've heard a lot of ugly talk about competition, too, and yet the competitive spirit—so long as it is free of jealousy—has moved more mountains than any other force I know of. So let's stop putting ugly labels on the components of charm.

Skip the Envy—Get Busy

There's one form of discontent, anything but divine, which routs charm faster than DDT scatters insects.

That's the surly, self-pitying envy which spills out in resentment of "that lucky Jane whose hair always looks so glistening and well-groomed while mine looks like an unmade bed"—or the kind of discontent that insists "I'd be popular too if I could afford all those pretty clothes."

Nonsense! Jane probably does her hair herself, brushing it religiously, shampooing it regularly, drying it in the sun, and rolling up the ends at night in big, fat pin curls. You could do that, too,

Joan's exaggerated lip make-up
was provocative on the screen. On
the street it's—provoking!
you self-pitying girls, if you didn't waste all your charm time envying other girls while you scowled helplessly at your razzle dazzle selves in the mirror.

And this business of clothes. A dress's style, good taste and — most important — rightness for you is something quite apart from its price tag. I know that. I bought all my clothes for my early scenes in "The Damned Don't Cry" at Sears Roebuck — and I know that a dress can be downright cheap yet becoming if it's selected with self-knowledge and care.

Self-knowledge! That's the real trick. The more popular girl probably doesn't spend any more money on her wardrobe than you do. The know-how which really accounts for her success with clothes is a knowledge of her own type — her good points and her bad ones. If she has a long neck, you won't catch her falling for a plunging neckline, and she won't allow a too-wide, too-elaborate belt to call attention to an out-of-control waistline.

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but I was more horrified than flattered when I learned that sixteen-year-old girls with baby-doll faces all over the country were painting their mouths into out-size red gashes in imitation of the rather exaggerated lip make-up I affected for a particular part in a particular picture a few years ago. It was right for me, for that role, at least. But most girls will find their natural lipline vastly more natural looking and becoming.

No one can deny that we can all learn new beauty tricks, fashion touches, new secrets of charm by observing other women — whether on the screen or on the boulevards of our own home towns. But unless we ask ourselves that crucial question, "Is it right for me?" any attempt to improve through imitation is apt to prove disastrous.

I know we're especially lucky in my business — we can "see ourselves as others see us." We may make a mistake once, but, believe me, we don't repeat it.

A good full-length mirror and a really candid look at oneself, though, will give the same saving self-knowledge to you.

Be sure — absolutely sure — (Continued on page 105)
ask any Tampax user what SHE thinks

Woman to woman—that's the way to get the plain facts about monthly sanitary protection. . . . First she will tell you about the small size and daintiness of Tampax, which is worn internally without belts, pins, external pads. Second, the absence of odor and chafing, the invisibility under clothing—no bulges or ridges under sheer gowns or snug swim suits.

She will undoubtedly mention the slim one-time-use applicator—no need to touch the Tampax with your hands. You cannot feel it when in place and you can even wear it in tub or shower. . . . Tampax is made of surgical absorbent cotton. Highly compressed. Easily disposable.

Tampax is sold at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's average supply goes into purse. Economy box lasts 4 months. Tampax was invented by a doctor for either married or single women. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Continued Love Story

(Continued from page 37) I ran into him on the Paramount lot—just outside the rehearsal stage of “Detective Story.”

He neither smiled nor frowned. He just gave me the old stock phrase, “We have no plans. Besides, Louella—any announcement should come from Irene.”

“Oh, come, come, come, Emily Post,” I said, “You're talking to Louella, your favorite Charleston partner, remember?”

“A slow grin spread over his not-so-handsome—but-oh-so-nice face. But he said nothing.

“All right,” I challenged, “Are you two cooling—as I’ve also heard?”

That got him. “No, that's not true,” he replied quickly. “Irene is a wonderful girl and I see her as much as possible. But right now I'm working all day and sometimes late into the night on ‘Detective Story.’ That gives me very little chance for any sort of life outside the studio.”

“Very interesting,” I mentally said to myself, “but not what I want to know, old boy.”

Aloud, I persisted (he must have been saying to himself “Louella Parsons is the rudest woman I know”), “Kirk, you are free now. There's no obstacle to your marrying Irene any time you desire.”

MY boy friend sighed. “Tell me one thing. Why does everything have to be either ecstasy or despair in Hollywood? Why can't things just go on without being one extreme or the other? If I don't say flatly that I am marrying Irene it's assumed we are cooling.”

“I'm devoted to her. She's the only girl I ever see, have any interest in. But do we have to rush into matrimony the moment my divorce is granted?” I laughed. “You're a one-woman man, anyway, Kirk—and I admire you for it.”

When he was married to Diana he never looked at another woman. Then came Evelyn Keyes and for weeks his whole time and attention were directed toward her. Now, Irene has been the object of his affections for almost a year.

“You're what my grandmother used to call a ‘good, solid person’ and the makings of a fine husband, Kirk,” I said.

And he is. But Hollywood is no small town and Kirk is no ordinary “nice, eligible young man.” Times and towns have changed since Grandma was a girl. In his and Irene's case there are important factors both for and against a marriage.

Let's look at the latter side first: Kirk, divorced from Diana Douglas, is no longer a husband. But he's still very much a father, and a great deal of his former marriage still remains part of his life.

The pronouncement of a divorce court has not kept Kirk and Diana from remaining the best of friends, and it isn't because they are putting on a pleasant face for the sake of their children—they still like each other.

Not for a minute am I trying to insinuate that there is any emotional hangover between them. Theirs is a great friendship built on the memory of the fine years

CORN SUFFERERS

happy over

WONDERFUL NEWS!

Best I ever used!

Tests Showed Exclusive PHENYLUM,
Wonder Drug of New BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters, Went to Work
33% Faster, Worked 35% More Surely!

