The Most Exciting Girl in Hollywood
A Surprise Story
by Elsa Maxwell
Caressable Hands in just Seconds!

-with this fragrant new Lotion that Dries Fast, without Stickiness!

Prove It for Yourself with This 10-second Test!

Want hands that are soft as any flower petal? Just as fragrant, too? Then it's New Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion (with lanolin) for you! Do this and you'll understand why!

Use Cashmere Bouquet on one hand, any old-style lotion on the other. Wait, then compare.

Your "Cashmere Bouquet" hand? This fast-drying lotion that softens like a cream has already done its wonderful work. Not a trace of stickiness or tackiness. Your hand feels smooth, is excitingly fragrant, excitingly soft to the touch!

Your other hand? No comparison, of course! In just 10 seconds you've seen for yourself, that caressable hands call for Cashmere Bouquet!

Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion
25¢, 39¢ and 79¢

Remember!

There's a Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetic for Almost Every Beauty Need!

LIPSTICK
Creamy, clinging—in 8 fashionable shades!
FACE POWDER
Smooth, velvety texture! 6 "Flower-Fresh" shades!
ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, "date-time" loveliness—a bedtime beauty "must"!
TALCUM POWDER
A shower of spring flowers!
When you’ve got a date with a man...

When you have a date, you do things with your complexion. You want it to be radiant.

You fuss for hours with your hair to make it frame your face just so.

You wear your most flattering gown, your daintiest shoes. You’re pretty sure of your charm, and yet... and yet...

If you’ve overlooked one intimate little matter* your charms count for naught, your date may be a flop, and you can lose your man just like that!

You may not know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath)*. It may be absent for days and then crop up at the very time you want to be at your best.

Never Take a Chance
Why risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution that so many popular women rely on?

Listerine Antiseptic is no make-shift of momentary effectiveness. It instantly freshens and sweetens the breath. And helps keep it that way, too... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LambertPharmaceuticalCo.,St.Louis,Mo.
NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

The Most Conclusive Proof in All Dentifrice Research on Tooth Decay!

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a proved way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most conclusive proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay! Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive patented ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation! No change in flavor, foam or cleansing action!

No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of These Results!

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst after meals or snacks. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed, helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, proved way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream!

CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH — AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

Colgate DENTAL CREAM

ENJOY THE INDORE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 38 YEARS

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January, 1950

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Three gay gobs go on a 24-hour shore leave... and it's a musical frolic from
the Bronx to the Battery! They get taken in tow by a female taxi-driver
... make havoc with a dinosaur in the museum... rock Radio City with
laughs... raise the roof of the Empire State with song... and steal kisses in
Central Park! They land back in Brooklyn Navy Yard... busted,
exhausted but happy! It's wonderful fun, so come along... EVERYONE!

MGM presents in color by

TECHNICOLOR

GENE KELLY • FRANK SINATRA
BETTY GARRETT • ANN MILLER
ON THE TOWN
JULES MUNSHIN • VERA-ELLEN

HEAR THESE TOP-HIT TUNES!
"New York, New York" • "Miss Turnstiles" • "Prehistoric Man" • "Come Up To My Place" • "Main Street" • "You're Awful" • "On The Town" • "Count On Me"
Song Hits from "On The Town" available on M-G-M Records

Screen Play by Adolph Green and Betty Comden • Based Upon The Musical Play • Directed by GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN • Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A METRO-GOLDSWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Now! Toni with SPIN curlers
twice as easy—twice as fast!

The new patented Toni SPIN Curlers save you half the time of winding up curls. No rubber bands! All plastic, all-in-one! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! Quick start! Tiny teeth gently grip hair tips so even the shortest ends become easy to wind! Easy-spin action—rolls each curl up in one quick motion. Winds more hair on each curler. Fewer curlers are needed. Snap shut! Non-slip clasp fastens curls closer to head to assure a better, longer-lasting wave.

Most natural-looking wave you've ever had! For Toni Creme Waving Lotion is different. An exclusive gentle formula with matchless results—more than 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves.

So gentle and so fast! No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and sparkling, so easy to set and style. Jany, on the left, has the Toni.

Still the center of attraction at the dance. And Jany knows her hair has a lot to do with it. She says, "Even after a strenuous day my Toni waves are still in place and look just as soft and natural."

At the game all eyes are on Jany's spinning baton—and her shining, natural-looking curls. Jany says, "The new SPIN Curlers have spin action, too. They grip—spin—and lock with the flick of a finger!"

Our favorite stars are Van Heflin, Zachary Scott, Alan Ladd, Macdonald Carey, Dana Andrews, Humphrey Bogart and Clifton Webb. The actresses we most enjoy are Claudette Colbert, Olivia de Havilland, Susan Hayward, Bette Davis and Jennifer Jones. We would never miss a film with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope or Clark Gable. As for Danny Kaye, his attraction is international.

We love the slick American thriller, i.e., "Call Northside 777", "The Naked City," "The Glass Key," and we like your big, colorful musicals, such as "Till the Clouds Roll By," and "Easter Parade."

We like American films about America. American films about England are usually phony to us, and there are always numerous inaccuracies. In conclusion, thank you, Hollywood, for the many hours of pleasure you have given us.

LEONARD AND SHEILA WARRALL
Bristol, England

In your October Photoplay, you said that when Montgomery Clift kissed Olivia de Havilland in "The Heiress," it marked Monty's first screen kiss. I have a correction. Monty kissed Joanne Dru four times in "Red River."

ROBERTA JUULL
Los Angeles, Cal.

(We're still out for the count on this one. Four times seems to be the general consensus. The Editors.)

Casting:
How about the movies starting a "Sam Spade" series starring Howard Duff? He is so wonderful on the "Sam Spade" program and I think it would be swell to see Sam and Effie on the screen.

CAROLYN CANADAS
Burlingame, Cal.

Why doesn't Hollywood make another "A Date with Judy" picture starring Jane Powell and Scotty Beckett? I have heard many others say it is one of the best musicals ever made.

BETTY HANSEN
Ruhtown, O.

(Both Jane Powell and Scotty Beckett are in "Nancy Goes to Rio.")

Readers’ Pets:
Why doesn’t Gordon MacRae's studio give him bigger and better starring parts?

(Continued on page 6)
BOB HOPE, LOVER OF THE YEAR
The Profile...Women At His Feet...Men At His Heels...Laughs Everywhere!

In A Paramount Picture

"The Great Lover"

with Roland

ROLAND

Richard

GARY

YOUNG • CULVER • LYON • GRAY

Produced by Edmund Beloin • Directed by ALEXANDER HALL

Written by Edmund Beloin, Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose
He has more talent and sex-appeal than any of the top ten men of Hollywood.

**Bonnie Bench**
Salt Lake City, Utah

I, like Arline Hayes in the October issue, think that Betty Grable should be given more pictures like "When My Baby Smiles at Me," "Mother Wore Tights," etc. To say that Miss Grable may be replaced by Susan Hayward is pure fantasy. If Miss Grable does have any competition at all, it is in blonde and beautiful June Havva. However, I still think Betty Grable will remain on top as the unchallenged queen of Hollywood musicals.

CLAIRE BAUM
Baltimore, Md.

**Question Box:**

In "House of Strangers," what is the name of the song and who is the singer on the record that Richard Conte plays after he has returned from prison and has seen his brothers?

**Carole Altman**
Newberry, S. C.

(It is Caruso singing an aria from the opera "Martha.")

Will you please publish the name of the girl who played the violin in the picture "In the Good Old Sumertime" and can you tell me something about her?

**Sally Builder**
Denver, Colo.

(Marcia Van Dyke was born in Grant Pass, Oregon. She's five-feet-five, has blue-green eyes and brown hair and is unmarried. Her next picture is "Death in the Doll's House.")

I saw "Blue Lagoon" and enjoyed it very much, but did Emily, Michael and their baby die, or were they rescued?

**Nancy Armstrong**
Fresno, Cal.

(They were all rescued.)

Could you tell me who played Finch in "Home of the Brave.?" I think he is a great actor, I would like to know more about him.

**Alison Victor**
Newark, N. J.

(Lloyd Bridges was born in San Leandro, Cal., January 15, 1913. He is six-feet-one, has blue eyes, blond hair and is married. His next picture is "The White Tower.")

Could you please tell me what happened to Henry Fonda? I really enjoyed him in pictures and do miss him. Is he going to make any more pictures?

**Jane Stetter**
Dallas, Tex.

(If Henry Fonda will take time out from his starring role in the Broadway production "Mr. Roberts" to make the movie version. After that he plans to continue in the play.)

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.
WHAT MANEUVERS!
JANE'S GOT THE NAVY ALL AT SEA OVER THE MAN SHE Wants TO LAND...

IT'S THE LAUGHIEST LOVIN' EVER FROM WARNER BROS!

Dear Admiral, please send the whole fleet!

The Lady Takes A Sailor

WITH

Jane Wyman Dennis Morgan

JANIE WYMAN
DENTIS MORGAN

Man the Laugh-Boats!!

WHAT MANEUVERS!
JANE'S GOT THE NAVY ALL AT SEA OVER THE MAN SHE Wants TO LAND...

IT'S THE LAUGHIEST LOVIN' EVER FROM WARNER BROS!

Dear Admiral, please send the whole fleet!

The Lady Takes A Sailor

WITH

Eve Arden

Robert Douglas Allyn Joslyn Tom Tully

DIRECTED BY
PRODUCED BY

Michael Curtiz Harry Kurnitz

SCREEN PLAY BY
EVERETT FREEMAN
FROM A STORY BY JERRY GRUSKIN
MUSIC BY MAX STEINER
Gene Kelly sports a new mustache at 1950 Ice Show. Wife Betsy Blair is blissful—she has a big role at Gene’s studio in “Mystery Street”

Home-town Girl: Barbara Hale never forgets her old school chums in her hometown of Rockford, Illinois. Hearing that one friend had progressed with her art work, Barbara had her send on three of her paintings which she promptly sold because, as Barbara told her over the phone, they were excellent paintings that showed greater promise. Incidentally, Barbara has gone in for ceramics and designed and baked a beautiful ceramic doll for her daughter’s Christmas gift.

About People: The Humphrey Bogarts had a ten-day whirl in New York, but Bogey was a little relieved when it was over—for a comical reason. Lauren, along with thousands of other women, got a crush on Ezio Pinza of “South Pacific” and while Bogey joined in the general kidding, he wasn’t any too happy. When Lauren went backstage to greet Ezio, Humphrey pretended to have a concealed mike in the dressing room. “I gotta be sure about this,” he kidded... Jerome Courtland is the despair of the teen-age belles since he took up spear fishing. The girls claim Jerome won’t take off his diving helmet long enough to go square dancing anymore... Stewart Granger, the most popular Englishman ever to hit Hollywood (and not just because his real name is Jimmy Stewart, either), dated all the pretty girls while their regular beaus fumed... Audrey Totter phoned Cal to say goodbye before setting off on a hospital tour and a two-weeks stay in New York. Audrey claims she’s heart-free, but something in the way she spoke Greg Bautzer’s name made us think—well, anyway, it took an attorney to outdo movie lovers when it comes to getting the gals... Brian Donlevy brought his little daughter over to Joan Crawford’s house to share a birthday. Brian, who is Joan’s latest admirer, spends most of his spare time on Crawford’s set of “The Victim.”
Farley Granger lends a hand to Lauren Bacall as she greets David Selznick at party. David had to leave wife Jennifer Jones in Europe while he made business trip here.

Looks as if lawyer Greg Bautzer is winning his suit for Ginger Rogers's hand! They're at party.

True devotion: John Ireland, enjoying gypsy music with wife Joanne Dru, insisted she get top billing in their new film.
June and Dick: There's a happy, relaxed air about "The Reformer and the Redhead" set that's a sure tip-off that all goes well with the cast. And since the stars are June Allyson and Dick Powell, this is good news. The day we visited the set, Dick was attempting a political speech for the camera, while June did her impish best to distract him. The camaraderie between them was delightful.

"I have a new respect for this little mite," Dick told us. "This morning she was supposed to slap Helen Freeman for a scene and what happens? Helen goes to the hospital with a bloody nose. Me, I'm keeping away from her."

We asked June about working with her husband. "I never think of Richard as my husband when we're playing a scene," she said. "I just think, why here's one of the nicest actors I ever worked with."

The Powells are planning to adopt another baby and, what's more, they'd like to make more pictures together.

The Walkers: The three went house-hunting together—Bob Walker and his sons Bob and Mike. In Brentwood, they found exactly the place they like, a rambling house with lots of grounds and a barn for horses. So the three moved out of the Jennifer Jones house and into their own. Every free moment of time, the three don blue jeans and work around the place, clearing the grounds and even painting the barn. Bob is a devoted father and the boys adore him. Twice weekly their mother phones them from Europe. When she returns the lads will spend part of the time with her.
No sale! Dan Dailey, right, as a traveling salesman, has his troubles when he meets up with bad man Rory Calhoun in Western comedy film, "A Ticket to Tomahawk." They're on location in Durango, Colorado. Anne Baxter plays the sheriff.

Richard Widmark and English actress Christine Norden on set of Twentieth's "Night and the City," filmed in London.
Now in Drene... Only in Drene... this New Beauty Conditioner

Now! For truly Natural Softness, Natural Sheen... Don't just "wash" your hair...

Condition Your Hair with New Drene Shampoo!

Want your hair to shine with all its loveliest natural sheen... have all its own true natural softness? Then don't just "wash" your hair with old-fashioned shampoos—condition it to fullest natural beauty with New Drene Shampoo!

Now New Drene has a wonderful new Beauty Conditioner. It's an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo—cream or liquid.

If you haven't tried Drene recently, you just don't know how wonderful it is!

So get a bottle now—right away—and see for yourself how it awakens the sleeping beauty of your hair!

1. New Drene cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
2. Conditions your hair to natural sheen and softness... yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
3. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes dandruff from hair and scalp!
4. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in hardest water!

[Image of Drene product]

INSIDE STUFF

Congratulations: It was back in 1934 that the Lux Radio Theatre first went on the air. Now they're celebrating, with reason, their fifteenth anniversary. For through these years, they've come to be one of the outstanding programs on the radio for the splendid plays they've produced and the top performers who've appeared in them—Helen Hayes, Ethel Barrymore, W. C. Fields, Tallulah Bankhead, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant and a host of others. The "risky experiment" of fifteen years ago has become a real highlight in our radio life. A yearly feature of the Lux Theatre is the dramatization of the picture that is chosen as the winner of Photoplay's Gold Medal Award.

Hollywood's Worst-Dressed Stars:
When secretaries from various studios selected Hollywood's worst-dressed male stars, they really started something. Some took it seriously and sought to have their personal press agents refute the claim. Others, Frank Sinatra among them, openly kidded the fact they were numbered in the list. The singer even quoted, on his radio show, the secretaries' remarks that Frank looked as if he had built-in midgets holding up his shoulder-pads.

Howard Duff merely laughed at the gals' accusations that he looked like an exploding bomb. "They must have seen me coming in one morning after two zombies," he laughed. "You certainly feel like a bomb had gone off somewhere around you." But Van Heflin, whom the gals accused of still wearing the same suit he wore back in "The Philadelphia Story," hotly declares it isn't so. "I have from six to eight suits which I vary in pictures," he says. Frankly, Van always looks to Cal as if he were about to play a character part off screen. Why should he care about the latest cut anyway, a guy that can act like that.

Mrs. Macdonald Carey had more fun than a barrel of monkeys when the gals chose Carey among the worst-dressed, with the statement that Carey was still wearing Marine Corps fatigues. "Now, maybe he'll dress up more," she said, "and put away those slacks and tweed jackets." Carey only scowled and said he didn't even know where his Marine Corps fatigues were, and what were they talking about.

"Jimmy Stewart is like a tweed weed and Robert Cummings probably wears nightshirts." (Continued on page 14)

Loretta Young, Joseph Cotten aired "The Farmer's Daughter" for Lux Theatre, now celebrating fifteenth anniversary
PLATTET PRESENTS THE “FIGURE OF THE 1950’s”

A slim, supple, vital figure that only Playtex gives with such freedom.

Radical changes in feminine fashions within the average American adult’s memory have been changes in foundations even more than in fashions. The girdle that has helped bring about the most recent revolution in silhouette is the sensational PLAYTEX. Made of tree-grown latex, it combines amazing figure-slimming power with complete comfort and freedom of action.

Without a single seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX fits invisibly under the narrowest fashions—smooths the line from waist to hips to thighs with its all-way action-stretch.

For your fashion of the 1950’s—have the figure of the 1950’s—a slim, young PLAYTEX figure.

JACQUES FATH, world-renowned designer of fashions, expresses the “Fashion of the 1950’s” in this dress designed exclusively for the American collection of Joseph Halpert.

GIRDLE OF THE 1950’s is PLAYTEX—at all department stores and specialty shops, coast to coast. In slim, silvery tube: Blossom Pink, Heavenly Blue, Gardenia White; extra small, small, medium, large.

PLAYTEX GIVES YOU THE SLIMNESS-WITH-FREEDOM SO IMPORTANT TO YOUR 1950 FIGURE
(Continued from page 12) the gals said. To which Jimmy replied, “Well, as long as they don’t call me a bad weed, I guess it’s all right,” while a close friend of Cummings snapped, “Maybe it’s sour grapes. Maybe the gals are jealous because they’ll never know about Bob’s bedtime attire.”

The real shocker came with the selection of Adolphe Menjou, who usually appears on best-dressed lists. “Vests went out with bloomer bathing suits,” they said about dapper Adolphe. The town instantly divided itself into two camps on the Menjou selection. The more conservative group insisted Adolphe did not dress according to Hollywood standards, but according to London’s Bond Street where vests were quite proper. The younger set screamed, “Phooey,” and pointed to several well-dressed English actors in town who are never seen wearing vests.

Vic, whom they accused of not even wearing socks with his casuals, shrugged, and asked why the fuss about sex appeal when sex appeal counts at the box office. “Besides,” Vic is quoted as saying, “who looks at my ankles with Grable on the lot?”

Get out the Vaccine: Donald O’Connor walked into a popular Valley restaurant at lunch time wearing small-pox make-up. As a result, Donald can write in his memoirs that for a hot ten minutes he was the world’s most unpopular guy.

Customers in Valley eating places are used to seeing actors in all sort of rigging and make-up, and at first, paid scant attention to the actor done up with the plague for a Technicolor scene in “Double Crossbones.”

But for a few curious stares, there may have been nothing to it if actor John Emery, seeing a chance to kid Donald, hadn’t begun staring at the actor’s face from his table across the way. Soon, his intense staring drew stares from out-of-town tourists who began to express uneasiness. John’s face registered everything from surprise to horror and soon every eye in the room was on John as he summoned the waiter and asked to be moved to another table.

Customers around Donald also began moving, and only in time did Donald avert a panic by leaving the place, swearing to get even with John. Knowing O’Connor, we’d say Emery will regret his little prank in a big way.

No Humor?: Uninhibited Shelley Winters, whose outspoken frankness is a tribute to Universal Studios, dated Howard Duff during one of his feuds with Ava Gardner.

Next evening, Shelley ran into Ava. “Hey, that boy friend of yours has no sense of humor,” she said. “He asked me how I liked him in a certain scene and I told him fine, he’d used his other expression.

“And do you know something?” Shelley went on. “He didn’t laugh.”

Ava did, however.

Behind the Scenes: It wasn’t too flattering to Joan Fontaine to discover that Bill Dozier, the husband she put out of her life just before she took off for Europe, had fallen in love with Cleatus Caldwell Hutton while she was gone and hadn’t really missed her at all… It wasn’t that Lex Tarzan Barker didn’t love his socialite wife who divorced him, taking herself and children back to New York; it simply became more apparent to both Lex and Mrs. Barker that he wasn’t cut out to be a husband. Swinging from trees as Tarzan had nothing to do with it… When Jack Carson, who separated from his wife several years ago, found real love and happiness with Lola Albright, Mrs. Carson consented to a divorce. But when the day arrived, she refused to utter one derogatory word against Jack, confusing the judge by claiming she loved her husband too much to suggest he was unkind or even incompatible. As a result, Mrs. Carson returned home still married to Jack who still loves Lola who still loves him. And there, at this writing, it stands.

(Continued on page 71)
I was a nice girl—wasn’t I?

Please wait until you know the Truth about “My Foolish Heart”

SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRESENTS

DANA ANDREWS • SUSAN HAYWARD

“MY FOOLISH HEART”

Directed by MARK ROBSON

who gave you

“Champion” and “Home of the Brave”
YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Claudette Colbert
star of "Three Came Home."

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I'm thirty-four, an executive in my company. I lost my wife three years ago; she was drowned in a boating accident. We had been married only two years and were deeply in love.

Within the last year, the president of the company for which I work has begun to put on a definite campaign to marry me off again. He is a fine man and means well, but the choices he and his wife have made so far have been somewhat afield from my tastes.

At present, I am under considerable pressure to spend a great deal of time with my employer's niece by marriage. She is a widow, thirty-seven, quite beautiful in her way, a good sport and independently wealthy. She has gone out of her way to let me know that she likes me. I like her, but that ends it. When I have indicated that I am far more interested in building a fine professional future than in remarrying, she has said that she understands. She would marry again only for convenience.

Can you suggest some tactful way for me to indicate to the company president that I'm either love-starved nor lonely? To a friend and a contemporary, I'd say simply, "I'm off, Bud," but I was taught respect for my elders.

Abbott L.

I see no reason for you to discourage your employer. If he continues to introduce you to attractive young women, sooner or later you are going to meet someone whom you will enjoy. These things take time and a sense of humor.

No man who has any strong feeling for his own manhood will allow himself to be enjoined or coerced by anyone into marriage.

You have not said so in your letter, but I rather gather that you are still in love with your first wife. In that case, you shouldn't remarry until you can bring a new love and a fresh devotion to another woman. Marrying, while holding strong reservation about the marriage, is emotional cheating.

Right now, I think you should enjoy yourself, regard your employer's efforts with amused tolerance and devote yourself to your profession.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am thirty. My dad loves me, I know, but he's forever picking on me, and sticking up for my sister who is four years younger than I.

Sometimes he's nice, but most of the time he's scolding me. I know I'm no angel, but he doesn't give me a chance to be good. My sister knows that my dad will take her part so she takes advantage of it. She always gets new shoes first, and she was given a watch for her birthday before I was given a watch. My father said this was because my sister is careful, but I am destructive.

My mother is wonderful to me and understands me, but she is too busy with the baby to be very much interested in anything except formula and diapers and the Ladies Aid.

What should I do to make my dad act toward me the way he does toward my sister?

Anita L.

From your letter, I must assume that you are the eldest child in a family of three children. You feel that your younger sister has the full attention and affection of your father, and that your mother's devotion is given to "the baby." This gives you a feeling of being neglected in the family circle.

I want you to know that nearly every "eldest child" in the world has this same experience, and the experience will continue to be "normal until parents are psychologically educated. There is nothing wrong with you, my dear.

When you ask how you can make your father act toward you as he does toward your sister, you don't really mean that at all. What you really want to know is how you can win the attention you feel is yours by right; you don't want an imitation of what is your sister's, but a love that belongs to you alone.

There is a simple method to win this love. Say to yourself, and mean it, "My father and mother love me, so I do not have to fight for that love. I don't have to be disagreeable to get attention. I don't have to quarrel with my sister to prove that I am as important as she is. I am an individual. She is an individual. Each of us is important to the family, each in her own way."

Try to help your mother with the baby; try to keep the house cheerful. Remember: Your family loves you, and you have an important place in the world.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Frequently, in your column, there are letters from sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girls who want to get married. You always seem to discourage them by saying that they are too young. Why?

I married the most wonderful man on earth two years ago when I was seventeen and he was twenty-one. Some people marry at thirty-five, but still don't succeed at marriage.

Marriage isn't based upon age, but upon Love, Honor and Obedy. My husband's parents separated when he was twelve; he knows what hardship this causes, so he is as determined as I am that such a thing will never happen in our family.

We live five miles out of town in a beau-

(Continued on page 18)
“Maybe I am just a ‘dame’ and didn’t know it!”

“Thelma Jordon”

HAL WALLIS’ production starring

BARBARA STANWYCK WENDELL COREY

with PAUL KELLY JOAN TETZEL Directed by Robert Siodmak
Screenplay by Ketti Frings From a story by Marty Holland
tiful house that we hope to own someday. We own all of our own furniture, some of which we bought new, and some of which we bought second-hand and repainted. We have a garden each summer which supplies all our vegetables, and I can the surplus. My husband has to check every Saturday (he doesn't make a fortune, but we save a little). We are expecting our first baby in about three months and we have saved up almost enough to take care of everything.

I'm sure that, after reading this, you will understand why I think you are mistaken in discouraging young marriages.

Mrs. Robert E.

I think you have misunderstood me. I discourage youngsters from marrying until they are emotionally and mentally mature.

If you had written to me before marrying at seventeen, and said that you were able to budget finances, knew how to refinish furniture, knew how to plant and cultivate a successful garden, knew how to preserve what produce you could not use, and planned to marry a boy whose ideas coincided with yours, I would have agreed that your marriage would have an excellent chance of permanence.

I agree with you that age has very little to do with successful marriage. But having learned to accept responsibility has everything to do with it. So many of the high school students who want to marry plan to live with their parents, or to subsist on an allowance from parents. The girls don't know how to cook, and they don't know a garden rake from a tuning fork. They think that after marriage, they will still be able to spend every Saturday night with their boy friends, and if a baby comes along—too bad! Give it to Grandma.

Your case is quite different. At seventeen, you were obviously a woman. At nineteen, you are a credit to your parents, your husband and your community.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am now seventeen. When I was fifteen my father died (my mother died when I was born), so I came to live with my married sister and her husband. Now I am desperately in love with my brother-in-law. He is also in love with me and has told me many times that fate was unkind because he did not meet me before he met my sister.

I am very fond of my sister, and I love her two babies as if they were my own; naturally, I don't want to hurt her.

On the other hand, am I not entitled to my love? Do I not have a right to marry the only man I will ever care for?

There is one other problem, besides my sister: My brother-in-law works for his father, who is very narrow-minded. If my brother-in-law and I eloped, his father would probably fire him. Because my brother-in-law is an older man of thirty, it might be hard for him to get a job. Maybe we could come to Hollywood. What do you think?

Gertrude G.

You are obviously an immature and romantic child very much in love with love and lacking either a sense of loyalty to your sister or an insight into the terrible tragedy which you may be provoking.

As for your brother-in-law! Can't you see that he is cheating your sister of her security and respect which she is entitled as his wife, and that he is making you look more than a little foolish.

Grow up, my dear. The next time this man asks you to leave the house with him, make an excuse. Be nice about it, be pleasant and casual—but refuse to be alone with him at any time. Keep busy with your girl friends and look around school for some nice boy to date.

Don't fall into a trap that could ruin your life and that of your sister.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Is it okay for a fellow to write to you? I hope so. Here is the situation: This girl moved to our town at the beginning of our school year. In classes we have talked and been friendly and we played opposite each other in the operetta. When we had our prom, everyone expected me to ask her, but I didn't. I went stag and she went with another fellow who asked me if I was going to invite her and when I said I wasn't he said, "Yeeow!" And I quote.

This should tell you what kind of a girl she is. She comes from a very fine, dignified family; she is exquisitely polite, has polished manners, and knows the proper way to do everything. She is intelligent and happy-natured.

I come from an average family. I am awkward and I don't know nice manners. I feel inferior to her, and that is why I didn't ask her to the prom. She isn't snooty, but she is so wonderful I didn't want to embarrass her.

How can a boy get good manners when his family does not know them? You see, I want to ask her to the next prom, and I want to do everything nice.

Jim A.

Don't be mused by etiquette. Actually, it is a very simple thing: Etiquette consists in behaving at all times in a thoughtless manner toward others.

You should buy a good book of etiquette. In case this is a bit too expensive for you right now, why not go to your public library for an hour each evening and read one of these volumes? Be sure to get a modern book because some of the older volumes contain many things which have changed with the passing years.

Incidentally, your letter answered a question in my mind and a question which has been asked many times by girl readers: Why didn't John or Bob or Tommy invite me to the prom? Perhaps John or Bob or Tommy really wanted to ask the girl for a date, but refrained for the very reason you had.

Claudette Colbert

Have 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.
The strange triangle of a woman who fought a million miles of northland for the man she loved!...
He'll remember you each day he uses your Christmas gift of Kings Men

DIANA LYNN, lovely Hollywood star of Hal Wallis' Paramount release "My Friend Irma," recommends

KINGS MEN
Toiletries from $1
IN FIRED 23-KARAT GOLD AND CRYSTAL

DIAMOND RIB—M.G.M.: Adam Baumer, Spencer Tracy; Amanda Bonner, Katharine Hepburn; Doris Atkinson, Ingrid Bergman; Warnie Atkinson, Tom Elliott; Rita Hayworth, David Wayne; Beryl Nagel, Naoma Hagen; Ophelia La Pere, Hope Emerson; Grace, May March; Judge Kester, Clarence Kolb; Janet Friske, Emerson Treacy; Mrs. Grigg, Polly Moran; Judge Will Wright; Dr. Margaret Brodie, Elizabeth Fouboury.

BEYOND THE FOREST—Warner Bros.: Rosa Moline, Bette Davis; Dr. Lewis Moline, Joseph Cotten; Neil Levenson, Berti Rosen, Carol; Ruth Penrose, Minor Watson, Jenny, Dona Drake; Sorren, Regis Toomey; Miloars, Sara Selby; Mrs. Wetch, Mary Servoss; Alvin Atwood, Frances Charles.

BIG WHEEL, THE—Popkin-Stiefel-Dempsey-UA: Billy Cox, Mickey Rooney; Red Stanley, Thomas Mitchell; Peji, Sullivan, Michael Shane; Louis Riley, Mary Hatcher; Mrs. Mary Cox, S. Youngton; Durey Raymond, Lisa Romay; Happy, Steve Broder, George, Allen Jenkins, Reno Riley, Richard Lane.

BRIDE FOR SALE—Crest-RKO: Nora Shelley, Claudette Colbert; Steve Adams, Robert Young; Paul Marx, George Brent; Libba, Max Baer; Timothy, Gus Schilling; Dobbs, Charles Arnt; Miss Stone, Mary Bear, Miss Vousson, Ann Tyrell; Grant, Paul Maxey; Sibley, Burr Symon.

DANGEROUS PROFESSION, A—RKO: Kane, George Raft; Lucy, Elia Raine; Farley, Pat O'Brien; Brackett, Bill Williams, James Backus; McKay, Roland Winters; Elaine, Betty Underwood; Collins, Robert Gist, Dawson, David Wolfe.

DEADLY IS THE FEMALE—King-U.A: Anna May, John Long, Peggy Cummins; Bart Tate, John Dall; Pellet, Perry Kroeger; Judge Wellingh, Morris Carnovsky; Ruby Tate, Annabel Shaw; Clyde Boston, Harry Lewis; Blue-Blues, Stanley Prager; Dave Allister, Nedrick Young; Sheriff Boston, Tressie Little; Bart Tate (Age 7), Mickey Little; Bart Tate (Age 14), Rusty Tandy; Clyde Boston (Age 14), Paul Frison; Dave Allister (Age 14), Dave Bier; Miss Wyo, Virginia Farmer; Miss Sifert, Anne O'Neal; Dancers and Singers, Frances Irwin; Cadillac Driver, Don Beddoe; Hampton Policeman, Robert Ostertah; Cab Driver, Shiman Ruskin; Mr. Mallenbeck, Harry Hayden.

FIGHTING MAN OF THE PLAINS—Holt 20th Century Fox: Jim Dancer, Randolph Scott, Johnny Tancerad, Bill Williams; Dave Oldham, Victor Jory; Florence Peate, Jane Night, Ken Todd, Douglas Kennedy; Evelyn Slocom, Joan Taylor; Cliff Bailey, Perry Kroeger, Chandler Leach, Rhys Williams; Sveum, Barry Kelley, Hobson, James Todd, Temple, Paul Fick, Cummings, James Milicen, Stecker, Bly Symon, Jesse James, Dave Robertson; Lawyer, Herbert Rawlinson; Partridge, J. Farrell MacDonald; Lansgav, Harry Cheshire; Quantrell, James Griffith, Kerouan, Tony Hughes; Carried, John Hamilton; Harner, John Halloran; Travers, Cliff Chappell; Anthony, William, Slattery, James Harrisson; Ferrymann, Matt Willis.

COIDEN STALLION. THE—Republic: Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers; Stormy Billingsley, Dale Evans; Louise; Bubba; Estella; Beige; Sparr, Ridgway, Pat Brady; Jeff Middleton, Douglas Evans; Sheriff, Frank Fenton, Son, Greg McClure; Ed Hardy, Dave Van Sickel; Suty, Clarence Straight; Gward, Jack Sparkes; Old Man, Chester Connkin; Flye Whiting; The Rider of the Purple Sage.

GREAT LOVER. THE—Paramount: Freddie Hunter, Bob Hope; Duchess Alexandra, Rhonda Fleming; C. J. Dabney, Roland Young; Grand Duke Maximilian, Roland Culver; Stanley, Richard Lyon; Tommy, Gary Gray; Herb, Jerry Hunger; Joe, Jackie Jackson; Steve, Karl Wright Easer; Bill, Orley Lindsen; Hemphrey, Curly Jo, Jimmy Johnson, Jr.; Williams, George Reeves, Jim Backus; Attend, Sig Arno.

KISS FOR CORLISS, A—Nasser-UA; Corlis Archer, Shirley Temple; Kenneth Marquis, David Niven; Mr. Archer, Tom Tully; Mildred, Virginia Welles; Deter, Darryl Hickman; Raymond, Robert Ellis; Tedd, Dylla, Teen.

MALAYA—M.G.M.: Caroar, Spencer Tracy; John Rever, James Stewart; Lanola, Valentia Correa; The Dutchman Sydne Greenstreet; Keirol, John Hodiak; John Christian, Lionel Blarrymore; Ramolo, Gilbert Roland; Bruno Grauer, Roland Winters; Col. Gerich, Tony Young; Donations, Roma, Tassiss, Laion Donald; Matis, Tom Helmore.

MY FOOLISH HEART—Samuel Goldwyn-RKO: Walt Dreiser, Danya Andrews; Eloise Winter, Susan Hayward; Les Weinger, Kent Smith; Mary Jane, Luise Wheeler; Martha Winter, Jessie Royce Landis; Henry Winter, Robert Keith, Ramona, Gigi Perri; Miriam Bell, Katin Booth; Her Escort, Tod Karns; Sat, Lucy; Philip Pine; Night Club Singer, Martha Mears; Dean Whiting, Edna Holland; Pool, Jerry Paris; Grace, Marietta Canty; Red Cross receptionist, Barbara Woodell; Mrs. Crandell, Regina Wallace.

STORY OF SEABISCUIT, THE—Warner Bros.: Margaret O'Hara, Shirley Temple; Shanna O'Hara, Barry Fitzgerald, Ted Knowles, Lon McCallister; Mrs. Charles S. Howard, Rosemary DeCamp; George Carson, Donald MacFaul; Charles S. Howard, Pierre Watkin; Thomas, Millford; William Forrest; Murph, "Sugarfoot" Anderson; Jockey George Woolf, Wm. T. Cartledge.

THAT FORSYTE WOMAN—M.G.M: S Saras, Forrester, Great Gatsby, Jocky Jocky, Walt Pidgeon; Philip Rosenthal, Robert Young, Jane Forsythe, Jean Leigh; Old Jocky Forsythe, Harry L. Davenport; James Forsythe, Audrey Mather; Wilson, Gerald Oliver Smith.

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND—Rank-U.I.: Capt, Paul Wagger, Basil Radford; Mrs. Wagger, Catharine MacJune; Sgt. Odd, Bruce Seton; Peggy Macg, Joan Greenwood; Joseph McClelland, Wylie Watson; Catri, Josephine, George, Campbell; Gordon Jackson; Mrs. Campbell, Jean Cadeel; Dr. Campbell, James Robertson Justice; The Bige, Morland Graham; Sammy MacCormack, John Greg- son; Roderick MacIntire, James Woodburn; Old Hector, James Anderson; Castable Macaue, Jameson Clark; Angus MacCormack, Duncan Mac-aue; Mrs. Macaue, Mary MacNeilly; Capt. Mac-Pherson, Nor- man MacOwan; Capt. MacKenzie, Alistair Hunter; Mr. Parsonhson, Henry Millson; First Mate, Frank Webster; Capt. Dasher, Compton MacKenzie.

TOKYO JOE—Columbia: Joe Barrett, Humphrey Bogart, Mark Landis, Alexander Knox; Trina, Florence Marry; Baro Kimura, Sesuge Yakawa; Johnny, Bruce Sato; Peggy Macg, Joan Greenwood; Gordon Jones, Johnny, Susan Thompson; Taro, Tera Sumida; Kanda, Hideo Mori; Gen. Isen; Tom, Sherry; Rhys Williams; Aria, Lili Acchi, Nam-San, Kyo-Poo Kamo; Karamaja, Gene Gondo; Maj. Loomis, Harold Good; Capt. James Corwell, Truck Driver, Frank Kumagai; Takenouch, Tetsu Komai; Hara, Otto Han; Go, Yosan Tsuruta.

Do you have those Bank Book Blues?
Do you complain—it comes in here and it goes out there?
Then read Sheila Graham's sprightly story about the high cost of living
In February Photoplay, on sale January 11
Here's a romantic treat that'll take your heart for a merry sleigh ride—Mitchum playing "Santa" to a lovely young widow! And wait'll he finds out the mistletoe's loaded!

Dear Santa...
Please bring me this for Christmas!

ROBERT MITCHUM
JANET LEIGH • WENDELL COREY
in a DON HARTMAN Production

Holiday Affair

with GORDON GEBERT
Produced and Directed by DON HARTMAN • Screenplay by Isobel Lennart
Have You Heard?

JOAN LANSING

PULL UP A PILLOW, pretty, and let me tell you about F.M. That's my Favorite Man—and he answers to the familiar name of JOHNNY OLESEN, one of the great entertainers of TV. He's a man who shares his millions with admiring mademoiselles from 6 to 60, but he's still the lad who elicits "oh Johnny's" from me whenever I tune in. Incidentally, you'll find it most rewarding, too, participating in the "LADIES BE SEATED" Kindly Heart Award. JOHNNY tells all about this heart-squeezing listener feature on the program every week-day afternoon. You can join my generous JOHNNY (or F.M. that he is) over your local ABC station at 10:00 (FST). When you hear "LADIES BE SEATED,"... kerplunk!... down I sit for a relaxing time, enhanced by pleasurable puffs on the F.M.'s (and my) favorite cigarette. Philip Morris, of course.

BE I'VEVER SO HUMBLE, there's no place like home—especially when it houses ART LINKLETTER'S happy "HOUSE PARTY," one of the n'est places to visit come high noon any weekday. This jovial housewife takes the cake for being one of the gayest sessions sparkling the airwaves. Hear Pilsbury's "HOUSE PARTY" (better that cake, with "Linklette," Pretty) with ART LINKLETTER—than whom there is—none—better, noon to 12:25 P.M. (EST) on ABC.

GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES MORE, (wasn't that a 'pop' tune once?) 'cause there's five minutes more to complete the half-hour link with "L.I.N.K." In this gal's opinion WALTER KIERNAN can't be beat when it comes to humanizing the news and making complicated, world-wide scenes simple, even exciting. He's really been around, folks... and how do I envy the experiences he's had interviewing the outstanding personalities of the day. Catch KIERNAN keynoting the "L.I.N.K." and "WALTER KIERNAN" every Monday through Friday, at 12:25 P.M. (EST) over your local ABC station (yep, it's another wonderful Philip Morris program).

MY TUNING TIPS

Breakfast Club 9:00 A.M. EST Don McNeil's wake-up-time.
My True Story 10:00 A.M. EST Stories of human emotions.
Bride and Groom 2:30 P.M. EST Boy meets girl and weeds.

Brief Reviews

(F) ABANDONED—U:1: A brisk movie melter about black market baby. Dennis O'Keefe is the hero, and he's assisted by a bit of help, with Raymond Burr, Marjorie Rambeau, Jeff Chandler, (Nora Marlowe, (October.)

(V) ARCTIC FURY—Plymouth-RKO: Realistic chronicle of one man's fight for life in the Arctic, based on the true story of the girl and cast consists of bears, dogs, mad dogs. (October.)

(V) BATTLEGROUND—M-G-M: Van Johnson stars as a GI in the news, describing the battle of Bastogne in 1944. With Marshall Thompson, Ricardo Montalban, John Hodiak, George Sanders. (New.)

(V) BRIMSTONE—Republic: Walter Brennan, standing on a head of Benett, is outstanding in this picture from Roger Cameron. (New.)

(A) CHICAGO DEADLINE—Paramount: An exciting mystery with reporter Alan Ladd, stick-up artist and Edgar Buchanan. (October.)

(V) CLEOPATRA—20th Century-Fox: Incredulous, exquisitely costumed drama crammed with color and intrigue. Tyrone Power and Hedy Lamarr are magnificent, with H.M. Wynant and Joan Crawford. (October.)

(V) DICK AND THE GENTLEMAN—M-G-M: A heart-tugging drama in which a kind-hearted George Arliss makes a wife live in the old world. With William Demarest and Jane Wyman. (October.)

(V) DON QUIXOTE—M-G-M: An absorbing political drama of Russian "illegal" in post-war Russia in a society's revolt. An absolutely outstanding performance by the great Rod Steiger, and young newcomer Evans score as the couple who are the voices of dissent. (October.)

(F) DOCTOR IN THE DARK—M-G-M: A heart-wrenching drama in which doctor Glenn Ford makes Janet Leigh's pulse beat faster. With Claire Trevor and Gloria Hart. (October.)

(V) DOWN DAKOTA WAY—Republic: Fast-paced but not enough. With Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Roy Barcroft, (October.)

(V) EVERYBODY DOES IT—20th Century-Fox: An anatomy of Paul Douglas in this amusing comedy. With Janis Carter, Diana Lynn, and Anthony Mann. (October.)

(V) F.D.R.—Columbia: An inspiring biography of Franklin Roosevelt. With Desi Arnaz, Ronald Reagan. (October.)

(V) GIRL IN THE Painting—THE MAN WITH THE IRON FIST—United Artists: British human interest film of Nazi Zetterling and an infantryman. From the BBC. (October.)

(V) HEIRESS, THE—Paramount: A fascinating story of a wealthy family that has youths. From the novel by Olive de Havilland. With Joan Fontaine, John Hodiak, (October.)

(V) I MARRIED A COMMUNIST—RKO: A caper story of the fight against the communists. (October.)

(V) I WAS A WARE BRIDE—20th Century-Fox: A charming story of love, marriage, and Aminah Sheridan. (October.)

(V) JUNO AND THE pay—M-G-M: The fascinating story of Al Jolson and Larry Parks make this latest chapter of "Juno and the Pay". (October.)

(V) LOST BOUNDARIES—Film Classics: A stirring story of longshore men. With Michael Curtiz, (October.)

(V) JOLSON SINGS AGAIN—Columbia: A musical comedy of Al Jolson. (October.)

(V) LOVE'S SECRET—Universe: The story of a young woman. (October.)

(V) MISS GRANT TAKES RICHMOND—Columbia: Secretary Lucille Ball outwits her tricky boss with a false face, and matches wits with mirrors, either. Lucille is a riot. With James Cagney, (October.)

(V) MY FRIEND IRMA—Paramount: A flighty farce based on the popular radio program with John Wilson, Janis Carter, Janis Carter, (October.)

(V) THE PICKFORD—20th Century-Fox: Jane Haver, Mark Stevens, S. Z. Sakall and Gale Robbins dress up a mediocre filament on the life of composer Fred Fisher. The story is weak, the music delightful, nostalgic. (October.)

(V) THE ROYAL WAVE—U:1: This frothy affair teams bachelor Bob Montgomery and the 1943 Homecoming Queen. (October.)

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Man with a past...meets woman with no future...in the last port of call for adventurer, renegade, and outcast!

"I could be a one man woman... if I could find the right man!"

(It's Shelley, that wonderful bad girl at her...best!)

UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL presents

South Sea Sinner

Starring

SHELLEY WINTERS • MACDONALD CAREY

HELENA CARTER

with LUTHER ADLER • FRANK LOVEJOY and LIBERACE

Screenplay by JOEL MALONE and OSCAR BRODNEY • Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE • Produced by MICHEL KRAIKE
**✓ (F) Adam's Rib (M-G-M)**

If it's laughs you are after, this is for you. It's all about a pair of legal beagles who battle each other in court, but court each other at home.

Katharine Hepburn, looking very chic, spiritedly portrays a lady lawyer imbued with social justice for her sex. Spencer Tracy scores as her attorney-husband, whose masculine pride is hurt by his wife's superior showing. And it doesn't help matters when man-about-town David Wayne makes a play for Katy. Judy Holliday excels as Katy's dumb client on trial for shooting her two-timing mate. Tom Ewell and Jean Hagen are very funny as the two other figures in the triangle.

One and all rate your applause, with Hepburn turning in a really sparkling performance.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a gloom chaser.

**✓ (A) Tight Little Island (Rank-UI)**

A DIVERTINGLY different film emerges from Compton Mackenzie's novel, "Whiskey Galore." Teetotalers may not approve of this picture, dealing as it does with the alcoholic problems of a group of Hebrides Islanders.

Faced by a whiskey famine, they are an unhappy and very thirsty lot until a ship, carrying a cargo of choice liquor, is wrecked off shore. There's a mad rush to salvage some of the precious stuff. As captain of the Home Guard, stuffy Basil Bradford feels called upon to stop the islanders, but they have their ways of thwarting him.

Lovely Joan Greenwood and manly Bruce Seton make a romantic twosome.

Your Reviewer Says: Bit of British whimsy.

**✓ (F) The Story of Seabiscuit (Warners)**

Now an unpromising colt develops into a champion racer is entertainingly recounted in Technicolor. Barry Fitzgerald is Seabiscuit's trainer, with an uncanny knowledge of horses and humans.

A sub-plot describes the on-and-off-again romance 'twixt Shirley Temple and jockey Lon McCallister. Although Lon is a fine fellow, she refuses to marry him unless he gives up riding. And that's like asking him to stop breathing.

This tale of the turf is not world-shaking by any means, but there are several exciting racing sequences and Fitzgerald is very amusing in the role of a crafty Cupid. Rosemary DeCamp and Donald MacBride complete a satisfactory cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Toast to a thoroughbred.

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**Shadow**

*By Elsa Branden*

★★★ Outstanding ★★ Very good ★ Good

F—for the whole family  A—for adults
War casualty: Dana Andrews is the target for Susan Hayward’s affections in this dramatically told tale.

![Image of soldiers and a soldier]

(A) My Foolish Heart
(Samuel Goldwyn-RKO)

Told in flashback, this is a touchingly tragic tale of a war romance gone awry. Eloquent acting plus deft direction and dialogue sets it apart from the usual sentimental love story.

Susan Hayward packs plenty of emotion in her portrayal of impetuous youth. As the handsome object of her affections, Dana Andrews turns on the charm full force. Robert Keith, recruited from the stage, excels as Susan’s understanding father. Lois Wheeler makes her a fine friend and Kent Smith seesaws between the girls. Gigi Perreau provides a note of pathos as Susan’s younger.

A weak ending leaves you in grave doubt over Susan’s future.

Your Reviewer Says: Wonderfully weepy.

![Image of two men and a woman]

(F) The Great Lover (Paramount)

With a luxury liner for its setting, Bob Hope’s latest comedy sails along at a fine clip. Rhonda Fleming, a duchess, gets to be Bob’s best girl. Hope is comical as the unhappy leader of a group of Boy Foresters, returning from a hectic tour of Europe. Hope confides his troubles to Roland Young, a professional gambler with a penchant for choking anyone rash enough to beat him at poker. In company with her father, Richard Culver, Rhonda seeks fame and fortune in the New World only to get sidetracked by Bob.

What with wooing a dreamy duchess, playing high-stake poker with her father, constantly ducking his persistent little charges and foiling a mad murderer, Bob is the busiest guy you ever saw.

Your Reviewer Says: One for the funny bone.

(F) Malaya (M-G-M)

Here’s a lively movie, taking you to Jap-infested Malaya in company of jailbird Spencer Tracy and newspaperman Jimmy Stewart. Their undercover mission to smuggle much-needed supplies of rubber out of the territory for the American war effort encounters many obstacles. However, Stewart isn’t easily discouraged and Tracy has his freedom at stake. They enlist the aid of scheming Sydney Greenstreet.

In the romance department, there’s sweet-’n’-spicy Valentina Cortesa. John Hodiak is a friendly FBI man, Lionel Barrymore, a newspaper publisher, Gilbert Roland, the leader of a guerrilla band, and Richard Loo, a Jap colonel.

Your Reviewer Says: Good adventure film.
(F) Tokyo Joe (Columbia)

NEVER one to dodge danger, Humphrey Bogart is right at home in this oriental mystery romance.
Returning to postwar Tokyo, where he once ran a night club and was married to exotic Florence Mayo, Bogie finds she divorced him to become the wife of influential Alexander Knox. Still carrying a torch for her, Bogart determines to win her back in the brief time he is permitted to remain there by the U.S. Occupation Forces. Hoping to extend his stay, Bogie becomes involved in a shady deal with the ex-head of the Japanese Secret Service. As played by silent screen star Susse Hayakawa, he is Mister Merry himself.

Bogart exhibits his customary brand of hard-boiled heroism; Marly is very decorative. Knox sympathetic and Jerome Courtland a personable young American pilot.

Your Reviewer Says: Sinister stuff.

(A) Deadly is the Female (King Brothers-UA)

WHETHER you find this movie thrilling or depressing, depends on your capacity for violence. It's excelling in a sort of way, describing how a pair of modern bandits, Peggy Cummins and John Dall, are brought together by a mania for shooting.
Her soft feminine appearance notwithstanding, Peggy proves she can play this Virginia Mayo type of role, a gal who is bad cold, which is secured in Hitchcock's "Rope" last season, again delivers a striking performance. Berry Kroeger sneers effectively as a crooked carnival operator.

Your Reviewer Says: Trigger-taut meller.

(F) A Dangerous Profession (RKO)

THE BAIL bond racket engages George Raft's attention here, and the company he keeps is far from elegant. As an ex-policeman, however, Raft knows how to handle crooks of every description. It takes Ell Raines to throw him off balance. For her sweet sake, George goes 'way out on a limb to the disgust of his plain-spoken partner, Pat O'Brien. The story is confused and tawdry.

Bill Williams, as Ella's black-sheep husband, and George Backus, as a persistent detective, complete an adequate cast. When all is said and done, however, they portray a dreary set of characters, involved in dreary doings.

Your Reviewer Says: Mediocre mystery.

✓ (A) Beyond the Forest (Warners)

THIS turbulent tale of illicit love has Bette Davis portraying with great gusto, a bold woman whose black hair matches her very black heart.
Dissatisfied with her doctor-husband, Joseph Cotton, and their small-town life, Bette is guilty of every crime in the book from deceit to murder. Davis and Brian is the man Bette is after because he represents escape, excitement, luxury.
Although this movie holds your interest, the mood becomes maudlin toward the end. Davis is out to win the title of film's Female Delinquent Number One: Cotton conveys quiet dignity; Brian expresses sheer male magnetism. Ruth Roman, Minor Watson and Don Drake lend satisfactory support.

Your Reviewer Says: Saga of a wicked woman.

✓ (F) A Kiss For Corliss (Nasser-UA)

WANTED: A suitable story for Shirley Temple. And that goes for David Niven, too. They certainly don't have it in this flighty farce.
As Corliss Archer, Shirley is a very dainty dish to look at, yet she is made to look like no teen-age you ever knew or would want to know, either. To punish her blundering boy friend, Darryl Hickman, Shirley concocts a mythical romance with the much-married and divorced Niven. Then, when her scheme backfires, she pretends to be an amnesia victim.

In the role of Shirley's frantic fiance, Tom Tully erupts all over the place. Virginia Weidler and Robert Ellis are a couple of cute kids who take part in the hubbub. As young Hickman keeps saying, "Holy cow!"

Your Reviewer Says: On the silly side.

(F) Bride for Sale (Crest-RKO)

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Robert Young and George Brent do their utmost to amuse you in this romantic romp. Half the time they succeed.
Claudette, as a former WAC officer, lands an executive job in the accountancy office of Brent and his wife. Brent persuades his archaeologist-friend Young to fix it so that Claudette will forget about marriage and concentrate on her career. With a smart little aide like Claudette, however, it isn't long before the boys are playing 'she loves me, she loves me not.'

Your Reviewer Says: A giddy game of hearts.

✓ (F) The Big Wheel (Popkin-Stiefel-Dempsey-UA)

AREDEVIL Mickey Rooney gives you the ride of your life in this movie about America's most dangerous sport, auto racing. The careening cars, screeching brakes, spectacular collisions and hairbreadth escapes are all here.
Son of speed maniac Cannonball Hoyt, who met a violent end on the Indianapolis track many years previously, racing comes naturally to young Rooney. After landing a mechanic's job with auto garage owner Thomas Mitchell, there's no holding Mickey down. His cockiness doesn't endear him to the equally cocky young Bob Hatcher, who helps him.

Your Reviewer Says: A wild wheel of high spirits.

✓ (F) That Forsyte Woman (M-G-M)

THE ACCENT is on romanticism in this handsome period piece based on John Galsworthy's classic, "The Forsyte Saga." It provides Greer Garson with her greatest role since "Mrs. Miniver" and lends fresh impetus to her career.
As Irene, Greer is very real and gracious and feminine in her fingertips in her beautiful costumes. Errol Flynn will surprise you as the cold and correct Soames whom Greer marries against her better judgment. It's quite a departure from those dashing Lothario roles of yore, but Flynn is more than equal to it. Two other men prominently figure in Greer's life, artist Walter Pidgeon, with whom she is engaged, and Robert Young, who becomes with the family as Janet Leigh's fiancé. Trouble is, Young no longer wants to marry the girlishly young and very much in love Greer. Talky at times, this is nevertheless Grade A drama, splendidly acted and tastefully produced in Technicolor.

Your Reviewer Says: A fine film.

✓ (F) The Golden Stallion (Republic)

IMAGINE Roy Rogers without Trigger. Worse, imagine him behind bars on a murder charge. Of course, Roy only confesses to the killing to gain time so his beloved Trigger won't be shot. Douglas Evans is the snake-in-the-sagebrush who frames Rogers and presents Trigger at auction. The idea is to train the horse to lead a wild herd, roaming along the Mexican border. One of them is smuggling in diamonds cleverly concealed in a shoe. It's a well-mounted and murdered story in Cinecolor with the four-legged performers outnumbering and outsiring the two-legged ones. Dale Evans, Estelita Rodriguez and Pat Brady join Roy and Foy Willing and The Purple Sagers in their cowboy ditties.

Your Reviewer Says: For the bubble-gum set.

Best Pictures of the Month

Adam's Rib
My Foolish Heart
That Forsyte Woman

Best Performances of the Month

Katharine Hepburn in "Adam's Rib"
Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Stewart in "Malaya"
Susan Hayward, Dana Andrews, Robert Keith in "My Foolish Heart"
Barry Fitzgerald in "The Story of Seabiscuit"
Greer Garson, Errol Flynn in "That Forsyte Woman"
"I had to watch a Three-day Football game!"

says SUSAN HAYWARD, co-starred with DANA ANDREWS in the SAMUEL GOLDWYN production, "MY FOOLISH HEART"

Though it lasts only a few minutes on the screen, the football sequence in "My Foolish Heart" took days to film! I sat with chilled, icy hands through three days of the rawest, meanest weather I've ever seen before we got the final "take"...

I washed dishes for hours to satisfy director Mark Robson...

But Jergens Lotion kept my hands from looking rough...

Kept them soft and beautiful in tender, romantic scenes...

And close-ups with Dana Andrews. You'll find that...

Jergens Lotion used by more women than any other hand care in the world still 10¢ to $1 plus tax

Because it's liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin...

Prove it by making the easy test described above...

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

And is used in Hollywood 7 to 1 over other hand cares!
“I know the devil that is in you
you love as you live, without mercy
...without regret!”

Samuel Shellabarger's
PRINCE OF FOXES

A Saga of Scoundrels
in a Century of Infamy!
Three Years in
the Making!
A Magnificent
Cast of 50,000!

TYRONE POWER * ORSON WELLES * WANDA HENDRIX
WITH MARINA BERTI, EVERETT SLOANE, KATINA PAXINOU, FELIX AYLMER
DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
PRODUCED BY SOL C. SIEGEL

IT'S A GALA HOLIDAY OF ENTERTAINMENT! ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN HE WILL PLAY IT!
Prelude to tragedy: June and the late Dr. Duzik

END OF A LOVE STORY

BY RUTH WATERBURY

There was no time for tears for June Haver, whose vigil by Dr. John Duzik’s bedside kept on long after hope was gone

June Haver walked very quietly into the coffee shop on the ground floor of St. John’s Hospital in Santa Monica. She was pale as she climbed up on a counter stool. The waitresses waited for her to speak, but she seemed to be looking straight through them. “Coffee, Junie?” one of them asked. “Please.” She spooned off a little of the hot black coffee, then drank it halfway down the cup.

The waitresses had never met the little movie star before her fiancé, Dr. John Duzik, had been admitted to St. John’s for an emergency operation. It had been a big thrill for them when she had popped in for a quick cup of coffee that day. But, in the past six terrible weeks, she had become the adopted child of all of them. They knew the dreadful news from upstairs; how, after Dr. Duzik’s operation, it had been discovered that he was a hemophiliac—a bleeder. They knew also, that he had developed uremic poisoning, had been in delirium.

Still, it was hope that made one of them say, (Continued on page 69)
They've got marriage

Cary of "I Was a Male War Bride" may be a spring bridegroom. Betsy Drake is in "Dancing in the Dark"
IS Cary Grant going to marry Betsy Drake? If so, when, and why have they waited so long?
I'm happy to report that Betsy will become Mrs. Grant in the early winter, after she fulfills promises she has made to star in two motion pictures.
For more than a year, of course, everybody has been gossiping about Betsy and Cary. It has been said and written that they had eloped, that they were secretly married, and then, that they had cooled! I even indulged in a little prognosticating, myself. But it was all guesswork. Both Cary and Betsy refused to talk, and nothing could get them to change their minds.
And then, a lucky "accident" came my way. I had set up an interview with Betsy, to talk about her career, and maybe get a word or two about Cary. But it must have been my day. Cary wasn't working! And he had arranged to pick up Betsy at my house! Before he arrived, Betsy put it very simply.
"If I should marry before I have at least two successful pictures, no matter how good I might be, I would simply be known as Mrs. Cary Grant. I hope later to make a picture with Cary, but now I have two to do alone, one a comedy, and the other a drama."
Betsy was in the process of telling me how much she admired Cary, when he walked in. He'd been at M-G-M making a short for the (Continued on page 90)

Cary and Betsy won't talk about their plans, Hollywood insisted.

And they never did. Until "Scoop" Parsons talked them into a talkative mood
MY PRAYER

BY JUNE ALLYSON

Here so glad, so gay we three
Meet the new half-century.
Grateful on this holiday,
For all children let us pray.
Eyes of children looking up
To the fullness of Thy cup,
Hands of children trustfully,
Asking little things of Thee.
Faith of children everywhere
These, the fabric of our prayer.
Let Thy blessings find them, Lord;
Let Thy wisdom sheathe the sword.
Let their lives unfold in worth,
Health and gladness, peace on earth.

June Allyson of "The Reformer and the Redhead," daughter Pamela Allyson and Dick Powell of "Mrs. Mike"
Some New Year’s hangovers—without any headaches! They are the result of old resolutions that headed these stars on a different course.
TWELVE bells and all is well. Or is it?
Come New Year’s and motion picture stars, together
with the rest of the world, renew their acquaintance with
resolutions made in the past. Some auld. Some aulder.

Esther Williams and Ben Gage remember a New Year’s
Eve in Mexico where they were equally homesick. Esther
was on location there making “Fiesta,” and Ben had flown
down to spend the holidays with her. They attended a
dance in the hotel and tried to be very gay. But they
wanted to celebrate their first “married” New Year’s among
familiar faces ,back home. Twelve o’clock, and nothing
happened. This was too much. But one minute past mid-
night and, as per Mexican custom, the orchestra struck
up “Diana,” the traditional Mexican song played for the
toreadors at bull fights and on all momentous occasions.
Then, in tribute to Esther and Ben, the orchestra went
into the strains of “Auld Lang Syne.” The Mexican people
picked it up, some singing in English, some in Spanish,
and some just smiling and clapping (Continued on page 68)
As husband and wife, Kirk Douglas and Deanna Durbin would be headed in the same direction.

Farley Granger and Joan Evans have enough in common to settle any differences over an ice cream soda.

I'd like to see them

by Sheila Graham

Sheilah shoots her arrows at some romantic possibilities and ends up in a matrimonial tangle.

Rent control would end for Monty Clift if he married Joan Fontaine.
If Liz Taylor married Lew Ayres, she'd discover some priceless books and he'd dance to some priceless tunes!

Ornitz

Marriage to Ann Blyth would give Peter Lawford some of the things he hasn't missed in other girls

Jones

MARRY—

Clark Gable speaking. "Baby, will you marry me?"

Paulette Goddard replying. "Why, of course, Sugar."

Fantastic? Not especially. Anything can happen in the Hollywood Love Department. And it usually does, for better or worse.

With this in mind, I've dreamed up a few marital combinations of my own—some for the sake of the fireworks that would result and, for good measure, a few that I believe would result in idylls.

To go back to Clark Gable and Paulette Goddard; I can just see them in a cottage for two, a very big cottage for two. They'll need plenty of elbow room. For marriage is more than making love or laughing at the same jokes. (Continued on page 92)

Stewart Granger and Joan Crawford, married, would make the atom bomb sound like a whisper
Everything happened to Bob, even Mr. Rockefeller, who couldn't spare a dime— but did teach him a lesson.

It was forty-one years ago, and yet I remember, as though it were yesterday, that wonderful morning when my sister-in-law, Avis Hope, arrived in Cleveland, Ohio, from England, together with her six sons.

In the order of their ages they were, those little boys in their Eton jackets with their spotless white collars, highly polished shoes and perfectly combed hair: Ivor, Jim, Fred, Jack, Les and Syd. As the busy mother of three boys of my own, I definitely didn't know which of my small nephews was which. Certainly, in my wildest dreams, I never imagined that one day I would be known as "Aunt Alice of El Segundo" to (Continued on page 87)
An early picture of the Hope boys with their parents: Top row, Fred, Jack and Ivor. Second row, Mrs. Hope, Sydney and Mr. Hope. Bottom row, George and Bob, nicknamed “Hopeless.”

With his first stage partner George Byrne. They played the tank towns.

Bob, in his first car, which he later smashed up. Girl was stage partner.

Bob and wife, Dolores. They haven’t changed in seventeen years.
The girl that he married—Barbara Hale of "And Baby Makes Three"

Fink and Smith
Being married to a girl who uses her heart instead of her head is a help—when trouble comes knocking at your door.

Bill didn't need those bad times to know how much Barbara meant to him.

Jody, the baby who made it all worthwhile. Bill's in "Dangerous Profession"

You wouldn't know it to look at us now. Things couldn't be rosier. The little woman, that's my wife Barbara Hale, a big sensation in "Jolson Sings Again"; the old man, that's me, working steady; everything in our little house in the Valley, including our two-year-old daughter Jody, paid for and ours free and clear.

But it was very rough for the newlywed Bill Williamses a couple of springs ago, and I think even my redoubtable wife will admit it, now. If we never have to go through anything like that again, believe me, it will be all right with us.

It was a good thing, two years ago, that we had our love to keep us warm.

To begin with, we were both out of work, and the savings account we had started so hopefully was beginning to look anemic. We had felt very rich when we got married, the June before, and why not? We were both under contract to RKO, and both of us had just had an option lift and a nice raise. Not only did we feel rich enough to get (Continued on page 85)
no time for company

BY ERNEST LEISER
Against a war-scarred Berlin fountain, Monty and his co-star Cornella Burch discuss scene in “Two Corridors East”

This isn’t a story about Monty’s torn coat or $40-a-month flat. Here, three people, talking about their boss, have something new to say about Clift

RECENTLY, when Montgomery Clift was working on “Two Corridors East” in Berlin, he wandered into the American Press Club one day. The wife of a radio commentator, glancing at him, asked her husband curiously, “Who’s that? A new reporter for ‘Stars and Stripes’?”

No one in the club guessed that the thin, unobtrusive young man in the open field jacket and rumpled GI khaki was the sensational new Hollywood star. At first look, he did, indeed, seem just another youthful soldier-correspondent for the Occupation Army’s newspaper or, perhaps, a GI from the Press Center’s motor pool.

However, that wasn’t the only wrong guess Berlin’s American colony made about the unfathomable Monty.

During the six weeks that he worked on his new Twentieth Century-Fox movie about the air lift, and while he lived in one of the houses set aside for the American press in Berlin, he was called a lot of contradictory things; “a shy, modest, retiring sort of guy,”
German-born Bruni Lobel and Paul Douglas appear in film with Monty Monty and Cornella in a cafe scene. Monty sings “Chattanooga Choo-Choo” in this picture—a song his driver never will forget!

Against background of Brandenburg Gate, Cornella, director George Seaton and Monty work out the next scene.
"an egotistical fraud," "a very warmhearted generous man," and "an anti-social snob."

Actually, during Monty's stay in Berlin, exactly three people really got to know him. The first of these was his driver, a twenty-six-year-old Berliner named Guenther Henkel, who is vociferously convinced that Monty is "one of the finest Americans ever."

Henkel, who drove the car which the studio rented for Clift's use, was "sold" on Monty on first meeting. "For two hours after I reported to him the first day, I sat out in the car waiting for him, wondering what he was like. Then he came hurrying out of the house, jumped into the front seat beside me and asked me to take him to the studio. On the way out, he asked me all about myself, about my life history. I told him I had been a lieutenant in the Luftwaffe, and had spent the last two years of the war in prison for insulting Hitler when I was a little tipsy, one night. I don't think he believed me at first, but after I showed him my prison records and the scars from the beatings I got, he put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'You're all right, Guenther.'"

Henkel still can't get over another thing that happened that first day. As they arrived at the studio, he said to Clift, "Here we are, sir," and jumped out to open the car door for the star. Monty looked at him queerly and said in a stern voice, "You don't have to open or close the doors for me, Guenther. I'm a big boy. I can do it myself. And don't ever call me 'sir' either. You can say yes or no without (Continued on page 89)
Geary teaches Jane the forward lean. The day was so hot he finally stripped to the waist.

Photographed by Ornitz

Jane was game but the going was rough, for a beginner. Expert Geary knew what to do! Jane's in "Nancy Goes to Rio."

Jane Powell, you'll remember, learned to skate in order to get better acquainted with the instructor, Geary Steffen. Now Jane's learning to ski. Bridegroom Geary is an expert at that, too. Long before he met Jane, he was a lieutenant in the Ski Troopers in Italy during the war. Recently, Jane and Geary drove over to Mt. Waterman, about forty-five miles from Hollywood, so Janie could have her first skiing lesson. Trail names like Alley-oop, Burp Gulch and Homicide Hollow fascinated her. But, because she was a "snowbunny" (a novice), Geary would let her practice only on Show Off — the trail for beginners. A man can't be too careful of his bride.
An ex-ski trooper and a "snow-bunny" go weekending and turn a ski trail into a flurry of fun.

With all that snow around, Jane could not resist giving Geary a "cold-pack".
HE SAYS IT WITH MUSIC

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

In an empty machine shop, Gordon MacRae heard the words that released the song in his heart.

GORDON MacRae, at sixteen, knew he wanted, above all, to sing. “And that was about the only thing I did know then, for sure,” he grins.

His father, William MacRae, was a brilliant inventor and a prosperous manufacturer of machinery used in the milling industry. He had hoped that his son would join him and succeed him in his favorite enterprises. And Gordon, who loved his father, tried. He worked summer vacations in the machine shop, learned the uses of all the bewildering array of mechanical marvels the place contained. However, at quitting time, one September afternoon, he stood gazing through a window, drumming on the pane with his fingers and humming to himself, dejectedly.

His father put a hand on his shoulder. “You don’t like this, do you, son?” he asked, gesturing at the shop. Before (Continued on page 82)
PHOTOPLAY SNEAK PREVIEWS

"Samson and"

A great Bible love story, produced in magnificent color by Cecil B. De Mille, becomes a screen event of the year.
The wedding feast which ends in tragedy for Henry Wilcoxon, Angela Lansbury, Victor Mature

Delilah

When Cecil B. De Mille makes a picture, two things are certain; it will be a spectacle and it will be good entertainment, too. "Samson and Delilah" offered De Mille the opportunity to outdo himself. The scenes where Samson destroys the temple, kills a lion with his bare hands and slays one thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass will be long remembered. Above all, however, there's the three-cornered love story of Delilah, Semadar and Miriam, each of whom, in her own way, loves Samson too well.

The Saran (George Sanders) reluctantly agrees to let Delilah (Hedy Lamarr) try her plan to capture the mighty Samson

Delilah discovers the secret of Samson's (Vic Mature) great strength, his hair, cuts it after she has drugged him

Torn by remorse, Delilah pleads with Samson to leave with her. But the blinded captive's prayer has been answered
Stars in a new kind of success story — young women with the courage to throw over the old rules for...

new trends

Elegance with excitement: Patricia Neal will be seen next in "The Hasty Heart"

Youth at its prettiest: Allene Roberts of "Knock on Any Door"

Trim sophisticate with vibrant undertones: Cyd Charisse, who appears next in "Tension"

Crisp and cool with the tang of outdoors: Betsy Drake of "Dancing in the Dark"
WITH a new year before us, and the promise of wonderful things in store, what could be better than to talk about the ways to beauty used by six of the lovely girls you have chosen as your stars for 1950. You know their names, of course—Allene Roberts, Cyd Charisse, Barbara Lawrence, Arlene Dahl, Betsy Drake and Patricia Neal.

They are, among other interesting things, six of the most widely divergent personalities in Hollywood. Only one of them, Cyd Charisse, is married and a mother. And each of them might be chosen to standard-bear a different type: Allene, the most girl-next-door of them all. Sweet, unaffected, naive; (Continued on page 77)
John of "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" was first singing cowboy—but can't sing.

He never owned a horse and his covered wagon is a Cadillac—but all the Duke's men will tell you John Wayne is the straight-est-shootin' man in Hollywood.

**DUKE in coonskin**

*BY HERB HOWE*
The great social event of the year is taking his four kids to the circus. Left, John, Melinda, Marion Antonia, John Patrick and Michael

**T**hey are calling John Wayne the miracle man of '49. He will go down in movie mythology as the blue-eyed Hercules, altitude six-four, weight 220, who, single-handed, lifted Hollywood out of hysterical depression and set her highballing.

The war boom cracked last winter. Movie business seemed perishing of anemia. The cheerful crackle of popcorn had subsided in theaters to what sounded like the death rattle. Then, bang! Hercules Wayne arrived like the Red Cross with transfusions of “Red River,” “Wake of the Red Witch,” and red blood.

Business jumped and the corn popped. Nine first-run theaters in Los Angeles showed his rugged features simultaneously. Out of nowhere, his popularity kangaroed to fourth place in the exhibitors’ poll. Theaters everywhere screamed for more of his plasma. The old Wayne blood bank was tapped for reissues as far back as 1931.

Pukka sahibs of major money-losing studios said, “What’s he got that we haven’t (Continued on page 88)
the most exciting girl in Life never will be dull around Liz, according to Elsa, who sums up a lovely problem and arrives at a fascinating conclusion.

RETURNING on the Queen Mary from a long holiday in France, I was invited to a shipboard party. The others present, not motion picture people, wanted, above all, to hear about Hollywood. It's always like that.

"Who is the most exciting girl there, would you say?" they asked.

I didn't have to search for my answer. "Elizabeth Taylor!"

"Really! The British press takes another view of Miss Taylor." The woman who spoke was, after two weeks in London, more Oxonian than Oxford's dean. "They abominate the way in which she becomes engaged to one young man after another. They insist her actions are the direct result of her being in films."

"Bosh and tommyrot!" I forgot my manners. "I know the newspapers you mean. Either their editors are so ancient they have forgotten how it feels to have blood flow fast through the veins, hearts to pound and spirits soar, or they deliberately (Continued on page 83)"
hollywood

BY ELSA MAXWELL
THE LOW COST OF HAPPINESS

BY HANS DREIER
Supervising Art Director of Paramount Pictures, Inc.

A tight budget need not cramp your style. Diana Lynn and John Lindsay pinched pennies and produced a house full of dreams

AS A PERFECT example of the perfect small house for any young pair of honeymooners, I give you the gay residence of Diana Lynn and John Lindsay. Never, I believe, have I ever seen a small house that more ideally embodied the right principles for young people, who want to live in comfort and charm, but who must achieve a smart result without much money to spend in the first place.

Youth should be a time of gaiety. A honeymoon house, certainly, should reflect happiness, not too much responsibility, and nothing "stuffy." Tradition comes later—seriousness, perhaps, with the arrival of one's children.

Exactly this is the atmosphere that the newlywed Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay have made their house reflect, and they have done it all, from kitchen to large living room, dining room and through their three bedrooms and two baths, for the unbelievable sum of $2,500 overall. They had nothing "to start with" from John's bachelor or Diana's glamour girl days save one coffee table.

There are no glaring "empty" spots in (Continued on page 70)
underlining, used unbleached sailcloth for curtains. Brass-faced en holders make attractive substitutes for expensive wall lights

Modern touch: John left the corners of two rooms unfloored, planted exposed earth with fast-growing ivy, Philodendron

The workroom-bedroom fireplace is big enough for warmth and high enough for easy feeding of logs

Children's-size mattresses on specially built frame became a comfortable modern living-room couch
Red Skelton, as Civil War photographer, snaps Vera-Ellen and her date Rock Hudson, as Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Ann Blyth, as a helicopter, was grounded by Roddy McDowall's appearance. He came as a walking mailbag

It's a party with no regrets when Hollywood receives its invitations to the Press Photographers Ball

SHOOTING STARS

Cameramen, who love Sonja Henie, gave her and Winthrop Gardiner a huge bridal cake

The Photographers Ball began as a Halloween costume party for the benefit of the needy camera boys. Now, five years later, it's one of the most spectacular yearly parties in town. Esther Williams and her party of ten raided the studio wardrobe so they could dress alike. The gilded Oscars brought along quarts of alcohol in case they had to remove the paint. One thing you can count on at the Hollywood Press Photographers Ball—it always has the same ending—some time in the wee hours of the morning!
Corinne Calvet carries a torch, as Miss Liberty. Uncle Sam is husband John Bromfield. Stars compete for best costumes

Joan Leslie, as a cover girl, gave Photoplay top billing. Richard Long, dressed as a convict, was Joan’s escort at the masquerade

Esther and Ben Gage show George Jessel, a venerable emcee, a menu from their new restaurant

Believe it or not, that’s Betty Hutton as bearded cowpoke of “Annie Get Your Gun,” with Ted Briskin
SOME New Year’s Eves, perforce, are more important than others; those which conclude a year that has been happy and successful, those that welcome a year that is rich in promise.

Which means there never was a New Year’s Eve as important as this one for Michael Kirby. During 1949, he won critical acclaim as Sonja Henie’s skating partner on a nationwide tour. He did well for himself, too, as Sonja’s leading man in “The Countess of Monte Cristo.” Hollywood, for the first time, was really taking notice of him.

Therefore, Michael’s lovely young wife, Norah, could not endure it when he told her that on the midnight of December 31, he would be on the road again with the Henie Ice Show. She couldn’t and wouldn’t endure it, she resolved. “Any time is the right time to celebrate anything good,” she told herself. The next day her invitations went out. However, she kept the theme of her party a secret from her guests, Mr. and Mrs. David Brian (Adrian Booth), Mr. and Mrs. John Derek (Patti Behrs), Allene Roberts, Johnny Sands, Barbara Lawrence and Douglas (Continued on page 80)

Recipes tested by the Macadden Kitchen

Norah’s cole slaw with apple slices, pineapple corn sticks
When a fellow knows he won't be home for New Year's what else can a wife do—but celebrate!

midnight fro/ic

By Kay Mulvey

No chance to forget these New Year's resolutions—they acted them out in pantomime. Left, Mike, Barbara Lawrence, Douglas Dick, the Dave Brians (Adrian Booth), Norah Kirby, Allene, Johnny, the Dereks

Two tiny Kirbys take a peek at the party
FOLLIES OF 1950

by Edith Gwynn

with fashion first pictures by Ann MacNamara

It’s the individual acts that make the Hollywood show the talk of the fashion season

THERE’S been so much going on party-wise and fashion-wise this month. And many times it was hard to tell where the style show left off and the “party” began. For several clothes collections were shown in the evening, and turned into soirées when the models had finished flouncing their finery around. Take Dorothy Lamour’s garden party that officially launched her in the dress business. After she finished her cute announcement that she was going into the manufacturing of low-priced clothes for the wholesale market, and after two gorgeous models had exhibited just a few lovely “samples” of the type of thing Dotty will make, most of the guests stayed on and on. Ran into Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin there, and Betty is thinner and peppier than we’ve seen her for years. Lucille Ball and her Desi Arnaz were there, too. Lu was a symphony of color, to say the least. She was wearing a heavy printed satin, cocktail-length gown, mink stole and suede shoes, all of a pinkish cocoa color, and all the identical shade of her hair! (Continued on page 81)
Within you—is a delightful second self
—and she can make new happiness come your way

Do you, like so many women, have that hampering, unhappy sense of being inadequate? You can change this. You have within yourself a wonderful power that can re-make you to new loveliness.

This power grows out of the constant interaction between your Inner Self and your Outer Self—between the way you feel and the way you look.

This power fills you with confidence when you know you look charming. But—when you are not living up to your best, it can engulf you with self-doubt. It is the reason you must never neglect the daily details that can add so much to your outer loveliness—your inner happiness.

“Outside-Inside” Face Treatment

Don’t imagine your face is going to show your loveliest self, without the right encouragement from you. This “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream brings lovely help to faces. Always at bedtime (for day cleansing, too) cream your face with Pond’s—like this:

**Hot Stimulation**—splash face with hot water.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond’s Cold Cream all over your face. This light, fluffy cream will soften and sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

**Cream Rinse**—swirl on a second Pond’s creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin immaculate. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

This “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment acts on both sides of your skin—From the Outside—Pond’s Cold Cream softens and sweeps away dirt, make-up, as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Mrs. Roosevelt says, “I’m enthusiastic about this face treatment with Pond’s. It gives results immediately.”

Remember—it is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely—everything you do takes on a happier significance. And this happiness you show has a magnetic way of bringing others closer to the real Inner You.
Van Johnson of "Battleground" has been puzzling his Hollywood friends for a long time now. No matter how early they issued New Year’s Eve invitations, he had a previous engagement! And his wife Evie never would tell where he went...

Always, you see, on New Year's Eve, Van has coffee and doughnuts with the same two men. It's a ritual that began when they were...

...New York chorus boys. Musicals were scarce one winter and jobs for chorus boys, few and far between.
But they discovered that if they could work up a song-and-dance act they might get a job as a trio in a small New Jersey night spot. With only thirty cents between them, they had to hike home across the bridge. Thoughts of that check kept them whistling though hungry.

They auditioned for the manager, who hired them for New Year's Eve at $10 each. The act was a hit—but they were paid off by check. Back in New York, they spent their thirty cents—and started the yearly celebration that has had Van puzzling Hollywood.
Once Upon a New Year's

(Continued from page 35) their hands. Looking at their faces, Esther realized the spirit and sentiment of New Year's is the same in any language. And she resolved then and there to contribute to this feeling of togetherness, as she could. With every group. Every minority. And now there are the paragrapges at GI hospital pools where she judges careers. There are the handicapped blind children to own.

Another New Year's. A young couple stood at 42nd Street and Broadway watching the old year out. Very much in love, they were a little fearful of what the new year held.  But John, who had been married only a little over a year, was playing in “Early to Bed on Broadway,” with a run-off-the-night contract. Marie had a contract for RKO and had been asked to report January 1. But she had received an extension so she might spend New Year's Eve in New York with John. Now they stood on Times Square at the crossroads of two careers. “My show will close and you can come out on to the coast . . . .” Marie would begin hopefully. “But I'm not for pickups. She old comedies. Yet. She walked by John. "Oh yes, they would, thought Marie. I will. I'll come see you soon, no matter what happens in Hollywood. No two careers, she resolved, would ever separate.”

Then, when the clock had been struck, when the ball had been dropped, Marie made no effort for another affiliation. She headed happily for New York and a lifetime job as a wife.

Last year, Bob Taylor, in London for “Conquest of the Air,” had been flown to a part in a studio executive. It was a wonderful party. But Bob discovered you can be terribly lonely in a crowd. The wonderful girl he longed to be with—where was she, what was she doing? Ad. She had to twelve he left the party, and walked alone in Piccadilly Square, thinking of Barbara. There, alone, as Big Ben began tolling twelve, he was somehow less lonely. “Auld Lang Syne” for Betty Hutton is a happy time because of a resolution she made, just recently. Not a little shy, she made this resolve when she first arrived on the Paramount lot. She knew only the cast and crew on her picture and Buddy DeSylva, who had hired her. After that, she decided to find out a little more about the studio lot. She was timid with the big stars on the studio lot. So, in her first Hollywood home, some one hundred steps up a hill, she found herself about to usher in the New Year among her parents, her laughter and people, she was very miserable. It was then she decided to give her own get-acquainted party. And before she could change her mind, she got up the phone and went into action. Just getting phone numbers from Buddy De Sylva, she invited all of Paramount's top directors and stars. To her amazement, as so often happens in Hollywood, none of them had anything special planned. Nobody but director Mitch Leisen. He also was giving a party, but he said he would drop in with his gang later on. Still keeping her promises, Betty was kept telling herself, “Nobody will show.” But they did. All of eighty of them. As they kept winding their way up her hundred steps Betty, caught on only turn, went, said, “What the hell are you doing? I'm looking in search of her stepfather with a panicky, "Quick! Get some food, anything!" He left by the back door and practically bought out the Gotham Restaurant on Hamilton Street. Growing more excited by the minute, Betty saw a famous and colorful holiday ensemble coming through the door. "Not Bng," she said. But it was Bing Crosby, Lang Syne, and all of her other star guests joining in the singing. Betty re- solved, then and there, always to meet friendship more than halfway, to forgive her shyness, if possible, and let her be the first smile, the first "hello."

A ticket to adventure, that was Var Hellen's goal, that New Year's Eve he was about to spend in London for Liverpool. After being disappointed in his first love, the theater, Van had joined the Merchant Marine and had served as petty officer for two years, two years this night, the terrace of the ship was stormy, or had ever been in at sea. The worst any of the old salts aboard ship ever remembered. The ship tossed like a pebble. All hands worked as best they could. They were ignoring the elements. And before Van's1912 horrified gaze, the ship's buddies were washed overboard. When the ship reached Liverpool, his career as a seaman was ending. He had seen two of the ship's party, one French, one German, washed overboard, a matter of seconds by an angry sea. He resolved to live life to its fullest and happiest. Doing the work he loved most. Acting. When he got back to the States he returned to the theater that received his talent, with open arms.

Of last year's New Year's party came Anne Baxter's resolution, as old as every other. Also at the party was a friend who hadn't seen Anne since she lost so much weight and regained her sylphlike slimness. "Why hello, Anne," she said admiringly, “where have you been? You have evolved in the New Year. This year your friends, if they feel so inspired, can say the same thing. And remembering her wonderful reaction that time has helped her to refuse ice cream. How wonderful, the other resolutions fall apart. Her resolution has paid off both in a figure and in fact; she has been richly rewarded by such top roles as in "You're My Everything," and "A Ticket to Tom".