When corn sufferers tested new Blue-Jay Corn Plasters with exclusive medication Phenylum, three out of four said, "Best corn treatment I ever used, by far!"

Yes, Phenylum is the newest, fastest-acting, most effective medication for corns and calluses ever developed . . . the result of years of work by Blue-Jay scientists.

Why not get this blessed relief yourself, now! Ask today at your favorite drug counter for New-Formula Blue-Jay Corn or Callus Plasters containing Phenylum!
they shared. To this day, neither makes a move in his or her career without consulting the other. Diana makes no decisions, even the smallest, regarding the two sons they both love so deeply, without Kirk's advice.

Such a situation is very comfortable and comforting to a man. In view of such an ideal situation, it would be in the nature of very few men, indeed, to hurry into marriage again.

But Kirk also is a kind man and a gallant man. He's also very much in love with Irene whose charm and social position are international!

Irene, chic and charming, has lived on the front pages of newspapers almost all of her twenty-four years. Her life has been filled with as much drama, excitement and glamour as any fictional heroine in one of Kirk's pictures.

When Kirk first met the elder daughter of the fabulously wealthy Charles Wrightsman, some gossipists said he was vastly impressed by her position in life. Kirk's never made any secret of the fact that he comes of a once poor family.

This isn't a biography and there's no reason to go more deeply into Kirk's very fine success story. The point is that by the time he and Irene met in magical Hollywood he was a $150,000 picture actor and Irene was on the verge of being dispossessed of her inherited fortune by her father because she might marry Robert Stack!

Wrightsman, it seems, is of a "dis-inheriting" frame of mind where his two lovely daughters (Charlene, the younger, is the ex-wife of Helmut Dantine) are concerned. He hates actors. And Freddie McEvoy, Irene's first spouse, he hated on specific grounds. He was in a rage when Irene eloped with her father's playboy, ex-boy friend of Barbara Hutton, pal of Errol Flynn in his escapes and man-of-the-world fifteen years Irene's senior. It proved a terribly unhappy marriage. Irene was on the verge of leaving McEvoy before their first daughter was born. But they patched up their many rifts and later a second child was born to them. The first baby died in a Mexico City hospital when she was two.

WHEN Irene and McEvoy finally parted, as was inevitable, he took his other daughter to Paris with him and for years she lived with his mother. When he married again, the little girl remained with her father and his new French wife.

Irene, herself, never sees the child—never tries to. Because she is a warm, really sympathetic person, many people find this hard to understand. But her closest friends, who love her, say:

"She was just a child herself when Fred took the baby with him. Her life with him had been so unhappy it isn't any great mystery that she tried to put everything connected with it out of her life—as though it had never happened. She knows, too, that Freddie is a marvelous father. Isn't it better that the child should grow up with solid foundations rather than be yanked from one side of an ocean to the other, an innocent pawn in the lives of a father and mother who have nothing in common?"

Even so, Irene's life might have been vastly different if, divorced, she had not fallen very deeply in love with Bob Stack, after her parting from Freddie. It was a love story that lasted for five years. Many times they were on the verge of marriage. Many things stopped them. That's another story, a closed chapter.

When Irene and Kirk met both were unhappy, going through emotional crises. From the beginning there was physical attraction between them—the beautiful girl, still very young in spite of the tragedies in her life and the good-looking, virile Kirk, just fully realizing the success for which he had worked so hard.

From that first "date" neither went out with anyone else. But I think the year they had to wait for Kirk's divorce to become final gave them the necessary time to realize they were growing really in love.

And here is where we come to the pro arguments for their eventual marriage: They have found something very wonderful. The physical attraction is still there. But they also are marvelous companions. She likes the outdoor life as well as he does. And, luckily, he likes the same social things which please her. They are equally at home on the tennis court, golf links, cocktail parties, night clubs, or taking long lazy drives along the Pacific.

Irene has no career of her own to divert her interest from Kirk's life. Night after night she has curled up in a chair as he read his script aloud to her. When she and Kirk appear in public, she poses willingly for photographers. She knows that good publicity is good for his career.

When he is tired from long hours at the studio, she drives his car to pick him up. She laughs at his jokes. She sympathizes with his "moods." And all the time, she's lovely to look at—in the sunshine or under the spotlight.

Irene, whom the world thinks of as a madcap heiress, is to Kirk a warm, witchy and understanding companion. His film success has planted his feet firmly on any world in which she may move. He may specialize in "he-man" roles of prize-fighters, detectives and hard-boiled newspapermen—but Kirk today is a poised, cultured, intelligent man who can move with poise through any circle he chooses.

It's never safe to prophesy any Hollywood marriage—but I think they may be married by the time you read this.

THE END

YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

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 has there been proof of such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1935 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that in 14 days regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier clearness to 2 out of 3 women.

Here's the easy method:
1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for 30 seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion! Start your Palmolive facials tonight.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

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
Both Size Palmolive!
Let These Hollywood Experts Chart Your Beauty Course

(Continued from page 84) Inch likes being—well—not a clothes horse but let's say a clothes pony. She always wears the short, full-skirted evening gowns that are strapless. For her height, she has well-nigh faultless proportions. Look at this:

Height 5'1½"
Weight 102
Waist 22
Bust 33
Hips 33

Debbie chooses skirts that swing, to show her lovely legs, and by day she is apt to wear cottons in blue and white or red and white checks, knowing they suit her type and her impudent mood.

She makes up according to her mood and the occasion. Sometimes she makes herself look like the most casual high-school girl, but it also amuses her—particularly at formal parties—to change this look by adding a chignon to her hair and false eyelashes around her laughing eyes—and emerge as "Little Miss Dynamite."

★ "You will never have a friend if you must have one without a fault."

一定要

The only trouble with these six belles is that their figures are God-given. But there are girls in Hollywood who didn't start out with ideal proportions—but who attained them. You can, too. Check these six girls and find the one nearest your type. If your proportions aren't ideal there are corrective exercises.

Jim Davies says that for over-all figure improvement nothing equals swimming. It is his argument that any girl, regardless of her age, can make her figure virtually flawless if she will swim—and swim hard for a minimum of a half-hour daily. So—

With vacation-time coming on, remember to swim; not just in a relaxed floating way. Make it a good hard routine.

Now for the Davies figure correction exercises for waistline and abdomen.

Begin all exercises moderately—five times the first day, ten the next, on up to twenty. After twenty, make yourself work out every day, without exception.

To reduce your waistline: Exercise one: With your knees stiff, touch the toes of your right foot with the fingertips of your left hand. Then touch the left toes with your right-hand fingertips. Alternate briskly from one position to the other. This is an oldie, but it gets results.

Exercise two: With hands on hips, body erect, heels together, tummy contracted, make a low bow (as low as you can), then rotate torso as far to the sides, as low to the back as possible.

To flatten your midriff: Sit on the floor, your feet hooked under a bed rail or a chair that won't tip, then gradually bend backwards till you are lying flat, then pull up to a sitting position, then forward till your back is nearly touches your knees as you can make it. This is a tough exercise. You should do it carefully and slowly. By the time you can do it twenty times daily, you'll be so flat and limber you won't know yourself.


The End

A revolutionary new Improvement in Internal Sanitary Protection

Pursettes

"MEDICALLY-CORRECT"

The Only Tampon with lubricated tip

Just watch women quickly change over to Pursettes—the sensational new tampon for internal sanitary protection. Pursettes—developed by a practicing surgeon—offer an almost unbelievable new degree of comfort, security, and convenience.

Pursettes are 'medically-correct'—the lubricated tip makes insertion easier than ever. No applicator is needed. Pursettes are purposely designed to be small in size yet insure greater absorbency. Just rest their absorbency in a glass of water—'you'll be simply astounded! And one 'safety-margin' size makes it adequate for all users.

These remarkable new Pursettes guarantee silhouette security. No telltaile bulges. No pins or belts. No odor. No chafing.

Be up to date. Change to Pursettes.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Be sure to get this dainty jewel-black plastic purse container, at no extra charge, with each package of Pursettes (looks like a small lighter or compact).

SANITARY PRODUCTS CORP., TANETOWN, MD.
(Continued from page 30)

Shadow Stage

(A) The Brave Bulls
(Columbia)

PHOTOGRAPHED in and around Mexico's real bull rings, this picture, which tells the story of Mexican bullfighting in terms of a man's courage, has authenticity plus. Mel Ferrer plays the part of the matador. Mexican star Miroslava plays the glamorous and worldly Linda who finds thrills in bullfighting—and bull-fighters. Anthony Quinn plays the matador's manager and, unknown to him, Linda's lover. Jose Torvay is the bull-ring promoter who loves money and bulls. Charlita, and there's a sexy little number, plays a Mexican girl who tries to console the betrayed matador. However, it's Eugene Iglasias as a young star who wants to fight the bulls who gives the stand-out performance.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like bull fighting.

Program Notes: Actor-director Mel Ferrer was once a dancer in Broadway musicals (taught by Clifton Webb) so it was not too difficult for him to master the grace and technique of the bullfighter. Mel once lived in Mexico and speaks Spanish fluently. Miroslava is idolized by Mexican film-goers. She was born in Czechoslovakia, fled to Mexico to escape Hitler, and has now become a Mexican citizen. She has appeared in ten Mexican roles... This is the first film Anthony Quinn, Ceci R. Del Mille's son-in-law, has made in three years... Eugene Iglasias is a Puerto Rican actor whom Rossen discovered at Columbia University... Jose Torvay is a vaquero-Mexican actor who has played in dozens of films south of the border... Charlita is a sultry Latin from New England. To assure authenticity Rossen called upon the top bull-fighting talent in Mexico to film key scenes with the bulls. Rossen shot six regular public bull-fights in the Plaza Mexico to secure key footage for the film. Many of the matadors, picadores and banderilla throwers on the Plaza's star list play themselves on the screen.

(F) Katie Did It (U-I)

WHAT Katie did is the basic plot for this light comedy-romance, which offers Ann Blyth as the ultra-conservative daughter of a staid New England family and Mark Stevens as a dashing young magazine illustrator bent on breaking down her reserve. The couple meet just as Ann is about to announce her engagement to the son of the town banker, played by Craig Stevens. Mark, through a series of escapades, manages not only to break up the engagement plans but to cause a minor scandal centering around Ann. Cecil Kellaway, Elizabeth Patterson, Jesse White and William Lynn help with the laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: Good escapist entertainment.

Program Notes: Ann Blyth was voted honorary mayor of Toluca Lake last year by her neighbors. Ever since then, says Ann, she's been up to her neck in animal shelters, community rest rooms, child welfare centers and sewer assessments. Ann also finds time to attend premieres and industry parties, though she isn't much of a night-club girl. Her most steady escort is Scott Brady and Dick Clayton... Mark Stevens claims he was a right remarkable salesman in the old days when he was humming around the world picking up commissions that he managed to spend almost as fast as he got them. Once, he says, he even sold 100,000 tons of sand to a contractor working on a power-dam project on the edge of the Sahara Desert.

(A) I Can Get It for You Wholesale (20th Century-Fox)

THE hustling, bustling garment industry of New York's Seventh Avenue is the background for this rather routine comedy drama which has three excellent assets: Susan Hayward, Dan Dailey and George Sanders. Susan plays an aggressive female with a talent for designing who goes to the top in the dress business walking over dead bodies on her way up. She uses Dan Dailey, a top salesman for an expensive dress company, to get herself started, and easily promotes herself from there into the big time with George Sanders, a de luxe gown tycoon. After she has thrown her partners, Dan and Sam Jaffe, into bankruptcy she suddenly realizes she has been a naughty girl and hurries back to Dan's loving arms. George, sleek and polished as always, is quite philosophical about the whole thing.