On another New Year's Eve, Bob Hope, in a plane over the Atlantic, was tired in mind and body, but high of heart. He'd gone overseas to spend Christmas with the GI's, to help give an uplift in spirit to the men of the air lift. It was the nation's most important project, these men's missions, furnishing two and a half million pounds of food, clothes, and fuel. It was 8:30 in the evening and Tempelhof Airport in Berlin, Hope had watched weary, red-eyed pilots make blind landings and take-offs. He had just put on a show in a hangar for the boys of the maintenance base at Dusseldorf. A couple of overalls enclosed by England's dreary, freezing fog. After the show, he'd made the round of the barracks with Air Secretary Symington and had seen his anger at the quick way he'd handled his boy. Symington had phoned Washington immediately. There would be new linoleum, he told the boys. More stoves. More heat for the mess halls. More lights, too. "Any other complaints, guys?" "Prostitute, have you got any? You, Bill, any complaints?"

Bob Hope landed in Hollywood last New Year's Eve morning, a tired but happy man. And he had no complaints. In the middle of the night, he had learned the world's most tedious, most hazardous operation, Uncle Sam still took time out for every citizen in his family.

Hope resolved, no matter how busy he was in the New Year, to imagine himself to be, with motion pictures, radio shows, personal appearances, or whatever, he always had time to do the one thing he could. For whatever was needed, he had time for a word, a handshake, a laugh.

A resolution Bob Hope has kept, and long before it was made.
End of a Love Story
(Continued from page 29) "Is the doctor any better today?"

"He's dying," June said, quickly. She finished the coffee and walked out, dry-eyed.

Her tears were all shed by then. For six weeks, she had hoped and prayed and believed. But that day, she knew she must face the most complete of all realities—Death!

In a little interval when John Duzik had seemed to be rallying, she had told him she would marry him, no matter what, the moment he was well.

She and John had been waiting for a dispensation from the Church of Rome so they could marry within their religion. There is no hurrying the Church. It frowns upon publicity about such things. Dr. Duzik was an even more devout Catholic than June. After all, he would never have married outside the Church as she had, when she eloped with Jimmy Zito.

Following John's operation, when they gave him the first of the transfusions, June cried so hard that it was impossible to shoot close-ups of her in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," the picture for which she was on loan-out to Warner Brothers.

That loan-out point is important. Studios usually protect their own players, but they rarely are so careful about personalities from other lots. Also, a musical comedy like "Rosie O'Grady" costs approximately $5,000 a day to shoot. Jack Warner is notoriously not a sentimental man, yet he shut down the picture for four days. June stayed constantly in the hospital, sleeping on a cot in the waiting room by night, staying close to her fiancé's side by day. The blood bank at the hospital began to run perilously low.

It was then that an appeal for blood donors was circulated at Twentieth Century-Fox, June's own studio, and at Warners. In one day, at Twentieth, forty people volunteered to help June with plasma. From Warners, came donations of twenty-five pints.

This generosity sent June flying back to work. She went before the camera, and pretending to be gay, gave the greatest performance she has ever recorded.

Then the relapse came, but June stayed on working. She had two lives now—the studio and the hospital.

Just before John's death, they shot the final production number, wherein June and the whole cast had to sing and dance a tune called, "May We Always Be Together As We Are Today." The studio knew the scene would take two days to shoot.

June said, "If we work late, I think maybe we can get it done today. Do you mind trying?" It was early in the morning that they started shooting, midnight when they quit. But the scene was flawlessly, wonderfully recorded, sparkling as tinsel, warm as laughter.

In the otherwise deserted lot, practically the whole "Rosie O'Grady" company, crew and night watchmen tagged June out to her car. Somebody said, "You did what we must to finish up tonight, Junie?"

She smiled. "Oh, yes," she said. "You've been so wonderful. I had to finish as soon as we could, because, well, we aren't counting in terms of days now... it's hours..."

She threw her car in gear and they watched her disappear, westward to Santa Monica.

The night after the doctor's funeral, June slipped out of Hollywood with her sister, to be gone for an indefinite time. And Hollywood, which takes so many unpleasant blows—what with multiple marriages and multiple divorces, and people getting giddy in night clubs and censors pouncing—lifted its head with pride.

The End

End of a Love Story
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The End

Thank you for taking care of your skin with Woodbury Cleansing Cream! Thanks to those new tinted make-ups, you no longer have to look like a Sad Cinderella when you go walking in the rain.

But those same cream, cake or liquid make-ups that cling for hours are no cinch to remove!

They need a special cleanser—Woodbury Cleansing Cream!—specially designed to remove hard-to-remove make-ups (ordinary make-up, too). Because it contains Penaten, Woodbury Cleansing Cream penetrates deeper...emulsifies the clinging pigments...quickly floats every stubborn speck away!

So mild, so gentle is this "special" cream that sensitive skins prefer it. Your skin, too, will feel soothed, cool, fresh as mint! 20¢, 39¢, 69¢ plus tax.

Woodbury Cleansing Cream penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN
The Low Cost of Happiness

These are mere stout metal legs upon which flat slabs of marble have been mounted. In Diana's and John's case, the marble is of a yellowish cast. You might prefer yours in a whiter or pinker marble, or you might want to have them spotted in a color of your choice and use mirrors as tops, which would be cheaper. The principle, in either case, is the same, the tables have low initial cost. They are very usable. "Dinks" and coasters are spilt on them, but are easily removed from them. They will not nick, or get cheap-looking as time passes.

When it came to wall fixtures, Diana and John were agreeable to having a little bit of gilt if you have tried to buy any lately. The most trite fixture can cost you anywhere from ten to a hundred dollars. Anything original costs too much. The Lindsays got around this by using candles.

On the combed wood wall of their bedroom, and this combed wood is at once new, inexpensive and effective, and you can order it of any builder, Diana and John placed simple plaster candle holders painted to match the wall. Diana admits they do not light the tapers every night, any more than your light side sconces ever are lit. But they are there when needed. They add charm, and save money while reflecting thoughtful originality.

In the living room, low individual candle holders are placed on small ledges. They are made to jamb in the cut-stone facing above the fireplace.

Let me interrupt myself long enough to say that I like this use of real stone inside a young modern house. Such stone might well be used in the fireplace, or in other places where it lends itself, and can not be said of plaster or painted rooms. In this particular household, the stone wall goes delightfully with the beamed ceilings and the projections that hide, yet draw attention where it is needed.

John Lindsay designed his generous living room fireplace for its dramatic emphasis, as well as its usefulness, but Diana was the practical one who had the brass made without it, and it would not eternally have to be polished.

Before the fireplace are two barrel chairs covered in green. They are comfortable, without being fussy with cushions, and are lovely. The Lindsays bought a set of four together. The average eight-foot couch costs several hundred dollars. Diana and John solved this problem for less than a hundred. First, they had a stout metal frame designed for a four-some, and four short legs and a sturdy cross section.

For seat cushions, they got two children's-size mattresses. These, they had covered in green fabric to match their bedroom walls, and placed two similar mattresses to make the back of the couch. Those had to be padded in extra width at the bottom, narrow enough at the top, for comfort in sitting. Padded side arms for a small table and chairs were a separate job, but the price came neatly within a hundred dollars. What's more, the mattresses later can be remade to fit any size bedroom, and when the Lindsays want to replace this couch with a more important one.

You, too, can use such ingeniosity in furnishing your new home.

Just use your own good judgment — aided, if I hope, by what I've just told you.

The End

(Continued from page 58) their trim modern house, which John, the architect, designed. Their hangings are up in every room. All their floors are covered. Their chairs are very comfortable. Their lamps are adjustable to reading. Yet, even all hangings for the better than $500 they "buried" in the kitchen, as Diana says, in necessary refrigerator, gas stove and the like, of course no tacky makeshifts spotted here and there.

So, how did they manage a large living-dining room, three bedrooms and two baths complete for less than $2000, in a day when that the single single single couch cost a minimum of $150; when hangings for one single room often run to a hundred dollars or more; when average lamps cost twenty-five dollars each. How did the young Lindsays do it? They can see, with bedside tables, curtains for a vast expanse of windows, floor coverings, even lighting fixtures for their walls at such a sum.

To begin with, they had an overall master plan, not only of furnishings but of color schemes. In their bedroom, they used a color scheme of soft pink, with accents of grey-brown. In their living room, the predominant color is a soft gray-green. In their bedroom, the predominating color is a soft gray-green. They furnished their young Lindsays which can be, with an eye for the cunningly clever, a hundred dollars or more.

In John's workroom, note the wall with the raised fireplace. Actually, this fireplace is on the back wall from the living room fireplace, both of them working for the same chimney, where the living room fireplace was designed by John to be dramatic, to hold your attention, and at the same time to demand very little upkeep, the bedroom-workroom fireplace was made small, and high off the floor for exactly opposite reasons. This fireplace, having no other "mantle" than that of cement, painted black, is small but capable of giving off great warmth. Yet it not only is modern in concept, but also young. I like it very much. The whitewashed brick wall behind it, however, could look a little cheerless except for the Lindsays putting in that planting of ivy at its base. Give the young Lindsays which can be, with an eye for the cunningly clever, a hundred dollars or more.

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You, too, can use such ingeniosity in furnishing your new home.

Just use your own good judgment — aided, if I hope, by what I've just told you.

The End

"It enriches my life!"

—These are the words of one listener to "My True Story" Radio Program, but they speak for many thousands of women. For here are morning radio dramas culled from real experiences of real people. A complete story every day Monday through Friday. One day you may "visit" an Arizona ranch ... New York the next day ... a village the next. You "meet" the wealthy and the poor ... enrich your own life by the experiences of others, taken from the pages of TRUE STORY magazine.

Tune in "My True Story"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

70
The Amazing Masons: In a huge showplace atop a Beverly Hills crest, the James Masons live in disorganized, individualized contentment. The scant furniture barely fills the huge rooms. Forgotten or neglected tea trays and teething things, where, as in "Alice in Wonderland," it always seems to be six o'clock and tea time, are scattered about on various tables throughout the rooms. There seem to be no servants about. A family friend, one Monaghan, does what cooking gets done. When baby Portland expresses hunger, she's handed a bottle. When sleepy, and this could be midnight or two in the morning, she's tossed a pillow. Since diapers seem to comprise her wardrobe, she requires little laundering. She's happy, healthy, contented. Cats roam, purr and sleep all over the place while the Masons write books and articles that most certainly have been published. That an article by the Masons condemned Hollywood before they had ever seen it, bothers them not at all, now that they have seen it and love it. That they live exactly as they choose and nuts to conventions, doesn't bother Hollywood too much. After all, this is the town of "characters," isn't it?

SUCCESS STORY: Across a New York drugstore soda fountain, a boy and girl talked of plans ahead. But not too hopefully. After all, he was but a soda jerk and she, a movie usherette, and their dreams were big ones. But this is America, where dreams such as Betty Bacall's and Issur Danielovitch's can come true. And they did.

Betty became a model, had her picture spotted in a fashion magazine, became movie star Lauren Bacall and married Humphrey Bogart.

The minute she hit stardom, Lauren went to her boss, Jack Warner, about her friend Issy, for a lot of things had happened to Issy. For one thing, he'd changed his name to Kirk Douglas, gone from soda jerk to actor, to St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York, to collegiate wrestling champ, and finally, to actor.

After the lead in "Kiss and Tell," he enlisted in the Navy and then hit Hollywood with his wife Diana Dill, his sons Michael, aged five, and Joel, aged two. After several movies, "A Letter to Three Wives" among them, the chance to play the heel in "Chainsaw" presented itself. "Don't do it," his agent cautioned, "that type of role can finish you." It only made him the hottest property in town and gave his friend Lauren that muchly coveted last laugh for the actor Warner could have had a few years ago for a few hundred a week now costs them a neat million for his contract duration.

Hello! Mr. Autry? They thought of everything when they built their new dream house far out in the Valley, except one thing, and that was a telephone. So, when Gene Autry and his wife were informed that their region was too sparsely settled for a special cable, they were stampeded for only a minute.

"We'll use the one in my car," Gene said, and they did. Every once in a while, Gene pops out to his car and calls operator for his messages and from his car phone, Gene returns his call.

It comes in handy, too, for Mrs. Autry who sits back comfortably in the front seat and telephones the grocer and the butcher. These movie stars eventually think of everything, don't they?
Like an Angel of Mercy
to your Face and Hands

Millions of women find this NEW BEAUTY IDEA proves wonderfully effective aid to:

1. Lovelier, clearer-looking skin.
2. Softer, whiter-looking hands.
3. Healing beauty-marring blemishes.*
4. Glorious soothing relief for irritated or itching skin conditions!

Why bother with countless jars and bottles? You don’t need a lot of preparations to help keep your skin looking lovely. Do as so many nurses, models, actresses do. Give your skin medicated care.

**Try it for 10 Days**
Use medicated Noxzema as a dainty, greaseless night cream — as a long-lasting foundation for make-up. Try this beauty secret for just 10 days. See how fast it helps your skin improve.

You’ll be delighted to discover how quickly medicated skin care helps smooth and soften a rough, dry skin and helps heal unattractive skin blemishes from external causes.

**Smother, Whiter-Looking Hands... often in 24 hours**
Nurses first discovered Noxzema for hands irritated by constant scrubbing. If your hands get red and rough from housework, from exposure to water or weather... see how quickly medicated care helps soften and heal them back to natural beauty.

Read how 2 typical women helped solve their skin problems:

**Beauty**... Pat Barnard says, “Noxzema is part of my regular beauty routine... I use it every morning and night. It works wonders for my complexion.”

**Blemishes**... Rita Tennant uses Noxzema as her regular night cream. “Noxzema is so dainty to use,” says Rita. “And it quickly helps heal any of those little externally-caused skin irritations.”

**25,000,000 Jars Sold Yearly**
Try Noxzema! See if you aren’t honestly thrilled at the way it can help your own complexion problems... as it has helped so many thousands of other women. See for yourself why over 25,000,000 jars are used every year. Available at all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax.

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PHOTOPLAY
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CARLYLE BLACKWELL
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Below, Laraine Day (with William Talman) wears original dress in RKO’s “I Married a Communist”

Laraine Day, right, in the Townfield re-production of the casual type dress Michael Woulfe designed for her to wear in the above film. (Original has contrasting color midriff.) Intriguing details are detachable pique cuffs, curved yoke set in at the waist, in a tiny checked rayon suiting, it comes in navy, brown or green with white. Sizes 10-18. Around $16.95. At Gimbel’s, New York, N. Y.; Magnin & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 19
A KITTEN CAN'T TOUCH THEM . . .

. . . for softness, we mean. These wool jersey dresses in the new confectionery colors are a winter wardrobe pickup that will carry you into spring. For effective simplicity, Janet Leigh's dress, right, with its knife-pleated skirt, pointed collar and gold piping trim to match the belt. By Jerry Gilden in baby blue, winter white, mint green, pink, red, and navy blue. Sizes 10-18. $17.95 at The Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bullocks Los Angeles, Cal.; Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y.

A pastel with personality, the wool jersey dress, below, enters the glamour field with a pearl-studded belt, pointed wing collar. Skirt is shirred over the hips. Sleeves are raglan, above elbow. By McArthur, in aqua, pink, winter white. Sizes 10-18. $17.95 at McCreery's, New York, N. Y., Gimbel Brothers, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Janet Leigh is featured in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Red Danube"
PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Shirley Temple, a Selznick Star, in Warner's "The Story of Seabiscuit," color by Technicolor, wears this detachable cape dress designed by Leah Rhodes. An eye-catching ensemble for springtime strolling, a dress for now, without the cape. For the smart little-girl look, Miron's Ingrain worsted in a neutral or pastel, featuring the new muted tones.
New Trends in Beauty

(Continued from page 3) Cyd, the sophisticated, cool with vibrant undertones; Barbara, jazz and the boyish; Arlene, a woman's woman, definitely, in appearance and manner; Betsy, the crisp, Eastern-college, Hepburnish type; Patricia, suave and intellectual, but fiery in a well-bred way.

Allene Roberts lives with her mother and grandmother, helps with the housework, even mows the lawn. Right now, she looks too young or too old for almost every part she wants. She insists she's twenties, although she doesn't look a day over sixteen, and her soft little voice doesn't help to make her seem older, either.

Allene's cut has a bang. But she keeps it cropped close to her forehead and gently waved, and it's naturally curly. She has lovely, rich brown hair which looks infinitely clean and well-tended. No wild curls, no huge puffs, no frizz. Her eyebrows are brushed and shiny (she uses a mascara brush for the purpose), and since she wears them unplucked, she feels they need extra care. Her lashes are long and curly and she never wears mascara, except at night; then she'll even add eyeshadow. Her skin is of baby quality and she keeps it that way by cleaning it two or three times a day.

Wears fingernail polish, which she applies herself, but never toenail polish. Wears quiet, unobtrusive clothes which tend to make her appear even smaller than she is, which is mighty small, anyway. She's five-foot-one and weighs 100 pounds. She's gained four pounds lately and is delighted about it, "Did you ever go into a shop, ask for a size nine, and find it miles too big?" Well, that's been Allene's trouble. Now, she fits into size nine nicely. Next, Cyd Charisse. She moves like a dream, gliding as she walks, with more grace and motion than any one woman should be allowed to have. She never diets, Dancing, and she still practices every day of her life, takes care of her figure. She's mistress of a beautiful new home in Bel-Air, and she's decorating it herself (the den is papered in sheet music, Cyd's own idea).

Her clothes are always in good taste, mostly suits, no ruffles, never an extra pleat. She loves luxury and buys the finest of negligees and lingerie, all hand-made and smoked by hand, and trimmed with imported lace. She takes long scented baths, then covers herself with delicate talcs and flowery colognes. She's probably one of the cleanest, most perfectly groomed girls in Hollywood.

She's shoe mad. She has to hide the new ones she buys from husband Tony Martin, who's decided to call a halt to her shoe buying mania. Appears stockingless frequently, due to her magnificent tan, which she keeps almost all year. A soap-and-water girl, she depends upon utter cleanliness to keep her skin lovely. Probably the happiest girl you've ever seen.

THIRDLY, there's Barbara Lawrence, the big fun girl of Hollywood; an untroubled, uninhibited nineteen, who loves everybody in the world and is loved by everybody. She's got that wonderful quality of bubbling friendliness and complete unaffectedness that has everyone calling her darling fit minutes after they meet her.

A tall, five-foot-seven-and-a-half-inches girl, she's a substantial 130 most of the time, although she's ten pounds underweight now. She gives the idea of a seventeen-year-old and no hips, yet she insists her waistline's twenty-four (and she takes off her belt to prove it) and her hips are an incredible thirty-six inches. She'll skip breakfast if someone doesn't remind her about it, have a marshmallow sundae for lunch, and a sardine and raw onion sandwich for dinner at some spot where the pianist is terrific. On such a hit-or-miss routine, the girl's complexion is divine, her eyes are wondrously bright, her spirits indomitable.

She's a natural blonde, the softest ash blonde you ever saw. She used to bleach her hair to platinum for pictures but she's let it go back to its natural color. Ask her what she does to keep her skin in condition and she'll howl with delight. "Who's got the time for such stuff?" She has a lot of fun with her hair, though, and gave herself a shampoo the other day and a beer rinse. "After I combed it out it looked very soft and fluffy," she says. Now she uses beer regularly. Stuff right out of the bottle.

Kind of a Broadway character, a snappy conversationalist, devil-may-care attitude. She's young, she's in love (with Murray Hamilton of the cast of Broadway's "Mr. Roberts"). She's even divorced, but she can't let that get her down. Too much in life to waste time frettin'.

Wears lots of off-the-shoulder blouses, orouses and gives her flat-heeled shoes. Sleeps in nothing at all, summer or winter. She never remembers to buy herself perfume, but is happy to use whatever anyone gives her as a present.

Her hair is sweet, straight, unnoticeable under that "hi ya pal" exterior, and has enough temperament to take her far in Hollywood.

Let's take Arlene next. She's all woman and she works at her job twenty-four hours a day. The results don't always please other women, (Continued on page 9)

Miss 1950
the fitted Case of the Year...by

appearing with the glamorous star

Shirley Temple in Colin Miller's production
"A KISS FOR CORLISS" released by United Artists

Shirley's "Miss 1950" is new and exciting! Comes fitted with finest plate glass removable mirror; curved Lucite hairbrush, newly perfected spill-proof powder box and leakproof atomizer; jewelry and hosiery compartment.

Washable lining. So complete there's even a sewing kit! You'll agree with Shirley, it's a "dream!"

3 Piece Ensemble
in the new luxury leather—beautiful but tough TEXAS STEERHIDE. Triple saddle stitching; new "bump-proof" N-Dur Edge (pat. pending). Miss 1950 fitted case, $35.00. Lady's wardrobe, $49.75 and 21" Weekend Case $35.00 lined in contrasting satin.

S. DRESNER & SON, Inc., 512 S. Peoria St., Chicago 7, Ill. *Prices plus Fed. Tax
Nyralon bra with modified plunge comes in eight confetti colors. Sizes 32-38, A and B cup. By Flexees. $2.50 at all leading stores. For the youthful figure, a nylon taffeta and lace elastic girdle by Kleinert. Sizes small, medium and large, white only. $5.00 at The May Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Nyralon taffeta bra has marquisette trim. Sizes 32-40, A and B. In white, pink and black. By Bestform. $1.50 Shillito's, Cincinnati, Ohio. A longer nylon taffeta girdle with zipper By Jantzen in white and pink, sizes $8.50 at Abraham and Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A sheer bra of nylon marquisette by Peter Pan. Sizes 32-38, A and B cup, white only. $3.00 at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y. Pink Ice seamless, boneless latex girdle. Small, medium and large. $4.95 at all leading stores.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 19

DRAWINGS BY MIRIAM HOWARD
Some text content...
(Continued from page 62.) Dick. And she kept the party itself a secret from Michael. Joan Marah, a long-time friend of Norah’s, who couldn’t be at the party, offered to decorate the house and the table. Joan, who used to be a motion picture actress and now has her own business, Paper Unlimited, does the decorations for many Hollywood parties. She carried out the motif of the Kirby party with streamers, multicolored balloons, and a gay paper clown filled with gifts.

The balloons, filled with helium gas so they would stay in the air, were marked with the guests’ names and tied to the hardy little plants. Hot pink punch was used for the toast to 1950. An old Canadian custom which the Kirbys, both native Canadians, always follow.

While they waited for the clock to strike twelve, they played a guessing game in which each person worked out his New Year’s resolution in pantomime. Michael’s was never to go away on tour again, and Norah’s was that, if Michael broke her resolution, she would take up her career again and go with him. Adrian vowed to have the cookbook she’s working on ready for publication before the end of 1950, and David Brown resolved to have a barbecue. Adrian could try out some of her barbecued recipes. John Derek resolved to have a one-man exhibition of his paintings, and Patti hopes to have a show. Few hobbies are more exciting than building to the hopes, eventually, will be a pool house.

Allene Roberts, as sweet and quiet as you’d expect her to be, kept hoping that 1949 was a good year for her as 1945 was, with “Knock on Any Door,” and the number one position on Photoplay’s “Choose Your Star” poll to her credit.

John Derek, who lives more like a native of a far-off mysterious land than a native of California, was a little solemn, but his eyes lit up when he described paintings he had done on location.

It’s really divine, so divine, that Adrian and Patti wanted her recipes. Anyone would. Norah had covered the baked ham with frosting. On this she wrote Happy New Year—1950 in pink. Patti had covered ham with scalloped potatoes, cee slaw with sour cream dressing, pineapple corn sticks and lemon meringue ice box cake. For appetizers during the evening, she served cold boiled shrimp with two dips: Mayonnaise and mix and chili sauce. Guacamole with potato chips for dunking was also very popular. (We gave you a recipe for Guacamole in the December, 1949, issue, but if you need it, send a stamped addressed envelope to the Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.)

APPETIZERS

Arrange boiled shrimp on a large plate with a divided bowl in center. (3 to 4 lbs. serves 12.) In half the divided bowl, place mayonnaise sauce; in other half, snappy chili sauce.

Mayonnaise sauce: Mix 1 cup mayonnaise sauce with 2 tsp. lemon juice and ½ tsp. grated onion.

Hot BURGUNDY PUNCH

Place 3 qts. burgundy wine, 3 sticks cin- namon and 5 cloves in a kettle. Bring to boil and serve hot.

BAKED HAM

Norah baked the 10-pound pre-cooked ham according to the directions on the label. Before she baked it, she trimmed off the outside skin, then brushed it with ½ cup pineapple juice (white wine is good, too) mixed with 1 cup brown sugar. Since the ham was to be decorated it was not scored, but a dozen whole cloves were stuck in the surface. After baking, these were removed and the ham cooled. Norah first covered the meat with a plain white frosting: To 2 tbsp. water and 2 tbsp. lemon juice, gradually stir in 2 cups confectioners’ sugar. Then she made this pink frosting: To 2 tbsp. melted butter and 1 tbsp. pink food coloring, gradually add cup confectioners’ sugar. Beat in a few drops of red coloring. She placed this in a pastry tube and used it for the lettering.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Peel and slice thin 10 medium-size potatoes. Place ½ potato slices in the bottom of a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with ½ tsp. salt, pepper as you like, 1 tbsp. flour, 1 tsp. grating to the onions and generously on top of butter or margarine. Repeat the potatoes and all seasonings three times, to make four layers. Add milk, until it can be seen between the top slices of potatoes. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 30 to 40 minutes or until potatoes are just tender. Then remove cover and bake 10 minutes more, or until delicately brown. Milk may be added from time to time if needed. Makes 12 servings.

COLE SLAW WITH SOUR CREAM DRESSING

1 large head cabbage
1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup sour cream
½ cup lemon juice
2 medium apples

Remove core of cabbage and soak in salted water at least 30 minutes. Drain and pat dry. Shred or chop fine into a large bowl. Mix mayonnaise, sour cream and lemon juice. Wash and core apples and slice very thin. Add to dressing, dipping a few in lemon juice and saving them for garnish. Combine dressing and cabbage.

PINEAPPLE CORN STICKS

2 cups sifted flour
¾ tsp. sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 tbsp. cream
1 cup melted shortening, cooled
1 cup crushed pineapple, well drained
Mix and sift into bowl the flour, cornmeal, baking powder, salt and sugar. Combine dry ingredients all at once. Stir just enough to moisten dry ingredients. Fold in pineapple. Fill well-greased corn stick pans ¾ full. (If your pans are two-piece, sugar first and then fill to top of both pans.) Bake in a hot oven (425°F.) 25 minutes. Makes 14 corn sticks.

LEMON MERINGUE ICE BOX CAKE

4 egg whites
¾ tsp. cream of tartar
Pinch of salt
1 ½ cups sugar
2 egg yolks
3 tbsp. lemon juice
2 tsp. lemon rind
1 cup heavy cream
2 tsp. vanilla
Beat egg whites until foamy; add cream of tartar and salt. Beat until whites stand in peaks. Add 1 cup sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Pour into two well-greased 8-in. cake tins, piling meringue a little higher in center than on sides. Bake in a very low oven (275°F.) 40 minutes, or until firm to the tooth, but not browned. Cool, then remove from pans. Place egg yolks, remaining ½ cup sugar, lemon juice and rind in top of double boiler; beat until well combined. Cook over hot (not boiling) water until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Beat heavy cream until it stands in soft peaks. Add vanilla and 2 tbsp. sugar, if desired. Place one baked meringue on serving dish. Cover with lemon filling. Top with half of whipped cream and second baked meringue; cover with remaining whipped cream. Chill 4 to 5 hours.


The End

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c/o PHOTOPLAY
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

My choice
Follies of 1950

(Continued from page 64) Claire Trevor looked wonderful in a bright yellow sheer wool cocktail dress, with matching wool stole. And believe us, the shade didn’t “kill” her blonde hair, it enhanced it.

There’s lots of style news in new combinations of materials, but you can relax about suddenly being faced with any radical change in style. What’s even more cheering, there will be so many and varied silhouettes, that just about anything that becomes you will be the thing to buy. Dressy clothes will get a little more tailored, and the combination of taffeta and tweed or tweed and satin is something new! Imagine tweed going formal, and it has! Patricia Neal has a divine suit of mauve tweed, designed for “dressed-up” restaurant dining. The slim, cocktail-length skirt has flaring hip pockets, but it’s topped with an off-shoulder “waist” of strapless amethysty satin. Over this, goes a small jacket of the mauve tweed, long-sleeved and with that “dressmaker look.” Self-buttoned down the front, the collar of this coat is wide, rolling and loosely low, showing just a peep of the satin bodice, even when it’s buttoned up.

Don Loper’s collection featured lots and lots of glamorous black; Howard Greer went very “oomph” with afternoon and night ensembles in the lavish and very feminine manner. He loves those big poufs at the sides or back of otherwise slim-lined gowns. But it’s the wonderfully full ball gowns of Greer, Adrian, and other designers that seem to please the dancing ladies the most. One of the loveliest things in Irene’s new show was bought by Ava Gardner. A gorgeous, strapless evening dress, the top of which was a skin-tight black satin bodice, very décolleté, slight-ly heart-shaped in front and trimmed only with a narrow “collar” of the same satin folded flat all around the front. The fabulously full floor-length skirt has great big draped black satin swags descending from the waistline to several inches below the hips at each side. Doesn’t the description of it, give you ideas about the “possibilities” of any net evening gown (of any color) that you might own, and which, perhaps, looks a little “tired” to you at this point? Judy Garland came back from the East loaded with clothes and a fresh new interest in duds that she hasn’t exhibited in a long time. One outfit (and an absolute pip for traveling) is really three dresses in one. The basic piece is a strapless, short evening dress of a sturdy crepe, the kind that “hangs out its own wrinkles.” With jewelry and elaborate accessories, this version can go to any after-five affair except a ball. Now, this dress has its own snug-fitting black jacket of soft black wool, and can be worn this way to shop or to lunch. The third piece is a stunning jacket of rose-pink metallic cloth and when it’s worn over the dress, Judy has a beautiful cocktail suit.

SOnJA HENIE tossed one of her “smaller parties” for her new husband, Winnie Gardiner. A small party to Sonja means about fifty people, and how nice it was! She cellophone-tented in the terrace around her playhouse by the pool, and seated her guests at two long flower-laden tables for twenty-five each. The hit of the party was, but positively, the richest, crunchiest, choicest, most fattening dessert “we’ve ever seen” (scroll into view!). Wally Johnson ditched his diet to dive in and so did Joan Crawford, Lana Turner, Bob Topping, Ann Sothern, Cesar Romero, Jeffre Crain and Paul Brinkman and the Tony Martins. Lana, who wore almost nothing but white for a whole year once, is now going in almost exclusively for black. She had on a lovely thing of black chiffon and lace this night, and was sporting a gorgeous new set of diamond wing-shaped clips. (P. S. It turned out that the luscious dessert mentioned above had been whipped up by Sonja’s Momma. It took hours, and nobody would give with the recipe, or we’d sure pass it on to you.)

Well, kiddies, Joan Crawford had sixteen (count ’em) extra men at the splendid fugal formal dinner dance she gave just before starting to work in “The Victim.” She had the extra men because she was afraid one of those gin-rummy sessions would start after dinner and leave a lot of beautiful belles beau-less. Among her “stags at eve” were attractive Jack Briggs, the visiting Prince Mohammed Pahlavi (who used to be beau Rita Hayworth), Jel Ferrer, John Hodnak (Anne Baxter was in Arizona on location), and husky Jim Davis, now regaining his foothold in the movies, after almost losing it with the unsuccessful “Winter Meeting.” Joan wore an ankle-length gown of pale, delicate beige lace over a toast-brown slip. High-necked, snug basque top with tiny sleeves, very full, gored skirt. This simplicity was highlighted by her blazing diamond jewelry consisting of that baguette choker with its enormous diamond clip appended, diamond earrings, that uniquely set oblong diamond ring; of hers, and if we start describing any more of Crawford’s jewel collection, we’ll only turn bright green with envy again, so we’ll stop.

The End
(Continued from page 48) The boy could answer, he hurried on. "If there's anything of any importance and value that I can tell you, my boy, it's this: Never, never, never turn your back to any work which you don't enjoy, you are sure never to succeed at it. I don't know what you want to do, and perhaps, you don't either, yet. But when you find out what it is, do it, and give it your best shot weekly.

But Gordon knew. He wanted to sing. He didn't know then, just where or how he wanted to sing, but that didn't matter, if he could only do it so that people would like to hear him.

He's been singing ever since, whenever the spirit moved him, sometimes with surprising results. There was the time, several years ago, when he was a page boy at the NBC studios in New York and was taking a breather from his duties in the lounge. Suddenly, from nowhere, there appeared a gentleman who introduced himself as George Jackel. "Do you read music?" he asked. He was, he revealed, with the Horace Heidt organization. A singer was leaving them unexpectedly. Would Gordon like to audition for the spot? Gordon was very much interested, but had never seen his face. He felt much as Bing felt in his early motion picture days when he used to moan, "When they get a load of my part, they will start breaking up my record!"

GORDON thought of this a few months ago, when he was in Kansas City while Lasky Pictures was buying for a film. They had a show. He dropped into a jive joint where a beery character was playing one of his recordings over and over.

"This guy, MacRae, sends me," the beery one observed, "the boys like him."

"He sings some numbers in a picture showing just down the street," Gordon volunteered.

The beery one considered, "Uh! Uh!" he decided, suddenly, "Don't wanna see his face. He might not send me any more!"

There were four MacRaes when they arrived in Hollywood two years ago. Gordon and Sheila and two little girls, Meredith Lynn and Heather Allison. There are five now, since the advent of small William Gordon MacRae who reconstitutes the family. When you meet the MacRaes, you find it almost impossible to believe that they have actually been married nine years and that they are the parents of this husky trio of youngsters. It is a scientific maneuver, very young, themselves. Sheila was in her teens when Gordon first met her at the Millpond Playhouse at Roslyn, Long Island, where they were both trying to acquire acting education. A stock company furnishes beautiful opportunities for whirlwind courtship, but this young couple had the conventional obstacles of the whole question of location.

Sheila was a stock company girl, and Gordon was a stock company man. They were constantly on the move, living from the pay envelopes. These conditions, it was agreed, were not conducive to a healthful and enduring marriage. They married on impulse, but only became engaged. The families were not disposed to encourage the union, for reasons that, in the young people's opinion, were self-evident.

"It does no good for you, because you will have to work at it. "Have joy in it, and be grateful for what is not actually yours, but is divinely given!"
The Most Exciting Girl in Hollywood

(Continued from page 56) forget these things to turn the columns of their papers into public whipping posts for charmers like Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

It always is futile, of course, to argue with those who condemn for the sheer pleasure they take in sitting back in varicious virtue.

"Tell us, Ella," said my shipboard host, trying to avert a feminine tussle, no doubt, "why you rate Miss Taylor the most exciting girl in Hollywood."

"Because she is one star who isn’t afraid to act her age," I answered, and the subject ended in general laughter.

Actually, there are many reasons why Elizabeth is exciting. She is a great, authentic beauty. It must be intoxicating to awaken in the morning and have her face look back at you from the mirror. And I do not mean to forget her beautifully curved body. That’s not all. Neither empty-headed nor lackadaisical, Elizabeth has not, even for a moment, coasted on her looks. She has vitality. She has imagination and she has humor.

Because of all this, I doubt even Hollywood will be equal to forcing Elizabeth into any cautious, fearful mold. She may well have before her such a life and such a career as great beauties used to know. What if, in those days, too, a few suspicious souls, who put the worst possible interpretation on everything, used to chuck disapprovingly? The rest of the world enjoyed these glamorous existences mightily.

In many ways, Elizabeth remains a child. Before she broke her engagement to Bill Pawley Jr., her studio schoolteacher used to shake her head over the idea of Elizabeth getting married. "She’s too immature," she would say. "She’s still a little girl in many ways. Already, she’s missing going to the beach for the day with her gang, having the same freedom that other girls her age know."

Liz, these days, never seems to have time to get herself together properly. She’s addicted to pin trouble; likely to come apart at the seams. At a party at Tommy Breen’s, Tommy’s mother had to pin Liz together before she could go downstairs and join the fun.

Roddy MacDowall loves to tell about the first time he met Elizabeth. It was on the set of her first picture, "Lassie Come Home." When she came on the set, the cameraman took one look at her long, thick black lashes and said, "Would you mind going back to the make-up man and have him remove part of your make-up. You have on too much mascara and eye pencil." Elizabeth, in a small voice, answered, "I won’t be in it. It’s mine!"

Jerome Courtland’s known Liz for years, of course. Like the others, he insists the wacky things she does and her habit of definitely forgetting to remember, are part of her charm. On last New Year’s Day, Jerome asked Liz to the big game at the Rose Bowl. He had some errands to do in the morning, so he left the precious tickets with her. The minute he parked in front of her house and honked she came running out. They had arranged an early start because of the terrific traffic jam. During the last five miles, creeping along a foot at a time, they consumed the sandwiches and soft drinks Jerome had brought along. Finally, they got the car parked and started towards the stadium. "You’d better give the tickets to me, Liz," Jerome said. She gasped. "Oh dear, I forgot them." They telephoned the Taylor house and Mr. Taylor offered to drive...
over with them. Jerome and Liz reached the stands in time for the middle of the second quarter.

However, for all her gaiety and vitality and slight wackiness, Liz is also given to flights of imagination. There are within her, still, the same facets of personality that caused her to fall passionately in love with the chipmunk, "Nibbles," whom she "immortalized" between book covers with her tender story and illustrations. She possesses, too, the same facets of personality that caused her to go home and wish and pray that she might grow inches quickly enough to play the role of "Velvet" in "National Velvet." And either by a miracle, or through a natural spurt of growth, she accomplished this. She grew three inches in three months' time.

It is her imagination, of course, that causes her to fall in love. Any girl might be excused for thinking herself in love with a hero like Glenn Davis. Any girl might have worn his football with dreamy pride. Any girl might have thrilled to and talked about the West Point engagement ring he had ordered for her. But Elizabeth's imagination went further. She dreamed, all the time she was away in the Orient, of the life they would have together. There would be brass and copper all about, she said, to reflect the firelight. There would be curtains to pull across the windows, and there would be velvet-covered hills. and the sea.

When Elizabeth and her mother returned from a sojourn in England, the press talked more about her engagement to Glenn than she did. By this time, it may be her imagination was moving far ahead of her. She even protested the publicity about Glenn and herself. "It is people at West Point don't like it," she said, to over and over, "They disapprove of Glenn's name and picture appearing in magazines and newspapers with an actress. Glenn might have worn his football with dreamy pride. But the publicity increased, in spite of her.

While she was in New York, she went on a clothes-buying spree. She must be the clothes-buying spree when you look like Liz Taylor. She was excited about the dresses she had selected when she went down to her car with her mother. Then, at a crossing, she spied a Seeing Eye dog. The dresses were forgotten. She was the little girl of a handful of years ago, who lived in her own world peopled with chipmunks, dogs, and horses.

In Florida, she met Bill Pawley Jr. He took her swimming. He took her dancing at the big homes of his friends on the islands. She took her sailing under the most incredible moon. He, possessing all the advantages of wealth, ease and leisure, introduced Elizabeth to these things. Again, her imagination ran away with her. By the time Glenn Davis arrived, unexpectedly, she had another dream. She would be Mrs. William Pawley Jr. She would have a lovely house on a lovely island. How could a mere motion picture career compare with being a leisurely wife, a famous hostess, swimming every day in that bright sea? It couldn't, until she returned to Hollywood, and her career claimed her thoughts again.

It was then the big diamond on her finger began to look less glamorous. It was then she began to be lured by the restrictions of being engaged. She had asked for it, yes, but she became less and less sure she wanted it when she watched her young group pair off without her, when, if she did go along, she was a "spare." Even her imagination could conjure up no glamorous picture for a "spare."

Elizabeth will be eighteen in February. Of course, all her age and in the romantic throes of collecting flat pins and school letters and of propounding over hot fudge sundaes and marshmallow floats, their deathless love for the first youth to have physical attraction for them. For these girls and their young gentlemen, there is no harm in all this. It is, at once, an exciting and heartbreaking part of growing up. But, when you're Elizabeth Taylor of Hollywood, and football heroes and scions of famous houses fall in love with you, the presses roll. And the consequences are different.

Glenn Davis is back at West Point. His life is a full one. And he is such a truly attractive young man that, now that the ribbing he undoubtedly took for a time is over, I have no doubt he faces his brilliant future with equanimity and another pretty girl on his arm.

Bill Pawley Jr. is a sophisticate. I doubt Elizabeth was his first love. I am certain she will not be his last. If he wishes it, he can sail off her way and forget his hurt, if any hurt remains.

Elizabeth is in Hollywood, at work in "A Place in the Sun," creating a role which entrances her. At the moment, she has set her course on becoming a great actress. She still has her imagination. She still has her vitality. She still has her sense of fun. She still forgets to remember. I doubt, therefore, that either the experiences of the past, or the future exigencies of Hollywood ever will change her. I think she will continue to live in the tradition of the great beauties who lived lives more colorful and romantic and exciting than any role they ever essayed on screen or stage.

Which explains why I rate Liz the most exciting girl in Hollywood today.

The End

do you have a kindly heart?

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JOHNNY OLSEN, M.C.

For details of "The Kindly Heart" contest, read TRUE ROMANCE magazine now at newsstands!
No One Else Could Take Her Place

(Continued from page 41) married: We wanted a baby, and we bought a little house.

Then our studio ran through three administrations and everybody, including us, got fired.

Barbara refused to worry. At least, she refused to admit she was worried. Lots of people had had babies, she said, with a lot less security than we had.

But I fretted. I was a slum kid. My father died when I was six years old, and my mother worked like a dog as a waitress to pay a couple to take care of me, you could hardly call it room and board, because I slept in the bathtub, but they were kind to me, and it was home. I could remember, all too vividly, what it was like to be broke, really broke. I felt the pressure all the more deeply, I think, because I knew Barbara didn’t know what real poverty was like, and I didn’t want her ever to have to face it.

I HAD met her folks, and all her nice friends, when we went back to her home town of Rockford, Illinois, to be married. That pretty little mid-western city, that sense of roots and matter-of-fact abundance was a far cry from the struggle just to stay alive I remembered from my childhood.

Barbara probably can’t understand this even yet, and she is the most understanding, the most generous, and the most patient and tolerant person I’ve ever known. But I worried until I was sick.

And then one morning I was really sick. I’m a big guy, and I look like a healthy brute, but I have an old back injury which goes back to my adagio-dancing days. It kicked up when I was in basic training in the service, and I was medically discharged.

It had let me alone for a couple of years. We didn’t need my trick back, I was just on top of everything else, but we got it. I went to bed one night, feeling fine. The next morning, I couldn’t get out of bed.

I couldn’t move my legs. This business went on for five interminable months, and I don’t think Barbara said one discouraging word. When it began to look as though one doctor couldn’t lick it, the poisoning, or infection, or whatever it was, Barbara would dig up some other specialist. We didn’t talk about it, as though by mutual consent, but I know I dreamed about doctor bills.

The top came when yet another doctor decided that I should go into the hospital for a concentrated series of penicillin injections.

Barbara drove me down to the hospital, I was on crutches, and she was carrying my bag. The elevator operator took one look at Barbara, the baby was just a month and a half off by now, and deposited us on the maternity floor! I wouldn’t have given a dime right then for my chances ever to get well, ever to get back to work, ever to be able again to take care of my family. And I’m an old-fashioned guy. In my book, a man is a man, unless he’s a breadwinner.

Despite everything Barbara had done, and she was magnificent, the most wonderful support in time of trouble a man ever had, I felt I was washed up. I had lost all confidence. I was ready to give up.

I don’t know exactly what turned the tide. The penicillin worked, for one thing. And I know that first look at our precious little Jody helped. It helped when I heard Barbara’s voice, happy and alive, on the loud-speaker in the hospital waiting room. “Tell my husband to come up.”

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85
New hope ran like new blood in my veins when I heard that.

And then I got a job in "The Stratton Story." A job, as a free-lance actor, at twice my old contract salary. That helped. And how.

Funny. We can talk about it now. About how rocky things were. While it was going on, we would talk about everything else.

Barbara was right about one thing. I must be strong for the ordeal, but I can't feel that way about it. Barbara and I didn't need to go through the tortures of the damned to know how much we mean to one another. It was inevitable from the day that we met, when we were both just breaking into pictures at RKO, that we would be married. Not matter how much we fought the idea, and both of us fought it, it had to be.

I had sworn early in my show business career, and I was a professional dancer when I was seventeen, that I'd find friendship among the women, in what I thought was a rugged profession, but never a wife.

But they mixed, for Barbara and me, from the start. We met doing a publicity layout. Barbara needed to learn some swimming for a picture, and I taught her.

WHEN we finally got a chance to make a picture together, we found all sorts of easy ways to stay together. It made the building.

We'd have coffee in the commissary and tell one another our troubles. We were both feeling pretty blue about the slowdown at the studio, we were never going to be actors, we figured, if we didn't get our faces on the screen. I think the first item in our mutual attraction was our mutual need for a shoulder to cry on.

Barbara says she was just as determined as I was not to let this thing between us get serious. But I wonder.

And Barbara wouldn't admit this, but she worried, "You can drive me home tonight," she'd say, or, "Wouldn't you like to grab a bite to eat after we finish shooting? Dutch treat, of course."

And on New Year's Eve, she called me up and asked me to take her to a party. Somehow, in this process, my fine resolve about not mixing business and personal life was lost.

And then Barbara left town to do personal appearances, and I was desolate. We ran up a phone bill which could compare favorably with the national debt, and the day Barbara got back I was at the station a good hour before train time.

We said one another at the same moment, and it was as though we were propelled by an unseen puppeteer. We landed in one another's arms.

"Say, Bill," Barbara said after a long moment, "How would it be if we went to the same phone. The bills could all go to one address."

That made it easy for me. The speech I had made up on the same subject was necessary.

"It's a deal," I said. And it was.

It's been a wonderful marriage except for, no, not except for, including that one spring.

We bought our little house and started fixing it up as soon as we got back from our wedding trip. We don't go out much, and we don't have many guests. We like being together so much better.

We've worked out this two-careers-in-one-family deal pretty well. When Barbara works, I take care of Jody, and cook, and shop, and run the vacuum cleaner. Why not, anyway? It works. Barbara does the same. When we both work, and happily, it looks as though we're going to have to adjust to that situation as normal, Barbara does the other one, and I do this. She comes in sometimes, takes over.

As for that old bugaboo about who makes more money than whom, we don't care. It all goes in the same bank account.

One thing that has helped our marriage as much as anything, I think, is that we never let an argument last overnight. We have our little disagreements, all people do, especially if they're both working, and one is tired side. But we made a rule—and we've never broken it—in case of a quarrel, talk it out.

When Barbara went back east for the opening of "The Red, Red Robin," we already a celebrity, and set for one of those big studio build-ups, I went along for the ride.

The studio publicity folk met Barbara at the station. I got off the train to find my old dancing pal, Stew and Leta Morgan, waiting to greet me.

"I'll see you at the hotel," I yelled to Barbara as she was hurled away.

I stopped at the hotel desk a couple of hours later and asked for the key to our suite. "Mr. and Mrs. Bill Williams," I said.

They had no reservation for the Williamses. "Maybe," I said, "temper, temper. It's in the name of Barbara Hale."

"We have a Barbara Hale registered," the clerk said, suspiciously. "Do you know her?"

"I've got to," I snapped at this, "she's the mother of my child."

This sort of thing happens, and it will go on happening. We expect that. And we don't let it get us down, not for long, anyhow.

The grim spring is past, and will not come again. (We hope.) And the daily huddles are not insurmountable.

We have our love to keep us warm.
My Nephew Bob Hope

(Continued from page 38) Hundreds of people I've never met, all because of the particular boy the family called Les, but whom the world today calls Bob. Bob Hope, one of the finest men who ever came to fame, who was then barely five years old.

Yes, I call him Bob now, too, like the rest of the universe. He lives in a glittering world, quite apart from my simple world in a small California city. Yet he hasn't really changed.

He still has many of the friends he made in boyhood. The first girl he ever seriously dated he still calls upon when he's back in Cleveland for the summer. His wife, the former Margaret Russell, and the children of the mother. The only girl he ever loved, he's still married to, after seventeen happy years. His house overruns with youngsters and he loves them all, because he always did love a big family and being part of a gang.

I've seen him under all sorts of circumstances, then he's been introduced by a big pack of back-slappers or when he's alone with myself and his uncle Fred. He's always just himself. I could pay him endless tributes, but I guess the one that tells you all that and the entire family adores him. You know that's unusual. It's because he has always been so warmhearted, so thoroughly thoughtful and kind, we couldn't do anything but love him.

But, let me say that Bob Cleveland days and tell you how such a fine man came to be. First of all, don't misunderstand me. Superior as Bob is, he's no better than his boys. They have all turned out to be great men.

Bob's father was my husband's brother, Harry. Harry was a stonemason by trade, and so good at it, he used to cut the intricate stone work for churches that were built in English churches. I guess it was my husband's and my coming to America, and writing so glowingly about it, that finally persuaded Harry to come, too. He joined us.

Charlie Cooley was a stonemason's job, and after eight lonely months, he had money enough to pay the passage for his wife and the six little boys.

(Continued, see next page.)

STILL, Bob soon discovered he could make money faster by being funny. Avis told me he had accidentally discovered that in England, while he was still a mere baby.

His great-aunt Polly, who was the widow of a sea captain, was away for a while. Yet when she was still toddling, he found out that if he stuck out his stomach and showed off before her, she'd give him cookies.

By the time he was in his early teens, he translated this impulse by going into Harry Chaplin contests.

Chaplin contests were being given everywhere when Bob was growing up, and he got so good that he used to go CHAPLIN and win. Finally, he was ready, and entered as a "single" in Chicago, it was his looking upon Charlie that kept him from just plain starving. Charlie financed him, fed him, and got him booked in a theater. But more than that, he took Bob under his wing. This engagement was the turning point in his career.

Being the fellow he is, Bob didn't forget.

Charlie Cooley works for him, and they are still just as close friends as they were as boys in Cleveland.

Bob and Dolores were married in 1932, and if there ever was an ambassador of good will, that lovely girl is surely it. After my husband died, his brother Frank and I used to call often on Bob and Dolores after they finally settled in Hollywood.

Frank and I both know they live in a world apart from ours. They are far removed from their families, and home is their are still the unaffected, warm, friendly people everyone loves. They took Frank and me back to England with them in 1959, and we would have stayed there, but we had to get back to the coming war. It's a Thanksgiving Day we aren't with them, and most Christmases, and there has never been any Christmas or Easter that they have not most generously remembered us.

Bob, of course, for his talent as a comedian, as, for instance, in his wonderfully funny role in "The Great Lover." But to me, he's something greater than that, he's a kind and generous man with warmth and a gift for friendship—my nephew, Bob Hope.

THE END

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TACCOLI

37
Duke in Coonskin

(Continued from page 35) got, besides blood?"

It was a fair question. The boy has been around for twenty years. His acting has shot down no Oscars and his sex appeal has swooned no lady columnists to listar him among their chosen. John Ford brought him to be wrecked by on a desert island.

It was easy to say that folks wanted Westerns. But Westerns have always been with us. A name not with us, a horse opera diva like Hi Ho! and Hopalong. He owns no hose. Never has. His covered wagon is a Cadillac.

It's true he was the first singing cowboy, but John Ford—Wade Morrison—was no cowpokes and they had to show where to put his hand on the guitar. Yet, the picture he made in three days for seventeen thousand doughnuts, is still good today.

Rayal Walsh was first to get a load of it when practically knocked off his director's seat by a giant, rangy, prop boy ambling across the set.

That's the guy for "The Big Trail," Walsh said. He got out a contract and said, "Sign here. What's your name?"

"Duke Morrison," the prop boy said.

"From now on it's John Wayne," Walsh said. "And don't you forget it!"

"Yes sir," said Duke and promptly forgot.

To this day, he is Duke to one and all of his loyal gang.

The name has only the name. "I had a decoration," the Duke says, "I was named after him."

Back in Winterset, Iowa, where he came to life, he was christened Marion Michael Morrison by his Scotch-Irish parents.

DUKE MORRISON was a celebrity before he was John Wayne. It took him years to eclipse his fame as the football cog in the small-town Iowaale, and one of his fans. He gave him a job in the prop department for summer vacations.

Duke starred in his first picture but there were no frantic phone calls from acting. "I was lacking in confidence in myself as an actor, he headed toward the prop department. "I was a prop man at heart," he says. "I still am."

Every so often in his hucking career he came to town to sell stock and he sold stock, but he sold it. Now, John Ford let out a roar that made him jump two feet. "Cut it out!" Ford bellowed.

"You are going to make a lot of money in the business. You're not much of a salesman, he said.

The Duke, not only thinks Ford, he worries him. It was in Ford's "Stagecoach" that he turned the corner. Ford and Ward Bond practically lived together Ford's boat. You couldn't find one without the others.

Ford is a man who inspires fanatical devotion. So is Wayne. Ford works with an absolute, it creates American; his friends known as the Ford Group. The Duke has his circle of stout bucks. He carries more men on his personal payroll than any man in Hollywood.

The Duke needed such instruction as Polonius gave his son; he was imbued with it: "Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hellish bonds."

That is the secret of Wayne's strength as man and producer. It is the secret of success in pictures; collaborative work. The greatest stars have had it; Harold Lloyd, Doug Fairbanks Sr., Charlie Chaplin.

With Wayne it is more than business, it is a personal ideal. He's a man's man, practicing the all-for-one-and-one-for-all. You get the instant you want flung on to his set by the mood music of an accompaniment in the hands of maestro Tony Trav-
DURING the whole time he was in Berlin, Monty went out not more than four or five nights, and a couple of these were quiet dinners at the house of director George Seaton. Receiving constant invitations which he invariably turned down, he told Henkel, "I don't have the time. I have to work." His only real fling was dinner at the luxurious Soviet Intourist restaurant, where stories have been written, and a trip through Alexander Platz, the shabby square in the Russian sector where Berlin's frightful black marketers gather.

Because he wanted to live in semi-seclusion, few members of the film company or the Berlin community saw him off location. For a few days, he made quiet trips up and down the streets alone, occasionally with some GI companion. Then, even these ceased.

Henkel, constantly on the set watching Monty, says, "Each scene he would play alone, with concentration, but if it wasn't perfect, he would willingly play it over and over again. They shot a scene in which Mr. Clift kisses Cornella Burch, who plays opposite him, at least twenty times. Mr. Clift put up with this only because he wanted the time as the first offer, that I blame him so much. She's some fräulein! But he scarcely spoke to herself off location.

"Hard as knowing that one had lost his sense of fun, according to Henkel. "For his role, Mr. Clift had to learn the song, 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo,'" the driver recalls. "One evening, he sang it in a really funny way. Then, finally, he came out into the dining room, where I was sitting and asked me how I liked his singing. I told him it was 'very fine,' 'beautiful.' He just looked at me with a perfectlystraight face for one minute, then closed one eye slowly and winked.

And he combined his sense of humor with a determination to improve his, and Henkel's, linguistic ability. He ordered the driver to learn two new jokes a day and, then, on the way home from the studio, tell them to him in German, French and English, and he later repeated them in the Berlin papers and magazines, and each night would duly and ponderously recite them two jokes. "Mr. Clift always thought they were funny," Henkel says, "I think.

The scene designer, who had to know Monty over there was his mysterious secretary, Mira Letts. A handsome woman, perhaps ten years his senior, Miss Letts was Clift's only female friend and confidant. She worked together, ate together and worked endless hours in the evening together. Despite the rumors, which, not unnaturally, spread fast and furious among members of the company and among MONTY's lifting correspondents, there is nothing to indicate that the relationship between the two was anything but platonic.

In fact, Henkel reports that frequently, as the star and his secretary were on their way to the studio, Monty would speak wistfully of a girl back home and the driver overheard the word "marriage" pop into the conversation more than once. And it was reported in almost everything that Monty excitedly went through the mail every day as it arrived from the Army Post Office, looking for "that letter.

The third person who had any intimate knowledge of Monty during his sojourn in Berlin was his housekeeper, "Herr Clift would often come out into the kitchen in the evening and we would have long dissertation about cooking—always the German," Frau Lise remembers. "He liked to cook, especially steaks, which he made barbarously rich in that way Americans have, and egg desserts."

Frau Lise held Monty in high regard, to the unique quality of Monty's singing voice. "I would wake him up at seven in the morning by knocking on the door and then slamming down the window in his room," she says. "Then, in a few minutes, I would hear the shower and, above it, Mr. Clift singing. Es war nicht schön, aber lustig—not good, but loud. Then Mr. Clift, feeling like cooking, come into the kitchen and ask me how I liked his voice. I always told him the truth, that I didn't, and he would smile and say, 'I know I can't sing. Frau Lise, but I have to try.'"

In all respects, Frau Lise recalls, Clift was easy to work with, and pleasant to be with. "He was not noticeably nor demanding of the appearance of himself and always talk to me as if I were a friend, not someone who worked for him."

THE single incident which impressed her most, indeed, almost overwhelmingly, was Monty's choice of bedrooms. The spacious, house in which the Press Center had billeted him, had three bedrooms on the second floor, two of them large and not being used, but larger than a closet. Clift, after looking them all over, selected the small room—and slept in it during his whole stay.

Henkel recalls that when he was living in such a cubbyhole! Frau Lise chuckles. "He said he liked the room in the small room, but he wouldn't let Henkel and me move it into one of the bigger rooms.

Although Monty gained the dislike of some in Berlin because of his persistent aloofness, he gained the affection of a number of others because of his lack of pretension. Among the latter were the USO visitors at Tempelhof studios, the make-up artists, with whom he kept friends, the pleasures on his departure, and a good many of the GIs and airlift guys."

Henkel recalls that there was graphic evidence of this one evening on their way home from the studies. He had been driving fast and, suddenly, heard a siren behind him. He pulled over and a Military Police car stopped alongside him. "Don't you know you were doing forty-five?" bawled the rawboned MP as he began to write out a ticket. Then, sticking his head inside the car window and recognizing the young man with the piercing eyes, hatless and carelessly dressed in parts of a GI uniform, he chuckled, "If it isn't Monty Clift. Go ahead, Monty. It's only a sixty-five.

As they drove off, Monty whistled in relief. "I wasn't so worried about getting a ticket for speeding," he said. "I was afraid those MP's would pull me into the guardhouse for being out of uniform."

No man, they say, is a hero to his valet. Maybe not. But Monty Clift certainly is a hero to his chauffeur and housekeeper.
Once again their eyes met, and I could see how much Cary likes this cool, slim girl. That is why she adores him, there can be no doubt.

I must admit that I have seen Cary on previous occasions when he was courting other girls. However, I believed him to be more than just a romantic interest. But the way he treats Betsy is different. He respects her, listens to her judgment, and has a protective attitude toward her that is charming.

ONE are the traces of the siege with the yellow jaundice Cary had earlier in the year. And he has put back some weight. He looks as though he is spending a lot of time getting his health up to par. He's in a good mood.

"You know," I told Cary, "I think one of the reasons you like Betsy so much is because she wants to do the things you like to do, and that's a cheerful contrast to our last girl. And referring, of course, to Barbara Hutton."

"Poor Barbara," Cary spoke with sincere feeling. "I hope her health improves. I am so sorry she has been so ill.

I remember those days with Barbara Hut- son's. With few exceptions, the guests were titled foreigners who spoke only French. It was a stifled gathering and no psychoana- lyst was needed to sense how bored Cary was with the party's travelogue.

But even when he and Barbara parted, as they were bound to do, Cary never in any way criticized her or her mode of life.

For, though it was the first time either Cary or Betsy had admitted to me they had any plans to marry and maybe you don't think I didn't feel it away.

He laughed. "You know, Louella," he said, "we've tricked me into making a lot of admissions. You've been hurling questions at me a mile a minute."

"I'm going to hurl another," I said. "Do you think Betsy will succeed as a top ac-

"If she has the right directors and sto- ries," he replied promptly. "She has the innate talent. But she can't be a puppet just to make a commercial success."

And I have to say I will not in the least mind if she should give it all up to become plain Mrs. Cary Grant," I said.

"No, no!" he protested. "I have found real happiness in my career. And Betsy should have the same offers if she wants it."

At the door, I kissed Betsy on the cheek. Her face was so fresh and so shining I couldn't resist letting her know how much I hoped she would keep her happiness.

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"And I have to say I will not in the least mind if she should give it all up to become plain Mrs. Cary Grant," I said.
LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Tune in Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Story," Mutual Broadcasting System, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 5:35 p.m.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON was showing a friend his art gallery. The friend noticed there was a portrait of Mrs. Robinson but none of Eddie.

"Don't you have a portrait of yourself?" asked the friend.

"No," barked Eddie. "I collect art, not gargoyles."

Old Hollywood proverb: "The only time two people can agree in Hollywood is when they decide how much a third party should give to charity."

A glamorous movie star, telling a story to her little boy, said: "There was the daddy bear, the mother bear and a baby bear —by her first marriage."

Mary Boland, after trying on a new hat: "It's magnificent, only, let's not show it to Howard Hughes. He may want to fly it solo."

Robert Young and his wife went to a big Hollywood party for the first time in months. As they were leaving, Mrs. Young turned to Bob and said: "You know, we haven't been out for so long, everybody looks older."

Interviewer to Gracie Allen: "Miss Allen, what is the first thing you notice about an attractive man?"

Gracie: "The first thing I notice about an attractive man is whether my husband George is around."

Red Skelton insists M-G-M is planning a sequel to "Command Decision." Only, this time, it will be about the medical corps with the title, "Command Incision."

Hollywood's big campaign to find new faces reminds me of Walter Catlett's classic crack to a studio executive with a face only a mother could love. They met and the executive said he was going to New York to find some new faces.

"Well," said Catlett, "while you're there, get a new one for yourself."

Ed Gardner was impressed by Clifton Webb's clothes and pronounced him the height of fastidious fashion. "In fact," said Ed to Clifton, "you could drop dead and nobody would have to do a thing to you."

Sign of the times outside a Hollywood furniture store:

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Print
I'd Like to See Them Marry—

(Continued from page 37) You just have to share a few more likes in common.

After all, it’s not a large group. There are only eighteen people listed in the directory of students, but this includes Paulette, but hers is a different kind of group, the game that glitters in a jeweler’s window. Paulette is a girl who insists on visible proof of appreciation, if it isn’t a diamond bracelet, she’ll settle for a diamond or Old Masters. Clark’s generosity usually stops short at a bunch of hand-picked roses, or two dozen pairs of nylons.

Paulette sleeps all morning, except when she’s working. I believe she would shoot Clark with one of his prize guns if he ever awakened her at four a.m. for a spot of duck hunting.

Janet, who might be Mrs. Arthur Loew Jr., by the time you read this. If she isn’t, I have another perfect man for her—Rody McDowall. They are both gentle people, both utterly nice. A marriage between them couldn’t fail to be successful.

At the time of writing, Ginger Rogers is swooning for Greg Bautzer. And vice versa, maybe. It’s hard to tell with Greg—he’s a top lawyer and can keep a secret with his eyes closed. But he’s also a master at keeping his optimistic heart blooming like a well-watered rose in the sunshine of Mr. Bautzer’s companionship. Ginger is a determined woman. And if she wants to change Greg, she will. But if she’s as sable as I think she is, she won’t. Because this is what could happen.

Of course,” says Ginger lovingly but firmly, “we’ll live in my house.” “No,” says Greg lovingly but firmly, “We’ll live in my house.” “But,” protests Ginger, with a cute pout, “my husbands always live in my house. It’s so beautiful and my lovely soda fountain is there.” “Yeah,” says Greg, “the soda fountain, it’s lovely, if you like ice cream. I don’t.” Greg wouldn’t say what I’m going to say now, because he’s a gentleman and he never discusses one woman with another. But the chief reason he and Joan Crawford did not marry was because she, too, wanted him to live in her house.

So we had better leave the house an open question. And continue to Act Two. “We must give a big party,” Ginger tells Greg. “Well, not too big,” says Greg, who prefers small groups. “Not too big,” agrees Ginger. She invites fifty people. Ginger, like Greg, is a perfectionist. Her small party is going to be the best small party of the year. With her mother’s help, every place card and every nut is in its proper place by 6:30 p.m. She calls Greg at his office.

“Mr. Bautzer is in conference,” she is told by his charming secretary. “This is important,” snaps Ginger. After a brief delay, Greg says, “Hi,” Ginger says, “We’re ready for you at home darling, will you leave right away?” “Not right away,” says Greg. “When I finish the meeting.” At eight o’clock, the guests have all arrived. As Greg dashes in, showers and changes his clothes in five minutes flat. But not as flat as Ginger’s collapsed smile when the guests have gone and she wants to know why in blazes Greg prefers his work to her happiness. Curtain—literally.

When Joan Crawford loves, she loves very deeply. And I believe that if she married a wealthy man who was not in the picture business and he wanted her to give up her career, she wouldn’t hesitate. But heaven help the actor who expects his career to be project number one when he marries Joan. If Stewart Granger married Joan, giving one of her immovable ambitious movie stars gets together under the same roof? Paging the atom bomb!

Stewart would never get further than, “In a few years, Joan’s first person singular would be on third base already. But maybe they could make a home-run, because Joan wouldn’t listen when Stewart was talking about his new career, he was off his hearing when Joan was spoiling about herself. If they could just learn to synchronize, it’s not impossible that they could live monogamously happily ever after.

MONTGOMERY CLIFT lives like a man who makes fifty dollars a week. His most recent purchase was a $10,000-a-picture-car. career, he wouldn’t have to cut down on his way of living. I don’t know how much, if anything, Joan saves of her similar high bracket salary. But, she certainly spends with a free non-Clifftian hand. Furs, jewels, gowns, lots of servants, Joan loves these material possessions.

Little Ann Blyth is a home girl plus. She’s a good cook, and very good to the uncles and aunt with whom she lives. Peter Lawford is also great to the people he lives with. But that is the only thing he and Annie have in common. It certainly would be a strange mating if Peter married Miss Blyth. First of all, he’d teach her to be more sophisticated. Peter once told me he only likes girls who know their way around in public. He used the word “barrel house” for “a girl who knows her way around in public.” Hedy Lamarr. I still don’t know what he means. But one thing is sure, the softly appealing Ann is not “barrel house.”

Farley Granger, the Hollywood number number one eligible bachelor, is twenty four. Joan Evans is only fifteen but she’s big and strong in body and mind. She’s completely normal and completely nep. No one who is on the sensitive side without being a neurotic. Farley is young enough in his way of living to prefer ice cream to iced champagne. Joan is old enough in her attitude to discuss foie gras. Both are as relentlessly ambitious. You never really know what Kirk’s thinking. Ditto for Deanna. Once upon a time, Deanna liked my husband, but she’d rather stay home. So why not together?

Can you see Elizabeth Taylor and Lew Ayres as Mr. and Mrs.? I can’t either. But this is Hollywood where make-believe is solemn and serious and beyond his forty years. Elizabeth is carefree, gay and younger than the sweet seventeen she is. Mix ’em together and you’ve Lew breathlessly buying flowers for the ladies and eating hot dogs and cocktails and swooning and swaying on the dance floor. And Lizzie, a brown on her brow, wading through volumes on philosophy in Lew’s library. If Elizabeth were looking for a gentleman, Lew would not be so incomprehensibly dull.

Ava Gardner and Howard Duff have been on the verge of matrimony so often, I’m going to give them the shove that leads them to the altar. Will the cause of the quarrel as much when married, as they do when dating? I don’t think they will. Because, the cause of the quarrels would be gone. Now let us allow Miss Gardner to be too sure of her. And Howard’s squawks. As Mrs. Duff, she’d be sitting pretty, as long as she didn’t boss Howard too much. The Sam Spade of the air seems pretzels. It is hard for me to push and stay in real life. But I don’t think he would stand for tough tactics from a wife.

And that goes double for Errol Flynn. On second thought, I’d like to see Ava and Errol Flynn. They deserve each other from a “looks” point of view—both tall, both handsome, and both born knowing the score about love. They’d enjoy their mutual complete honesty about their affairs. Ava, by courtesy of Artie Shaw, is now well educated and well read. Errol could major any time in history and literature. All that remains is for him to get an MA for a future.

I would like to have seen Audrey Totter marry Brian Donlevy. They would have blended like beer and pretzels. The fly in the ointment, to mix metaphors, was that Audrey wanted to see other actresses while Brian was making up his mind to marry her. He didn’t like it. And Audrey didn’t like him for not liking it. Too bad. How’s this for a perfect dating, Greta Garbo? Who wants to be along and Paul Douglas who wants to be a lone wolf?

The End
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*The Ipana way is doubly effective. 1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. (Ipana's own formula helps prevent tooth decay—leaves teeth cleaner.) 2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula also stimulates circulation—promotes healthier gums.)
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There are two sides to anybody’s town—the high hat side and the lowdown side, and the two rarely meet—in public places that is. But when they do, and they do in M-G-M’s new picture—you get a drama like this! Barbara Stanwyck plays the woman in it, a woman who knows the heartbreak of dream street. She’s one of the dazzle girls of the social columns married to a man other women pursue. Watch James Mason play this part! Of course there’s the other woman—there usually is—but not like this other woman. Ava Gardner plays the role. Watch her go for James Mason!

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The brush bob by Eulean Caruso, famous hair stylist to New York stage stars. Set top in 4 rows—turn front row toward face, back 3 rows away from face. Begin at right, set vertical rows, turning curls toward face, around hand to back of left ear. Set left side counter-clockwise. Brush in all directions, then up in back down from crown and up off face with rotary motion.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am now fourteen, and I have lived my entire life in this small town. I have always earned good grades at school and been active in school affairs. I have been in fifth grade, and since then I have made most of my clothes. I would like to be asked to join some of the clubs that the girls in my school start, and to attend their parties, but I am never invited.

You see, we live on the wrong side of town. My father is good to us, but he is known to be "worthless." He can't keep a job very long because he won't get to work on time, he talks politics (rant and raves), and, in general, gives the impression that he is quite a character. He has been in trouble with the law because of his gambling. I can't help being fond of my father because he is very funny at times, and sometimes he is sad. Even so, his reputation is making life for me and for my sister very difficult. Some of the nicer boys and girls have been told by their parents not to associate with us because we are "trash."

How can I prove that we are nice, even if my father is not a big success?

Amelia V.

It would be very easy for an older person to say to you, "Continue to be a school leader; study, read, make friends with your teachers so you will have the advantage of their guidance, plan to work your way through college."

All good advice, certainly, and guaranteed to give you a superior position in life eventually. However, these plans for the future will not entirely remove the heartache from the present.

But perhaps this will help you: There are many different kinds of success in life and, oddly enough, your father has found one kind. He is not "trash." He merely lives in a world of his own. You father has managed to retain the love of his family and to elicit understanding from you.

Love your father and love your family. Be glad that your intellectual growth does not need to be stunted by the snub people who have to give themselves importance by belittling other human beings. Don't be impressed by such.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem is one hard for a man to confess; I am too good-looking and nice to the eyes of women. I am twenty-six years old and for the past eight years have served in the Marines. I am never able to stay in one place long and due to this I've spent five years overseas.

If I meet a girl and date her, she always says she falls in love with me after a few dates and begins to get serious. If I double-date, the other girl shows me attention and that makes me crazy mad.

I can't devote myself completely to sports, due to leg injuries received during the war. At times I get so disgusted that I want to go overseas again, but I can't go through life running away from women because they are everywhere, it seems.

I am half-Cree Indian and half French. For a while I refused to go anywhere and refused to meet anyone, but that seems silly. What can I do to keep from getting involved with girls who want to marry me?

Creek

Don't feel that you are in some sort of horrible contest which obliges you to keep on running. Let me explain something about beauty: It gets a great deal of attention, whether male or female, but much of the attention is impersonal. Human beings are in constant visual quest for beauty; when they see what they consider to be lovely, they stare, but they may not even like it just as they are delightedly at a sunset, a B-36 in flight, or a trout curving from a stream. Don't take your good looks too seriously.

Even though you cannot engage in athletics, you should take up a hobby, or make arrangement to extend your education by taking a correspondence course. Enter new fields of interest and you won't have time to be exasperated by girls.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

The day I was married I was one of the happiest girls in the world. Imagine my additional joy when, several weeks later, I realized that a baby was on the way. My husband and I couldn't wait for April to arrive.

In January, I had a slight accident and my baby was born two-and-one-half months prematurely. I had been married a little over eight months.

My son was in an incubator over eight weeks. Then, after three more weeks, he came home, a healthy seven pounds. I have never been so grateful to God for anything as I am for my son's life.

I suppose by now you have recognized my problem. Narrow-minded people have been talking too much about my baby. I had to get married.

MRS. VADA L.

Your letter is an ideal one to bring to the attention of anyone living and working in Hollywood. If there is one thing about which people become only when we become authorities in the cinema city, it is untrue, unfounded, shocking rumors. I can say honestly that, of the shocking accusations hurled at the motion picture industry, ninety per cent are totally untrue; seven per cent are told about the wrong people, and the final three per cent contain only a germ of fact.

(Continued on page 6)
We've Gotta Tell The Truth...
It's MORE FUN Than "Dear Ruth"

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Directed by
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NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

Exhaustive Research by Eminent Dental Authorities Proves How Using Colgate Dental Cream Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a proved way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most conclusive proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay! Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive patented ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation! No change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action!

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(Continued from page 4)

The only thing to do is to ignore the scurrilous statements made about you. Your friends will not believe disagreeable stories, no matter what is said; your enemies will believe the worst of you, even without having heard evil gossip.

Remember this: A person who is a scandal-monger must move quickly from one story to the next, or the gossip's audience is lost. You may be the target one day, but someone else will suffer the next. Your experience will teach you to be more lenient to others, to doubt mean reports and to live above the nastiness of talebearers.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty years of age. I got married at sixteen. I have two children. I would like to know what is wrong with me.

I'm on the go all day long, trying to keep my house neat and clean and trying to take care of my children. By five o'clock, time for my husband to come home, I am tired out. I find myself continually nagging him not to scatter ashes, not to put his feet on the furniture, not to rough-house with the little boy because it makes the child hysterical.

It ends with my husband going to the movies, and with the children to bed, and then falling in myself, too tired to care about anything.

I love my husband. I wish we could go dancing together Saturday nights, and go to the movies or take a walk. I would like to have luncheon at least once a week with a girl friend, but all this is absolutely impossible at present.

Sometimes I think I will just go crazy.

Mrs. Jessie C.

I am grateful to you for your letter, because it is one that every sixteen-year-old girl, determined to get married, should read. You can find out how many teen-aged girls, thought of marriage as a sort of continual picnic.

Marriage imposes the obligation to be grown-up, to be ready to assume the responsibilities of home-making and bringing up a family, which is one of the most complex, demanding, and difficult of all occupations.

That is why, in this column, I always recommend that a girl finish school and work a few years before marrying. Every girl is entitled to a few years of fun and freedom before she assumes the obligations of family life.

You should see your doctor at once. He should take steps to improve your general physical condition so that you won't be so tired. Next, you should make arrangements for a baby-sitter at least once a week.

Finally, you must realize that the important things in this world are not inanimate objects like rugs, sofas and other things, but human beings and the relationships between them. You love your husband, so you must love to have him comfortable. There will be dust and ashes in the world, scattered far and wide, long after we are all gone. Dust and ashes don't worry about them.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been going out with a fellow for three months and I like him very much. We work in the same shop so I see him every day. Three weeks ago he stopped talking to me or asking me dates. I do not know why. When I see him, how nice I act toward him, he just smiles, nod and hurries on.

Now do you think I should ask him outright the reason for his change in attitude toward me, or should I wait and let him tell me in his own time?

Lorena C. V.

Every month, dozens of girls write me, saying that after what was considered a very satisfactory friendship, the boy in the case has abruptly lost interest.

In such cases, the girl professes to be mystified by her sudden unpopularity, but deep in her heart she actually must know what mistake she has made.

When one of these brief romances breaks up, or is terminated by the man she is seeing, the girl is permitted to ask if she has offended in any way. If the man is frank and is really interested in the girl, he may explain. More than likely, however, the man has merely lost interest—having decided that the girl, for any one of a thousand reasons, is not his type. In that case, the smart girl will decide, but fast, that neither is the boy her type, and mark up the experience to profit and loss.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am in love with a man who is nine years my senior.

This man tells me that he supports his mother. Because of his job, he does quite a bit of traveling. In general conversation, he says he has never been married before. I believe he does not like the image of his wife sitting at home alone, while he is out of town. He says that this is unfair to a girl.

What I would like to know is how I can make him understand that I am a lovely, well-mannered girl, and that I would not mind being alone while he is away on business. Also, how can I find out what his intentions are without giving him the impression that I am trying to rush into marriage.

Beaudine J.

Every girl should always remember this: To assure a man that he is more important to her than he has indicated she is to him, is to court disaster. This man has told you that he is caring for his mother and that he has no intention of marrying. He has given you his reason.

You should accept his statement as a sincere and final declaration of his state of mind until he, himself, says that he has changed it. You aren't doing that. Because you are in love with him, you think that he must be in love with you, and in spite of the fact that he has done his best to discourage you.

The sensible thing is to accept his reasons for not wishing to marry, and to consider him a friend and nothing more. Look for some chap who hasn't this man's encumbrances.

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.

P. F. ROBINSON DENTAL CREAM

ALWAYS USE COLGATE TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH—AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

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.
1950's 'TEN-BEST' LIST WILL START WITH Warner Bros.

Hasty Heart

WAS IT LOVE... WAS IT PITY...?

MOST TALKED-ABOUT, RAISED-ABOUT PICTURE SINCE 'JOHNNY BELINDA'!

STARRING
RONALD REAGAN · PATRICIA NEAL · RICHARD TODD

DIRECTED BY VINCENT SHERMAN SCREEN PLAY BY RANALD MACDOUGALL

“So good it tops the stage play! A new star is born!”
— LOVELLA PARSONS

“Richard Todd gives the greatest performance of the year!”
— HEDDA HOPPER

“Bravo! An ‘Oscar Contender’”
— EARL WILSON

“The Hasty Heart will win your hearts”
— LOUIS SOROL

“Bravo! The comment’s terrific! Richard Todd’s sure to be nominated for an oscar!”
— DOROTHY KILGallen

Chosen as Redbook’s Picture of the Month

“One of the best pictures I've seen!”
— FRANK FARRELL

“It's No. 1 on my Movie-Hit Parade!”
— GUY LOMBARDO

Winner of Parents' Magazine Medal Award

“It’s enormous!”
— PHOTOPLAY
Readers Inc.

Cheers and Jeers:
"Hero's Wife" by Wanda Hendrix in the December Photoplay is truly an inspiring article. My husband was in service for almost six years and, as I read about Audie Murphy's war-jangled nerves, I could see my husband in every line. I admit that there have been times when I have forgotten to take into consideration what my husband has been through and I am humbly grateful to Wanda Hendrix for helping me to remember.

No man could ask for a more understanding wife than Wanda. I hope that Audie realizes what a "treasure" he has and that they will soon be reunited permanently.

Mrs. Betty Foustner
Buffalo, N. Y.

I feel like saying "I told you so" about the Shirley Temple-John Agar break-up. I knew all along it would happen. Shirley is too petted and spoiled to have to think of anyone but herself.

Mrs. W. J. Miller
Bluffton, Ga.

Thanks for the picture "Roseanna McCoy." It sure went over here. It thrilled us because it had our home town in it. (Joan Evans sure can act—if she isn't a hillbilly. So let's have more of her.)

Carol Jean Rowe
Pikeville, Ky.

Wave Length:
In your November issue, Herman Fleming wants to know: "If Esther Williams is as good as she is supposed to be, why doesn't she try swimming the English Channel?"

Doesn't he realize that being a good swimmer doesn't necessarily mean that one is a good long-distance swimmer? Even if she is able to do this, she may not want to—and as far as I'm concerned, she doesn't have to in order to prove that she is good. Nor does she have to do it to make herself famous—she already is.

Violette Russell
Nassau, Bahamas

On Farley's Side:
In the December issue, Anna Matt brought up that ageless revol of star-studs-fans and since it was about Farley Granger this time, I couldn't let the challenge go unanswered.

Farley is not my favorite actor but I admire his talent, looks and ambition and know that he will achieve success in due order, even with the many stickpins he'll receive in the back along the way, whether from fans or foes. Mr. Granger was anything but ready for the welcome he received from us here at the opening of "Roseanna," but he treated us so well, nothing but praise was heard when he went inside the theater after signing all our books and posing for countless pictures. Enclosed please find snap of Farley we took on his recent visit.

Marlene Buttingo
San Francisco, Cal.

Readers’ Pets:
Where has Ann Sheridan been? I saw "I Was a Male War Bride" and I think it is one of the funniest movies of the year. She and Cary Grant are great for comedy.

Serena Schad
Melrose, Fla.

Everyone has been raving about such new stars as John Derek and Montgomery Clift, they do not seem to notice a really great newcomer. Richard Hylton of "Lost Boundaries."

Alayne Austin
Northville, Mich.

Orchids to Bill Lundigan for his part in "Pinky." Why haven't the movie producers given Bill a part deserving of his talent and good looks long before now?

Patty Jones
Ogden, Utah

Casting:
Speaking of casting, I'd like to see Robert Mitchum and Bette Davis in a picture together. It would be a challenge to see who'd steal the scene—Mitchum, whose demonstration of emotion is shown by a raised eyebrow, and Bette who flaunts every bone in her body to put over a simple expression.

Beverly Reever
New York, N. Y.

Let's have "Some of These Days," Sophie Tucker's life story, made into a movie! Wouldn't Betty Hutton make a great Sophie—or Shelley Winters?

Gracey Rodriguez
El Paso, Tex.

Question Box:
I have been puzzled about whether Sally Forrest is Ida Lupino's sister.

Anita Lee
Los Angeles, Cal.

(They are not related.)

I can't get over the wonderful actor that played Big Ed in "White Heat." Could you tell me his name and age?

Nathalie Bega
N. Grosvendorale, Conn.

(Big Ed was Steve Cochran. He was born in Eureka, Cal., May 25, 1917, is 6', 165 lbs, green eyes, brown hair. He'll be seen next in "The Victim." Write him at Warner Bros., Burbank, Cal.)

Would you please tell me how to pronounce Richard Conte's last name?

Nancy Comeau
Milo, Me.

(It rhymes with Monty.)

I have recently seen a re-issue of "Let's Sing Again," starring Bobby Breen. Is he the same Bobby Breen that acted in "Luxury Liner?"

Joan Raynak
Lakewood, O.

(Tommy Breen [no relation to Bobby] was in "Luxury Liner.")

Don't be a die-hard on the subject of monthly protection

You certainly can't modernize your good-grooming habits if you just close your mind while others are getting the benefit of new ideas and discoveries. It is no secret at this date that Tampax has one-ninth the bulk of the outside pad...and needs no belts or pins to fasten it, because doctor-invented Tampax is worn internally. Also it causes no chafing, no odor and no bulges, bumps or ridges under a dress or skirt.

Tampax is made of safety-stitched absorbent cotton contained in dainty white disposable applicators. Your hands need not touch the Tampax and when it's in place the wearer cannot feel it. It's really the last word! Millions of women and girls now use Tampax in more than 75 countries—and that's the truth.

Want to know what the Inspector General inspects?

—I'M DYING TO TELL YOU!!!

Never such singin', dancin', Danny Kaye-pers! He's a general with an army of beautiful babes!

Danny Kaye is the Inspector General

The All-time Comedy Kayo from Warner Bros.

IN COLOR BY Technicolor

With Walter Slezak, Barbara Bates, Elsa Lanchester

Produced by Jerry Wald, Directed by Henry Koster

Screen Play by Philip Rapp and Harry Kurnitz • Suggested by a Play by Nikolai Gogol • Lyrics and Music by The Associate Producer SYLVIA FINE • Musical Direction and Incidental Score by Johnny Green
YODORA
the deodorant that works

TWO WAYS

1. STOPS not just masks—perspiration odor

2. SOFTENS

and beautifies underarm skin

Oh joy, oh bliss! YODORA is different... doubly divine, doubly effective, because it's made with a face cream base. Works two ways:

1. really stops perspiration odor
2. keeps armpits fresh and lovely-looking as the mark of thrift and shoulder. Safe for clothes, too. Today, try YODORA, the wonderful deodorant that works two ways! Product of McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

Tubes or jars
10¢, 30c, 60¢
PARIS DESIGNERS ACCLAIM INVISIBLE PLAYTEX \(^*\) GIRDLE AS PERFECT WAY TO THE "FIGURE OF THE 1950's"

For years, no new fashion has created such a sensation as the narrow-skirted, slim silhouette seen in current Paris collections.