Your Reviewer Says: Old formula, new background.

The answer from telephone operators:

* 83% OF THEM SAID...

"CAVALIERS are Milder
THAN THE CIGARETTE I HAD BEEN SMOKING!"

* Over 150 New York telephone operators compared CAVALIERS Cigarettes with the brands they had been smoking—compared them for mildness.

83% of these operators—just think of it, 83% of the smokers interviewed—said CAVALIERS are Milder than their previous brand! They had been smoking a dozen different brands!

In groups of all kinds—college students, nurses, models, airline hostesses, pilots and so on—80% or more of smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder than the brand they had been smoking. Enjoy king-size CAVALIERS—for mildness and natural flavor. Priced no higher than other leading brands!
Brilliant new fragrance idea!

+ lasts longer than toilet water
+ less costly than perfume extract

TOILET ESSENCE

"Tasted on Repartee"

2.50 PLUS TAX
2 FULL OUNCES

SANTERIE

PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

Program Notes: This film was adapted from Jerome Weidman's satirical novel published in 1957. The title has been retained, but not much else. Susan Hayward graduated from Girls Commercial High in Brooklyn, and got herself a job modeling in New York—so she's right at home in the modeling sequences in this film. The clothes she models, so says the studio, provide a glimpse of 1951-52 fashions. On Sue she look good. Right after she finished this picture, Susan and her husband, Jess Barker, left for Atlanta for the gala premiere of "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain." Jess, a Georgian boy, was right in his element. Susan liked everything about the South except those Southern-cut hams. Naturally everyone gave her one. Song-and-dance-man Dan Dailey dances only once in this picture—in a ballet scene. A hoofer since he was six years old, Dan played in over a dozen non-dancing pictures before he signed with 20th Century-Fox and became one of their big dancing stars. Dan recently left the sanatorium in the Middle West, where he was recovering his health, to return to Hollywood... George Sanders knew his fabrics just as well as Susan knew her modeling. Years ago he went to the Manchester Technical School in England where he specialized in textiles, later going into the textile business. He sang for a group of friends at a party one night, a producer heard him, put him in a musical show, and he's never been near the dressmaking industry since—until this picture came along.

✓ (F) Along the Great Divide (Warner)

In THIS Western melodrama Kirk Douglas plays a frontier marshal who saves a friendly old cattle rustler, Walter Brennan, from a hanging. Rich rancher Morris Ankrum accuses the old man of murdering his favorite son, and he and his other son, James Anderson, are ready to take the law into their hands. Kirk and his two deputies, John Agar and Ray Teal, take Walter off to prison, pursued by the would-be lynchers, across as wide as and hot a stretch of desert as the screen has seen since Gregory Peck sweated across the sands in "Yellow Sky." Virginia Mayo plays Walter's gun-shooting daughter, and naturally the marshal takes quite a shine to her. This is Kirk's first Western and he gives a good account of himself as a U. S. officer and a stickler for the law.

Your Reviewer Says: The usual Western.

Program Notes: This picture was made on location near Lone Pine, California, favorite spot of hundreds of Westerns. Near Lone Pine are the remains of an ancient mountain range, known as the Alabama hills, which have been called the "oldest hills in the world." Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the United States, is in the background. The rest of the location was done on the Mojave Desert, where the company worked at 110°... Kirk says he found it considerably more rugged than he thought. He was hurt the first day of shooting when his horse brushed against a mountain wall. Kirk bought a fabulous $75 Stetson to celebrate the start of his first Western. He learned to ride for this film, and says he plans to buy several good mounts in the near future. Millionaire-socialite Irene Wrightsman visited him often on the location. Irene rouged it right along with the rest of the company... Virginia Mayo brought her house trailer, her husband, Michael O'Shea, and her dog, Dukie, to the location. She did the cooking for both of them in the trailer... John Agar decided there was no place like home while he was on this location. So when the company returned to Hollywood he moved back to his mother's house in Westwood, a Los Angeles suburb. Since
His break-up with Shirley Temple had been picking up with two young actors whom he met while making "Breakthrough."

\[ \text{F} \] The Painted Hills (M-G-M)

In her (his) latest picture Lassie takes it upon her capable self to avenge the murder of her beloved master, an old sourdough of the 1870's. His partner's greed for gold is the cause of the murder, which takes place in Oregon's Cascade Mountains. Lassie makes friends with a boy who helps run down the villain. Paul Kelly, too fine an actor for this picture, plays the old prospector and Bruce Cowling his partner. Gary Gray is the boy and Ann Doran his mother.

Your Reviewer Says: Lassie deserves better.

Program Notes: The mountains around Sonora Pass, California, stood in for the Cascades of Oregon in this film. While on location at Sonora, Gary Gray, an expert marksman, shot a five-foot rattlesnake when scenting the countryside. His mother had the skin made into a belt for the boy . . . Lassie has made seven Technicolor pictures in a row . . . Before becoming an actor Bruce Cowling was a scout master, so he and Gary, a boy scout, hit it off beautifully. Bruce helped him win several merit badges on location. Bruce Cowling has advanced steadily at Metro since his role in "Battle-ground." He was last seen opposite Loretta Young in "Cause for Alarm." Bruce was born in Covina, California, served four and a half years with the Signal Corps end was given a screen test when he was seen having lunch with a friend in the Metro commissary . . . Gary Gray was born in Los Angeles, December 18, 1936. He started his movie career in 1940 when he played a small part in "A Woman's Face."

\[ \text{F} \] Ma and Pa Kettle Back on the Farm (U-I)

Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride are teamed again in this corny comedy which is the third of the Ma and Pa Kettle series. Miss Main is as cantankerous and lovable as ever, and Mr. Kilbride as shiftless and whining and delightful. Too bad they weren't given a better story. Richard Long, the eldest of the Kettle brood, and his wife, Meg Randall, have a son. Naturally Ma Kettle, who's had fifteen kids, has her own ideas. And so do Meg's smooty, rich parents who arrive from Boston to attend the event. Somehow radioactivity gets mixed into the plot, as well as a Mack Sennett flapper-and-train chase, as well as a mix-up of babies. Ray Collins and Barbara Brown are Bostonians, Oliver Blake and Ted Hart, the friendly Indians.