And leading Parisian designers agree, these slender fashions of the 1950's call for the figure of the 1950's, the slim, young PLAYTEX figure.

PLAYTEX combines figure-slimming power with comfort and freedom of action. Made of tree-grown liquid latex, without a single seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX trims the figure naturally, fits invisibly under 1950's slim-hip dresses. It washes in seconds, dries with a towel.

Just wear PLAYTEX, and see how slender you'll look in all your new clothes.

... in SLIM silvery tubes
PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLE: $3.50 to $3.95
Extra small, small, medium, large (extra large size slightly higher).

HEARD ABOUT PINK-ICE? Newest of the PLAYTEX Girdles—smooth, cool, light and fresh, it actually "breathe" with you... in SLIM, shimmering pink tubes $3.95 to $4.95

GIRDLE OF THE 1950's is PLAYTEX—at all modern department stores and specialty shops, everywhere. In these new colors: Blossom Pink, Heavenly Blue, Gardenia White.

ROBERT PIQUET, talk of Paris: "My designs require the figure of the 1950's. A figure you can have—with PLAYTEX!"

COUNTESS POLIGNAC, head of House of Lanvin: "The figure of the 1950's is easy to have with PLAYTEX!"

PIERRE BALMAIN, brilliant Paris originator: "The figure of the 1950's is a PLAYTEX figure—so alive, so trim, so young!"

MME. SCHIAPIARELLI, renowned Paris designer: "All my models wear PLAYTEX to have the figure of the 1950's."
Home-folks at heart, Betty Grable and husband Harry James made a rare appearance at Ciro's for opening of Sophie Tucker show.

Around Town: Harry James was offered a role in Betty Grable's "My Blue Heaven" but he refused it. He doesn't believe it's the best way to keep a marriage happy. He played in one of her pictures, "Springtime in the Rockies." That, according to Harry, was enough.

Gene Tierney back from London, after three months of picture making, minus fifteen pounds...

Clark Gable isn't going to have any beautiful girls in his new picture, "Across the Wide Missouri." The only female in the film will be a Navajo squaw.

Men: Humphrey Bogart, fearful of settling into staid middle-age and still wanting to be a real cut-up. "Flynn and I are the only two men who know how to raise the devil," Bogie is quoted in newspapers. Always an admirer of Flynn's debonair non-decorum, Bogie has tried for years to ape Errol's devil-may-care nonchalance. Fortunately, Lauren Bacall understands this and calmly awaits the time when Bogie will finally settle down for good.

Burt Lancaster, a table-pounder when it comes to putting over a point. A man not unmindful that a curling forelock, tumbling carelessly over one eye, can be quite an asset. And yet, one seemingly unafraid of Hollywood. At
Hollywood made it an occasion, the Van Johnsons and Loretta Young made it a party the night of Sophie Tucker’s opening.

a time when De Mille and Selznick are planning circus pictures, Burt is preparing a razzle-dazzle story on circus life for his Norma Productions. Confidence? He has a carload of it.

Tidbits: Guy Madison, despite the fact that he’s taken on the responsibilities of a wife, Gail Russell, continues to stick to his Selznick suspension, which could be lifted if Guy would agree to personal appearances. But no, he’s working for a good role, he says. But is Guy that good an actor, one wonders . . . Lew Ayres, crowding forty and showing it, can be put down right now as Hollywood’s most successful Lothario. Married to Lola Lane and Ginger Rogers in turn, Lew has such stars and beauties as Jane Wyman and Arlene Dahl frankly gaga about him. “He talks about the stars (heavenly) and music and God,” one beauty said of him, “he’s so different and so idealistic.” Better change your line, fellows. Ayres seems to be doing all right with his . . . The Betty Hensel painting that hangs in Cary Grant’s home will be removed, we wager, before Betsy Drake becomes Mrs. Grant . . . Freddie De Cordova has been beaming Patricia Medina to various parties, which could mean it’s all over between Pat and her husband Richard Greene.

You may have to stand in line to get it. But don’t miss the March issue of Photoplay, giving the Gold Medal Awards for the People’s Choice of the most popular picture and most popular performances of the year.

Kirk Douglas, Evelyn Keyes make news as Hollywood’s newest romantic team, at Road to Recovery benefit for Sawtell Veterans Hospital.

George Fisher interviews Ginger Rogers while Greg Bautzer just looks —and glistens. Greg and Ginger are still going places together.
INSIDE
STUFF

Spotted at NBC Hollywood Star Theatre—David Niven and talented Hollywood newcomer, Tony Curtis

Autograph hounds track down June Allyson and Dick Powell at Ice Follies. Left, Cesar Romero

Palm Desert paradise for two: Jimmy Stewart and wife Gloria head for afternoon water ballet at the Shadow Mountain Club

You'll want to be a stay-at-home the night of February 13 when Lux Radio Theatre broadcasts that annual treat, Photoplay's Gold Medal picture of the year. Be sure to tune in for People's Choice for 1949. CBS, 9 PM EST
Anthony from the Bronx: A brief scene or two and a bit here and there in several Universal pictures merely served as an appetizer to fans who spotted a six-foot, black-haired, blue-eyed lad called Anthony Curtis. But, as one of the six tough lads in “City Across the River,” Anthony remained on the screen long enough for fans to say, “That’s for us.”

It seems too good to be true, Anthony says, that he has become the movie actor he dreamed and hoped to be for most of his twenty-three years. Tony has that “I made it, Mom” aura about him that’s refreshing. All through good and bad times—and it was mostly bad for his family in the Bronx in New York—Tony yearned to follow in the footsteps of his father Mono Schwartz, who had been an actor in Budapest.

Through Seward Park High School, and at the Henry Street Settlement House, he sought every bit of dramatic training he could get. At the 92nd Street Playhouse, the Dramatic Workshop and with the Stanley Woolf Players on the “Borscht Circuit,” he studied and worked. It paid off, too. A scout from Universal pictures spotted Tony playing the lead in “Golden Boy” at the Dramatic Workshop, and off he went into the wild blue yonder of Hollywood.

There was a black hour there when Tony thought he’d never make it for, while on submarine duty during the war, a broken cable chain struck his spine, paralyzing him for weeks—leaving him in utter despair. Through it all, however, he kept his dream that brought him whole, single and heart-free to the Hollywood screen.

What Month Is This: To begin with, the picture at this date is called “September.” But on the set, Joan Fontaine explained that all through July and August, she had worked on the picture in Europe—and in October, November and December had finished scenes and retakes in Hollywood. To our question of what went on in September, the month the movie was named for, she replied, “Oh, nothing.” Cal guesses September wasn’t the type.
INSIDE STUFF

Neighbors: The Dan Duryea ranch adjoins the Errol Flynn estate which makes neighbors and playmates of Dick and Dan Duryea, seven and nine, of Rory and Deidre Flynn and nine-year-old Lillian Miller, daughter of Flynn's caretaker.

Lillian, blonde and blue-eyed, rides every day with the Duryea lads to the Valley school and Dan Jr. thinks she's pretty wonderful. Mrs. Eddington Flynn's mother-in-law, drives the children one week and Mrs. Duryea the next. Each Sunday they all attend Sunday School together and on Saturdays work on their clubhouse.

Prowling through Flynn's downstairs playroom, now unused, the kids found Errol's collection of mounted fish, moss heads, spears and the usual playroom adornments. Politeiy, they asked if Mr. Flynn ever used his collection of "things" anymore, so, in her next letter to Errol, Mrs. Eddington mentioned it.

A cable in answer had the kids whooping, "Give the kids anything they want for their clubhouse," Errol cabled, so for days, the boys and girls were carrying new treasure to the clubhouse.

Tut, tut, Mr. Douglas: Paul Douglas, radio commentator turned actor, loves the business of acting but none of the mechanics that go with it, such as interviews, still gallery portraits, etc. Ulcers pop up all over Twentieth Century-Fox when Paul is finally pinned down for a set-to with a writer.

Recently, an important interview was ushered into Paul's dressing room by appointment. Mr. Douglas, on the phone, acknowledged her presence by not so much as a flickering eyelash. Or on and on he talked, while the writer waited.

At last he hung up the receiver and turning, drawled wearily, "Yeah, what can I do for you?" The woman stated her purpose in being there, the reason for the interview, etc. Paul listened, replied indifferently to several questions and then, rising to his feet remarked, "I gotta go now," leaving the writer with her empty notebook and crestfallen face.

Wanna bet Paul garners the Hollywood Women's Press Club vote for the most unco-operative actor next year?

(Continued on page 19)

Are you really LOVELY to LOVE?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference... and you will never know how lovely you can be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use... Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. Prove this to yourself with the jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Send 10¢ to cover handling charges to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a jar.


Photoplay's Sheliah Graham goes into her act during visit to Janet Leigh and Van Heflin, on Lux radio show.
Dream girl, dream girl,
Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl.
Hair that gleams and glistens
From a Lustre-Creme shampoo

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

EXCLUSIVE! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!
EXCITING! This new three-way hair loveliness...

1. LEAVES HAIR SILKEN SOFT, INSTANTLY MANAGEABLE. That’s the first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in water hard as nails. Ends the problem of unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2. LEAVES HAIR SPARKLING WITH STAR-BRIGHT SHEEN. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin...brings out every elusive highlight. Lustre-Creme leaves hair aglow with natural sheen and shimmer. With no special rinse needed!

3. LEAVES HAIR FRAGRANTLY CLEAN, FREE OF LOOSE DANDRUFF. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world’s leading cream shampoo for “down-to-the-roots” cleansing action. Yes, tonight, show that man in your life how much lovelier your hair can look after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

You know that shiver of excitement when you suddenly look *new*? A delirious dress can do it . . . or a once-in-a-million hair-do . . . that lift sends you dancing up to the stars. That's exactly the way you'll feel when you first wear Dream Stuff.

This brand new make-up is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff — it clings for hours. Tuck it in your purse — it can't spill! Only 49¢ in 4 dreamy shades.

**Woodbury**

**DREAM STUFF**

New! Tinted Foundation and Powder in one!
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

Pinky at Home: A family friend who had known Jeanne Crain as a child sat through "Pinky," amazed at the maturity of Jeanne's acting, a little girl truly grown-up in every way. And how wonderful, she reflected on her way home, that Jeanne did make the grade, became a great star with all the luxury that goes with it. That evening she announced to her husband that she would like to drop by and congratulate her on her work. "Only to the door, of course," she told her protesting husband.

Paul Brinkman, Jeanne's husband, answered the bell. Hesitatingly, the woman began to explain when Jeanne herself, in a peasant skirt and blouse, came into the hall, greeted her profusely and then said, "Come on into the kitchen while I finish he ironing. The two boys go through their clothes so fast the nurse can't keep up with the laundry. And we get along without a maid these days."

And back and forth flew the iron, obviously in experienced hands.

Pinky, at home, thought the woman with a warm glow in her heart.

Milland's: He stood before the examining judge, his knees trembling with nervous apprehension. Ray Milland and his lovely wife Mel had gone to New York for the final adoption papers on their little girl Vicki. The minutes it took the judge to go over the records seemed endless, for these matters are both long and exacting.

It was finally over and the Millands were on their way home to their son Danny and the little girl who was now their very own.

A year ago, on the train headed west, Vicki sat opposite the woman who was to be her mother and with big questioning eyes studied Mel's face.

"Are there other people boarding at our house?" she finally asked. Mel explained there was no one boarding there at all.

Several more minutes passed with Vicki's eyes still on Mel. "You're prettier than the other lady," she finally said and with that, her past seemed to fade into the passing scenery, for no mention has been made of it since.

Behind the News: Their few close friends have known for some time that Glenn Ford and his wife Eleanor Powell were drifting apart. And now that Eleanor has already consulted lawyers, the end seems inevitable.

There are conflicting opinions about what really brought about their unhappiness. One columnist printed it was because Eleanor wanted a career again and missed being in the limelight. Her advent as a night club dancer, leaving Glenn and their small son in Hollywood, was given as the cause.

Nothing could be farther from the truth, which is that Eleanor went back into the strenuous, back-breaking hours of rehearsals for her night club stints because she and Glenn had bought a $125,000 property at a time when Columbia and Glenn were seesawing about a new contract. Eleanor's earnings went to help pay off the cost of the house.

Eleanor is back doing a few dancing spots in M-G-M films where she was once a star. Whether she will ever achieve stardom again is problematical, but there seems little doubt about happiness or rather unhappiness in marriage.

Happy Anniversary: One of the nicest parties in Hollywood was given by Dana Andrews and his sweet wife Mary on their tenth wedding anniversary. The Andrews had only the people they loved and wanted around them, the Walter Langs, the Bill Holdens, Mrs. Richard Carlson, whose husband is in Africa making "King Solomon's Mines" with Deborah Kerr, the Robert Prestons, director and Mrs. Willie Wyler, and others, who admired Mary's beautiful pink sequin gown and listened with surprise to Dana's wonderful singing voice as he sang "Anniversary Song," as he said, for "his" Mary. "Does Sam Goldwyn know about Dana's voice?" Wyler kept asking.

Mel Ferrer joins Doris Dudley, Butch Jenkins's mother, at recent premiere
Now in Drene...Only in Drene
This New Beauty Conditioner

Now! For truly Natural Softness, Natural Sheen . . .
Don't just "wash" your hair . . .

Condition Your Hair
with New Drene
Shampoo

Only New Drene has this amazing discovery—this wonderful new Beauty Conditioner that actually conditions your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen! It's an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo—cream or liquid.

If you haven't tried Drene recently, you just don't know how wonderful it is!

So get a bottle now—right away—and see for yourself how it awakens the sleeping beauty of your hair!

1. New Drene conditions your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen . . . yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
2. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
3. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes dandruff from hair and scalp!
4. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

Special Trial Offer
Now at Your Dealer's!

Get 20¢ back
on a 49¢ bottle of New Drene when you use coupon on special carton!

New Drene is a Procter & Gamble Exclusive

INSIDE STUFF

Cutest guest there was Joan Evans who kept glancing at her watch. Sur- enough, at ten o'clock Joan, who is just fifteen, said goodnight and went home. This was the Andrews's first party in their Valley home and everyone wished them many, many more anniversaries.

Daddy Belvedere: Twelve children—nine of them school age—with school teachers, welfare workers and mother all over the place, was the sight that met Cal's eyes as we entered the "Cheaper by the Dozen" set.

But guess who keeps order with ever kid toeing the line? None other than Clifton Belvedere who stepped from a bachelor baby sitter in "Sitting Pretty" to the father of twelve (Myrna Loy is the mother) with ease.

When director Walter Lang announced the scene was ready, kids came pouring into every direction, shoving and gabbing as kids do. "Here now, none of that," Webb chided in a firm voice an like magic they settled down. One of the younger ones said to another, "You'd better do what he tells you or, boy, he'll put a bowl of oatmeal on your head."

Once, for a rib, Jeanne Crain who plays Webb's fifteen-year-old daughter got into the rumpus. "Shall daddy tug daughter over his knee, my dear?" inquired Webb, and Jeanne, who wasn't too sure he wouldn't, calmed down.

About People: Hedy Lamarr is headed for a new career since her sensational success in "Samson and Delilah," which she plays in Technicolor for the first time. When congratulated on her exciting portrayal of Delilah, the first woman barber, Hedy said, "Mr. De Mil is the first director who has ever understood me" . . . William Lundigan's cute little wife Rena has a recipe for a successful Hollywood marriage: One call when husband and wife have separate cars, trouble begins. "Everyone we know who has gotten a divorce," says Rena "had two cars" . . . Richard Conte recently presented the key to the city (Jersey City, New Jersey, his home town) to the mayor. Not bad for an Italian boy from the wrong side of the track.
Here was the new man in her life, heedless of the meaningful music . . . heedless of the soft lights . . . heedless even of her. There was no mistaking his expression . . . he was bored! He wanted “out”. Mabel simply couldn’t understand it. For some reason her charm wasn’t working tonight. Why it wasn’t, she would be the last to suspect.

It Could Be You!
You may go week-in and week-out without halitosis (unpleasant breath) and then, some day, when you want to be at your best, it catches up with you . . . to put you in the worst possible light.

Why run such a risk when there’s a simple, easy, wholly delightful aid in putting your breath on the agreeable side? Night and morning, and especially before every date, simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine Antiseptic is no mere make-shift effective only for a moment or so. It’s an extra-careful precaution that helps keep the breath fresh and sweet . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

Better to be safe than sorry, so, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date when you want to be at your best. It’s almost a passport to popularity.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
(F) Holiday Affair (RKO)

HERE’S a heartwarming Christmas story aglow with romance, sentiment and comedy.

Janet Leigh pleasingly plays a confused young widow plagued by the knotty-but-nice problem of choosing between Bob Mitchum and Wendell Corey. Bob is an unconventional down-at-the-heels guy whom Janet has known only four days, while Wendell is a successful lawyer who has been courting her for two years. Whatever she decides, Janet is doing all right because Mitchum, in his easy-does-it manner, is mighty attractive and Corey exudes charm all over the place. Then there’s Janet’s bright youngster, Gordon Gebert, who would rather have his mother maintain the status quo.

To sum up, it’s a tenderly told, ably acted movie which leaves you with that good-to-be-alive feeling.

Your Reviewer Says: A Yuletide greeting.

(F) All the King’s Men (Columbia)

THIS powerful political drama gives Broderick Crawford his juiciest role to date.

Crawford vigorously portrays Willie Stark, a politically ambitious, ruthless character with a gift for rabble-rousing. Radio actress Mercedes McCambridge is a standout in her first movie role, that of a sharp-tongued, hard-headed wench. Sullenly handsome John Derek is in this in a minor part as Crawford’s adopted son.

Completing a competent cast are John Ireland as Crawford’s newspaper-friend with a conscience, Joanne Dru as Ireland’s once-in-a-while girl, Sheppard Strudwick as a high-minded medico and Anne Seymour as Crawford’s loyal wife.

Your Reviewer Says: Robust, realistic film.

(F) Dancing in the Dark (Twentieth Century-Fox)

HOLLYWOOD is the background for this enjoyable Technicolor filmusical which describes how a magnificently arrogant has-been helps an unknown to stardom. While the plot is somewhat contrived, you won’t mind that much.

William Powell admirably portrays the suave ex-movie star. Betsy Drake is fine as the young actress who won’t let anyone stand in the way of her career. Not even sympathetic press agent Mark Stevens, whom she loves. Betsy has an ingratiating personality and a pleasant singing voice.

Adolphe Menjou makes a cagey movie mogul; Jean Hersholt plays himself effectively and Randy Stuart looks glamorous as a Broadway star.

Your Reviewer Says: Climb on the bandwagon.

Shadow

By Elsa Branden

Outstanding Good Fair
F—For the whole family A—For adults
Taut thriller: Only a horror-stricken Gigi Perreau can save her father, Zachary Scott, from murder charges

✓ (A) Shadow on the Wall (M-G-M)

Once again, as in "The Window" and "The Fallen Idol," a child is witness to a murder. The nightmarish quality of this psychological thriller bars it as entertainment for children or jittery adults.

Surprisingly enough, Ann Sothern is cast as a murderess, a far cry from her usual roles. Zachary Scott is the unfortunate chap who pays for her homicidal impulse. Only his daughter, little Gigi Perreau, can clear him but she is too terrified to help. That's where psychiatrist Nancy Davis comes along with her patient prodding and warm understanding.

Kristine Miller, as Gigi's wicked stepmother, and John McIntire, as Scott's attorney, round out an excellent cast. Gigi, in the pivotal part, however, steals the spotlight.

Your Reviewer Says: An edge-of-the-seater.

✓ ½ (F) The Hasty Heart (Warners)

John Patrick's memorable stage play serves as the springboard for an enormously effective picture. It's a study in human relations fraught with compassion and interspersed with shafts of humor.

In a hospital ward in Burma, five men are recuperating, among them Ronald Reagan known as "Yank." The war has just ended and Reagan soon will be following his buddies home. All is peaceful under the supervision of nurse Patricia Neal until a newcomer joins them, Richard Todd, a proud and disagreeable young Scotsman. Because the men know why the Army is holding him for observation, they make allowances. So does nurse Neal when the new patient proposes marriage.

All perform competently but English actor Todd, in his first American film, overshadows them.

Your Reviewer Says: Emotionally gripping.

✓ (F) Cinderella (Walt Disney-RKO)

Something new has been added to the old Cinderella story.

The romantic fable is familiar to young and old alike. It remains for Disney to wave a wand and, presto, Cinderella becomes a blue-eyed blonde with a sweet sunny nature, a pocketful of dreams and a bevy of lovable pets. Mice scamper about playfully, birds twitter outside her attic window. There's Bruno, her faithful dog, and Major, a broken-down but amiable horse; also Lucifer, an overfed cat.

Finally, there are half-a-dozen sprightly songs to enliven this all-cartoon picture and dazzling Technicolor to lend it eye appeal.

Your Reviewer Says: Ye olde Disney magic.
YOUNG WIVES—LISTEN!
get these 'extra' advantages in
INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Daintier, Less Embarrassing Yet One of the Most Effective Methods

Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication for Hours

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 without the slightest risk of injury to delicate tissues. Any drugstore.

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet on intimate hygiene.

Zonitors, Dept. 2EP-20, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

| (F) Intruder in the Dust (M-G-M) |

IN A SEASON crowded with films of social significance, this one takes a picturesque, slightly offbeat view of life. It tells of how a young boy and an old woman prevent a Negro from being lynched.

David Brian credibly plays a fair-minded attorney who takes the case of the Negro, accused of shooting a white man. Claude Jarman Jr. is well cast as Brian's nephew who proves a real friend to the colored man. He is Juano Hernandez and he is impressive.

Under Clarence Brown's expert direction, this provocative and pertinent story gathers momentum as it goes along.

Your Reviewer Says: Tense challenging drama.

1/2 (A) Whirlpool (Twentieth Century-Fox)

BEWARE of hypnotists! Especially a smooth swindler like Jose Ferrer. Consider what happened to Gene Tierney in this engrossing melodrama.

Gene is caught stealing jewelry in a department store. She's no ordinary shoplifter, but the wealthy wife of celebrated psychiatrist, Richard Conte. Gene is too ashamed to reveal her compulsion to her adoring unsuspecting husband, and that's where scoundrelly Ferrer inserts himself into the situation.

Tierney turns in a good job. Conte is unhappily cast as her scientific spouse.

Your Reviewer Says: It casts a spell.

(A) South Sea Sinner (U-I)

IT'S INTRIGUE in the tropics with Macdonald Carey and Shelley Winters running a temperature over each other. Shelley plays a Mac West character who has always depended on her being his own woman. Among her admirers are rascally Luther Adler and Frank Lovejoy, a brawny, seafaring fellow. But Shelley has eyes for Mac alone.

Heeman creates a pleasing performance as Carey's fiancée: Art Smith and John Ridgely are a pair of scoundrels. And there's Liberate, a pianist who plays with each and Beethoven in between brawls.

Your Reviewer Says: Tropical heat wave.

1/2 (F) Chain Lightning (Warners)

THIS rip-roaring thrill-packed movie races along at a breath-taking pace with Humphrey Bogart at the throttle.

Bogie breathtakingly portrays a down-to-earth guy who is more at home in the sky than on the ground. With a sensational war record behind him, he goes to work for the airplane manufacturer Raymond Massey. For a substantial sum, Bogart undertakes a record-breaking flight in Massey's newly acquired jet plane.

Eleanor Parker pleasingly provides the love interest; Richard Whorf registers as an airplane inventor; James Brown is likeable as a wartime buddy.

Your Reviewer Says: Jet-propelled action.

(F) Free for All (U-I)

PROVIDED you don't take it seriously, you'll find this comedy romance, teaming Bob Cummings and Ann Blyth, diverting.

Inventor Cummings is about to patent his formula which changes water into gas. When Percy Kilbride, an employe in a Washington patent office, hears of his revolutionary idea, he promptly makes Bob his protegé. Ann, Kilbride's fetching young daughter, is keeping company with Donald Woods and, by an odd coincidence, they both work for a bull outfit.

Cummings is half-genius, half-sap; Ann is in a state of perpetual surprise; Kilbride, as usual, is a "character."

Your Reviewer Says: Laughs here and there.

(F) There's a Girl in My Heart (Allied Artists)

EVERYBODY gets into the act in this mild musical of New York. There's Lee Bowman, a ward heel with emphasis on heel. Elyse Knox is a pretty widow who knows her way around.

Peggy Ryan and young Ray McDonald execute some nifty dance steps, lending a professional touch to the amateurish proceedings. Gloria Jean, all grown up, sings sweetly. Lon Chaney is a brawny but far from brainy saloon keeper.

Your Reviewer Says: Just a time-killer.

(F) Ranger of Cherokee Strip (Republic)

ANGER Monte Hale has his work cut out for him when convict Douglas Kennedy escapes from jail. But sheriff Paul Hurst convinces Hale that Kennedy was framed for a murder. Although getting the goods on the culprits isn't easy, Monte proves equal to the task.

Frank Fennell is the usually amiable gentleman. Roy Barcroft and George Meeker are his able henchmen. Alice Talton is the feminine foil.

Your Reviewer Says: Try your luck, pardner.

(F) The Story of Molly X (U-I)

JUNE HAVOC, John Russell and Dorothy Hart are the featured players in this intriguing psychological yarn. June crisply plays a gangster's widow who engineers a robbery racket. Dorothy gives a good account of herself as a jealous female who keeps getting in June's way.

The California in this film for Women at Tehachapi offers an interesting background but, on the whole, there is nothing to distinguish this movie from other typical crook stories. Russell is a gallant gunman, Elliott Lewis a chiseler, Charles McGraw a capable police captain.

Your Reviewer Says: Gun moll confesses all.

(F) Tell It to the Judge (Columbia)

WHEN two such popular players as Rosalind Russell and Robert Cummings go all out to give you a good time, it's a great temptation to respond.

However, their antics in this screwball story, about a divorced but still-in-love couple, are more forced than funny. It's rather startling to see a starring sophisticated gal like Roz indulging in the rowdy slapstick called for by the script.

Gis. Young and Marie McDonald try to appear believable in some very unbelievable situations.

Your Reviewer Says: Helter—skelte rface.

1/2 (F) The Lady Takes a Sailor (Warners)

JANE WYMAN is the lady and Dennis Morgan the sailor in this frolic.

Engaged in a secret study for the U.S. Navy, this film is in a specially designed underwater tank where he wrecks Jane's sailboat and is forced to take her aboard. After that it's never a dull moment for either of them. Eve Arden amusingly plays Jane's best friend. Robert Douglas is the dignified head of a research institute who employs Jane,
"I took two days to climb three feet!"
says VALLI, starred in RKO's "The White Tower"

WE MADE "THE WHITE TOWER" IN THE ALPS. TO GET ONE SCENE, I SPENT TWO DAYS CLIMBING THE SAME THREE FEET!

LATER, I had to claw my way up a "chimney" barehanded...

EVEN RESTING, my hands were burned by the hot Alpine sun...

I LOVED the way Jergens Lotion kept my hands soft...

BEAUTIFUL HANDS are so important in romantic close-ups...

BEING A LIQUID, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin.

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above...

YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

Jergens Lotion
used by more women than any other hand care in the world
still 10¢ to $1 plus tax

AND IS USED by Hollywood stars 7 to 1 over other hand cares!
and Allyn Joslyn is her smug fiancé. Put them all together, and you have just the picture for that frivolous mood.

Your Reviewer Says: A frisky affair.

✓½ (F) Always Leave Them Laughing (Warner's)

TELEVISION'S Number One Comic Milton Berle brings his Elastic Exuberance to the screen, clowning his way through a fast-moving story. Aided and abetted by alluring Virginia Mayo and vivacious Ruth Roman, he wears himself to a frazzle to entertain the customers.

A good part of the picture shows Berle as a struggling actor, taking plenty of punishment in third-rate summer resorts and cheap joints. Whether you'll agree with Milton's mother that this is "absolutely the funniest picture I've ever seen" largely depends on how much you go for Mrs. Berle's boy.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun for Berle fans.

(F) Challenge to Lassie (M-G-M)

The deep devotion of a dog for its master is always touching. When the dog is homeless Lassie and the finder is kindly Donald Crisp, you can't help sniffing. Only drawback is it's been told before.

Story opens with Lassie about to be destroyed, because she insists upon guarding the grave of her departed master. Seems there was a law in nineteenth-century Edinburgh forbidding dogs in cemeteries. Crisp's old friend, Edmund Gwenn, is more than willing to adopt Lassie, but a technicality has the court putting thumbs down on the idea. The case becomes a regular cause célèbre.

Your Reviewer Says: Sentimental dog story.

✓½ (F) Mrs. Mike (Nassour-Hartford-UA)

HERE'S strong human interest in this chronicle of a woman's courage and a man's love.

Dick Powell, a stalwart sergeant of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, takes his Boston bride, Evelyn Keyes, to the Canadian wilds around the turn of the century. What starts out as a lark soon develops into a grim battle against loneliness, fear, disease and death. No wonder Evelyn is finally tempted to cry quits and return to civilization.

More difficult to believe is this three-handkerchief picture with Powell and Keyes turning in honest, believable performances.

Your Reviewer Says: Salute to female fortitude.

✓ (A) File on Thelma Jordon (Paramount)

SUSPENSE is the trademark of a Stanwyck picture, and this one has its share.

In forthright fashion, Barbara Stanwyck portrays a gal of questionable character, whose chance meeting with assistant district attorney Wendell Corey soon develops into a clandestine love affair. A married man, Corey gives his disinterested young wife, Joan Tetzl, a bad time. So much so, that Joan emerges as the only one deserving sympathy. Certainly, Stanwyck and Corey are not a pretty pair. Corey dominates the picture, turning in a first-rate performance; Paul Kelly clicks as his hard-headed associate.

Your Reviewer Says: Love, crime and Corey.

✓ (F) Samson and Delilah (DeMille-Paramount)

A PANORAMA of bizarre beauty and large scale destruction, this gets the full DeMille treatment—lavish costumes, gigantic sets and riotous colors.

As Delilah, Hedy Lamarr is treacherous and tantalizing, her charms enhanced by Technicolor. Here is the fire of a woman scorched when Samson prefers her coquettish sister, Angela Lansbury. Victor Mature is well chosen as the Superman of his day, capable of killing a lion bare-handed. Olive Deering stands out as his childhood sweetheart. George Sanders registers as the Philistine leader. Henry Wilcoxon makes Samson a formidable foe.

Your Reviewer Says: A glittery show.

✓ (F) The Inspector General (Warner's)

MISTAKEN identity is the gimmick used in this elaborate comedy of the Napoleonic era, and Danny Kaye works it to the limit. He is ably supported by Walter Slezak as a ferocious-looking gypsy.

Believing that Kaye is only posing as a vagabond, but is actually the much feared Inspector General, crooked mayor Gene Lockhart and all his crooked relations turn the village upside down in their frantic efforts to please the distinguished visitor. Lockhart's wife, a Manchester, makes violent love to the shy young newcomer. But it's the lovely little kitchen drudge, Barbara Bates, who attracts Danny.

It's a typical Kaye comedy, with music and lyrics by Sylvia Fine Kaye.

Your Reviewer Says: One long gagfest.

✓ (F) On the Town (M-G-M)

The mood is modern, the humor zany and the tempo terrific in this joyful boy-and-girl musical. It boasts such show-stoppers as Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Vera-Ellen and Jules Munshin.

Three sailors on a twenty-four hour pass Gene, Frank and Jules make a fast tour of Manhattan. Even the subway looks great in Technicolor and it's there that Kelly spots a picture of Miss Turnstiles, Vera-Ellen. So Gene can't rest till he finds her. Meanwhile, Betty, a lady cab driver, takes quite a shine to Frankie and won't let him out of her sight. That leaves Munshin and Miller as the remaining romantic twosome.

Chalk this up as a movie merry-go-round with wonderful dancing.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a pepper-upper.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Hasty Heart
Intruder in the Dust
Samson and Delilah

Best Performances of the Month

Braderrick Crawford, Mercedes McCambridge in "All the King's Men"
Humphrey Bogart in "Chain Lightning"

Gene Kelly in "On the Town"
Richard Todd in "The Hasty Heart"

Gigi Perreau in "Shadow on the Wall"
1950 is the Cinderella year ... the waiting is over!

Soon you will see it in all its Color, Splendor and Pageantry, with Music and Wondrous Fun —

WALT DISNEY'S

CINDERELLA

A LOVE STORY WITH MUSIC

6 YEARS in the making

Put a smile in your heart... and laughter in your dreams

A story written in stardust... 6 years in the making... Walt Disney's masterpiece, Cinderella, will give a new gleam to your hopes, a new lift to your life.

Not only because it's the greatest love story ever told — though that's reason enough if you've ever been in love. But because it's so full of the wonderful fun, hilarious characters, singable songs — the sheer enchantment of Disneyland.

Even the birds will be singing

"BIBBIDI-BOBBIDI-BOO"
"SO THIS IS LOVE"
"A DREAM IS A WISH YOUR HEART MAKES"
"CINDERELLA"
"THE WORK SONG"

Ever since "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," thousands of people have written . . . asked . . . waited for Walt Disney to bring the beloved Cinderella to life.

After 6 magical years it's ready with new wonders, new splendor, new magnificence — ready to thrill the world as no picture ever has!

It's coming your way to fill your heart with a happiness you'll never forget!

A magical musical

Color by

TECHNICOLOR

Distributed by
RKO Radio Pictures
JANETTE MACDONALD decided to learn to play golf right and hired a professional to teach her. Their first day out, the instructor said:

"Now just go through the motions without driving the ball.

"That, my friend," grinned Jeanette, "is exactly the trouble I am endeavoring to overcome."

Margaret O'Brien was discussing a rival juvenile actress and finally said:

"Of course, she's a few years younger than I am. She still thinks that Butch Jenkins is the romantic type."

Groucho Marx's reaction to television:

"It's wonderful. I sit home in an easy chair and turn on my television set. I smoke my cigars and my wife scratches my back. By 11 p.m. I'm so blind I have to be led to my room. But it's wonderful."

Marie Windsor played her first starring role in a movie and then went home to Marsvale, Utah, to visit her family. She told her father that she died in the picture. Papa sighed dolefully and said:

"Isn't that a shame. And just when you were getting such a good start."

Overheard: "She's got something beauty can't buy—money."

"I wouldn't say it was a bad picture, but I'll bet the government refuses to accept amusement tax on it."

A theater manager, plagued with complaints from his patrons about failure of women to remove their hats, tried all of the usual "Please remove your hats" trailers with poor results. So he tried a new trailer that read:

"Elderly Ladies Need Not Go To The Trouble of Removing Their Hats." It worked.

Burl Ives, after growing a beard:

"Every man should try one. They grow on you."

Charles Kemper was telling friends he knew Doris Duke when they were kids. "As a matter of fact," said Charley, "I used to carry her book bags home from school."

Pat O'Brien, the veteran banquet speaker, was asked if people looking at their watches distracted him.

"Nope," he said, "I only begin to worry if they start shaking them."

Marquee sign: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now—The Fuller Brush Man."

"She Wore a Yellow Ribbon and Selected Shorts."

Cashmere Bouquet

is actually milder than most other leading toilet soaps! Severest tests on all skin types prove it!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted by a leading skin specialist on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved milder! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. More women buy Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love" than any other soap!

NOW—At the lowest price in history!

In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!
How a wife's false modesty can "freeze" her husband's affection

If Only You'd Read Here Scientific Truths
You Can Trust About These INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

A wife's ignorance or false modesty about these intimate facts of life often leads to an increasing coolness on her husband's part.

If only every young woman could realize from the beginning of her marriage how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and happiness—how necessary it is to combat one of woman's most offensive deodorant problems. And what's even more important, why she should always use ZONITE in her douche. Here's why:

NO OTHER TYPE LIQUID ANTIMICROBIAL PROPHYLACTIC FOR USE AFTER DOUCHE IS SO POWERFUL YET SO SAFE TO USE AS ZONITE!

Developed by World-Famous Surgeon and Scientist

A famous surgeon and skilled scientist developed the ZONITE principle. What better assurance could you want! ZONITE's scientists have tested every known germicide they could find on sale for the douche. And no other type proved so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE. So why be old-fashioned and continue to use weak or dangerous products? ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE's Miracle-Action
ZONITE eliminates odor, removes waste substances and discharge. You feel so dainty and refreshed after your ZONITE douche. Helps guard against infection. And ZONITE is so effective—it kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure ZONITE does IMMEDIATELY KILL EVERY reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy at any drugstore.
It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents

Scientific tests* show 22% more effective Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion leaves hair springier, and stronger...less apt to break...than other home permanent waving lotions. And what this means to you is a smoother, prettier, longer-lasting wave with more natural-looking curls that spring right back after combing...no frizzy ends, more natural sheen.

Regardless of what type curlers you use, make sure your next home permanent is a Richard Hudnut with the waving lotion that makes all the difference in the condition of your hair after waving and the kind of wave you get.

From the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut
NEW IMPROVED Home Permanent

Ask for the refill with 22% more effective Richard Hudnut Waving Lotion. Refill $1.50 Deluxe Refill $2.00

| Prices plus tax |

with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory.

Name on request. Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights

FIGHT POLIO LIKE THE PLAGUE IT IS!

It's the private donations that swell the funds in THE MARCH OF Dimes

So enlist your money now in this great fight for humanity

JANUARY 16 to 31
"Externally-caused blemishes were a real problem," says Cover Girl Carmen Lister, "Then a friend recommended Noxzema. I used it as my powder base and in no time my skin looked so much softer and smoother. Now it's my regular beauty aid."

"I had dry skin before I started using Noxzema," says pretty Doris Moore of Houston, Texas. "Now my skin feels so smooth. I always use Noxzema to help keep my complexion looking soft and lovely. It's a wonderfully soothing hand cream, too."

LOOK LOVELIER
IN 10 DAYS...OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Doctor Develops New Home Beauty Routine!
Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!

- Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're ever bothered with dry rough skin, externally-caused blemishes...if your hands are red and rough from housework—here's real news!

A famous doctor, using one cream—medicated Noxzema—developed a New Beauty Routine. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women! Here is the Doctor's Simple 4-Step Routine.

Morning—1. "Creamwash with Noxzema." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—ash you would with soap. Note how clean your skin looks and feels.

2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "Creamwash with Noxzema." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how really clean it leaves your face.

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is greaseless—no messy pillow smears!

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was clinically-tested by doctors with amazing results!

Softer, Whiter Hands
And if your hands get red and rough from dishwashing, housework or painfully chapped from exposure—try medicated Noxzema. In clinical tests, 7 out of 10 women showed softer, whiter-looking hands in 24 hours!

Money Back Offer
So sure are we that Noxzema's results will delight you, we make this sincere money-back offer. Tonight—smooth Noxzema on your hands. Tomorrow—start using this New Home Facial. See if your hands don't look softer, whiter in 24 hours. See if your complexion isn't smoother, softer and lovelier looking in just 10 days. If not completely satisfied—return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! Try Noxzema. Remember—it's clinically tested—used by millions.

Special Trial Offer: To win new friends for Noxzema, we offer you the regular 40¢ size jar for only 29¢ plus tax. But you must hurry—time is limited. So get your jar right away.
A STORY OF TWELVE MEN AS THEIR WOMEN NEVER KNEW THEM...

...of one man who stood forward—alone! GREGORY PECK in his most exciting role—as "Savage," who crosses wings with Destiny!

THE WORLD STANDS STILL AT...

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH

GREGORY PECK

with HUGH MARLOWE • GARY MERRILL • MILLARD MITCHELL • DEAN JAGGER • ROBERT ARTHUR • PAUL STEWART • JOHN KELLOGG • BOB PATTEN

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK Directed by HENRY KING

Screen Play by Sy Bartlett and Beirne Lay, Jr. • Based on the Novel by Sy Bartlett and Beirne Lay, Jr.
Errol upset social standards when he announced his engagement to Princess Ghika. His next film is "Montana".

By Louella O. Parsons

He's in love with a wonderful girl, says Flynn, who bid for carpet slippers and won a royal hand.

Reporting direct from the front lines of romance, this hardened love correspondent rushes into print the fascinating story of Cupid's latest Hollywood victory.

Errol Flynn is going to take unto himself a wife. Again! To many, this belongs strictly in the raised eyebrow department. But I'm a sentimentalist where Errol is concerned. For me, he has more charm than a dozen of Hollywood's newest glamour laddies. Oh, I admit it, he's a fake about so many things. But let him sit down beside you and talk to you in that voice and just try to measure your resistance.

This time his lady is a Princess. He says. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the Princess Irene Ghika. Age twenty. Royal background? One of Bucharest's most aristocratic and wealthiest families. So she says. Proof? Well, like a few thousand others in recent history, they were forced to flee Rumania.

When you meet the Princess, (Continued on page 91)
Shirley Temple, Linda Susan and John Agar presented a happy picture in public only

this you must

The trouble that came between them was there—on the day of their “perfect” marriage
ON DECEMBER 5, Shirley Temple was granted an interlocutory decree of divorce from John Agar. Whereupon hope ended that this marriage, which Shirley had announced was at an end on October 14, might somehow be saved.

It was not so much the matter of the decree itself that made it hopeless. An interlocutory decree can be set aside at any time within the year which it takes for it to become final. It was Shirley's testimony.

All the things said in court were reported thoroughly by the newspapers. No need to repeat her unhappy testimony of John's neglect, his fondness for drinking and other women.

After listening to Shirley, presiding Judge Hendon said: "The evidence offered here and the plaintiff's demeanor and the evident sincerity with which she has testified indicate the grounds for divorce are serious and substantial. Also, the plaintiff apparently made every effort to save her marriage."

John Agar, in Buffalo on a vaudeville tour, after reading the evidence, said: "As usual, there are two sides to a controversy. "There is much I might have said and might say now. However, as I see it, no constructive purpose would be served by recrimination or airing our respective sides in public."

When Shirley announced she was divorcing John Agar, she ended more than a marriage. She also ended an American dream.

I know. I have just returned from a tour which took me through the great West and Southwest. And everywhere I traveled women waited after my lecture, called me on the telephone and wrote me mail bags full of letters deploring the end of this marriage after four brief years. Little girls waited at the stage door of the theaters where I spoke, sometimes red-eyed. They all said about the same thing. "Tell us, Miss Maxwell, why Shirley did that... we can't bear it..."

Why did Shirley do that... And why did John Agar do the things he did and fail to do the things he didn't do...

It may be if Shirley and John had asked themselves (Continued on page 89)
Now they are 3

BY MAUREEN WILLIAMS SELLSTROM

To Esther's sister, big Ben
and little Benjie add up to a small
girl's remembered dreams

I drove out to visit my sister, Esther Williams, a few days after she and Ben Gage brought their baby son home from the hospital, about two weeks after I'd had that joyous telephone message from Ben, "It's a boy!"

I was eager to see Esther with her child, she had wanted one of her own for so long. And I reminded myself firmly as I headed west along Sunset Boulevard that Esther would be different now. I would have to stop thinking of her as my "baby sister."

Esther brought the baby down and already, obviously, Benjamin Stanton Gage was a person with a mind of his own.

"He's sweet," I said. What can you say about brand new babies? "And a lively little fellow."

"He's going to be tall," Esther said, "like Ben." I added one or two adjectives, but I could see that Esther wasn't really listening.

"I discharged the nurse," she explained at last, and she added, with asperity, "and I will fire five nurses if I have to, unless I can find someone who will let me be the baby's mother."

The crisis had (Continued on page 72)
Where does the

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Who can save a dime these days?

Even Hollywood’s high-salaried stars feel the pinch of fame

WHEREVER you go these days you hear it: “I can’t save a cent.” You might think it would be different in Hollywood. But it isn’t at all.

Van Johnson is always saying, “I can’t afford it.” Maybe it’s just his New England canniness. And maybe he can’t afford it. When Van bought the exquisite home of the Cedric Gibbonses, it was common Hollywood talk that he borrowed something like $100,000 from his studio. And, in spite of his $5,000 a week salary, after paying the loan and income tax (he’s in the ninety per cent bracket), even a comparatively little thing like a vacation in Honolulu is quite a financial project for Evie and him.

Robert Mitchum recently (Continued on page 90)
MONEY GO?

Once Mickey Rooney needed 14 cars to get around, but that was before he married Martha Vickers.

"You can't print that," said Claudette Colbert when someone mentioned minks.

He's in the four figure class—but it isn't only New England canniness that keeps Van Johnson saying "I can't afford it."
The Luckiest
by Elizabeth Taylor

Their apartment is modest and small, but for Janie and Geary, the outlook is wonderful.
Girl in Town

The happiest girl in town: Jane Powell is star of "Nancy Goes to Rio"
"YOUNG MAN with a Kirk Douglas, memorable for "Champion," hits a new high in musical drama of the '20s when Jazz was King

Photographed by Ornitz

Knowing how to play the harmonica didn't help with a horn, Kirk discovered, those long hard weeks

Learning to play the horn introduced Kirk to a whole new world. Here he listens to Red Nichols and his Five Pennies playing at the Los Angeles "Hangover Club"

In preparation for role, Kirk spent hours listening to jazz recordings
"Young Man with a Horn" is destined to give old-timers a nostalgic thrill and revive some oldtime hits for teen-agers to swoon over. For years, Warner Brothers waited for the right time and the right young man to bring the life of one of the '20s great trumpeters to the screen. They felt the time now was ripe. They knew Kirk Douglas was the man. It required long hard weeks of practice but under the guidance of Larry Sullivan, studio orchestra trumpeter, Kirk soon learned to purse his lips with the best of them. However, the sounds he produced required him to put a mute on the trumpet to save the musicians' ears! (Harry James dubs for the actual playing.) Eventually, Kirk did learn to play a couple of numbers—one of them "Buttermilk Sky," by Hoagy Carmichael. Kirk doubts, however, if the way he plays it makes Hoagy happy!
The stage is set for a new Parks story and he's giving it everything he's got. But this time

Larry's playing it his way

On their own and going places: The Larry Parkses have formed a producing company

Fink and Rice
HANDSOME Samuel Lawrence Parks, pride of Olathe, Kansas, a semi-shy, introvertish, modest young man with a serious expression, has done it again. Again, playing Al Jolson, his white-gloved hands entreat, his lower lip flings out, his throat muscles contract, and his brown eyes dance and roll. Like a skilled chameleon in "Jolson Sings Again," he takes on all the strutting color of the person he portrays.

So much so that when studio executives first showed Al Jolson rushes of the "Sonny Boy" number, Jolson, obviously stirred, said later, "Ten seconds after the song started, I forgot I'd made that sound track, because Larry was giving that song from his heart!"

In person, Larry gives from his heart, but quietly. How different, emotionally, he is from the "Jolson" he portrays on screen is seen in the comparatively (Continued on page 92)
Mary Pickford nearly lost her title of America’s sweetheart when she divorced Owen Moore in 1919 to marry Douglas Fairbanks Sr.

Gloria Swanson, with two husbands behind her, wired for and got—a studio ovation when she married the Marquis de la Falaise. Center, Duchess of Sutherland.
Another gay history of Hollywood—but this time it’s romances that lift the curtain on the exciting past.

In 1921 John Barrymore and second wife swore nothing would part them—but in 1928 he was madly in love with, finally married Dolores Costello.

Charlie Chaplin wooed Pola Negri with violets, singing canaries.

Connie Bennett dazzled Gloria’s Marquis with diamonds—divorced him for Gilbert Roland.

George Bernard Shaw insists it is always the lady who pursues the man. Even the bold Shaw, however, implied that the lady conceals her pursuit, making man believe he is the love aggressor.

This isn’t true of Hollywood’s *femmes fatale*. They don’t conceal their trails. From the days of Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri right on through Dietrich to Lana Turner, when they are after a man, the whole world knows it.

For example, Ty Power is a handsome character with lots of force. But he has belonged much more to the glamour girls, than they to him. Sonja Henie, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, Lana Turner and now Linda Christian who is Mrs. Power. In fact, the only woman in Ty’s life who was even faintly a clinging vine was Annabella. And she didn’t hold Ty long, considering the years the war subtracted from their marriage.

Gary Cooper has been very visibly chased after, first by Clara Bow, one of the most ardent dolls ever, then Lupe Velez, who was no snow-

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Another Swanson romance went to Joan Bennett, now married to Walter Wanger.

According to the two women he married—and divorced—Rudolph Valentino was a great lover—on the screen only.

Joan Crawford never fell in love again as she did with Doug Fairbanks Jr.

The romance of Gilbert and Garbo rose to fever-heights—to cool into a mystery Hollywood never has solved.
Ill-starred platinum-haired Jean Harlow loved and lost.
Death put an end to her romance with William Powell.

ball, then the Countess di Frasso, a clever woman if ever there was one. Small wonder
- Gary finally decided to marry and settle down.
Ty and Gary, of course, survived the feminine onslaught, but many another Hollywood
male has not. Can you recall the Marquis de la Falaise, tossed about matrimonially, between
Swanson and Connie Bennett (who have each had five husbands)? And what has become
of Phillip Terry, Miss (Continued on page 94)

Ty Power, with wife Linda Christian, has character—but he belonged much more to glamour girls than they did to him.

Carole Lombard left a space in Clark Gable’s life no woman has yet filled.

Rita Hayworth, as a Princess, holds the record for the most sensational love story.
Hope on a holiday

Dolores, Nora, Bob and Linda. Bob's an ideal host—he never offers anyone anything—they can help themselves!

Bob and Tony inspect life raft before launching. Younger children use rafts as playgrounds in the swimming pool

Hope in reverse: Tony, Kelly, Bob, Nora and Linda. Bob's latest is "The Great Lover"
At Palm Springs, Hopes spring out at
you from all corners of their rambling
adobe house. People say the walls
around most Palm Springs houses are
to keep the rattlesnakes out—but the
only thing that's ever bitten Bob is the
golfing bug. He plays every day. Dolores
took it up so she wouldn't be a golf
widow. Now she has her own foursome
and Bob has his—visiting business
friends, usually. Mondays and Tuesdays,
Bob goes back to town for his broad-
casts—but the rest of the time it's a
Hope holiday—at Palm Springs.

The Hopes' one-story house in Palm Springs. Only
drawback to living in desert, for Bob, is that he has
to keep his car on the street—his butler uses garage!

Nora's too little to go horseback riding but
big sister Linda and Kelly go every day. Bob
drives them to stables—with a basket lunch

With trainer Vaughn Anthony beside pool. Bob
goes for a rest—usually winds up entertaining
business people or trying out show in living room
Mother is a Glamour Gal

For Joanne Dru, three children proved to be a beauty tonic any young mother can take

by Anita Colby
Photoplay's beauty editor and adviser to the stars

TAKE a girl like Joanne Dru. At twenty-six she's a movie star, mistress of a beautiful home and the mother of three children, all without a line on her face to show for it or an ounce of fat on her body to testify to it. "Twenty-six, and I look every day of it," she laughs, hoping you won't believe her. And you don't.

Joanne's looks didn't just happen. She spends a lot of time on her hair, her skin, her hands, even her feet. Nothing is slipshod, everything gets the attention it deserves. She worries about her skin because the Southern California sun is a notorious beauty thief and wrinkles appear, sometimes, even on twenty-five-year-olds. Joanne, herself, has laugh wrinkles around her eyes, "but as long as they're only laugh wrinkles, I can't complain," she contributes.

She doesn't consider herself pretty. Says her nose is pug, her mouth too large, (Continued on page 73)

Joanne Dru of "All the King's Men" would rather be attractive than just pretty

Smith and Rice
If you're a state occasion, he'll put on socks. Otherwise, guests take him as he is. Here Vic romps with two of his dogs, Nicky and Genius II.

Photographs by Valeska

Victor Mature’s next film is "Wabash Avenue"
VICTOR JOHN MATURE thinks he has seven years left as a screen star. Right or wrong, at the end of that time he ought to be well set up.

His salary as a film player is $3,000 a week. He gets virtually as much for radio appearances, every cent of which goes in the bank. He has a healthy interest in a canned goods concern. And he has cultivated, to a high degree, the movie star's conventional prerogative of getting something for nothing; notably, where Vic is concerned, fancy convertible automobiles.

His last major expenditure, on the other hand, was the $13,500 he paid for his small house on a middle-class residential street in a non-fashionable section of West Los Angeles.

Since then, for "improvements" and to insure privacy, he has put about the same amount again into it. The improvements include a roof sun deck, rugs flush to the wainscoting in four of the six rooms, and an L-shaped assemblage of eight-foot-high fauna and hedge-work that (Continued on page 75)

by John Maynard

He still acts like a man bursting out of a burning building—but the new Vic knows where he's going.

It's a case of mutual adoration between Vic and Dorothy's son, Mike, that began when Dorothy was convalescing and Vic took charge of him.

Dorothy Berry Mature's blonde, poised charm, not always apparent to the casual guest, is perfect balance for Vic's volatile temperament.

His eating habits are the despair of his household. He never has regular meals; eats around seven times a day, whenever he's hungry.
Ricardo Montalban didn’t know Cupid had his day—until he visited wife Georgianna’s family

Barbara Lawrence, with Scott Brady, remembers when a “stand-in” sweetheart would have saved her feminine face.

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Is St. Valentine’s face red as Hollywood digs into its memory book and comes up with these sentimental souvenirs

Photographs by Ornitz

COME February fourteen and Love, its magic spell is everywhere. Hollywood dances to soft music; dines in candlelit corners, reminisces before open fires. . . And two hearts beat as one. . .

A ring of a doorbell brought a memorable St. Valentine’s surprise to Virginia Mayo that she will never forget. Virginia had been dating Michael O’Shea for five years. But she hadn’t seen him then for some six months. Their respective careers had separated them. Virginia was in Hollywood making “The Best Years of Our Lives.” Mike was in New York starring in the hit musical, “The Red Mill.” Mike called her long-distance every night. And as Cupid’s Day neared, Virginia kept teasing and wheedling him about his promised gift. “You’ll find out on (Continued on page 87)

For the John Dereks, their record-player holds a memento of a certain February fourteenth when Patti sat and shivered, listening to his Valentine message.

The woods were full of them—in France, but that didn't help John Bromfield, hunting muguet for Corinne Calvet.

Romance rang the bell when Michael O'Shea decided to give Virginia Mayo the Valentine surprise of her life.
Women at work: Large kitchen kept Marie Lund, Marion De Fore and Betty Hutton out of Don's way.

Perfect accompaniment to a kitchen party—home-baked beans.

By Kay Mulvey

Recipe for a perfect evening—two bright hosts like the Don De Fores and a kitchen big enough to mix in.

Marion De Fore, Marie Lund, Ted Briskin, Don, Betty Hutton and John Lund at tavern-type table made by a visiting uncle.
Most good parties, as you know, end in the kitchen. The Don De Fores start their parties there. With a kitchen like theirs, parties get off to a good start. Don and Marion, supervising the blueprints of their house, insisted the kitchen be planned to have the feeling of an old-fashioned kitchen, to be, in a sense, the heart of their home.

One end of the kitchen is the working area. The wide sink is banked by an expanse of windows that overlook the garden, there's ample cupboard space and colorful wallpaper, wood and brick are attractively combined. This space is divided from the company end of the kitchen by a brick barbecue. The company end is dominated, happily, by a long tavern-type table and arm chairs and benches which provide plenty of seating space.

Marion and Don are terrific cooks. Marion takes (Continued on page 100)

Another party hit was the turtle race. Don and Marion dreamed this one up too— with a little ingenuity and some cardboard and pieces of string

Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen
Never say die, says Janet,
who wanted to, many times, when she thought
she was through with romance

Girls who think that all is lost when a love affair goes wrong are
crazy. I should know.

I have been in love almost continuously, ever since I was thir-
ten years old. And each time I believed, with all my heart, that
this was the one and that if something did us part, I'd die of it.

“Oh, but you've never really been in love!” girls will say. (I can
just hear them!) Oh, but I have been really in love. Because I
have been, more than once, I feel qualified to talk to girls who
mope or pine or, far worse, do desperate, dreadful things to them-
selves like taking an overdose of sleeping pills or jumping off a
hotel roof because they believe that when one love ends, love
ends. It doesn't.

Girls should wake up to the fact that if they had never met the
particular Romeo for whom they want to die, they would have met
another Romeo. I should know. I have been in love five times!

It isn't too serious when a love affair ends. Better, by far, for
a love affair that isn't right to end before it becomes a marriage.
When a marriage ends, that's serious.

I fell in love, the first time, when I was thirteen and a freshman
at high school in my home town of Stockton, California.

How real my first love was is proved, I think, by the fact that
even now, years later, I still say we would have married and, who
knows, lived happily ever after if we (Continued on page 77)
Exclusive: Photographs of Gloria May’s party, full of surprises, with all the stars’ children and Bozo The Clown singing “Happy Birthday to You”

Cake and cotton candy

The fun began when the guests saw their Bozo hats, birds on sticks

Little Joannie Fink, Hymie’s daughter, poses with famous Bozo The Clown

Birthday girl Gloria May cuts into her circus-topped cake as mother Ann Rutherford looks on. Right, are Christy Hanak and Lana Turner’s daughter Cheryl

Miss Schuyler Johnson needs her mother’s helping hand but Evie’s sons, Ned and Tracy Wynn, are already spoon-deep in their cake and ice cream
Joan Crawford's twins, Cathy and Cynthia, knew what they wanted! Many parents took their cameras to the party.

Lana Turner and Bob Topping came to party with Cheryl, enjoyed watching the trained seal and performing horse.

Josephine, the monkey, with Ann Sothern and her Tish, has been at every May party since Gloria's father was six!

Wee Deborah Dozier traveled by stroller. Getting down to her level is daddy Bill, Debby's escort to the party.

WHEN Ann Rutherford, Mrs. David May in private life, gives a party—it's a production. To help celebrate her Gloria's fifth birthday, she invited sixty-seven movie moppets, with their famous parents and nurses—and spent the entire morning of the party blowing up balloons with a bicycle pump! There was a trained seal, a performing horse, a cotton candy vending machine and a lollipop tree. Not to forget Josephine, the 42-year-old monkey, and Bozo The Clown, who does the Capitol recordings of children's records. Even the grown-ups agreed that Gloria May's party was a circus.
The Queens are in

While their pet poodles wait patiently, Joan Woodbury and Adele Jergens sit and chat during a hair session. Barbara Britton and Adele Jergens catch up on the latest gossip while Joan Woodbury catches up on her mending.

Joan Leslie is served tea in one of the Beverly Hills salons.
BY. SARA HAMILTON

Opening the doors into some Hollywood beauty parlors, where stars let down their hair—and not always for "permanent" reasons

Photographs by Ornitz

THE melodic notes of a popular torch song floated through the private enclosures of a well-known Hollywood beauty parlor.

"Will you turn that radio up a little higher?" requested a customer in one of the booths. "That's my favorite song, but it's difficult to hear above the noise of the driers."

"Oh, that's not a radio," said the operator. "That's Doris Day, singing in the next booth." It was, too. For Doris spends her drying and waiting time, whenever she's at a beauty salon, going over new songs.

Doris isn't the only singer who makes good use of her time out for beauty. Peggy Lee, the beautiful blonde vocalist on the Bing Crosby show, conducts most of her business during her weekly visit to the beauty salon. "Meet me at the hairdressers," has become a Lee slogan with song writers, song arrangers, and agents, arriving in (Continued on page 101)

Hollywood beauty operators are prepared for anything—even opera star Dorothy Kirsten, dictating to her secretary, Jean Pomier.
Vera-Ellen of "On the Town" shows off her three-piece dress designed by Wragge from Amelia Gray. Skirt is gray herring-bone tweed with four inverted pleats. Blouse of beige silk is topped by brown velvet sleeveless waistcoat.
Calling a halt in the Hollywood fashion parade for a close-up of some leading attractions

A STAR-FIND this season is the new all-year-round cottons. They're divine for the California climate. For femmes in the fur-coat climate, cottons are a perfect hothouse fabric—meaning steam-heated houses and offices, of course.

Did we tell you about the wonderful barbecue at the Dinah Shore and George Montgomery Valley rancho? There were over a hundred guests at the scrumptious Western feast. The fragrant smoke that curled from the barbecue pit all evening long must have driven the neighbors for miles around slightly crazy. There was a big outdoor dance floor plus a hillbilly band for square dancing. Never saw anyone look so bewildered as Van Johnson did every time a partner really turned "square." Dancing around like mad were Claudette Colbert, June Allyson and Dick Powell, the Gary Coopers, Donna Reed and Tony Owen. Others, such as the Jack Bennys, George Murphys, Ann Sothern (she was with Cy Howard
down. Over it went a loose-fitting boxy jacket in a brighter amethyst shade, of a
dreadful medium-weight tweed. Sally's
tiny purple hat and gloves and brown alligator bag and pumps completed her
chic look. Jerry gave her an extra look,
too. But Sally sort of has to share him
with little Terry Moore these evenings.

Janet Leigh was there the same night
with Arthur Loew Jr., wearing a divinely
slim dress of brown velvet. Janet's semi-
tailored dress had a little matching jacket
of the same material with huge bat-wing
lapels. The thing that struck us were
the striking bright yellow accessories of
soft suede.

Saw little Vera-Ellen a few nights later
also in velvet. Her slim blue suit had
a tight-fitting jacket which featured a
double, flat peplum. With it she wore
a dressy white brocade silk blouse. Every-
body's saying that if "On the Town"
doesn't make a star of Vera, "Three Little
Words" (in which she dances with Fred
Astaire) will.

Something worth noting is a new line
of semi-dressy clothes designed by Wanda
Jackson. They're made of a specially
created woven wool and sheer tweeds,
mostly combined with metallic threads in
various designs. These dresses can go
anywhere from morning till night. Wanda
Hendrix has one in a raspberry sheer
wool that looks knitted, but isn't. It has
narrow bands of gold thread running
horizontally across the top. The skirt is
soft, plain and full.

One evening we dined at the Beach-
combers with Lana Turner and Bob Top-
ping, Sonja Henie and Winnie Gardiner.
Lana looked stunning in a draped black
crepe cocktail dress with three large
twisted gold pins, lavishly studded with
pearls, across the bodice of her dress.
Lana and Bob will soon be neighbors of
the Gardiners on account of that fabulous
estate they've just bought a small way
down the road.

Out at the studio they've redone Esther
Williams's dressing room. And, appro-
priately enough, it's all in aqua-blue
colors. To celebrate the new decor, the
Williams gal got herself a luscious, chiffon
dance frock, combining several of the
aqua and even deeper marine shades. The
bodice drapes softly over the bosom (Ben
doesn't like Esther to wear low-cut
dresses), and fits snugly around the waist.
The skirt must have a million gores, its
folds comprise so many shades of blue.

Arlene Dahl of "Ambush" designed her sea-green brocade
evening dress, with heavy folds draped over the bosom

that night), strolled through the Mont-
gomerys' charming house—chock-full of
the fine furniture which George makes.

If Hollywood—in fact, most of Califor-
ia—never contributed anything else to
the general fashion picture, we deserve a
great big bow for taking the casual dress
and suit that are usually marked "for
spectator sports only" and making them
the most generally beloved and useful
clothes of all. Today, the casual look can
be anything from a tweed ensemble to a
two-piece woolly, the top half of which
might be gold lamé or a bespangled blouse
that would take this formerly strictly
daytime outfit right through dinner. A
charming example of this was the suit
Sally Forrest was wearing while dining
at La Rue with Jerome Courtland. It was
of worsted with a close-fitting bodice and
the skirt softly box-pleated from the hips.
That fascinating stranger—your inner self—can refashion you to new happiness

Far too many women live with a numbing feeling of inferiority. Yet—no woman needs to be a disappointment to herself.

An amazing power in you can refashion you. This power stems from the interrelation of your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you look and the way you feel. It illumines you with confidence when you are delightful to see. But—if you don't show your best self it can baffle you with inhibitions. That is why it means so much to you to care about the way you look.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment
You'll find this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream will give your skin the wonderful, softening cleansing it needs for true beauty. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) use your Pond's this way:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This light, fluffy cream softens and sweeps dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.
Cream Rinse—use more Pond's to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This face treatment really acts on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream sweeps away dulling dirt as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this rewarding treatment stirs up beauty-giving circulation.

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely it sends a warm happiness shining through your face to meet the world—brings the Inner You closer to others.

Spontaneous, gay, charming—her Inner Self glows out from Mrs. Gould's lovely, spirited face.

Mrs. George Jay Gould, jr.

A quality of happy confidence comes out to you through Mrs. Gould's face. She looks so rightly lovely that all who see her respond with pleasure. Her complexion is glorious—with a white-velvet-and-blush-roses look.

"I don't believe you'll ever find a lovelier cream than Pond's Cold Cream. I'm devoted to it," she says.

YOUR FACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT—Get yourself this big size jar of Pond's Cold Cream—today.
Did you ever hear of anyone moving to get away from a fireplug? Ava Gardner of "East Side, West Side," did. It sat in front of her apartment, where she couldn’t miss it.

And she never did! Night after night she would forget it was there—and park her car in front of it. And morning after morning, she’d find a ticket waiting for her.

Finally, Ava, tired of paying for the fireplug, decided to look for a house. She found one, high up on a hilltop, in a new development—with no expensive fireplugs anywhere in sight!
Shortly after Ava moved she went away on location—and never thought about fireplugs until the day a pet shop clerk tried to sell her a toy one for her dog.

Finally, her picture was completed. Ava was so excited about seeing her new house again, thinking of all the things she wanted to do, the drive back seemed unendurably endless.

When she went for her car the next morning, she gasped. The new development had developed! For on her car was a familiar ticket and—hugging the fender—a familiar fireplug!
Olson Rug "Magic"

Now They Are Three

(Continued from page 36) occurred the night before. Ben and Esther had been
dressed to go out, their first "date" since
the baby's arrival.

Esther had stopped in the nursery
to give the nurses some last-minute
directions about the nighttime feeding,
and was horrified when the woman objected to "this
interference."

"I can't go away and leave my baby with
somebody unless I can be sure that my
rules, my training patterns will be ob-
served," she told me. She had quietly told
the nurse to pack her things, and just as
quietly changed her gala evening dress for a
neglige and taken over in the nursery.
I was proud of her, I said, but not a bit
surprised. Anyone who knows Esther well
would have known that she would be
deply affected by motherhood as she
attempted to assume full responsibility for the welfare
of her child.

For Esther, motherhood had been syn-
onymous with fulfillment from the time
she had been a child herself.

I WAS the first of our parents' five young-
sters; and Esther was the youngest. I was
twelve when she was born; I saw her with-
in mind, after her first cry. The nurse
handed her to me, and I held her in my
arms while the nurse prepared her first
bath. I expect the thing which colored our
later experience together happened right
there, this small little red mist was no one
to be jealous of: I felt as though she were
partly my baby, too.

I was, in fact, a sort of secondary mother
to Esther in the first years of her life. With
five children busy, Father needed help. And
probably because she herself
always felt that the sharing of family re-
sponsibilities was a privilege and not a
burden, when she asked for help, we gladly
gave it. When it came to the readiness of
looking after Esther, I found much
joy in my task, largely because Esther,
even as a little girl, was such a joyous,
loving personality.

My own career, of late, has been in social
psychology. I teach parent education
classes, and am a marriage relations coun-
selor for the Los Angeles Institute of
Family Relations. I was doing my train-
atory work in the years Esther was growing
up. Mother was studying, we went to
classes together.

Esther was a remarkably sunny child.
I can remember when she was three or
four. At breakfast time, Mother would be
hurrying to get Father off to work, and the
four of us older children off to school.
There was always a certain tension until
Esther appeared on the scene. She'd
bounce out of bed, her face radiant.

"It's a beautiful day," she'd say. If any
of us could stay sour-faced after this, she'd
think of something particularly compli-
mentary to say about Mr. Glum. Nothing
seemed so desperate after Esther came on
the scene. The tension evaporated.

Esther even as a little girl bragged about
her big family.

"When I grow up," she'd say, "I'm going
to have ten children, maybe twenty."
I reminded her of that one time. I think
she was just seven.

She came to school one day in tears.
She wanted to play with her big
brothers, she said, and the boys' gang of
friends had shooed her away. The fellows
didn't want kid sisters getting in the way.

"If you're going to have ten or twenty
children," I said, "you'd better start learn-
ing to get along with men."

She looked at me wide-eyed, and the
ears stopped. I didn't know what she did,
or how she did it, but an hour later when

I went outside to look for her, she had that
gang of teen-age boys building a playhouse
for her dolls.

The boys I went out with actually were
pleased when I brought Esther along on
our camping parties and hikes. After
Lawrence Sellstrom and I were engaged,
we took Esther along one Sunday when we
drove his new car up the mountain road to
Big Bear Lake.

I offered to relieve him with the driving.
Esther wouldn't hear of it. She insisted
that, "Larry should drive on this slippery
road, he's such a good driver.

She'd had only one lesson, but it stuck.
She had a thirty-minute lesson with me.

Her tact, it was really more than tact, it
was real tolerance, was not something that
she turned on and off like a faucet.

There was a time when she was in
Junior High School, and came home dis-
turbed about one of her classmates who
was a hunchback.

"It isn't right just to pity her," Esther
said. "She doesn't want that. But it isn't
fair just to pretend that she's the same as
everybody else, either. She knows she's
different."

Mother and I had been studying psychol-
ogy together for two years by this time,
and we were amazed at her understanding.

The kind of quick perception Esther has
is rarely combined with her quality of
tolerance. This is something that comes
through in her films, as well as for what
she is in her own life relationships.

Lawrence and I were married when
Esther was twelve, and very soon had
joyously with my two girls, the role of As-
sistant Mother I had played in her own life.

Esther married for the first time when
she was eighteen; she tried very hard but
it just didn't work. We were all delighted
down, when, after her divorce, she met and fell
in love with Ben Gage. He's such a relaxed
guy, so uncompetitive.

They married and Esther said, in her wise
way, "and they're right for each other."

Ben was as broken-hearted as she was
when, after they had announced that they
were expecting their first child, they had to
tell the baby was a girl. They had believed the
good news too soon.

Ben understood when Esther plunged in-
to a program of help to blind children.

She was working out more than her bit-
ter of disappointment; she was
facing with real maturity a question every
young woman must face when she decided
to become a mother, "Could I love a handi-
capped child?"

Anyone who has ever seen Esther work-
ning with those little blind babies would
have no doubt about her answer.

The unhappiness of three years ago is forgotten and
on hand, happy and healthy and tremen-
dously welcome. I will never forget Ben's face
when he bounded into the hospital to
take Esther and the baby home.

"Everyone's got a baby," he crowed out,
and signalled to the doctor. "We won't need
you any more. I'm taking them home."

In my work, I have learned not to pre-
dict anything, even the apparently
most perfect marriages.

I can say this: I can see absolutely no
reason why Esther and Ben and Benjamin
can go on forever being a wonderfully
acceptable couple.

No matter how loud the propaganda
about the insecurity of Hollywood mar-
rage, no matter how intense the pres-
sures of environment, I feel that these can
hang on, go on, together.

THE END
Mother Is a Glamour Gal

(Continued from page 52) her hair an uninspired brown. But she'd rather be considered attractive than pretty and she's constantly applying herself to it.

She uses soap and water on her face both morning and night, but never exposes her face to the sunlight without some kind of cream covering. Right now, she's using a pancake foundation. She applies it with a small sponge and uses nothing over it in the daytime. At night, she puts on a thin layer of powder and a touch of rouge.

Her hair is short and besides being extremely becoming, Joanne finds it almost a beauty tonic and so much easier to care for. "I didn't really have nice hair before I cut it, it was stringy and unmanageable. Now, it's bouncy and full of life and all I have to do is put it up at night and it stays neat all day. I usually sit here talking to John and rolling up my hair at the same time. She never goes to bed with pins exposed, however; she wraps it in a bit of pastel maline, which makes her feel glamorous.

She likes to massage her face with cream as often as she can. She also uses a lanolin-base cream on her hands and, since she is bare-legged most of the time around the house, she rubs the same cream on her legs at least once or twice a week.

Her clothes are subtle, tailored, but she admits to a fondness for orchid dresses. "Isn't that awful? Orchid!" she exclaims. "But it's such a flattering color."

Joanne had her three children in five years. Her son Richard, "Skipper," is seven, her daughter Helen, "Pigeon," is five, her baby, Barbara Nugent, two. She's slimmer and lighter than she was before. "For one thing," she'll tell you, "you eat carefully during your pregnancy, you don't gain more than fifteen pounds, and you forget that you'd ever used to go with eating for two."

She warms up to her subject, and the girl is a great talker. Fast, sharp, animated. "With Skipper, I had a doctor who allowed me to eat myself into a stupor. Gained forty-five pounds!" she giggles as she tells about it, because it's so unbelievable to her, even now. "And I paid for it in discomfort, misery, and achy bones. But at eighteen, the body has a wondrous elasticity. Besides, I came home from the hospital weighing only ninety-eight pounds, and was faced with a nearly-new husband, Dick (Haymes) and I had been married only eleven months when Skipper was born, and then there were diapers, formula, and 2 a.m. feedings. I was so busy I couldn't gain an ounce for months."

"With Pigeon and Nugent, however, my obstetrician was an ogre, and I'll be eternally grateful to him for it. For, with second and third babies, your body needs care and discipline, or the sagging, stretched muscles you read about will get in, and then you're really in trouble."

She tucked a marvelously firm leg under her taut, slim body. She wears shorts, colorful blouses, and barefoot sandals around the house most of the time.

"Isn't this gay?" she broke in. "I love to talk about my babies, real girl talk," then she bounced back to the subject. "I was told I'd be allowed to gain fifteen pounds, not an ounce more. And the punishment! I shudder when I think about it. If the scales told their story too eloquently, my doctor would firmly pull me out into the waiting room which was always full of other maternity patients and lash out, "Look at this pig," he'd introduce me, "she's so fat she's probably having triplets." Joanne laughed, but her voice was a little shaky. "Naturally,
none of his patients would dare gain more than the quota with that kind of treatment. I didn’t!"

Joanne’s not very athletic, but, since she was a dancer before her marriage, her body was sufficiently hardened up and well-disciplined to withstand most of the figure worries that confront the new mother. Her legs and thighs never thickened and her breasts are still as high and youthful as a schoolgirl’s. For waistline and abdomen, which are the especial trouble spots of pregnancy, Joanne was faithful to the following exercises which she says will work wonders if kept at daily, and soon enough. Two days after delivery, with your doctor’s permission, is not too early to begin, even if you’re still in bed. Joanne did, even though all of her pregnancies have been difficult and made her convalescences longer. “Don’t expect miracles, though,” she cautions. “These exercises will help Nature return your body to its natural state, but they don’t do it all. With me, it’s taken almost eighteen months each time to get my waistline back to twenty-four inches and my abdomen absolutely flat.”

THE exercises: On the second day following delivery, lie flat on the back with arms outstretched wide on the bed. Slowly, lift arms upward, without raising the body, until they are all the way up, then slowly return to original position. Do ten times.

On the third day, do abdominal weight-lifting to restore abdominal tone. Place a book right on the stomach and breathe deeply, ten to twenty times.

On the seventh day, start the trunk-lifting exercise, “and this is really work. But do it, do it, it’s a dandy.” Lie flat on your back, with arms against the sides of your body, and raise yourself to a sitting position, with arms outstretched in front of you, legs stretched straight out. Repeat ten to twenty times, or as much as you can stand,” Joanne suggests.

To keep from gaining excess weight during pregnancy, Joanne drank skim milk instead of regular milk, nutritive content is pretty much the same, and she needed all the milk she could drink. “I drank lots of orange and tomato juice, too,” she says, “ate an egg every day, at least one vegetable, unbuttered, and all my meat was lean or trimmed. I ate little cake, candy, and cookies, but I couldn’t resist ice cream, so I chalked that up to my milk intake and it seemed to satisfy my craving for sweets.”

Joanne followed this rather indefinite diet after her deliveries, too, for about three months. Then she relaxed and returned to her regular intake of food.

Despite the way Joanne looks, which is more like the belle of the Senior Prom than the mother of three sturdy youngsters, she is one of the most devoted mothers in Hollywood. She refuses to sign with any one studio because that would keep her away from the children too much. “By free-lancing, I’m home more than half the time and I don’t have to rush from picture to picture. Frankly, I couldn’t do that. I don’t see how any mother can. I’ve lost several good parts because I refused to sign long-term contracts,” she smiles, “but that’s not as important to me as being here when ‘Pigeon’ comes home from school, or when Nugent gets up from her nap.” "Skipper," her son, is at military school, but he comes home on weekends, and with John’s two sons (from his first marriage) joining them, they all have wonderful home good times.

Joanne Dru, wife, mother, actress, hard-working beauty. The gal who can have her cake—but doesn’t always eat it.
The Mature View

(Continued from page 55) makes the house stand out on the street like a luridly bandaged thumb. But there are no servants, neither full nor part-time, and the whole investment is not comparable to what he would have to pay for a place at least remotely commensurate to his income and prominence.

Nevertheless, Mature is not niggardly. He is capable of flamboyant spending, and generally precedes "innacle." He is a picker-upper of restaurant checks. But, in the matter of basic economy, his gazer has never dropped short of the horizon.

There was honest fear in his eyes one day, not long ago, when he made his case to a friend. "He jumped to his feet. "You see 'em on every lot!" he said in his rapid, eager voice. "The-used-to-be-stars." His tone shifted into mimicry, "You got a little spot for me, Darryl? Anything, I don't care. I haven't eaten since Thursday." He flipped his collar back into place and unhunched a shoulder. He shuddered. "That's not for Mature."

His friends today are not actors. One is a close companion from his Coast Guard days, a Twentieth Century-Fox publicist, another publicist dating back to Mature's Hal Roach days, a doctor (Mature has a respect verging on awe for the medical profession), two or three magazine writers and a newspaperman or so.

Another thing about Vic. He cannot abide being alone. In common with many extroverts, he has few inner resources and a feverish, driving quality that will not let him rest. People meeting him for the first time almost always say, "He wasn't at all what I'd expected!"

It's true, he isn't.

Place yourself, if you will, at Vic's front door. He's at his best at home and it's a good place to run across him. It's probably fair to assume that you're anticipating a beautiful hunk of a man and all that unfortunate tag connotes. Well, what you shake hands with is a very large, dishevelled person, undeniably vivid, even for an actor, but with a dockwaller's vocabulary and a headlong eagerness to meet you more than has way in establishing a personal relationship.

MATURE stands six-feet-two and weighs, between pictures, in the neighborhood of 220 pounds, none of it fat. His complexion is a deep reddish-brown, overlaid on either cheek with the florid patches that do not necessarily mean high blood pressure. This, together with exceptionally good teeth and a face that is sullen in repose, makes a production out of his smile. That you can have for being a guest. For state occasions, he puts on socks. You may be a state occasion, too.

The household's further on in. It starts with Dottie who was Dorothy Berry of Pasadena, a lovely poised blonde girl who, somehow, manages to control the volatile Vic, who behaves much like an excessively volatile Roman candle.

Some mildly strange things have been written about Dottie. Possibly, on the theory that anyone dwelling in Pasadena is a socialite, she has steadily been referred to as one. In fact, she's the daughter of a well-to-do contractor and good family but with no blueblood connections anyone's ever been able to find. It has also been reported, by inference more than anything else, that she is colorless. She is not. Still on the mend from a siege of tuberculosis, she has to take things a great deal easier than most and is reasonably equable by temperament.

Then there is Dorothy's son by a previous marriage, the five-year-old Mike, whose new stepfather was kept while Dorothy was convalescent, long before the Las Vegas wedding. It's a case of mutual adoration there.

Now in the three dogs and you've got the family. Genius II, a boxer partially lamed by a hit-run driver; Nicky, a fat police dog with the instincts of a com man, a terrier that is almost certainly insane. Inside, in the slightly sunken living room with the television set and the oversize furniture, Vic's as happy as he'll ever be. It's his métier, an informality amounting to shambles, where he can sit on the floor and project his excel lent charm in as many directions as he can see. He may start on a chair but he gravitates to the floor inexorably, lunging to his feet for his narrative calisthenics, but nothing else. His concession to the duties of a host is pithy and explicit. "The stuff," he explains politely, "is in the kitchen."

At home or elsewhere, he inevitably looks like a man on his way out of a burning building. Although it is too much to say, as one columnist has, that it's a red-letter day when his shoes match, it's true that he owns only one suit and has an utter indifference toward clothes. Nothing he fits him. If you have come to meet Mature with any antagonism, he will recognize it, he has met it too many times not to, and he will break it down if it's the last thing he does. He really wants you to like him.

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but you represent mainly, a not unstimulating challenge. And he'll work on you to the exclusion, if necessary, of everyone else in the room.

Two things may help to explain the early Mature.

One is the personal credo by which he professes to live and which, in his own words is, "Do what you want to do and take the consequences." To many, this would seem like an invitation to trouble and it has sometimes worked out that way. But it can't be said to lack incisiveness.

One evening he was standing with a friend in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre when he was asked if his footprints were there.

He shook his head and said briefly, "No."

The friend muttered something about its being a doubtful honor.

"Oh, no," he said quickly. "I don't agree with you. If you're going in for this thing, you ought to go all the way."

"All the way" may be the key words.

Outwardly, at least, Vic has not shown any excitement over his belated recognition as an actor rather than a personality, an accolade that was bestowed with "Kiss of Death," and has followed through since without interruption.

He has recently taken to reading the reviews of the New York papers, stumbling now and then on the more erudite flourishes. Once, he passed one over to a friend to ask in honest bewilderment, "Is this guy with me or against me?"

Despite his amazing physique, Mature is physically lazy. The torso is a fluke.

Feeling, some time ago, that he should build up the bicep region for half the title role in De Mille's "Samson and Delilah," he undertook some mild exercise with horseshoes at Laguna Beach. Within five minutes, he was pale and slightly blue around the mouth and had to call it quits.

"You ever see such a phony lot of sue?" he mused. "I'd smoke oftener if I had the strength to tear the cellophane off the pack."

His punctuality, or lack of it, is a scandal to the jaybirds, and his habits just as disorderly. With small regard for regular meals, he eats, possibly, seven times a day, snacks whenever he happens to be hungry, while bedtime is arbitrary. He needs amazingly little sleep and gets it, hitting the sack fairly late even when working and waking at witching hours in the morning to prowl around the house.

Still, Mature is a sound bet to get the seven fat years he's counting on. Bad films and worse parts aside, he was a good actor from the beginning and will be built up more and more, if present plans continue. He'd like to play "heavy" roles on the grounds that they are durable goods. But he will take what they give him, and that goes in spades for the weekly check.

The End
Love Comes More Than Once

(Continued from page 61) had not been so ridiculously young.
I was half-past thirteen when we started going together. Roger was fifteen. (He wasn't christened Roger but as he's married now, so I hear, and has twins, to call him by his right name might embarrass him. ) He was two years ahead of me in school. He was the big wheel on the campus. He played football and made his letter. He made track. He was well liked by the social group. Boys liked him and girls were after him and if anyone supposes that jealousy is an adult emotion which doesn't torture the teen-ager, they are so mistaken! Watching those campus girls, even the seniors, to try to make Roger, I remember I used to be literally sick. When, soon after school opened, Roger began to notice me, well, I've been as happy again but never any happier.

Pretty soon we got that three's-a-crowd feeling. "Tell you what," said Roger, "let's meet every morning, half-an-hour before the bell rings, in the school auditorium.
At first, we'd sit in the big, empty auditorium and just talk. Then we'd sit sort of snuggly-like and hold hands. Then, one day, my bobby-pin fell on the floor. We both ducked down to look for it. As we straightened up, our heads hit together with a bang. It hurt something awful. I began to cry. Roger kissed me. My first kiss. My hands and feet went icy cold, my face red and hot, my eyes all swimmy... oh, you know! I'd never felt this way before. I knew this was love.