Your Reviewer Says: A poor man's "Father's Little Dividend."

Program Notes: Wacky Ma and Pa Kettle first made their screen appearance in "The Egg and I" in 1947. They were such a hit that U-I decided on a series . . . Marjorie Main was born in Acton, Indiana, the dearest they're the best-dressed girls in Hollywood

says Hedda Hopper in "Hollywood Hit Parade"

In the July Photoplay

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Don't be HALF-SAFE

by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will—if they reach your dress—cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches—and ruins—your clothes.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It's been proved that the new cream deodorant Arrid stops underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid's antiseptic action kills odor on contact—prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you "shower-bath" fresh. And it's safe for skin—safe for fabrics.

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The multiple story picture ("Trip" and "Quartet") and the radio program picture merge happily in this delightfully warm and human film. Jack Bailey, master of ceremonies for the popular radio and television "Queen for a Day" show, acts as sort of a fairy godmother who makes wishes come true. This is the story of three of the wishes. The episodes are based on stories by Faith Baldwin ("The Gossamer World"), John Ashworth ("High Diver") and Dorothy Parker ("Horseie"). There are no stars but some mighty good actors.

Program Notes: The radio program, "Queen for a Day," is the brain child of Raymond Morgan, president of a Hollywood advertising agency. The broadcast started on April 30, 1945, and has been going like a house afire ever since. Five days each week some woman has a wish fulfilled. Phyllis Avery who plays the understanding young mother in the first episode, is the daughter of the late famous Hollywood screenwriter Stephen Morehouse Avery, and the wife of actor Don Taylor. Adam Williams, who plays the title role in "High Diver," was World War II's youngest flight officer in the Pacific Fleet. Formerly with Margaret Webster's Shakespeare company in New York and later went for his movie break behind a Thrifty Drugstore soda fountain. He had risen to assistant studio manager before he was tapped for "Queen for a Day." Edith Meiser (the homely nurse in "Horseie") is a well-known New York actress, director and writer. Although she played in two Hollywood films in 1941 she is practically a "new face." The make-up man built up her nose with rubber falsies and elongated her teeth with caps.

Best Pictures of the Month
The Great Caruso
Fourteen Hours
Go for Broke

Best Performances of the Month
Joan Crawford in "Goodbye, My Fancy"
Paul Douglas in "Fourteen Hours"
Mario Lanza in "The Great Caruso"
Glenn Ford in "Follow the Sun"
If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 97) what you look like, know what assets you should play up and what defects you'll have to play down. And then, kids, skip the envy. Just get busy making the most of you.

Brush Off Boredom

We all know the one who should by all rights be attractive and charming, who "have everything" but still are dull and drab and uninteresting. Maybe you're one of these yourself. You're young, slim, pretty, well-groomed and well dressed, but nobody notices, nobody cares. What you're up against is the No. 1 enemy of charm—boredom. I have a theory—been bored in my life. I love my work, and I've never quite gotten over being surprised that people actually pay me for doing something I enjoy.

"Who wouldn't like acting in pictures?" you will say. "If you had your choice of working on your work if you were secretary to a contractor?"

I'll concede that one job can be more interesting than another. But I think it's much more important that one person can be more interesting than another.

If your job is a dreary, routine grind I say it's your fault. Your boss, the contractor, isn't bored, I bet. Because he knows about the contracting business that you haven't bothered to find out.

Ask him if there aren't books you can read, night classes you can go to. He'll be charmed with the idea—and you're on your way to a more interesting job.

I have a young friend who wants to be a writer. But she knows that wanting to be a writer doesn't make her one. She went to night school and learned stenography—now she is a secretary to a writer, and making a good living while learning the techniques of the Big Job she really wants.

I can remember when it was a novel idea for a popular, attractive girl to take one night a week out of her social whirl for the shampoo, the manicure and pedicure and the good sleep she considered beauty insurance. I would like to suggest another "night off" for boredom insurance—to catch that lecture, or that night school class that will make your job more interesting. How about tonight?

Take a Second Look

One of my younger readers—she says she's that second year of Junior High—is troubled about the problem of "going steady."

"Is there such a thing as love at first sight?" she writes. "An older boy invited me to a church party a few weeks ago and now he says he has fallen in love with me and he's asked me to 'go steady.' My parents think I'm too young and I really don't know what to do."

Dr. Oliver Butterfield, who has written several books on love and marriage, once answered that question about love at first sight with a mildly chiding, "I always think it is better to have a second look.

I inclined to agree with Dr. Butterfield and this lines me up—in this particular case, at least—with my reader's parents. The Senior High years are years, to me, are early enough for couples to start "pairing off."

The younger boys and girls, I think, would be better off in their parties in groups—getting to know lots of their classmates and contemporaries before they attempt to single out "the one and only."

"We don't "fall" in love anyway—that's a myth perpetuated by romantic novels and movies.

We grow into love—it's safer that way, and longer lasting.

The End

"I've really got to reduce!"—how many times have you promised yourself that and then kept putting it off. Delay no longer—let Sylvia of Hollywood tell you how to reduce The Common Sense Way. There is no magic about it but The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names

Sylvia of Hollywood has reduced scores of famous stage and screen stars—successfully. In this book Sylvia tells how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names, tells you how she helped develop this star's—legs how she reduced that star's—waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

New Edition Now Ready

A brand new edition of Sylvia's famous book, No More Alibis, is now ready for you. This edition contains all the text material of the original book, plus the greatest part of her splendid book on personality development entitled Pull Yourself Together, Baby. Now get Sylvia's secrets of charm as well as beauty!