The next thing, we were planning to get married as soon as I graduated from high school. With all my heart, I believed that this was the boy I would marry.

Roger went to work, Saturday mornings, in a garage, so he could save some money. I belonged to a girls' club at school, and we'd give parties and all our beaus would come. Roger was my beau, I was his girl and everyone knew it. Pretty soon, my parents knew it, too, and they didn't like it. They decided it was too serious and I was forbidden to see Roger again.

"But M-o-o-other!" I can still hear my high falsetto wail. "I'm in loove with Roger!"

"Nonsense, dear, at your age... ."

(Oh, but Mother, I was. I was in love with Roger "at my age," truly and really in love with him.)

Meantime, I cried myself to sleep every night. I wrote Roger long letters in which I pictured myself as Juliet and Roger as Romeo, torn apart by the stern mandate of cruel parents. I told my girl friend, Maggie, that I wanted to die. I thought I did. I would never love again. I really had a very bad time of it. I suffered. I wanted to emphasize the fact that it hurt. It did. Of course it did. It always does.

My parents took me away that summer. When we got back, Roger had moved. Before I had time to mope again, my parents saw to it that I joined in all the church activities, met a whole new group of young people. One of the group was Dick.

Dick was very handsome, very clean-cut, a wonderful boy, a good boy. I thought of him as Sir Galahad. One week after I met him, I was in love with him. I say, I was in love with him. So I was.

I don't say that I forgot Roger. I didn't. I never have.

It's a very poignant memory, I must admit, that first love. You get over the first love as you get over the later loves, if you must, but you never quite get over it in that it is always a little ghost in your heart. I still have the little gold medallion,

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set with a zircon, that Roger gave me. I sometimes wonder whether he sees me in pictures. I wonder...

No, I didn’t forget Roger. But I fell in love with Dick. Twenty-four hours before it happened, I would have sworn that it couldn’t happen, ever. I can’t explain it except to say I believe there’s so much love in the world that to suppose you can love only once is plain dumb.

We really had wonderful fun together, Dick and I. We used to go to all the football games together, wearing sweaters just alike. We went on hogsheads, (If you’ve never been on a hayride with your best beau, snuggled high up in the hay, holding hands, singing the old songs, you don’t know what you’ve missed!!)

I REMEMBER our first kiss. I should, because I “engineered” it. We’d been going together for six months and my Sir Galahad had been the only thing I should’ve tried, but he didn’t want to accept it. So Maggie and I hatched a scheme. The next Saturday, my parents were driving Mag- gie and her boy friend Dick and me to the football game at Lodi. When we piled in the car, the two boys, Maggie and I got in the back seat. This meant that some- one had to sit on someone’s lap. I was the someone. The lap was Dick’s. This rounding a curve, our heads just sort of went together, smacko! I seemed destined to get first kisses while seeing stars.

By our senior year, Dick and I were secretly engaged. We graduated three-and-a-half years, just so I could graduate with Dick.

That was a wonderful year in high school, going to all the parties with Dick, and hanging out together.

Dick sent me my first white orchid. I’ll never forget it. It was the evening of the Christmas formal, at school. Mother and Dad, I had a little extra money for a cab, for which they paid forty dollars, and no milk will ever be a thrill.

Dick and I graduated in 1943. Almost immediately, Dick went into the Marines and, later, into the service. I wrote to Dick every day. Dick wrote me every day. Love letters!

Then I met Stanley Reames. Soon after that Dick and I stopped writing.

It wasn’t anything as heartless as it sounds on either side.

Dick found a new life in the Marines. I suspect it had begun to crowd me out of his thoughts, but Dick, with Stan’s help, was the.

I met Stan, one of the V-12s at the near- by Officers’ Training School, because I was a music major at school. He was starting an orchestra and, needing a vocalist, he heard me. Dick Morrison’s was a singer, he asked to meet me. (My real name is Jeanette Morrison.) But when we started to go together, he didn’t want me to sing with his band. "Not my girl," he said. "Too publicy, too pulpy.""}

Tall, romantic, not a schoolboy, but from out-of-town, Stan was different. Being in love with Stan was grown-up love. "This is the one," I said.

That was a wonderful year. I lived at my sorority house. Dating Stan, who was sort of glamorous at school because of the band, was a feather in a freshman’s bonnet! It was on the porch of Alpha Phi that day that Stan first kissed me. It was on the same porch that, in November (we’d met in September!) we became secretly engaged. Two days after the war was over, Stan went into the service. We were married on June 6th, 1945.

Soon after our marriage, we came to Hollywood with Stan’s band which didn’t catch on. We were awfully poor, but that wasn’t the worst.

What did hurt it? We hurt it. I say "we" and I mean "we" because it takes two to make a good marriage and it takes two to make a bad marriage. We hurt it because we didn’t take care of it properly. We didn’t know how. Stan was a fine boy but, as an only child, he’d lived with his parents before the war, then into the Navy, then out of the Navy and into marriage without ever having to assume responsibility for anyone else. I, too, am only an only child and had never been on my own. But it’s easier for a girl to accept responsibility, which is why I say the failure of our marriage was as much my fault as Stan’s.

Then, by accident, this wonderful thing of getting into the movies happened.

I should’ve been married, for my marriage, for the wife to find life fully outside of home than in the home. It doesn’t do for the wife to be the one to make the money, be the center of attention. It didn’t do in my marriage. I knew we were both to blame, and I let her alone for anyone else. I, too, am only an only child and had never been on my own. But it’s easier for a girl to accept responsibility, which is why I say the failure of our marriage was as much my fault as Stan’s.

This time, I want it to be different. You can love and learn as well as live and learn, can’t you? This time our love has more of a foundation. With all my heart, I believe this may be the one.

You see? The End
The Luckiest Girl in Town

(Continued from page 40) Butter sandwiches. That's why Jane found neatly wrapped peanut butter sandwiches in one of the suitcases she took on her honeymoon to Santa Barbara, Carmel and San Francisco. After the wedding, while she was changing, I tucked my little waxed paper wrapped package under her bed jacket. She and Geary had a good laugh when Janie unpacked.

It wasn't until Janie met Geary that she fell deeply in love. And I was so sure, from the first, that they were right for each other that I gave Janie her first shower, to speed the wedding date.

They had a beautiful wedding. You would have thought it was my wedding, I was so excited. I even burned my dress walking down the aisle with the lighted candle that was part of my old-fashioned bridesmaid's bouquet.

Their wedding presents, of course, were out of this world. Jane's mother gave them a king-size bed. The senior Geary's gift was white and gold Lenox china. Louis B. Mayer, the head of the Metro studios, sent them a silver platter and two silver vegetable dishes. Bill Pawley Jr. and I gave a present together, silver place settings. The gold demi-tasse spoons from Jeanette MacMuldor were wonderful. So were the blankets and sheets, king size, from the Music Corporation of America.

Like all brides and grooms who take their marriages very seriously, Jane and Geary were nervous. Geary, according to his sister, Mrs. Barbara Covington, who was matron of honor, was so wound up he had to have a massage to calm him a little. Even so, when he was backing his car out of the driveway, when he and Janie started on their wedding trip, he hit a fireplug. Whereupon, as Jane tells it, she couldn't stop laughing.

Jane, you see it clearly in every phase of her new life, is not a movie star who has contracted a marriage on the side. She is Mrs. Stanley Steffen who, instead of keeping house and playing Canasta and serving on various committees, happens to work in a movie studio. I have only to see her with Geary or at the studio without him, for that matter, to know my instincts about them belonging together were right and to hope that one day I, the bridesmaid who caught the bride's bouquet, will be as happy.

So, I give you Jane Powell Steffen, if you ask me, the luckiest girl in town.

The End

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Rhonda Fleming, below, wears the original dress in Paramount’s “The Great Lover”


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Photoplay Fashions
Early spring tonics

You'll charm and be charmed with this two-in-one dress ensemble. Rayon linen fitted jacket is double-breasted with cuffs to match dress. Collar of dress goes over collar of jacket. Or stand revealed without the jacket in the softest of woven, checked rayon jerseys, the skirt gathered at a set-in belt. In navy, red or brown with white, with jacket to match dress colors. By Virginia Spears, sizes 7-15. $14.95 at Rich's, Atlanta, Ga.; Frost Bros., San Antonio, Tex.

Charming Colleen Gray is featured in Paramount's "Riding High"
Refresh your outlook with a pair of pretty rayon crepe prints like these. The dress at left is softly feminine with its velvet tie sash and velvet flowers at the side. By R & K in navy, red or green ground. Sizes 9-17, 10-18. $17.95 at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; May Co., Cleveland, O. Right: A print that features roll collar, soft center plait rising to a rayon faille midriff. By University in cocoa, green or blue ground. Sizes 9-15. $12.95 at Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore, Md.; Bond’s, Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Pearls by La Tausca

Pert Pat White appears in RKO's "The Tattooed Stranger"
Photoplay’s pattern of the month:
Jane Powell in the dress she wears in “Nancy Goes to Rio”

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s bright young star, with an eye to spring, selected as part of her trousseau this bolero suit which Helen Rose designed for her to wear in her film. The form-flattering skirt, slightly draped, features a soft pleat in back. Blouse is crisp pique with tucked yoke. Use one of Milliken’s tiny pastel checks for the skirt, combine with a solid pastel for the bolero. Or vice versa.
Wherever you live you can buy

PHOTOPLAY, FASHIONS

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

Paprika cotton coat dress
Jonathan Logan, 1375 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Checked dress with rayon linen jacket
Spears-Epstein, 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Print dress with velvet trim
R & K, 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Print dress with faille midriff
University Frocks, 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Unlined checked suit
Serbin, 1270 Ontario Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Pearls
L. Heller & Son, 411 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Silk ascot
Baar & Beards, 15 West 37 Street, New York, N. Y.

STORES

selling the Rhonda Fleming cotton dress
on page 81 designed by Edith Head

Akron, Ohio..............................................M. O'Neil Co.
Buffalo, N. Y............................................J. N. Adam
Chicago, Ill..............................................Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio.................................John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.............................William Taylor Co.
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Philadelphia, Pa............................Gimbels
Phoenix, Ariz..........................Broadway Department Store
Phoenix, Ariz.....................................Korrick's
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Portland, Ore....................................Lipman Wolfe Co.
Seattle, Wash........................................Frederick Nelson
Spokane, Wash...........................Bon Marche
Washington, D. C..............................The Hecht Co.
Celeste Holm

appears in "Champagne for Caesar," a Harry Popkin production

Check and double check:

The right number for now and spring—an unlined suit with the tiniest of checks. Fitted jacket features the drop shoulder with leather-like tie belt. Skirt has all-around stitched pleating. By Serbin, in a rayon suiting, white with brown or black check. Sizes 10-18. About $22.95 at J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.; Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill. Top-Hit's pure silk ascot.
Have a Heart

Continued from page 56) Valentine's," he said. Early on the morning of the fourteenth, Virginia's doorbell rang. When she answered it there stood Mike with his gawky Irish grin proposing, "Be my valentine?" He had quit the show and turned to Hollywood. They were married the following July.

John Derek's pretty dark-haired Patti was misty-eyed with the memory of a valentine's Day, two years ago, when John went on record with his romantic hopes. Patti's birthday falls on the nineteenth of February, and on this particular date, John gave her a record of Patti's own voice from a red clophane bow tie she wouldn't let him unwrap it. "But why?" she protested. Because, he pointed out, the record on the machine was to be played the next day, a message for St. Valentine's. Sometime after midnight, Patti, with feminine curiosity, tore the rapping off the machine. Unaware of the chill of the California night, she listened to John's voice recording his thoughts of her. Maybe it never would have won an Academy Award, but Patti, listening with misty eyes, had never heard more stirring lines. She still spins that record. It's pretty well-worn now, but she can fill in the thin spots from memory.

LAMOROUS Barbara Lawrence and Scott Brady, whose respective "hearts" are practically a continent removed, are ting as more or less "stand-in sweethearts" for each other this Valentine's Day. Since Barbara's best boy friend, Murray Millton, now playing the second lead in "Rex Roberts," must remain in New York, her good friend Scott Brady is going to stand-in for him and dine and dance Barbara around the town. Barbara still laughs, remembering one heartbreaking occasion, when she could really have avoided embarrassment by having a Valentine's night stand-in. It was the occasion of her first high school Valentine dance, programmed from five until nine. Barbara's other hadn't met Barbara's escort. So she was a little hesitant. But after Barbara assured her he was "very nice," and that the dance would be well-chaperoned, she finally agreed. Barbara might go. Moreover, Barbara's crowd was going to movie after the dance. "All of the gang is going," Barbara pleaded, intimating that she would be forever a social outcast if she couldn't go. "Well, all right," Fifi mother finally agreed, "but be sure you'll be home by twelve o'clock." Oh, yes, Barbara would. At nine-fifteen, the doorbell rang and Mrs. Lawrence, opening it, found her daughter and her date standing there. Barbara introduced the boy who promptly made a hasty departure. "What happened?" Mrs. Lawrence asked. "He mother wouldn't let him go to the movies," wailed Barbara. She can laugh now, but she died a dozen deaths at the time.

It wouldn't be Valentine's Day in Hollywood or anywhere else without a few nice valentines, memories of occasions when Cupid went slightly A.W.O.L. David Freni has a memory connected with the evening night of a movie when he was working as doorman at the Roxy Theatre in New York. He stood proudly at the door, in uniformed white-gloved dignity. It was a popular bill and the crowds were literally jamming in when a young, starry-eyed couple approached the door, seemingly unaware of the horde around them. The girl carried a huge, heart-shaped box of chocolates. Just as they came through, nobody brushed against the box and the googles of chocolates bounced all over the carpeted lobby. There, with people step-

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Popping over and around them, the embarrassed girl, her boy friend and David, white gloves and all, picked up chocolate, doing their best to fit them back in the heart-shaped container. To this day, the smell of chocolate holds no charms for David.

June Allyson remembers an embarrassing comic valentine of her own creation, when she was nine years old and the fourth grade was celebrating with a big class party. She can still see the big box covered with red and white crepe paper. It stood in a corner of the classroom and all the children deposited the valentines they were giving in it. June's valentine was a little homemade affair for a boy named Jimmy on whom she had a terrific crush. She wasn't ashamed of having made the valentine out of drawing paper. But she hadn't counted on the teacher calling out the valentines. When she got to June's, she stopped. For on it, June had sketched a very unflattering portrait of "teacher." There was an embarrassed silence during which June's face got as red as her drawing-paper heart. Then, as a topper, Jimmy, unable to rise manfully to the occasion, rejected the valentine.

For those two romantic-marrieds, Ricardo and Georgianna Montalban, Valentine's Day is an extra romantic occasion, with flowers and candy and candlelight and Ricardo's romantic touch on the guitar. But there was that first Valentine's Day after their marriage when Ricardo, who knew nothing of any American institution such as a day being set aside for romance, didn't give Georgianna a gift. All that day, she waited for a gift to arrive from Ricardo. And she was a little hurt and disappointed when none came, particularly, when she saw the thoughtful remembrances her sisters' husbands had given them. Her feeling, however, was as nothing compared to Ricardo's when he realized, too late, what all the dangling Cupids in shop windows were about. It was, he felt, a grave international misunderstanding. So much so, that the next year he came home carrying the largest heart-shaped box he could find.

Similarly, but in reverse, there occurred another such incident in the home of an equally romantic married couple last year. Corinne Calvet, the sultry French beauty, sat across the dinner table from her handsome husband, John Bromfield, worrying about the sad expression on his face. She was very happy. She loved him very much. He was a most thoughtful husband. He had brought her roses that evening, in fact, he brought her roses almost every evening. That night was no more special to her than all the other special nights. In France, there was no special day labeled for romance. The only heart-shaped objects she had remembered seeing in stores there were bars of Schiaparelli soap. John was sad, it developed, when dinner was over, because he had been searching all over Los Angeles and Beverly Hills for muguets, her favorite flower. There were woods full of them, the little white, bell-shaped flowers, she said, in her native land. "But mon cher," she said, "they bloom only in May." Besides, he did not need to worry about a special day. "In France, every day is St. Valentine's, and now, in America, too," she said, smiling at him tenderly.

This year, as February fourteen nears, many thoughts go to a girl with a wistful heart-shaped face and a baby-faced heart. Their romance captured the hearts of people everywhere. Wanda Hendrix an Audie Murphy, who were first introduced when Audie fell in love with Wanda's portrait on the Valentine cover of a magazine. He always hopes that this year Cupid may contrive to arrange a repeat.
This You Must Understand

(Continued from page 35) those questions soon enough and dared to answer them honestly this divorce need not have taken place. For this you must understand—much of the trouble that was wrong with this marriage transpired before the marriage ever took place. I'll always remember their wedding, a matter of the greatest romantic interest all over the world. Shirley was a lovely bride. And John Agar, in uniform, was very handsome indeed. I thought he must feel somewhat like a prince consort, somewhat the way Philip Mountbatten feels now. Dukes of Edinburgh have felt when they married Princess Elizabeth.

I wondered, too, if such a young man as John Agar might not be intimidated by a bride who had been world-famous and reputed a millionaire. Soon enough I was shocked out of this thinking. For while John and Shirley were still on the altar steps, her hand was in his arms and embraced with the longest kiss I have ever seen. It was evident Mr. Agar was not intimidated. But no one could guess that he would react the other way—that Shirley was not the least as a man must achieve, one way or another, through cocktails, and other women. The Hollywood gossip, including Shirley's court testimony, paints a picture starkly in both of them. For gossip taxes Shirley with flirtations, with a being a little predatory where other girls were concerned.

When we understand how peoples' very lives conditioned them so that what came to pass was, largely, inevitable, our judgment must be less harsh.

FIRST met Shirley when she was a little girl making "Susannah of the Mounties." I well remember that English friends who were my guests at the studios were enchanted with Shirley when, scene over, they would pour tea for us. She had great poise, delightful wit.

Shirley early grew accustomed to being the pivot of attention, to having everyone around her concerned with her welfare. Always, Rhona Feig, who controlled her childhood performances. She must have a strong creative urge or she never would have been the child star she was. And a creative urge that goes unsatisfied is a driving thing.

Shirley, also, is completely unaccustomed to being anything but tops. John realized this when she tried to learn golf because she was sure where John, in effect, at least, would have been lord and master. Better, too, had it been drilled into the minds and hearts of both of them that a playhouse is an inappropriate setting for making an important venture that must be counted worth all the give and take and sacrifice it so surely will entail.

But even so, could they have made a go of it? It is all too natural for a man overshadowed by his wife to assuage his ego with cocktails and other girls.

It is also all too natural for a girl, who always has been treated like a little princess, to be so bewildered and hurt when her husband neglects her instead of reasoning why, she hurries to flint to prove to herself that she is still desirable.

And where does a marriage go then? Not, for Shirley and John are happy. When John is at home he lives with his mother and two younger brothers in Beverly Hills.

Shirley remains in the remodeled playhouse with Susan. And when she talks of her divorce or when anyone mentions John she is tense and nervous.

And John and Shirley, too, have lost a dream.

The End

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Adolfo Marra appearing in "Sands of Iwo Jima," a Republic Picture

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89
Where Does the Money Go?

Lana Turner receives $5,000 a week when she is on the Metro payroll. But Lana, bless her sweet heart, has never regarded money as something you keep strictly to yourself. Especially, when she's in love. I wonder what Tyrone Power did with the handsome entrance fee his first million paid?

At one time, not long before she made her ruggedly handsome entrance to the world of the rich, Lana sold the big house she owned to live more cheaply at the Bel Air Hotel. But, at fifty dollars a day for herself, her friends, and two servants, she was living like royalty.

Bob and Lana have just planked $55,000 into an "adorable" Mediterranean-type home with swimming pool. The house will be modernized at no one knows, what cost.

Loretta Young has sold her priceless home and has endowed an annual sum to charity, also spends a heap of dollars on furs, frills and furbelows. When Loretta's furs were stolen recently, she reimbursed the druggist handsomely.

In contrast, there's Claudette Colbert who buys few clothes but the best. I remember how annoyed Claudette was when someone printed that she was wearing the same model coat bought from a druggist three years ago, and then sold it at a loss. So, what do they expect? "Pouted Claudette. "A new fur coat every year!"

But there's also Mickey Rooney who owned fourteen cars! Also, cost $150,000 a year in the Valley, at which never less than eight people were always present, at mealtimes, in addition to Mickey and wife Betty Jane. In Betty Jane's divorce suit, she complained that her house was like a hotel. A hotel where the "guests" never received a bill. So, when Mickey wanted to buy Martha Vickers an expensive engagement ring, he rushed into reality by his business manager.

MARTHA, who has been wonderful for Mickey, may even get him save a fewbucks. At a good time, they are living in one-bedroom home. "We are adding another room for the baby and that's all," Martha told me.

It's true that we don't now have a Mrs. Basil Rathbone throwing parties every other month. I was amused when Ouida protested recently, "It isn't true that my parties cost $200 each. They didn't cost more than $50!"

But we do have Sonja Henie to take up the flaming party torch. Miss Henie's parties are even more fabulous. She has black flannel from Norway, phony clouds that float under the Canopic jars, ceramic-sculptured figures lit up from the inside, expensive prizes for practically everyone present. And the champagne bottle.

Dan Dailey stopped in his tracks on the verge of following the usual Hollywood pattern of a big beautiful home. "I gave up the idea," he told me with a big grin, "I can't afford a $1,000,000 annuity instead." Dan is to be congratulated.

It's easy to say, "If I earned all that money I'd save it all." It would be easier to save $250,000. The Van Johnson's reason is: You make five hundred a week, and not five thousand. "Because, actually, that's about all he's left with. But like Mitchum, Sinatra, Rooney, Flynn and every other garage who has made a name for himself, he believes security when he reads the higher figure on his pay check. And there's the feeling that there always will be more where that came from. Sometimes there is, sometimes there isn't. But when the realization is too late. Then comes the mournful "Where did the money go?"

The End

Angelyn Orr, popular radio star, has her own "program" for keeping her hands lovely—famous Italian Balm, used daily. Countless women switch to Italian Balm for winter. It takes a rich, concentrated lotion to protect skin against severe cold and biting wind! Proved in Canada, Italian Balm softens rough, dry, chapped skin overnight. So economical! One drop serves both hands. Try it—see the amazing difference with this rich lotion! 25¢, 50¢, $1 per bottle.

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(Continued from page 38) jumped from $3,500 to $4,000 a week. But in his case, I didn't ask "why," although you might. Bob is reported to have lost all his earnings when a business associate went bankrupt. "Seventy-five percent of my money went down the drain," Bob told me at the time. Then came Bob's trial. No one knows how many thousands of dollars that put him in the red. But it didn't stop him when he wanted to buy a house with a swimming pool for his wife and kids. He's reported to have borrowed $50,000 from boss Howard Hughes, warning him first, "I'll stop for your coffee mugs. And a lot of creditors are ahead of you."

Not long ago, Linda Darnell studied a legal paper intently. "It looks all right," she said finally to the executive who had just hired her for her new business manager. All she had to do now was sign the document. But she had a problem, a soft, cuddlesome, appealing problem, after all. Who had been her business manager yesterday, saying, "No, you can't, it's too expensive." Linda put the pen down without signing and gazed speculatively at her bank balance.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"I'll be back in thirty minutes, don't go," shouted Linda, as she darted for the door. She was just a few centimeters off the floor. And something new, soft, and furry had been added, a $12,500 silverblue mink coat. "Now I'll sign," said Linda. "If I had signed before," she explained, "you, too, might have said, 'No, you can't.'"
Errol and the Princess

(Continued from page 33) you’re not thinking of her colorful background. You’re recommending on her youthful twenty years, her slender body, her strange green eyes, her air of sophistication.

Yes, I’ve met Errol’s Princess. The first time was last spring in Paris.

A note came to the table at Maxime’s where I was dining, signed “Errol.” I turned and there was Errol with a girl who was the epitome of simplicity. She wore no jewelry, very little make-up. Her chestnut hair was arranged in a long glamour bob.

Throughout the evening, Errol kept whispering, “Isn’t she wonderful? Did you ever see such a face?”

A FEW weeks later, I saw her and Errol again. We were all dinner guests at one of the smart Paris restaurants.

Immediately, Nora were seated at table, Errol began the same record. Wasn’t she wonderful? Out of this world! “She would be wonderful on the screen,” he said. “Say something to Joseph Schenck when you get home. She could be my leading lady. She doesn’t have to act! She can look beautiful! I’ll do the emotion!”

I thought Irene’s eyes brightened electrically at the possibility of a movie career.

Later on, when the rest of us were ready to start for home, Irene said, “No, Errol and I are going on to Monseigneur.” And, they went to Monseigneur.

All of which is amusing when you remember Errol’s attitude at the time he left for Europe. He was embittered and unhappily. And he operated under the hope that his marriage to Nora Edington Flynn would be salvaged. However, from the moment he met Irene he was himself again, the fascinating Don Juan.

But then Errol always does the surprising thing. I remember a party I gave for the editors of Photoplay at Mocambo. Errol arrived in a black brocaded jacket cut like a dinner jacket. The eyes of my women guests followed him all evening until he announced his departure.

“Someone’s waiting to drive me home. I do not want to keep her waiting,” he said.

When I did not ask about his chauffeur, he pressed, “Can you guess who she is?”

“I couldn’t,” he smiled:

“Mrs. Eddington!”

Nora’s mother, Mrs. Eddington, so I hear, will remain in the hilltop house, as his secretary and housekeeper, when he brings Princess Chika home as his bride.

Having met Irene I wonder if Errol will carry off this unusual arrangement with his usual nonchalance, his usual high hand. It could be. I also wonder, I’ll admit, how the Princess and her family would take Errol’s announcement of his plans to marry Irene. There was, however, no protest at his breach of etiquette.

It was rumored that the princess title really belonged to Irene’s aunt, that Irene was a Countess.

So, come spring, unless present plans fail, Errol will be married in a Greek Orthodox wedding in London or Paris.

However, I do not see Irene helping Errol to any life of fireside and carpet slippers, the life he insisted he wanted when he and Nora parted. And the latest bulletins from Europe bear me out on this score. Irene’s and Errol’s favorite resorts are the smartest restaurants and cafes where they remain until all hours of the night and    where their favorite diet is caviar and snails.

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Brenda Marshall

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(Continued from page 45) calm manner in which he took the news that he was a father-to-be. With his customary acute perception, he had sensed the Parks house- hold was about to be augumented. In re- sponse to his wife's curiosity, "How did you know?" he said he just knew. "Mostly by the faraway look in your eyes. The way you seemed to walk around in another world. Which is why, one night, absently puts it, "The way I went around just generally not quite there. The way I would go out to the kitchen for a glass of milk and come back unabashedly with a jam sandwich.

THAT Larry Parks has made Hollywood history a second time in capturing all the qualities of Al Jolson, so different from himself, is no surprise to Mrs. Parks. Larry. He's soft-voiced but very determined.

In preparation for both "Jolson Sings Again," he worked in front of the same detailed determination with which, as a child, he painfully overcame paralysis with an indomitable will to be well.

Rehearsing for "Jolson Sings Again," he worked a week forty days and eight months, from nine a.m. until five, before two mirrors, eight feet high and sixteen feet wide, to the blasting of sound machines into his mouth, his motor was cranked high, with a vibration so powerful, they shook the desks in the publicity department.

He memorized 140 musical cues in "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?" They were out 400 records on playbacks, playing some numbers as many as 2400 times.

When Parks works, he works 100 per cent and worries. His closest personal friends could make any minute criticism it would be, "Larry? He thinks too much." True, there were nights when "Jolson Sings Again" required a tall bit of thinking. Nights when Parks was literally on edge. When he would practice hours, beating out a dance routine or trying to come up with a solution for some song approach.

As he explained, the score was recorded before the script was finished, and with no idea about where they were going to be used in the story. As for instance, in 'I'm Just Wild About Harry,' which was re- recorded when a song was changed and turned out later to be used in a scene in which Jolson collapses in the story.

"A hard worker? He's positively inde- structible," says Truck House who's a playback operator. Even during lunch he could hardly wait to get back to work. They would often go out to Larry's favorite eating place. The Farmer's Market, to a little Scotchman's stall for his favorite hamburgers steaks. "But, when we got there, Larry would have an idea and want to rush back to the studio and work it out. We never completed one hamburger either." He says, "I'm not saying he was just a hard guy to work with. Not at all. He was a pleasure to work with. But he always had an idea. He was always looking for something better. As times, almost non- committal. Very cautious about friendships. And very vulnerable to any disloyalty, as his "My Story" puts it, "gives a guy plenty of rope with him." He surrounds himself with people he trusts. When he formed his own independent pro- ducing organization, an ambition which worked in with all his chips, career- wise, it was with his wife, Betty Garrett, and their manager, Lou Mandel, a quiet, brilliant man who has been Betty's loyal companion for twenty years, and whom I inherited from her, mine for six.

When he speaks of his new production plans, his brown eyes glow with enthu- siasm. "Stake Out" is modern gang- ster melodrama. I play a member of a law enforcement agency who joins up with the guys inside the mob. It gives me a right to a gangster and also a nice guy. Nice guys, by themselves, can be awfully dull.

Dull Parks never is. He has a super- sense of humor when you know him. Dur- ing their stage show appearance together, their first vaudeville venture, Larry and Betty walked hand-in-hand, held up one night after the last show, when a little girl rushed up asking them for an autograph. "Certainly," smiled Larry graciously. He signed her autograph and walked slowly on. The girl turned to Betty and said, "Gee! You're lucky!" Betty stopped writing to give Larry a tender look. "Yes," she said softly, "I sure am." But she was jolted out of her dreamland, when the girl said, "Just imagine, getting to kiss Frank Sinatra in 'Take Me Out to the Ball Game!'" Larry got such a big bang out of it, he incorporated it into their routine for the stage show.

The Parkses have an unpretentious pat- tern of living all their own. They live in a modest little white cottage in Nichols' Canyon. They have neither maid nor piano. Their piano is rented. He wears a lot of turtle-neck sweaters, has no qualms himself about wearing sloppy, patched blue jeans, eating. "Aging only makes them better," For every hard-working cycle, breaking his own paths in the Holly- wood Hills. His favorite idea of a large evening is to cuddle up with a cup of coffee in bed.

Despise their cramped cottage quarters, Larry and Betty don't plan moving. They're fixing a small room next to the dining room, one which has served previously as a place to keep the stage records they're making. In one they make like Fantasimson, a musical horse. And, in another, "about the little beating who didn't want to work, we both play beavers." There are such sound effects as "the dropping of an orange into a water bucket for the "plunk" the beavers make when they dive into the pond.

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Judy Holliday—laughter with appeal

in voice, in gesture, in expression or lack of it, Judy Holliday is a new kind of gimmick on the screen; a comedienne who doesn't set out to be funny, but is.

Out-of-towners who failed to see Judy in the Broadway play "Born Yesterday" now can find out for themselves. In M-G-M's "Adam's Rib" Judy plays the dumb but appealing husband shooter.

Judy, who was born in New York City and who attended Julia Richman High School, is a simple, honest, sincere woman interested only in her home, her husband and her work. Clothes interest her little.

She's a housefrau who can cook out half the chefs in New York and loves it. Judy spends hours tasting, adding a few herbs and tasting again. Satisfied, she and her husband David Oppenheimer, a symphony clarinet player, sit down and eat themselves into a contented stupor.

Aside from an occasional sore throat—the many herbs a day have kept the doctor away. Yet these sore throats have played the darndest part in her career. Once a severe strep job sent her to the mountains after six months as a switchboard operator for the Mercury Theatre, where she hoped to learn all about the theater (Orson Welles was her boss). This indirectly resulted in her jungle trip. "Six and Company" players that finally bored down to herself, Betty Comden and Adolph Green. They billed themselves as "The Revuers," writing their own smart material for night clubs and surprise party bookings.

Then came Hollywood. ... "the first time," as Judy puts it, with the blonde, brown-eyed actress opposite a tank in "Winged Victory," and being photographed like a tank, too. A likewise experience in "Something for the Boys" and Judy was back in New York in "Kiss Them for Me," winning acclaim as the best supporting player on Broadway.

When Jean Arthur left the cast of "Born Yesterday" on the road, Judy despite another of her sore throats was rushed into the part. After each exit Judy burst into tears while a doctor sprayed her throat. "It all passed in a dream," she says, "what went on I don't know."

What went on was the fact that the audience all but tore the theater down, and Judy and Paul Douglas were smash hits. When the play was a year old—she played it three-and-a-half years—she fell in love with David.

All the Broadway producers are scrambling for Judy's services and M-G-M wants her back for another picture.

"Decisions, decisions," she moans. The pain of conflict comes through her marvelous yet comic voice. "I finally leave it to Providence," she says.
(Continued from page 49) Crawford's third spouse, or Ed Judson, Rita's first, or any of the first four husbands of Barbara LaMarr? Barbara went to the 1922 army for the first time on a fiery bronce. The second time, she broke up the marriage after three days. Of her next two husbands, all that is remembered of them is that they had existed in the life of this girl, who was so beautiful that in 1921 she was asked by a judge to leave town, because she was too disturbing.

There were great lovers, girl-site, before Swanson. For example, Connie Talmadge. She had four husbands. Yet essentially, and because she is one of the rare "originals" of the screen who is so soon to be seen in a new picture, "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson may be said to have cast the mold for the Hollywood feminine romantics. Moreover, because of Gloria, Pola Negri had to prove that anything Gloria could do, in that mood, she could do better.

What's more, Gloria is still glamorous, which is a thrill for all women, when you realize that she contracted her first marriage, to Wally Beery, thirty-three years ago! That lasted two years, and when it was over, Wally was so broken up that he went to China for more than a year, trying to forget his story. Back in Hollywood, Gloria had united her life to Herb Somborn, the man who started the Brown Derby restaurants, and by whom she had a daughter, Gloria, who now has children of her own.

Mr. Somborn got a four-year run in Gloria's life, during which time she was in her most fabulous period. It was, truly, as fabulous a time as anyone has ever lived through. She was the absolute queen of Hollywood. Her salary surpassed any ever paid, before or since, under a term contract. Her slightest whim was law. Yet she went abroad and married a charming, dashing, dashing, and well, let's say, not forceful gentleman, James Henri, the Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudray. To give you an idea of what Gloria could get away with, she was married to a mere commoner, who had been promoted to the rank of "sir" in the British peerage, and moved into the same place that her late husband had occupied in the Paramount lot and kittens, quite mysteriously, began dropping down into Miss Swanson's dressing room through the trapdoor. Things got so tough that the Marquis finally had to put the width of the continent between its two queens. Gloria, making her films at Astoria, Long Island; Negri shooting hers in Hollywood.

I must be admitted, however, that Pola certainly talked the best game of love. She was already separated from one Baron Popper of Poland when she arrived in Hollywood following her smash success in UFA pictures. She proceeded to flirt with every man in Hollywood, to put it tactfully. For just a year, she was Countess Dromski. After this divorce she didn't marry again for ten years, when she married her own title, becoming the Princess Mdavani, and also, thereby, Mac Murray's sister-in-law, and much later, by remote control, Barbara Button's, when the Woolworth heiress also acquired one of the Mdavani brothers. In between husbands, Pola encountered John Gilbert, with and with the loudest publicity, Rudy Valentino.

The ending of her story has not yet been written, but it is to be doubted if it will be as happy a one as that of her old rival, Gloria. For all her brilliance, Pola succeeded only in antagonizing the powers-that-be in Hollywood by her temperament, where Gloria charmed by hers. Only a couple of years ago, Negri was back in

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Hollywood, looking quite humble, for work. She did get in one "B" picture, but nobody noticed. She was still talking, just as she always had, about mysterious lovers.

It is to be doubted if Hollywood's love history ever has been surpassed. Nowhere else on earth, surely, has there been such a combination of youth, beauty, money and passion all merging together in an ideal tropical environment. Definitely, there can never have been so many deathless loves started, and ended a year or two later.

In the very early days of Hollywood, the stars paid dearly for their loves. In 1918, for instance, the world frowned severely upon any romance that led to the divorce courts. It was this era that saw the love story of Francis Xavier Bushman and his leading lady, Beverly Bayne.

Francis X. Bushman had the works; a glorious profile, a sensuous mouth, great liquid eyes and fine muscles. At the height of his fame, he drove a purple Marmon car, collected amethysts, dressed his complete household staff in purple liveries and smoked purple cigarettes, monogrammed in gold.

DO YOU wonder that the ladies of 1914-1918 sighed at the screen image of Francis X. making passionate love to Beverly Bayne, who was quite a dish herself.

But, also, there was a Mrs. Bushman, a horrid fact concealed until Francis X.'s divorce was announced late in 1918. Even then, the reticence of the time was so deep that she was merely called "Mrs. Bushman" and where she came from, or went to, wasn't recorded. Yet there she was, and had been Mrs. Bushman since 1902 and had borne Francis X. five children during that period. Oh, Rome, how could you?

Possibly, though, Bushman would have survived if he hadn't madly announced that he was marrying Beverly Bayne. That did it. The timid homemakers of 1918 knew about philandering husbands, and, definitely, they could not permit one who had so far as to divorce and take a second wife. Francis X. Fairbanks had married almost immediately. The pathos of it was that they really were wildly infatuated with one another. Yet, when they parted seven years later, the public felt it was no more than they both deserved, when the public thought about them at all. Their careers had been ruined from 1918 onward.

Also, when, in 1919, little Mary Pickford left Owen Moore, whom she had married nine years previously, to marry Douglas Fairbanks, as Fairbanks, it was not as speedy close to ruining both their careers as their similar actions had ruined Bushman and Bayne.

Douglas's first wife had been wealthy Beth Sully, daughter of "Cotton King Sully," a Wall Street magnate. Doug Jr. was ten years old when they separated.

Since Mary was a Catholic, she was in sharp disfavor with the public, and not until Beth Sully remarried James Evans and it was said that Doug had settled half a million on her, did favor swing back to the then current Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks.

It remained a great love story and a perfect romance, and if you can still find many people in Hollywood who claim Mary never got over her love for Doug, despite her present pleasant marriage to Buddy Rogers, who is many years her senior, who has been divorced by her titled husband, because of Doug, and who has since married several times, flirty states Doug was the only man she ever truly loved.

Any heart history of Hollywood must bracket the Bennett sisters together. Few people remember now that there are three Bennett girls, Constance, Bar-
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BARBARA and Joan. Barbara has always seemed the hard-luck sister, less pretty, less talented, and less lucky in love. Her only claim to remembrance now is that her first husband was Morton Downey, later her second Addison Randall, whom Carole Lombard and then Gladys Farrell also loved.
But both Connie and Joan, if not exactly lucky in love, were certainly active. They started marrying while they were still in their teens, and both of them are still at it, with Connie still leading, five to three.
Connie was always bittersweet, clever, sometimes seemingly heartless, yet she took one look at the Marquis de la Falaise, Gloria Swanson's Marquis, and she fell so dev-
astatingly in love that nothing else entered her mind. Maybe it wasn't true, but the stories then ran that she literally bought Hank who was to be her third husband, away from Gloria... bought him with jewels, motor cars, lavish parties plus her own native charm and beauty.
They stayed married for nine years, between 1931 and 1940, and no one ever knew, with surety, what parted them. But only a year later, Connie married another man enough like Hank temperamentally to be his brother, Gilbert Roland. He had once been Norma Talmadge's Gilbert Roland, even though he and Norma never married.
Glow, Gilbert really is a charmer; warm, witty, handsome, and Connie said what was probably true. That she taught her how to live with gay-hearted delight. And in the four brief years of their union, they had two delightful little girls named Linda and Christine.
Connie's marriage to John Couter in 1945 looks like an eminently sensible union. But it may mean she has finally, found a stable love that will last.
Barrymore. At which writing at least, is the way her sister Joan feels about her present marriage to Walter Wanger. Amusingly enough, Joan's love life was tangled up with another one of Gloria Swanson's men, Gene Markey, who is now married to Myrna Loy, and, who, as you doubtless recall, was also once upon a time briefly married to Hedy Lamarr.
Joan Bennett's second husband was Gene Markey, coming into her life in 1932, four years after she had divorced John Fox Jr. by whom she had a daughter. Gene adopted little four-year-old Diana, just as in 1940 Walter Wanger became the father of the Bennett spouses, discussed adopting Gene's and Joan's six-year-old daughter, Melinda. But Miss Melinda preferred to stay a Markey and the household was presently completely occupied with welcoming Stephanie Wanger, followed only two years ago by Shelley Wanger, and even as this is being written, Melinda is visiting her daddy and step-mother Myrna, in Europe, while Diana Fox Markey, happily married, brings up her own little girl.
There have been and there still are, of course, Great Lovers in Hollywood, too, men attractive to many women but never belonging to any woman for very long. Notable among these have been John Barrymore and Charles Spencer Chaplin.
John Barrymore was, of course, the handsome crown prince of the royal family of Broadway. Chaplin was an English no-
bodk, a knock-kneed English music hall clown, whose only possession was genius. Where, the first two times, at least, John Barry more made social marriages. Charlie married love, and mistakes.

The first of the Barrymore wives was Katherine Harris. John, born in 1882, married her in 1910, and divorced her in 1917. In 1920, he married the ex-Mrs. Leonard Thomas, who loved to write and call herself "Michael Strange," They were exceedingly like their love, she and John. Even brother Lionel, always quite different from dashing Jack and their imperious sister Ethel, stood by and appeared in one of Michael Strange's very strange plays with his kid brother. The happy couple said nothing could ever part them when, in 1921, they had a daughter, who later was to grow up into John Barrymore. But part they did in 1928, because by that time John was even more madly in love with the very young Dolores Costello, the delicate blonde daughter of the very early movie idol, Maurice Costello.
She is still one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood, this Dolores Costello Barrymore Van Earick. Today, her daughter, Dolores Ethel Marney, nearly twenty, is in college at Palos Verdes, near where the original Ethel Barrymore lives, but her son, John Barrymore Jr., just seventeen and living at home, has made his debut in a picture called "The Sundowners." He looks fantastically like his father, too, and has his mannerisms, though he doesn't remember him at all, since his mother had divorced The Great Profile when Johnny, as he is called by the family, was only three.
Jack stayed unwed less than a year. When he made Eila a Barrie, the fourth Mrs. Barrymore in November of 1936, he united his life with a girl less than half his age, and no match at all in beauty or social distinction for any of her prede-
of her divorce from Mr. James would apparently make her twelve years older, an age she is now used to hearing. Paulette has always been vague with the dates, particularly of the year when she married Charlie, and now where that happened.

Until $100,000 in cash, Charlie Chaplin's closest friend was Douglas Fairbanks, but though Doug's marriage and subsequent divorce from Mary Pickford was the talk of the town, Doug never approached Charlie, who always seemed to be out to the world. As an actual matter of fact, Doug Jr. far outranked his old man in this respect. Starting with Joan Crawford, Junior courted Paulette late. He was a bit on the fad, Lawrence, Dietrich and Vera Zorina, among others, before he married Mary Lee, the ex of Huntington Hartford, who, only this past fall, married a Ciro hat-check girl.

Joan Crawford and I have gone through so many experiences together. My feeling for her is too deep to let me tell you objectively, but my opinion is that she has now experienced the ecstasy of her wild, young love for Douglas (as she always called him). She admired and respected Franchot Tone, but that was an affair which was over the season of the film. Claire Windsor, Clare Sheridan, Annette, Lila Lee, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Pola Negri, Georgia Hale, Virginia Cherill, Missy Goodlad and young Oona, there was one child only who was truly pathetic. That was Mildred Harris, who was too little a child for herself, when Chaplin swiftly wed her. Her son was very happy, grew very fast and lived for three years. When they agreed on a divorce in 1923, she took $50,000 down, $57,000 six months later. She had been Charlie's leading lady, on screen and off. She tried to get in and couldn't, and was soon forgotten.

Lita Grey had Mexican blood. She, too, was in her teens, and Charlie's leading lady before she was too young. She was very lucky. For her boys lived, and she never got a divorce, a fortune to rubber up his memory.

The Claire Windsor love didn't last long, and Charlie went over to his old friend, Billie Burke's actress, Evelyn Vaughan, overook his mad infatuation for Alice Lake, but refused to overlook Claire who succeeded Alice in his affections.

Probably the best-known love of the name of Clare Sheridan, but she was a sensation of the Twenties. She was an English sculptor and she was exactly right to appeal to Charlie, with her fame and the history of the Duke of Westminster in the other. By the time Charlie got around to Pola Negri, he really did things with glamer and busto. At luncheon, he would buy whole boxes of and bake them to town. For weekends he would charter a yacht to sail them to Mexico, or Santa Barbara, or wherever the lady's fancy took her. He brought books of canaries to sing for her just one single evening.

Yet all the evidence points that he, personally, cared much more about a dizzy, very blonde chorus girl who came to town early in the thirties, Paulette. She was already a divorcee, having shed one Edward James in New York. The dates Paulette gives on her birth, and the date

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THERE are many people, of whom I think, that believe if Greg and Lan had married, all that madness of his would have had her career, but the chances are they would have been very, very happy. When she knew Greg wasn't going to make her Mrs. Bautzer, she wildly eloped with Artie (who was then dated Judy Garland), and with whom she has never had one date previously. Their marriage lasted seven months and, later, she referred to it as 'her college education.'

Vic Mature succeeded Steve. Turhan's story continued. Vic, Turhan, Lana said, "was the most beautiful thing in her life. Tony Martin succeeded Turhan. Bob Hutton had married her. Howard Hughes (yes, there's a boy for romances—all the way from Billy Dove of the early days right down to Janet Leigh of today) followed Bob Hutton. Ty Power, who held a high place in the picture. "All my life," said Lar of Ty, "has been a preparation for the love." Which was unfortunate, if true. C account of Mr. Power flew abroad at the feet of Miss Linda Christian (who also briefly thought Turhan Bey was a dreamboat) and Miss Christian is now Mr. Power, while Lana is Mrs. Bob Topping, Bob being an old Airline Judge man himself, even as was his brother (among Airline's six other husbands).

Now, of course, through all the years when these many loves were taking place, Lana's dresses lived quiet, happily married lives. But these made headlines; have no place in this history flamboyant loves.

Curious, isn't it, how every era son
names are memorable. Always, for instance, the name of Valentino will be synonymous with romance.

Surprisingly enough, considering his own screen potency, his wives never talked that way about Rudolph Valentino.

His first wife, Jean Acker, hated him, especially when he left her for Natacha Rambova, who was not pleasant about Rudy, either, when they separated—though they were love’s mad dream while they lasted. Pola Negri carried on at a great rate, at the time of Rudy’s death in 1928, but Pola loved publicity. So it would seem that Rudy may actually have been a great lover only when acting.

But John Gilbert was both in exles.

Jack was still in his teens when he married Olivia Burwell, in 1917, a marriage that wasn’t dissolved for five years, though actually he left her in 1918. When he married Leatrice Joy in 1923, that made headlines. She was Dr. Mille’s bright particular star of that day. When they had a daughter, Leatrice Jr., in 1924, they knew nothing could ever part them and nothing did until a few months later when Jack met a Swedish girl, Greta Garbo.

THERE love story of Garbo and Gilbert was undoubtedly the greatest of all Hollywood love stories. Garbo adored Jack, on screen and off. She traveled with him; she laughed and starred with him, but she would not marry him. When finally they parted for the last time, he jumped into his rebound marriage with Ina Claire. That in itself was news and soundly in and alone his career was tottering. He grandly announced then, “This is a very grown-up marriage. We are two adult mates so that we may have each other’s companionship. Well, maybe they didn’t like each other’s companionship once they got it. Before the end of the third year they were separated—Ina to contract her third marriage with a business man, William Wallace. Jack to Virginia Bruce, by whom he had another child.

Virginia adored him just as much as had the three wives before her. Yet they were separated at the time of his death, which had been during both Pola Negri and Marlene Dietrich.

Pola Negri, Marlene Dietrich, Gloria Swanson, the Talmadge sisters, the Bennett sisters, again and again their names reappear, men who always got their money.

Which brings us to another potent name, Rita Hayworth, the Princess Aly Khan. Her romantic history caps them all. For not only is the name of Aly Khan Spanish girl of fourteen, dancing with her father in a cheap Mexican cafe, and end—perhaps just pause, temporally—as the wife of an Indian potentate.

Never has any marriage surpassed the newspaper coverage on the wedding of Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan. By way of contrast, think back to her wedding to Edward Judson in May of 1937. Ed Judson was the first date Rita ever had, he set up that date by telephoning her (they had never met) and saying he thought he could get a career in pictures for her. “He regarded me only as an investment,” Rita says. Seven years later they separated from him, and the talk is—quite unproved—talk, incidentally—that her freedom cost her a great deal of money.

Rita, too, had two marriages then—first with Vic Mature, then Ty, with others before she married Orson Welles in 1943. Late in 1944, their daughter Rebecca was born, and late in 1947, their divorce was granted. She holds the record, the Princess Aly Khan, until some newer, younger glamour girl comes along, who will marry a king. The likes of Elizabeth Taylor, maybe? The End.
Hamburgers
Mix together:
7 lbs. lean, ground, round steak
6 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup burgundy wine
1 medium onion, chopped fine
2 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tbsp. salt
½ tsp. thyme
2 tbsp. hot meat sauce
Shape into patties and barbecue until
done to taste.

Everyone helps at the De Fores. On this
particular occasion, Marie Lund and Betty
Hulton Brinkin donned aprons when they
arrived and proceeded to set the table and
make the salad, a De Fore specialty.

CUCUMBER SALAD WITH SOUR CREAM
Wash and peel 5 medium-sized cucum-
ers. Slice very thin directly into a deep
bowl. As each cucumber is finished, sprin-
kle with salt. Place in refrigerator and chill
4 hours. Then drain, rinse and squeeze
water out with your hands. Slice very thin,
2 medium-sized Bermuda onions. Separate
into rings. Add to cucumbers. Combine.
1 cup low-cream
2 tbsp. red wine vinegar
1 tsp. sugar
½ cup lemon juice
Paprika and coarse ground pepper
Mix gently but thoroughly with vege-
tables. It’s perfect with beans and ham-
burgers.

Marion De Fore put Betty to work ar-
ranging a relish plate of olives, pickles,
 celery, green onions and radishes. Marle
made the savory garlic bread.

GARLIC FRENCH BREAD
Cut into 1½-inch slices 4 loaves French bread.
Work ½ lb. butter with wooden
spoon until soft. Add 4 cloves garlic, chopped
fine. Let stand 5 minutes. Spread
generously on bread slices and toast under
broiler, buttered side up, until golden
brown.

No one, of course, was allowed to deal
with the baked beans but Marion. She has
a way with them, Don will tell you.

BAKED BEANS
Cook gently over low heat:
4 slices bacon, chopped fine
1 clove garlic, chopped fine
When bacon is almost crisp, add ½ cup
brown sugar, firmly packed. Cook over
low heat until sugar melts. Add contents of
6 (18-ounce) cans oven-baked beans. St
the bacon-sugar mixture in gently. Place:
casserole or cut crock. Sprinkle with o
tra ½ cup brown sugar, if desired. Cove
and bake in a slow oven (300°F). 2 hour
Marion also had filled the cookie jar.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES
Sift then measure:
½ cup flour. Add, and sift again:
½ tsp. soda
¼ tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
In mixing bowl, soften with spoon
½ cup shortening. Add and mix until
fluffy:
½ cup peanut butter
½ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar
Add 2 eggs, well-beaten. Add flour mix-
ture and stir until well-combined. Drop
¾-inch balls of dough on cookie sheet
1 inch apart. Flatten with fork dipped
flour to make criss-cross pattern. Bake
moderate oven (350°F.) about 10 minute
Dessert was another De Fore speciali

LITTLE ICE CREAM DESSERTS
Marion fixed a most attractive, simp
and delectable ice cream dessert. She
put a little flower pots with ice cream. S
placed a match stick in the middle of each
then chilled them in the refrigerator un
solid. Then she removed the stick as
placed an artificial daisy in the hole, ju
before serving.

Later in the evening, we played a won
derful new version of charades. De
screened it up. Instead of acting out the
subject, we drew it on a blackboard. De
worst of one of the strangest looking critt
ever seen. It had a balloon-like bod
spindly legs and whiskers. It was supposed
to be “The Male Animal.” Before De
had his animal he went through the usual
pantomime classification of his subje

The turtle race was fun, too. Don ar
Marion drew four large turtles on piece
of cardboard, cut them out and pull
strings, about five yards long, throw
holes punched just below the turtle head.
One end of this string is fastened to a cha
The other end is held in the hand. And the
person who “walks” the turtle all the w
down the string first is the winner.

So with good food, television, a new ve
sion of charades and a turtle race, the
was not a dull moment at the De Fo
party, which began in the kitchen at en
ded there, as all good parties should, wi
a raid on the refrigerator.

(Betty Button is in “Let’s Dance,” Joel
Lund in “Duchess of Idaho” and “The Li
and Don De Fore in “My Friend Irma.”

The End
The Queens Are in the Parlor

(Continued from page 65) fifteen-minute regimens.

None of these extra-curricular activities seem to disturb any of the operators who are briefed to be prepared for everything. For instance, when Linda Darnell was requested to "Put Back Number," the bleaching of her very dark tresses was extended over a period of several weeks.

A national magazine had requested the privilege of covering the transformation, so her three-vestrel, hire assistant, a consultant from the studio and a press agent jammed themselves into the booth in which Linda was being bleached, with a patient person. Frantic calls from frantic customers are met with complete understanding. Recently, Barbara Britton telephoned a beauty shop. "My hair's a mess. I haven't learned to wear it with my little son. But I have an important studio interview set for tomorrow and I must get to your place today."

An hour later, Barbara was in the shop, with little Teddy on her lap. While her hair was being done, a hat designer rushed over with several numbers for her approval and the manager of a nearby shoe store, Kied in and asked prices.

The beauty shop had arranged for everything. Operation Britton went off without a flaw.

HAVE we intimated that beauty parlor operators are disturbed by nothing? Well, that's not quite true. Their dread of one type of catastrophe gives them multicolored nightmares, and another provides a frightening hair-dyeing process going berserk, thereby en-dowing the unlucky customer with a hair shade that's not for this world. When this actually happens...

Joan Crawford's hair, for instance, which had to be bleached for "Flamingo Road," turned chartreuse during the dyeing-back process.

Lucille Ball went through an almost identical experience, but with happier results. One day, just before she was scheduled for a syndicated interview, she entrusted her hair-dyeing to a new operator. And her hair came out a rosy pink.

Practically in tears, Lucille telephoned her publicity agent who was waiting with the newspaper man at Lucey's restaurant. Sending a better story than that which he had been planned, the publicist carted the writer off to the salon. The result was bang-up humorous articles on Lucille's pink hair that hit parlor country.

Beauty parlor interviews are practically an everyday occurrence in Hollywood. But, sometimes, they aren't as private as they should be.

Before Maureen O'Hara left for Europe, she scheduled a hair set and an interview at the same time. The writer, a man in this case, sneaked into her booth and found Maureen with her head dryer. This meant shouting his questions to Maureen. Not realizing how loud she was talking, Maureen shouted back the answers.

"The ordeal left me with a permanent lisp. But that wasn't all. Imagine his chagrin, when, the following Sunday, before he could get his story to his magazine's New York office, the conversation, complete with expletives and derisory giggles, appeared in the theatrical section of a local newspaper. A syndicated columnist in the next booth, who had overheard the entire encounter for another, his own.

Lana Turner overheard a conversation as she was having her nails done, one day, but because of Lana's unimportant eavesdropping, an unknown young lady received the thrill of her life. This young lady had desperately requested her hair

*I keep my hair lovely looking and healthy with Glover's," says Georgena Brannon, attractive PAN-

AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS stewardess.

(Note how the soft luminous shade of her hair matches her flawless complexion.)

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done exactly like Lana's. Curious, Lana sent her manicurist in to find out why.

The answer was the one that young girls all over the country give to their operators, when they make the same request. Her boy friend thought Lana the most beautiful girl on the screen and wanted his sweetheart to look as much like the girl of his dreams as possible.

When Lana was told this, she formed a clipping of her hair to the girl's booth for matching, and had her special hairdresser do an exact duplicate cutting and trimming job for the girl. She also informed the girl of her favorite make-up tricks.

And it worked! Lana was told, a few days later, that the delighted customer had called to thank everyone. She was going to be married in a few weeks, wearing a dress copied after the one Lana wore in "Marriage Is a Private Affair."

JANE WYMAN made a similar gesture, but in her case, instead of giving advice and suggestions, Jane personally assumed the role of beauty operator.

It happened on the set of "A Kiss in the Dark." A young new-comer, about to go before the camera for the first time, sat nervously on the sidelines waiting to be called. Looking up from her script, she saw Jane smiling at her.

"You're in the next scene, aren't you?" Jane asked kindly.

"Yes, I am," replied the girl.

Jane invited the girl into her dressing room and, after seating her at the dressing table, she asked, "Do you mind if I try something different with your hair? I don't think that side part is for you at all."

Before the bewildered girl could reply, Jane's comb was sweeping through her hair with professional sureness.

The result was miraculous. "It's all right," reassured Jane, as the girl began to express her thanks. "You see, I began in Hollywood as a hairdresser and I can't resist fixing a hair-do. I know it is unusual.

A beauty treatment had a far-reaching effect on Ann Sheridan's future, too. Ann was already an established star the day she popped into a local shop for a permanent, but she was faced with a great decision in regard to her personal life.

She pondered over the problem while her hair was neatly wound about the wires of the machine overhead. Suddenly, her chair rocked, the machine slid perceptibly and Ann slid with it.

"Earthquake," cried a chorus of feminine voices, as customers with streaming hair, half-manicured hands or naked, semi-pedicured feet, dashed from the various booths. Unable to free herself, Ann, all at once, found herself facing the situation with complete calm and assurance. The result of that experience carried over to the following day, and the problem which had seemed so huge melted away under her new-found assurance.

"I wouldn't recommend an earthquake while having a permanent as a means of finding oneself," Ann said later, "but I certainly worked wonders with me."

Secrets are told to favorite operator that will entrust with no one else. Gossip is exchanged, confidences given and careers made, and occasionally ruined.

June Haver was in the midst of a manicure when she heard, in the next booth a voice say, "You there, are still planning the life story of Marilyn Miller at Warners, but they just can't seem to find the right girl to play the lead."

Like a flash, June ran to the phone called her agent, tied her damp hair in a bandana and took off for his office. Before the day was over, the agent had arranged with Twentieth Century-Fox to lend June to Warners, and June was set to become Marilyn Miller about the same time the woman in the next booth left the salon.

On the other hand, there's the story of the actress noted for her rudeness, who yanked a telephone from the hand of one of the customers, snarling, "I spoke for this phone first. If your call is so important you can use the pay booth in front."

The custom was used, indeed. She called her producer-husband who had the actress in mind for an important role in his next film. And the actress still doesn't know who called.

Jennifer Jones is the star most inclined to be thoughtful, not only of her presen appearance, but of her future one as well.

During the shooting of a recent picture, she noticed that one of the actors was gradually losing his double chin, an frankly asked how it was accomplished. She received an equally frank answer. H was submitting to a muscle exercise machine.

On her next visit to the shop, Jennifer asked for a treatment on the machine to eliminate a double chin threat. Jennie is an "everything-at-the-same-time" customer with a masseuse busy on her arms, a pedicurist at her feet, a hairdresser doing her hair, while she's trying to answer calls and grab lunch at the same time.

"How was it with Jennifer, another "shoot-the-works" girl when she goes to the beauty shop? Late one afternoon, a Marie relaxed for her facial, the operator said, "Wait'll I remove these first," an started working on Marie's inches-long lashes.

Marie leaped about two feet into the air. The eyelashes, far from being false, as the girl supposed, were Marie's own.

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Later, Marie went to the desk and paid her bill. Halfway out the door, she was stopped by the cashier. The cashier, speechless with excitement, was pointing wildly.

Marie looked down. Each foot was bare and between each toe lurked a piece of cotton. She had completely forgotten she’d had a pedicure.

One can’t entirely blame Marie’s beautician for her mistake. All the top beauty salons specialize in providing false eyelashes for the stars who want or need them.

And a well-known shop is noted for whipping up those youth-making toupees worn by actors with receding hairlines.

But, believe it or not, acquiring a toupee isn’t the only reason the Hollywood movie animal invades a beauty salon.

Customers seldom give a second glance at that stumpy, he-man cowboy, Hopalong Cassidy, as he strides through a salon to his favorite hairdresser. When Bill Boyd is about to do another Western, he submits to the tortures of a wave in order to give body to his fine silver hair. Otherwise, the camera plays tricks with the fine hair of this handsome cowboy star.

BILL POWELL sat for hours while every other hair at his temples was bleached white for his role in "Dancing in the Dark." The old temples routine is too obvious for the Technicolor camera. Bill, whose brown hair was dyed red for "Life with Father," claims he’s a veteran of the beauty parlor routine.

Such stars as Tyrone Power, Spencer Tracy, and even Gene Lockhart have submitted to the curling tongs when their roles demanded it. John Lund, who was stilled even bolder for "Miss Tatlock’s Millions," claimed he'd give up his career before he'd go through that ordeal again.

Years ago, an actress noticed through the open door of a booth, a sight that stopped her cold. With his hair strung up into dozens of old-fashioned permanent machine wires sat John Barrymore.

His eyebrows rose as she stood, rooted to the spot. "Well, John," she suddenly demanded, which sent her scurrying off like a frightened chipmunk. Later, she learned that Mr. Barrymore was being readied for his role in "Don Juan.

When Errol Flynn was vacationing in Jamaica, his hair, curled and lightened for "Don Juan," was a constant source of amazement to the natives, especially as the dark roots pushed out the lighter curls.

But vanity, along with sometimes prompts actors to stealthily creep into beauty salons through back doors.

A middle-aged actor sat in a booth at one of the big shops and grew extremely excited, as his two custom was beamed. "I'm having these face massages and my hair touched up for one reason only," he said, flicking his cigarette ashes on the floor. "I’m in love. Don’t want him to think I’m too old.

"You know the young lady," And he named a young starlet.

"Shh!" the operator warned. "She’s in the next booth having a manicure."

They never knew whether she heard or not. But the operator and the actor were inclined to believe she had heard when her engagement to a much younger actor was announced in a column a week later.

The End
The Most SURPRISED Bride in all England!

She Wed Lord Johnnie the Rogue on His Way to the Gallows—and Planned to Forget Him! But No Mere Hangman Could Cheat Johnnie of His Delightful Prize!

WHAT mad purpose drove the reviving young Lady Leanna to Newgate prison one night to marry a man she had never seen? To marry indeed, a notorious outlaw condemned to hang in the morning?

Anyway, Leanna did not suspect how her beauty could fire a man. For in less than four hours, while hangman and police were searching every corner of London for him, handsome Lord Johnnie was inside her door, breathless but arrogant, to claim at least one night with this woman who had expected him to die.

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With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin," telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and additional bargains offered at 3¢ each to members only. I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following month's selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other books as they appear in the Bulletin. At the normal price of 3¢ each, I do not have to accept a book every month. I can assume responsibility for my monthly selections and will thereby be entitled to a free copy of "The Bulletin" each month.

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Only one leading tooth paste is designed to give this double protection*

If you want a healthier, more wholesome mouth, dentists warn you to protect your gums as well as your teeth.

For gum troubles not only cause more tooth losses than decay. Unhealthy teeth and gums BOTH breed unpleasant breath. That's why you need to fight tooth decay and gum troubles BOTH—with doubly-effective Ipana care*.

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So get Ipana's double protection—to help keep your whole mouth wholesome! You'll like that wholesome Ipana flavor, too. It's refreshing.

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1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. 2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. Ipana's formula reduces tooth decay, promotes healthier gums—helps keep your whole mouth wholesome! Get Ipana today.

Healthier teeth, healthier gums... Ipana for Both!
Why just watch the whirl go by? Guard wisely against underarm odor. Never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum. Smooth, fragrant Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Get Mum today!

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Won't rot or discolor fine fabrics. Thrifty, too—no waste, no shrinkage.

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, sure...dependable for this important use, too.
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What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Claudette Colbert, star of "Blind Spot"

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-four years old and a young man, with whom I had been going steady for over a year, broke up with me about eight months ago. I came to the conclusion, at that time, that I was not in love with him, although he had assured me repeatedly that he was in love with me. I was not ready to get married when he was.

He started going with my best friend, and gave her an engagement ring.

One Sunday night, he happened to see me hurrying home from church and asked to drive me the rest of the way. We sat in the car and talked for hours. He said he had never loved anyone but me and that he hadn't realized how he had missed me until he caught sight of me again.

I know from friends that my girl friend is as much in love with this man as he says he is with me. Now, I know that he is the one for me, but I don't know what to do about it, and neither does he.

I think if he got my husband to set him up, but it would be a mistake for this man to marry my friend now that we have discovered that we are truly in love. What shall I do?

Druella B.

In this situation there is only one thing for you to do: Be very, very positive that you are in love with this man and intend to marry him and to make a success of that marriage. Be certain that you are not influenced by the possible fact that you are taking this man away from your girl friend out of agitation, or a complex sort of revenge.

Having proved your own conscience, you should tell this man whether you would marry him if he were free.

From that point on, action is entirely up to him. He should tell this other girl that he wishes to be released. This sort of clean cut decision is always best.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty years old, a Japanese high school student. In our school are almost a thousand male students and quite a few girls. We are in the transition period, changing from our old educational system to the new system which includes girls.

I think it is certainly a good idea to study and play together, boys and girls, but, in social Japan, people are thinking that to do so will encourage an evil influence.

Sometimes I am obliged to think that co-education is not to study, but to be idle. If I should hear your opinion in regard to this situation, I would be very happy.

Kiyoshi I.

Recently, I have received a great many letters from persons living in Japan. The letters are well-expressed and beautifully written, attesting to the artistic abilities of the Japanese people.

As for the success and contribution to people's welfare of any new custom as revolutionary as co-education must seem to your senior citizens, I can only say that you young people must in-
PAID IN FULL

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S BITTER VICTORY
Based on the story that captured the imagination of the 40,000,000 readers of The Reader's Digest!

Robert Cummings · Lizabeth Scott · Diana Lynn
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Which Twin has the Toni?

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

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

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

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

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

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality!

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

P. S. For complete hair care get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

(Continued from page 4) met a man I could really love. Do I not have the right to happiness? I couldn't give up my child, but I don't think my husband would insist on it, although he might. I've stuck out this dull marriage so far because of security and the boy, but now I'm so restless I think I'll lose my mind.

Mrs. H. J. T.

You want me to assure you that love is the most important thing in the world, and that is exactly what I am going to do. But my honest opinion is that the love you seek is to be found in your present marital relationship. Your husband sounds like a wonderful man.

I wish you could read the sad letters which come to me from girls in your spot who have given up a good home and a contented marriage to seek "romance." Here is one thing that so often happens: The man on whom the girl was counting suddenly finds that he isn't ready to settle down. Some of your restlessness is undoubtedly due to your lacking enough work to keep you busy. Postpone any action in regard to your marriage for at least six months.

Sometimes, the only way to find the love we all seek is to stop looking for it, then it appears on our own doorsteps.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and was a brunette, but I wasn't satisfied with the color of my hair. I tried a product which was supposed to turn hair blonde, but it only lightened the ends of my hair.

Because you are right there in Hollywood, I thought you would tell me how I can be a real blonde like Betty Grable, June Haver, or Betty Hutton.

Edith C.

A girl who is not a trained beautician should never attempt to alter the natural color of her hair. Bleaching requires exact knowledge of a delicate technique, otherwise you run the risk of ending with green or purple hair, or none at all.

You should see one of your local beauty operators and explain your wishes. The original bleach could be done at a reasonable price and it would be done right. Perhaps your operator would teach you how to take care of it afterward, or would quote you a price which you could afford.

Don't experiment. Get professional help.

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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"You can't put your lips to a trumpet and make music like this!"

SCREENDOM'S MOST ELECTRIFYING STAR-MATCH! MATCHLESS WARNER EXCITEMENT!

SET TO THE TORRID TEMPO OF THE BLAZING BEST-SELLER!

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HOAGY CARMICHAEL · JUANO HERNANDEZ · MICHAEL CURTIZ · JERRY WALD
SCREEN PLAY BY CARL FOREMAN AND EDMUND H. NORTH · FROM THE NOVEL BY DOROTHY BAKER · MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF

You'll see it soon—following the World Premiere at Radio City Music Hall, New York!
"Join me in a drink," said Pop. "Don't mind if I do," said Dan Dailey, the third—already on his second glass of milk. Scene, Twentieth commissary. Occasion, a visit with his famous dad.

INTIMATELY YOURS: Eyes bulged on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot at the sight of Linda Christian, wearing the wedding dress in which she married Tyrone Power in Rome, walking arm-in-arm with Ty in his groom outfit into the portrait gallery. It seems Linda wanted a good wedding picture before she had her wedding dress remodeled into an evening gown.

Behind the magnificent request of Barbara Hale that she be given no more publicity for awhile lurks a wife's unselfish desire to let nothing disturb her happy marriage to Bill Williams. They were about even in popularity when they married but Barbara's excellent performance as Jolson's young wife in "Jolson Sings Again" shot her ahead of Bill in publicity, for the time being. And until Bill catches up, Barbara is taking no chances of his feeling slighted; a feeling that can lead to disaster in marriage.

Here and There: Hedy Lamarr will move her children to a new home in Connecticut and make the East her headquarters between pictures, she tells Cal. In Hollywood, Hedy tramps about in peasant skirts and old polo coats. In New York, she is a doll on wheels with beaus galore.

So goodbye, Hollywood, Delilah is New York bound... Samson (Vic Mature) is toeing the mark, obeying his wife's commands that he spend less time with cronies and more time with her, or else. Seems as if Mrs. Mature is the second woman to cut Vic's hair short—and to good advantage... A letter from Errol Flynn, deep in the heart of India for the film "Kim," encloses a picture of Errol with a Van Dyke beard and a brunette beauty on his arm, naturally. If the illness of her beloved grandmother permits, Irene, Princess Ghika, will return to Hollywood with Flynn, so he writes.

Up-and-coming Anthony Curtis took Gloria Grossman to "The Helpers'' annual dinner-dance at Biltmore Hotel
Caught, in a coy moment at Mocambo, is sultry Ruth Roman, on a dinner date with Richard Richards.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Valli submits to some palm-reading by Lloyd Bridges. Glenn Ford, Valli's co-star, is at the rear, right. They're on location at Mount Blanc, near Chamonix, France, for film "White Tower"
INSIDE STUFF

Family Affair: Burt Lancaster will undoubtedly jar British reserve when he arrives in London to make that Hal Wallis movie. Burt plans to give them a glimpse of real American entertainment by putting on his circus act. Burt claims he's probably the only actor to honeymoon in Europe with his wife and two small children. The Lancasters never had the time or money for a honeymoon until now.

Girls and Their Men: It's the man who colors a girl's personality. Seeing Jane Wyman in a snappy bathing suit tearing along Santa Monica Beach with Clark Hardwicke, a crack golfer and man-about-town, brought this fact to mind. Janie's hair blew about her pixie face as she and Clark laughed like carefree kids. The very next night, Cal spotted Jane at a preview dressed in a severe tailored suit with her soft curls combed primly back, the picture of serious dignity. The man with her? The non-social, serious-minded Lew Ayres... Ginger Rogers has undergone a complete metamorphosis since falling in love with Greg Bautzer. People are amazed to find a smiling, pleasant Ginger at cocktail parties and premieres. Gone is the rather gloomy-minded Ginger who lived so much to herself. On a trip to New York, Ginger tore down to Ceil Chapman's and bought dozens of beautiful gowns. She wears them, too, minus the numerous accessories that once gave her a cluttered appearance. Now the love in Ginger's eyes is about the only trimming she wears.

The Gordon MacRae opening of Andy and Della Russell. Sheilah's making screen debut—in bit parts

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Jane Wyman and Lew Ayres, who kept Hollywood asking romantic questions, get together again for a date at Ciro’s. Jane is Photoplay Gold Medal winner for her performance in “Johnny Belinda”

Laughter lines: Doris Day, Dennis Morgan study script before going on NBC show “Hollywood Calling”

Still in a romantic whirl are Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross, Jean Arthur’s ex. They’re at annual “Helpers” dance
Gregory's Mustache: A secretary on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot emerged from a private studio showing of "Gun Fighters" with eyes of telltale red. "What's crying about?" a writer asked her, "It's not that sad." "I'm not crying about the picture," she snorted angrily. "I'm so mad about that awful handle-bar mustache they put on Gregory Peck, I could, well I could cry. He was so handsome in 'Twelve O'Clock High,' and now look what they've done to him. It's treason against womanhood, that's what it is."

Now the studio is worried lest this be the reaction of fans all over the country. It's too late to eliminate that rather oversized hirsute adornment but they hope fans will realize the handle-bar was indicative of that era and overlook it all. Maybe, personally, Cal doubts it.

Where Was Monty? The rumor that Monty Clift would attend the "Battleground" premiere, brought out the fans in droves to the Hollywood theater. Star after star passed by with fans cheering them on while restlessly they awaited Mr. Clift, who failed to appear. But all unknown to the legion of fans crowded about the theater, Monty in his usual sloppy attire was strolling quietly down a side street not a half a block from the gay premiere. Under one arm were newspapers, picked up at the corner stand, and on the other arm was his petite brunette secretary.

They strolled leisurely, chatting earnestly, when suddenly they became aware that a fan or two and a photographer, who had evidently left the premiere, had spotted them. Like a pair of gazelles they were off, recklessly climbing over car bumpers to get into their own car and dash away.

The fans looked after them disconsolately until one teen-age miss spoke up. "You know, I don't blame them," she said. "If those other hundreds of fans had joined us, gee, he might have been killed in the crush."

The Oatmeal Kid: In answer to the many fans who have written in concerning the whereabouts of little Roddy Mc-

(Continued on page 14)
LILLY DACHE, famous designer: “To have this slim figure of the 1950's, you have only to wear Playtex—the invisible girdle.”

PHILIP MANGONE, holder of Golden Thimble Award: “For me, the supple, slim Playtex figure is the figure of the 1950’s!”

CEIL CHAPMAN, top New York designer: “The figure of the 1950’s is easy for any woman to have—with the Playtex girdle.”

AMERICA'S GREAT DESIGNERS HAIL INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® GIRDLES FOR THE NEW “FIGURE OF THE 1950's”

Biggest fashion news in a decade is the “Figure of the 1950's,” a slim, young, supple figure that has designers reaching for their pencils and sketchbooks in joy.

Well aware that such fashion starts with a woman's figure, U.S. designers are quick to give credit to the sensational Playtex Girdle. For Playtex gives the feeling of freedom, the fluid lines, the young, vital silhouette that is the “Figure of the 1950's.”

Made of tree-grown liquid latex—Playtex combines figure-slimming power with comfort and freedom of action. Without a single seam, stitch, or bone, it smooths out your figure, gives you supple, young lines.

Playtex fits invisibly—even under the most clinging clothes. And it washes in ten seconds, pats dry with a towel!

**GIRDLE OF THE 1950's** is the Invisible Playtex Living Girdle. At all modern corset and notion departments and specialty shops everywhere. In these fashion colors: Blossom Pink, Heavenly Blue, Gardenia White.

... in SLIM silvery tubes

Playtex Living®Girdle...$3.50 to $3.95 (Extra-large size slightly higher). Buy according to your own waist and hip measurements: extra-small, small, medium, large and extra-large.

HEARD ABOUT PINK-ICE?

Newest of Playtex Girdles—light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, actually "breathes" with you...in slim, shimmering, pink tubes...$3.95 to $4.95

International Latex Corp'n.
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.

Emphasizing freedom and fluid lines, Playtex slims your silhouette, gives you the “Figure of the 1950's.”
Salon Luxury in a Home Shampoo

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

From the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut
ENRICHED CREME Shampoo with egg

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

*powdered, 1%

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network Sunday Nights.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 12)

Caskill, the younger crowned by an oatmeal bowl in "Sitting Pretty," Cal is happy to say he's very much around. In fact he's playing one of the younger children in "Cheaper by the Dozen" with Clifton Webb, no less, playing his father.

But General one day, Jeanne Caim who plays his older sister, and Clifton were chatting with Roddy who is now going on five. Jeanne asked Roddy if he had any brothers. Roddy said, "yes, he had four."

"And what are their names?" Jeanne asked.

"Earl," said Roddy.

When Jeanne explained that was only one and not four, Roddy said, "Well, Earl's my brother and I'm his brother and we're both brothers and that makes four brothers." Clifton regarded him curiously for a moment. "That's the last time I ever grew a child with an oatmeal bowl," he observed and strolled off.

Kidder: That gleam in Johnny Sands's eye, foretelling a certain prankishness, could have been a factor in his selection by fans as a favorite newcomer.

For instance, a Photoplay editor telephoned General Service studios for a certain picture of Wanda Hendrix; Wanda being quite the chic miss with the new short hair-do she got when she reconciled with husband Audie Murphy. "Johnny Sands is on this lot, too," the male voice answered, "why not use him in your article?"

The writer explained it was a beauty column in which Mr. Sands had no place. "You could make a place," the voice insisted. "Why not something about the New Johnny Sands Look or How Johnny Sands Keeps Young and ...?" "Now, see here," interrupted the writer, when over the 'phone came a great shout of laughter. It was Johnny himself, of course, who isn't above ribbing an editor.

Learning to Play: A middle-aged business man from Chicago who was tired in mind and body and weary of the monotony of his job decided to chuck it all and head for Hollywood. He was going to learn

(Continued on page 16)
Somewhere... somehow... some time... every man learns that

"DEADLY IS THE FEMALE"

starring

PEGGY CUMMINS
JOHN DALL

A KING BROTHERS PRODUCTION with BERRY KROEGER - MORRIS CARNOVSKY
Produced by MAURICE and FRANK KING - Directed by Joseph H. Lewis - Screenplay by MacKinlay Kantor and Millard Kaufman
From The SATURDAY EVENING POST Story "GUN CRAZY" by MacKINLAY KANTOR - Released thru United Artists.
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 14)

how to have fun from those playboys and playgirls he'd read about. So, a short

time later, with wife and luggage in his
car, he leisurely drove west.

After a week of sight-seeing, the wife
decided she needed lighter clothing. Stop-
ping in a small Valley shop with an at-
tractive window display, they were both
struck by the beauty of their efficient
 saleslady. "Really, you look so much like
Maeve O'Hara of the movies," the
woman observed. "It's amazing."

"No, not really," the saleslady smiled.

"I am Maureen O'Hara. You see, I own
this shop with a friend and every moment
I'm not working at the studio, I come out
directly here to sell."

They were still discussing the oddity of
a movie star working in her free time,
several days later, when they drove into
a gas station to be greeted by a familiar
smiling face. "No, I'm not from Chicago,"
the smiling face said, as to answer to his cus-
tomer's query, "but maybe you've seen me
in pictures. The name's James Craig. I
own it's quite a lot of like to oversee things here when I'm not working
at the studio."

They didn't need to be told who the
couple was behind the counter of a res-
taurant they visited a few evenings later.
They didn't even inquire if Esther Wil-
liams and husband Ben Gage owned the
eating place. By this time, they took it
for granted.

But it wasn't until they watched Lionel
Barrymore at work on an M-G-M movie
set that the full import of Hollywood at
play struck the retired businessman. In
his seventies, painfully handicapped with
arthritis, Mr. Barrymore patiently did
the scene over and over. "He must leave
soon for the broadcasting station," they
were told. "Mr. Barrymore has a 'Dr.
Kildare' broadcast this evening. He has
three other broadcasts of his own each
week, too."

The would-be playboy headed for home
the following week. "All my life I've
wanted to own a little camera shop," he
confessed to his wife, "now I'm going to
do it. I can see to things in the evenings
after my regular job."

Friendship: When Johnny Scott, who
plays piano at those weekly jam ses-
sions held in Dan O'Hara's sound-proof
play

room, wrote the tune, "Maybe It's a
cause," Dan heckled every band leader
I knew into playing the tune at least once.

Apparently, once was enough, for
Johnny's song proved a hit, thanks
Dan, and the lad is on his way.

Mark Stevens felt he couldn't get along
without his stand-in Fred Fisher, for

was more than a stand-in: He was Mark's
own private waiting wall and father con-
sessor. Yet, when Fred yearned for an
acting career, Mark did everything he
could to help. To the cast of his first picture "N
Way Out," Fred's first film, he proudly
displayed the wrist watch, a gift from
Mark, engraved "To Dad."

Even bosses and heads of studios ex-
tend a hand of friendship. At least, Darryl
Zanuck did when his competent office boy
Lee MacGregor, confessed he wanted
be an actor more than anything in the
world. Mr. Zanuck arranged for a test
which Lee passed with flying colors after
Dan's death. His bit in "Dr. Kildare" was
his former office boy a break. You'll see
Lee as the sensitive young officer in
"Twelve O'Clock High" whose flying er
causes him to commit suicide. An
bigger things are ahead for Lee.

Behind the Film Curtain: June Have
a wan and pathetic figure since the deat
of her fiancé, Dr. John Duzik, has allie
herself almost completely with the Duzi
family, as if seeking solace in their com-
pany. When June is not visiting them
they are in California with June. . . . An
other said "no" to Cy Howard, writer of
"My Friend Irma" who immediately
attached to pretty Cleatus Hutton
Hardly think Ann will change her min
about Cy, either . . . Hollywood foresees
split between Barbara Stanwyck and Be-
Taylor just because he falls asleep after
dinner. If all the wives in the world di
voiced husbands who fell asleep after
dinner what a broken-up world this woul
be . . . If the Bogarts ever come to seri
deadlock, it won't be over a pani
or the problem of two careers in a family

(Continued on page 92)
For lips that say
“**I Dare You**”

—Try this creamy, clinging lipstick... in eight fashionable “come-hither” shades!

_Smoothly, evenly_ does it with exciting Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick! So creamy, so caressing that you hardly know it’s there until...

You look and see how vibrantly alive your lips have become! Vivid, eager, with a dewy-fresh air about them that seems to say “I dare you!”

Then Cashmere Bouquet clings... and clings... and clings. But seeing is believing, so see for yourself, today!

**Colors?** No other lipstick, at any price, can better Cashmere Bouquet’s range of fashion-right shades!

There’s a Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetic for Almost Every Beauty Need!

FACE POWDER
Smooth, velvety texture! 6 “Flower-Fresh” shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, “date-time” loveliness—a bedtime beauty must!

TALCUM POWDER
A shower of spring flowers!

HAND LOTION
Caressable hands in just seconds!
We'll Give You These Lovely Dresses — and you can earn up to $23 weekly, besides!

Imagine! Take your pick of over 125 new Spring dresses without its costing you a cent! Right now we have openings for new Representatives, to take orders in spare time and send them to us. You get paid cash on the spot for every order. You work when and where you please—in your own free time. In return, we give you lovely dresses for your own use—and you can earn up to $23 a week besides!

YOU DON'T NEED EXPERIENCE!

Anybody can do it—without experience of any kind. Just show your friends and neighbors our beautiful new Spring styles. Every dress carries the Good Housekeeping Guaranty Seal, and our own ironclad guarantee of satisfaction or money back. There's an amazing variety of colors, weaves, and patterns—famous fabrics that are soft, rich, enduring. And a complete range of sizes to fit everyone you know—Misses, Half Sizes, Juniors, Teens. Women can't resist these miraculous bargains—many as low as $2.98. They just can't help but order 2 and 3 at a time! Isn't this a pleasant, dignified, easy way to earn good money in your spare time—and get your own dresses, too, without a penny of cost. Begin now! Remember—you need no experience, no investment of any kind. Your Style Portfolio, with samples of America's finest fabrics, is absolutely free. There's no obligation, nothing to pay. Don't wait another day. Rush coupon at once!

Send for Free PORTFOLIO of LATEST SPRING DRESSES $2.95

NO CANVASSING! NO INVESTMENT!