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Try, Try Again

(Continued from page 52) gone to her finger. She was almost fat. Mr. I lose weight when I'm happy—gain it when I'm miserable.

Cary Grant just has to be in love with Betsy Drake, his third wife. Because he did for Betsy what he has never done for any other person—man, woman or child. He actually jeopardized his career for Betsy! I'm referring to his "Mr. and Mrs. Blandings" radio series, which he needed like a hole in the pocketbook and which he accepted ninety-nine per cent for Betsy's sake. And when I learned that Cary had allowed Betsy to write the first script—"This is it. He loves the girl. She's the last of the lady Grants." I didn't hear that first radio show but I read the reviews. But what does one bad Mr. and Mrs. radio show matter when you are going and in "the groove" for life with your real life Mrs.?

Will Judy Garland try marriage again, and will the new groom be Sid Luft? That's the way, it looks now. But until they say "I do," and even after, anything can happen. One big passion that Judy and Sid share are night clubs. When husband number two, Vincente Minnelli, escorted Judy to Mocambo and Ciro's, he didn't seem too happy. But Sid thrives on the smoke and the sophisticated conversation.

What happens when Judy emerges from the soupy atmosphere into the cool light of reason? Will she try it again with someone else? You bet she will. She's too young to give up. I tried to analyze Mr. Luft's appeal for Judy and came to this conclusion: He's earthy and matter of fact—a complete change from musician David Rose (number one on Judy's marriage list) and the sensitive, aesthetic Mr. Minnelli.

When I first met Stewart Granger, I asked him the usual question, "Are you going to marry Joan Simmonds?" Stewart, an appealing guy with a grade A sense of humor, said, "I don't want to rush her into a decision she might regret. I've been in love with her since she was seventeen. I'm thirty-seven. I've been married before (he has two children). I want her to take all the time she wants." And so they were married—a week later.

I bumped into the Grangers on their honeymoon, in a Beverly Hills drugstore. Joan looked depressed. Stew told me she had a headache. Jean explained they were moving into their new and beautiful home. "We have sheets and towels," said Jean happily. "Or pots and pans," said Jean woefully. Mr. Granger put his arm around Jean and kissed her. What does that all say—"You can't baby a baby too much? Jean is twenty-two now. And very sweet. But pardon me for giving unasked-for advice—don't baby her too much, Stew," cause she's quite grown up.

No one, not even the columnists who were constantly linking Clark Gable with this girl and that grandmother, really expected her to try marriage again. I knew wife number one, Josephine Dillon, when
I first came to Hollywood. It was Jo who nurtured the acting ambitions of young Clark. When talking to me about him, she was kind of detached, like an aunt discussing a favorite but far-away nephew. I was in New York when Clark's second wife, Rhea, announced the separation. So was Clark, who sprinted all over Manhattan, dodging reporters. The tragic death of wife number three, Carole Lombard, seemed to write "End" to Clark and his search for a happy marriage. For years he kept her room untouched at the small Encino ranch, although the often-printed story that her clothes were still hanging in the closet was absolutely untrue. Funny thing, he met Sylvia—Mrs. Gable number four—ten years before he fell in love with her. She was then married to Douglas Fairbanks Senior. Clark was married to Carole. When they met again, a few months before they married, love struck like lightning, burned the no-longer-young couple to a neat frazzle. If anything ever happens to this marriage, there'll be no fifth try for either. They'd just give up.

SHIRLEY Temple is trying with all her might, which is considerable, to make her second marriage last. Like most of the fans, I was startled when Little Miss Marker announced the divorce from Agar, even though circumstances made it inevitable. Shirley is taking no chances of a second flip. What causes most marriages to fail in Hollywood? Fifty times out of a hundred—career trouble. The wife is working, and when the husband wants to play of an evening, she wants to go to bed for that 5 a.m. studio call. So, Shirley simply retired. Another reason for marital smash-ups in movieland—the working wife is wealthier and the husband secretly resents being a guest in her home. So Shirley has put her house she shared with John Agar on the market. "I'm happy just being a wife," she told me recently.

A gossip item in a trade paper last week stated that Lana Turner and Bob Topping staged a verbal fight "last night at Mocambo." I remember their caviar and champagne wedding. Even the glazed hams were decorated with "I Love You." I thought then that Bob had won Lana on the rebound from Tyrone Power. She adored Ty, helped decorate his house, was with him on his studio set constantly. But she wanted as much in love with Turhan Bey, was eager to try marriage with him.

And I remember Lana was in love with first husband Artie Shaw—although the courtship was so quick—"just a dinner and will you marry me" kind of thing. She was supposed to be engaged to Greg Bautzer at that time too. Lana was also in love with husband number two—Stephen Crane. And I'm sure she's in love with Topping. But above all, I'm sure Lana is in love with love. And she'll be in there pitching until judgment day.

Three times is lucky for Greer Garson. Never thought I'd see the day when Greer would address a group of live-stock dealers and talk intelligently to them about bulls and bacon on the hoof. But that's what she does down in Texas and New Mexico. Greer kept her first marriage a big secret when she came to Hollywood. So did Janet Leigh, by the way. It was only recently that we learned of the sailor Janet married before Stanley Reama.

Esther Williams's first husband was a dentist. Jane Wyman said "I do" to a furrier before repeating the signals with Ronald Reagan—that one didn't take because Jane said Ronnie preferred politics to pow-wows in the parlor. Now I hear Jane is in the mood to try again. Esther seems to have found a snug marriage harbor with Ben Gage—after some slight
hurricanes at the beginning, and this is one marriage dreamboat that I doubt will be putting out to sea again.

Elizabeth Taylor isn't a bit like Joan Crawford but she seems headed for the same marital pattern. First marriage for Joan was to the then social club, Douglas Fairbanks Junior. He was the crowned prince. Papa and step-mama Mary Pickford were the undisputed king and queen of Hollywood society. Miss Taylor's number one mate, Nicky Hilton, with his millionaire hotel tycoon father, was the non-acting Fairbanks of 1932. Joan's second marriage try was intellectual Franchot Tone. Elizabeth is now spending much time with intellectual Stanley Donen, who is bored with her and politics, parading and poetry. Next attempt for Joan was Philip Terry, whom she bossed. The time will come when Liz will want to boss her man.

Ava Gardner is Hollywood's biggest love puzzle. From Rooney to Sinatra With Howard Duff in between. How diversified can you get? Sinatra would have to be a lot of the money he doesn't have to be able to marry Ava. He's proud of her. Like that time recently when he flew back to see Ava in Los Angeles. He wanted to walk her past the assembled photographers to show her off. The plan was aborted by M-G-M who persuaded the couple to creep out by the back airport exit. Ava wants a home, a husband and children. She'll keep trying till she gets 'em.

Paul Douglas has found "paradise enow" with blonde Jane Sterling. It took five marriage tries. "I'm afraid to tell people how happy we are," Jan told me the other evening at a party. "It might jinx us."

Bogart is a four-time winner with Bacall. Baby can take it — Bogey has said his last "I do." And three-times-wed Dick Powell has a life option on one-time winner June Allyson.

But not all movie marriages fail the first time out. We have quite a few couples who are quite content with the first girl or boy they promised to love, honor and obey until death do them part. Not only old-timers like the Jean Harvards and the George Murphys, but young hopefuls like Anne Baxter and John Hodiak — and isn't it wonderful about their baby? And Deborah Kerr and Tony Barley. And how about the Robert Youngs? Bob and Betty, married eighteen years, are the most normally married pair in town.

Bob Hope and Dolores will never try the marriage march again. And I doubt whether he repeated for the Bing Crosbys, in spite of rocky weather. The Robert Mitchums have apparently settled down nicely after an almost divorce. They've bought a place and a family, their new home and swimming pool. Which Bob says he'll be paying off for the next hundreds of years. So he can't afford to want another wife, even if he wanted to.

I'm worried about Dan Dailey. He needs Liz and he wants her back. Losing her put him in the Menninger Clinic. I believe he went there in the hope of one day winning her back. Good luck, Danny. And good luck to all those searching souls who try and try again to find and hold the ideal other half.

THE END

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Brief Reviews

(F) APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER—Paramount: Alan Ladd, sent to solve the murder of a fellow post office detective, discovers plot for million-dollar robbery. An exciting crime story, with Phyllis Calvert, Jan Sterling, Paul Stewart. (May)

(A) ACE IN THE HOLE—Paramount: A ruthless drama in which Kirk Douglas, an unscrupulous reporter, holds up rescue of cave-in victim Richard Benedict, in order to get a better story. With Jan Sterling, Bob Arthur. (May)

(F) AIRCADE—U.I.: Aerial sequences are the only high spots of this semi-documentary of how jet fighter pilots are trained. Included in plot are Gall Daras, S. Stephen McNally, Richard Long. (May)

(F) BEDTIME FOR BONZO—U.I.: Ronald Reagan and Diane Lynn have hilarious problems when they adopt a baby chimpanzee. (Apr.)

(F) BIRD OF PARADISE—20th Century-Fox: Picturesque South Pacific Island story centered about love affair between Frenchman Louis Jordan and native girl Debra Paget. Gorgeous Technicolor and Jeff Chandler make this worth seeing. (May)

(B) BRIGHT VICTORY—U.I.: Arthur Kennedy gives a magnetic performance in this powerful story of a blind veteran, with the help of friends John Hodiak and James Cagney and USO worker Peggy Dow, is finally rehabilitated. (Mar.)

(F) CALL ME MISTER—20th Century-Fox: An American entertainers: They are Johnny Weissmuller, Betty Grable runs in extraneous husband Dan Bailey—with the obvious results, Danny Thomas contributes to this Technicolor fun-fest. (Apr.)

(A) CAUSE FOR ALARM—M-G-M: Loretta Young frantically tries to retrieve a letter written by husband Gary Sullivan accusing her of an attempt on his life. A by-the-numbers melodrama. (Apr.)

(F) COMPANY SHE KEEPS—The-RKO: Parole officer Liz Scott tries to redeem con-convict June Greer, with Dennis O'Keefe. (Mar.)

(F) ENFORCER, THE—Warner: Plenty of action with Humphrey Bogart as a prosecuting attorney out to smash every Boopane's murder syndicate. (Apr.)

(F) FAT MAID—U.I.: Mid-vehicle version of the radio whodunit with Jack Smart solving murders. With Jayne Meadows, Rock Hudson, Julie London. (May)

(F) FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND—M-G-M: A hilarious sequel to "Father's Little Dividend" concerning Spencer Tracy's trials when Liz Taylor announces a blessed conversion. With Don Taylor, Joan Bennett, Billie Burke. (May)

(F) FLYING MISSILE—THE—Columbia: Fictional story based on the building and launching of guided missiles. Played against authentic Naval background by Glenn Ford, Vernonecera, Mays. (Mar.)

(F) GENE AUTRY AND THE MOUNTAIN—Columbia: There's lots of action when Gene switches his activities to Western Canada where he tracks down bank robber Carlton Young. (Apr.)

(F) GROOM WORE SPURS—HE-U.I.: Jack Carson, a movie cop, who can't ride or drive, hires lawyer Ginger Rogers to keep him out of trouble in this light and uninspired comedy. (May)

(F) GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE—M-G-M: Gary comedy, with music, about Kathryn Grayson's efforts to win exhuanch Van Johnson away from Raymond. With Barry Sullivan. (Mar.)