MAKE MONEY LIKE THIS:

Marie Patton, Illinois, really enjoyed earning an average of $39 a week, last year. Mrs. Cora C. Birch, Maryland says it's easy to take in an average of $30 a week, the way she did! Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama averaged $31.50 a week right in her home community.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk D3053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio
Yes—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me everything I need to start right away, without obligation.

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________
City: ___________________ State: ______
Age: _______ Dress Size: ______

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—mail now!

Readers Inc.

Cheers and Jeers:

If Van Johnson does not win the Academy Award for his wonderful acting in "Ruggles of Red Gap," then there is no justice in Hollywood.

RUBY SALVADOR
Englewood, N. J.

I have never before written a letter to any magazine, but after seeing your story and pictures on John Derek, I just couldn't help voicing my opinion.

I think he is the silliest thing that ever rose to stardom. The modern teen-agers must be a little off their nuts to go for anything like Mr. Derek. He is the silliest and phoniest thing I have ever seen. He looks and acts like he should have been a girl.

MRS. THOMAS
Forest Park, Ill.

It's about time someone gave Ingrid Bergman's romance a break, like Joseph Steele did in his December issue. No other has. To me, hers is a romance that lots of us dream about.

HELEN M. ALBERT
Flint, Mich.

What nerve you have putting Ingrid Bergman on your cover. Are you trying to make a martyr of Miss Bergman? No schoolgirl infatuation is so important that a woman who once served as an example to women all over the world should throw over everything for it. Miss Bergman doesn't have to give any retirement statements. The public will be happy to retire her.

MARY ALICE O'CONNOR
Boston, Mass.

Casting:

I have just seen "Song of Surrender" starring Macdonald Carey and Wanda Hendrix and would like to nominate the same two stars to play the leads in "Jane Eyre." Wanda as Jane and Macdonald as Rochester would be wonderful. Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles did not do the Bronte masterpiece justice inasmuch as they were not suited for the roles.

MRS. DAVID LINDSAY
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

After reading "Drums of Destiny," I've come to the conclusion that either it be made into a movie or all of Hollywood is absolutely "nuts!" What with its historical and colorful background of the Cuban revolution and torrid love affairs, it would be box office magic. And with Lana Turner and Montgomery Clift in the leading roles what more could the average audience want?

JOHN BLOODGOOD
Oak Park, Ill.

Readers' Pets:

I'm in love with a wonderful guy. His name is Paul Stewart. Can anyone who has seen "The Window" or "Champion" dispute the fact that here is a man who...
Robert Byors  
Cleveland, O.

Hooray for Hollywood! They finally gave Broderick Crawford a good, meaty role in which to sink his teeth . . . "All the King's Men." Brod has been around for ten years, mostly in B pictures and secondary roles. Now, I hope, we will really see him go to town.

Betty Lee McSorley  
New York, N. Y.

Have just come home after seeing Hope Emerson in "Roseanna McCoy." Believe she is a rising new star and a worthy successor to Marie Dressler, particularly for pictures like "Man and Bill."

H. Sewall Bradley  
Rancho San Le Be, Cal.

Question Box:

Could you please give me some information on Dale Robertson who played Jesse James in "Fighting Man of the Plains"? I think he is one of the most handsome men I've seen since John Derek came along.

Abele Richman  
Hollywood, Cal.

(Dale Robertson was born July 14, 1923, in Oklahoma City. He's 6'1, 180 lbs., has dark brown hair, is unmarried. Next picture, "Cariboo Trail.")

I think we should see more of Clark Gable. He's a wonderful actor. Some people must think he's getting old, but he is just reaching middle age. Besides, age doesn't count much anyway. Where can a fan send a letter to Mr. Gable?

Doris Lowery  
Tulsa, Okla.

(Write to Mr. Gable at his studio, M-G-M, Culver City, Cal. For studio addresses and vital statistics of 717 of the top stars, see the Photoplay Annual, now on the stands.)

I would like you to settle a dispute I have with my friend. I contend that Vivien Leigh won an Oscar for "Gone with the Wind." Furthermore, Clark Gable did not win his Oscar for that film but for "It Happened One Night."

Jerome Silver  
Bronx, N. Y.

(You're right on both counts.)

In "All the King's Men," I noticed an actress who, to me, was wonderful. Her name is Mercedes McCambridge. I would like some information on her.

Grace Cardi  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Mercedes McCambridge, a top radio star, was born in Juliet, Ill. She is 5'2, 112 lbs., has brown eyes and brown hair. Divorced, she has an eight-year-old son.)

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.

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet is actually milder for all types of skin—than most other leading toilet soaps!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types. . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved milder! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother . . . flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".

Cashmere Bouquet—in a New Bath Size Cake, Tool

Now—At the Lowest Price in History!
The fabulous flattery of candlelight...captured in a face make-up!

Revolon's 'Touch-and-Glow'
new liquid make-up made with Lanolite

You know the lovely velvet look your skin takes on by candlelight? The tender glow of color, the all-but-flawless texture? This is the look your skin can have (even in the sunlight!) with Revlon's "Touch-and-Glow".

"Touch-and-Glow" ends all your taboos about make-up! Here at last, a good-for-your-skin make-up... never masky, never greasy, never drying, thanks to Lanolite**, exclusive new skin-softening ingredient. 7 scientifically formulated shades, with harmonizing Revlon Face Powder.

The only make-up that gives your skin the "mat" finish* 1.00 and 1.50 plus tax

*Not shiny, not masky...so natural, just right!
LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

"Une in Erskine Johnson's 'Hollywood Story,'" Mutual Broadcasting System, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 5:35 p.m.

FASHION designer Edith Head: "Women should dress up for evening, even if they are married."

A New York hotelman received a wire from cowboy Roy Rogers reading: "Arriving Feb. 9, reserve suite for two."

The hotelman cagily queried back: "Are you bringing your wife or your horse?"

Humphrey Bogart: "Baby's baby doesn't cry. He just whistles."

Red Skelton, talking about a certain la-h-e-dah chorine who married a big bank-roller: "I understand she has a library filled with morocco-bound comic books."


News item: "Bette Davis may be starred in a Western."

This I gotta see, Bette in an emotional scene chewing on a stirrup.

The M-G-M record company released a record titled, "Ten Commandments of Wedded Bliss," telling people how to be happy though married. It was on a non-breakable record.

A dinner guest at the home of Groucho Marx complained: "These sausages taste like meat at one end, but bread crumbs at the other."

"Correct," said Groucho. "In times like these, nobody can make both ends meet."

Patsy Kelly: "My legs don't match Grable's. In fact, they don't even match."

A little Hollywood brat in a swanky private school persisted in annoying his teacher. Finally, in desperation, the teacher reprimanded him with: "Tomorrow, I want you to bring a note from your psychiatrist."

Overheard about a movie doll who married for money: "She went into marriage with her hands wide open."

Max Baer to a movie make-up man: "I don't like make-up. The only thing that feels natural on my face is resin."

In line with Hollywood's new outlook, Jack, the New York hair stylist, has just created a new Hollywood coiffure, "The Economy Wave."

Brooklyn mother to a friend: "My son writes from Hollywood that he's going to marry one of those Goldwyn girls."

"Congratulations," said the friend. "I understand it's a very wealthy family."

I dreamed I went cruising in my maidenform bra

"What a bon, bon voyage! A wonderful whirl on deck—everything's ship-shape! And all because I'm all decked out in my Maidenform bra. Curves take such beautiful turns when you're turned-out in a Maidenform."

Shown: Over-ture—a marvel for molding, in white satin; just one of a vast collection of styles and fabrics. There is a Maiden Form for every type of figure!


Laughter Stock by Erskine Johnson.
Salute to the Marines: James Brown, John Wayne, John Agar carry on in the tradition of the Leathernecks.

✓✓ (F) Sands of Iwo Jima (Republic)

THIS lively fight-filled picture points up the rigors of Marine warfare. Battle scenes, culminating in the capture of Iwo Jima, are thrillingly depicted.

As the traditionally tough sergeant, who is a good guy underneath, John Wayne is attractively rugged. A little too rugged as far as his men are concerned, especially John Agar, a boyishly belligerent leatherneck. Wayne tries to win his friendship to no avail. Others in the company are husky Forrest Tucker, James Brown and Arthur Franz. Wally Cassell clicks as a happy-go-lucky fellow.

In the romance department, there's Adele Mara whom Agar woos and weds in record time. Julie Bishop sympathetically plays a girl who picks up Wayne in a bar.

Your Reviewer Says: Hard-hitting war epic.

✓½ (A) Woman in Hiding (Universal-International)

NEVER was a damsel in deeper distress than Ida Lupino in this suspenseful melodrama. Howard Duff is just the lad to rescue her, but he places her in greater jeopardy than ever!

True, Duff is unaware that Ida is being hounded by her big brute of a husband, Stephen McNally. Ida runs away on her wedding night after learning from McNally's erstwhile sweetheart that he was the cause of her father's "accidental" death. Thereafter, Ida becomes a prospective corpse.

Lupino successfully conveys the fear of a fugitive from death: Duff combines nonchalance and gallantry; McNally inspires terror and newcomer Peggy Dow is a standout as the "other woman."

Your Reviewer Says: A spine-tingling yarn.

✓✓ (F) Montana ( Warners)

GET set for a rousing tale of the range starring Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith. Decked out in Technicolor, it's plumb full of hard riding, straight shooting and fast wooring.

An Australian sheep rancher who won't take no for an answer, Flynn brings his flocks to the cattle barons' land in Montana of 1879. Their territory is a closed corporation from which strangers, in general, and lowly sheep herders, in particular, are barred by six-shooters. Practically all Montana is owned by Alexis, a high-spirited gun-totin' wench, and her wealthy fiancé, Douglas Kennedy. Flynn's objective is to wangle grazing land for his sheep on one hand, and steal the lovely redhead from Kennedy on the other. How he does it makes for a brisk action film.

Your Reviewer Says: Big breezy Western.

Shadow

By Elsa Branden

✓✓✓ Outstanding  ✓✓ Good  ✓ Fair
F—For the whole family  A—For adults
(F) Twelve O’Clock High
(20th Century-Fox)

The story of how the Eighth Air Force launched its daylight bombing of Germany, in 1942, is graphically described in this first-rate war film.

Gregory Peck delivers a forceful performance as a brigadier general, who drives himself relentlessly as he drives his men. His refusal to excuse human reactions to the stress and strain of war makes him just about as unpopular as the enemy. However, it’s his job to build the crumbling morale of the 918th Bomb Group and he means to do it.

Completely devoid of love interest, this is a man’s picture. Air battles, culled from official War Department files, lend it considerable realism. A splendid supporting cast includes Gary Merrill, Dean Jagger, Hugh Marlowe and Milland Mitchell.

Your Reviewer Says: Impressively grim.

1/2 (A) East Side, West Side (M-G-M)

It takes two to make a marriage work. But Barbara Stanwyck works at it overtime while her socialite spouse, James Mason, does all the playing. Ava Gardner is the charmer who lures him from hearth and home. An added complication has Van Heflin mad about Barbara to the distress of his childhood sweetheart, Cyd Charisse.

In a role which is a departure from her usual portrayals of neurotics, Stanwyck is most sympathetic. As her erring mate, Mason conveys the confusion of a man torn between two women. Heflin is at once charming and forthright. Gardner a tantalizing female whose every curve spells danger. Charisse makes a lovely loser and Beverly Michaels is stunning as a hard-boiled blonde.

Your Reviewer Says: Slick domestic drama.

1/2 (F) Captain China (Paramount)

At long last, John Payne has a red-blooded role and he certainly makes the most of it.

Payne vividly portrays a two-fisted seafaring fellow, bent upon clearing himself of the charge of drinking on duty and wrecking his ship. It’s his word against that of Jeffrey Lynn, captain of a tramp steamer. Payne books passage on the boat and promptly tangles with crew member Lon Chaney in one of the most savage screen fights of the year. Restless adventure-seeking Gail Russell is obviously thrilled by the fracas.

Edgar Bergen is more kindly than comical as a middle-aged Swede; Michael O’Shea convincingly plays a sailor drowning his troubles in drink; Ellen Corby is a screwball writer.

Your Reviewer Says: Lusty and gusty.
Listen in!
February 13th for
The Lux Radio Theatre's
presentation of
America's favorite
motion picture
for 1949

WINNER OF
PHOTOPLAY
Gold Medal
AWARD

* The most popular movie and most popular stars of 1949 have been selected by millions of movie-goers in PHOTOPLAY'S Annual Nationwide Election. Announcement of the winning picture and its stars will be made in the March issue of Photoplay. Don't miss it! On your newstand February 10. And be sure to tune in Monday night, February 13th, to hear the Lux Radio Theatre's production with the original stars. Columbia Network Coast-to-Coast. See your paper for time and station.

\[\frac{1}{2}\] (F) Conspirator (M-G-M)
With this picture, Elizabeth Taylor clearly establishes her dramatic ability. Breathlessly beautiful, she brings great vitality to the role of an eighteen-year-old American girl who wed a handsome English man after a whirlwind courtship. He is Robert Taylor, ostensibly a member of the British Army, but actually a member of the Communist Party.

What starts out as a heavenly honeymoon turns into a horrible nightmare for Liz when she discovers her husband is secretly supplying military information to his Russian associates. The plot takes a really sinister twist when Taylor is ordered to do away with his young bride because she is dangerous to the cause.

An odd, not altogether convincing story, it nevertheless holds your attention. The two Taylors are supported by a British cast featuring Robert Flemyng and Honor Blackman.

Your Reviewer Says: Liz steals the show.

\[\frac{1}{2}\] (F) Bagdad (U.I.)
Here's a colorful desert drama swarming with sheiks, pashas, princes, dancing girls and saber-wielding assassins. Also Maureen O'Hara as an English-educated Arabian princess.

The moment Maureen (who can't decide whether to be a haughty lady or a bewitching siren) sets foot in Bagdad, she is knee-deep in intrigue and romance. There's personable Paul Christian, a prince who affects various disguises to avert a violent death by warring tribes. Believing him responsible for her father's murder, Maureen plans to kill Christian though she really wants to kiss him.

Vincent Price is at his oiliest as Bagdad's Turkish military governor and John Sutton, as usual, is a thoroughgoing rascal. Jeff Corey is in this, too, hiding behind the beard of an ancient Arabian.

Your Reviewer Says: Treachery in Technicolor.

\[\frac{1}{2}\] (F) Dear Wife (Paramount)
This chucklesome comedy takes up where "Dear Ruth" left off, reintroducing Bill Holden, Joan Caulfield, Mona Freeman, Billy De Wolfe and Edward Arnold. Joan has meanwhile married Bill but, because he isn't making much money as a bank teller, they live with her parents and teen-age sister Mona. Joan's ex-fiance Billy, who caricatures the role of a stuffy banker, is still hanging around in the hope that the Young Marrieds will find the going too tough. A family crisis arises when politically conscious Mona wages a lively campaign to elect Holden state senator. Too late, she learns that her brother-in-law will be running against her own father, the judge. But then Mona has a talent for complicating a simple situation. Joan's loyalty "twixt husband and father wavers when Bill's campaign manager turns out to be attractive Arleen Whelan.

Your Reviewer Says: Bright 'n' cheery.

\(\frac{1}{2}\) (A) Side Street (M-G-M)
Farley Granger is on the run again and, once more, Cathy O'Donnell is the girl who loves him for better or worse. They inject considerable realism into a tense melodrama strewn with corpses.

Farley strikingly portrays an ordinary guy caught in the toils of temptation. He steals some money to provide medical care.

(Continued on page 26)

MOVIES—FINE ENTERTAINMENT AT LOW COST
JEEPERS! Buttercup AlmostForgot!

She’s learned the Hard Way what it Costs to Forget, and Buttercup’s Taking no Chances. There was that Jolly Bachelor, Fresh from Kalamazoo, with plenty of Lettuce and “Object Matrimony” written all over him, whose First date was his Last.

Ditto for the big, bronze Glamour Boy at the Beach last summer, who Kissed her Once, then gave her the Deep Freeze.

Ditto for that quiet Casanova who took her to the Early Movies then Dropped her on her own Doorstep at half-past-nine.

That isn’t going to happen this time. Buttercup’s got a new Boy Friend and she intends to Keep Him. She isn’t going to let Halitosis (unpleasant breath) Snap the String in Cupid’s Bow. This time She’ll be Sweet Little Buttercup because she’s going back Right Now to let Listerine Antiseptic look after her breath.

She knows Listerine Antiseptic is the Extra-Careful precaution against offending. She knows that it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

Moral: It’s better to be sweet than side-tracked, so, before any date, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic.

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 odor fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri
Exhaustive Research by Eminent Dental Authorities Proves How Using Colgate Dental Cream Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a proved way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most conclusive proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay.

Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive patented ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action!

No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of These Results!

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, proved way to help stop tooth decay!

(Continued from page 24)

for his young wife Cathy, and the baby about to be born. Soon, he is implicated in a series of murders engineered by badman James Craig and crooked lawyer Edmon Ryan. It looks like Granger will be their next victim unless he outingsthem before the police close in on him. You'll find yourself pulling for him like mad as he gets into one tight corner after another.

Paul Kelly makes a capable police captian and Jean Hagen ("Adam's Rib") turns in a poignant performance as Craig's all-too-trusting sweetheart.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll chew your nails.

(F) Undertow (U-I)

P LATE is mighty unkind to square-jawed Scott Brady. First, his gambler "friend," John Russell, pins a murder rap on him; then his pretty sweetheart, Dorothy Hart, double-crosses him. It takes Scott quite a while to catch on, but the audience knows, right off, what the set-up is in this rough-'n'-tumble affair.

Brady is suitably straightforward, Russell a smooth-talking rat and Hart a gal without a heart. Peggy Dow, who believes in Scott's innocence and goes all out to help him, is pleasingly sincere. Brady's boyhood chum, detective Bruce Bennett, is quietly effective.

It adds up to a fairly entertaining crime film.

Your Reviewer Says: Slam-bang crook story.

(A) And Baby Makes Three (Columbia)

ACTing upon the premise that nothing could be funnier than an expectant father, especially if the mother-to-be has meanwhile divorced him to wed another, the movie makers have whipped up a broad farce with Robert Young and Barbara Hale in the leading roles.

Loath to see his ex-wife, Barbara, marry rich playboy, Bob Hutton, Young announces his intention of fighting for partial custody of the coming baby. Then he clinches matters by becoming engaged to Janis Carter, the sightful eyeful mentioned in the divorce suit. Next, it's Barbara's play and she comes up with a daring idea which, however, backfires unexpectedly.

Young is amusingly flabbergasted as events overtake him, and Hale turns in a neat job as the chief cause of the marital

(Continued on page 28)

Jack Lord and Hope Miller in scene from "Cry Murder," film with New York setting.

HERE'S HIGH ADVENTURE AT LOWEST COST!

GREYHOUND
AMAZING AMERICA

Because they cost so very little, Greyhound Amazing America Tours will set you free as the breeze to go where you please... for any length of time... to any of the Nation's great cities or popular playgrounds. Each Tour includes transportation, hotel accommodations, itineraries, and special sightseeing—planned for you at no extra charge!

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CITY STATE
JOAN CAULFIELD as she plays opposite WILLIAM HOLDEN in Paramount Pictures' "DEAR WIFE"

"J'onn, you're beautiful!"

JOAN CAULFIELD as she plays opposite WILLIAM HOLDEN in Paramount Pictures' "DEAR WIFE"

"I'm a Lux Girl"
says JOAN CAULFIELD

It's thrilling—the softer, smoother look this daily care will give your skin! In recent tests by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time.

"My Lux Soap facials do wonders for the skin," says Joan Caulfield. "I smooth the fragrant lather well in, rinse, then pat with a soft towel to dry."

Try this care 9 out of 10 screen stars use for million-dollar complexions. You'll love the big bath size cake, too—so fragrant, so luxurious!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
mix-up, Billie Burke, Nicholas Joy and Lloyd Corrigan round out a hard-working cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Just average.

✓ (F) The Kid from Texas (U-I)

Once more, Audie Murphy is a bad boy. As Billy, the Kid, notorious outlaw of the Old West, he is cold, deliberate, quick on the draw, a brash young bandit who picks off twenty-one men before a bullet finally ends his colorful career. The Kid's exploits, according to this version, were prompted purely by vengeance, not personal gain. Which is interesting, if true.

Originally from Texas, the younger finds refuge in New Mexico in the home of understanding Shepperd Strudwick. It's when his attorney-friend Strudwick is murdered in cold blood that Billy buckles on his guns and hunts for the killers.

Told in Technicolor, this is a fast-moving film with Gale Storm, Albert Dekker and Will Geer among the supporting players.

Your Reviewer Says: Saga of an outlaw.

✓ (F) Indian Scout (Small-UA)

This buckskin drama of covered wagon days is jam-packed with "Injuns" on the warpath. The opposing sides really whoop it up in grand style.

As Indian scout Davy Crockett, cousin of the Crockett of Alamo fame, George Montgomery is as brave as he is likable. His friend, Philip Reed, makes a heap handsome Indian. Reed is suspected of being a spy, but the redskins know he is no friend of theirs, and they are all set to make short shrift of him. Ellen Drew, a pretty schoolteacher who turns out to be part-Indian herself, seesaws between her fanatical father, Indian chief Robert Barrat, and the whites.

It's a rip-roaring small-fry special.

Your Reviewer Says: Return of the redskins.

✓ ½ (F) The Rugged O'Riordans (U-I)

When you see this interesting, if somewhat sombre, story of a pioneering family in the Australian wilds, you will appreciate the advantages of steam heat and modern plumbing.

The O'Riordans, originally Irish immigrants, are modest farmers with five strapping sons. Michael Pate, the oldest and strongest, is all for settling a wild new territory which the government is offering to any takers. Converting the jungle into pasture land is back-breaking work, but, under Michael's able leadership, the boys gradually make progress. And then, the greatest threat of all presents itself when Michael falls in love with Wendy Gibb, the childhood sweetheart of his brother, Ken Wayne. A desperate fight ensues with the final solution furnished by the boys' understanding mother, Thelma Scott.

For a different kind of movie, this fills the bill nicely.

Your Reviewer Says: Good pioneer picture.

(A) Paid in Full (Paramount)

Overflowing with sentiment, this deals with Marriage and Motherhood in capital letters. Suggested by a Reader's Digest story, it's the tale of two sisters—one noble, the other selfish—who attract the same man.

Robert Cummings affably portrays an advertising executive who chooses the wrong girl and lives to regret it. Elizabeth Scott is oh, so intense as the self-sacrificing (Continued on page 20)
"The Indian bit the dust...but the dust bit me!"

says MAUREEN O'HARA, starred in UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL'S "COMMANCHE TERRITORY"

SHOOTING INDIANS IN "COMMANCHE TERRITORY" WAS HARDER ON MY HANDS THAN ON THE INDIANS! DUST TORTURED MY SKIN...

I DROVE horses for days with reins rasping my palms...

AND GRITTY alkali dust sitting all over my hands...

BUT JERGENS LOTION kept them from looking rough and ugly...

SO THAT they were soft and lovely for close-ups.

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

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above...

YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

Jergens Lotion
used by more women than any other hand care in the world
still 10¢ to $1 plus tax

USED by Hollywood stars 7 to 1 over other hand cares!
What her eyes have seen!
what her heart has known!
what her love has lived through!

This is a True Story...
one of the great personal stories of our time...
told the way it happened—
to one woman who will live it forever!

From the best-selling Book-of-the-Month and Reader’s Digest sensation by Agnes Newton Keith!

Darryl F. Zanuck presents a shattering new experience for you!

Three Came Home
Claudette Colbert

With Patric Knowles, Florence Desmond, Sessue Hayakawa
Directed by Jean Negulesco, Produced by Nunnally Johnson
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson, Based on the Book by Agnes Newton Keith
AGAIN, the curtain rises on the drama of the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards. Your votes have been cast. It is time to announce the winners, those stars and motion pictures you have chosen, you, the movie-goers of America who make the world of motion pictures possible by your continuing support.

On the following pages, you will read the fascinating story of what you have decided are the film bests of 1949. As you read, remember that there are no other awards like these. Only through these Gold Medals does the public make known its feelings, honor the stars and films which have brought the most enjoyment to the most movie-goers.

Monday night, February 13, in the luxurious red and white Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, the Gold Medals will be awarded before an audience of 500 of Hollywood's top producers and performers. Preceding the Awards celebration, you can, by tuning in the stations of the CBS radio network (at 9 p.m. EST), listen to the Lux Radio Theatre's full hour dramatization of the Gold Medal picture, with the original stars playing the roles that made this film the most popular of the year.

The Awards, themselves, will be broadcast on the nation-wide network of the American Broadcasting Company (at 10:30 p.m. CST, MST, PST and 11:30 EST), thanks to that modern engineering miracle of tape recording. George Murphy will be the master of ceremonies, introducing the stars and producers you have selected for the honor of being America's most popular.

For their role in the Gold Medal Awards, the symbol of your choice, the editors of Photoplay are humbly grateful

Fred Remmers
ANNOUNCING PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD

The race was close, the finish exciting. Here, at last, is the news you have been waiting for—your favorites for 1949.

Winner Jane Wyman, chosen as the leading actress for her moving performance in the picture "Johnny Belinda."

Winner James Stewart, voted the public's favorite actor for Gold Medal performance in film "The Stratton Story."
MEDAL WINNERS FOR 1949

PRESENTING . . . The Photoplay Gold Medal Awards for 1949. Won for the most popular performances and the most popular picture of the year.

Chosen by you, the movie-going public of America, in the only popularity poll of its kind in the world—the poll conducted by Audience Research, Inc., by which you can state your choices for best-liked performances and films.


Yes, ladies and gentlemen, you, the motion picture audience of the United States, once again have determined the best-liked in the world of films. To the chosen goes the symbol of the people's choice, the honored Gold Medals first awarded in 1919. And, this year, the winners have an added honor. For you have chosen your stars not merely on the basis of popularity, but, for the first time, you have chosen the actor and the actress whose performances you have most enjoyed in a film seen by you during the past year.

You chose Jane Wyman as the winner of the Gold Medal for her poignant performance in "Johnny Belinda." You chose Jimmy Stewart for his most appealing performance as Monty Stratton in "The Stratton Story." And, as the most enjoyed of all films of the year, "The Stratton Story" itself.
ANNOUNCING PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD

MOST POPULAR PICTURES

“Johnny Belinda” with Charles Bickford, Jane Wyman, Lew Ayres and Agnes Moorehead. It was role in this film that gave Jane her lead as most popular actress

“Champion,” grimly realistic story of the ring, with Kirk Douglas, Marilyn Maxwell

“I Was A Male War Bride” with Marion Marshall, Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan

“Mr. Belvedere Goes to College,” campus comedy, with Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple

“Home of the Brave,” racial theme, with Douglas Dick, James Edwards

“Little Women” with June Allyson, Margaret O’Brien and Janet Leigh

“Take Me out to the Ball Game,” Gene Kelly, Esther Williams, Tom Dugan

“Red River” (John Wayne, Monty Clift) was in top ten in early count
You were equally definite in choosing the next four most popular men and women stars in enjoyable performances. Among women, and in alphabetical order, after Miss Wyman you most enjoyed: June Allyson in "Little Women," Ingrid Bergman in "Joan of Arc," Olivia de Havillard in "The Snake Pit" and Loretta Young in "Mother Is a Freshman."

For men stars, you selected these four after James Stewart (again in alphabetical order): William Bendix in "The Life of Riley," Kirk Douglas in "Champion," Cary Grant in "I Was a Male War Bride" and Bob Hope in "Sorrowful Jones."

You will notice an interesting fact about these Most Enjoyed Ten—there is only one newcomer among them. This is Kirk Douglas, whose rise has been exceptionally rapid. He was in only two pictures last year—"Champion" and "A Letter to Three Wives"; and in 1948 also in two movies, "My Dear Secretary" and "I Walk Alone."

Yet this young man, completely unknown to you two years ago, is now among the ten screen players whose performances you most enjoyed in 1949!

One other comment, this one solely concerning the five men stars whose acting ability you most enjoyed: Three hot contenders for the First Five had to be dropped because their pictures had not been seen by enough people at the time this goes to press. If enough people had seen their pictures, there is reason to believe that these three men might have made a place for themselves on your most-enjoyed list: Laurence Olivier in "Hamlet," Gary Cooper in "Task Force" and Larry Parks in "Jolson Sings Again."

And now for the ten leading pictures of 1949, according to the enjoyment of you, the people. The number one picture in popularity was "The Stratton Story." After that, in alphabetical order, they go: "Champion," "Home of the Brave," "House of Strangers," "I Was a Male War Bride" (Continued on page 89)
Jimmy Stewart and June Allyson in Gold Medal film
“The Stratton Story”

June giggles when she should be solemn and dreams when
she’s wide awake—and she’s a star performer in the nursery

I had two wedding anniversaries to my credit when I met June Allyson
Powell, and she was still a starry-eyed bride.

But we clicked from the moment of that first meeting, for we had one
extremely important thing in common.

June wanted a baby more than anything in the world, and so did I. Now,
of course, we have even a stronger bond in common—our daughters.

There is nothing more beautiful to see in our town these days (except, of
course, the picture of my own nineteen-month-old Missy trying to stretch
her little toes to reach the pedals of her new tricycle), than the glow which
surrounds Junie and Dick whenever they are in the presence of their
little Pamela.

Babies are magic to my mind; they make good people better; they make
good marriages perfect—they’re vital to any full life—even a life as filled
with success and honors as June’s.

(Continued on page 94)
THE man who gets around to seeing all the sights is the man who has no strings attached to his heart to keep him tied to one place. That, at least, is the old "footloose and fancy-free" theory.

Jimmy Stewart belies it. Jimmy's gone farther in the past six months than he ever did in a similar period before, in spite of his war service.

Jimmy and Gloria, his bride of less than half a year, traveled some 30,000 miles in the first three months of their life together and currently eying maps and atlases and globes, they insist their travels to date were just a series of little strolls. They're planning a jaunt around the world next, and even that may turn out to be only a trial run for some more traveling.

"We figure we can make it around the world in two months," Jimmy explained. "That means we can't stay in any one place very long, but when we see a place we like, we'll make a note of it and then we'll make a trip there for a vacation. But we intend to make the most of the time we do have in whatever (Continued on page 88)
Jim is freer, easier, since his marriage. In Hawaii, they golfed, fished, swam, went surfboard riding. Jim's in "Broken Arrow"

She married a rocket...

happy hobos

He married an angel...

And 30,000 miles in six months were only a trial spin for the travel-bound Jimmy Stewarts

by bill mckee
BY NANCY TOWNSEND

They’ve got that irresistible something that keeps the Hollywood girls guessing—but there's no guesswork about the future of these 1950 Gala-lads
In EVERY town there are certain men the girls think about—and talk about—whether the men are bachelors, fiancés or devoted husbands. For they have, these dangerous men, that intangible quality of attraction that is spelled s-e-x.

In Hollywood, currently, girl-talk concentrates upon David Brian, Richard Conte, Douglas Dick, John Ireland, Johnny Sands, Jerome Courtland, Mario Lanza and Stephen McNally.

They’re not all young or handsome or, as yet, bright stars. And, with the exception of Douglas, Jerome and Johnny, they’re all happily married. David’s practically a bridegroom. He and Adrian Booth are devoted, go everywhere together. And everywhere they go, feminine eyes follow. Don’t think Adrian doesn’t know this. But David doesn’t seem to. However, you can’t tell about David. That’s part of his challenge. (Continued on page 72)
Unrehearsed moments

that never will rate

a Gold Medal—but

they stopped the

show for Sheilah

Humphrey Bogart, with Lauren Bacall, wasn't kidding in the way he reacted to a studio gag

A slight case of strangulation didn't spoil Monty Clift's performance the day he had his picture taken with Liz Taylor

THEIR GREATEST
off-screen PERFORMANCES
Right up to the altar, Greer Garson still smiled charmingly—and kept her promise not to tell the truth.

Betsy Drake's reply to George Jessel's boast stunned him into silence at a radio rehearsal.

It isn't her dancing that claims all eyes when Ginger Rogers steps onto the floor with best beau Greg Bautzer.

Kirk Douglas's performances in private life are only equalled by his role in "Champion".

SOME of the best performances in Hollywood take place when no camera is grinding. They're unhearsed. There's only one "take." And the audience consists solely of those fortunate enough to be around at the moment. Sometimes, but not always, the stars, themselves, do not realize what a histrionic performance they are giving.

Take Betsy Drake. Betsy always looks so sweet and placid. And I guess she is sweet. But she was anything but placid the time she told George Jessel off, when they were planning a radio interview. Naturally, George wanted the conversation to include a little talk about Cary Grant. "But, it's so silly," Betsy told him. "Look," said Georgie, "I've been in show business for twenty-five years and I think you can accept my judgment." "I know you have," Betsy replied, with a very disarming smile, "but I've never found your entertainment very entertaining."

Mr. Jessel, who has always found the proper retort for any occasion, was stopped cold.

(Continued on page 90)
Impetuous Bachelor

by Eleanor Harris

His impulsiveness is the magnet that brought him a home in the hills and a beautiful mystery

Farley Granger of "Our Very Own"
Fink and Smith

"If I weren't impetuous I wouldn't be a movie actor, I wouldn't have this new apartment overlooking Hollywood, either." Farley Granger sat in a streamlined easy chair, upholstered in bright green, and looked around the starkly modern living room of his first real bachelor home. His long legs, balanced across a table top, ended in large leather moccasins. Looking over his moccasins, he could see, through one glass wall of the room, a palm-studded Hollywood spread out below him. "I'm twenty-four now, and I'm more impetuous now, I think, than I was seven years ago, when I answered a newspaper ad for a seventeen-year-old actor." Farley grinned. "In some ways this is good, and, in some ways, I guess it's terrible."

You show us where it's terrible, and we'll give you the state of California, where the (Continued on page 104)
Liz, with Bob Stack: Her poise, for a young girl, entering a room filled with sophisticates, is amazing.

With singer Vic Damone. The average seventeen-year-old girl is in and out of love a dozen times before marriage.

With Monty Clift: As young as she is, she has genuine glamour, not based on clothes or desire to be a charmer.
or Siren?

by Souella O. Parsons

Elizabeth Taylor appears next in “The Big Hangover”
THE KING TAKES

They came back to his Encino Ranch on December 21st, the morning after their wedding, Clark Gable and Sylvia Hawkes Ashley Fairbanks Stanley, who has just become Clark's fourth wife. And as they fled through the ranch gates, surrounded by knots of curious fans, Clark called out merrily, "I have never been happier." Then, the big white ranch gate swung shut and a couple of burly, grinning cops from the Metro Studios mounted guard beside it.

Inside the rambling white house, under the shadow of the orange trees and the avocado orchard, however, servants bustled dailly about. "There will be changes made in the ranch," Hollywood said. "It will be a good home again—with a woman to oversee all the little things that give a house warmth. Isn't it wonderful?"

All Hollywood said it, that is, except such diverse ladies as Joan Harrison, who had been dating Gable only a week or ten days before; Paulette Goddard who, only a month before, had hoped, maybe, perhaps . . . she had the inside track; Marilyn Maxwell, Dolly O'Brien, Anita Colby, Elaine White. There was Virginia Gray, whom everybody said was the real girl in Gable's life no matter what, and scores of others. A couple of the girls even gave out a couple of sour statements—and you really can't blame them. Losing the King is really losing out big. The lady who captured him, however, said, charmingly, "Isn't life wonderful?"

And she was very right. And if you want the whole truth about it, the most wonderful part of life, concerning Clark Gable and the former Sylvia Hawkes, former Lady Ashley, former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Senior, former Lady Stanley of Alderly, is that these two enchanting human beings got together. Because they are, honestly and truly, completely right for one another—which is what couldn't be said for any other one of the girls whom Clark has dated since Carole Lombard's tragic death. Clark and Sylvia are even alike in that each of them has had a great love that ended in the tragedy of death. Anyone who ever saw Clark and Carole together, and I'm among the lucky ones who frequently did, saw that blazing fire of love between them. The same was true of Sylvia and Douglas Fairbanks Sr. I remember
BY RUTH WATERBURY

"I have never been happier in my life." With those words Clark closed the gates on the past to begin a new life on the ranch he loves

A LADY

being at a party one night at Merle Oberon's house when the Fairbankses were there. Seeing a dynamic older man beside the slim, blonde young British woman, I thought I had never been in the presence of people who visibly were happier with one another. This was just at a time when most of Hollywood, myself included, were resenting Sylvia Ashley for coming between Doug Sr. and Mary Pickford, who had adored him.

Yet, once you encountered Doug and Sylvia together, you knew how inevitable their love for one another had to be. She was a perfect wife for a man who loved life, but who also had to be the top personality in every room he might enter. She will be the perfect wife for Clark, for those (Continued on page 106)

Their marriage was sudden but Clark and Sylvia had courted quietly for months. His next film is "Key to the City"
Ben's always had a way with horses. Been in the saddle since he was three years old.

BEN JOHNSON never thought of acting until John Ford spotted him while he was working as stunt man in "Fort Apache." Now under personal contract to Ford, with his first starring role in "Wagon Master" completed, Ben's fighting again someone stuntin' for him.

After all, he's raced and trained horses, broken bronchos, branded cattle and worked in rodeos as far back as he can remember. And he's only a modest and unassuming fellow up to a point.

"Caint anyone do something on horse that I caint."
Ben keeps in practice in a special roping corral on his ranch. He spends time between films touring country with top rodeo shows.

Cowboy

others. Now Ben Johnson’s doubling for himself

Recently, he broke records for calf-roping, completing feat in twelve and one-half seconds.

Chores done, Bob Clark, Doe Elliott and Dick Crew, wranglers on the Johnson ranch, join Ben (center) to play cards, talk horses.

Ben and his wife Carol steer clear of night clubs, entertain at home with square dances.
HEV were driving home after the premiere of "My Foolish Heart." Jess was quiet. He knew how Susan felt. When she had left the theater, a crowd had applauded her all the way to their car. This was her big night.

Susan was quiet, too. As the car came to the top of the hill, she saw the bright lights of the San Fernando Valley ahead of her. Once before she had looked down on lights that had danced the same way because, then, too, her eyes had been filled with tears. She'd been in New York, standing at the window of a hospital ward. She well remembered her father, a jaunty figure with jet black hair and eyes so dark they seemed black, too; his Irish face strong and warm, alive with laughter.

"I hope you don't get it," he spoke from his hospital bed. He had lost his fight. He knew that. But, maybe he could help her win hers. "I hope you don't get it," he said it again. And watched the eager light go from her face. Jubilantly, she had come to tell him her good news. The famous David O. Selznick had seen her picture on a magazine cover. He had sent for her to come to Hollywood to test for the coveted role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind."

He didn't like to hurt her. But he and Susan never had pulled their punches. "I hope you don't get it," he had said, still more strongly.

"But why?" she had asked. "Why? If I get this part, I'll be a great movie star. I'll make more money in one year than I otherwise would manage to make for the rest of my life," she had said.

She had thought to herself, we can all leave that dirty flat, with the trolleys rumbling by. Soot on the pillows. We can afford those wonderful butter cakes at Ebinger's bakery for sixty cents. We can sit in a box at Ebbets Field instead of feeling guilty for days about the money we spent for two bleacher seats to see the Brooklyn Dodgers play. And at Christmas...we can have a real Christmas tree. A tall tree. Never, until late on Christmas Eve when the stores were ready to throw the leftovers away, could they choose a tree.

But, most of all, she had thought, moving from the window, standing beside her father's bed, if I get it, I'll take you out of this hospital ward. I'll take you where there's sunshine. And flowers. Where you can get well and strong and laugh again.

The doctor had warned him to take it easy months before, when he'd had that other heart attack. To quit work. But her father, wire chief of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, couldn't quit. Not until he had to. Then, one day, he'd just fallen over in the street and they'd brought him here. But, if I get this, you can quit for keeps. She couldn't understand his attitude. She was (Continued on page 102)
A house can be a trial to its owners—or rooms filled with happy experiences.

As you drive down spacious Beverly Drive, one of the handsomest streets in Beverly Hills, where the tall Royal palms alternate with the squat date palms to form an exciting pattern, your eye rests happily on a two-storied columned white house, set back amidst green lawns. It’s neither New England nor Southern Colonial, but rather the classic Colonial that is timeless and which could just as well be found, and is occasionally found, in England or Ireland or wherever the Eighteenth Century influence made itself felt most strongly.

Inside the house you get the same feeling of timelessness. It’s done in soft, dark colors with (Continued on page 85)
Fireside grouping in living room. Furniture is Eighteenth Century and modern. Eleanor Parker is in “Chain Lightning”

Shades of gray, rose and green, with touches of white, accent the restful quality of Eleanor Parker's bedroom. Quilted headboard of oversized bed matches spread
To the casual visitor, Hollywood is a city of excitement and glamour. To the people who live there, it's home—where large families are the rule and the biggest box office names are, above all, parents concerned with the problems—joys, too—of bringing up children. This is the good life of Hollywood.
ATTRACTIONS

Endearing proof that Hollywood has its heart in the right place — the home

The Bob Hopes feel there’s more room for laughter when the family is large. Left to right, Tony, Dolores, little Kelly, Bob, Nora (in hat) and Linda Smith

Linda Darnell wanted a baby — adopted Charlotte Mildred Powolny

Someone to go home for: Stephen, the Humphrey Bogarts’ bright boy Kopperl

The Bill Williamses didn’t wait for prosperity to have the baby they wanted—Barbara Willa Johanna Fink and Smith

Keeping in step with family life—Betty Hutton, Lindsay Fraker
Everyone strings along when Dinah strums her old guitar for ballads, blues and boogie. Left to right, George Montgomery, June Allyson, Dinah, Dick Powell, Tony Bartley, Deborah Kerr.

"LET'S have it huge so it will seat at least twenty people!" said Dinah Shore to husband George Montgomery, who was designing their dining table. And huge it is. Round, too, with a rotating Lazy Susan in the center.

The Shore-Montgomery house is as warm and hospitable as the couple who live in it. George, who designed and helped build their Valley home, made all of their Early American-type furniture, too, has a rare gift for houses and furniture. And Dinah, born in Tennessee, inherited a definite talent for cooking and has acquired a definite talent for interior decoration. They call their home "The House That George Built."

Invitations to the Montgomerys' for dinner are always greeted with immediate acceptances. Not only because Dinah's one of the best cooks in the picture colony, but because an evening there means singing and dancing, games and interesting talk. Dinah and George select their guest groups to include friends who are congenial in tastes and interests. A perfect example of this was when the Dick Powells (June Allyson), and the Tony Bartleys (Deborah Kerr), were asked over one Saturday night. After dinner there was television, singing around (Continued on page 77)
In "The House that George Built," Dinah's Southern hospitality keeps the Lazy Susan in a spin.

When Dick sat down at the piano, June, Dinah and Deborah gave a chorus number—they all studied dancing at one time.

George Montgomery, who is an accomplished cabinet maker, built the huge dining table, with its rotating Lazy Susan center, loaded with Dinah's famed cooking. Facing, left to right, are Dick, Dinah, Tony, June, George and Deborah.
There's a new arc light in Hollywood. It's Ava Gardner's happy face, and it lights up the whole town.

Anyone who can change as dramatically as Ava has in the last few months should be required in the public interest to spread her secret around.

Ava, you will remember, was the kid who had everything—and nothing. Before she was twenty, she had all the things most young girls think they want—the kind of beauty that drives cosmeticsicians crazy because it cannot be improved by anything in a jar, a starring contract at M-G-M, with the fame and fortune that go with it, and, on a platter, the hearts of every eligible male in town. And she was so miserable she cried herself to sleep night after night.

Three years later she was scarred in spirit by two unsuccessful marriages, to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw. Whereupon, lonely and terribly unsure of herself, Ava was ready to look for help in any quarter where a friendly hand was extended.

Today the frightened, lonely little girl Ava used to be is no more. Today Ava is suddenly a woman, mature and more beautiful than ever. And she is radiantly happy.

How?

"It's simple," she says, "I just found out that it's too hard to be unhappy."

It wasn't simple, of course—except in looking backward.

Ava was sick, physically and emotionally exhausted, when she (Continued on page 97)
EVERY girl, at least once in her life, faces an emotional crisis. It's easy at such a time to fall to pieces, that's no trick. It's the easiest thing in the world at such times, too, to lose interest in your personal appearance, to spend hours, days, weeks, feeling sorry for yourself, until it becomes a lifetime habit.

No use to ask, "Why did it have to happen?" It did happen. There's nothing you can do about it. It belongs to the past. But you can do plenty about the future. Take stock. Then start to make yourself over, as a more attractive, exciting, interesting woman. This personality therapy isn't just a pretty theory. It works. It's working right now for Wanda Hendrix. At twenty-one, Wanda's love life was a big question mark. When she and Audie Murphy separated after eight months of marriage, Wanda wouldn't give up without a fight. She wanted to try everything before she would admit her marriage was a failure, and persuaded Audie to agree to a three months' trial reconciliation.

This critical period will have an important bearing (Continued on page 99)

Her life is a question mark but there's no question about Wanda who, when trouble came, took a step in a new direction make trouble pay

DIVIDENDS IN BEAUTY

by

anita colby

Photoplay's beauty editor and adviser to the stars
Featherweight champion: Wanda Hendrix appears soon in "After Midnight"
Ingrid Bergman, minus makeup, in cheap department store clothes. At crater, company wore masks to keep out deadly volcanic fumes. Roberto Rossellini, center, refused to write any dialogue until camera was set up. Rejected a completely unaffected Bergman, makeup, in cheap department store clothes.
After their marriage in a DP camp, Karin (Ingrid Bergman), Antonio (Mario Vitale) return to grim Stromboli.

Mario, in dramatic cemetery scene with Ingrid, refused to take Rossellini seriously when he asked him to play role.

Ingrid, as Karin, the tragic figure swept by fate from a concentration camp to the desolate volcanic island her husband calls home.

The picture everyone is talking about—because it was the setting for the Bergman-Rossellini romance and Ingrid insists it is her farewell to the screen.

"STROMBOLO" tells the story of a man and woman who fight for their love on this volcanic island. Bergman's life, while making the film, was harsh and rugged. She worked from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., blinded and choked by windswept lava dust. It took two days to reach the mouth of the volcano. The company lived in tents on the way. Water was scarce—so the company imported thousands of gallons of mineral water for drinking. But Ingrid admits she never felt better in her life. Her role was difficult, as the rest of the cast were amateurs. This is realism—as Rossellini loves to portray it. This is "Stromboli."

Ingrid, as a bride, finds herself as much a displaced person as she ever was in DP camp. Ingrid gives vent to her pent-up emotions in violent scene created by husband's jealousy.
WE'RE right in the midst of the "opulence season." The glitter spots along the Sunset Strip are jumping with capacity crowds these eves and the crowds here in the muchly publicized "informal West" seem to be doing a lot more dressing up. And not in a wild and woolly way, either.

The opera, plus its opera ball, at the new Embassy Room in the Ambassador certainly brought out the stars galore in their most lavish gowns. Loretta Young, in black velvet, was wearing a startling jewelled headdress to top things off; Ann Blythe (with Roddy McDowall) was small and svelte in blue satin—and Irene Dunne, too, was in pale blue satin. Diana Lynn looked like a doll in very pale pink satin. Ann Miller sported a new, small white mink cape and kept it on all evening. No one looked more lovely than Ava Gardner, her hair swept up high all around, with long fan-shaped diamond and amethyst dangling earrings. Their color matched her pale lavender taffeta dress styled by Mainbocher, slimly draped but with

Ruth Hussey of "Mr. Music" dramatizes navy and white plaid taffeta skirt with cerise cummerbund. Blouse with scooped-out neckline is of navy jersey with matching stole
Janis Carter of "Where Danger Lives" in a Trigere navy dress, Lalli's blue and black plaid cape coat

It's a gay and gala season—with everyone traveling a pretty pace in the Hollywood social set

Susan Hayward of "Family Skeleton" in Georgia Bullock's tucked and pleated spring print dress

Linda Darnell of "No Way Out" designed her five-tiered purple velvet cocktail suit. Purple maline hat was designed by Keneth Hopkins
Some Enchanted Evenings

big poufs of the silk at the hips.
Sally Forrest looked adorable at La Rue one night with Jerome Courtland. Her choice of the slim silhouette resulted in her little suit of black broadcloth, trimmed with Persian lamb. When its tight jacket (buttoned down one side seam) came off, there was really a dress beneath, for the black cloth straight skirt was attached to a lovely pale blue lame blouse.

During an unseasonable heat wave, Clark Gable gave a lot of beach belles a thrill just by staging a putting contest at the Bel Air Country Club. Then he went on to the charming outdoor luncheon that Charles Brackett gave at his Bel Air home. It was so hot that by the time luncheon was served, most of the guests had moved their gaily bedecked tables to shady but “uncharted” spots around the place and bewildered waiters spent a lot of time trying to figure out whom to serve and where. Joan Fontaine was very fetching in a two-toned pink raw-silk creation she picked up in Paris. Claudette Colbert managed to look cool in a semi-tailored dress of sheer pale gray wool.

However, winter is very much round and even when it’s mild out here in the semi-tropics during the day, you get to thinking about the evening firesides and what to wear when lounging in front of a crackling hearth. Hazel Brooks has a knockout lounging outfit comprised of a long-sleeved black wool jersey pullover, worn with ankle-banded Siamese trousers of a gleaming metallic brocade. You could get the same effect with any number of pullovers—plus turning the full skirt of any old once-elegant evening gown into a pair of such trousers.

Jane Wyman takes to plaid beside the fireplace, with a vividly patterned wool hostess robe that has a sweeping flange collar—so flattering. Jane fills in the gap of the wide collar with a gray silk scarf on which she fastens tiny jewelled pins.

Allene Roberts has a three-way outfit that really is an eye-catcher, and so practical, too. It’s basically a cocktail dress with a strapless bodice of beige embroidered in copper sequins. When its jacket of soft, almost sheer light brown wool goes over it, it becomes a snappy suit for street wear. The slim wool skirt is of a slightly darker shade than the jacket—the all-over effect being three-toned as well as three-way.

Cesar Romero doesn’t often toss a shindig, but when he does, he shoots the works. This time, he gave a cocktail—through-dinner—through-dawn soirée in honor of Samuel Shellabarger, author of “Captain from Castille” and “Prince of Foxes.” Cesar may be in Shellabarger’s “King’s Cavalier” by the time you read this. For the author told “Butch” he wrote the main character with him in mind. Happily gathered ’round were Joan Crawford, Mark Stevens, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, the Gary Coopers, Lex Barker. Hoagy Carmichael played the piano for a lot of “characters” who never sang before, to sing. But then, so did Judy Garland, who really knows what she’s singing.

Betty Grable and Harry James, Vali, Alice Faye and Phil Harris were among those who took a bow the night Sophie Tucker opened at Ciro’s. Tony Martin, with beautiful Cyd Charisse and Jack Briggs (strictly playing the field now), were among the ringers who almost fell apart laughing when pandemonium broke out later—pandemonium in the form of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, that is. They took to the floor with Sophie and a couple of the Ritz Brothers and practically broke the place up.

Cyd Charisse of “East Side, West Side” creates evening excitement in a black taffeta sheath dress
Discover that magic second self within you...

—she can give you
a whole new world

Do you feel, as so many women do, a disturbing sense of not living up to the self you want to be? There's no need for you to live with an "unwanted" self! Delightful transformations can happen to you.

Within you is a magic power that can help transform you. This power grows out of the interrelation of your Outer Self and your Inner Self, the way you look and the way you feel.

It is this power that gives the happy lift of confidence that sparkles out from you, when you know you look lovely. But—it can also plunge you into self-reproach, when you feel you haven't looked your best. This is the reason you should never belittle the daily attentions that can add so to your outer loveliness—your inner contentment.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

It can mean so much to you to encourage your face to express you—truly and happily. This rewarding "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream can help you so beautifully to show your loveliest self.

Clip this easy treatment, tuck it up in your mirror—so you'll never forget to do it! Then—always at bedtime (day-cleansings, too) help your face this way:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash. Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face to soften, sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off. Cream Rinse—do another Pond's Creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment actually works on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Captivating Nancy du Pont says, "It's fun to do this Pond's treatment, and your skin looks wonderful after it."

It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you feel your face is saying lovely things about you, you have a happy confidence in yourself. The Inner You is brought closer to others.

Nancy du Pont

—she will be among this
Spring's loveliest brides

Beauty and sheer joy in living sparkle in Nancy du Pont's bewitching face—leave all who see her warm around the heart. For her face gives out the eager interest in everything and everyone, the fun-loving friendliness, that are so expressive of her Inner Self.
St. Patrick’s Day was close by when Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby sat chatting between scenes of their film “Top O’ the Morning.” Barry was bewailing the fact that here no one thought of celebrating on St. Patrick’s Day as they do in Ireland.

But everyone was busy, it seemed. Puzzled, Bing hurried over to the crew—but they were all busy, too!

Brooding, Bing sat waiting for Barry on St. Patrick’s Day. He was still disappointed about his party plans.

Suddenly, everyone was crowding around a surprised Bing—the guest of honor at a St. Pat’s party planned by Barry!
The most admired patterns...

New SPRING GARDEN

are Sterling Inlaid, the silverplate
with two blocks of sterling
inlaid at backs of bowls and
handles of most used spoons and forks.

LOVELY LADY

Thus the exquisite beauty of
these four magnificently designed
Holmes & Edwards patterns
stays lovelier longer.

DANISH PRINCESS*

Particularly note Spring Garden,
the gay, new favorite. 52 piece
service for 8, chest included,
in all patterns, $68.50.

YOUTH

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID*
SILVERPLATE

*ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.
There’s a lovely powder that gives a satiny-smooth complexion to your skin and is such a good make-up base that it clings easily to your face. It’s called Woodbury Powder, and I was given a sample to try. I wanted to see if it was any different from the other powders I had been using. But it was, and I was delighted when I saw how well it worked. So I decided to use it every day.

In Hollywood, where women are easy to look at, stars chose Woodbury Powder their favorite 6 to 1. And no powder can make you look lovelier! A new ingredient gives a satin-smooth glow to your skin. And u-m-ml! The exciting fragrance clings like this unbelievably fine-textured powder! For every skin type...in seven heavenly shades. 15¢, 30¢ and $1.00 plus tax.

*IN HOLLYWOOD
STARS CHOSE
WOODBURY
POWDER 6 to 1

Man Power

(Continued from page 41) He has an easy, smiling sophistication that’s born, knowledge and poise, good manners and nice sense of humor. All this, plus I habit of looking at a woman as if to say “You’re quite delightful, really.”’..” Joan Crawford recognized his attraction the first time she laid her discerning eye upon him. Whereupon, he was given the crucial role of the political boss in “Pee Wee’s Big Adventure.” And even though he’d never played such a bit part on the screen.

Sometimes, it’s difficult to analyze man’s attraction. But with Richard Conte you know at once that his great appeal lies in his strength, mental and physical. He’s a quiet, confident kind of man, and what he wants and goes right after it.

“House of Strangers” marked his first romantic lead at Twentieth Century-Fox. And his first scenes with Susan Hayward were delightful. He started the screen, started a lot of women thinking, and talking.

It wasn’t his looks that put him where he is today. Gene Tierney, his co-star in “The Whirlpool,” said, “He’s not handsome. But he looks like a real guy. And that’s not bad.”

He is a Hollywood conversation-piece without being a part of the social scene. He lives quietly with his wife Ruth Stroho, She’s never pursued a career. He thinks she should. And it would be difficult for any woman, even a wife, to resist him.

Then, there’s Douglas Dick, unquestionably one of the town’s most desirable young bachelors, in spite of the fact that he offers a contract to a première and spares much of his spare time writing a play which there’s an excellent part for a young actor like Douglas Dick.

When he first came to Hollywood, he didn’t have much executive at the Paramount studios by coming to work on a bicycle! Finally, bored with their violent protests, he bought a jeep. In his jeep, to give you some idea of his charm, he carried a bag of his own, so his girl friends, and they are plenty could tie down their hair.

John Ireland, the fourth Hollywood gentleman to intrigue the home-town girl, is described, succinctly, both by Paulette Goddard who played with him in “Amé Lucasta” and Dorothy McGuire who worked with him at La Jolla last summer. “He has an explosive force,” said Paulette.

“Enormously masculine,” says Dorothy Joanne Dru, married to John, might be more to say about the subtleties of charm. But, when a man’s as intense as John, that’s sex. For the chemical attraction John received from one of Mother Nature’s overgenerous moments, in itself, is pretty overpowering.

Johnny Sands, with his disarming “boy-next-door” way, is another kill. Take that episode of last summer...

A magazine brought a contest winner’s trip to Hollywood. Her Big Moment was a dinner date with Johnny.

He took her to dinner and was very polite, and that was that. But the next day the girl refused to leave town. She was, said, going to break her engagement to the boy back home, stay in Hollywood, and, she hoped, marry Johnny. In that case, Johnny was a kind of young man that women like to mother. He has a soft quality that doesn’t, we hasten to add, detract even remotely from his masculinity. He’s far more interested in other people than most actors. Sensitive, too. Recent, for instance, when he was out with Maude Carey, he was embarrassed because the boys and girls waiting outside restaurant recog- (Continued on page 7
Are you in the know?

When walking's hazardous, what's correct?

- You take his arm
- He grips your elbow
- Let him carry you

High heels don't always mix with cobblestones... slippery sidewalks... heavy traffic. Why wait for him to make like Sir Walter Raleigh, or steer you along by the elbow? Take his arm. And at times when certain other "hazards" beset you, take the precaution of choosing Kotex. You'll have extra protection with that special safety center. So, for accident insurance — say "Kotex." You'll find it's the best policy!

Is a gal most likely to see green—

- When a new cutie comes to town
- On March 17th
- Under her charm bracelet

For some gals, the wearin' of the green isn't just for St. Patrick's Day. They're the belles who live in their charm bracelets — come sleep or showers. Does telltale green lurk beneath your bangles? Remove it — if you'd rate in grooming! Dabbing your wrist with cleaning fluid does the trick. As for banishing telltule lines (on trying days), that's no trick at all, for Kotex. You see, those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

What does "campus copper" mean to you?

- A monitor
- A prom chaperone
- A sharp shade

Pst — Big Bother is watching you! So what? Ten to one he's admiring that bright-as-a-new-penny outfit of yours: the new copper color that's wowing the school. Add copper pearls, coral lipstick—it's knockout! You're fashion-right with any shade of the russet family, if it becomes you. And on problem days, you're right (protection-wise) with any of the Kotex "family" of 3 absorbencies. Learn which suits your needs best!

To win attention, which should you be?

- Stand-offish
- A specialist
- The helpless type

Ever feel like a little lost sheep, in your crowd? Learn to shine at something. Whether your specialty's ice skating, boogie, or beating up delish cookie batters, you'll find it's a magnet to males. Buoy your poise! Builds you confidence! You needn't hug the background on "those" days, either. Not when you can have the cushion-soft comfort of the new Kotex. Mind you, this softness holds its shape... for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Lets you be carefree... whatever the occasion!

More women choose KOTEX®
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

For extra comfort on "those" days, should you—

- Stay in bed
- Go square-dancing
- Buy a nylon belt

Comfort doesn't call for coddling—or "square" fests. Your best bet's a new Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's made with DuPont nylon elastic—won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Gives 110% stretch, yet it's strong, smooth-feeling: wisp-weight. Dries fast. Stays flat even after many tubbings. And see how much easier, quicker the new firm-grip fastener is to use! For extra comfort — buy the new nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES:
Pin style and with new safety fastener

Kotex Wonderform® Belt
Buy two — for a change
How Mothers Help Guard Family Health

TO HELP PREVENT disease germs from striking at family health, alert mothers, the country over, take this simple precaution: they disinfect with potent "Lysol" brand disinfectant when cleaning their homes. Floors, walls, woodwork...everywhere.

IF SICKNESS should be carried in from outside, then dependable "Lysol" becomes even more a must in the sickroom. The patient's bed, bedding and utensils all need disinfecting with "Lysol"...2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water.

Look to your Doctor and your Druggist
Call on their knowledge and skill whenever needed. Be prepared, before sickness may occur, with basic Sickroom Needs! Your druggist is featuring these items now. Check with him today!

TAKE SPECIAL CARE, with sickness in the home, in cleaning bathroom and all sickroom utensils. Use potent "Lysol" disinfectant solution, to fight disease germs.

HELP PROTECT your home against disease germs. Remember—many healthy, happy homes, coast-to-coast, depend on powerful "Lysol" to help guard family health.

(Continued from page 72) nixed him an not Mac.
Scores of people have sought to label the certain something which sets the men apart. It, the old B.U. (biological urge, to you) high voltage, the get-togethers principle, whatever you call it, it boi down to good old-fashioned sex appeal. This quality in men or women causes them opposite sex to light up in a way that puts the brightest Neon lights to shame the minute they walk into a room.

THIS brings us to Elizabeth Taylor's as described by Jerome Courtland.
"Something happens when Jerry around," Liz says. And since she and Jerry travel in the same young sets, she ought to know. "People are gayier, the conversation is brighter...I watch, jive for fun, as all the girls head his way."
Jerry comes from the Tennessee hill country. But he's no hillbilly. Rather he the sophisticate he might be with him something of a socialite. He utterly and completely Jerry. Therein lies his charm and, we suspect, the charm to anyone, man or girl, worth talking about. Jerry drives his studio slightly mad because he takes off on outdoor sport activities without warning. So what if there a chance of danger! He drives girls slightly mad, too. Because he takes a girl or two or three showers with her at attention and then, when she's convinced she's the One—and-Only he's off, with the gay pixie quality of his, on another date.
There are two exceptions to this Court land rule. Terry Moore, whom he's date over and over and over. And Lillian Bary clay, the dramatic coach at the Columbia Studios. He returned to study with her when he came home from war. Jerry can be constant enough, she'll tell you, when anything is really important to him.
There is nothing, nothing, if you as Kathryn Grayson, even mildly amaz Kathryn Grayson, even mildly in sensational success. Kathryn would have bee amazed if it had been any other way.
Kathryn doesn't talk much about the thrilling tenor timbre. It's her descrip Jerry Lanza follow-up with which she holds the girls spellbound at parties.
"Mario," Kathryn tells the girls, "like people and goes much more than halftime to meet them. He has the most wonderful way of making you feel that you're the most important person in the world, an that what you're saying is the most in teresting thing in the world. He's magic..."

Eighth and last comes Stephen McNa Stephen's pleasant enough, with the very nicest manner. But don't pry beyond the complete but rier he maintains between himself an the curious—however beautiful and charms the curious may be. If, Stephen says, came to a point where he'd have to reve his personal life or quit pictures, he'd quit pictures. Nobody doubts his word.
He had no notion about playing romantic roles. Neither did his bosses have an notion about casting him in these roles. Leave it to the girls to do it.
"He has the same fascination that Gab has," Barbara Stanwyck insisted after she worked with him in "The Lady Gambles." And he will keep it for a long, long time. The studio brass has remembered who Barbara had said when Stephen's fan ma recorded, over and over, the same sentiment.
One thing about Stephen that's no mystery, certainly, is his attraction. Some men have it. And some don't. Some men know they have it. And some again but not alas, don't.
To discover who they are—in Hollywood or any other town—listen to the girls.
Dry skin! "My skin was terribly dry before using Noxzema," says pretty Margaret MacKenzie. "Now it's my regular night cream. I like Noxzema because of its soft texture—and because it's greaseless. It's my regular hand cream, too."

Sensitive skin! "I have very sensitive skin—and need a good protective cream," says lovely Effie Sorenson. "Ever since I started using Noxzema as my regular beauty aid and hand cream, my skin seems to look softer and smoother."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ... OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Doctor Develops New Home Beauty Routine!
Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!

- Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're bothered with dry, rough skin, externally-caused blemishes, or similar skin problems—here's news!

A famous doctor, using one cream—medicated Noxzema—developed a New Beauty Routine! In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women. Here's all you do:

Morning—1. "Creamwash with Noxzema." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how really clean your skin looks and feels.

2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "Creamwash with Noxzema." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how clean it leaves your face.

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Noxzema is greaseless—no messy pillow smears!

After using Noxzema only a day or two—notice how the dead, dry cells on the surface of your skin start to flake off. Good! That's what you want! Try it yourself! See if you aren't thrilled to find your complexion looking softer, smoother, lovelier!

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was clinically tested by doctors with amazing results! Follow the doctor's 4 simple steps for 10 days. If not satisfied with results—return the jar—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! See if you don't agree your skin looks softer, smoother, lovelier in 10 days with medicated Noxzema. At all drug and cosmetic counters. Ask for the Limited Time Special—regular 40c jar for only 29c plus tax. Get yours today!

Want your hands to look softer, whiter in just 24 hrs.? Are your hands unattractive—or really lovely? If they're red, rough or chapped from dishwashing, housework—try medicated, greaseless Noxzema! In actual Doctors' Tests, this dainty greaseless cream helped 9 out of 10 women to softer, lovelier-looking hands—in just 24 hours!

Money-Back Offer
Try it yourself! Tonight—smooth dainty, snow-white Noxzema on your hands. Look for improvement by tomorrow morning. See if you don't agree your hands look softer, whiter, lovelier—in just 24 hours! If not completely satisfied with results—return the jar—your money cheerfully refunded. Our address is on every jar. But you will be delighted to find your hands look whiter—feel softer, smoother. Try Noxzema Skin Cream tonight—and see!


Sub-deb or Siren?

(Continued from page 46) insisted she was a heartless girl who badly needed parental discipline.

Elizabeth, her mother, and her studio all were disturbed by the many unfavorable comments her alleged romances evoked. After one broadcaster very cruelly tore into her, and Elizabeth was telephoned with obvious distress, I decided to talk to this young lady, who, at the age of seventeen, was getting a dangerous reputation.

So, one afternoon, Elizabeth and I sat down and had a long talk.

"Miss Parsons," she said, as she made herself comfortable, "I am not a jilt."

Jilt? That was new phraseology.

"AREN'T you, Elizabeth?" I replied, looking at her and thinking how much she looked like the lovely dolls that are in the shops. Her eyes are almost black, with lashes that curl up, and I sat down and found I had a great beauty? Her Poise? Or a combination of both? Young as she is, she has genuine glamour. It's not concocted of any superficial things like sophisticated clothes or a degree of poise. It's an inner sparkle and excitement that is something with which Elizabeth was born.

For instance, I saw her come into a room at a party at Cobina Wright's one evening. I was supposed to be engaged to Bill Pawley. She came alone because she was not going out with anyone else.

Her poise, for a young girl, entering a room with such sophisticated as Otto Preminger, Joan Crawford, the Reggie Gardiners, Joan Fontaine, Anne Baxter and others, was amazing.

William Pawley, that would have been distressingly ill at ease, Liz, wearing a very low-cut formal gown, was the epipheme of poise. She gracefully acknowledged introductions and instead of seeking out a quiet corner, went in the middle of the room. She was a perfect combination of the best of her age.

Also, Elizabeth wears much deeper colletage than the average girl. Her photograph in a photographer's window on the Sunset Strip has the wolves whistling out loud, for in this day and age nothing as anything Lana Turner ever wore.

The truth of that is, Elizabeth loves the trappings of glamour, beautiful clothes, suitable jewelry and fur, just as every other girl does, only, in her case, can afford all the finery. Even though she is too far young to make any of the "best-dressed" women's lists, she has matured clothes conscious and can dress in an older and more subtle manner.

Elizabeth, I think, confuses all of us because she is, currently, a strange blend of girl.

She has an "oomph" picture in the photographers window. But she still kneels at night and says the old-fashioned prayer, "N.N., N.N., sweet girl, don't go to sleep." She still makes fudge in the kitchen on rainy days. And no other gift ever has meant as much to her as "King Charles," the horse given to her after she completed "Night-Clubbing." For me is still sentimental enough to save things like party dance programs and to press corsages sent by beaux she particularly likes. Her favorite novels have the old-fashioned heroine's name theme. And her studies right now interest her especially because they are of the Victorian era. The Thackeray books delight her. She loves "Vanity Fair.

I think one of her chief worries is that all the talk makes her somehow different from girl friends her own age.

But as I explained to her, that is the price of fame. "Elizabeth, if you had been Dottie Doaks in Paducah, you could have done many things that Elizabeth Taylor or Hollywood cannot do without criticism, I explained to her.

"Sometimes, I wonder if it's worth it," she sighed.

"Oh, come now," I said, suspicious for a moment that she was pulling my leg, going demurely to the other side of the room that "No, I honestly don't," she admitted. "But you don't know how hard it is to get into a heavy emotional scene on the set, and I'm making over crucial things said about you."

"Honey, there isn't a girl who wouldn't love to change places with you, so try to bear up under what they say. Take me, I've had my share, and I've managed to survive. It is not pleasant, and it hurts, but try not to be too sensitive about it," I told her.

Perhaps, I am too sensitive, but I honestly think I couldn't take it," she answered, "if it weren't so hard on my mother. She's so hurt at all the cruel, unhinged things said about me.

"I LISTEN to this, please, and believe it. I have been out night-clubbing just three times in my life without my parents. Just three times! Once, while Bill and I were in London, and we went for the May fair to 300 gang man that didn't want us. Another time, I was at the same place in Jane Powell's wedding party. The only other time, I was with Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Thompson and his brother."

"And my parents have been along, and usually, my brother and his girl. But is this ever mentioned in the gossip columns? No! They'd block out my family and just mention me and the boy who has come along as a dancing partner.

The result is, I'm being painted as a good-time-girl who stays out all hours of the night. That's hard to take. If you could see how my mother cries, you'd know what I mean."

I do know how her mother feels. I've talked over the telephone to Mrs. Taylor when the Chappel broadcast, or, at what she has considered a disgraceful attack on her lovely child.

I asked the last time we talked, Mrs. Taylor told me, "Elizabeth is discussed as though she were a woman, and are bungled up as the answer of some broadcasting, or, at what she has considered a disgraceful attack on her lovely child.

I meant every word of it when I told her, "Any day of the week, and I'll answer them all."

"When it was time for Elizabeth to go, she did something very sweet. "May I come and see you after?" she asked. "I wish I could be so close and it makes me feel better to talk to you.

I meant every word of it when I told her, "Any day of the week, and I'll answer them all."

All in all, Elizabeth Taylor is a puzzling combination of girl and woman. Her personality has not yet jelled. Only time will tell what she will eventually be, a settled nice girl who could make a natural movie, because of what may be said about her, one of the really great glamour girls. I can see the child's problem. It's tough. But not as tough as she thinks it is now.

The END
Almost the chorus

They serve themselves. Her friends were embittered by this, and friends didn't come over often. So when George started making furniture for his friends, the Alan Ladds, Dorothy Lamour and Jeanne Crain, but his fame grew. And today, in his furniture shop in San Fernando Valley, he takes orders for his custom-made things. His shop business has grown so that he finds it very difficult to keep up his busy acting career, too.

Dinah admits she cooks partly for praise, gathering recipes from friends and famous chefs. She has by now, incidentally, an accumulation of recipes from all over the country.

Dinah often gives “name your own dish” dinners, letting the first guest invited plan the menu, which she executes. For this party, she let the Powells select the dishes. They chose this menu because they’d had it at Dinah’s house before and loved it.

Most hostesses make certain to plan a dinner party when the cook is on. Not Dinah! She always prepares the things herself. If the cook is on, she acts only as a helper and dishwasher.

Dinah gives as much thought to the appearance of the table as she does to the flavor and balancing of the menu she plans.

With a round table, place mats are used. Her flower arrangements, which she does herself, usually come from her garden. Her lovely silver pheasants, a wedding anniversary gift from George, add dignity to the delightfully informal table where you serve yourself from the dishes attractively arranged on the rotating “Susan.” Little washable china place cards are always thoughtfully arranged.

Dinah, who is best known for her hit recordings and radio programs, enjoys entertaining her guests with her ballads, blues and boogie, and, at the drop of a hat, she will bring out her old guitar, as she did this evening. Everyone just relaxes in a most satisfied and comfortable manner and enjoys a top evening’s entertainment.

Later on, everybody joined in to make recordings on the Montgomerys’ home recording machine.

Dinah, Deborah and June all studied dancing at one time or another in their careers. So when Dick Powell sat down at the piano, the three husbands insisted on a chorus number from their wives. This they executed in a most professional manner. Naturally.

With the Montgomerys, Bartleys and Powells all proud parents of young children, there was much family talk in addition to career gossip.

There were no games played, nor even suggested—with people as talented as...
CHEDDAR BALLS LIEGOISE

Combine:
- 1/4 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup grated cheddar cheese
- 1 egg yolk
- 1/2 teaspoon prepared mustard
- Salt and cayenne pepper to taste
- 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire
- Few drops Tabasco sauce

Fold in 1 egg white, stiffly beaten. Shape mixture into small balls and roll in additional fine bread crumbs. Place a few balls at a time in frying basket; fry in deep hot oil (375°F) until light brown, about 1 minute. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot.

TOASTED WENIES

Remove center from a large firm heat of a cucumber, leaving a shell of about 2 inches thick. Skewer small canned frankfurters with toothpicks and stick around outside of cucumber head. Inside the head place a tin of canned heat. Decorate base of cucumber with radish roses, parsley sprigs, green olives, and halved green pepper filled with mustard. Light the canned heat just before serving and let each guest roast his own, and dip it in the mustard before eating. A lot of fun!

BROILERS HUNGARIAN WITH RICE

Place in large skillet:
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 clove garlic, chopped fine
- 2 medium onions, chopped fine

Cook until tender. Then remove onion from butter with slotted spoon and reserve. Add:
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- When hot, brown 6 small chicken halves

THE MAN WHO SPREADS
THE GOLDEN RULE . . .

Listen To Radio's Good Neighbor:

JACK BERCH

and his human stories of humankind. Every Morning Mon.-Fr.

NBC

Read Jack Berch's "Heart-To-Heart Hook-up" column in

TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine

now on newsstands
They'll never mention it...to YOU!

Tobacco Mouth

If you smoke a lot, why not do this: take advantage of Listerine Toothpaste's new special formula, especially before any date.

There's reason: mint-cool Listerine Toothpaste is made with Lusterfoam, a wonderful new-type cleaning ingredient that literally foams cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces...removes yellow tobacco stains while they are still fresh...whisks away odor-producing tobacco debris. Get a tube and "feel that Lusterfoam work!"

Know they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

Give Tobacco Mouth the brush-off with...

DONALD DUCK has lost his head over LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE!

Your child will love these new Walt Disney tubes! The plastic caps are heads of Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, Pluto, and Br'er Rabbit is bright, gleaming color! See them at any drug counter.

WHAT ABOUT US! WE ARE ON THE NEW WALT DISNEY TUBES TOO!

---

Vegetable Gumbo Creole

Prepare:
cup chopped celery
cup chopped green pepper
cup lima beans

Cook separately in very little water until most tender.

Measure:
cup canned whole kernel corn
cup canned okra, sliced lengthwise
Mix:
1 cup butter, melted
1 cup dry bread crumbs

Grease a 1½-quart casserole, and press on a cup of buttered bread crumbs. Fill with vegetables in layers. Season each layer with salt and pepper, and a few bread crumbs. Top with remaining bread crumbs and dot with butter. Cover. Bake in slow oven (300° F.) 40 minutes. Remove cover and brown.

FRUIT SPONGE CAKE

Defrost and drain overnight in refrigerator 1 package frozen strawberries, crushed.
Drain 1 (No. 2) can crushed pineapple. Fake or buy 3 5-inch sponge cake layers. Place one in bottom of 9-inch torte pan. Over with frozen strawberries. Add second sponge layer. Top with drained pineapple. Add third sponge layer.

Dissolve, according to directions on label, 1 package cherry flavored gelatin. Boil juice drained from strawberries as art of liquid. Pour over all three layers, stirring it slowly. Chill in refrigerator until firm, about 4 hours. Unmold, frost with ½ pint heavy cream, whipped.

June Allyson and Dick Powell are in The Reformer and the Redhead," Deborah Kerr in "Please Believe Me" and George Montgomery in "The Iroquois Trail."

The End
More and MORE YOUNG WIVES Agree...

FOR naturally BEAUTIFUL HAIR...
"Pure Castile is the Best Shampoo!"

Lovely Mrs. Robert Inch of Queens Village, Long Island, says "I like Conti because it leaves my hair soft, easy-to-manage and glowing with highlights." Mrs. Inch is typical of the thousands of attractive young wives who agree with beauty authorities that pure castile is the best shampoo. "Try Conti," says Mrs. Inch, "for naturally beautiful hair!"

For Entire Family "Of course, I only use pure Conti Castile Shampoo on Betsy's delicate hair. I know it's mild and gentle... contains no harsh chemicals to dry her hair or make it brittle."

Groom-up Time "I'll tell you my beauty secret—the olive oil in Conti helps keep my hair silky-soft and radiant at all times."

Conti THE PURE Castile SHAMPOO

Photoplay Fashions
Jacqueline Dempsey Fashion Editor
Jacqueline Neben Promotion Director
Nancy Nicholas Retail Director
Dirone
John Enstead Photographers

Cyd Charisse in the original suit designed by Helen Rose for M-G-M's "East Side, West Side"

Opposite, Cyd Charisse wears the Lot Schneider adaptation—a just-right-for spring suit, its slim, straight skirt a perfect foil for the smartly detailed fitted jacket. Self-loops and buttons lead up to a tiny collar. Sleeves are cuffed. It sizes 9-15, around $50.00, it comes in wool gabardine in a variety of spring shades. At Gimbel's, New York, N. Y. and Win kelman's of Michigan.

Accessory accents: Tricorn-type hat by Everett, $5.00; Samsonite train case, around $17.50

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 88

For lovelier hair... today... tomorrow... and always
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS
For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 88

Dainty Diana Lynn is featured in “Paid in Full,” a Hal Wallis production

For the smart approach to spring, Diana Lynn’s dress, above, in menswear rayon, buttoned to the waist with shiny black buttons. Belt of gleaming patent leather tops the intriguingly flared pockets. Crisply charming, too, are the detachable fly-away collar and cuffs in white pique. By Berkley Junior in gray only. Sizes 9-15. High style at a low price—$17.95. At The May Company, Cleveland, Ohio; Strouss-Hirshberg Company, Youngstown, Ohio. Hat by Madcaps, $8.95. Cotton gloves by Crescendoe

You’ll make it an occasion when you make your entrance in the dressmaker suit Diana wears, opposite. In worsted wool crepe, self-buttons march in triple detail down the smartly styled jacket, with its eye-catching turn-back loop pockets. Skirt is slim and straight. By Lilli Ann in blue, pink, navy and gold. Sizes 10-18. The price—a miraculous $50.00. At The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal. and Burnett’s, New York, N. Y. Shoes by Accent. Handbag by American. Sheer hose by Phoenix

Photographed at Wildenstein Art Galleries, New York
Distinctively Different
Photoplay's pattern of the month

Teresa Wright wears this original ensemble
by Mary Wills in RKO's "The Capture"

Skirt and blouse blend into a perfect pattern for now in a soft worsted wool jersey or later, in a colorful cotton. The cardigan blouse, with its sloping shoulders, and the skirt, a swirl of unpressed pleats, can be mixed to match with other parts of your wardrobe. For sewing satisfaction, use one of Security's worsted wool jerseys in a water color pastel or a vibrant color.
Spring ... foot notes

(Continued from page 54) Eighteenth Century furniture mingling with modern upholstered chairs and couches for solid comfort. It makes a home that is the perfect setting for Eleanor Parker, as serene a beauty as you can possibly find in all Hollywood. But it's also much more than that, too, because it is, just as much, the correct setting for a dynamic producer, such as Miss Parker's husband, Bert Freidlob. And it provides plenty of space for the growing family of Mr. and Mrs. Freidlob. They already have one small daughter. By the time you read this, there will be another small Freidlob, and their ultimate ambition is to have a whole houseful of children.

As you can see, this is an opulent house, but that is not the reason that I chose it for my little lecture this month. There are scores of opulent homes in Hollywood, with altogether too many of them in doubtful taste. Merely pouring money into individual pieces of furniture won't give you a perfect room, unless you use it as Miss Parker and Mr. Douglas, her decorator, have done.

My REASON for talking about Miss Parker's house is because it is an example of being "smart". "Smart" is going to become increasingly important in our lives at home and for two most amusing reasons. One is television and the other is Canasta, which is beating out bridge spectacularly. If your life is along the line of the young Freidlobs, if you, too, entertain from six people upward at a time, you must make plans that lets one group of guests cluster around the television, and in the playroom, around the card table, and a third have some place where they can just get away from it all and go in for that old-fashioned pleasure called conversation.

The way the Parker-Freidlob house is planned for all this is masterly.

To begin with, you come into a small, circular hallway, which separates the drawing room at the right, from the dining room at the left. Next, just off the drawing room there is a large playroom. I have never held with the idea of a playroom being designed along the lines that suggests that the adults within it are going to "police" the kids and hover around the card table, and in the playroom, it is used less formally than in the drawing room, which you will instantly realize is as it should be. It has been used in a chintz that combines an apple red. The extras here are in light yellow. The prints on the walls are English sporting scenes, and the small bar has much brass scattered about to give it gaiety.

I offer a couple of minor suggestions, which I trust will not offend Miss Parker and her dynamic husband, and which may, in turn, help you readers if a house of this type is one you believe would suit you.

I should like to see this house made more personal. I don't mean by adding a bust of Mr. Douglas, for example. They are excellent and offensive, but I would actually prefer a picture that was offensive, if interesting, than these highly conventional pieces which are so correct you actually do not see them.

The living room, which I feel about rooms, as large as their drawing room and living room is that it is the one with which one racing, or being launched, or such things. It gave enormous personality to any room he inhabited, because it reflected him. Miss Parker is one of our most charming ladies, and this is a very charming room, indeed, the house is outstanding. We hope, as they live more in their house, they will allow it to grow more individual, even if in that way it becomes a little less correct.

I think it's a wonderful thing that, as in other parts of the country, more and more entertaining is being done at home in Hollywood. Any homemaker, reading this, may not feel up to living as elegantly as Miss Parker does. But it can be seen, nonetheless, how rooms, so planned, make entertaining much easier.

By way of contrast, I'm bringing you a Hollywood house next month that is almost entirely "personality" and much less expense. I hope you will watch for it to see which style suits your design for living best.

The End
Double Feature

A sports suit in muted plaid with two skirts to suit the occasions. Wear the jacket with matching solid gabardine skirt for more casual wear. 100% wool in pastel blue, green or tan plaid. Sizes 10-20. Around $50.00 by Rosenblum of California at Milgrim, Detroit, Mich., The Emporium, San Francisco, Cal., Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash. Light touch for the solid skirt, a rhinestone buttoned, tiny check cotton blouse. Sizes 10-18, $7.95 by Cabana at The Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pa.

Vivacious Geraldine Brooks appears in "Volcano," a Motion Picture Sales release
"Black Daisies"... newest thing under the sun, a print that looks like lace! And one plus one make... one, when this sundress adds a matching bolero but still looks like a one piece dress. Lace printed butcher spun rayon and matching black lace trim are Doris Dodson's own exclusive design. Pink, blue or yellow. 9 to 15. Under $18.

Write for name of your local shop... Doris Dodson, Dept. P3, St. Louis 1, Mo.
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:

Suit on Cyd Charisse
Lou Schneider, 512 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Hat
Evertt, 812 South Sixth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Train case
Shawyer Bros., 1050 Broadway, Denver, Col.

Gray dress
Berkley Juniors, 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

White hat
Madcaps, 28 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

White gloves
Crescendo, 240 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Wool crepe suit
Lilli Ann, 973 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Handbag
American, 1 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Plaid suit
Rosenblum, 746 South Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Checked blouse
Cabana Beachwear, 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Open toe shoe
Accent Shoe Co., 1509 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Patent leather shoe
Friedman Shelby, 1507 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Casual calf pump
Barret Shoe Co., Nashville, Tenn.

(Ccontinued from page 38) place we visit.
“We're going to go rubbernecking,” he declared. “We'll see what there is to see. We're never going to come home from a trip and say, ‘If we'd just done this. We're going to do it.”

Some people don’t go along when they’re in strange places. With new things to do, strange customs to observe and foods like you never see anywhere else, these people say, “My, I wish I could have a chocolate milk shake.” Now milk shakes are fine, but people like that just ought to stay home. When Gloria and I were on our honeymoon in Hawaii, we put our see-everything-now, do-everything-new plan into action.

“We had always known that outrigger canoes had been the chief means of transportation for South Sea Islanders for hundreds of years.

“We'd heard, too, that in the front seat of an outrigger you get soaked. So we drew lots for seats and Gloria drew the front. She was almost completely under water at times. Once, as we dipped under a wave, I looked and could scarcely see her.”

THE Hawaiian phase of the Stewart enjoyment is the time of relaxation. Before

that, Gloria must have had an idea she was married to a rocket, they went around the country so fast.

Before they were engaged and before there were any matrimonial plans, Jimmy had promised to act as grand marshal at the Soap Box Derby in Akron. It never occurred to either of them to break a promise to the thousands of boys who would be put out if he didn’t go. After a few quiet honeymoon days at Ojai, they hopped a plane to Akron.

There were appearances in Cleveland for a convention, dashes hither and thither, including a return to Cleveland to watch Joe De Bona come winging in the winner of the Bendix trophy race in Jimmy’s plane. Thunderbird; flights to New York, to Colorado before the mail line trip. “One day,” Jimmy recalled, “we had breakfast in Akron, lunch in Cleveland, dinner in Detroit and stopped in Chicago for a cup of coffee.”

And Mrs. Stewart on her first ride in this jet-propelled merry-go-round?

“It was amazing how she took it,” said Jimmy, “We had the time of our lives.”

To those who watched the flowering of romance between Gloria and Jimmy it wasn't surprising that she fit so well into this new life. She’s a naturally adaptable person who is at home in whatever element she is placed, and she knew what being the wife of a Tom Sawyer meant.

They met first at a dinner at the Gay Coopers. They were attracted to each other, naturally. They met on other occasions at social functions; they began having dates between the gay evening companions; they played golf together; they went fishing. Then, at a quiet dinner in celebration of Jimmy’s birthday—May 28, months after they first met—he asked her to marry him.

There was a trip to Indiana, Pennsylvania, to see Jimmy’s folks and a visit to the county fair to watch Dad Stewart’s sawdust races.

“It was a bitter day for Dad,” Jimmy smiled. “When Thunderbird didn’t finish the Bendix race the year before, I got it heavy from him. He told me he’d have to loan Me and he race. That day at the fair, his good horse had the sniffs or something and couldn’t go and his new little horse came in third, with only three horses in the race!”

The traveler role is a new one for Jimmy. He was pretty much of a stay-at-

home throughout the years of his bachelors

hood. Before the war, after all, he aver

aged four pictures a year for nine years.

That schedule left him little holiday time.

After that, the war took five years of his career, which meant a lot of training and determining catching-up to do.

He’s caught up now, with his fine per

formance in the “The Stratton Story,” which won him Photoplay’s coveted “We're” for most popular male performance of the year. Since “The Stra

tton Story,” he’s made two other pictures “Malaya” and “Broken Arrow.”

There was also another reason for Jimmy’s former lack of initiative about going

places, one that seems fairly obvious: It isn’t much fun to travel alone. Now he has a charming companion to double the enjoyment of picturesque sights.

With the many more tours, the Stewart home is just the place to pick up spare tags between flights. It has the feeling of permanency, where people are well-settled, living with deep contentment.

It might just be a difficult place to leave even briefly, for a tour, for Jimmy he slipped quietly into being a husband as enjoyable an ‘adaptable life, as you’d expect. It hasn’t done him in, but there are some differences. He seems freer at ease, more outgoing in casual meeting. He appears more relaxed, giving more than his share of a long way from being an extrovert.

His well-being is reflected in his weight. For years, those magicians of the movies who can make everything look the way it isn’t, have been putting on Jimmy, but not even when they put him in a hospital and stuffed him full of fattening food. He fooled ‘em by losing three pounds. Now he’s seven pounds heavier than he ever was.

Because his own house was too small, Jimmy sold it. They’re living in Glori

home until they can find the kind of pla

that would be a house hunt frantically. That wouldn’t be easy.

“I’m a town boy; I like to live in the w things,” Jimmy said, in explaining why they were not looking for one of ranches, which are so popular with the film set. “We’ve got to think about t boys, too, and getting them to school with out having to send them over to the ne county.”

They’re also doing right well by his ur role of father to Gloria’s two boys. All y have to do is hear one call him “daddy,” know the complete and full acceptan

Like most big stars, Jimmy was invit to parties on the way to Santa Cl with Santa last Christmas. He not had done this before, but he accept the invitation because the two boys we thrilled over the prospect of riding wi two of their favorite stars, S Claus and Stewart. It was the first public per

ance of Jimmy with the two lads, w

have been shielded from the spotlight it just naturally is turned on movie stars.

Between studio calls, Jimmy enjoy spending his leisure time on the g course with Mrs. Stewart. “She alwa

talks me into a stroke or hole handca Players,” she says. “Then she beats me.”

The hobbies Jimmy had when he liv alone have not been carried over into t new life. His accordion is stored away the garage; there’s a “For Sale” sign his radio equipment. “I’m a radio operator’s license lapse.

“Who wants to spend his evenings tr to talk to a stranger in Australia some far-away place?” Jimmy asks. “I less you’re there, and we might be see

THE END
Announcing Photoplay's Gold Medal Winners for 1949

(Continued from page 35) War Bride,” “Johnny Belinda,” “Little Women,” “Mr. Belvedere Goes to College,” “Red River” and “Take Me out to the Ball Game.”

A surprising fact emerges from your choices here—a fact in direct opposition to the prevailing theory that the people, are hungry for escape comedies because of the uncertainties of the times. There is only one musical comedy on this list and only two light-dialogue comedies. There also is one Western—“Red River.”

But six of your favorite ten pictures in 1949 are dramas.

YOU have been as fickle as usual in choosing the pictures you most enjoyed for the year. Six months ago, at the 1949 half-way mark, you had eight entirely different pictures on your Top Ten list! Only two pictures that you liked six months ago are still here at the end of the year. These are “Johnny Belinda” and “Red River.”

Now, let’s touch on a most interesting phase of your 1949 reactions to the Hollywood stars—your reactions to their off-screen behavior.

To begin with, let us examine one of the women stars whose previous record has been one of superb acting ability and of clean-cut personal living as a wife and mother—Ingrid Bergman. She has always held an almost saintly position in the minds of you, the people. Yet, for the past several months she has been astounding the world with her unexpected behavior. But, so far, there has been no sign of a marked slackening of interest in Miss Bergman. She is still immensely popular.

Now let us take a look at another Hollywood star whose love life has also been headlined for most of the year 1949—Rita Hayworth.

Rita’s box-office appeal is as strong as it ever was—for a far different reason than in the case of Miss Bergman. Rita has never been enshrined in the public mind as has Ingrid Bergman; she has always been regarded in a more casual light. We are of the opinion that nothing Rita does is likely to hurt her at the box office... short of murder. You, the people, will love her just the same.

And now to hastily wind up our study of gossip about the stars, and how it affects your opinion of them: Despite published rumors to the effect that Shirley Temple’s divorce has hurt her at the box office, there is absolutely no evidence to support such a theory. Shirley’s popularity is unharmed. We further find that the headlined divorces, romance, and remarriage of Tyrone Power has helped his popularity; in a consistent, unexceptional way his rating with you, the people, is rising steadily. To end on a ridiculous note, let us add that Humphrey Bogart’s defense of a pugilist in a New York night club harmed his popularity not a whit!

Now for the Hollywood personalities who showed the greatest leap in popularity in 1949.

There are two men whom you have pushed far ahead in popularity—Kirk Douglas and Montgomery Clift. They showed the biggest upward surge in public esteem of any men in Hollywood.

Two comparatively new actresses have made great strides in popularity. They are Wanda Hendrix and Jean Peters. Then there are two established actresses who have shown amazing increase in popularity. They are June Allyson and Jane Wyman. It’s unusual for a star of June’s high standing to make such strides—but her roles in “Little Women” and “The Stratton Story” accomplished this.

Among the large group of American girls who are between the ages of twelve and seventeen, Elizabeth Taylor was the biggest box-office draw in the year 1949. One reason this is of particular interest is that for the three preceding years girls preferred men to women stars—liked Van Johnson in 1946 and Alan Ladd in the years 1947 and 1948.

Boys in the same age group (between twelve and seventeen) have decidedly different ideas. They liked Bob Hope better than any other actor or actress in 1949. This meant they shifted their affections from Abbott and Costello, whom they had preferred to any other performers in 1947 and 1948. In 1946, the year the girls were going for Van Johnson, the boys were solidly behind Bing Crosby.

The adult public agrees about Bob Hope in 1949, as far as comedians go, for both men and women of adult age decided that Bob Hope was the funniest comedian on the screen this past year.

That is the round-up of your likes, dislikes and general reactions to your favorite form of entertainment in 1949. Through our researches in Audience Research, Inc., you have made your decisions as to your most enjoyed actors, actresses, and pictures—and the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards go to those selected by you, the people.

THE END

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It's a young, active, lovelier figure... and it can be yours! These whisper-soft nylon nets, sleek Nylor satins, have amazing powers to mold and control. They give you beautiful bosom curves, a slimmer waistline, lovelier hip contours! Under pared-down new fashions... you'll want this new Flexaire Strapless Bra, shapely yet secure, $2.

Mate it with this pliant Corsees, Jr., Girldle, light as air, a joy to wear. Step-in, also Pantie-Girdle, $5.95. Both by Flexaes, in your size and preferred color, at your favorite store now.

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Corsees, Jr., Girldles and Panties, $5 up

*1°. reg.
Their Greatest Off-screen Performances

(Continued from page 43) Humphrey Bogart was stopped cold, too, by Barbara Stanwyck. Bogle was playing an American artist in England. While he was making wardrobe tests, Barbara dashed onto the set with a velveteen suit and a tam o’shanter. “You’re to wear these for the picture,” she told him. “Aw gee, shucks,” Bogart whispered through his teeth. “You know I’m not the Little Lord Fauntleroy type.” “But you’re an artist,” said Barbara with a straight face. Then Bogart really got mad. His eyes flashed and his cheeks turned into a flaming red. Quite a performance, until he caught on.

Monty Clift’s getting quite a reputation as an off-screen performer. The best he’s ever given, I think, took place at the Hollywood premiere of “The Heiress.” He was wearing a dress suit probably for the first time in his life. It didn’t fit any better than rented suits usually do. And it was quite a show to watch Monty smiling into Elizabeth Taylor’s pretty blue eyes, for the photographers, and at the same time, trying to avoid strangulation from his tight collar! I wonder, like everyone else, how long Monty will continue to be such a quiet guy. For I’m reminded of another former stage actor, Kirk Douglas, who was so quiet you hardly knew he was around. He sort of entered a room with a whisper. Now, it’s with a bang. Mention a girl’s name to him and his eyes light up like neon lights and his nostrils positively dilate. But thank goodness, he is still a gentleman. He doesn’t kiss and tell. He doesn’t have to. The girls do all the talking. Evelyn Keyes, for instance, admitted recently to me, “It’s getting serious. But Kirk is still married and so am I.” Trace the origin of this new Kirk Douglas, and you’ll find it all began with “Champion.” Kirk is a sure bet to win honors this year. His performance in “Champion” was terrific, but not more so than his amazing private life histrionics ever since.

The high peak of Kirk’s private life acting took place high up in Hampshire House, shortly after his sudden acclaim. There was no sound track. Kirk just stood by the wide open window looking down at Central Park where he had once made the vow, “That’s the hotel I’ll stay at when I’m rich and famous.” He was crying when he turned back into the room.

JOAN CRAWFORD wept recently, too, with no camera around, at a luncheon where she was acclimated as the Mother of the Year. When the time came for me to bring Joan to the microphone to make her speech of thanks, Hollywood’s glamour queen was speechless. Choking back her sobs, she managed to murmur, “Thank you.” Then she returned tearfully to her seat. Now if this had been a movie, Joan would have had to read a lot of lofty lines about Motherhood. Well, I’m a mother myself and I know that when we do talk publicly about our kids, we usually want to cry.

Speaking of children reminds me of Larry Parks’s best off-screen performance. At the time when rumors were flying that Betty Garrett was expecting a baby, I called the Parks home. “Is it true about a baby?” I asked Larry. “Baby, what baby?” Larry replied with a gentle smile in his voice that Jolson could never duplicate even on his knees. “Your baby,” said I, rushing the next sentence. “You and Betty are rumored to be expecting a baby.” “Not true,” said Larry regretfully and charmingly. “Of course,” he added, “Betty and I want a baby more than anything in the world, but when we expect one, we’ll tell the whole world. There will be no need to ask.”

I didn’t realize how great Larry’s performance was, until three weeks later, when Betty’s studio announced that she couldn’t co-star with Robert Walker in “The Skipper Surprised His Wife,” because Betty expected a little skipper of her own in five months.

June Allyson is a fine actress. This year, she’s co-star of “The Stratton Story” which wins the Photoplay Gold Medal as the most popular picture of the year. And she’s the actress, according to the national poll Audience Research Inc. conducts for Photoplay, who enjoys the greatest increase in popularity! I’d like to give June my medal, made of soap and spice for the acting she did on the sidelines when she co-starred with husband Dick Powell in “The Reformer and the Redhead.”

Most stars, when they are not in a scene, rest in their dressing room. Not June, when Dick was working. “Isn’t he handsome?” she ecstasied one afternoon when Dick was doing a scene with a camel. She meant Dick, of course. Her sentiment was sincere, ditto the warmth and passion that permeated her voice and body. But Dick would be the first to pooh-pooh his looks, especially with the butch hair-cut he sported at the time. He would be the first also, to tell June, “That was a terrific performance you gave.”

One evening, I’m going to take a camera to wherever Ginger Rogers is dancing with Greg Bautzer. For it’s a great shame to...
do you have a kindly heart?

Or, do you KNOW someone whose good works and unselfishness deserve recognition? You can tell about it AND win a valuable prize on

"ladies be seated"

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JOHNNY OLSEN, M.C.

For details of "The Kindly Heart" contest, read TRUE ROMANCE magazine now at newsstands!

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Princess I was asked. The I valuable special laugh carries. Ijollywood
filayed lot

Greg's went to his

Bette Davis already has won two Academy Awards and if they could have photographed her off-screen tantrums while she was making "Beyond the Forest" he might have won a special Oscar. Lettice ran the bad-girl gamut from T for temer to B for Bad Temper. One day, he tore an expensive scarf to tiny threads.

Greer Garson doesn't do too badly in the off-screen emotion department. One time, he said to me, "I wish you'd call me before printing anything about me." "Will you tell me the truth if I do?" I asked. No," said Greer, smiling very charmingly. Tight to the altar, Greer was still smiling charmingly and saying, "Of course I'm not getting married to anyone." What a pity these great performances played to such small audiences.

The End

---

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Woodbury Cold Cream

Penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN

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Note: The image contains an advertisement for Woodbury Cold Cream, featuring an ad for Ginger's wonderful performance on the screen and a promotion for Penaten in the form of a beauty secret.
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INSIDE STUFF
(Continued from page 16)

It will be because Lauren, who loves Delf-
ware, wants to paint and refurbish their
living room in blue, to blend with her
Delf collection and Humphrey thinks
he'll look a sissy in a blue room. Person-
ally, Cal thinks Bogie will look simply
lovely in blue. But put in Bogie, Bogie,
it belongs to Lauren's collection! Besides,
we were only kidding. Honest! . . . In a
roomful of handsome men, it was toward
manly John Wayne that feminine glances
turned more often, Cal noticed. Pretty
Mrs. Wayne didn't seem to mind, except
when a determined blonde moved in as if
Wayne were her special property. Maybe
that's why Wayne is seen so seldom at
Hollywood parties.

A New Leaf: "I'm not keeping late
hours and I'm getting all the rest I can
so I can look well when I get to Holly-
wood," Lady Ashley told New York
friends as she passed through town from
London. "I'm even taking the train so I
can arrive fresh and rested." And, except
for a few dates with her ardent New York
admirer, wealthy Herbie Klotz, she kept
her word.

Marriage to Clark Gable, Holly-
wood's loneliest bachelor, could have been
in the mind of this down-to-earth, forth-
right Englishwoman and former chorus
girl, exactly the kind of gal Gable likes,
but she gave no indication of it.

At any rate, those evenings Clark used
to tell Cal about, with dinner on a tray in
the playroom-dén while he looked at televi-
sion, are over. And in Sylvia, who was
a devoted wife to Douglas Fairbanks Sr.,
he has found a woman of the world (and
Clark likes his women sophisticated), a
woman who can be a perfect hostess in her
home and who understands the demands
of a movie career and will be content to
make her life's work just being a wife.

"I'll never marry any of these young
gals around town," Clark once told Cal
during a long, confidential chat. "They're
not for me." And sure enough, he meant it.
So, from Cal our best wishes to the new

TAKE THE HOLLYWOOD WAY
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A wonderful new diet to put
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with your questions about reducing
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A basic seven-day diet compiled by
Janette Carlsen, Dietitian in Charge
at Johns Hopkins . . . Exercises rec-
ommended by top Hollywood physi-
cal directors . . .

Hints on how to camouflage figure
faults by leading Hollywood designers.

All in the April issue of Photoplay.
Mrs. Gable and our heartiest congratulations to our good friend, Gable. We'd say he chose well.

Food for Thought: Everyone has a favorite recipe. Hollywood stars are no exception. Cal's friends, Dorothy and Maxwell Hamilton, sought out over one hundred of the top film personalities and asked, "What's cooking?" Needless to say, these amateur chefs came up with some delicious and unusual dishes, all of which were compiled into a different type of recipe book entitled "What Cooks in Hollywood."

All proceeds go to the Motion Picture Committee of the Disabled American Veterans Service Foundation. You can get a copy by sending $1 to Box 7170, Chicago, Illinois.

With Trimmings: Gordon MacRae is a young man who seems to have Hollywood's right number and heaven pray he never gets the wrong one. Anyway, with his characteristic frankness and his gift of humor directed at himself, Gordon tells of his first invitation to a swanky Hollywood party.

The invitation read "black tie" but Gordon, being a Scotsman and only recently coming into good money, had no tax. So, rather than buy one, he received permission to borrow one from Warner's wardrobe department.

Why not a white coat, he thought to himself. The party was outdoors, so why not be gala?

He even felt gala as he and Mrs. MacRae greeted the ultra-proper hostess who froze for one brief moment in her greeting. Quick glances from guests throughout the evening and the nervous fluttering of the hostess told Gordon something was amiss, but it wasn't until he stood beneath the glare of a light near the buffet table that he noticed the silver braid that outlined the coat, lapels and all, shining brightly.

"But you must have noticed it when you put it on? How could you miss it?" his friends asked.

Gordon merely shrugged and strolled off, leaving his listeners to believe Gordon was having fun at Hollywood's expense.

Isn't it reassuring in this age of outspokenness that mother and daughter can be pals and talk freely about intimate physical facts?

A mother must tell her grownup daughter how important it is to always put zonite in her fountain syringe for hygiene (which means internal cleanliness), for health, after her periods and in her married life ahead. She'll certainly warn her daughter about an offense greater than body odor or bad breath— an odor she might not detect herself but is so apparent to others.

And it's such a comfort for women to know that no other liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for this purpose is so powerful yet safe to tissues as zonite.

Truly a Modern Miracle!

Modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, overstrong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak homemade solutions—none of which has zonite's remarkable deodorizing, germicidal action.

Developed by a famous surgeon and scientist—this zonite principle is powerful, yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use it as directed as often as you want without the slightest risk of injury.

Gives both internal and external hygienic protection from odor.

Zonite actually dissolves, destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances and discharge. Others may merely mask one odor with another. With them you have no assurance you won't offend, zonite has such a soothing effect and promptly helps relieve itching and burning if present. Zonite gives daily external hygienic protection, too, leaving you with such a refreshed dainty feeling—knowing that you will not offend.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for this douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues.

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1. New Drene conditions your hair to loves- tiest natural softness, natural sheen...yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
2. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
3. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes loose dandruff from hair and scalp!
4. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

Only New Drene Shampoo has this Wonderful New Beauty Conditioner

Pamela Makes It Perfect

(Continued from page 36) Our marriage, for instance, and the Powells'...

Years ago, when I read that June and Dick were married, I couldn't wait to meet her. George and I had known Dick for some time, and we were very fond of him. And I had seen June in "Best Foot Forward" and thought that she was charming.

Dick was a guest on my radio show one night, a few weeks after their marriage. I was delighted when he asked George and me to have dinner afterward, to meet his new wife.

June drove down to the broadcast studio to join us, and she was standing in the wings when Dick and I came offstage. There was an awkward moment when June and I came face to face. We were both up to the teeth for our big dinner date, each of us in her best dress, which, incidentally, had nicked our individual budgets for quite a bit. There was just one little hitch. It was the same dress! I stared at June and June stared at me while Dick blandly proceeded to introduce us. I guess men just don't notice things like that.

June started to giggle and I did, too. Dick looked at us as though he thought we were tetches. And then he caught on. "We'd better get out of here fast," he said.

And we tore for the parking lot, laughing like crazy. The whole evening was like that.

Later, June and I marched into the Players Restaurant with our two handsome husbands, by now willing to pretend that we had planned to get ourselves up as twins. But we couldn't stop laughing.

We went for a drive after dinner. George and I just that day had picked up our new convertible.

We drove up the steepest of the Hollywood Hills, we said to look at the view, but really to show what our fine new car could do, and midway, it stalled dead. Dick and George were out in the street, muttering over the motor, sweating and swearing while June and I sat in the back seat trying to look sympathetic.

It was a wonderful beginning for what was to become one of my fondest friendships. We'd all had such fun that we invited the Powells to our house the next Sunday night for supper.

I had let the help off for the evening, it's always more cozy that way, and June and I cooked. We had a ball. Junie can cook! Almost as well as she can eat. Even Dick watched her with amazement that

Listen to Bill Stern's "Sports Newsreel"

Every Friday NBC, 10:30 p.m. Eastern Time. Read Bill Stern's "Sport Surprise" feature in the current issue of Sports magazine now on newstands
BY A miraculous coincidence I discovered during the next few days that may- be George and I were going to have a baby. I rushed off to my doctor on Friday. He said it was too soon to be sure.

Sunday night, just one week after the exchange of confidences, our phone rang. "Din—ah!" June Powell's voice came accusingly over the line. "All that talk, and you knew all the time."

"Knew what?" I gasped.

"That you were going to have a baby. Winchell just announced it on the air. Is it true?" she demanded.

"...I really don't know," I faltered, "but I can find out." At this, the old Ally- son giggle broke us up. I telephoned my doctor. "Is it true?" I said. "What Winchell says about George and me?"

He laughed. "I couldn't make a liar out of Winchell...yes," he told me.

"George, George," I shouted, "it's true. He says it's true."

George telephoned Dick Powell to confirm W.W.'s scoop. June came out the next day with a present for the baby. "She would.

Of course, I couldn't talk about anything else but my big news. Until I saw that June's crinkly blue eyes were filled with tears. Then I tried to change the subject. I think June started begging Dick that day to agree to adopting a baby.

"I've just got to have a baby," she said, "I can't wait."

I think Dick may have demurred at first. June was so young, not much more than a child herself. But June was not to be put off. Very soon, the Dick Powells were on the waiting list of a famous adoption agency in the South.

June came to all of my showers, in wonderful spirits. She was going to have a baby, too. Richard had promised.

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P.S. You can see him, too, on Sunday nights on the NBC-TV Live Network!

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reached the turning point in her life. She changed, because she couldn’t go on in the old way. She had to take a good look inside herself, find out why she love herself the way she did, and then she had to change, deeply, adopt a whole new attitude to life, and a whole new set of motivations. "You must change to be well," her doctors told her. And her doctors helped her to change. Essentially, what Ava found out about herself—the discovery she made which freed the road to her new happiness—was that it wasn’t necessary for her to go on trying to be a dozen different people running off in a dozen different directions. "I was trying with all my strength to be anything and everything I thought I had to be—to make good as Ava Gardner," she says. "But what I had to face was that none of the people I was trying to be was the real Ava Gardner." It wasn’t necessary to go on running, and it was much too hard. "I had, I realized, worked like a dog all my life; all unhappy; never relaxed. So I’d never had a chance to find out what I really was like, what I really wanted." This is a pitfall always handy for girls like Ava. And it’s disastrous. When Ava arrived in Hollywood, contact in pocket, she was just eighteen. And a very young eighteen, for she was just off the South Carolina farm where she had grown up in a big, poor family. "I didn’t know anything," she recalls. "I had barely finished high school—at a rural school three miles’ walk from my home. Except for a few months with my sister in New York, I had never been off the farm. And here I was, plumped down in Hollywood, required—or so I thought—to be a glamour girl.

So Ava became a glamour girl. Or tried to.

"I spent hours in beauty shops having my hair glued into fancy hair-do’s—I didn’t have enough sense to know I looked terrible with fancy hair-do’s. I piled on make-up and hid what was really a very nice young girl’s skin. And I bought slinky clothes and fancy hats, and made like a sex boat."

It WAS a terrible effort, but worth it, Ava says, so long as she managed to convince herself that she was getting away with it. And then one night at a party, when Ava arrived done up in black satin and ropes of pearls, a woman guest laughed. The woman was Ruth Rosenthal, the wife of a young attorney, and now one of Ava’s best friends. Ruth laughed, but not unkindly, when Ava came in, and said, "You poor child. You look like a little girl dressed up in her mother’s clothes."

"I felt sick," Ava recalls. "I wasn’t getting away with it."

But she had no time to weep for the ghost of her glamour-girl self. By now, she was obsessed with a new dream—and Ava thinks this kind of dream, too, is a stock dream for most American girls—the dream of young love.

"I bought it," she says. "I bought all the formula illusions."

"I was dream-driven when I was a kid. First I wanted to be a boy, to run as fast, and throw as straight as my brothers—I almost made it, and I have the scars to prove it. It’s only in the past few months that I’ve realized how really wonderful it is to be a woman."

"Then I wanted to be a school teacher, and I followed the country school marm who roomed at our house all over the county, picking up the pearls of wisdom as they fell. But did it make me a teacher?"

"You know what happened to the glamour girl try. But I couldn’t catch on. Now I had to fall for that old bromide about the beauty and innocence of young love.

Ava married Mickey Rooney before she was nineteen, knowing even less about the realities and responsibilities of marriage than she had known about the glamour of Hollywood.

Young love is innocent, all right, Ava found out. But it isn’t very intelligent. She was married to the boy, and she didn’t even know him. "I had been acting a part," she said, "I suppose he had been, too. But when you’re married to a man, you have to live with him, you have to take off the false face you’ve been wearing around and be yourself. You can’t act all the time. You have to relax sometime.

"The trouble with all of us dream-driven kids, and this goes for Mickey—who is really a nice person—as well as for me, is that we expect too much of people. You can get hurt that way. There isn’t a chance for happiness in marriage or anything else unless you accept people—and especially yourself—for what they really are."

It’s so easy when you’ve been hurt, Ava says, to blame the other person.

"I wouldn’t do that, I used to say. Maybe not... But I would have done something else. I’m human."

Ava says her young marriage failed for the reason so many young marriages

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"My True Story"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
Make Trouble Pay Dividends in Beauty

(continued from page 62) on the rest of
Wanda's life. Knowing her, we're not
surprised. She's got both small (size 3½)
feet on the ground, both sharp blue eyes
right ahead of her. And she's not wasting
one minute on self-pity. She can't
afford to be the time. She's fighting for her mar-
riage and is making herself over.

In the personal renovation department,
the first thing Wanda did was to have her
hair cut short. And her new bob is very
stylish, very dazzy, very chic. A devillish
thing does a lot for a girl. Next, Wanda
went out and bought herself a whole new
wardrobe. Clothes more chic than she'd
ever owned before. The suits are
dowered and well-fitted, in bright bouncy
colors, greens, oranges, lavenders. The
dresses are slick and body-hugging, and
satin black. And one of her new frocks
is molded to the body, with long
sleeves, plunging neckline, and a divine
line all the way up one knee. Dreamy, but
that's more important, exciting. Wanda
was turning enchantress on us, and, sur-
prisingly, she can do it. Her odd cheek-
lines, her finely molded jaw, her broad
shoulders, are not the usual Hollywood
pretty-pretty features.

"I've never been much for clothes," she
says. "Other things seemed so much more
important. Now I know that clothes can
be fun, remake you inside as well as out.
I probably never be the best-dressed
man in the world, but I'm going to try
fully hard."

All her underthings, by the way, are
bought from the dream-stuff department.
She was engaged to Audie during the film-
ing of "Prince of Foxes," for which she
went to Italy and France, you'll re-
member, and she took advantage of that

fact by buying exquisite personal things
for her trousseau in France and Italy.
"Makes a woman feel ultra-feminine,
exiting, to be all satiny and delicate under
her street clothes. I'm all for tailored
things in public; for my underlies, though, I
like the fanciest I can find."

Although Wanda was able to solve her
clothes problems, she is still more con-
scious of her extremely small size than
any other girl I know. She isn't trying
to be cute when she bemoans her lack of
hips; she's quite serious. As I've said
before, there isn't really a "cute" bone in
her entire body. "It's nice to be slim," she
corrobates, "but not like me. It's not
womanly. I'm all right up here . . . " and
she points to her shoulders and her chest,"and I guess I couldn't use much more
waistline on such a small frame, but these
hips, oh, how I want to be fatter!"

It's a constant struggle for her to gain
weight. She'd like to weigh 110 pounds,
and for her 5 feet 2 inches of height, I
admit twenty extra pounds wouldn't hurt
a bit. "But I've been down to seven-
eight pounds," she goes on with a shudder,
"so I guess I shouldn't complain too
much now that I'm up to ninety."

Her eating habits are all pointed to the
ultimate desire: to gain weight. But she
eats healthily. She doesn't stuff herself
with chocolate or cookies or candy be-
tween meals. She doesn't want to sac-
cifice her fine skin, her bright eyes, or
her good, strong hair. No, when she wants
to eat between meals, she has a bowl of
soup or a glass of milk. And at regular
mealtimes she eats everything in sight.
Actually, she likes to cook her own
meals more than she cares to eat out.

She's an excellent cook; she's been cook-
ing since she was a child. Her specialty
is Southern fried chicken, which, when
prepared right, is fluffy and delicate and
delightful. She makes her own batter and
uses only butter in the cooking.

In addition to Audie's other ailments
he has two ulcers, which require special
diet. Wanda takes good care of him in
that respect. "I've always cooked simply,"
she continues, "so, Audie can eat most
everything I make."

Wanda is so fragile and delicate that she
refrains from exercising, although she is an
outdoor girl and loves sports. Only physi-
cal therapy she has is a light massage twice
weekly in the Paramount gym. "It helps
to stretch the skin over my bones," says
Wanda, "and it works wonders."

Her facial contours are extremely dif-
ferent and she's wise enough to allow
them full play, instead of trying to con-
form to a pretty look, a common Holly-
wood mistake.

At night, Wanda covers her face with
baby oil; it's absorbent and non-sticky and
carries with it a rather pleasant and subtle
scent. That's all the beauty ritual she fol-
- lows; at twenty-one, a naturally attractive
girl like Wanda hardly needs more.

She has naturally curly, dark red hair
and a redhead's complexion to go with it.
Her skin is covered with freckles. For the
screen, she covers the freckles with a thick
pancake make-up. But for personal wear,
she rarely uses more than a thin veil of
foundation. She dislikes heavy make-up;
- thinks it robs women of both naturalness
and interest. "I'd rather have an interest-
 ing face than a pretty one," she says.
She's doing fine.

THE END
Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 28)

facing sister who smiles through her tears. Diana Lynn scores as a thoroughly shallow, spoiled brat to whom marriage is a game of make-believe. Made to impersonate cardboard characters in an unreal drawn-out drama, they carry a heavy load.

As Elizabeth's co-worker and friend, Eve Arden injects a little brightness in all the gloom.

Your Reviewer Says: Talky and tearful

✓ (F) Borderline (U-I)

MEET narcotics agents Fred MacMurray and Claire Trevor, as pleasant a pair of sleuths as you'll find on either side of the Mexican border.

A Los Angeles policeman, Claire is assigned to get the goods on poker-faced racketeer Raymond Burr. Along comes MacMurray as a member of Roy Roberts' rival gang of dope peddlers and he's so tough, he even fools a fast-thinking female like Claire. The deception works both ways with Mac mislaking her for Burr's girl friend. Their strong suspicions notwithstanding, Fred and Claire are likely candidates for Cupid's darts.

The somewhat familiar plot is compensated by swift action and moments of suspense plus a dash of humor.

Your Reviewer Says: Stop those smugglers!

✓ (A) Three Came Home

(Twentieth-Century-Fox)

ON ALL counts this is a good picture. It is also a very painful one, for it records the terrifyingly true experiences of American writer Agnes Newton Keith during her three harrowing years in a Japanese prison camp in British North Borneo. Her rare courage and endurance, in the face of dreadful hardships, will leave you limp.

As Mrs. Keith, Claudette Colbert (minus makeup, yet radiant) turns in a spirited performance of Academy Award calibre. As her English husband who is torn from her side, Patric Knowles comes through with a topnotch performance. Mark Koenning is fine as their brave little boy; Sessue Hayakawa scores as their formidable, ever-poltile enemy; Florence Desmond registers as Claudette's friend.

Your Reviewer Says: An unforgettable film.

✓ 1/2 (A) The Man on the Eiffel Tower (Allen-Tone-RKO)

PARIS is the backdrop for a weirdly effective thriller story.

Police inspector Charles Laughton, saying little but looking wise as he puffs on his pipe, lumbers through the picture in bear-like fashion. His quarry, Frankton Tone, is a dangerous fellow. Simple, unassuming, wearing white, and gray, Tone raves and rants convincingly. Burgess Meredith, also director and co-producer, conveys the bewildered nature of a half-blind, half-witted fellow who finds himself taking the rap for another man's crime. Robert Hutton makes a believable weakling, seeking a short-cut to easy living. Jean Vanier is a luscious blonde who takes Hutton from his attractive wife. Patricia Roc. Finally, there's Belita as Meredith's discontented mate.

All play their parts well but it is Paris, photographed in brilliant Anso Color, which steals the spotlight and holds it.

Your Reviewer Says: Murder made in France.

✓ (A) Backfire (Warner's)

TERROR, suspense and a touch of horror make up this murder meller.
Dane Clark satisfactorily plays a dual personality who keeps you guessing. Gordon MacRae and Edmond O'Brien are sympathetic as a pair of buddies planning to take up ranching after Gordon's discharge from a veterans' hospital. Suddenly, O'Brien disappears from sight and MacRae is certain he is in great trouble. Informed by the police that his pal is wanted for murder, Gordon insists he is innocent and starts some private sleuthing, aided by his sweetheart-nurse, Virginia Mayo. There are clues-a plenty but they lead into one blind alley after another. Viveca Lindfors shows up as a key figure in all these dark doings.

Your Reviewer Says: Strangely baffling.

V (F) Francis (Universal-International)

MEET Francia, an army mule that not only talks, but maps war strategy for big bragg.

When Lieutenant Donald O'Connor reluctantly admits that his knowledge of enemy plans came from his remarkable four-legged friend, he is promptly arrested by the psycho ward. Just the same, Donald sticks to his story which is all the harder to swallow, because Francia mulishly refuses to talk for anyone but Donald. The farfetched humor of this fantastic 'are will convulse some, leave others cold. O'Connor's pal is convincingly dumb; lank-eyed Patricia Medina is a flirtatious French girl. Zasu Pitts is Donald's fluttery nurse. Ray Collins, John McIntire and Eduard Franz are also implicated in one way or another.

Your Reviewer Says: Fairly funny.

(F) Johnny Holiday (Aleorn-UA)

YOUNGSTER'S conflict 'twixt good and evil has been fashioned into a moderately interesting movie with the Indiana Boys School at Plainfield as the background.

Stage actor Allen Martin Jr. is the good-looking, talented twelve-year-old who tackles the title role with admirable results. Led astray by a vicious old boy, Stanley Clements, Allen is sent to the training school where he meets his farm supervisor, rough-'n'-ready Bill Bendix. Allen doesn't fit in anywhere until Bendix discovers he has a way with horses. Just the lad is off to a good start, his former obdurate Clements, turns up at the institution and again exerts a bad influence.

Governor Henry F. Schricker of Indiana and Haag-Cornichaud put in brief appearances. Greta Granstedt is sympathetic as Allen's anxious mother.

Your Reviewer Says: Bad boy makes good.

Best Pictures of the Month

Three Came Home

Twelve O'Clock High

Best Performances of the Month

John Payne in "Captain China"

Allen Martin Jr. in "Johnny Holiday"

Elizabeth Taylor in "Consairor"

Farley Granger in "Side Street"

Laundette Colbert in "Three Came Home"

Gregory Peck, Gary Merrill, Dean Jagger in "Twelve O'Clock High"

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Brooklyn Goes to Bat

(Continued from page 52) going to fight for this chance of her life, taught from childhood to fight for whatever she wanted. "The harder they hit you, the higher you'll bounce. That is, if you're a good ball to start with," he'd always said. "And if you're not, you might as well give up anyway."

Thiers was a realistic Brooklyn neighbor. It was the survival of the fight-inest in Flatbush. She learned that at the tender age of seven, when the block bully socked her. She'd just stood there rubbing her face for a minute, surprised that a boy would hit a girl so hard. And then she ran back. A thick slice that barely brushed his chin. Inside the old, worn, red brick hull where they lived, she explained her disheveled appearance to her parents with a brief, "He hit me." Her father had lowered his newspaper to inquire politely whether or not she had retaliated. "Not good," she said grimly. But she practiced for days, sparring with her brother Wally. And the next time, she connected. "Fight on the nose," she reported, triumphant oblivious to the smudge on her own.

She'd landed on her feet in that bit of sidewalk drama. And in others. So many more. Her own private fight against self-consciousness and shyness, inspired by poverty. Against an overpride. And as was you always, you had thought, taking her father's hand, who helped me to win. You, who taught me to strive harder. Fight harder. The new dress I didn't have for the class play. It was who had said, "Play your part well and nobody will notice. If you're convincing enough, the audience will watch you, not what you wear." Others complemented you. Instead you were always pinning me down afterwards. "In that second act, why did you do such-and-such?" And when I had said, I don't know, you had insisted, "Well, don't you think you should know?" You who had always forced me to think. To probe every facet of a characterization, even in a little high school play. And when, after I won the scholarship and took scenes at drama school and begged every producer on Broadway to give me a part, a walk-on, one line, and got a roundrobin of, "Get-in-a-show-and-I'll-come-to-you," it was you who had dared me to get discouraged and quit.

He had almost been able to read his daughter's thoughts, as he had studied her face, as though he was committing every beloved feature to heart. She was more than a beauty. She had fire, tenderness, sympathy. She had fight and heart. His saucy daughter with the fiery red curls and big brown eyes had the magic of true talent. For childhood had been there. But, it must be developed and given a fair chance to grow.

Now, a producer had seen a picture of a girl in a sweater, with a wund-bow bow, and was offering her fame too fast. He knew he'd have to make her understand.

"You're no actress. Not yet," he had said. "Scarlett O'Hara is a most sought-after role. Millions who have read the book wait eagerly to see the Scarlett who will play it, will render their verdict.

"To be an actress is like being a doctor or a lawyer. You have to learn your heart's first. It takes talent, and for you, that will be easy." He had smiled, paying her...
In the years that followed, Susan was to realize how right her father had been.

The harder they hit you, the higher you bounce. They’d hit her hard and often. But always she had bounced back.

"Go back home, and grow up," Selznick had advised her. "Get some experience in the world, something. Susan waited for all the "and-so-forths" to finish and returned with theatrical seriousness. In her eyes, the same spark of the seven-year-old Susan who lost the preliminary bout with the bully back in Brooklyn.

She had been signed by Warners, well-briefed in bathing suits and cheesecake photos for six months, then dropped.

"She stinks," the man behind the desk at Republic had announced, matter-of-factly, when an agent took her out to read for a role in a Western film.

Another contract, at Paramount. More cheesecake. The same routine, until Susan had wondered wistfully just how much "bounce" she had left. Perhaps she hadn’t been a good ball to start with, after all.

Finally, a small part in "Beau Geste." Then, better roles. Roles that found Susan desiring of her every performance. She was acutely self-critical, never satisfied, she cringed out of sneak previews.

"Quit torturing yourself, honey. You weren’t that bad," her husband Jess Barker would tell her. "But I should have done it so much better," she’d say.

Now and then, a small triumph. Like the scene in "Sneak-Up." "Jess, I cracked my voice on cue today. You know how hard I’ve always tried. Today, it worked. Right on cue."

But, months later, in a studio projection room, when she saw the whole picture, that familiar wistfulness again. When the lights went on, an unhappy Susan had rushed across the room to producer Walter Wanger with, "I’ll do so much better the next time. I promise you.

Wanger, keeping a straight face and trying to maintain seriousness with, "I hope so. I sincerely hope so."

She could never understand why she was nominated for the Academy Award. And now...

They were practically home now. Susan reached into Jess’s pocket, grabbed for his handkerchief.

Jess tried to play it lightly. "Don’t tell me the picture got you, too?"

She shook her head. "I was just thinking about Dad, wishing he could have been here tonight."

Jess patted her hand. "It wouldn’t have surprised him, would it, that there was a hit when Brooklyn went to bat?"

END
Impetuous Bachelor

(Continued from page 45) Impetuous Mr. Granger hangs out. The word "terrible" doesn't belong anywhere around Farley Granger, as he's proved by his acting, plus his own unique personality, in the pictures, "They Live by Night," "Roseanna McCoy," "Side Street," and his just-completed film, "Our Very Own." And, if being impetuous earned him his new apartment (of which he is justly proud), what is wrong with that?

"What I would call a typical non-thinking decision rated me this apartment," says Farley. "A few months ago, I moved out of the house I'd been renting in the Hollywood Hills. With no place to go, I was cruising around town in a car piled with belongings, when I saw an old friend on the sidewalk. He invited the conversation by saying, "Hey, I know of a new apartment in a new block . . . I yelled, 'I'll take it!' And that night, I moved in."

Farley, conducting a tour about his apartment, speaks like a circus Barker, about the living room's pale brown walls, the big sunny terrace, and the enormous Hollywood bed in the blue bedroom. Most of all, he is proud of his MexicanMemorabilia, souvenirs of his trip to Mexico last summer. "Notice this Diego Rivera drawing, and this wonderful clay candelabrum," says he. "Then he adds thoughtfully, "And looking at these things reminds me that I was a little bit impetuous in Mexico, too."

That's his story. It was his first vacation, and his first trip to a foreign country. His mother saw him off with the usual maternal advice, "Don't talk to any strangers, Farley. Particularly, strange women." You can't, particularly, strange women . . . ""

Of course not, Mother," Farley had said, annoyed. He was a man, twenty-four, why did she burden him with such unnecessary advice?

"Naturally, I wasn't going to speak to strange women," he says, in telling it. "Why, I wouldn't think of it. And I didn't either, until I met one! Then you couldn't shut me up!"

He met her in exactly the setting used by all screen-writers since movies began, a dark alley. Lagging behind a party of friends who were heading for a night club one evening, he was suddenly alone. A strange girl had materialized out of the darkness and was walking beside him. In the dim light from the electric lamp, he says, he saw that she was a very beautiful strange girl, indeed. She spoke first, in faintly accented English. She said, "Hello. Will you speak to me?"

"Well . . ." said Farley doubtfully, remembering his promises. "You are Farley Granger, aren't you?" added the girl.

That did it.

"Platetered and amazed, I slid to an impetuous stop," Farley says now. "And in no time, I was hearing how she'd seen me in 'Rope,' and recognized me. Then I was asking her a lot of questions about herself. Conversation was on. The end of the story should be that I was found in the morning with a knife in my back and a missing wallet. But do you know what the ending really was? He pauses here, reaches into the drawer of a bleached-modern desk, and pulls out a delicately-fashioned gold necklace.

"Suddenly she gave me this necklace, pushed it right into my hand. Then she said, 'God bless you.' And she was gone. I couldn't find her, even though I became a one-man posse for a full hour."
Back home after his vacation, of course, Farley wasn’t able to resist gloating to his mother, “Yes, I talked to a strange woman in a foreign country, and just let me ask you, who robbed whom?” But, I’m telling about it, he looks more wistful than triumphant. After all, the strange woman was very beautiful. And he doesn’t even know her name!

Witness another example of Farley’s impetuousity this year, with Farley now in New York City, to act in the picture, “Side Street.” Registered in a swank hotel, and a fanfare of welcome from the excellent staff, all went well until the evening of the first day. He had spent the day acting a scene in the movie, which consisted of lying on his back on Second Avenue while a truck appeared to run over him. Naturally, when he sauntered back into his hotel lobby that night, he looked dirty and disheveled and disreputable.

“I didn’t,” he explains, “Stop to think what I must look like to the immaculate hotel staff. I was too busy thinking impetuously of a hot bath when I went up to the desk and asked for my room key. The desk clerk didn’t recognize me; tried to give me the heave ho right into the street, in fact. It took all my credentials to convince him and the manager that I was the same Farley Granger who’d registered the night before!”

Farley looked again at the spreading panorama of Hollywood outside the window. “I guess my impetuousness began back in 1949,” he said, “when I answered that want ad for an actor. I was a senior at North Hollywood High School at the time, and the Granger family was definitely not in the chips. Afternoons, I worked as a grocery clerk, a baby-sitter and an expert mower of lawns. Don’t forget, I might still be doing all of these things if it hadn’t been for one little characteristic. All together, now, boys! I’m impetuous!”

As one leaves Farley’s bright new apartment with its happy owner, one thinks, indeed, he is impetuous. Now, there’s only one thing he hasn’t done on the spur of the moment, and he’ll probably do that without warning, too.

What is that one thing? All together, now, boys! He hasn’t yet married … but he will!

THE END

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The King Takes a Lady

(Continued from page 49) reasons and a couple of extra special ones, too.

Here is why. Underneath, she's the same type of person Clark is. She started out in life with nothing but her own determination to make a place for herself. Like Clark, she is kind and she is very sophisticated. Yet, at the same time, she loves a home and she never has wanted a career even though she started out to model. She loves to hunt and fish and go sailing. She has the kind of bouncy exuberant health that makes her full of laughter and she can equally adapt herself to Parisian drawing room or the luxurious simplicity of the Gable ranch. What's more, she's no kid. Clark has always preferred maturity in his ladies and he will be able to put no more over the top than a periwinkle over on Carole and that amused and delights him.

She is rich in her own right, so he knows there is no more after money. She dresses in chic simplicity, which he has always gone for. They have known each other casually for more than fifteen years. She is probably smarter than Clark is, and he admits to that, too, because he doesn't want to have to think about how to run a house or his wardrobe or any of that domestic stuff.

The real secret of Clark's success behind his sex appeal and talent is his great fund of common sense that never lets him lose his head. It made him make friends with all classes of people and endowed him with the social skill to go into the war as an enlisted man when he could have entered practically as a general, if he demanded it. It was that solid good Dutch common sense that made him finally choose Sylvia out of all the women who were constantly casting themselves at his head. The reason no news leaked out before their surprise marriage is because they conducted their courtship—Sylvia's—right at home in the beach or Clark's ranch. It was typical of both of them that for their marriage they chose the Alisal Ranch outside Santa Barbara and had only three weeks with the marriage license. The happy couple were Sylvia's sister as matron of honor, Howard Strickling, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity and Clark's long-time best friend, as best man; also Jeanie Garceau, Clark's secretary since the day he married Carole.

Maybe there was one final amusing note. Clark and Stricking between them thought they had the news sewed up so that it couldn't possibly leak out until the marriage had taken place and Clark and Sylvia were safely out in the Lurline headed for a Honolulu honeymoon. They had made up their minds to get married on Sunday and had rushed out that afternoon to San Luis Obispo, a particularly sleepy California town, to arrange about the license and the blood test the state requires for California marriages. They stayed completely out of sight until Monday when they had to go to the San Luis Obispo town clerk's office to sign the license. They carefully chose 12:20 noon to do this, but everybody in town would be at lunch. But just as they were leaving the clerk's office, down the street came the local Associated Press man. He'd been held up covering another story and when he reported Gable with a license in his hand he let out one yell and started running for the nearest telegraph office.

"Now isn't that just the one day in the last four years that character would be late for lunch?" Clark said, grinning. Only he didn't say "character." Mr. Gable's language was considerably saltier. It always is.

The End
brief reviews

(F) ADAM'S RIB - M-G-M: There are chuckle-thrusters in this marital mix-up starring Spencer Tracy and Kate Hepburn with A-1 support from Judy Holliday, David Wayne, Tom Ewell and Jean Hagen. Fine for your lighter mood. (Jan.)

(F) ALL THE KING'S MEN - Columbia: Powerful political drama tracing a rabble-rouser's career. Broderick Crawford scores in the leading role.

(F) BATTLE OF THE BEARS - 20th Century-Fox: Realistic chronicle of one man's fight for life in the Arctic wilds. Along with a handful of humans, the cast consists of bears, cougars, and dogs. (Dec.)

(F) BIG WHEEL, THE - Popkin-Stiefel-Dempsey-UA: Here's a thriller on auto racing with speed demon Mickey Rooney in the driver's seat. Mary Hatchet is Mickey's best girl, Spring Byington his amorous mom, Thomas Mitchell his kindly boss and Michael O'Shea an unladylike fellow-driver. (Jan.)

(F) BIG WHALE, THE - Popkin-Stiefel-Dempsey-UA: Here's a thriller on auto racing with speed demon Mickey Rooney in the driver's seat. Mary Hatchet is Mickey's best girl, Spring Byington his amorous mom, Thomas Mitchell his kindly boss and Michael O'Shea an unladylike fellow-driver. (Jan.)

(F) BRIDE FOR SALE - Crest-RKO: Giddily is the word for this romantic romp involving Claude Kent, Robert Young and George Brent. Claude wants to trade her for oranges but can't get the boys to cooperate. Not, that is, until the last reel. (Jan.)

(F) CHAIN LIGHTNING - Warners: An exciting action film with test pilot Humphrey Bogart doing battle as a pilot when he isn't wooing pretty Eleanor Parker. With Richard Whorf, James Brown (Feb.)

(F) CHALLENGE TO LASSIE - M-G-M: Another chapter in the life and times of Lassie. Her doggy devotion is kindly thinned. Lassie is depicted in Technicolor but there are no surprises. Lassie is supported by Edmund Gwenn, Geraldine Brooks, Reginald Owen. (Feb.)

(F) CINDERELLA - Walt Disney-RKO: Ye Olde tale is one of the favorite fairy tales of childhood days into an all-cartoon musical decked out in dazzling Technicolor. Romantic and tuneful. (Feb.)

(F) DANCING IN THE DARK - 20th Century-Fox: Here's an enjoyable movie about an ex-murder star and a would-be one. William Powell is very suave, Betsy Drake very bewitching and Mark Stevens very versatile. (Feb.)

(F) DANGEROUS PROFESSION, A - RKO: The inner workings of the fast and furious with George Raft, Ralph Forbes and Pat O'Brien supported by Bill Williams, James Backus. Just a thriller. (Jan.)

(F) DEVIL IS THE FEMALE - King Brothers-UA: Violence abounds in this tense crime thriller. Peggy Cummins and John Dall portray a pair of gun-crazy bandits seeking excitement and getting more than their share. Stirring stuff. (Jan.)

(F) DOWN DAKOTA WAY - Republic: Fast-paced but not too original yarn featuring Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Karen Morley. (Dec.)

(F) FIGHTING KENTUCKIAN, THE - Republic: A swashbuckling yarn in which nobody John Wayne woos French refugee Vera Ralston. With Marjorie Rhodes, Philip Dorn, Oliver Hardy. (Dec.)

(F) FIGHTING MAN OF THE PLAINS - Na Halt-20th Century-Fox: Randy Scott in a passable drama yarn set in Kansas of 1863. A man with a score on his reckless head, Randy is after Barry Kelley and Bill Williams. Randy is after Bill Williams. (Jan.)

(F) FOR ALL - U-I: Mildly amusing romantic-comedy with Bob Cummings and Ann Blyth. He's in a(::) office, she's the (wag-on of secret agent employee Perry Kilbride. With Donald Woods, Ray Collins, Percy Helton. (Feb.)

(GOLDEN STALLION, THE - Republic: There's a trouble on the border when Roy Rogers is railroaded into prison and Trigger is trained to lead wild horses used for smuggling. With Dale Evans, Pat Brady, Roy Williams and his boys. (Jan.)

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eightful, engaging comedy with Bob Hope and Ralph Bellamy. Bob Hope plays a ship's captain and Ralph Bellamy plays a young sailor. The story is set during World War II and follows the adventures of the ship and its crew. It is a light-hearted and entertaining film. (Feb.)

F (H)ASTY HEART, THE—Warners: This unpretentious tale of a shipwrecked sailor takes a sharp turn on the Triangle of Lens and leaves us never to return. The first scene in a love story is built around a dancer played by Robert Newton as a would-be killer, Harry Gray as his faithful nurse, and Catherine Schell as the victim. (Dec.)

F (D)OLLY DADDY— Warners: Bob Mitchum and Wendell Corey vie for the love of Janet Leigh. Their affections in this glowing Yuletide romance are not long lasting. Janet has a tough time making up her mind chiefly because of her young son, Gordon Grahame. (Feb.)

F (I)NSPECTOR GORDON, THE—Warners: Typical Danny Kaye comedy strictly for Kaye fans. It gets the Technicolored treatment and a long supporting cast, including Walter Slezak, Gene Lockhart, Elsa Lanchester, and Barbara Bates. (Feb.)

F (E)NTRUDE IN THE DUST—M-G-M: Terence Stamp playing the role of William Faulkner's novel. Lawyer David (Tom Leary) persuades his erstwhile partner, Claude Jarman Jr., to defend Negro Juanito Hernandez, accused of murdering a white man in darkest Mississippi. The mob is out to Lynch Hernandez and Jarman is out to stop them. (Feb.)

F (K)ISS FOR CORRIE, A—Nasser-U-A: This frantic farce has Shirley Temple cast as a silly teenager and David Wayne as a wolf with a misplaced sense of humor. Darryl Hickock is Shirley's lovelorn boy friend, Tom Tully her chattering father. (Jan.)

F (L)ADY TAKES A SAILOR, THE—Warners: A frisky, frivolous affair starring Jane Wyman and Dennis Morgan with good support from Eve Arden, Robert Douglas, Allyn Joslyn and Tom Tully. Fun for everyone. (Feb.)

F (M)ALAYA—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy and Jimmy Stewart star in a well-made picture of Malaya, with Eric Portman as the villain. (Feb.)

F (P)RINTS TAKES RICHMOND—Columbia: Lucille Ball outwits her tricky boss, Bill Holden in this fast-talking farce, and it isn't done with mirrors, either. Lucille is a riot. With James Gleason, Frank McHugh, Janis Carter. (Dec.)

F (R)USH MURDER—Nassour-Hartford-U-A: Strong young star teaming Dick Powell and Evelyn Keyes. He's a West Coast Mountie, she's a plucky lass hoping to catch the Canadian wilds for love's sweet sake. Tearful but absorbing. (Feb.)

F (X) MY FOOLISH HEART—Samuel Goldwyn: Another romantic comedy to lift your romantic mood, expertly acted by Susan Hayward, David Wayne, and Robert Keith, Lois Wheeler and Kent Smith lends added charm. (Feb.)


F (O) T THE MAN—M-G-M: A stirring picture of a girl's conflict to pass as white, Jeanne Crain scores as the girl and Mildred Dunnock as the maid. Water makes Jeanne a wonderful young lady. Ethel Barrymore is fine as a New England spinster. (Dec.)

F (R)ANGER OF CHEROKEE STRIP—Republic: Routine fast-paced Western with ranger Monte Hale chasing at every turn. At first Kenneth MacKintosh, in turn, is after crooked Frank Fenton and Roy Barcroft. (Feb.)

F (C) RECKLESS MOMENT, THE—Warner Brothers: Mother love is the keynote of a mysterious suspense story starring Joan Bennett and James Mason. With Geraldine Brooks, Shepperd Strudwick, Rosalind Russell. (Jan.)

F (R)ED DANUBE, THE—M-G-M: An absorbing political drama of Russian "illegal" in post-War Russia. (Feb.)

F (G) REAT LOVER, THE—Paramount: Light, bouncy, entertaining comedy with Bob Hope and Ralph Bellamy. Bob Hope plays a ship's captain and Ralph Bellamy plays a young sailor. The story is set during World War II and follows the adventures of the ship and its crew. It is a light-hearted and entertaining film. (Feb.)

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BACKFIRE — Warnings: Ben Arno, Dain Clark; Julie Benson, Virginia Mayo; Bob Core, Gary Macfarlane; Free Connolly, Edmond O'Brien; Genevieve Lindberg; Capt. Carver, Ed Begley; Mrs. Hayne, Frances Kohlman; Sally Blaney, Richard Robert; Bob. Sheila Stevenson; Brooks; and Hoffman; Sybil, Ida Monroe; Quimby, Leonard Strong; Peaches Lovell, John Ridgely.

BAGADAD — U-1: Princess Marian, Maureen O'Hara; Haskins, Paul; Fasha Al Nadi, Vincent Price; Raquel, John Sutton; Mohamed Jaf, Jaf Core; Laht, Mahomed; David Wills; Emir, Fritz Leiber; Marenco, Otto Waldis; Beggar; Leon Bealsco; Tirz, Ann Pearce.

CAPTAIN CHINA — Paramount: Captain China, John Payne; Kim Mitchell, Gary Russell; Capt. Feen, John Stanley; T. P. Logan; Lord; Mrs. Haverland, Edgar Bergen; Trace, Michael O'Shea; Capt. Scors, Verne Armstong; Giselle, John Quenley; Mrs. Haverland, Eila Grunam; Scarrow, Lawrence B. Hephertt; Paul; Hogan, John Henry; Zelko, John D'Ario; Pyle, Walter Reed; Don Gazzana, Reed Howes; Zorn Murray, Lee Roberts; Wally Scott; Charlie Regan.

CONSPIRATOR — MGM: Maj. Michael Carrow, Robert Taylor; Melinda Grayson, Elizabeth Taylor; Capt. Hase, John Henshaw; Capt. Flynn, Col. N. C. Byam; Col. Honeybrook, Harold Warden; Joyce, Homer Blackman; Mrs. J. M. Bradley; Marjorie W. Winn; Lammers; Thm. Hard; Lord; Pennington, Wilfred Hyde; Waine; Lady Pennington, Marie Noy; Rupan; Jack Allen; Lady; Darnell, Margaret; Mrs. Honeybrook, Cicely Paget-Bowman; Radek, Karel Stepanek; Alch, Nicholas Bruce.

DEAR WIFE — Paramount: Billie Scotto, William Holder, Thomas Clabach; Albert P. Reamer; Simon D'Aub; Michael D'Amour; Mira Mitch, Mona Freeman, John Winder, Edward Arnold; Tammy Young, Arlene Philbin; Mrs. Winters, May walks, Edward Cooper, Jeffrey; Cooper, Harry Von Zell, Siggy, Edgar Rohm; Rose; Kate, Elizabeth Fries, Don Colley; Mrs. Winters, Mrs. Mary, Field, Mike, Man, Irving Bacon, Tureau, Pearl; Goodwin, Tureau, Pearl; Dora, Marrietta; Cart; Metcalfe, Don Bodein.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE — MGM: Jesse Bourne, Barbara Stanwyck; Brandon Bourne, James Mason; Mark Dreyer, Van Heflin; Isabel Jiller, Ava Gardner, Vesper, Anette, Helen; Louis, Pusey; Davis; Nora Kern, Gale Sondergaard; Lt. Jacob, William Henry, David, Lyle; William, Louis; Wint, Harry; Desilu, Delilah Greenleaf; Alice, Danos, Douglass Kennedy; Felice, Bute, Beverly Michaels; Billie the Bentener, William; Fiore, John; Fair.

FRANCIS — U-1: Peter Sterling, Donald O'Connor; Maureen Gelder, Patricia Medina; Valerie Hampert, Zoe Pity; Col. Hooker, Ray Collins; Gen. Stevens, John McIntire, Addison Richards; Lone Eagle, Robert Barrat; Mr. Simms, Erik Rol; High Tension, Col. Pheonix, John Hamilton; Mrs. Simms, Vera Marche; Jimmy Simms, Jimmy Moss; Sleeping Fox, Chief Thundercloud.

JOHNNY HOLIDAY — Alcoy-USA: Sargent Walker, William Bendix; Johnny Holiday, Allen Martin Jr.; Eddie Dugan, Stanley Clements; Jack Jackson, Jack Hagen; Dr. Reed, Herbert Withnold; Snip, Lang, Donn. Johnny Holiday, Holiday, Greta Gransted; Barney Dugan, George Cukor; Trummy, Leo Cheery; Spencer, Leo Curbis, Miss Kelly, Alma, Plant; Mrs. Bellen, Jeannie Jewell, and The Honorable Henry F. Schirrck, Hoagy Carmichael, Buddy Cole.

KID FROM TEXAS, THE — U-1: Billy, the Kid, Alan Ladd; Karen, Elizabeth Ross; John, Alexander Rain, Albert Dekker; Jan, Sheppard Strudwick; O'Fallon, Will Geer; Minster, William Talman; Marks, Martin Gartland; Dan, Richard B. Barrat; Crane, Walter Sande; Pat Garrett, Frank Wilson; Moe, Harry, Dennis Hors; Sherb Road, Ray Teal; Morgan, Don Haggerty; Copeland, Paul Ford; Sid, Curtiss, John Philip; Matt, Matty, Harold Goodwin; Lucas, Lon Murray, Denver, Tom Rice.
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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—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.

Meet Miss RITA TENNANT, secretary, who recently made the 30-Day Test of Camel MILDNESS under the observation of a noted throat specialist.

Although she’s smoked many brands, Rita changes to Camels for her 30-Day Test. Like the other smokers in the test, her throat is examined every week by a specialist.

IT’S FUN! Smoke Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days. Compare them in your “T-Zone” (T for taste, T for throat). Let your throat tell you about Camel’s cool mildness. Let your taste tell you about Camel’s wonderful flavor.

AHH! SATURDAY-OFFICE CLOSED! Off to the tennis courts. Rita calls timeout for a Camel and confides: “I am delighted to be making the test. Every Camel tastes so good!”

30th Day...Final Examination! Her doctor reports no sign of throat irritation due to smoking Camels! Rita remarks: “And smoking is really so much fun with Camels!”

YES, MY DOCTOR’S REPORT JUST PROVED WHAT MY OWN THROAT TOLD ME ABOUT CAMELS—THEY’RE SO MILD! AND THEY TASTE SO GOOD!

Rita Tennant

Start your own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test Today!

B. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
Complete In This Special Issue

NEW HOLLYWOOD DIET

with questions answered by Johns Hopkins Hospital

Full Plans for Safe Reducing Exercises Wardrobe
Lucille and Lois Barnes of Los Angeles. The Toni Twin says, "Toni always gives me a wave that's soft and natural-looking." Can you tell which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

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

Which Twin has the Toni?

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

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

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

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

P.S. For complete hair care get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

"I'm not a twin, but I am a Toni fan," says Carol Maurer, student at Northwestern University. "Toni is the only permanent that seems to be just right for my baby-fine hair...never leaves it frizzy, but always soft and natural-looking."

Toni SPIN CURLERS

Twice as easy—twice as fast

All plastic. No rubber bands. They grip the hair...spin up the curls...and lock with a flick of the finger. Available in combination with Toni Refill...only $2.29
Keep your WHOLE mouth WHOLESOME!

Play safe—keep mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles both. Never risk halfway dental care. Use doubly-effective Ipana care* for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better protection for your whole mouth!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles Both!

Only one leading tooth paste is designed to do both—provide double protection*

To enjoy a healthier, more wholesome mouth—you must fight tooth decay, of course. But, dentists warn, don't stop there—fight gum troubles, too!

For unhealthy gums cause more tooth losses than decay...and, along with unhealthy teeth, breed unpleasant breath.

So guard against BOTH—tooth decay and gum troubles—with doubly-protective, doubly-effective Ipana care.

No other dentifrice has proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. For every time you use Ipana, you help remove the sticky coating that traps decay bacteria.

And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

Get this double protection—keep your whole mouth “Ipana wholesome.” You'll enjoy that refreshing Ipana flavor, too.

*Here’s doubly-effective Ipana care
1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. 2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. Ipana’s unique formula reduces tooth decay, promotes healthier gums—helps keep your whole mouth wholesome. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.

Healthier teeth, healthier gums...IPANA for Both!
PHOTOPLAY

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...and you'll go wild over lovely, lyrical Jane Powell in her most joyous role...more escapades than in “Three Daring Daughters”...more laughs than in “Luxury Liner”...more kisses than in “A Date With Judy”!

M-G-M's Musical Spree in Tropical Color By TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

JANE POWELL ANN SOTHERN
BARRY SULLIVAN CARMEN MIRANDA
LOUIS CALHERN SCOTTY BECKETT

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION
LEARN THE SECRET OF "PERMANENT" PIN CURLS ...even in damp weather

set your hair tonight with DeLong bob pins

stronger grip—won't slip out

Yes, you can set your permanent in this chic salon style. Just be sure to use stronger-gripping De Long Bob Pins for lovely long-lasting curls that resist dropping—even in damp weather. Rounded smooth ends slide in and out easily. And De Long pins stay in day or night! Look for the blue De Long card on your counter.

The brush bob by Enrico Caruso, famous hair stylist to New York stage stars. Set up in 4 rows—turn front row toward face, back 2 rows away from face. Begin at right, set vertical rows, turning curls toward face, ground head to back of left ear. Set left side counter-clockwise. Brush in all directions, then up in back, down from crown and up off face with rotating motion.

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR Miss Colbert:
I was graduated from high school in June, 1949, and I am going to be married in the fall of 1950. Meanwhile, I am living at home, on a farm, helping my parents as much as I can. My father gives me a small allowance (five dollars a week) for cooking, baking, milking, washing and doing very heavy work. I don't mind the work, but I get sick of my mother complaining about this money.

Every time my fiancé arrives, she "entertains" him by telling him all about my faults. I'm a bad cook, she says. I'm wasteful, I'm lazy, I'm a dreamer.

Well, I'm not the best cook in the world, but I'm learning and my father says I'm better than Mother was when he married her. I try not to be wasteful, and I am positively not lazy. I suppose I look dreamy, but that is only because I'm happy about getting married and starting a new life.

When I asked my mother to explain a few things I thought I should know, she said coldly that I would find marriage a big surprise and I would wish myself safely back home. Can you help me?

Willa-Mae J.

Coudn't you discuss your problem personally with your family doctor? Although your mother may not be the type of woman who is able to express her feelings, she may love you very dearly and shrink from the thought of being separated from you. Human beings sometimes take odd ways to show affection. Her inclination to depreciate you before your fiance is undoubtedly another indication of her physical or emotional ill humor.

Don't be cross with her and don't feel hurt. You are the strong person, and you must also be the understanding one.

...You sound as if you have a competent and loving wife for this lucky man.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:
Up until a month ago I was going steady with a wonderful boy. I was deeply in love and I thought he felt the same.

One afternoon, a close friend of my mother's came to our house to call. She brought her son who is about five years older than I and in business for himself. In the course of the conversation my mother mentioned an errand which should be done in the next town. This man volunteered to drive me over and back.

While we were gone my steady came to the house. Mother told him that I was out and that I wouldn't be back for an hour. My steady went downtown and there some of his boy friends said they had seen me in a car with a "handsome stranger."

My steady gave me no chance to explain. He has never telephoned or dropped in since. After several days, I called his sister to ask whether he was out of town.

She said he thought I should come to him, on hands and knees and beg forgiveness. I think that's silly. He should have called me to ask for an explanation.

What should I do to get him back?

Ward L.

I think you should be eternally grateful for an odd coincidence by which you found out, before marriage, exactly how arbitrary, unreasonable and dictatorial this man can be. If he would behave toward you in this way, when you were merely "going steady," imagine what he would have been capable of after five or ten years of marriage.

I sometimes think that it is vitally important for girls to be warned that no marriage at all is infinitely better than marriage to a man who is going to bring a girl little but misery. There are always signs on the road to scratchedness, and the statement of a man that he thinks a girl should come to him on her hands and knees to ask forgiveness, is a very large and frightening sign.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
My wife and I have one child, a girl of sixteen, for whom we have sacrificed a great deal. She is a beautiful child and until six or eight months ago, she was tractable, sweet, and cooperative. However, she has now become unruly, rude, and downright rebellious. We have had to revoke all of her privileges. Instead of accepting discipline, she sits in her room and sulks, plays her radio until the house rocks, slams doors, and answers civil questions in sullen monotone.

The trouble arose when some of her young friends began to give mixed parties. I do not believe in boys and girls dating until they are out of high school. Human beings are adults long enough; they should be kept young as long as possible. I do not believe in girls of sixteen wearing lip-stick or nail polish, and I forbid phone calls of more than five minutes' length.

Please back me up. You will be protecting youngsters from themselves if they will follow your suggestions.

George H.

Not for an instant would I question your good intentions in bringing up your daughter, but I am forced to conclude that you have some problems in the exercise of wisdom to solve for yourself. From the thousands of teenagers' letters which come to this column regularly, there is one conclusion to be drawn: Serious troubles are often caused by too unyielding and too unloving discipline than from too little guidance.

There is, naturally, a happy medium.

To keep out of trouble and to mature normally, a teenster seems to need honest affection, complete explanation of parentical (Continued on page 6)
THEY MET BY CHANCE — AND

ONCE THEY KISSED, THEY KNEW

THEY NEVER SHOULD HAVE...

GINGER

ROGERS MORGAN

DENNIS

"Perfect Strangers"

A Big, Bold and Beautiful Picture from Warner Bros!

WITH

THELMA RITTER

SCREEN PLAY BY EDITH SOMMER

ADAPTATION BY GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

PRODUCED BY

JERRY WALD

DIRECTED BY

BRETAIGNE WINDUST
NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

Exhaustive Research by Eminent Dental Authorities Proves How Using Colgate Dental Cream Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a proved way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most conclusive proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay!

Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive patented ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action!

No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of Such Results!

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, proved way to help stop tooth decay!

(Continued from page 4)

rules, and trust within sensible limits. If a parent can offer these three constant ingredients, and can, at the same time, strive humorously and understand the adult world while trying to interpret the world, a well-balanced junior citizen is developed.

Why don't you ask your daughter to set up a series of rules for herself? Compare them with the rules by which her friends are governed. See if she won't be fairer with you, if your intention is fairness with her, not parental tyranny.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

About three years ago I was in an automobile accident and my right leg was so seriously injured that I had to spend a year in the hospital, and now am faced with the knowledge that I will always have to walk with a cane. At twenty-five, this seems like a worst nightmare.

My husband was entirely responsible for this accident. He has always driven much too fast. In the smash-up, he escaped without even a bruise. He seemed to be broken-hearted. I know he would spend his life making it up to me.

My husband has always loved to dance, so I go with him to our club affairs and sit at a table while he dances with every young girl pretty for the party. Sometimes he won't come near my table from the time we arrive until we leave.

It seems to me that he owes me a great deal, and that he does very little about it. Am I expecting too much?

Helena T.

You have my sincerest sympathy as well as my thoughtful understanding of your position. However, neither sympathy nor understanding are of much value to you. What you need is a practical attitude, combined with a calm acceptance of certain facts about human nature. There can be no doubt that your husband was broken-hearted about the accident; never question his regret. He will live with it always, although he may never mention it again. However, it is normal for a human being's memory to forget sadness as quickly as possible, and to dwell on happy things.

Instead of making yourself wretched over your husband's interest in dancing, you should encourage it. Why don't you learn to play a musical instrument so that you will be able to give home parties and still keep your name off being on the sidelines at big affairs?

Why not learn to play Canasta, and interest your husband in this. If he hates cards, find some spectator sport in which he is interested and share his enthusiasm. You can't expect your husband to spend his life in expiration, but you can exert yourself to deepen and strengthen your marriage by seeking activities in which you can share equally.

Claudette Colbert

What you need to know is that everyone on earth often feels inadequate to a social situation.

You should go on a date with the mental attitude that you are going to ask your escort about himself, his interests and his ideas. Don't worry about yourself once you have done the best you can with your appearance.

One thing in your letter disturbs me: I do not know exactly what you mean by “doing engaged or going steady things.” If this situation throws you into a panic, simply stop dating boys who are too much for you. Don't make yourself miserable over one date. Better to stay at home that day and listen to the radio.

Claudette Colbert

I agree with you that to go into marriage in your present state of mind would be a heartbreaking experience. However, it is far better for the break to be made now instead of five years from now when the welfare of children might be involved.

Why shouldn't you go to this girl's father and explain, honestly, that you admire her, but that you aren't ready to marry. Ask him to explain to the girl that these things happen; there is no need to put too much importance on her charm or desirability in the breaking of your engagement.

And then, leave the girl alone. Don't send flowers, don't telephone, don't do anything to give her the impression that you have broken off. Often, out of the goodness of a man's heart, he pays small attentions which only make a separation of this sort more difficult for the girl to bear.

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.
RAGING ISLAND... RAGING PASSIONS!

This is IT!
The Place:
STROMBOLI
The Star:
BERGMAN
Under
THE INSPIRED DIRECTION OF
ROSSELLINI

Produced and Directed by Roberto Rossellini - Released by RKO Radio Pictures
John Agar, who's in "Sands of Iwo Jima," turned up at the premiere with his current best girl—his mother Lillian Agar

California's gossip of Hollywood

Jane Wyman, who plays Laura in "The Glass Menagerie," entertains a visitor on the set—her daughter, Maureen

Humphrey Bogart says it in a whisper to Lauren Bacall at Romanoff's. They were guests at Lew Schreiber party
Seated, left to right, Jack Benny, Gregory Peck, Roz Russell, Gene Kelly, rehearse for CBS show "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Greg recently landed in the hall of fame—on sidewalk of Grauman's Chinese Theatre

Did You Know? Keefe Brasselle, that new up-and-coming star, is the son of Betty Grable's hairdresser, Marie Bras-selle? Sort of went into movies through the make-up door, as it were . . . And were you aware that Betty and her co-star, Dan Dailey, have birthdays four days apart which pleases directors no end? They give a combination party for Dan and Betty on the set and thereby save production time . . . That Elizabeth Taylor received a letter from a Canadian Mountie, saying that since Miss Taylor had been beamed by football star Glenn Davis, socialite Bill Pawley Jr., night club singer Vic Damone and baseball star Ralph Kiner—how about a red-coat for a change? Might create something of a stir in Hollywood, at that . . . And were you among the hundreds who wrote pleading letters to John Derek to get rid of his mustache, on the grounds it hid too much of his handsome face? John didn't like it much. He wants to be known as a fine actor, not a pretty boy . . . And did you know Ty- rone Power's twenty-one-year-old adopted daughter Anne was technical adviser on "The Big Fall" and did a bang-up job? Anne is the daughter of Ty's former wife Annabella.

Beaus and Belles: When a well-meaning friend advised that too plushy redecoration of Clark Gable's Valley home might be criticized, fair Sylvia replied, "This is to be our home—mine and Clark's. If we're happy in it, I don't see why Hollywood should be concerned." No one need have qualms about Sylvia's good taste. She's one of the best-dressed women who ever set foot in Hollywood . . . Diana Lynn almost wept when studio business in New York kept her away from husband John Lindsay on their first wedding anniversary . . . Pete Lawford may not know it, but a bit of wagering went on in New York when Sharman Douglas left for a Hollywood visit. The bet was that Pete would be the first to date the young lady. He was. Now rumor has it that ambitious Peter is planning a visit to London in hopes of dating Sharman's close friend, Princess Margaret. Cal's taking no bets that he won't, either.
The Ladds: Alan and Sue Ladd could well be that homely, happy married couple you hear on the radio. With Alan on the alert about Sue's calories in an attempt to help her shed extra poundage and Sue's subtle evasions, "the Life and Times of Sue and Alan" could be quite a show. At a recent dinner party in their home, Sue's table was set with an extra-large centerpiece. It wasn't until Alan realized Sue was accepting a second helping of cake, that he caught on. No more centerpieces for Sue to hide behind from then on.

Incidentally, little David Ladd is a Hopalong Cassidy fan, complete with cowboy boots, hat, holster and gun that almost reaches his feet as he tears over the newly waxed floors, unmindful of his daddy's warnings. And then one day it happened. Up flew Hopalong's feet and down he went. Gathering himself up, he grinned at Alan and said, "I flipped on the floor." When Alan explained that would be something the real Hopalong would never do, there was no more chasing over waxed floors.

Briefs: Last thing Gregory Peck did before he and his family headed for England was to place his ample footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, which assures Greg an official place in Hollywood's history. Warners weren't prepared for the avalanche of writers and photographers that descended upon Richard Todd, the brilliant star of "The Hasty Heart," when he arrived in Hollywood. Richard's only complaint was that he didn't have enough time to spend with his bride, the former Catherine Bogle of the English stage. Ronald Reagan attended the party his ex-wife Jane Wyman gave for their daughter Maureen's eighth birthday, and danced almost the whole evening with his happy little girl.
The Victor Matures outside Beverly Tropics. Vic went to RKO on loan-out to make “Alias Mike Fury”

Burt Lancaster and wife Norma at Ciro's. He-man Burt's long locks are for his new film “The Hawk and the Arrow”

WIN A PHOTOPLAY-SPONSORED TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD VIA

Santa Fe Railroad or Greyhound Bus

WITH A COMPLETE WARDROBE INCLUDING

Jewelry by Deltah Pearls; Coat by Sherbrooke; Shoes by Grace Walker, Jolene, Honeybugs, Velvet Step, Accent; Beach Accessories by Kleinert; Lingerie by Miss Swank, Maiden Form, Playtex; Bathing Suits by Modern-Aire, Brilliant Sportswear, Sea Nymph; Travel Suit by Rosenblum of California; Hose by Holeproof; Vacation Clothes by Majestic Sportswear, Doris Dodson, White Stag, Carole King, Minx Modes, Betty Barclay

SEE MAY PHOTOPLAY
Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference... and you will never know how lovely you can be until you use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Fresh is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use... Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. Prove this to yourself with the jar of creamy, smooth Fresh we will send you.

Test it. Send 10¢ to cover handling charges to Fresh, Chrysler Building, New York, for a jar.

* Constant research at a great American university is your assurance that Fresh is the most effective deodorant and anti-perspirant that can be used.

INSIDE STUFF

Only in Hollywood: Jimmy Stewart who is seeking a house large enough for his wife Gloria and her two small sons received a telephone call from his realtor about a suitable house.

"It will save time if you meet me there," he said, giving Jim the address.

The woman who opened the door was tiny, sixty-ish and fussy.

"Ah, the real estate agent said," Jim began, when the woman interrupted. "O yes," she said, "come right in."

"Now before anyone gets here," said, "I want to have a little chat with you. Mr....?"

"Stewart. Stewart, yes. And this..."

"Stewart? I guess I didn't quite catch your name over the telephone," she stuttered. "Now, I must tell you I'm very particular about who gets my house."

It was Jimmy's turn to interrupt. "I look here, there's some mistake..."

"Oh, no. Mr. Stewart, I know you firm has a fine reputation but you see my voice lowered to a confidential whisper, "I'm not at all anxious to have any of those motion picture people. Now, dare say, there are some nice ones I've heard all about those going on Mr. Stewart, and..."

A long suppressed guffaw came from Gloria's direction. The hostess turned with startled amazement.

"It's a-er—it's his coughs, yes, it's his coughs," Jimmy said with relief. "I'll get them every day about this time."

"My, oh my," said the woman of the house. "I'll fetch some water."

"No, no," Jimmy protested. "I'll just take her home." And seizing Gloria by the hand, he escaped.

Outside, the realtor was alighting from his car. "Are you one of those movie people?" Jimmy demanded, his face straight. In amazement, the realtor gasped from Jimmy to Gloria who was wiping away the tears of laughter. "If you don't go in there if you are, that's the I've got to say," Jimmy added, and driving away he left the realtor standing on the sidewalk in dumbfounded amazement.

Oh, is Liz Mad? If Bob Stack knew what's best for him, he'll take to the hills until Elizabeth Taylor cools off. Seems Bob, who has several dates with the beauty was asked if his intentions (Continued on page 14)
For the way they slim and trim under 1950's new narrow clothes

PLAYTEX® GIRDLES WIN TOP FASHION HONORS

In all the history of fashion, no girdle has been so enthusiastically hailed as PLAYTEX.

Designers of today's slim fashions acclaim PLAYTEX as the Girdle of the 1950's--Schiaparelli, Molyneux, Dessés, Cassini, Dache, Copeland, Mongone and other outstanding fashion authorities.

Millions of women who wear PLAYTEX say no other girdle combines such figure-slimming power with comfort and freedom. Made of tree-grown liquid latex, PLAYTEX slims and trims naturally, gives you a slender, supple silhouette.

Without a seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX fits invisibly under the narrowest new clothes. And it washes in seconds, pats dry with a towel.

HEARD ABOUT PINK-ICE?
It's the newest of the sensational PLAYTEX Girdles! More than a color, PINK-ICE is a brand new kind of girdle—light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, actually "breathes" with you. Touch it—and you'll feel the difference...wear it and you'll see the difference. PINK-ICE comfortably controls your figure whether you're sitting, standing or walking. Ask to see PINK-ICE today!

In 24H, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLES, Pink, White or Blue...$3.95 to $4.95
In 24H, shimmering Pink Tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES $3.95 to $4.95
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large

Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
Playtex Park Dover Del.
The Loceliest Women in the World take AYDS

(Continued from page 12)

were serious. Bob claimed Elizabeth was a lovely girl with charming parents. He, however, added, what do you talk about with a seventeen-year-old girl all evening? Naturally, the story went back to I in two minutes flat. With one firm stroke of the pencil, Mr. Stack was erased from her list forever. Forever, that is, until Bob’s remark piqued the interest of t sought-after Liz into new interest in t indifferent Mr. Stack. However, a similar remark credited to Peter Lawford some months back seems to have Pete out of the picture completely.

Business versus Love: Must be something to the adage that business and love won’t mix. It certainly proves true, nine times out of ten, with couples in Hollywood. For instance, Ida Lupino and Collier Young got along splendidly until they combined forces as movie producers and that ended that marriage. A similar business combination broke up t Joan Fontaine—Bill Dozier happy home or was a major factor in the break, at least. Gloria Grahame and Nick R were deeply in love until Nick became Gloria’s director as well as her husband. Result—divorce. It brought a temporary rift between Danny Kaye and Syn Fine, who writes much of Danny’s material and superintends his movies, separated those love birds Ann Sheridan and Steve Hannagan, who guided Ann’s career with a strong hand. Until George Markey produced a European movie, wife Myrna Loy, they were extremely happy, but the moment the picture ended Myrna flew home and out of Gene’s life. Rosalind Russell and her husband, Frank Brisson, are one of the few couples hap in business as well as marriage, but the whole, it rarely works.

Roy and Dale: Roy Rogers and his wife Dale Evans secretly decided for business reasons they would say nothing about the new baby, due in August, for the time being. But they forgot the adage that little pitchers have big ears. That same evening in a room full of people, nine-year-old Cheryl, Roy’s daughter, chirped up with, “Daddy, mustn’t let anyone find out that Mom is going to have a baby, must we?” Naturally, a few hours later, all Hollywood knew it.

(Continued on page 16)
It's a new kind of role for Rooney...the rough, tough, tense story of a guy who yields to one temptation—and can't stop 'til he hits bottom! A picture that must be seen by every boy...and girl...