(F) I'D CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN—20th Century-Fox: Technicolor drama with Bill Lundigan as a circuit riding minister, Susan Hayward as his wife, Ray Collins, Barbara Bates. (Apr.)

(F) LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—Warner: Ruth Roman becomes involved in intrigue and murder when she meets Dick Todd, Mercedes McCambridge in this modern Western mystery. (May)

(F) LULLABY OF BROADWAY—Warner: Delightfully entertaining Technicolor musical starring Doris Day and Gene Kelly and a couple of talented youngsters who get their break in a musical backed by S. Z. Sakall. With Billy De Wolfe, (Mar.)

(F) ON THE RIVIERA—20th Century-Fox: There are cliches and confusion in this lavish Technicolor musical which stars Danny Kaye in the dual roles of playboy Freeman and American entertainer Gene Tierney, Corinne Calvet. (May)

(F) MATING SEASON—THE—Para
disco: Thelma Ritter is the real star of this comedy about adventures that develop with socialites in law Gene Tierney, Mitzi Hopkins when Thelma takes a job as cook in son John Lund's household. (May)

(F) MUDLARK, THE—20th Century-Fox: An appealing legend of a British wolf who goes to Windsor Castle to see the secluded Queen. Irene Dunne is Victoria, Alice Guindess, Busby Berkeley is the story as the little gunduff. (Mar.)

(F) ONLY THE VAILANT—Warner: The Romans and Union soldiers, it is again out of this fast action epic in which George Murphy is accused of sending Gigi Young to a bloody end because he was a co-conspirator. (May)

(F) OPERATION PACIFIC—Warner: Wayne and Patrice become involved in action-packed story of U.S. submarine operations during World War No. 2. With Scott Forbes, Ward Bond. (Mar.)

(F) PACIFIC LOVE—M-G-M: There's very little plot in this romantic Technicolor idol but Howard Keel's voice, William's aquatic and gorgeous Hawaiian scenery. (May)

(F) PAYMENT ON DEMAND—RKO: Betty Lynn is asked for a divorce by Barry Sullivan in this adult case history of a marriage. With Betty Lynn, (May)

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do women spend too much money?

Some women used to spend lots of money on underarm deodorants, buying one this week, another the next. They complained they never could find a single deodorant that was completely satisfactory.

But last year these women stopped shopping around. Two years of research by the chemists of The Andrew Jergens Company produced a new deodorant that answered all their requirements. It's wonderful triple-action spray Dryad.

Jergens Dryad gives instant protection — three ways. It checks perspiration instantly. It eliminates the odor of perspiration acids instantly. And it overcomes odor-causing bacteria instantly.

Dryad is safe on the sheerest fabrics, has a nice fresh fragrance even men like. No other deodorant duplicates Dryad's effective 48-hour protection. Economical, too — one pink squeeze-bottle will last for months! Only 49¢ plus tax. (Also in cream form).


d Illustrated semi-documentary about methods used by some doctors to elude capture by prisoners of war. With Mark Stevens, Don Taylor, Gia Gion, Johnny Sanders, Alex Nicol. (Apr.)

(A) UNDER THE GUN—U: Ordinary gangster melodrama with Richard Conte as a racketeer, and Gail Russell and Amanda Blake as the gal who causes his downfall. (May)

(A) FOLLOW THE聲—T: Great comedy coming soon based on misadventures in Italy of World War II's famous cartoon characters. With Joe and Tom, they have a hit together with the help of their "dog faces" to tie, with Jeffrey Lynn. (May)

(A) VENGEANCE VALLEY—MGM: Unusually intriguing, fictional treatment of the life of Hollywood's "Great Lover" with Tony Dexter asمال, Eleanna Parker, Richard Carlson, (Apr.)

(A) APACH BULLS—U:-Stan Leff, Stephen Black, Ed Rosen, Willard Parker; Reverend Griffith, Archie Shields; Keith, Chantam; Cossman, J. C., Clarence Marks; Lt. C. H., James Griffith; Mr. Kent, Ray Bennett; Mrs. Kent, Georgia Bache; Bert Kehret. (May)


APACHE DRUMS—U: Stan Leff, Stephen Black, Ed Rosen, Willard Parker; Reverend Grifith, Archie Shields; Keith, Chantam; Cossman, J. C., Clarence Marks; Lt. C. H., James Griffith; Mr. Kent, Ray Bennett; Mrs. Kent, Georgia Bache; Bert Kehret. (May)

HOLLYWOOD BURLESQUE

Scenes from a home movie production "Fairfax Avenue." If the plot and characters bear any resemblance to "Sunset Boulevard," it's purely—intentional

(See page 22 for the story about this movie)

Jerry Lewis, producer, director and everything else on the set, demonstrates Lewis love technique to Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis

While John Barrymore Jr. checks the sound effects, Jerry, Janet and Frankie Branda go over script. Film is for their personal fun only.

All he wants is meat order; instead butcher boy Tony gets Janet—and cash. She puts him to work...

... writing her life story. Irving Kaye in take-off of von Stroheim butler role, registers disapproval.

One night, Tony, depressed with it all, blurts out, "You owe $1.55 for meat—pay me so I can leave." Janet speeds him off—with bullets.
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Mildness
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No unpleasant After-Taste

Over 1500 prominent tobacco growers say:
"When I apply the Standard Tobacco Growers' Test to cigarettes I find Chesterfield is the one that smells Milder and smokes Milder."

A well-known industrial research organization reports: "Chesterfield is the only cigarette in which members of our taste panel found no unpleasant after-taste."

"For me— it's Chesterfield ... they give me the most for the money!"

Dan Dailey

See DAN DAILEY Starring in
"I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE"
A 20th Century-Fox Production

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