"QUICKSAND"

A SAMUEL H. STIEFEL PRODUCTION

"QUICKSAND"

MICKEY ROONEY

with

JEANNE CAGNEY • BARBARA BATES • PETER LORRE

Directed by IRVING PICHEL • Original Story by Robert Smith
Mort Briskin, Producer • Released thru United Artists
It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents

Scientific tests show Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion (containing 22% more of the effective ingredient) leaves hair springier and stronger...less apt to break...than most other home permanent waving lotions. And what this means to you is a smoother, prettier, longer-lasting wave with more natural-looking curls that spring right back after combing...no frizzy ends, more natural sheen. Regardless of what type curlers you use, make sure your next home permanent is a Richard Hudnut with the waving lotion that makes all the difference.

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut
NEW IMPROVED
Home Permanent

with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.
LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON


TALKING about a certain movie doll, Ed Wynn cracked: "The studio didn't want her to take a new husband. They wanted to reissue one of the old ones."

Poem:
"When girls went swimming years ago,
They dressed like Mother Hubbard.
Nowadays of bolder whim,
They dress more like the cupboard."

Sign in the coffee shop at Allied Artists studio: "If you wish to put your ashes in your plate, notify the waitress and she will serve your meal in an ash tray."

Millionaire B. B. Robinson, whose Hollywood parties are famous, looked out the window of his Holmby Hills mansion and frowned. "See that the pool is restocked," he told his secretary. "We're running out of blondes."


Overheard at Ciro's: "She was born in the year of Our Lord only knows."

Definition of a square: A guy who takes his girl to a drive-in theater and then sits there and watches the picture.

Bob Mitchum just wrote a song titled "Love Never Happens to Me." It's about the only thing that hasn't.

Sign on a San Fernando Valley saloon: "If you drive your husband to drink—drive him here."

Kent Smith did a double-take while putting his six-year-old daughter to bed. The kid recited her prayer thusly: "Our Father, which art in Heaven, Hollywood be Thy Name."

Hollywood is laughing about the actor who fell off the wagon and wound up in a hospital with the D.T.'s. In the midst of a terrific battle with imaginary lions and tigers, a doctor asked him if he wanted to see his wife.

"To heck with my wife," he said, "get me Frank Buck."

As Jimmy Durante sees it: "In Hollywood, when a fine figure of a man marries a cute number they usually divide before they multiply."

The studio announced Betty Grable would wear a "very strapless" evening gown. What makes a strapless gown "very strapless"? Said the studio: "When Betty Grable wears one."

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

And—

Cashmere Bouquet is actually milder for all types of skin—than most other leading toilet soaps!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved milder! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flowery-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love."

Cashmere Bouquet — In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!
LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Doctor develops new home beauty routine—helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

- If you want a more alluring complexion, if you've suffered from dry, rough skin, "externally caused blemishes or similar skin problems—here's the news.

A noted Doctor has now developed a new home beauty routine. He found, in clinical tests, that a greaseless skin cream—famous Noxema—has a gentle, medicated formula that helps heal such blemishes...helps supply light film of oil-and-moisture to the skin's outer surface...helps your skin look softer, smoother, lovelier. Here's what you do:

4 Simple Steps

Morning—1. Apply Noxema all over your face and with a damp cloth "creamwash" your face—just as you would with soap and water. Note how clean your skin looks and feels. 2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxema as a powder base.


This new "Home Facial" actually helped 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests. The secret? First, Noxema is a greaseless cream. And secondly, it's Noxema's medicated formula—in a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion!"
Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness . . .

1 Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable . . . first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show him a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!
I dreamed of I went sightseeing in my maidenform bra

“How dreamy! Me...trifing with the Eiffel tower. Me...the loveliest sight of all, beautifully rounded by my Maidenform bra.

Haven't you dreamed of a bra with fit like Maidenform’s?”

Shown: Allegro in white satin...

the bra that curves you so prettily.

For more accentuation, you'll want Allo-ette*. Just two of a vast collection of styles and fabric

There is a Maidenform for every type of figure!

No Sad Songs For Me

As fellow players in an industry of which we are proud, and to which we devote our talents and our efforts, we would like to make public our applause of the brave and tender story of NO SAD SONGS FOR ME and Margaret Sullavan for her amazing exposition of a woman’s inner glory.

We are proud too of PINKY, ALL THE KING’S MEN, SNAKE PIT, GENTLEMEN’S AGREEMENT and certain other motion pictures, which like NO SAD SONGS FOR ME, dealt with unusual subject matter.

This is a story of courage and people...not special people, but ordinary every-day people...with a background of an average middle-sized town.

Mary Scott is one of these people, a woman of courage...of great courage and spirit. There are thousands and thousands of Mary Scotts...They live in small hamlets and big cities. Life gives them the same benefits and the same penalties...and the same sacrifices.

But in telling the story of this particular Mary Scott and her great love for her husband and child, there is as well within the confines of a screenplay, a theme that is world-wide in its interest...something that has gained momentum in newspaper headlines everywhere and will continue to cause panic and fear until the eventual hoped-for day of solution.

The consequences of this forthright presentation of NO SAD SONGS FOR ME will echo and re-echo.
ONLY NEW
ODO-RO-NO CREAM
GIVES YOU ALL
THOSE ADVANTAGES!

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

(Continued from page 16)

one-year-old Richard, both red-headed like their parents, were fast asleep. Out back, in the far corner of the garden, Red showed us his own little retreat, a study complete with tiny kitchen for late coffee brewing and a downy couch for naps between work. For, like all comedians, Red is a hard worker, writing and revising script suggestions.

Simple, honest, big-hearted and minus all Hollywood falsities, Red Skelton has earned his place in the sun.

Guess Who: She has seven names but uses only two. Her eyes are navy blue and few people know her hair is really chestnut brown. She keeps it lightened for pictures. She’d rather eat hamburg- er than steak but does imported caviar. Tuberose is her favorite scent. Shoes are her passion. She has a barrelful stowed away and can’t resist buying more. She’s hungry for knowledge and can spend an enjoyable evening just talking about life, death, hope. She’s convinced she’ll die young and hurries to crowd as much into life as possible. She’s never dull, never boring, can laugh at herself and does. She’ll remain one of Hollywood’s unforgettable and her name is Julia Jean Mildred Frances Lana Turner Topping.

Hollywood Is Talking About: Those telephone calls from Ava Gardner to her former husband Artie Shaw who almost drove her to distraction during their marriage . . . The compatibility between Robert Walker and Ida Lupino who seem to understand each other’s temperament . . . The feud between certain columnists over Joan Fontaine’s solo dancing, one deriding Joanie, one defending, all of which is puzzling for the simple reason Joan has been dancing solo at parties for years . . . The gay doings at Frank Sinatra’s $175,000 Palm Springs home which has proved a white elephant to Frankie. He can only sell at a terrific loss but those memories may be worth it . . . The unhappy, mixed-up look Gloria De Haven wears since her third separation from John Payne, and the odd sadness in John’s eyes.

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

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

GUARANTEED
FULL 24-HOUR
PROTECTION!

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

Danny of Danny’s Hideaway snaps the Hymie Finks on New York holiday

Ann Daggett, our Hollywood editor, was recent guest on Kay Mulvey’s “Open House,” West Coast TV show. Kay writes those famous Photoplay party stories
OF COURSE he is wandering... and he won't be back. The romance was over scarcely before it had begun. And she'll never guess why.*

How is Your Breath Today?
Your other charms count for little when you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath)*.

Why run this risk? Why take your breath for granted—ever? Or trust to makeshifts only momentarily effective?

Instead, call on Listerine Antiseptic, an extra-careful precaution against off-color breath. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

Freshens Breath Instantly
You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly sweetens the breath. Helps keep it that way, too... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath

Cold coming on? Gargle early and often with Listerine Antiseptic... it kills millions of germs on throat surfaces... often helps head off much cold misery.
Cheers and Jeers:

A salute to June Allyson for her wonderful poem in the January, 1950, Photoplay. The poem was almost as wonderful as June herself.

**Linda Ascher**

Chicago, Ill.

We think that Glenn Ford in "The Doctor and the Girl" was really wonderful. There's something about Glenn that girls love, as of yet we can't figure out what.

**Joan Mayer**

Allentown, Pa.

I read your article on Joan Evans in the December issue and I want to thank her for setting me straight.

I have always wanted to be in the movies, but now I'm not so sure. I think she did a great job in "Roseanna McCoy." After all the ridicule she got from that director.

**Jane Barrett**

Alameda, Cal.

In your January issue, a girl said that Elizabeth Taylor would give Monty Clift "a dose of his own medicine. . ." I agree with her. Liz doesn't know what she wants. All I can say is leave the guy alone, and Monty, watch your step.

**Beverly Freitas**

San Jose, Cal.

Age-old Question:

I think it is terrible the way screen actresses have been going after younger men. Sure, there's a shortage of eligible bachelors in Hollywood, but does that mean that these gals have to rob the cradle in order to get a date. Even if they get the guy to marry them, it never works out.

Shelley Winters is going with Farley Granger and Peter Lawford is seen with older women all the time. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to learn that Dean Stockwell was dating Ethel Barrymore.

**Helene Shore**

Little Rock, Ark.

Out of the Running:

Now, I'll let Gable alone. I'm glad he's married. From the first moment I saw him as Ace in "A Free Soul" I was for him. He had glamour, a certain attractive brutality, and put a lot of super-cool into his acting. He was a friend who gave me a lot of good entertainment.

Sometime in 1942 he met tragedy, and then he became my responsibility. I disliked "news items" every time he lighted some girl's cigarette. I "panned" directors and producers who put him into inferior pictures, and dimmed his acting glamour.

All these years, Gable has been in my hair, sat on my shoulder, peeked into my mind. Every time I tried to explain "what's wrong with Hollywood," Gable would dictate, "Put me in there . . ." and now, he's married. Good!

Maybe Mrs. Gable can prevail upon the movie world to put him in Rhett Butler roles and keep him there. His future and his happiness are in her hands. I'm going to let him alone.

**Mrs. Sybil Bruce Leach**

St. Joseph, Mo.

Casting:

A rumor has been circulating to the effect that Olivia de Havilland will play the part of Blanche DuBois in Tennessee Williams' play, "A Streetcar Named Desire." It is a perfectly good play and I see no reason why it should be ruined by such obvious miscasting. Olivia looks too healthy for the sort of things Mr. Williams puts his heroines through. It could be a beautiful motion picture if someone like Bette Davis played Blanche. And John Derek would be perfectly cast as Stanley. He is about the only Hollywood actor with enough earthy sex-appeal to do it justice.

**Andrew Blake**

Chula Vista, Cal.

Question Box:

My friends have informed me that Scotty Beckett just got married, or is going to marry. Could you please tell me if this is so and who he is married to or going to marry?

**Maxine Camp**

Detroit, Mich.

(Scotty Beckett was married to Beverly Baker on September 28, 1949.)

I have admired George Macready in films such as "Johnny Allegro" and "Coroner Creek." He makes a perfect villain. Could you give me information about him?

**Sandra Newland**

Columbia, Mo.

(George Macready, a six-foot-one, blue-eyed silver-blond, was born in Providence, R. I. His most recent picture is "The Nevadan." He was seen at Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Cooper St., Hollywood, Calif.)

Why has Hollywood kept Michael Wilding under cover so long? I don't remember ever seeing him in a picture before "Under Capricorn." I've never read about him in any movie magazine, either.

Is he married, is he an English or American actor? I'm simply perishing to know about him.

**Marylou Hershey**

Hollywood, Fla.

(Michael Wilding was born in Essex, England, July 23, 1912. He is six-feet-one, weighs 170 pounds, is a gray-blue-eyed blond and is married to Kay Young. Next film, "Stage Fright").

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.
New! No sewing, no snapping, no pinning!

Light! Soft and fluffy as a powder puff!

Right! Gives you a smooth, natural look!

Simply clip to bra strap

Playtex Superfoam Shoulder Pads

Playtex Superfoam Shoulder Pads make your clothes fit better, look better—economical because they're interchangeable. One pair can be used with almost every costume. Easy to wash—suds, squeeze, dry!

Wonderful for "natural" shoulder lines! Permanently shoulder-moulded Playtex Pads with exclusive non-slip clasps that cling to your bra straps... won't slip, slide or ride.

In Four Styles, Seven Colors

Shallow
For set-in sleeves, raglan, dolman, dressmaker suits, cap, and the new sloping sleeves.

 Rounded
For coats, suits, tops, and squared shoulder effects.

 Rounded for Blouses
For blouses, suits, tops, and squared shoulder effects.

 Regular
They're the perfect style for teen-age figures, too.

Handsomely tailored in washable rayon or cotton, $1.19 to $1.59
In exquisite rayon taffeta, $1.95. Uncovered for home sewing, 89¢

International Latex Corp'N., Playtex Park, Dover Del.
### Casts of Current Pictures

**BARRICADE**—Warner's: Bob Peters, Dane Clark; "Bugs" Kruger, Raymond Massey, Judith Brooke, Ruth Roman; Aubrey Milbourn, Robert Douglas; The Judge, Morgan Farley; Ben; Walter Brennan; Dany, George Stevens; Kirby, Robert Mitchum, Bandry, Frank Marlowe; Pfeo, Tony Martinez.

**BELLS OF CORONADO**—Republic: Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers, Paul Bernard, Dale Evans; Spenser, Bob Nolan, Pat Brady; Craig Bennett, Grant Withers; Dr. Frank Lavender, Lee classics; Maxey, Clayton Young; Jim, Robert Bice; Sherri, Stuart Randall; Linden, John Hamilton; Rafferty, Edmund Cobb; Shanghi, Eddie Le; Foreman, Rex Lease. 

**BLACK HAND**—M-G-M: Johnny Columbia, Gene Kelly; Louis Borel, J. Carrol Naish; Isabella Gombol, Teresa Celi; Caesar Xaviers, Joey Law- rence; Carlo Samburhe, Frank Puglia; Capt. Thompson, Barry Kelley; Benny Danet, Mario Siletti; George Ault, Caravans, Peter Brocco; Maria Columbia, Eleonora Mendezsohn; Mrs. Isabella, Grisca Martin, Romani, Maureen, Samuel; Judge, Burt Symon; Prosecutor, Bert Freed; Mrs. Samburhe, Mimi Aguglia; Bettini, Baldo Minuto; Marco paving, Carl Trench; Lombardi, Michael, Jerry, Russ; Rashi, Tony Gombol, Jimmy Lagano, Mary, the Shamrock, Phillips Morton, Matt. 

**BUCCANEER'S GIRL**—I-1: Debra McKeor; Yvonne De Carlo; Frederic Batevila, Phillip Friend; Varbonne, Robert Douglas; Mrs. Bice, Elga Lan- chester, Arlene Dillion, Audrey Kings, J. Norman Lloyd; Jared Haubus, Jay C. Flippin; Capt. Ducle, Henry Danfëll; Capt. Dule, Douglas Lunnibilla; Davanor, Verna Felton; Vegetable Man, John Quay; Vegetable Woman, Connie Gilchrist; Tom, Ben Weden; Kry, Dewey Robinson; Choe, Peggie Castle. 

D. O. A. — Popkin-UA; Frank Bigelow, Edmond O'Brien; Paula Gibson, Pamela Britton; Magak, Luther Adler; Miss Foster, Beverly Campbell; Mrs. Phillips, Lynn Baggett; Holiday, William Ching; Stanley Phillips; Henry Hart; Chester; Neville Brand; Maria Robkhan, Laurette Luce; Sam, Jess Kirkpatrick; Sue, Cary Furstee; Jeannie, Virginia Lee; Dave, Michael Ross. 

**GAY LADY, THE**—Rank-Eagle Lion: Tottie True, Jean Kent; Dimpy, Lord Landon; James Donald; Maurice Benedict, Hugh Sinclair; Joe Ing; Bill Owen; Bonnie, Lana Morris; Sid Skinner, Andrew Crawford; Monty, Marquise of Madingley, Michael Medwin; Duchess of Wellmer, Mary Hinton; Mrs. True, Joan Young; Mr. True, Harold Scott; Gladys, Mary Jones; Perse, Anthony Hulfrey; Bertha, Daphne Anderson; Little Clara, Carol Leslie; Little Tottie; Priscilla Lay; Gladys, as a child, Patricia; Deane; Bertha, as a child, Shirley Mitchell; Perse, as a child, David Liney; Sainsbury, Campbell Cotta. 

**GLASS MOUNTAIN, THE**—Renown-Eagle Lion: Alba, Valentia Cortes; Anne, Dulce Gray; Richard, Michael Denison; Bruce, Sebastian Shaw; Tito, Tito Gobbi; Gino, Antonio Cesta; Doctor, E. Terschack; Fence Administration, A. Marle; Charles; Sidney King. 

**GREAT RUPERT, THE**—Pall-Eagle Lion: Mr. Amendola, Jimmy Durante; Rosolada, Terry Moore; Peter Dingle, Tom Drake; Mr. Dingle, Frank Orth; Mr. Dingle, Mr. Hales; Mrs. Amendola, Guenine Smith; Phil Davis, Chick Chaider; Joe Mahoney, Jimmy Conlin; Midlman, Hugh Sanders; Mr. Haggerly, Donald T. Reid; Mcnabb, Candy Candillo; Policeman, Clancy Cooper; F.B.I., Man, Harold Goodwin; Tax Investigator, Frank Cady. 

**Guilty of Treason**—Warther-Golden Eagle Lion: James; Carneal Mattson; Caetother Rict- ford; Tom Kelley, Paul Kelly; Stephanie Parna, Bon- tia Greshley; Col. Acer, Melish; Richard Derr; Turner, Barry Krogger; Mother Mindersenty, Eliza- beth Branson; Commissar Bell, Roland Winter; Solar- dote Best, John Banner; Jen, Alfred Linder. 

**IROYQUIS TRAIL**—Reliance-UA: Hawkeye, George Montgomery; Marion Thorne, Brenda Marshall; Captain, West; Glyn Langdon; Capt. Bronwell, Reginald Denny; Sagamore, Monty Blue; Ogune, Sheldon Leonard; Col. Thorne, Paul Cavanagh; Gen.-Johnson, Holmes Herbert; Lien, Madame, Dan O'Hurly; Tom Rutler, Don Gervis; Gen. Mont- col, Marcey Gourmet; Adjutant Dickens, Arthur Little Jr.; Ma Rutler, Esther Somers; Sam Girty, John Doutter. 

**KEY TO THE CITY**—M-G-M: Steve Fish, Clark Gable; Charlie Standish, Loretta Long Young; Peghag, Frank Morgan; Sheila, Marilyn Maxwell; Les Tag- gan, Raymond Burr; Sgt. Hauen, James Glennon; Judge Silas Standish, Lewis Stone; Mayor Billy Butter, Raymond Wallow; Miss Uncion, Pamela Britton; Mr. Butler, Lorn Cunningham; Coral, Clinton Sundberg; Emmy, Maron Martin; Emmy's Husband, Ben; Fred; General Roberto, Chairman, Emory Parnell; Liz, Clara Blandick. 

**Mother Didn't Tell Me**—20th Century-Fox: Jane; Dorothy McGuire; Dr. William Wright, Will- liam Lundigan; Kate, Jane Havoc; Dr. Mike Hall; Gary Merril; Mrs. Wright, Jessie Royce Landis; Helen Foster, Joyce MacKenzie; Dr. Bruce Gordon; Let Erickson, Skil, Reiko Sato; Johnny, Anthony Colby; Sally, Tracy Colby; Mildred Tracey, Georgia Back; Inspector, Everett Glass; Dr. Tid Morron, Michael Brandon; Faith Morgan, May Bear; Dr. Tid, Larry Keating; Ray, Lindsay; Jeane, "Babe" London; Dr. Harold Jones, Wilton Graff. 

### SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

reaches hard to get at places

### BENT like a dentists mirror to reach more places

---

**BOOK OF THE YEAR**

**PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1950**

**GET YOUR COPY TODAY**

- **ELIZABETH TAYLOR MONTGOMERY CLIFT**
  Exclusively photographed in gorgeous full color

- **JOHN DERK**
  Life story plus color portrait

- **GENE AUTRY and ROY ROGERS in COLOR**
  Double page picture of your favorite cowboys

- **OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND**
  Exclusive story and photos of screen's first lady

- **JUNE ALLYSON and PAMELA**
  Inside story of Mrs. Dick Powell

- **HISTORY OF HOLLYWOOD IN PICTURES**
  Exclusive pictures dating back to the days when Hollywood and Vine Streets were a cow pasture

- **GREAT SCREEN MOMENTS OF 1949**
  High spots from your favorite hit motion pictures of 1949

- **AND MANY MORE EXCITING FEATURES!**

100 PICTURE PACKED PAGES

MANY IN FULL COLOR!
**VIEWS OF A WOMAN**

As we look back through the years, we can see the evolution of fashion and beauty. In the early 20th century, women's beauty routines were quite different from what we know today. However, the desire for beauty and a younger look has always been a constant theme. Max Factor, aandle of Hollywood's famous make-up artist, recognized this need and created Pan-Cake, a make-up that could instantly transform a person's complexion. In this vintage advertisement, Max Factor highlights the dramatic make-up effect that Pan-Cake can create.

**PAN-CAKE* by MAX FACTOR**

Max Factor's Pan-Cake is a revolutionary product that adores the new, provocative make-up effect that Max Factor's Pan-Cake Make-Up creates. It instantly conceals a drab, blemished complexion that may often mar your natural beauty. With Pan-Cake, you can achieve the perfect look that you desire, and it will last longer. Pan-Cake guards against dryness, helps keep your complexion soft, smooth, young-looking. Apply Pan-Cake sparingly for sheerest, porcelain-fine complexion beauty.

**PAN-CAKE, the original cake make-up by Max Factor**

Max Factor invites you to try Pan-Cake: Discover the reason more women use Pan-Cake than any other make-up in the world. You will receive a tri-fold Pan-Cake booklet in your correct Color Harmony Skin Tone...your personally prescribed Compolation Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart...plus "The New Art of Make-Up," 32-page color-illustrated booklet, all by Max Factor.

**Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, Calif.**

Please send me your exciting Pan-Cake offer. I enclose 104 in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

**Name**

**Address**

**City**

**Zone**

**State**

**Age**

**Send for This Exciting Pan-Cake Offer Today!**

**Nine Color Harmony Skin Tones**

*$1.50 plus tax

**Your Look More Beautiful Than You Really Are**

**Angela Lansbury**

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

"The Red Danube"

**FASHION adores the new, provocative make-up effect that Max Factor's Pan-Cake Make-Up creates...**

In just seconds, new, utterly feminine complexion beauty is yours. Pan-Cake instantly conceals a drab, blemished complexion that may often mar your natural beauty, and you know that with Pan-Cake, your new make-up effect stays longer hours than any other. Pan-Cake guards against dryness, helps keep your complexion soft, smooth, young-looking. Apply Pan-Cake sparingly for sheerest, porcelain-fine complexion beauty.

**SEND FOR THIS EXCITING PAN-CAKE OFFER TODAY!**

**Fill in and Check Carefully the Information Chart Below and Mail**

**Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, Calif.**

Please send me your exciting Pan-Cake offer. I enclose 104 in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

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**F** (F) Riding High (Paramount)

OOT-LOOSE but not exactly fancy-free. That describes Bing Crosby in this song-sprinkled racetrack romance based on a Mark Hellinger story.

With engaging aplomb Bing accepts the homage of two lovely ladies. There's Frances Gifford as the snooty hothouse beauty to whom he is betrothed; and there's her fresh-as-a-daisy sister, Coleen Gray, who carries a terrific torch for him. But Bing is so horse-happy and so set on entering Broadway Bill in the Derby, that he gives Coleen the big brother treatment.

A choice supporting cast features, among others, Charles Bickford, Raymond Walburn, William Demarest, Clarence Muse, Percy Kilbride.

*Your Reviewer Says:* A safe bet.

**½ (A) Young Man with a Horn**

(Warners)

Not music and lukewarm love are the ingredients of this one. It's a long sad tale about the rise and fall of a trumpet player.

Kirk Douglas is believable as the chap whose music is his life. Lauren Bacall is unbelievable as a femme fatale. A mean and moody gal, she is bad medicine for Kirk who mistakes her sass for class. On the other hand, Doris Day, a nice normal blues singer, is just right for him. Hoagy Carmichael really registers as a piano-playing pal. Juano Hernandez brings warmth to the role of a jazz artist. Young Orley Lindgren appealingly portrays Douglas as a boy.

Based on Dorothy Baker's novel, the story goes offbeat but the music is strictly in the groove.

*Your Reviewer Says:* It hits a blue note.

---

**F** (F) When Willie Comes Marching Home (20th Century-Fox)

The misadventures of a small-town boy, who becomes a war hero in spite of himself, are entertainingly recounted here.

Dan Dailey cuts a comical figure as the first to enlist in Punta-tauney, U. S. A. Because he's an expert aerial gunnery instructor, Dailey is kept at a training camp near his home town. In vain he pleads to be sent overseas so folks will stop calling him a slacker. When he finally gets the green light, things begin to pop with a vengeance.

Corinne Calvet is everything a female spy should be; Colleen Townsend keeps the home fires burning. William Demarest, James Lydon, Evelyn Varden head a satisfactory supporting cast.

*Your Reviewer Says:* War's lighter side.

---

**Outstanding** **Good** **Fair**

F—For the whole family  A—For adults

---

**Shadow**

By Elsa Branden
**Stage**

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 26
For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 113
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 18

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**Doomed:** Pamela Britton and Carol Hughes make Edmund O'Brien's life lively before he is marked for death

**✓ (A) D. O. A. (Popkin-UA)**

HERE'S a suspense thriller with a novel twist. The murdered man tracks down his own killer before succumbing to the effects of a slow-working but deadly poison.

As the chap marked for death, Edmund O'Brien dominates the picture. Frantically seeking the poisoner and the reason for his act, O'Brien discovers that a shipment of iridium is the key to the mystery. Pamela Britton is sympathetic as O'Brien's secretary-sweetheart; Luther Adler makes a convincing scoundrel and Neville Brand is his sadistic henchman.

It will be giving away no secrets to reveal that "D. O. A."—the term applied by the Police Department's Homicide Division—stands for "dead on arrival." It could also mean "dark, ominous, arresting."

Your Reviewer Says: An unusual whodunit.

---

**Under oath:** Love crashes the jury on which Anthony Ross, Dennis Morgan and Ginger Rogers serve

**✓ (A) Perfect Strangers (Warners)**

GINGER ROGERS and Dennis Morgan serve as jurors in this interest-filled courtroom drama. They must try a man accused of killing his wife in order to marry his secretary. During the trial the jury is kept in a hotel, isolated from the outside world. Constantly thrown together, Ginger and Dennis fall in love but there is a serious stumbling block to their happiness. Morgan is married and the father of two children while Ginger is separated from her husband. Thus, they are faced with two grave decisions—their own fate along with that of the man on trial.

The jury has its quota of "characters," among them Thelma Ritter, Margalo Gillmore, and Anthony Ross. It's Ginger, however, who rates applause for a performance which really rings true.

Your Reviewer Says: Hearts on trial.

**✓ ½ (A) The Glass Mountain (Renown-Eagle Lion)**

BRITAIN sends us a unique, foreign-flavored romance with operatic trimmings.

Italian actress Valentina Cortesa is the brunette charmer who bewitches talented English composer Michael Denison. But he is already wed to Dulcie Gray. While trying to decide which woman he really loves, Denison composes an opera based on the picturesque legend of the Glass Mountain.

As a girl who flouts convention to follow the dictates of her heart, Cortesa turns in a vivid performance. Denison is lean and likable. Dulcie Gray brings sincerity to her role. Opera sequences are splendidly sung by Tito Gobbi.

Your Reviewer Says: For that romantic mood.

(Continued on page 108)
In this, my greatest performance, I was not entirely alone! - Belvedere

Cheaper by the Dozen
Technicolor

Reading from laugh to riot, it's the fabulous and numerous Gilbreth family—with that Belvedere man at the controls (all the time)! Their exploits in the best-beloved Book-of-the-Month proved that all that's best in life is much more wonderful—and cheaper by the dozen!

Betty Lynn • Edgar Buchanan • Barbara Bates • Mildred Natwick • Sara Allgood

Directed by WALTER LANG • Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti • Based on the Novel by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr. and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey
WHEN you buy a new book you pay no federal excise tax. When you rent a sailing boat, pay green fees or buy fishing tackle, you pay no federal excise tax, either.

Yet, the same high twenty per cent excise tax that is levied on luxuries like mink coats, perfumes and diamond rings is imposed on movie admissions. If your movie ticket costs fifty cents, you must leave sixty cents at the box office window.

The excise tax on movie admissions came into being in 1943, when we were at war. There were many, even then, who protested that this tax was unfair, contrary to the modern taxation theory which holds that ability to pay governs liability. Movies, after all, are mass entertainment. But 1943 was a time of emergency, so nothing was done about it.

It no longer is a time of emergency. But the twenty per cent tax on movie admissions remains. In 1945, both the House of Representatives and the Senate agreed that luxury taxes should be removed. But before the date set for this repeal, there was a change in the control of Congress. And one of the first actions of the 80th Congress was to reimpose excise taxes. This means, of course, that unless public pressure is brought to bear on the new 81st Congress, these taxes will go on and on.

If you think a twenty per cent tax on movie admissions is unfair, write to your Representative and to your Senator now.

Stud Remmick
Babies—Hollywood’s

by Elsa Maxwell

Hollywood views motherhood with mixed emotions—

Since daughter Deborah’s arrival, many think Joan Fontaine is much more fascinating off screen than she is on.

Daughters Lindsay and Candy anchored Betty Hutton as a woman but the public misses the bombshell Betty of old.

BABIES cost movie stars dearly.

Shirley Temple hasn’t had a good picture since Linda Susan was born. Which means that Shirley’s adult career—never equal to her early success—is at a low ebb.

Even in the days before Liza, Judy Garland never was any Rock of Gibraltar from the point of view of physical endurance or temperament. Granted. But lately, certainly, Judy is less dependable as a human being and less popular as a star.

Deanna Durbin’s down-grade began with the birth of her Jessica, four years ago, after Deanna had established herself as an adult star.

For Bette Davis, motherhood proved catastrophic. Bette’s daughter, Barbara, will be three years old this May. In the last three years, Bette
MOST EXPENSIVE LUXURY

for when the stork flies down the chimney, star careers often fly out the door

Judy Garland worries more about Liza's appearance than she does about her own

Deanna's success commanded a star figure till she gave it up for family life

As a mother Shirley needs no coaching but "A Kiss for Corliss" was recalled

has made "Winter Meeting," "June Bride" and "Beyond the Forest." These pictures have broken no records at the box office and in them Bette has been no contender for an Academy Award.

Betty Hutton has changed as a woman and as an actress.
Joan Fontaine has gone off in popularity since Deborah came along.
I could go on and on . . .
I have nothing against motherhood. Let me make that very clear. Motherhood, undoubtedly, is the greatest experience that could come to any woman; infinitely more gratifying and important than being a star. Which, of course, is why it affects careers so adversely. When a lady has a baby her ego becomes sublimated. No longer does she have any overpowering need to show off as an actress. Her flesh and blood creation far (Continued on page 80)
On Easter I Remember...

by Ann Blyth

... to believe in those things I cannot see or feel—and to have
faith like my mother’s, that could not be conquered by pain

WITHOUT some faith, I doubt we could live. It weakens sometimes, under strain, our faith. But at Easter, when all the world demonstrates resurrection with springtime, our faith, too, should rise again.

On this sacred day my mother seems near. A gay woman who held the spirit of Easter in her heart the whole year through, she had the most faith of any person I have ever known.

It is because of faith that I succeeded in becoming a movie actress at all... That I do have the use of two legs now... That after breaking my back, I walk again... And that, since losing my mother I have been able to go on working...

That I should become an actress someday was, from my childhood, our burning dream. My mother was always standing by, soothing away the small disappointments that seemed so tragic then. When I tried for a radio role and lost it there was her wonderful Irish smile. “Don’t worry, my darling. It will all come. You must believe this. Just have more faith.” And she would go to St. Boniface, that wonderful little Italian church in our neighborhood on the East Side, and pray for my success and future happiness.

We were poor those early days in New York. Poor materially, but blessed with a household enriched by her humor and hospitality. My mother made guests so warmly welcome I’m sure they never knew that poverty, too, was our constant visitor.

My mother worked very hard. What we lacked in money she made up in ingenuity. She was gifted with her hands. A wonderful cook. An excellent seamstress. For a time she worked in a beauty parlor to support my older sister and me. She took in laundry for a few select customers who brought her their finest linens when they saw how beautifully she could iron. I was one of the best-dressed children in the neighborhood. With a few cents, she bought hat frames at the dime store, picked up a flower here, a bit of brim and a feather there... she made hats that couldn’t be duplicated in the finest of stores for less (Continued on page 72)
"I like Diana better than any other woman I know," says Kirk

DIVERCE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR

Marriage isn’t for them, they say.

But even though Diana has sued for divorce, the Kirk Douglasses still act like people in love

by Louella O. Parsons
In all my years of analyzing Hollywood marriage smash-ups, I have never been more puzzled than I am by the divorce of Kirk and Diana Douglas.

There are many people who rate themselves happily married but who do not find one another as stimulating, as much fun to be with, as Kirk and Diana who have just sued for divorce!

Right up to the time Diana suddenly took herself into a Los Angeles court to tell it to the judge, she and Kirk and their two sons Michael and Joel had been sharing the family house up in Laurel Canyon. She and Kirk had been having dates, too, two and three nights a week.

I could understand the whole thing better if they quarreled violently from time to time, then kissed and made up; if they had, like so many (Continued on page 70)

With his two sons, Joel, age three, Michael, age five. Diana and Kirk are determined that divorce will not rob the boys of their father

Kirk admits, “I am the loneliest guy in the world since ‘Champion.’” His new film is “Young Man with a Horn”
DIETING is one of Hollywood's most serious problems. The stars must keep down to a perfect weight and, at the same time, have maximum energy.

Recently, the news was widely printed that a star had "taken off fifteen pounds in ten days and was back to normal weight for the start of her new film."

Photoplay was deluged with requests for this star's diet. The editors did not fill the requests, knowing that this star had collapsed on the set the first day her new film was in production and had been away from the studio, under a doctor's care, for two weeks.

"No more freak diets!" Once again, this cry went up from the Hollywood producers who face a prohibitive increase in overhead when production is delayed (Continued on page 99).

Medium of beauty: Joan Caulfield is 5' 5" tall, weighs 110 lbs., has 35½" bust, 25" waist, 35½" hips

Short and sweet: Anne Baxter, 5' 4", weighs 112 lbs., has 34" bust, 24" waist, 35" hips

photoplay presents the new
Height of loveliness: Esther Williams, 5' 7" tall, 123 lbs., has 36" bust, 26½" waist, 35" hips

Contours of charm: Arlene Dahl, a luscious 5' 7", 118 lbs., has 35" bust, 22½" waist, 35" hips

Diet with your questions answered by Johns Hopkins Hospital
Here it is...

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sunday</th>
<th>Monday</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Six to eight glasses of water every day between meals</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breakfast</td>
<td>Breakfast</td>
<td>Breakfast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unsweetened fruit juice</td>
<td>Orange juice</td>
<td>Tomato juice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wheatena (no sugar)</td>
<td>Egg</td>
<td>Toast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk • Toast</td>
<td>Toast</td>
<td>Butter or margarine</td>
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<tr>
<td>Butter or margarine</td>
<td>Butter or margarine</td>
<td>Egg if desired</td>
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<tr>
<td>Black coffee or clear tea</td>
<td>Black coffee or clear tea</td>
<td>Black coffee or clear tea</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lunch</th>
<th>Lunch</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vegetable soup</td>
<td>Bouillon</td>
<td>Cold roast beef (fat cut off)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scrambled egg</td>
<td>Cheese sandwich (rye bread)</td>
<td>Cauliflower, celery and beet salad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomato salad (vinegar dressing)</td>
<td>Fruit salad</td>
<td>Dill pickle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fruit cup (unsweetened)</td>
<td>Milk</td>
<td>Pears—canned in water —unsweetened</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk</td>
<td></td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dinner</th>
<th>Dinner</th>
<th>Dinner</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Roast beef (no gravy and all fat cut off)</td>
<td>Broiled lamb chop (cut off all fat)</td>
<td>Baked ham (no gravy—cut off all fat)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potato—baked—with salt and pepper</td>
<td>Carrots and mushrooms</td>
<td>String beans (cooked with smoked salt and celery seeds)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broccoli</td>
<td>Green salad—pimento dressing</td>
<td>Cucumber slices or lettuce with vinegar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carrot sticks</td>
<td>Grapefruit</td>
<td>Fresh fruit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baked apple (no sugar, no cream)</td>
<td>Black coffee or clear tea</td>
<td>Black coffee or clear tea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black coffee or clear tea</td>
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Your diet questions answered by Johns Hopkins Hospital

**Q** What diet can those of our readers in normal health follow safely for a quick reduction of weight?

There is no reducing diet that is both rapid and safe. It is dangerous to lose more than two pounds a week. It is also useless because a certain amount of weight lost rapidly comes back rapidly, so the woman who starves herself into losing five pounds a week is torturing herself to no purpose.

**A**

**Q** What do you mean by "dangerous"?

If you are overweight, what you need to lose is body fat. It is a peculiarity of body fat that it cannot be taken off quickly. The average person cannot lose more than about two pounds of body fat a week, no matter how much weight is lost. If weight is lost more quickly than a maximum of two pounds a week, it means that water and probably vital tissues have been lost.

**A**
## Hollywood Diet

### Wednesday
- Tangerine
- Shredded wheat biscuit (toasted, with part of your butter allowance)
- Black coffee or clear tea

### Thursday
- Orange slices
- Farina or rye toast with your butter allowance
- Black coffee or clear tea

### Friday
- Apple juice (unsweetened)
- Egg • Toast
- Butter or margarine
- Black coffee or clear tea

### Saturday
- Grapefruit juice
- Egg
- Toast
- Butter or margarine
- Black coffee or clear tea

### Six to eight glasses of water every day between meals

### Wednesday
- Omelet with mushrooms
- Celery, radish roses
- Toast (dark bread)
- Butter or margarine
- Unsweetened applesauce or other fruit
- Milk

### Thursday
- Bouillon • Green pepper, carrot, raw cabbage, hard-boiled egg salad, lemon, salt and mustard dressing
- Fresh fruit • Milk

### Friday
- Fish Chowder (milk)
- Relishes—dill pickles, radishes, carrot sticks
- Crackers (whole wheat or enriched)
- Grapes or unsweetened fruit

### Saturday
- Chicken and celery salad with non-fat dressing
- Spiced beets
- Fresh fruit
- Milk

### Broiled liver
- Onion rings
- Asparagus tips
- Grapefruit salad or lettuce
- Gelatine sweetened with saccharine and fresh fruit
- Black coffee or clear tea

### Stewed chicken with all fat skimmed off
- Unthickened gravy
- Cauliflower, spinach
- Lettuce heart
- Fresh pears
- Coffee or clear tea

### Broiled salmon steak
- Baked potato
- Coleslaw
- Apricots (unsweetened)
- Black coffee or clear tea

### Consomme
- Broiled ground steak
- Baked squash or eggplant cooked with bouillon cubes
- Salad (with fresh dill vinegar and chives)
- Peaches (unsweetened)
- Black coffee or clear tea

---

**Q: What is meant by "vital tissues"?**

Lean tissues such as that in the muscles. If you lose more than the safe margin of two pounds a week, it means that you are losing, not fat, but muscle, liver, heart, etc., just as if you had typhoid fever.

---

**Q: Is loss of vital tissues really harmful if I do not go to extremes—say if I lose four pounds a week?**

Yes. If you do not give vital tissues enough food, and of the proper variety, you will lose weight also lose vitality, stamina and good health.

(Continued on page 103)

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**THE New Hollywood Diet is our adaptation of the Basic Seven Foods diet which Miss Janette Carlsen, Dietitian in Charge at Johns Hopkins Hospital, compiled for Photoplay. It contains the essential foods a normal person needs daily for health and peak efficiency.**

**For the first week of this diet it is recommended that you eat all you wish at each meal. No jam, sweets or alcohol and no food between meals is permitted.**

**During the second week and thereafter it is recommended that other vegetables in Group Three (see page 44) be substituted for potatoes. Less bread, also, should be eaten: but some bread is advisable, and do not cut out the butter allowance of a tablespoonful daily.**

**The average loss of weight will be two pounds a week. If your loss is less than this and you are in good health, the size of your portions should be reduced.**

**When you have lost the maximum number of pounds, you will find that you will retain your ideal weight and, at the same time, enjoy maximum health and energy with the Basic Seven Foods diet on page 44.**

---

41
I TOOK THE
A famous Hollywood actress steps off the scales to give you these star facts.

In one week she discovered there was more to this diet than reducing

BEING a motion picture actress is an exacting job. The hours are long. When I'm working I get up at 6 a.m. and I rarely leave the studio before 6 p.m. In freezing weather I may work clad in chiffon. One day I may stand for hours in the pouring rain. The next day I may spend hours under a blazing sun. All of this is part of my job. And don't think I'm complaining. I love it.

However, a routine of this kind demands health. I've long worked at keeping healthy. I've exercised regularly. I've eaten sensibly, aware that a well-rounded diet is vital if I am to keep well.

Recently, this diet was recommended to me. I am normally slender. However, I lost two pounds the first week I undertook this diet. Now the Basic Seven Foods Diet which Janette Carlsen, Dietitian in Charge of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, compiled for Photoplay keeps my weight on an even keel. It also gives me the maximum degree of health and energy that my working schedule demands.

A most important health item is, I believe, a good breakfast. And a good breakfast is what I eat. None of this orange juice and coffee for me.

For my latest Columbia picture, "The Killer That Stalked New York," I could, for script purposes, wear only a short fur jacket over a blouse and skirt. The weather was freezing. I felt cold. But, wonder of wonders, (Continued on page 107)
To keep your ideal weight and to improve your health and energy, we recommend . . .

**GROUP 1**
Leaky, Green and Yellow Vegetables
(row, cooked, canned or frozen) one or more servings daily

Asparagus, Beans (green), Beans (lima), Broccoli, Brussels sprouts, Cabbage (green or red), Chard, Collards, Endive (green), Escarole, Kale, Lettuce (leaf), Mustard greens, Okra, Peas (green), Peppers, Spinach, Turnip greens, Other greens including salad greens, Carrots, Pumpkins, Squash (yellow winter), Sweet potatoes.

**GROUP 2**
Citrus Fruits and other high vitamin C foods (one or more servings daily)

Grapefruit, Grapefruit juice, Kumquats, Lemons, Limes, Oranges, Orange juice, Tangerines, Tomatoes, Tomato juice, Cantaloupes (muskmelons), Pineapples (row), Strawberries (row).

A large serving of the following vegetables may be substituted for the fruits above: Cabbage (row), Salad greens, Peppers (green, row), Turnips (row).

**GROUP 3**
Potatoes and other vegetables and fruits (row, cooked, canned, frozen, dried) two servings daily

Artichokes, Beets, Cabbage (white), Cauliflower, Celery, Sweet corn, Cucumbers, Eggplant, Leeks, Head lettuce, Mushrooms, Onions, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Pears, Party Cake, Radishes, Rutabagas, Salsify, Sauerkraut, Summer Squash, Turnips, Apples, Apricots, Avocados, Bananas, Berries, Cherries, Cranberries, Currants, Dates, Figs, Grapes, Peaches, Pears, Persimmons, Pineapple (canned), Pineapple juice (canned), Plums, Peaches, Prunes, Raisins, Rhubarb, Watermelons—also other fruits and vegetables not listed elsewhere.

**GROUP 4**
Milk (whole, skimmed, condensed, evaporated, dried, buttermilk)

One pint every day (two cups) or one cup, and one of the following: Cottage cheese (8 ounces), cheddar-type cheese (1 ounce), cream-type cheese (4 ounces), ice cream (two or three scoops).

**GROUP 5**
Meat, Poultry, Fish, Dried Beans, Dried Peas, Nuts (fresh, cured or canned)

One serving daily: Beef, Veal, Lamb, Mutton, Pork (except bacon and ham) (except bacon and ham), Lunch meats, Variety meats (such as liver, heart, kidney, brains, tongue, beef), Game, Poultry, Fish, Shellfish. Two or more servings a week: Dried beans, Dried peas, Lentils, soybeans, Soy flour and grits, Peanuts, Peanut butter, Nuts of all kinds. In addition—at least four eggs every week.

**GROUP 6**
Bread, Flour and Cereals (whole grain, enriched or restored) (Some every day)

Breads: Whole-wheat, Dark rye, Enriched, Oatmeal bread, Rolls or biscuits made with whole wheat or enriched flour. Crackers: Enriched, Whole-grain, Soya. Flour: Enriched, Whole-grain, Corn Meal (whole-grain or enriched), Grits (enriched). Cereals: Whole-wheat, Rolled oats, Brown rice, Converted rice, Other cereals, if whole grain or restored.

**GROUP 7**
Butter or Fortified Margarine (some every day. One tablespoon is considered the minimum.)

(Continued on page 107)
# SEVEN FOODS DIET

Compiled by **Janette Carlsen**, Dietitian-in-Charge, Johns Hopkins Hospital

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>breakfast</th>
<th>luncheon</th>
<th>dinner</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sunday</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pineapple juice</td>
<td>Cream of pea soup</td>
<td>Roast beef</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wheatena (milk, sugar)</td>
<td>Scrambled egg</td>
<td>Mashed potato</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toast—whole-grain or enriched,</td>
<td>Tomato salad</td>
<td>Broccoli &amp; Carrot sticks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>butter or margarine</td>
<td>Milk</td>
<td>Baked apple or dessert</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
<td>Fruit cup or dessert</td>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Monday</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orange juice * Egg</td>
<td>Bouillon</td>
<td>Broiled lamb chop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toast—whole-grain or enriched,</td>
<td>Cheese sandwich</td>
<td>Glazed carrots</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>white</td>
<td>Combination fruit salad</td>
<td>Tossed green salad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butter or margarine</td>
<td>or dessert</td>
<td>Grapefruit half or dessert</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
<td>Milk</td>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Tuesday</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomato juice * Oatmeal (milk,</td>
<td>Cold roast beef</td>
<td>Baked ham * String beans</td>
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<tr>
<td>sugar)</td>
<td>Potato salad</td>
<td>Cucumber slices or lettuce with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toast—whole-grain or enriched,</td>
<td>Dill pickle</td>
<td>vinegar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>white</td>
<td>Grapes or dessert</td>
<td>Fresh pear or dessert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butter or margarine</td>
<td>Milk</td>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Wednesday</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Tangerine * Shredded</td>
<td>Omelet with mushrooms</td>
<td>Broiled liver with onion rings *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wheat biscuit (milk, sugar)</td>
<td>Celery, radishes * Toast—</td>
<td>Asparagus tips</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Toast—whole-grain or enriched,</td>
<td>whole-grain or enriched white</td>
<td>Grapefruit salad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>white</td>
<td>Butter or margarine</td>
<td>Vanilla ice cream or fruit</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Thursday</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Orange slices * Farina (milk,</td>
<td>Bouillon</td>
<td>Roast Chicken</td>
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<tr>
<td>sugar)</td>
<td>Stuffed green peppers</td>
<td>Baked sweet potato</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toast—whole-grain or enriched,</td>
<td>Cheese sauce * Tomato slices</td>
<td>Spinach * Lettuce heart with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>white</td>
<td>Pineapple or dessert</td>
<td>vinegar and oil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butter or margarine</td>
<td>Milk</td>
<td>Baked fresh pears</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
<td></td>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Friday</strong></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Apple juice * Wheatena (milk,</td>
<td>Fish chowder (milk)</td>
<td>Salmon steak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sugar)</td>
<td>Relishes—dill pickle, carrot</td>
<td>Escalloped potato</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toast—whole-grain or enriched,</td>
<td>sticks, radishes * Crackers</td>
<td>Coleslaw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>white</td>
<td>Grapes or dessert</td>
<td>Apricots or dessert</td>
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<tr>
<td>Butter or margarine</td>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
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<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Saturday</strong></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grapefruit juice * Egg</td>
<td>Chicken salad with toast points</td>
<td>Consomme * Broiled ground steak *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toast—enriched or whole-grain *</td>
<td>Spiced beets or orange sections</td>
<td>Baked ground steak * Baked</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>butter or margarine</td>
<td>or dessert</td>
<td>squash * Salad greens with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk</td>
<td></td>
<td>vinegar and oil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee or Tea, if desired</td>
<td>Milk</td>
<td>Peaches or dessert</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Coffee or Tea, if desired

45
Exercises demonstrated by Allene Roberts, star of "Bomba on Panther Island"

Exercises for the waistline by Jim Davies (Paramount)

In sitting position, legs as far apart as possible and toes pointing outward, hands outstretched on level with shoulders, swing body forward, at the same time crossing right hand to left foot. Return to starting position and repeat, this time crossing left hand to right foot. Start with 6 times daily, increase to 24.

Exercises for the waistline by Terry Hunt

Lie on back, knees bent, feet slightly raised. Swing legs from left to right touching table (or floor) with thigh on each swing, but keeping back and shoulders flat on table. Start with 8 daily, until you're up to 15.

Exercises for the hips by Mushy Callahan (Warner Bros.)

This exercise is as effective as it is simple. Mushy suggests you walk on the rug using your hips instead of your legs. This loosens the bones so the weight literally vanishes. Merely sit on the floor and move on your hips, keeping your legs in front of you and using your arms as balance.

Exercises for the hips by Frankie Van

Sit on floor with legs together and body upright. Clasp your hands behind your neck. Now roll backwards until your back is flat on the floor. Don't let the legs sag; keep a perfect "L" at all times. Now return to starting position. Do this exercise rapidly, fifteen times daily, at first, and increase 5 times a day until you are doing 50.

Exercises for the bust by Terry Hunt (Physical Consultant to the Stars)

Stand erect, holding towel between your arms which are still level with your hips. Raise towel over your head and behind your back. Return to original position. Inhaling through the nose and exhaling through the mouth as you do this exercise is highly beneficial; do this exercise slowly and keep your elbows rigid. The closer the grip, the harder the exercise. Start with 6 daily, increase to 10.

Exercises for the bust by Jim Davies

Jim Davies recommends the breast stroke in swimming as the best exercise he knows for producing the beautiful bust. He suggests you do it on a table or a bench—if you can't get to a pool—and hold the chest high. Lie flat, palms downward, fingers touching, thumbs underneath the breast. Push outward as far as you can, stretching hands level to the shoulders; return with circular motion to starting point.
Secrets from Hollywood's make-up men and dress designers on how to make the most of yourself

Exercises for the thigh by Terry Hunt

Stand on tiptoes, left foot forward. Kick left leg back and right leg forward. Then kick right leg back and left leg forward. Alternate rapidly to create a "stationary" running movement. Start by doing 10 daily, increase to 25.

Exercises for the thigh by Frankie Van

Stand erect, hands on hips, heels together and toes out. Now rise on your toes and slowly lower your body to a squatting position. Return slowly to the start. If you have trouble balancing at first, use a chair to steady yourself—but make your legs do all the work. 10 times the first day, increase by 2 until you're doing 50.

Exercises for the abdomen by Frankie Van (Universal-International)

Sit on stool or box, 15 or 20 inches high. Extend your legs a comfortable distance in front of you and place your feet flat on the floor. Place your weight on your feet to keep them in position. Fold your arms across your chest and bend slowly backward until your head touches the floor. Return to the starting position. Increase from 2 daily, at first, until you're doing 10.

Exercises for the abdomen by Terry Hunt

Lie flat on back. Lift shoulders and legs off the floor, arms stretched out in front of you, striving to touch the uplifted toes. Hold for a few seconds. Return to original position. Inhale through nose as you lower shoulders and legs, exhale through mouth as you lift them. Start with 5, increase to maximum of 10.

Find Your Skin Tone

A good way to determine your skin tone, according to Jack Down, M-G-M's high priest of make-up, is to study the shadows inside the bridge of your nose next to your eyes. Some hues are blush, others pink or tan. Once you find your true skin tone, select the proper make-up to complement it, and stick to it. Be sure, too, that your lipstick, foundation, rouge and nail polish, even the colors in your clothes, blend harmoniously.

Build on the Right Foundation

A make-up foundation is solely for the purpose of covering a bad skin. If you have perfect skin, forget about a foundation. If you must use a foundation, choose a shade a trifle darker than your skin, but of the same basic tone.

Two Chins—Too Many

A foundation, according to Bud Westmore, Universal-International's make-up expert, can work miracles in minimizing bad features. To make a double chin less noticeable, he suggests a foundation two shades darker than your normal skin tones. Place this on the second chin. Blend the edges by patting carefully. Then powder sparingly.

Win by a Nose

If you want to make your nose look smaller, says Frank Westmore of the Warners' make-up department, use a foundation two shades lighter than the normal skin tone. (Continued on page 100)
“IN A LONELY PLACE” presented problems. First, Bogie had to learn to type, mastered this at last with one finger. The rainy season arrived with a deluge that marooned the company and lunch had to be trucked to the set. Finally, the company exhausted their supply of jokes, trying to get Bogie to smile. He wouldn’t—says it comes out a leer because of a lip wound he got in the first World War!

A call from a police friend informs struggling screenwriter Dix Steele (Humphrey Bogart) that girl who worked with him on screenplay was murdered. He is taken to police court for questioning.
Dix and Laurel Gray (Gloria Grahame), a neighbor, meet for first time when she gives police the alibi he needs. They fall in love and Laurel soon realizes Dix is mentally sick, needs help.

Between periods of frenzied work on his play, Dix broods about Laurel—he knows police are questioning her alibi. He asks her to elope but his violence frightens her and she plans escape.

Dix, at police friend’s home, insists on hearing the gory details of the crime. His behavior arouses the detective’s suspicions.

Dix finds Laurel packing. The thought of losing her is too much for him. To his unbalanced mind there is only one way out. He takes it.
When you're exciting to look at but relaxing to be around  
—THAT'S SEX, GIRLS

When you give a guy the idea that you need him for his superior brain  
—THAT'S SEX, GIRLS

When you give out with the impression you're having a high old time on his pocketbook level  
—THAT'S SEX, GIRLS

When a girl is exciting to look at, but relaxing to be around, that's sex, girls. Or at least it is in my book.

Personally, I like girls who wear suits or sweaters and skirts and look as though they never go to the beauty parlor, but who never have a hair too much out of place, either.

I like the bright passionate girls who become career girls. Purely personally, I prefer them to be connected with show business, since that's my business and I like to talk about it. Any person who's been around show business six weeks, and I've been around considerably better than sixty times that, knows that hair that's always neat and shining and nails that never have a chip in the polish and clothes that don't show creases are the result of care.

So I know that my ideal girls, note that plural, do go to beauty parlors every few days. Or they give a home permanent a regular workout. But (Continued on page 92)
Bedtime story: Two-year-old Mona Nerney stops by to say goodnight to Liz Scott, Mona, Pat, Barbara Hale

Cutting teeth is easy—on grapefruit, according to Mona, who follows a pencilled line to make a perfect pattern

Television treat: In front, Bob Sterling, Bob Neal, Bill Williams, Pat. In rear, Liz, Mona and Barbara

For Mona’s buffet supper of lamb chops and glazed carrots, Liz Scott cut cucumber cups to hold the tossed green salad
Perfect setting for supper is the large Lazy Susan coffee table in front of the fireplace. Pat and Mona couldn't afford everything at once so they built the main part of the house first, with space saved for the dining room later.

An Early American farmhouse gives Mona and Pat a new lease on life and gives their friends an excuse for a party

Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen

WHEN is a "surprise party" not a surprise? When it's given by Hollywood's smart young set. They know that all the time and effort spent in keeping the secret from the guest of honor can be used instead toward making the party more successful.

When Lizabeth Scott, Robert Sterling and the Bill Williamses (Barbara Hale), decided to throw a housewarming party for the Pat Nerneys (Mona Freeman), they let Pat and Mona in on their plans.

The Nerneys, who had just moved into the house of their dreams in Pacific Palisades, were delighted, of course, by the idea. Mona insisted on preparing the buffet. The guests, however, still had the pleasure of surprising the young couple with their lovely and practical house gifts.

Liz brought a beautiful scenic watercolor. Bill and Barbara gave a huge copper kettle which fits in wonderfully by the stone fireplace in the yellow-walled living room (Continued on page 87)
THESE PRECIOUS

Alan and Sue Ladd. His next film is "After Midnight". 

Ornits
A "doodle" pin led to this Ladd collection that is priceless—for some sentimental reasons.

A few months ago, Alan Ladd and his wife Sue Carol and their children moved into their new home in Holmby Hills.

A beautiful house, on a commanding site, it symbolizes, dramatically, Alan’s dizzying rise. Ten years ago, he was one of the horde of struggling, half-starving, unknown kids trying to get a toe hold in movietown. Now he’s at the thinly populated top of the heap reserved for the few who attain stardom.

It symbolizes something more, to those who look closely. In a collection of small precious things given the places of honor in the house is unfolded one of the most heart-warming love stories of Hollywood.

On a (Continued on page 96)
It's either a feast or a famine in Hollywood when stars start counting their calories.
To DIET or not to diet—that's always been the top Hollywood question—whether 'tis nobler to suffer pangs and look well on the screen or to miscount the calories and die as a performer. On the other side of the career-killing scale, in these lusty, busty days, it's just as dangerous to be too skinny.

The lengths to which the stars have gone in order to shed those five or ten extra pounds (which look like fifty on the screen) is unbelievable. Funny too, sometimes. Tragic, at other times. But we won't go into the tragic times here. This is for laughs.

Clifton Webb has a fascinating theory about losing or gaining weight. "It's all in your mind," he says. "You just decide to gain and you gain." Mr. Webb decided to gain twenty-two pounds for his "poppa" role in "Cheaper by the Dozen." And that's how much heavier he was on the first day of shooting. "When the picture was over, I decided to think back my normal weight. I had to, the twenty-two (Continued on page 94)

...dangerous curves ahead!

by Sheilah Graham

On the other side of the diet ledger was Monty Clift, a six-eggs-for-breakfast boy who usually eats a steak before bedtime. It was almost "For Never Linda" when Darnell went on a diet for "Forever Amber"
HOBBY HOUSE

BY HANS DREIER

Supervising Art Director of Paramount Pictures, Inc.

It was just an old Spanish house until the modern Martins moved in and put Tony's theme song on its walls

A FEW years ago, when a group of cover girls were brought out to Hollywood for the picture of that name, the attention of Jean Negulesco, the very distinguished director of "Johnny Belinda," was caught and held by one of the prettiest, Dusty Anderson by name. Rather, that was her name. It is now Mrs. Jean Negulesco.

Dusty didn't want to give up working entirely. So, after her marriage, she turned to decorating. An outstanding example of her work is the home of Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin.

I think it is important in decorating any home to consider "casting" as we call it here in (Continued on page 78)
Sleepy-time session: Alan Ladd lends a helping hand to small son David, age 3, youngest in the Ladd family

Photographs by Ornitz

Tripoli, the great Dane, enjoys Maureen O'Hara's days off. She enjoys late sleep, leisurely breakfast in bed

Unpretentious and happy, the Bill Holdens live in den, say they won't furnish living room until prices go down

Through

Our roving photographer steps out of the star spots—to prove there's no place like home
Hollywood Doorways

When stars step out of their roles, they head for scenes like these—romping with Junior, catching up with household chores or losing themselves in their hobbies. Or, maybe, balancing the budget for the new baby that's coming. More often than not, their homes are the background for family fun or entertaining small groups of friends in the evenings. Not all of Hollywood looks toward bright lights. Some prefer the glow of their firesides.

In a small house in the Valley, Barbara Hale and Bill Williams spin merrily on the merry-go-round which Bill installed for their daughter Jody.

The Larry Parkses have never blossomed out with Cadillacs or mink coats—still live simply in modest home they bought when they first married.

Mona Freeman, Pat Nerney and Mona Jr. are at last in house they dreamed of.
Katie Hepburn still knows what she wants but there's a difference—in the way she goes after it

They knew over at the M-G-M Studios that Katie Hepburn was starting a crusade about something. They'd heard that tone before. "I want Judy Holliday to do 'Born Yesterday' for the screen," Katie exclaimed positively. They knew it was no use to remind her that the picture was to be made at another studio or that another actress practically had been signed.

"The girl's great!" Katie went on. "Why, if she had had one more scene in 'Adam's Rib,' no one would have known Hepburn was in the picture at all!"

It so happened, finally, that the Columbia Studios signed Judy Holliday for "Born Yesterday." And who is to say Kate Hepburn didn't have something to do with it? Not that the executives at Metro to whom she talked had the least influence in the matter. It was what Katie did herself—the build-up she gave Judy during the shooting.

One day, for instance, a press agent came on the set to inform Kate that she was lined up for a Sunday feature in a Los Angeles paper. "Nuts!" replied Katie. "I don't need a Sunday feature. I've had plenty of them. Judy's the one who should be interviewed."

"I know," the press agent said, "but we want one of you, too."

"Judy's your girl," Katie insisted. "She's the one to plug. She's going to walk right off with this picture."

So Judy got the (Continued on page 76)
HEP!

"I have to be a person—not a piece in a pattern"
the rustle of SPRING

by Edith Gwynn

with fashion first pictures
by Ann MacNamara

Hollywood shows its colors—at some gay get-togethers that keep the girls on their dancing toes

Ruth Roman swims in these linen shorts, with toweling bra. She's in "The Rock Bottom"
With her natural-color camel's-hair suit, Virginia Mayo of “The Hawk and the Arrow” wears white turtle-neck sweater, ostrich belt and bag.

Ellen Drew of “The Baron of Arizona” wears a Christian Dior rose-colored taffeta gown with strapless bodice draped to look like two roses.

This has been a madhouse month for parties, premieres and just about every kind of shindig you could name that calls for a girl’s fanciest duds.

At a recent premiere at the newly redecorated Egyptian Theatre, Jane Powell, on Geary Steffen’s arm, was wearing a lovely white lace shortie evening gown—the “stick-out” skirt of which was starched lace! Elizabeth Taylor, with Brett King, was breathtaking in a hibiscus pink—almost rose—net dress, the layers and layers of bouffant skirt gathered to her tiny waist. The heart-shaped strapless bodice was very decollete for a “deb.” She wore no jewelry or flowers, but a brand new little white mink stole was draped over her shoulders—exquisite taste.

By contrast, we caught a glimpse of Ann Miller, looking slightly like an overdressed Christmas tree. Beneath gobs of white fox...
Jane Powell of "Nancy Goes to Rio," in gray and yellow plaid coat dress designed by Helen Rose. Skirt is gray silk etepe

was her white floor-length gown with heaps of sequin trimming—both silver and gold yet! Whether Ann was wearing flowers in her hair along with her jewelry, fan evening bag, etc., we honestly don't remember.

Connie Moore got a terrific yipee out of the crowd when she strolled in wearing a pencil-slim Howard Greer dress with its skirt slit up the front at least to a point an inch above the knee. Makes you stop and think that not on Connie, but people in general, are getting fed up with long skirts that cover pretty limbs completely.

However, nobody can deny that when it comes to dressy nighttime soiree, which gives a gal a chance really look her best and "walk with grace," the gown is tops. The vogue for short evening dresses is just dandy for those occasions where the men don't dress, but one thing we're sure of, the Hollywood girls, we schooled in glamour, will never relinquish the flowing gown for short evening dresses.

Saw Paula Raymond, who will be cast opposite Ca
grant in "Crisis," at Mocambo. Paula does scrun
tious things with artificial flowers that she wears with cocktail or evening clothes. She pins tiny rhinestone pins, cli
or odd shiny earrings to the very center of the bloom and what an eye-catcher that makes!

Petite Kinuyo Tanaka, variously called "The La
turner" or "The Bette Davis" of Japan, captivated a crowd of Hollywood celebs at a cocktail party produ
ted by Joe Pasternak threw for her. She spoke no English at the filmites spoke no Japanese, but a good time was had by all. Missy Tanaka "received" in a picturesque manner, wearing a gorgeous embroidered kimono. Ronald Reag
gently, was with Nancy Davis, but he's been giving Ruth Roman a big rush ever since.

This being a daytime dilly, we noted how big a part sleeves are currently playing in the fashion picture. At Blyth was wearing a stunning bright red gabardine suit with dropped shoulders and tiered sleeves, enormous wide at the wrists. Donna Reed had on a cocktail suit of natural-colored crepe with push-up sleeves; with its of gold, hunky bracelets plus a big gold ring, set with
canary diamonds, for a finishing touch. A gal really is to watch her adornments, to say nothing of her manicured wrist treatment such as this which puts accent on wrists and hands. Janet Leigh wore one of those nifty short-sleeved suits of Pierre Balmain's that's worn with a lingerie blouse with huge, ruffled sleeves.

Saw Linda Christian at Clifton Webb's birthday party in her Fontana-designed gown that she brought back from Italy. It's a beautiful dead-white embroidered satin, we

naked-looking, very sophisticated. But Linda has no figure for it. After dinner, when Lauren Bacall and Bette kept asking for more and more "South Pacific" records, Linda, Patricia Neal, Janet Gaynor and Arlene Dahl bust out with song and lyrics and surprised the rest of the bunch who never suspected these belles gave out with the singing.
Easter morning dawned bright and clear and Joan, creeping out of the house so as not to waken anyone, carefully hid colored Easter eggs about the garden. When she had finished, out dashed the children. Shrieking and laughing, they scattered all over the yard. As time passed, however, they grew quieter and quieter. For... no one had found any eggs! Hot and tired, they looked at Joan accusingly. Dismayed, she... joined the search. But the eggs had gone! Finally, she peered behind the last shrub—and solved the mystery. There, surrounded by shells, sat Cliquot, her dachshund, winner of the egg hunt!
To every woman who longs

Don't keep hiding that charming inner you
The loveliness you show can do more for you than you dream

Fascinating, isn't she, this lovely British Peeress?

THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY
Her charming, speaking face is eloquent of the delightful, understanding woman that is her Inner Self. The Marchioness has the loveliest wild-rose complexion imaginable. "I couldn't do without Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It keeps my skin so clean and soft! It really is delightful."

IN EVERY WALK of life you meet them—countless women who feel tethered by long strings of self-doubt.

Yet—no woman needs to live under a self-belittling shadow. You can become a new You—lovely, outgoing, effective!

A limitless power within yourself can help you. This power wells up from the constant interaction of your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you look and the way you feel.

Isn't it true, that when you look charming and lovely and bright, it makes you feel inwardly happy, socially at ease? But—just let yourself think you are not looking your best, and you retreat into a miserable self-consciousness.

Take a New Slant on You!
Resolve, now, to face yourself and your world in a positive way. Use as a starting point a better way of living, based on the laws of health and beauty... exercise to limber you, good sleep, the right food, enough water, and meticulous cleanliness.

Take a New Look at your Face
Look at your skin especially. Nothing quite equals good creaming for giving complexions that soft-and-fresh look. And the "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream (see directions opposite) has a way of doing charming things for your face—for you!

FROM THE OUTSIDE—light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly cleanses, softens your skin as you massage.

FROM THE INSIDE—every step of this face treatment stimulates circulation.
Every night pamper your face with this Pond's beauty care. See your skin bloom in fresh new loveliness.

How to Outsmart Dry Skin
Dry skin does most unhappy things to faces. So, take prompt steps to give your face added softening help. From 25 on, the natural oil that keeps skin soft starts decreasing. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own softening oil. You can make up for this loss of natural oil by giving your skin extra daily help with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This cream
is very rich in lanolin, and it is homogenized to soak in better. It softens dry, rough skin, amazingly.

**A Greaseless Powder Base**

If your skin feels "coated" under a heavy foundation—here’s a powder base that is misty-light. Before you make-up, smooth on a thin protective veil of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It disappears instantly, leaving only an invisible film on your skin. No shade problem.

And—a 1-Minute Mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream is a swift beauty pick-up. Cover your face (except eyes) with the cream. After 1 minute, tissue all off. See how your skin wakes up!

"One Enchanted Make-Up"

You’ll feel like bursting into song about Pond’s Angel Face—the make-up that’s foundation and powder all-in-one. Angel Face goes on with its own puff—and stays. No greasy fingertips. No water. Never drying. Perfect for your handbag because Angel Face can’t spill. And it comes in 6 angelic shades.

Then, for your gayest salute to loveliness, Pond’s “Lips” of course! The new, improved formula that stays on even longer, makes this lipstick better than ever. 8 flattering shades! Pond’s “Lips” Dither has a spring-pink look you’ll surely love!

**“Outside-Inside”**

**Face Treatment**

First great step to a New You.

Tear out these easy directions

Tuck up in your mirror frame

Always at bedtime (day cleansings, too) help your face this way—to show a lovelier You:

**Hot Stimulation**—quick splash of hot water.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl light, fluffy Pond’s Cold Cream all over face to soften, sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings, Tissue off.

**Cream Rinse**—do another Pond’s creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue again—lightly.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash. So quick! So easy! So wonderfully rewarding!

---

**MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE**

All who see her are warmed by the Inner Charm that glows out from her lovely face. Mrs. Duke has the beautifully clear, soft skin that makes you wonder how she cares for it. "I use Pond’s," she says—"Pond’s has a way of leaving my skin soft and smooth—and wonderfully refreshed."

**Remember**—Beauty is a kind of genius to be encouraged in everyone. It’s not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. It makes you reflect a charming confidence, brings others closer to your Inner Self.
Facts about Tooth Decay

There are many possible causes of tooth decay—and just as many theories about preventing it. Almost all dental authorities agree that there is no such thing as a single preventive.

Most of the present theories about causes of tooth decay can be grouped generally as follows: (1) Bacterial theory. (2) Nutritional theory. (3) Functional theory.

Obviously no dentifrice can overcome possible nutritional and functional causes which may be the most important and which have to do with such factors as improper diet, especially in the early years of life, and with improper functioning of the bodily organs.

Dentifrice manufacturers and pharmaceutical institutions like Squibb have made available products which attack cause number 1, the bacterial theory.

Squibb uses a magnesium hydrate base in dentifrices to help neutralize mouth acids in which harmful bacteria thrive. Some use ammoniated substances to combat these bacteria. There is no conclusive proof that one method is more effective than the other.

Almost without exception, however, dentists recommend brushing teeth regularly with some form of dentifrice after every meal. For even though all do not feel that a dentifrice can help prevent decay, they know that dentifrices have other important functions...to improve the appearance of your teeth...to clean away food particles...to freshen your taste and breath. Squibb, for example, contains real mint as a refresher. It also contains the finest, safest polishing ingredient known. Purity and safety, of course, are of utmost importance. Squibb Denial Cream, if swallowed, has a gentle antacid effect.

Remember...a good, reliable dentifrice may combat only one of the several possible causes of tooth decay. Seeing your dentist regularly for a complete check-up is still the best way to save yourself needless trouble, pain and expense.

E. R. Squibb & Sons
The priceless ingredients of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

(Continued from page 37) Hollywood lovers "who cannot get along with or without each other." But there were no quarrels. They both say that.

"What was it then?" was "Champion," the picture that knocked Kirk into overnight stardom, responsible for the breakup of their marriage?

I asked Kirk, point-blank, when he came to see me, "And Kirk, is it the change that comes subconsciously to every human being after being suddenly catapulted into fame the reason you and Diana couldn't make a go of your marriage?"

"Nothing farther from the truth," he said, "Our marriage started to break up two years before I made 'Champion,' The reasons Diana and I parted are personal and private. But, believe me, my success had nothing to do with it."

Two weeks earlier, I had watched Kirk and Diana dancing together at Jane Wyman's party every other week. And he had sworn such a wonderful time, I would have sworn they were in love. All heads had turned in their direction when they had walked in. You could hear the buzz of the conversation fade until it was just the two of them.

"It's too bad," he said, "They'll never go through with a divorce."

I thought, maybe they needed that separation of months when they lived apart, Diana having Kirk in New York. But I was wrong. Maybe that estrangement was the very thing to make them realize how much they really want to be together.

It was a week later that Diana sued for divorce.

"You can riddle me that, and I told Kirk so. "And even since Diana sued, I've seen you two together," I challenged.

"What's strange about that?" Kirk asked. "I think it's better than any other woman I know. I'd rather take her to parties than any other girl. She is beautiful. She is intelligent. She is good company."

I must have looked puzzled. And with an exasperation I could not hide, I said, "Then why—if Diana is all this—are you leaving her? If you two are so all-fired congenial I cannot understand the reason for breaking up where there are two wonderful children."

"Let me repeat, Louella," he said patiently, "what I said before. There are things in our marriage known only to the two of us. There are things in our marriage known only to Diana and myself. Some of them strike deep against our happiness. Others are only surface problems."

"One of these is the fact that Diana is not happy in Hollywood. She likes the stage, wants to live in New York. I like motion pictures and prefer to live in Hollywood."

"If Diana stayed here, she could get small roles on the screen. She does not want this and I don't blame her. In New York, she is sought after; a success. It's no good doing two things at a time. I keep up a pretense of marriage. I shall always see Diana and our two boys. I shall always spend as much time with them as possible. They mean more to me than anything in the world."

It must have been my day for keeping up my conversational boxing gloves, or maybe it was because I was talking to the "Champ," myself, that Kirk brought up another one at his handsome chin with the cleft. "Are you going to marry Evelyn Keyes?" Kirk threw back his head and laughed. "You don't waste any time getting to the point, do you? Well, I'll try to be equally direct."

"Mind you, lady, I think Evelyn is a swell girl. I enjoy taking her out. There is no thought of marriage between us. Besides, she is not yet divorced from John Huston."

"Evelyn," he said, seriously, "enjoyed, and a darn good one. She's a career woman, as much wrapped up in her work as I am in mine. And it is my opinion that career women do not make good wives for career men, and vice versa." In essence, with his feeling for Diana, Kirk had given me the key to his heart trouble with Diana.

Diana had been a non-professional girl, and concentrated on forgotten her career—they might as well have been happy. Kirk, however, would not admit this.

"Diana has talent. She should be, she is a woman of a million; quite capable of being a good and a good actress at the same time."

His loyalty and admiration for an actress to whom he was married for six years, typified his word and platitudes. It seems to find nothing exceptional in pre-divorce and post-divorce conquest, even the fact that they lived in the same house after they reached their decision, to call their marriage quits.

This is a strange and complex man, I thought, looking at my visitor. A man not easily read in spite of his most obvious charm.

I saw Kirk first in a movie, "The Song of Martha Ivers," with Barbara Stanwyck. He played the heavy. But he was such a charming heavy that I said to myself, that boy has something.

Kirk interrupted my thoughts. "Do you know," he said, "this is the third time you have done with me. I was to be divorced from her house because I was unknown and only the star spin doctor for a thing for me to have you write about me. But you put me in an ease right away. I had a good laugh just as I am today."

"And the second interview was?"

"The second came after I made "Casablanca,"" he said with a sincerity. "And somehow I didn't care much for being. Being the lines I felt you implied was a little to the point that my good luck had gone to the head a bit—that being taken well. I was two would not hurt me. It is or wrong?"

"I thought for a time you had changed Kirk," I replied. "I thought the first time you took of nothing but your two sons, your pet and your wife and how much your home meant to you. The second time—afer you had hit stardom so brilliantly well, you seemed to be taking it for if there was nothing more for you want."

He arose, pushed his chair back, and started walking back and forth, his deeply on his cigarette.

"I won't play the heavy," he said, with a sincerity, "I am the loneliest man in the world since 'Champion.' My old family is different. I look forward to them expecting that things will be same between us. But they aren't. It seems as though there is some kind suspicion, as if, in some way, I am not same Kirk."

I wondered if Kirk wished you had made "Champion," I thought.

Again, it was as if he read my thoughts.

"It was Diana who made me up my mind to make 'Champion,'" he said, "I had a big part offered me at MGM, I had my salary assured. But she is that I take the chance with Syl Kramer. I wasn't stuck at all, it was
She had a proud lion "toff," but where she wanted to be, she could not stay. Women who had been indifferent to her charms began to hang on every word she uttered.

Then—crucially, or not—there had to be subconscious change in their status. To that time, Kirk had been Diana's man. Her advice was all he needed. Her pretensions were his very life. Her praise as his poetry. She did not have to share him with anyone. Then, it seemed, if the whole world walked into their little used circle.

Diana Douglas is very much a lady, a creature of one of her most marked traits, the light of fame is not something you can turn on or off by desire. Some other way. Diana, a proud woman, would not have been human if she had not realized the subtle difference.

After Kirk left, I talked to Diana. I wanted to hear her side of the story. "I am talking to Diana. I Douglas is very much a lady, a creature of one of her most marked traits, the light of fame is not something you can turn on or off by desire. Some other way. Diana, a proud woman, would not have been human if she had not realized the subtle difference."

"Perhaps Kirk's 'Champion' success, coming so suddenly, precipitated matters," she said, "but it is true we had been talking about a separation a long time before he made 'Champion.'"

"This, however, I want you to believe, and tell your many readers. Kirk is a wonderful father. The children are crazy about him and he is crazy about them. I believe if we had continued living together, after the strain began to show in our marriage, it might have been bad for our sons. The children's age of our boys are very sensitive, and family disagreements would have affected them."

"Do you think the fact that you and Kirk were separated by the war had anything to do with your eventual estrangement?" I asked Diana.

"Oh, we were only apart four months," she replied. "I worked in a penicillin factory and Doug (that is what she always called him) was in the Navy in San Diego. We were together most of the time, except when he was in the South Pacific." She laughed when I told her how much she had praised her and how flowery he had been at one time she mentioned her name.

"Well, a man's voice and things look different, I guess. But I will say one thing, Doug and I will always be good friends. I want him to see the children often as he can, and I want us always to be understanding of each other."

"My way now seems clear, in New York. I am thinking of getting together the money for a play the William Morris office is sending. I will have a financial interest in it as well as an acting part. So I will stay," she hesitated, and I wondered if she was going to say "happy." But when she asked, the word she used was "busy." And the man she loved and married and their two children for will be "busy" in Hollywood. They say, when people are busy, they are happy. I wonder?

The End

...and some Fels-Naptha Soap Chips to put in it!

What a lucky bride—starting her new life as a 'Mrs.' with a wonderful wedding gift like this! And in saying "wonderful" we're not forgetting the box of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips that goes with it.

Even if your washer isn't the newest model, you'll get new pleasure from it if you start using Fels-Naptha Soap Chips—right away.

The extra washing action contained in every box of husky, non-sneeze Fels-Naptha Soap Chips will help your washer do more than save washday time and work. Your Fels-Naptha washes will be so clean and white and sweet you'll almost think you have a new machine.

For the washing surprise of your life—get some Fels-Naptha Soap Chips today!

FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE Fels-Naptha Soap MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPHTHA
The ad is an advertisement for Norizon fabric, featuring a woman holding a pair of shoes and a picture of the fabric. The ad includes a headline and a tagline, along with the Norizon trademark and a brief description of the fabric's characteristics.
"You're lovely!"

"I'm a Lux Girl"
says JOAN FONTAINE

Let these facials screen stars use work for you, too! In recent tests by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time.

"Wonderful what a difference Lux Soap facials make," says Joan Fontaine. "I work the fragrant creamy lather well into my skin, then rinse thoroughly. As I pat with a soft towel to dry, my skin takes on fresh new beauty!"

Try this quick, easy care 9 out of 10 screen stars use. You'll love the generous bath size Lux Toilet Soap, too—so fragrant, so luxurious!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — Lux Girls are Lovelier!
Are you in the know?

If you were stepping into this taxi, should you sit—

- Beside the belle  
- On the opposite side  
- On your squire's lap

Though a gentleman's place should be on the outside, most times—I ain't so in wheel- 
dom. Stepping into this taxi, you should choose the opposite side, so either squire can sit between you winnin'. And when you step out—to a dance, or wherever—cancel calendar "woes," for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives dream-cloud softness that holds its shape. You're at ease! And extra comfortable, with your new Kotex Wonderform Belt made with DuPont nylon elastic. (Won't twist, curl or cut!)

How to decide about a Spring suit?

- Buy it and diet  
- Pick a pastel shade  
- Take a stroll

Does the new narrow skirt defy your figure? If in doubt, stroll around the store. Try sitting; then see the mirror. Budget-wise bun- nies shun suits too large or small—or delicate shades that "live" at the cleaner's. (Choose checks; navy; any smart medium tone.) Be perfectly suited, too, as to sanita- tory protection needs. Decide on the right— for you Kotex absorbency. Try all 3. More than ever, you'll be glad those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

If you'd stop going steady—

- Start feudin' and fightin'  
- Sand him his class ring  
- Tell him your sentiments

Suddenly, your heart—or noggin—tells you the "one and only" deal is not your dish. Yet be doesn't agree. Should you "sledge-hammer" the issue? Or just silently break away? Ixny! Tell him your sentiments tactfully. Then no-one's bitter and your rating's still tops. Beware of making enemies . . . and on "those" days be wary of that foe of poise: embarrassment. Kotex defends you, with a special safety center designed for your extra protection!

More women, choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

(Continued from page 72) say, watch me. "Just have faith..."

It was sooner, I think, than any of the doctors had ever believed.

My first time out was graduation. Not only was I back in the outside world, but if I could feel the sun and the wind and become part of the busy throng I had been watching from the window, but I was also graduating from high school.

Even in those days of the hospitalizing urge right after the accident, I'd been de- 
determined to receive my diploma on the scene with the rest of the class.

Cladius Hoene, my teacher at University International and a good friend, came to our apartment every afternoon and vetted over my lessons with me. It was terribly painful and heart-rending to write against the breadbox propped against my knee. If I became too discouraged, all I had to do was look at my teacher and remind myself with a deep sense of humility that she had once suffered an accident. It had been more serious than mine. She had been immobile that the doctor had doubted she would either walk or use her arms again. She often wore a brace I knew, but without complaints. She too believed firmly that I would recover in time to get my diploma.

BUT we didn't know, almost until the morning of graduation day, whether or not my doctor would allow me to attend. He had been surgery studying the new X-rays that morning; said if we were very careful I could go. But no future travels ever will equal for the excitement of that short auto trip I took to Hollywood to University High School. As the teacher's husband carried me out to the car and later pushed my wheelchair up the ramp to the school's entrance. Two boys obligingly wheeled me on stage to a post from which I could propel myself as far as necessary to be handed my diploma. Somebody made me a beautiful corsage. I remember clubbing it in my hand all the way out to school, then handing it over carefully to someone else until I could proudly hold it again. I couldn't wear it with a cap and gown. There were some 400 graduates in the class. All of them strangers to me as I had gone to school on the studio. But that day they were my gang, sharing a serious honor with me, and I felt known them always.

Shortly after this my doctor gave me permission to go out again. This time to attend the preview of "Mildred Pierce," a thrill! I'd loved doing the picture and could hardly wait to see it. After it was over there was much excitement in the cast, with people crowding around writing for autographs. And my mother brought a proud tear to two. With my successful nomination for the Academy Award came the realization long last, of our thirteen-year-old dream. I didn't expect to win, but it still was a victory for Mother and me. Her eyes were really shining. And I was so happy I felt that she shared with me so rightfully a wonderful evening.

For it was soon after this that my mother fell ill and left me. I had only half-finished my first picture after the accident, "Stil Guy," when she passed away. Even the Lord was kind. For my Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat, the two beloved people next door to me, closed up their home in Connecticut and came to Hollywood to make a home for me.

Faith alone enabled me to complete a picture and to go on. Not only my father, but my mother's too.

This is the fourth Easter I've spent with her. And more than ever, I'm grateful for this day which, for me, means a reflection of faith as well as life.

The End
"PLEASE, DAVE...PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE LOCKED OUT FROM YOU!"

Often a wife fails to realize that doubts due to one intimate neglect shut her out from happy married love

A man marries a woman because he loves her. So instead of blaming him if married love begins to cool, she should question herself. Is she truly trying to keep her husband and herself eager, happy married lovers? One most effective way to safeguard her dainty feminine allure is by practicing complete feminine hygiene as provided by vaginal douches with a scientifically correct preparation like "Lysol." So easy a way to banish the misgivings that often keep married lovers apart.

Germs destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, proved power to kill germ-life on contact...truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" acts in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda never can.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure feminine daintiness alone, and to use it as often as necessary. No greasy aftereffect.

For feminine hygiene, three times more women use "Lysol" than any other liquid preparation. No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness...keep you desirable!

NEW!...FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by leading gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

Name
Street
City State
P.-504
We asked a housewife, “What’s in this wrapped box?”

“It’s bath salts... no, it’s candy!” she said.

Both guesses were wrong!

It’s easy to guess wrong about this wrapped box. It looks as though it might contain so many different kinds of things.

Actually, it’s Modess—in the wonderful new-shape box! So skillfully shaped not to look like a napkin box, that the sharpest eyes couldn’t guess what’s inside the wrapping.

And to make sure you’ll always get it neatly wrapped—Modess now wraps the boxes before they even reach your store. No delay or embarrassment for you. Of the leading brands, only Modess brings these two keep-a-secret extras. Same number of fine Modess napkins per box; same price. Regular, Junior, or Super sizes.

Modess—new-shape box ready-wrapped... saves embarrassment!
Haven't penetrated yet.

She wants others to have the freedom she demands, too, therefore, when speaking or working for what she believes, she doesn't weigh consequences. Her friends believe she never will.

There were other rumors spread about Katie, particularly in her early days in Hollywood, that she refused to deny, because of the same principle.

Her slacks, too, were the object of severe criticism by Katie's earliest critics. She began to wear pants when she was thirteen for the simple reason that pants enabled her to fling herself on the ground comfortably after tennis or golf. She still finds pants comfortable and practical and is likely to show up at a broadcast in a well-tailored slack suit, with the effect that the other more formally gowned players, not Katie, look uncomfortable.

However, as her film appearances prove, she can wear the most glamorous gowns designed and look handsome in them. And she has the most perfect taste in selecting clothes for others.

In "Adam's Rib," when Katie thought that one of Judy's dresses wasn't becoming, she took Judy to wardrobe and tried different clothes on her until she found the one that was most flattering. Then she suggested proper make-up tips and hair-do ideas to assure Judy looking her loveliest. And it must be added she never was patronizing about it.

Because Katie's a person who places value primarily on human equations, she'd enjoy helping a young person up the ladder. It's only surprising that so few people know of her good acts. Not many people are aware, for instance, that it was Katie who did so much toward giving Van Heflin a start in his career. They met when they appeared together in "A Woman Rebels."

Van did a couple of other pictures after that, then went back to New York, presumably "washed up" in films. It was Katie who asked for him for her leading man in the stage version of "Philadelphia Story." And it was Katie, after it was decided that a "name" like Jimmy Stewart was needed for the film version of this success, who talked M-G-M into signing Van to a contract anyway. Whereupon Van went into "Johnny Eager" and won an Academy Award.

In all the years Katie's been in Hollywood she never invited any groups of those people with whom she's worked to her home. But a few weeks before Katie took off for New York to realize her fondest dream, playing Rosalind in Shakespeare's "As You Like It," she gave a big party for Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, David Wayne and Jean Hagen, the young players of "Adam's Rib." It turned out to be one of the greatest party's ever given in Hollywood, with everyone, including Katie, having the time of their lives.

After the party, Judy summoned Katie up as well as anybody could. "To be as good an actress as she is, is an objective for any performer," she said with real feeling. "To be as tolerant, as unselfish and as honestly thoughtful of others as she is, is an objective for any person."

The End

Deep...deeper...

deepest cleansing ever!

If casual cleansing helps, just think what deep-cleansing will do! For only the cleanest skin can look really young and lovely.

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

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths more effectively, too. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that lovely little-girl freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 20¢ to $1.39 plus tax.
write today!
either postcard or letter to
HARRY S. TRUMAN,
PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON, D. C.
He will listen to the plea of
America's movie fans!

if you want
to go to the
movies more often,
write today!

Why should there be any tax on movies?
If you and all the fans in America ACT
NOW you'll see ACTION in Washington.
Write the President NOW!

Also Important! Ask your Theater Manager for the names of your
Representatives in Washington. Write them now!

This space has been contributed by
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
for the benefit of our readers

Hobby House
(Continued from page 59) Hollywood. In-
stead of doing your house as a dream, as
did the romantic Mr. and Mrs. Blandings,
with such disastrous results, you really
should do it in terms of realism. I did not
say, necessarily, in terms of practicality.
But the realism to face is what the terms
of your home life actually are: Whether
you entertain much or little; whether you
like to invite large groups of friends or
have small, intimate parties; whether the
house is actually and setting for the wife
or the husband, or, ideally, both; and
whether you are a young couple dom-
inated by the world of fashion, or are cast
in a more conservative mold.
The Tony Martins are a young, light of
heart, full of songs and dances. I consider
them very clever to have selected Mrs.
Negulesco as their decorator, since she
would have full appreciation of their
ideal environment. Cyd and Dusty are
about the same age. They travel in the
same social circles and understand the
demands of a similar social life.

The house that Tony and Cyd bought
was originally Spanish, which usually
means large and rambling, but generally
with a gloomy color scheme. This is what
I call Beverly Hills antique. It rarely
means more than twenty years old, ac-
tually, but that is how fast style dates in
a small place such as Beverly Hills.
Actually, the Martins live on the very
east of Bel-Air and by making the out-
side of their dwelling all white, you barely
notice its Spanish ancestry, while indoors
the "reverse" painting scheme seems to
me immensely clever.

For example, the yellowish-tan that
dominated the typical Spanish indoor wall
has been replaced with clean freshness.
Where the new look comes in is that the
floors and the ceilings have been kept
light and the walls made quite dark.

As originally built, the living room is
long and narrow. If this problem had not
been faced realistically, an attempt might
have been made to use all the furniture
in a manner that would seem to reduce
its length while widening the center. But
just as a very tall girl looks more smart
if she puts on high heels and frankly
proclaims her height, so this room, by
dramatically using its length and not con-
centrating on the width gets a freshness
suited to people who love the dramatic.
The use of two orange brown couches
along the side of the room brings a really
smart alertness to the effect. Separating
them is an ultra-modern glass-topped
coffee table of gray harewood. Each couch
has two large matching brown pillows,
and two smaller ones, one in scarlet and
one in gray metallic cloth, with appliqued
cut-outs on them from the French chintz
that makes the window draperies.
These draperies, made without a val-
ance and using a simple, pleated heading,
key the entire decorative scheme of the
room. Their back ground is a soft, silvery
gray on which are printed saucy-looking
houses in red, blue, chartreuse, and light
green, climbing one above the other on
some improbable hills into the most de-
lightful atmosphere. Across the room, on
the weathervane lamps, this same chintz
has been used for the lamp shades and to
carry out their amusing note, these shades
are shaped like the mansard roof of a
French town house. The small couches
before the fireplace are cocoa with small
appliqued cushions on them. At the ends
of the long couches there are bleached
wood modern tables with gold-wooden
base lamps topped by chartreuse shades.

If you are a young homemaker of
fashion, I believe you will be very happy
If you follow a similar decorative plan for your living room. You do not have to pick a chintz with an urban scene on it, naturally, but the clever trick of using not only its colors, but its actual detail in other parts of your room, such as the appliques on the couch cushions, ties the whole plan together delightfully.

The only features in this room that I quibble with slightly are the crescent-shaped couches around the center coffee table with a "lazy Susan" top. In my opinion, they might give a guest a sense of discomfort, actual or imagined. They seem to convey an air that nobody is going to stay "put" very long, as no one can without some back rest. I suggest, if you want to copy this new note, you put low backs on them.

This would mean raising the height of the coffee table to approximately the height of the backs of the couches, but the effect would be to leave your guests looking outward toward the other couches, not inward upon nothing but the coffee table. Such a device, obviously, is for large parties, but then this whole room is so decorated. For smaller groups, there is the adjoining bar.

I do not think there is any good way to make a small bar original, and there really shouldn't be, because such a room in which there is a bar is obviously functional. But in this room I like the gray walls, done in a tone lighter than the gray walls of the drawing room, the bar itself, of a light gray with a darker shade of gray used for the stools before it and the yellow and green checked window curtains. The couches are dark green, but the leather chairs are scarlet, which picks up the scarlet used as the lining color for the bookshelves. The game table and the two chairs before one of the windows, where Cyd and Tony sit many an evening alone, enjoying Canasta or gin rummy, are of dark green leather.

Personality expressions in a house are excellent always. Cyd, herself, designed their small breakfast room for Tony's particular amusement, by having his theme song painted around the top of it and "papering" it with sheets of old music. There is even a small piano here for his practicing. If your particular man has a hobby or an artistic bent that means expression, I think a breakfast room is a very good place to show it off.

Upstairs, in Cyd's and Tony's master bedroom, the same modern color and decorative scheme has been followed. Here the walls are again gray with the carpeting in softest green-gray. The quilted orange headboard of the bed is complemented by a quilted yellow-white spread, with a huge monogram on it. Cleverly, the plan of the drawing room has been exactly reversed, plain draperies making a striking contrast to the valance boards and the walls of the large dressing room end of the bedroom. This is papered, most appropriately, with love scenes done in large-size amusing human figures, dressed up in pastel blues, grays, pinks and white. As I think most proper to a bedroom, all the furniture in the room, save the bed, has been played down. But also, as most appropriate to two personalities in show business, the dressing-room mirror is generous, and the chair before it is actually a small sofa, large enough for two to sit on and dress in comfort.

I like this house. I feel there is much in it that the modern and quite young homemaker can apply to her own scheme of living.

The End

Movies — Fine Entertainment at Low Cost

Francine du Plessis, young international beauty, makes the fragrance of Evening in Paris Perfume a lovely part of her life. She wears it every hour of the day — carries her purse flacon of this romantic perfume with her wherever she goes.

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*Mlle. Renée Jeanmaire, sensational première ballerina of the Ballets de Paris, echoes the scent of her favorite perfume with Evening in Paris Face Powder, applying its clinging smoothness generously, starting at the base of her throat, pressing it onto her lovely skin.

**Suzanne Godart, young designer of exquisite clothes for children, keeps Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne in her workroom to refresh up during her busy day, accents her perfect grooming with flawless Evening in Paris Makeup and enchanting Perfume.

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All prices plus tax.

Bourjois
Tobacco Mouth is the brush-off with...

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Babies—Hollywood's Most Expensive Luxury

(Continued from page 33) exceeds any character she ever could create for the screen. Her drive, too, turns to a different direction. Whereupon her thoughts divide between her baby and her career—with her baby getting most of them. No longer is she eager to work, work, work. She prefers, instead, to get through at the studio so she can go home to her child. Also location trips, important to many pictures, cause her to fret and worry.

LINDA SUSAN'S reluctance to leave Los Angeles is purely a mutual decision. In the last two years Shirley, becoming more and more unhappy with John Agar, naturally concentrated her emotions upon her little girl. And Shirley, a rich woman, doesn't have to make any picture she doesn't want to make.

Those who have worked with Shirley tell me how often she is unprepared for the day's work; how, apparently, she has done little thinking about the character she is playing; how her mind, judging by her conversation, is more concerned with Linda Susan's activities than with her own.

"A Kiss for Corliss," Shirley's latest picture, has been recalled. It did not do good business following the Temple divorce and the producers decided it would be better to let the ill winds of this publicity blow over a bit. I don't doubt for a minute that Shirley's divorce, destroying an idyll, alienated some of her public.

Neither do I doubt that "A Kiss for Corliss" would have done quite satisfactory business, in spite of the divorce publicity, had it been as delightful as Shirley's earlier movies.

Judy Garland worships Liza. Always, when I see them together, I am reminded of the way directors treat great stars. Liza must look just so. Judy thinks far more of Liza's appearance than of her own. Liza must be presented to visitors just so. And so on. Never doubt, either, that Judy thinks of Liza as her creation. It is her attitude, as it is the attitude of many mothers, that paternity is purely accidental. It could be that men would be more devoted fathers, and husbands, were this not borne in upon them.

This year, when Judy and Vincente Minnelli separated, I wondered if Judy, subconsciously, didn't want to have Liza entirely for herself. Judy was ill and disheartened at this time. I know, and her state of health undoubtedly was contributed to by the separation which, happily, is now over. But I still think my idea on this subject is correct.

We were talking the other day of Deanna Durbin and the way her brilliant career had gone into at least temporary limbo. I say temporary because there are plans to bring Deanna back to the screen and she is, I understand, dieting and restyling herself in preparation for this event.

"It doesn't matter that Deanna let her career slide," protested a mutual friend, "she's making up for all the childhood years she lost to that actress. She's entitled to some time out!"

No doubt about that whatever. But it was, you'll note, motherhood that worked the miracle of causing Deanna to put first value on a life outside of the studio.

Actresses naturally have more than an average degree of emotion. That is why they are actresses. So when the greatest human emotion, motherhood, comes to them, anything can happen. And does!

Take the case of Bette Davis, Bette, judging by her attitude during the past three years since Barbara was born, hasn't been able to get over the miracle of having reproduced herself. She never had the exalted opinion of herself and her rights that she has nowadays, not even when she was undoubtedly the screen's first lady and critics and box office receipts at once sang her praises.

It has been all too obvious in Bette's pictures that she has not given her work the ceaseless attention, even to the least detail, which she once did. Nor is that all. During Bette's last visit to New York she drove the staff at Warner Brothers slightly mad with her demands and her incessant tears—"I can't work, I can't work," she came into the room or the conversation, however, Bette, who had had the air vibrating with her nervous protests and demands a minute before, turned into a creature of sweetness and light.

It sometimes is truly unfortunate that the stars turn so intensely maternal. There is a star who, for kindness sake, shall be nameless, who has such high standards for her little girl that she makes her and everyone else miserable. "Darling," she will say in her throaty voice, "you did not greet Miss Maxwell politely. Please leave the room and come back in a proper manner." This routine goes on, with the poor child leaving the room and returning not once but innumerable times. Of course the little thing finally freezes and cannot smile as she should. Then there are tears and everyone concerned, including Miss Maxwell, is slightly ill with nerves.

The last time I visited this star, a friend who was with me said, as we departed, "There's going to be an ax murder when that child is a little older. And when it happens I will be glad to testify for her, say it was justifiable homicide."

Bette Hutton has had an unfortunate

Far be it from YOU!

If you smoke a lot, why not do this: take advantage of Listerine Tooth Paste's new special formula, especially before any date.

There's a reason: mint-cool Listerine Tooth Paste is made with Lusterfoam, a wonderful new-type cleaning ingredient that literally foams cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces... removes yellow tobacco stains while they are still fresh... whisks away odor-producing tobacco debris. Get a tube and "feel that Lusterfoam work!"

Know they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!

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You have a date with FRANK SINATRA
Every Monday thru Friday night on
"LIGHT UP TIME"
(Don't miss Frank and co-star Dorothy Kirsten over your local NBC station. Consult newspaper for time.)

P.S. You have another date with Frank in the April issue of TRUE STORY magazine—on your newsstand March 10th. Don't miss the fascinating story of Frankie's life
series of pictures during the past few years. Those who work with her explain this in various ways. "Betty," they say, "wanted to go dramatic." They tell how she insisted that the end of "The Perils of Pauline" give her an opportunity to emote. But if you will look at the record you will see that Betty's career stopped zooming with the birth of the now three-year-old Lindsay Briekein.

I think Betty, like Deanna Durbin, in a way, compensates for the lack in her childhood. She wants Lindsay and Candace to have everything she couldn't have, because her family was poor.

When a girl as sensitive as Betty finds herself with babies, plus the ability to give them all advantages, what is more natural than that both her imagination and her emotions should center upon her children instead of such pictures as "Dream Girl"? They tell me we'll soon see the old Betty again, that she has made her adjustment, that she realizes she must protect her screen career in order to provide her children.

This often happens. It was after their children had grown up a little bit that Jane Wyman and Jennifer Jones, for instance, really established themselves.

There are some stars, of course, who, from the beginning, take motherhood in their stride. Joan Crawford's children have their place in her life. Indeed they supplement her background delightfully and dramatically; you might almost say they are part of her personal stage setting. But, as an actress, Joan goes marching on.

Babies... Babies... Babies... They're blessed events the world over. But, in Hollywood, they're spectacular events, too. The showers that are given for prospective mothers in the film colony are past belief. For no other occasion, including weddings, does the town go so completely overboard. And the flowers that go to new mothers! You wouldn't believe them.

The largest bouquet Olivia de Havilland received, so I hear (Olivia never would discuss it), came from her sister, Joan Fontaine. Olivia and Joan, as you know, have, for several years, been estranged.

T IS typical of Joan that she sent Olivia the flowers willy-nilly. That's the way Joan is today; no more like the inhibited, shy girl who came to Hollywood several years ago than I am like the Venus de Milo. And it is the amazing truth that it was little Deborah Dotzer who changed Joan into the gay woman she is today. No Oscar, no paeans of praise from the critics ever succeeded in giving Joan the sense of fulfillment she has found in motherhood.

Many criticize Joan as an exhibitionist. Let them! She is gay and amusing and great fun to be with. If she should win Howard Hughes it would be a great feather in her cap. It isn't likely she will. No one else in Hollywood ever has, including Olivia, who was very much in Howard's life in the days before Marcus Goodrich.

It will be interesting to see what effect the advent of Benjie Goodrich will have upon Olivia. I hope he will not cause her to retire into family life any more than she has already. Olivia is the first actress of the screen. She proves this again in "The Heiress." It would be a pity if she were to be thrown off her artistic beam. But, frankly, I wonder! Already, Marcus Goodrich appears to have influenced her estrangement from her family, her old friends, and, with a handful of exceptions, her motion picture colleagues. Olivia is, I think, a Victorian at heart. She loves to be dominated by the man she loves. And now, with little Benjie in her life too, she may very well close her door even more firmly on the outside world.

Esther Williams, too, has a new baby. But Esther, who has the most sane, balanced approach to life of anyone I know, is likely to balance her dual existence as a mother and a star with no dire effects in either direction.

About Rita Hayworth I am not so sure. She will have a real problem with her first daughter, Rebecca Welles, mentally precocious but no beauty, and her second daughter, Yasmin, who promises to be lovely and who is a princess in boot.

Then there's Gene Tierney and her Christina. Gene may not win any accolades for her performance in "Whirlpool" but she's a great star in the nursery these days. It is fair enough that Christina Cassini should be the axis of her mother's life, temporarily at least, for Gene and Oleg's first child, Daria, has a quality of deafness caused by the fact that Gene had measles before she was born.

It used to be that the wonder of motherhood was forbidden to the movie stars. The producers used to insist that a girl who had the recklessness to become pregnant go into hiding until her baby was born, then a year or two later secretly "adopt" her child. "The public," the producers used to contend, "like to think of their idols as glamorous young creatures without issue." Gloria Swanson, I think, was the first big star to shatter this theory. She had a daughter, Gloria, by Herbert Somborn of Brown Derby fame and then proceeded to have other children by other husbands, while her performances became more glamorous and her box office receipts zoomed.

It could be that even though the thinking of these old movie producers was wrong, their conclusion was right.

THE END

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Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap Can Bring You A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days!

NOT JUST A PROMISE...

but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 36 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that in 14 days regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive Soap—can produce lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here is the easy method:
1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging it into a beautiful 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 that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion. Start your Palmolive facials tonight!
Now! For Natural Sheen, Natural Softness,

Don't Just "Wash" Your Hair—
Condition it with New Drene!

What natural loveliness your hair will have when you use this New Drene with beauty conditioning action!

Once you see what it does for you, you'll never be content to "just wash" your hair again. You'll want to condition it with New Drene...condition it to loveliest natural sheen, natural softness. Yes, and all this without the bother of special rinses or lotions! You just shampoo—that's all you do!

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1. New Drene conditions your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen...yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
2. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
3. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes loose dandruff from hair and scalp!
4. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

ONLY NEW DRENE SHAMPOO
has this Wonderful New Beauty Conditioner
Sheers, shadowy and filmy, spring into the spotlight with an elegant, fashion-right look. Redingote dress, above, has a triple appeal—wear it as an ensemble, wear the dress alone, wear the coat over another simple dress. Navy organdy redingote has tiny collar, short, wide-cuffed sleeves, wide belt. By Minx Modes in sizes 7-15, 9-15 LWJ (for the long-waisted junior). In gray, pink or pale blue butcher linen, all with navy organdy redingote, $17.95 at Davison-Paxon, Atlanta, Ga.; Crowley, Milner Co., Detroit, Mich.

The butcher linen dress has unpressed front pleat, round neck bound in navy organdy. Wear with redingote belt.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 90.
Sheer prettiness that will last through the summer. Dress above, in a striped sheer cotton, has a notched collar, very brief sleeves with turnback cuffs. Top is softly bloused. Full, graceful skirt flares widely at the bottom. Crystal buttons dot the front to below the satin-belted waistline. By Doris Dodson in pastel sheer and broadcloth stripes, it comes in sizes 9-15. $14.95 at Oppenheim Collins, New York, N.Y.; Stix, Baer, Fuller, Seattle, Wash.; Schuneman's, St. Paul, Minn. On both pages, Wear Right gloves, Madcaps hat, Prima shoes and Marvella pearls.

Petite Susan Douglas appears in “Lost Boundaries,” a Louis De Rochemont Production
Barbara Stanwyck wears this dress designed by Edith Head in the Hal Wallis production "Thelma Jordon"

A spring-into-summer style and appeal for all because of the smart simplicity that makes it so wearable. Top is slightly bloused, with buttoned-down back. Graceful skirt is gored to give a flowing softness below the smooth lines of the hips. Give it a fashion flair by whipping it up in one of the new sheer cottons. Lonsdale’s Sheer Frost is your answer—and it’s crease resistant!
The Aid of the Party

(Continued from page 53) room. Bob contributed a lamp, made by his sister, which was perfect for the powder room. Even Pat and Mona surprised each other with gifts. Pat's "moving in present" was an old-fashioned chopping block for the center of their dreamy red and white modern kitchen. Mona reciprocated with a huge copper hood to go over the stove. The giving and "placing" of the presents, incidentally, was loads of fun, too. It took a lot of mad figuring before the entrance hall was finally decided upon as the place to hang the painting. Bill Williams has the "handy-man's" trigger-cutting a piece of scotch tape over the place where the nail is to go. Thus he prevents chipping or cracking of the plaster.

After dinner, Pat entertained everyone with card tricks, the secrets of which he guards with his life. The only thing Pat can't do with cards is to foresee the future. However, Bob Sterling had his share of predictions for the day. He'd just come from the Carroll Righter television show where he'd been the guest of this famed astrologer. Righter advised him of the best time to make decisions and warned him of those times when taking any moves. However, Bob, a very impulsive person, usually is influenced by his own personal hunches.

Liz Scott prefers "antiquing" to astrology, any day. She was right through an old piece of furniture and knew whether it's good or not. "Look at my hands," she remarked. "That's from turning a little $12 commode into something really lovely. I took off the old paint, rubbed it down with steel wool and linseed oil and did a most professional job."

Just before supper was served, there was a ring at the doorbell. It was Bob Neal. Bob, who is a wealthy Texas oil man now, went to school with Pat. But whenever he's in town, the Nerney house is his first stop. This was his initial visit to the new American farmhouse, so Mona told him all her plans for it. She and Pat decided to build only a part of it at a time, rather than complete it and skimp on paneling, fireplaces, and other things they are currently getting along with the furniture they had in the old apartment. "The way things are now," Mona explained, "we can at least eat and sleep."

Mona kept her menu for the party simple—half grapefruits, thick lamb chops, glazed carrots, roast potatoes, stuffed cucumber cups, date nut crumb cake. Barbara Hale showed Mona her way of cutting grapefruit in half making "pumpkin teeth." She drew a circle around the middle of the grapefruit so as not to run off the proper path, and then stuck a paring knife in, "pumpkin teeth" fashion, as far into the grapefruit as the knife could go. When she got all the way around, she lifted it in two, and there it was.

All recipes serve about six people.

GLAZED CARROTS
Scrub but do not remove skins from 18 whole baby carrots. Cook, covered, in small amount of boiling water until barely tender. Rub off skins under cold water. Dry on paper towels. Melt 5 tablespoons butter in skillet. Roll carrots in $1/2$ cup brown sugar. Cook gently in butter, turning often, until glazed.

STUFFED CUCUMBER CUPS
Wash and peel 4 cucumbers. Score lengthwise with fork. Cut into thirds crosswise. Hollow out pulp and reserve. Chill cups. Dice cucumber pulp, removing larger seeds. Combine:

- $1/2$ cup minced celery
- 2 tablespoons minced green onions
- $1/2$ cup minced radishes
- $1/2$ cup French dressing


DATE NUT CRUMB CAKE
Separate 3 eggs. Beat yolks until foamy. Add in order given:

- $1/2$ cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- $1/2$ teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 tablespoons milk
- 3 tablespoons melted shortening
- 3/4 cup finely crushed zwieback or cake crumbs
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 cup sliced dates

Stir until blended. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread in greased 8" square pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes. Cool, cut and top with whipped cream. Stuff additional dates with pecan halves, chill and slice crosswise. Sprinkle over whipped cream and serve.


The End

It isn't raining rainy...

it's raining chances for your favorite star to win a place in Photoplay's color pages if you mail your vote now to:

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c/o PHOTOPLAY
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My choice

...and if you are the feminine type

you'll love the small-foot look.... the high arch captured in

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SHOES
wonderful values at a tiny price
795 to 995
illustrated "stacio" sandal in patent, calf, suede...black or brown
For the Store nearest you, write

PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

87
Nancy Davis appears in M-G-M's "East Side, West Side"

For that sunshine-in-showers look, this rayon checked raincoat. Gracefully full, it can be worn rain or shine—with a different look each time. Belt it in front, belt it completely or let it loose, without the belt. It has detachable hood, yoke back, slit pockets. By Sherbrooke in sizes 8-18, rayon check in blue or brown, cravenetted throughout. $22.95 at Famous Barr, St. Louis, Mo.; Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 90
we do special things to make Jantzen girdles and panty-girdles trim you, slim you, smooth you...and then we do special things to make them wonderful-to-wear. We have a special patented way of joining our famous knitted breathing top to the rest of the job...so that you can't feel a seam at all.

We call it "Jantzen inviso-seaming" (which is the best name we could dream up)...and you'll find it in all the Jantzen breathing top figure-fixers...

like these light-as-a-bubble nylon net wonderful-fitting, wonderful-performing girdles and panty-girdles, with or without panels, 5.00 and 5.95...nude and white...at most stores.
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JUNIOR

"Checkered Career"... a perfect spun rayon dress to help you "move" into your own gay life, and win a "king" too. There's a huge checker board of contrasting two-tone blocks at the bottom of skirt. Junior sizes 7-13.

about $9.

For the name of the Carole King dealer nearest you, write Carole King, Dept. P-4, 17th and Washington, St. Louis, Mo.

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:

Dress on Joanne Dru
Junior Accent, 1418 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Red striped sandals
Velvet Step, 1501 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Cotton shorties
Crescendoe Gloves, 240 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Redingote dress
Minx Modes, 2223 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Picture hat
Madcaps, 28 West 39th Street. New York, N. Y.

Cotton gloves
Wear Right, 244 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Striped sheer dress
Doris Dodson, 1120 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Shoes
Prima, 705 Ann Street, Columbus, O.

Pearls
Marvella, 383 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Raincoat
Sherman Bros., 205 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

Hats
Betmar, 1 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Donato, 42 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Salfair, 65 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.
spring bonnets

Denure appeal—a candy-braid straw poke bonnet with clusters of forget-me-nots in velvet ribbon trim. $8.95 by Betmar

Daisies do tell how pretty you'll look in this daisy-trimmed rustic straw cloche with its small, open crown, grosgrain ribbon band. $5.95 by Debway in spring colors

Veiled vision—a sisal-type straw bonnet, draped with veiling and nylon net and forget-me-nots. $4.00 by Salfair. All colors

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 96.

GOWN: 32 TO 42, $10.95
SUP: 32 TO 38, $2.95
PANTY: 4 TO 7, $3.95

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for "ingenuity in design, superior smartness in styling and keen awareness of fashion trends." Breathtakingly lovely...nylon net and lace add a graceful note to this demure "Sweet Clover" matching set. Filmy nylon tricot that gives the most wear, takes the least care. A vision in Honey Mist and other Winning Look colors.

at fine stores everywhere

*Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee 1, Wis, 1 Canada, London, Ontario
Women's Proportioned Hosiery - Men's World-Famous Socks - Luxite Lingerie
That's Sex, Girls

(Continued from page 50) They don't make me aware of it. It's like eating a perfect dinner. The enjoyment is spoiled if you're made conscious of all the work that went into it. So, when you give a guy the impression that you always look naturally perfect, that's sex, girls.

Before I went into the Army, I thought I was four fathoms deep in love. She was an Irish girl with a pug-nose and freckles. She was really a pal. I'd take her to a nice small restaurant, the kind I like, like Hollywood's Encore Room or the Villa Nova, or Nick Arden's in the Valley. These are the quiet spots, where the food is good. Where the only entertainment is somebody playing good jazz on a piano and maybe another somebody singing, and where the patrons are just nice, regular folks.

Yes, I said to Mr. Duff, this was a real girl. And when they shipped me overseas I had some wonderful foolish thoughts about a home and children and all that. I'd planned on this for the time when I would get back and after we'd walked by that preacher man. So what happened? I got one of those "Dear John" letters out there in the Pacific, and I took it just as big as you can on a tropical island. In fact, I honestly welcomed being shipped to Iwo Jima by way of a change. And that's sex, too, girls, when losing you can make a guy feel that way.

Just before this gal, I had been equally overboard for a small, luscious girl with a great big voice. But the trouble that time was that she was a success and I was a flop. She worked constantly, as she deserved to because she was really hot with those blue notes, and I worked very far and few between on radio shows.

This girl liked to see and be seen. And I'm not blaming her. But when you are making fifty dollars every three or four weeks, if you take your girl to Mocambo Girls, you give up coffee, cigarettes, regular meals and clean laundry. Or you do as I did, you give up the girl.

I took this particular dream woman out to the spots she craved. I tried to act as smart as I could. But at the end, I always felt like fifty cents and I'd actually be worth less than a quarter when we checked out after an evening in one of those spots. I'm not blaming the girl. She knew what she wanted. But I am telling you to note this down for your future operations:

When a guy is sincerely dating you, when he makes it plain that he'd rather be with you than any one of a half-dozen other girls, give out with the impression that you are having a high old time on his pocket-book level, whatever it may be. Don't overdo it. Don't let him see that you are acting, even if you are. I'm telling you that when you can go out and have laughs on a two-dollar date, or get kicks out of "just us" eating a hamburger, that's sex, girls, that's also a real come-hither for any man. If you play it smartly enough, you might even turn him into a husband.

A guy doesn't like to be without a girl anymore than a girl likes to be without a guy. A fellow has male friends he enjoys fooling around with, but to put the real edge on an evening you've got to share it with a member of the opposite sex. Watch on to that word "share" however.

We're all naturally selfish and maybe the reason we all cotton more to people who are generous, is not alone because we realize this will get us, personally, more, but because we also unconsciously realize a generous person is not a childish person. Maybe you don't go much for wrestling matches, or football, or whatever sport your Cupid-challenger is most interested in. But why not try to brighten

At one fine store in your community; write us, we'll tell you where.

TOPIC: People

UP JUST A LITTLE ON THE PARTICULAR SUBJECT?

Preferring, as I've confessed, career girls, because they seem to me more alive, more alert, more sharp to talk to and usually more sharp to look at, I'm perfectly willing for a girl to be my equal. But I don't want her to be my superior. Neither do I want her to be a dim dole who doesn't "know what beer is, daddy," and who thinks I am a "great big mams."

The girls in Hollywood are a little too apt to fall into the first classification, and I think it's a danger corner that too many career girls may drift into.

Because they can earn their own way, which usually means living in the manner they desire, and dressing as well as they wish and not being beholden to anyone about their coming in or going out, they get a little domineering. They make an entrance into every place, whether it's a night club or a private party. They have to be the center of attraction.

There is nothing for a guy, escorting a girl like that, to do except play backstop or second fiddle. And if you think any guy likes that, you're crazy.

SO, GIRLS, even if you actually are more important than the guy (and even if he, intellectually, knows it) don't let it show.

The best theatrical example I can think of is Lynn Fontanne. You notice that it isn't Fontanne and Lunt. She's a very great actress, Lynn Fontanne, certainly the equal of Alfred Lunt. Maybe better than he is. I don't know. I bet she doesn't know for sure. And I'm sure Alfred doesn't know. They are co-stars, equal partners in a perfect marriage. But at home or in the theater it is Lynn who defers to Alfred, who seems to lean on him, who gives the impression of needing him for his superior physical strength and his superior brains.

That's sex, girls.

What really holds a man is your making him feel more important, more handsome, more brilliant, more promising than he's ever felt before. You can't do that on flat-tery alone. And you can't do it, either, by being too indulgent. We still want to be conquerors, we men, perhaps more today than ever, because there is so much less left for us to conquer. So don't be too generous, girls. Don't be too coy, either.

You are more apt to think he got something more special in a girl who holds herself just a little high in price.

Let's put it this way: When you find a man who makes your heart beat triple, who zooms your pulse and starts you dreaming, that's sex. And when you make him glassy-eyed after the first date or two, that's sex, too. Then he starts doing what he thinks will please you, and you start doing what you think will please him. And that's flirtation or maybe courtship, if you handle it smoothly. But when you get to the place where you don't have to think what you want to do to be happy, because it's whatever he wants to do, and when he finds himself in the same state of mind, that's love. And you might as well give in.

This latter happy stuff is what I'm searching for. A couple of times in the past, as I've told you, I thought I almost had it. Someday, and very soon, I hope I'll actually capture it.

Right now I live in a small house with my agent, who is a bachelor, and we have with us a chaper who keeps the place clean, another bachelor. We rarely see one another. We seldom eat at home. And I don't like it.

What I want is a girl who, when she opens the door at night, will say, "Darling, you're home!" and I'll know that that's the moment she's waited for all day. That's the girl I'll marry, if she'll have me.

THE END
Dangerous Curves Ahead!

(Continued from page 57) suits I bought in Italy last year, didn't fit. This is all well and good, but who has Webb's powers of concentration?

Not Anne Baxter, certainly. When Annie saw herself in "The Razor's Edge," in which she played with Clifton, she knew her reducing time had come, or else. She started on her diet by taking no food for forty-eight hours. Then, after two days with no food, she went three weeks with no dimmers. "I never recommended this method," says Anne, "neither would any doctor."

Shelley Winters is naturally chunky. She is also naturally ambitious and she has a huge appetite. Recently, before starting a picture, Shelley was ordered to lose fifteen pounds. Pastry almost proved her Waterloo. When her producers caught her with the goods, they ordered the waitresses in the studio cafe to refuse her order. But Shelley is a girl who can get around anything. She, in turn, ordered her friends at the studio to sneak pie a la mode to her dressing room. She finally lost the fifteen pounds. But, remember all the stories at the time about Shelley's temperament? nerves unfurled start screaming.

"How did you lose those twenty pounds?" I asked Linda Darnell. "Twenty pounds?" screamed Linda. "I'll hit you on the head for saying that." I'd better get me a tin helmet because Linda lost at least twenty pounds prior to playing Amber, in "Forever Amber." It was nearly "For Never Linda." She collapsed with too much starving and too many shots to make her lose her very healthy appetite. "Never again," she said at the time. And she wasn't kidding. Linda is now curvaceous, and healthy.

Clark Gable, on the other hand, never forgets his public—or his figure. Before every movie he makes, Clark practically starves himself on one of the strictest diets in Hollywood. Mrs. Gable, however, keeps that shape through pure lack of interest in eating. Lucky lady.

When Marta Toren came to Hollywood from Sweden, she was husky, hippy, bosomy and apple-cheeked. Rather like Marlene Dietrich in her "Blue Angel" period. The mills of the Hollywood Production Gods slowly ground twenty-five pounds from Marta. Now she looks like the Dietrich of today, fragile, no hips, hollow-cheeked. The bosom would have gone, too, only busts happen to be in style.

After you read this story about the new singing sensation, Mario Lanza, I think you'll be glad to be an unsensational private individual. It was at a Joe Pasternak party at Mocambo, with wonderful hot and cold dream food at the big buffet table. I was helping myself very liberally, as usual, when Mario's golden voice interrupted, "Gosh, you're lucky, Shelley. I wish I could eat like you!" Mario naturally loves spaghetti. But to keep earning dough, he can't eat that much dough. Now Mario envies another singing star, also of Italian descent, Frank Sinatra.

For Frank, probably the thinnest movie star in Hollywood, of either sex, probably eats the most. For years, this has been a typical day for Frankie. Breakfast—six pancakes, three eggs, cereal, ham and coffee. At 10 a.m. a snack of milk and cookies. Lunch—soup, salad, steak, potatoes, ice cream and pastry. Dinner—cracked crab, a bigger salad, a bigger plate of spaghetti, steak, potatoes, Boston cream pie. Before going to bed, he downs a huge hunk of his favorite dish, Pizza Pie, a mixture of cheese, tomatoes, anchovies and anything else that occurs to you.

Montgomery Clift either has a clear con-
science or a magnificent digestion. He usually eats a steak just before going to bed. Monty, partial to proteins, is a six-eggs-for-breakfast boy, and has often eaten three tremendous steaks in a day. Never, however, has Monty tipped the scales at more than a hundred and fifty pounds.

Love succeeded for Jimmy Stewart, where sanitariums and diets failed. Two months after his marriage to Gloria, Jimmy had gained seven pounds. As a bachelor, Jimmy was Elsie the Cow's best friend. He drank milk till the cows came home. He even went into a hospital and drank milk and cream lying down. And when they let him out, he was two pounds lighter!

Love also has done wonders for Cary Grant. When I asked Betsy Drake how Cary was regaining the forty pounds he lost as the result of yellow jaundice, last year, she told me, "He’s just lying in the sun and resting. But he’s not eating anything more than usual."

It is not unusual to see Ann Sheridan topping her ginger ale with a spoonful of thick cream. "You get used to it in time," says Miss Sheridan, quietly downing the murderous mixture. Annie, a chubby chick at the beginning of her movie career, once starved for her art. Now, in spite of the bushels of potatoes Ann has swallowed down with the ginger ale and cream, she is too thin.

It’s funny about food and figures. Alice Faye couldn’t even nibble a leaf of lettuce without gaining. But Claudette Colbert, who, at forty-four, has the figure of an eighteen-year-old, can eat a box of candy a day. And nothing new is added.

And Dan Dailey, who loses between twenty-five and thirty pounds with each picture as the result of strenuous dance routines, drinks two glasses of melted milk a day, to regain the poundage.

Marilyn Maxwell always has to be careful about whatever she eats, that’s one reason she’s refused to pose for leg art. On the other end of the scale is new starlet Peggy Dow, who can’t pose for cheesecake, because she is too underweight. And, pretty soon, that might be true for Yvonne De Carlo. Yvonne is another five-meals-a-day girl. "But I just burn it off as fast as I eat," Yvonne says.

Ida Lupino eats something every hour, on the hour. At times, in addition to beer for breakfast, Ida shortly afterwards manages a mixture of ice cream, cream, with an egg thrown in for good measure. "It would be worth it. If I could get it," says the starved-looking star. I think it would help, if she could relax. It would help if horses could fly, too.

No gal today in her right measurements wants to weigh as much as the ancient Venus de Milo. But when Ava Gardner had to play the goddess in a movie, there was so much skin and bone jutting through the draperies, something just had to be added. Too bad the old-time Venus couldn’t have switched places with Ava. I’m sure she’d have loved the whipped-cream cake and pie her prototype ate five times a day.

Early photographs of Joan Crawford show her in the Amazon class. Now Joan, who knows the sensible way of keeping weight down, can eat anything, and her magnificent figure remains magnificent. Ann Blyth is on the too-slimmer side. "Milk and crackers for me, mid-morning and mid-afternoon," Ann tells me. Garbo gave up meat when she met Gaylord Hauser for vegetables and nuts. Now she’s given up nuts for meat and George Schlee.

And I’m getting hungry. Pardon me while I take time off for a steak and a piece of pie!

The END

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More Women Wear Formfit Than Any Other Make


(Continued from page 55) pale blue satin cushion, resplendent with lace, on Sue's dressing table, are a dozen inexpensive baubles, the earliest tokens with which Alan Ladd had given her. "I love you," to the girl who discovered, fell in love with, and married him. On shelves in their bedroom are a dozen priceless figurines, Dresden and Royal Copenhagens, with which, over the eight years of their marriage, he has repeated, "I love you, I love you."

A dollar for a trinket was a lot of money for Alan Ladd when he first went shopping for a present for his Sue. That to Sue of the tiny gilt pin, a flowerpot with glass "jewels" for blossoms, which sits on her pincushion, is just as meaningful as her exquisite "Girl at the Harpsichord" in precious Dresden china.

The love story, not the gifts, is the thing.

The love story began in 1939 when Sue Carol, then an actor's agent, heard a stirring male voice on a radio program. The "voice" played a man of sixty and his son. Sue, curious to know the real age of the owner of the voice, called the radio station, asked Alan Ladd to come and see her at her office. The man who appeared was in his middle twenties, shy, but eager.

Sue told him what had intrigued her in his radio performance. "I'm old one year," she said.

"Well, I can tell you I am twenty-five, but I can't prove it."

And he explained that the courthouse and all its records in Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he was and had been destroyed in a fire when he was a baby. If he had to ask the sovereign state of Arkansas to vouch for him he couldn't prove he had been born at all.

It didn't really matter, Sue told him. What mattered was that he was a good actor, and she was a good agent. She thought she could get him into films.

Sue got on the phone, Alan says she was born with a telephone in her hand, and began calling producers. While she talked about the good-looking, talented young man in her office, she doodled.

Sue always doodles while she telephones, and she always draws the same doodle, a flowerpot, with two flowers, which Alan insists look like strawberries.

The first day's effort landed Alan a part in Paramount's "Rulers of the Sea." It wasn't a big part, but it paid substantially more than he had been earning, and with part of his first pay check he bought Sue her flowerpot pin, or "doodle pin," as they both affectionately called it.

That was the beginning, of everything. Of the career of Alan Ladd, of the love story of Alan and Sue, of the collection of "I love you" presents.

Alan worked fairly regularly from the outset of his professional association with Sue, and he saw more and more of her after office hours.

Whenever Alan came to pick Sue up, he particularly admired a pair of Dresden figurines, dancing couples in Empire dress, and Sue loved him for loving them. They had been her mother's, and were her most valued possessions.

"Some day, I want to buy you a figurine," Alan would say, half-jokingly, after that, when he turned up with yet another bauble for the pincushion and collection.

Not long after this, Alan got his Big Break. Director Frank Tuttle, on Sue's urging, tested Alan for the shock role of Reven in "This Gun for Hire," and signed him the next day.

This meant a big boost in his pay check and he felt he could ask Sue to marry him, "one day."

-For the first time since he'd known her, he urged her to go to a jewelry store to buy her a gift, and the ring he chose, a giant topaz set in cabochon rubies, she accepted as an engagement ring.

-And the next day, she bought an "engagement ring" for him. "I found it," she confesses, "in a hock shop on the boulevard. It was all I could afford. It was a plain gold signet ring, inscribed with the name 'Alan,' and the jeweler said he would sell it for nine dollars.

"How much to change 'Paul' to 'Alan' and add a single ruby?" she asked him.

He thought he could do it for another six dollars, and the ring now figures in the plans for the wedding band when he is portraying an unmarried role.

"This Gun for Hire" was completed, and while the public had not as yet had a chance to see it at Paramount's new star, the producers of the picture were sure enough of their "find" in Alan Ladd to cast him in "The Glass Key" and send him on location with a company to Mexico.

SUE CAROL visited the location one weekend, and between shots, as it were, she and Alan were married by a Mexican justice of the peace on March 13, 1942. For some reason, they say today they don't remember what it was, they decided to keep the whole thing secret.

The army was looming for Alan, and both the couple and the public were intent upon one thing, they wanted a baby, now, before Alan had to go away.

Which made for wonderful headlines a few weeks. Alan and Sue were remarried in a religious ceremony in a chapel in Santa Ana in July of that year, one columnist reported that Sue was consulting an obstetrician in Beverly Hills. Sue had visited the doctor to find out why she was not having a baby, but that wasn't the way it came out in the papers.

Alan Ladd and Sue Carol deny they are expecting a baby," the columnist columned the next day. While on Page One in the same edition much larger headlines announced "Alan Ladd and Sue Carol Wed in Secret.

Alan bought Sue a tiny golden bank for her charm bracelet at that point, it already included a miniature of her "doodle" flowerpot, an engagement ring, a camera, a wedding ring.

"It's better," he assured her, "to have money in the bank before the baby comes."

Alan had time, before his army induction, to go to New York for personal appearances in connection with the opening of "This Gun for Hire," It was his first trip to the Big City, and Sue locked up her office to go along.

While they travelled between trains in Chicago with an hour-and-a-half of wasted, Alan disappeared. When he returned, he had a present for Sue, four Dresden figurines of the seasons, Painting, Music, Sculpture and Dance, quite the most beautiful and the most touching gift that Sue had ever had.

"They had another one," Alan said, "but I want to keep this one for you, a girl with a harpsichord, but I couldn't afford it."

They were going to stay at the Waldorf in New York. It is certainly the most famous, and the most splendidous, Sue thinks. "Alan would love it."

As their train pulled into Grand Central...
Station, Sue finished telling Alan about the Waldorf with its vast marble and red plush lobby, its milling mobs, its excitement.

But Paramount had advised the hotel that celebrities were coming; as a result Sue and Alan were spirited from their taxicab into the exclusive but unimpressive private lobby reserved for guests in the ultra-ultra Waldorf Towers, lifted to their twenty-eighth floor suite in a practically empty elevator.

"Is this the Waldorf?" asked Alan, disappointed.

Nothing at this point seemed quite real to Alan, the city, the hotel, the deference of the Waldorf staff.

Newspaper interviewers came with the luncheon, and Alan couldn't eat. At dinnertime, he was on the air with a prominent radio commentator.

Sue urged him to have some food; he couldn't live on excitement.

He wasn't hungry, he insisted. Besides, he didn't get it. Why all this fuss?

"Come along," said Sue. "We'll take a little walk."

And they left the hotel, and walked across to Broadway, into Times Square. And they looked up at the giant marquee above the Paramount Theatre.

"This Gun for Hire," it said, "with Alan Ladd."

It blinked on and off, as Alan watched, hypnotized. He couldn't believe it. But suddenly, a teen-ager in the passing crowd spied him and squealed, "It's Alan Ladd!"

In the next five minutes, he signed a hundred autographs.

They fought their way back to the hotel, and, this time, Alan was grateful for the "private" elevator.

"It's amazing," he said, "amazing."

"How about a sandwich?" said Sue.

"You know," he said, "I think I am hungry."

It was one a.m., but Sue called the kitchen and ordered two hamburgers, with coffee.

The sandwiches arrived on a tray glittering with silver and crystal. Alan eyed the check. "Two-fifty, for a hamburger?" he gasped, "It's ridiculous." He was too indignant to eat.

Jellied doughnuts and coffee were in the too recent past.

Newspaper reviews the next day proclaiming him a new star dimmed the memory of his lean days. Alan felt rich enough to wire the shop in Chicago. "Please air express Girl with Harpsichord."

America's best known man-tailored pajama. Roomy cut jacket, and smart, sleek-hanging trousers.

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Bill Hopalong Cassidy Boyd is heading in the right direction—help for the 1950 Cancer Crusade. Contributions can be sent to Cancer, c/o local post office.
The next addition to Sue's prized collection of figurines arrived along with Alana Ladd, the couple's first child born on April 21, 1943. It was an exquisite little blue-eyed, golden-haired girl in Royal Copenhagen. When David Alan, their son, was born three-and-a-half years later, Alan added a companion Royal Copenhagen piece, a boy's figure.

The family, by this time, were crowding their temporary quarters in the farmhouse on the Ladd ranch. Alan's three-year stint in the army had slowed his career temporarily and they had not yet been able to build the dreamed-of home of their own.

Actually, they all liked the informal living in the country; but there was something pretty ridiculous about the sight of Sue's precious figurines shoved into shelves along with saddles and alfalfa seeds. Alan built a wooden case for them, strictly temporarily, he insisted, and it occupied the place of honor in the living room.

"But when we get into our own house," he promised, "I'll do it right. We'll have them in a glassed-in recess in the wall." He had seen such an arrangement at Marjorie Rambeau's, all he needed now was a house to go around it.

In the meantime, he worked in one picture after another.

"You know, honey, what we need," Alan said one night, "is a vacation. Why, we haven't been away in years." After all, he had never really taken her on a vacation. Paramount had footed the bill for the trip to New York, and when they visited his old home in Arkansas on a hospital tour they had been guests of the U. S. Army.

"I'm going to get you out of town for a rest," he told her after he finished "Sag-on." "I'm going to take you on a vacation," and he added, emphatically, "I'm going to do it right."

Alan made reservations at Arrowhead Springs Hotel, a resort which lures its guests with anything but bargain prices. What's more, he reserved the most luxurious suite in the place. Dinner, Sue was told when she arrived, would be served in their rooms. Mr. Ladd had arranged everything, selected the menu, the wines.

Dinner came, and was served by candlelight by waiters who must have worn cotton-soled shoes. Soft music surrounded them ... outside was the cool night, a full moon. They had four blissful days to look forward to, with nothing to do but play.

Alan spent the four days in bed, with the house physician in attendance. It was the unusual altitude, the doctor said. Sue made another diagnosis. She was sure it was the unusual luxury.

By the time they left Hollywood for their next vacation, two years later, Alan's poverty-conditioned nerve ends had relaxed. They crossed the Atlantic, saw London, were presented to England's King and Queen at a Royal Command reception. Alan's trick stomach didn't turn over once.

He felt well enough, and happy enough, and, at last, sure enough of himself to go shopping alone in London's antique shops. He was looking for another present for Sue, and he found it, another miniature in Dresden, of a concert grand piano.

"The harpsichord has grown up," said Sue, fondly, as she admired it. And so, of course, had Alan.

In a procession of small, precious gifts Alan Ladd has unfolded for his Sue the story of his love, and his fulfillment.

The love goes so deep, however, and the fulfillment is so complete that no mere gift, not even the big house on the hill, can ever quite encompass it.

The End
The New Hollywood Diet

(Continued from page 38) because a star cannot work.

It was then that Photoplay, in order to determine how it is possible to diet safely, turned to one of the highest authorities in the land, the famous Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

Through our valued reporter, Llewellyn Miller, we presented the Johns Hopkins Hospital with a list of the questions most frequently asked about dieting and reducing. Their straight-to-the-point answers, we believe, will be of vital interest to those who contemplate reducing. Also from Janette Carlsen, Dietitian in Charge, we received a basic seven-day diet, including all the foods a normal person requires to operate at the maximum of health and energy.

Hollywood received our report from Johns Hopkins first with avid interest and then with enthusiasm. On the preceding pages, in addition to the questions and answers and the Carlsen basic diet, you will find the basic diet modified for reducing purposes. To read about the results, turn to Evelyn Keyes's story of how, on this new diet, she both lost weight and increased her energy. Also, Photoplay brings you exercises by Hollywood's physical directors which will tone up fatty tissues broken down by dieting and reduce measurements. Hints from Hollywood's dress designers on how to camouflage body faults. Invaluable advice from Hollywood's make-up experts on ways of using various kinds of make-up to bring your face its greatest loveliness.

It is with pleasure and, I think, justifiable pride that the editors of Photoplay dedicate this April issue to your new beauty.

Adele Whitely Fletcher, Editor

YOUR CHANCE TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD

... with your fare and expenses paid—both ways! In the May issue, Photoplay presents an exciting new contest—and the prizes are worth trying for: Round-trip tickets by railroad or bus; a complete travel wardrobe; a luxurious set of luggage. In addition—you'll want to read Photoplay's complete guide to Hollywood... telling you where to go, where to stay, where to dine, things to see, stores to shop, plus nearby vacation spots. Illustrated with beautiful color pictures. It's your chance of a vacation lifetime! In the May issue, on sale April 12.

How can he explain to his sensitive young wife?

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**Hollywood Reduction Line**

(Continued from page 47) along the sides of your nose and on your cheeks. Blend in the foundation to create an illusion of cheek fullness. This will make your nose look smaller. "If your nose is short and flat," he advises, "use a light foundation cream right down its center. Blend in the same way."

- **Whisk Away Wrinkles**

Terry Hunt has a routine for relieving wrinkles and bags around the eyes that is ideal: First, cleanse your face thoroughly with soap and water; then pat on nourishing cream. Massage gently with an easy circular motion. In the morning, apply an astringent.

- **Camouflage with Rouge**

Rouge should be used to mask facial defects. If your face is too thin, Jack Dawn suggests you apply rouge in the hollow of your cheeks to make them appear wider. If your face is well-shaped (an oval face is ideal), and you normally have color, don't roughe your cheeks.

- **Strike Oil**

In the summertime especially, the oily areas around the chin and nose are prominent. Wally Westmore, Paramount's make-up man, has a simple and effective treatment for this difficulty. Blot the oily area with tissue. Use a cake powder over this and repowder lightly to keep the troublesome areas looking fresh for hours. (However, I'd like to suggest that if you have trouble with a too-oily skin, you wash thoroughly with soap and water three times a day—or four times, if necessary. Steam baths, too, help to dry out the oils. Also, you should use a strong astringent before applying your make-up.)

Anita Colby, Beauty Editor

- **Open Your Eyes**

To make your eyes appear wider, Jack Dawn advises mascara on the upper lashes only. Begin the application from the middle of the lash area and work outward horizontally. Put your mascara on as close as possible to the edge of the upper lid to make lashes appear heavier.

(Continued on page 102)

**WHO? WHY? get the facts!**

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**Rise Above Your Height**

Hollywood designers create the illusion of height for short girls by using an unbroken line of color from head to toe. "Single-breasted suits and slim dresses and color relief keeps the eyes above the line will make a girl appear taller," says Mary Kay Dodson of Paramount Pictures.

Travilla of Twentieth Century-Fox notes that a touch of color on gloves to match a touch of color on hat is frequently all right, but a short girl in a black suit wearing red shoes and a red hat is disastrous. Helen Rose of M-G-M suggests long, flowing lines and the princess line for short girls. "No peplums," she warns. "Use instead, insignificant details with interest around the neck. All vertical lines are good, long waists particularly flattering and full-length coats rather than the three-quarter length, or the shorty, should be worn."

**Short Cut for Tall Girls**

The Hollywood designers are agreed that a tall girl is in luck, but if you feel you are too tall you can do something about it. Helen Rose advises the round-look skirt with lots of fulness and unpressed pleats.

Travilla suggest voluminous coats, oversized handbags, dresses with horizontal lines or patterns. "And don't attract attention with flat shoes," cautions Mary Kay Dodson. "The smart way Louis heel looks high, yet does not add height. Above all, stand up straight. There is always someone taller."

**Neck Lines**

If you have a short neck, Mary Kay Dodson recommends the V-neckline and a shoulder line that holds close to the neck at the sides. She suggests cropped hair which is more flattering, too. If your neck is long, Miss Dodson suggests high collars, choker necklaces, and where a suit or a dress has an open neckline, the introduction of scarves, jewelry or flowers.

**Curb Those Curves**

If you resemble Jane Russell, only much more so, Helen Rose suggests wide, flaring skirts and scarves, or large collars to bring a better sense of proportion to the rest of your body. "Be sure," she says, "your bra is good, but not too tight. A too-tight bra pushes the flesh into the abdomen or around the waistline." She recommends details like vertical tucks, the classic V-line coming just below the fullest part of the figure, soft colors and jabots. "Be sure your clothes aren't loose enough," she reiterates. "Anything tight across the bosom will accentuate it."

**Hip Tricks**

For hip diminishing, Helen Rose suggests two-tone dresses with light tops and dark bottoms, wear skirts that fall straight from the waist, which are neither too tight nor too narrow. "Wide-hemmed hats and wide collars are good as eye detractors," she says. Slightly flaring coats and skirt fulness, if used right, are fine.

Mary Kay Dodson and Travilla also endorse these treatments for large hips. Allow for hip bulk in the fabric, such as gathers in the waistline, peplums or drapery. These designs, however, must look as if the bulk is in the fabric and not in the flesh.

**Leg Work**

Heavy legs can be modified with proper clothing. Helen Rose centers all of her attention on shoes. Plane opera pumps should be substituted for strap shoes or the baby-doll variety. The pointed toe is very good and the baby Louis heel is excellent. Proper shodding is the No. 1 treatment for heavy legs.

[The End]
The New Hollywood Diet

(Continued from page 41)

Q: Suppose I take off ten pounds in two weeks, won't my vitality and stamina come back as soon as I return to my usual diet?
A: Your usual diet probably was not properly balanced in the first place, so your fat will come back, too, as well as vital tissue. Even if you return to a properly balanced diet, you will not feel your best until you have recovered the lost vital tissue. Since this is not readily replaced, you could have accomplished the same reduction of body fat by a much less strenuous diet, and felt better while you were losing fat only.

Q: What kind of weight lost quickly comes back quickly?
A: Rapid replacement of lost poundage is true only of salt and water. An example that every one has seen is what happens to a tennis player in perfect physical shape after several sets in the hot sun. Several pounds may be lost in a few hours, but they probably will be back the next day as soon as the salt and water balance in the body is restored. It takes far longer to restore true tissue substance that may have been lost. For example, as after an illness such as typhoid fever or true starvation, the nitrogenous or protoplasmic stuff is regained exceedingly slowly.

Q: Suppose, against your advice, I go on a quick reducing diet for a month in order to lose thirty pounds. Will I notice any ill effects beyond the loss of stamina?
A: The body cannot possibly adjust to such rapid loss of weight without some ill effect. At the very least, you will look flabby and wrinkled. Almost certainly, you will be extremely irritable. Here is a point that should be emphasized. A person in non-ill health and only slightly overweight usually can reduce safely by correct-

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ing diet, but anyone as much as thirty pounds overweight should be warned not to tamper with a reducing diet until she has consulted her doctor. It is possible that there is nothing wrong except incorrect diet, but we are inclined to suspect an emotional or physical disorder when there is that much excess weight.

Q: How can you tell whether a person is overweight because of emotional disorder, or overweight because of overeating?
A: We are inclined to believe that a great percentage of overeating is caused by an emotional maladjustment of some kind. People who are bored, lonely, worried or disappointed subconscious try to pay themselves for what they are missing by eating.

Q: Are many people overweight because of glandular disorder?
A: No. Only about two per cent. However, if you have any suspicion that you have a glandular disorder, see a doctor before starting any changes in your diet. If you have any organic trouble or an ailment of any kind your diet is a matter for your doctor.

Q: Does the quantity of food I eat have a direct relation to gaining or losing weight?
A: It is a variable relation. Many people who are putting on weight steadily eat less in nominal quantity than some slim people. They eat as much as they want, and still lose two pounds a week. In these cases it is not the quantity that counts, but the lack of certain essential foods. Other overweight people, already on a proper diet, need only to skip snacks between meals and refuse second helpings to reduce at the safe rate of a pound or two a week.

Q: What is the lowest number of calories I need each day for good health?
A: Calories are the measure of energy inherent in food only. They bear no relation to the vitamins, minerals and other materials the body needs. That is the reason diets based on low caloric content only are dangerous. Each person's caloric needs are different. One housewife with three little children and doing all of her own work may need 2,800 calories. Another woman, also with three little children but being waited on by servants, may find 1,800 calories too many. The woman who studies a caloric chart and designs her own reducing diet by cutting out all foods with high caloric value is asking for trouble, because there are several foods of high caloric content that are essential for health.

Q: What is the proper relation between height and weight? For example, what should a woman five feet tall and thirty years old weigh?
A: Many people make the mistake of applying the standard Height and Weight Tables to themselves. Two different women, both five feet tall, might weight 100 pounds and 115 pounds respectively, and yet both be at the proper weight, and carrying the same amount of body fat. In this example, one will have small bones and the other a very heavy bone structure, so there can be no arbitrary rules about what you should weigh.

Q: What percentage of gain between the ages of 25 and 45 is normal?
Q: If I am on a proper reducing diet will I lose about a quarter of a pound every day?
A: No. When you begin any carefully calculated reducing diet, you will lose quickly the first few days, usually, and then level off. Your weight may stay the same for several days and then take a decided drop. There is usually a gain of several pounds during the menstrual cycle. It is normal, and it will go in a few days. Therefore, to estimate your real rate of reduction, check your weight at two-week intervals.

Q: What is the effect of alcohol on weight?
A: Alcohol has 210 calories to the ounce. It has no food value, so it builds only body fat, not needed tissue. If you take a cocktail, highball or beer to give yourself courage to face another meal without rich sauces, you have not aided your planned reducing program. Many people who lose weight in the cocktails than in the food they deny themselves at the table.

Q: What are the most important rules about reducing?
A: Probably the most important first step is to start eating three meals a day at regular times. A great many overweight people skip breakfast with a mistaken idea that they will lose weight by doing so. This is not true. The body needs seven different varieties of foods, and needs them at regular intervals.

Q: If I cut down on water or other liquids, will I lose weight?

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A: Yes, but only temporarily, and it will be bad for you. You will not be losing fat, and you can interfere seriously with your elimination processes by cutting down on liquids. The normal person needs six to eight glasses of water every day. If you cut down on water, you only slow up the benefits of your diet.

Johns Hopkins Hospital, it must be reported, has no one reducing diet that all individuals may follow. "It is against all of our theory and practice to think in terms of blanket diets," says Mies-Janette Carlson, Dietitian in Charge. "Each patient is an individual and so each diet is individual. We prepare a great many reducing diets, but only after the doctors have completed examination, and only on their recommendation. And after an interview in the Food Clinic with the patient."

GENERAL RULES FOR THE OVERWEIGHT
Eat three meals a day at regular intervals. Drink six to eight glasses of water every day, one or two on arising, the rest between meals. Sleep seven to nine hours a night. Eat some of the foods from each of the Basic Seven lists each day. Eat all you want of the vegetables in Group One, with the exception of peas and sweet potatoes. If you cook these vegetables, use only clear salted water or bouillon made from cubes. Do not use creamed sauces or salad dressings containing fat. Eat all you want of Group Two. Eat all you want of the vegetables in Group Three, cutting down on artichokes, corn, carrots, potatoes and sweet potatoes. These vegetables need not be eliminated entirely, but concentrate on the others. Eat only the fresh fruits in Group Three, or canned fruits packed in water without sugar. Cut out avocados. Do not cut down on Group Four. A pint of milk a day, or its equivalent, is needed in every normal diet. Cut out the ice cream only because of its sugar content.

In Group Five, eat only the lean parts of meats. Fat that you can see should be cut off. Meats may be cooked in any fashion except fried. Cut down on dried peas, beans and nuts. These need not be eliminated, but concentrate on lean meats. Do not skip eggs. Eat at least four a week cooked in any fashion except fried, unless you use your butter allowance for this purpose.

Cut down on Group Six, but have some whole-grain, enriched or restored bread or cereal every day. Group Seven: If you are in the habit of eating a great deal of butter, cut down but take at least a tablespoon every day. Cut out Group Eight entirely. This is the real crux of the reducing diet. The sweets, refined starches and fats in this group build mainly fat. Cut tea, coffee, sugar, pie, pickles (except dill), olives, soft drinks, beer, wine and alcoholic drinks of any kind.

If you miss sweets, saccharine tablets may be used to sweeten foods, but it is better not to cook it since cooking makes saccharine bitter.

Block coffee, clear tea (no sugar), water, salt, pepper, vinegar, spices and clear meat broth from the list of foods that have been slimmed may be used as much as you like.

If you are hungry between meals, you may take a cup of tea, bouillon made with cubes, unsweetened fruit juice, or as much as you like of carrot sticks or any other raw vegetable.

If you are in the habit of eating something just before going to bed, you may skip one of the Basic Seven foods during the day and eat it then.

If you are losing more than two pounds a week, you are reducing the quantity of food too much.

Do not go on any diet without consulting your doctor if you are greatly overweight or have any organic disorder or any other ailment.

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Basic Seven Foods Diet
(Continued from page 44)
(The Basic Seven Foods give energy and protect health. The foods in the following
list are the seven that give the most group supply energy, mainly. In the nor-
mal diet, the foods listed below may be eaten in addition to the Basic Seven foods—but not in place of them. If you are liv-
ing chiefly on foods listed below and are skipping any one of the Basic Seven foods, you are living on a sub-normal diet.)

Group Eight:
Bacon Drippings, Lard and other shorten-
ings.
Mutton fat, Poultry fat.
Salad dressings, Salad oils.
Salt pork, Fat back, Suet.
Honey, Jam, Jellies. Molasses, Pres-
serves, Syrup, Sorghum.
Cornmeal (degerminated), Cornstarch.
Hominy grits.
Macaroni, Noodles, Rice (white), Spa-
ghetti.
Unenriched crackers, White bread and
rolls, White flour, Cakes.
Candy, Chocolate, Cocoa, Cookies, Pas-
tries, Sugar, other sweets.

I Took the Hollywood Diet
(Continued from page 43) I did not catch
cold and many members of my company did.
Another thing. When I finish work I go
to the gymnasium where I take a course of exercises designed to both relax me and
improve my figure. After the nervous ten-
sion of a studio day, these exercises relax
me and relieve my fatigue. So, I enjoy
dinner that much more.
I find a lukewarm bath after my exer-
cise, particularly if I'm getting out for din-
nner, makes me feel luxurious. I've tried
dozens of soaps in bath oils and have
finally settled on carnation as my favorite.
Bath oil, which keeps skin from becoming
too dry, is especially helpful during winter
months.
Lately, it seems to me, there's a growing
tendency everywhere to have mid-after-
noon snacks. In the studios, the actors,
grips, props, hairdressers, take time out
for soft drinks, coffee or ice cream. This,
I think, is a bad habit, a fatal habit, cer-
tainly, if you are trying to reduce. I've
disciplined myself not to indulge in these
snacks. But, sometimes, I'll admit, I invest
a dime in the apple machine.
I've learned it's fun to be healthy.

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SHOULD parents reveal or conceal a child's adoption, is the question posed here. It introduces temporary tragedy into the happy Macaulay household.

Ann Blyth gets the shock of her lovely young life when her spiteful younger sister, Joan Evans, blurs out that "mother." Jane Wyatt and "father" Donald Cook look Ann in as a baby. Stumbling upon this skeleton in the family close, Joan makes use of it when Ann scolds her for flirting with boy friend Farley Granger. And Farley, it must be admitted, is something to fight over.

The role of designing female is quite a switch for Joan, who was innocence personified in "Roseanna McCoy." Although she cannot break the mold of her picture. Ann Dvorak makes the most of her role, that of a woman anxious to bury the past; Natalie Wood is fine as the family brat and newcomer Phyllis Kirk is a delectable dish as Ann's poor-little-rich girl friend.

Your Reviewer Says: Teen-age heartache.

V (F) Mother Didn't Tell Me (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THE problems of a doctor's wife are amusingly related in a romantic comedy teaming Dorothy McGuire and William Lundigan. Taken from Mary Bard's book, "The Doctor Wears Three Faces," it tells how a sweet young schemer sets her cap for a handsome medico, lands him in no time flat, and naively dreams of a storybook future together.

McGuire is chock-full of charm as the girl who discovers the drawbacks of marriage to a busy medical man. Lundigan (previously a physician in "Pinky") is mighty attractive as the chap who makes his patient's pulse beat faster. These two hold your interest in a story which isn't very strong but is delightfully done.

June Havoc, George Merrick, Jane MacKenzie and Leif Erickson are all in there pitching along with Jessie Joyce Landis as a meddling mother-in-law.

Your Reviewer Says: A chucklesome affair.

V (F) The Nevadan (Columbia)

NEVADA'S rugged hills are the Cinecolor setting for a rough-'n'-ready outdoor drama starring Randy Scott. With a histrionic performance Scott trails outlaw Forrest Tucker, wanted for stealing a fortune in gold. Whether Scott is really a fugitive from the law, as he claims, or one of its minions, is not revealed until practically the end of the picture. There's lots of fancy shootin' with Randy demonstratin' that, even if he is no young buckaroo, he can still pull a trigger and ride a horse with the best of 'em.

Tucker gives a good account of himself as a burly badman and Dorothy Malone spiritually portrays the feminine foil. Frank Faylen and George Macready are in this, too, as an unscrupulous pair.

Your Reviewer Says: Sluggin' and pluggin'.

(F) Pioneer Marshal (Republic)

DON'T let Monte Hale's friendly smile fool you. He can be pretty tough with a lowdown viper like Roy Barcroft or his ruthless boss, Damian O'Flynn. Monte gets his chance to prove it when he invades their town, which serves as a handy sanctuary for the West's worst criminals.
Marshals are mighty unpopular hombre here but, fortunately, Monte has a good friend in old-timer Paul Hurst.

Max Leslie and Myron Healey are also part of this machine-made Western, which has its quota of gun and fist fights.

Our Reviewer Says: Junior may go for it.

✓ (F) *The Great Rupert* (Pal-Eagle Lion)

MAGINE Jimmy Durante sharing billing I with a squirrel! But then Rupert, who can dance the highland fling, is no ordinary squirrel. His trainer, Jim Conlin, able to book the act, bids Rupert a fond farewell and makes for the nearest park bench. Ex-vacuvilleian Durante, his dure young daughter, Terry Moore, and his for-better-or-for-worse wife, Queenie Smith, move into the hovel in which Conlin and his accomplished pet had been living. Landlord Frank Orth is an old little but he has a good-looking son, Tom Drake, who promptly takes a shine to Terry.

How the lives of these people are turned upside-down by Rupert makes for a chirpy little comedy designed for the family trade. Don't, however, expect to see the old skullduggery strutting his stuff, for Jimmy, although still jolly and smiling, has shed down considerably.

Our Reviewer Says: Durante goes mellow.

✓ (F) *The Iroquois Trail* (Reliance-UA)

AVAGE is the word for this story of skullduggery and bloodshed taken from James Fenimore Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales." The picture dwells upon the desperate fighting 'twixt English and French with various Indian tribes participating.

George Montgomery gets involved when his young brother, a scout for the British, s shot down and robbed of an important dispatch. George seeks out the dastardly killers, who have made it appear that the lead boy was a spy for the French. The plot becomes complicated, but the important thing to remember is that Montgomery is trying to help the British even if they don't believe him. However, beautiful Brenda Marshall, betrothed to English officer Glenn Langan, is inclined to listen.

There's a skulking redman who is the real villain in the piece. As played by

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Sheldon Leonard, he makes your blood run cold.
Your Reviewer Says: Rousing Indian yarn.

(F) Buccanneer’s Girl
(University-International)
WHEREVER Yvonne De Carlo goes,
trouble seems to follow. She’s that kind
of a gal.

Yvonne plays, with relish, a stowaway
on a sailing ship, which is raided by
pirates. Their leader, Phillip Friend, stands
out as a dashingly buccaneer, capable of
stealing any girl’s heart. It turns out he’s
something of a Robin Hood, robbing rich
ship owners so that the sailors of New
Orleans can buy their own vessels. On land,
Friend is a respected citizen engaged to
wed the governor’s pretty niece, Andrea
King. One word from Yvonne, and his true
identity will be known.

Told in Technicolor, this ruminator
of love and intrigue permits De Carlo to
wear plunging necklines, sing three slight-
ly naughty songs, make eyes at all the
boys and, in general, behave like a hoyden
with nary an inhibition. A notable cast in-
cludes Robert Douglas, Jay C. Flippen,
Eliza Lanchester, Henry Daniell.

Your Reviewer Says: Piracy ‘n passion.

(A) The Gay Lady
(Rank-Eagle Lion)

CUPID wears a monocle, sports an Eng-
lish accent and is dressed to kill in this
Trucolor production. It’s a trip into
nineteenth-century manners and morals. A
sacrifice which cries for the pen of an Oscar Wilde,
it’s a trivial ‘little tale revolving around a
Gaiety Girl and her two admirers from
completely different circles.

Jean Kent caricatures her part, coosing
like a dove one moment, screeching like a
fishwife the next. As her aristocratic suitor,
who knows his way around stage doors,
James Dunn works his way with gentility. Andrew
Crawford is convincingly commonplace as a young
balloon pilot in love with Jean. Lana Morris and
Bill Owen are featured to advantage as theatrical
friends.

This is an extravagant attempt to amuse
you that doesn’t quite come off.

Your Reviewer Says: Ultra-British humor.

(F) Bells of Coronado (Republic)

POSING as an unemployed cowhand,
trouble-shooter Roy Rogers tackles a
gang of hucksters out to steal ore from a
uranium mine. Roy has to look sharp
because these boys will stop at nothing.

There’s plenty of racin’ and chasin’
in this hoss opera in Trucolor. As usual, Dale
Evans is the romantic interest while Pat
Brady makes with the jokes. Grant With-
ers, Leo Cleary and Clifton Young are
part and parcel of the shenanigans. And
Foy Willing and the Riders of the Purple
Sage take it all off with a couple of cow-
boy ballads.

Your Reviewer Says: Standard stuff.

W (A) The Third Man
(Korda-Selznick)

THIS superior melodrama, set in postwar
Vienna, is smoothly directed and acted.
Touches of humor and gay background
music off the sinister action.

Joseph Cotten turns in a clear-cut por-
trayal of an American writer in danger
of his life when he questions the “acci-
dental death” of his old friend, Orson
Welles, that Welles was de-
liberately murdered, as a result of black
market operations, Cotten enlists the help
of Orson’s actress-sweetheart, Valli. The

bare a fair shoulder.

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suspense builds up to a smashing climax when the identity of the third man, who allegedly witnessed Orson's death, is revealed, and a mad chase along Vienna's sevems follows.

Valle is alluring as a lost lady leading a precarious existence; Welles comes through with a typical Orsenesque performance; Trevor Howard clicks as an alert British military police chief.

Your Reviewer Says: A topnotch thriller.

✓ ½ (F) Key to the City (M-G-M)
DRAWY Clark Gable and ladylike Loretta Young. There's a threesome for you, and how they do cut up in this daffy comedy about love and politics!

An ex-convict who has just finished a fifteen-year stretch for murder and finds the outside world a strange threatening place, Richard Basehart invites sympathy. He really wants to go straight but between money-mad Marilyn Maxwell and ex-prison pal John Hoyt, he's practically locked before he starts. Besides, there's Hoyt's designing ex-wife, Signe Hasso, and her mobster playmates. They are sure Basehart knows where a hot million is hidden and they mean to find out.

Basehart would be lots safer back in prison but pretty Dorothy Hart provides as good a reason as any for staying outside the wall.

Your Reviewer Says: For thrill seekers.

✓ (A) The Sundowners (LeMay-Templeton-Eagle Lion)
TERROR rides the range in this Technicolor Western of cattlemen versus rustlers in the Lone Star State. The action never lags for a moment even if the motives are not entirely clear.

Robert Preston colorfully portrays Kid Wichita, a lusty laughing fellow who takes pleasure in plugging folks. He gets his chance when his stalwart brother-rancher,
Robert Sterling, tangles with a. neighborhood. The picture introduces John Barrymore Jr., a lean blue-eyed lad who turns in a credible job. Cathy Downs provides a rigid place as the baleful flower who catches Preston's eye, but obvi-
ously prefers Sterling.

Chill Wills plays a picturesque character effectively: John Litel is satisfactory as a law-abiding citizen.

Your Reviewer Says: Really rugged.

(A) Black Hand (M-G-M)

All the violence of an exploding bomb is contained in this chronicle of a crime. A taut realistic melodrama, it records the history of the Black Hand, which operated in New York's Italian section around 1908. Made up of Italy's worst criminals, this blackmailing band preyed upon helpless shopkeepers who yielded to their demands of paying the penalty for

Seeking revenge for the murder of his father, Gene Kelly starts a man-crusade to wipe out these dreaded gang-

gers. It looks like a lost cause until he enlists the aid of detective J. Carroll Naish. Kelly and Naish deliver attention-attracting performances, receiving substantial support from newcomer Teresa Celli as Gene's sympathetic sweetheart and Marc Lawrence as the plug-ugly leader of the Black Hand.

Your Reviewer Says: A tale of terror.

(F) Mule Train (Columbia)

SILENTS'S latest is a fast-paced Western enlivened by gun fight, fisti-
cuffs and a fine rendition of the popular song, "Mule Train."

Autry invites trouble when he rushes to the rescue of his prospector-pals, Pat Buttram and John Miljan, owners of valuable cement land. When a crooked contractor, seeking to build a dam, contests their right to the land, it's every man for his- self. At which point sheriff Sheila Ryan, a gal with lots of glamour and gumption, inserts herself into the argument. How could she know that Autry is actually a marshal with a reputation for getting his man—or his woman? It adds up to an acceptable outdoor opus for Western fans.

Your Reviewer Says: Scrappy, snappy action.

(F) Guilty of Treason

(Wrather-Golden-Eagle Lion)

INSPIRED by the real-life story of Car-

dinal Mindszenty's trial, which attracted world-wide attention, this is once at a

When knights were bold: John Derek as the Earl of Huntington, Robin Hood's son, woos Marianna (Diana Lynn), King John's ward in "Rogues of Sherwood Forest"
forceful drama and a movie with a message. It stresses the importance of freedom from tyranny at any cost.

As an American newspaperman who witnesses the dramatic events leading to the Cardinal's arrest by the Communists, Paul Kelly is a standout. Charles Bickford suggests the serenity, wisdom, and abiding faith of a Prince of the Church. A secondary plot concerns the ill-starred romance between a patriotic Hungarian schoolteacher and a stiff-necked Russian officer. Bonita Granville is sympathetic as the teacher while Richard Derr resembles, of all people, Danny Kaye. Alas, and there's a thought-provoking picture deserving your attention.

Your Reviewer Says: An arresting drama.

✓½ (F) Never Fear
(Young-Lupino-Eagle Lion)

POLIO is the theme of this emotion-packed picture teaming romantic-looking Keefe Brasselle and pert Sally Forrest. The dread disease attacks Sally just as they are getting their first break as a dance team. Keefe loyally sticks by her side. Sally, however, succumbs to conflicting emotions which makes the road back to recovery that much rougher.

Haydn O'Brien pleasingly portrays a cheerful patient; Eve Miller is a lovelorn secretary and Larry Dobkin makes a fine doctor. Ida Lupino took time out from her acting chores to serve as co-producer, author and director.

Your Reviewer Says: Good human interest.

(A) Barricade (Warners)

VIOLENCE reaches a new high in this shocking tale of man's inhumanity to man. Portraying the most vicious villain of this or any year, Raymond Massey is at his snarling best. He rules over a despoiting mining camp with relentless cruelty and the only reason the men stand for it is because they are desperate criminals wanted by the law.

Dane Clark and Ruth Roman are fugitives from justice who meet, fall in love, and plot ways and means to escape from Massey's despotic rule. Robert Douglas walks away with the acting honors as the one decent character among this evil band of thieves and murderers.

"Barricade" can scarcely be classified as entertainment, dwelling as it does upon depravity. If you are at all squeamish, you'd find it hard to take.

Your Reviewer Says: Savage, sordid, grim.

Best Pictures of the Month

"D. O. A."
"The Third Man"

Best Performances of the Month

Phillip Friend in "Buccaneer's Girl"
Clark Gable, Loretta Young in "Key to the City"
Dorothy McGuire, Bill Lundigan in "Mother Didn't Tell Me"

Ginger Rogers in "Perfect Strangers"
Dan Dailey in "When Willie Comes Marching Home"

Kirk Douglas, Hoagy Carmichael in "Young Man with a Horn"
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and Book by HERBERT FIELDS and DOROTHY FIELDS • Musical Numbers Staged by ROBERT ALTON • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by ARTHUR FREED
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what should I do?

Claudette Colbert
star of
“Three Came Home”
YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am a war bride in this country for the past two years. I have been very lonely, even to being affected in my health. I can’t eat or sleep when I think about my own beautiful country so far away.

In this country I have my own sister, but she lives in another state. My husband gave me money to go see her last summer, and in two months of visiting I felt my old self, gay and happy. I gained weight and strength again.

My husband refuses to move near my sister, saying how can he get a good job like he has now. I miss my sister so much that I am always nagging at my husband. I don’t mean to, but my nerves are very bad. Please tell me what to do.

Amelia von H.

In general, most people are about as happy in this world as they want to be. You are working diligently, it seems to me.

(Continued on page 6)
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(Continued from page 4) to make yourself miserable. You are living in a section of the United States which is very beautiful, and there is a large colony of your countrymen nearby. Yet they have discovered that all countries are very much alike and that all people are very much alike.

When you married your husband you promised to forsake all others and cleave to him alone. You must seem, to him, have forsaken him and to be cleaving bygone associations of country and custom. Unless you mend your ways, you may lose your husband.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I want to be a dress designer for movie stars. My friends think that I draw beautifully and that I have a good style sense.

I am fourteen years old and would like to get a start right away. Please tell me whether I should come to Hollywood. If so, I will go about getting a job. I am so sick of school, nothing but math, history, English and Latin. I can just imagine myself, as a best-dressed, entering a big club as Gene Tierney did in "Laura.

Please tell me how I can get started.

Winstella A.

Fourteen is not too young an age which to begin to plan one’s future. However, I do believe it wise for someone to get you started on the right path.

First of all, you shouldn’t scorn your mathematics. You will need to have figure sense in order to calculate quick the cost of a garment, the amount of fabric needed, the time and labor involved. The more accurately you can compute the expense of a garment, the more valuable you will be to your employer at the more successful you will be when you go into business for yourself. History important, too, because every present fashion trend has its origin in history.

Right now, I believe, you should learn to sew. You should learn to make your own patterns from your drawings, and you should actually construct the garment you draw. They should be appropriate for you and your friends to wear.

You should make a study of fabric learning how they are made, how the patterns are designed, and which types are best for certain types of clothing.

And what a picture fashion designer is position to which the best in the fashion business aspire; you will find competitors keen, and your employers well-trained for the jobs they covet. The things if you do is to learn to be so good that you will rise automatically in your profession.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and in the twelfth grade. My problem is my temper. At six I almost killed a boy for calling me a nan as I got older I was in all kinds of fights.

Recently I knocked my teacher half-awake because he accused me of hitting him with a snowball and I did do it.

What should I do to hold my temper back? I’ve tried nearly everything: nothing seems to work. I get mad and the first thing I think of is letting someone have a load of fist right in the teeth. It scares me sometimes. I don’t want to be bad. Is there medicine I could take?

Jerry B.
there she stood—the actress in a role she didn't dare play!

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Stage Fright

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(Continued from page 6)

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am a man of fifty. I own a farm which I operate with the help of one man; I arise each morning at five, put in three hours of work, then drive twelve miles to an office where I work until five. After supper, I spend another hour or two working on the farm, then fall, exhausted, into bed.

Four years ago I married a girl half my age. She is my third wife, and this time I made a fine choice. We have a wonderful son who is almost two. During the night, I take care of him if he whimpers.

My problem is that I am fighting exhaustion all the time. I have to keep my office job because it brings in the money we must have for running expenses until the farm begins to pay off.

Can you tell me whether there are shots of some kind that would "put wheels under me" and make it possible for me to carry this heavy load without feeling as if I'm going to have a nervous breakdown?

August O.

I wish you had told me more about yourself. I have the feeling that you are driven by a psychological need to prove that you are a superman. Perhaps the failure of your first two marriages has caused you to put almost extra-human effort into making this marriage a success.

Because you are carrying a double load (two jobs) during the day, you should certainly allow your wife to take care of your infant son at night.

Although I suspect that you are deeply in love with this young wife, you should face the fact that unless you get proper rest, you could have a physical collapse. A man of your years could not endure the abuse you are meting out to your body.

Be sensible: See your doctor. Discuss your situation frankly with him. Then, if you cannot bring yourself to talk over your problem with your wife, ask your doctor to take care of that task. There is no reason why you can't receive help from your wife and your physician, if you will ask for it and stop trying to do everything yourself.

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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Bissell Sweepers
Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

SEE HOW PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIVES YOU THE SLIM YOUNG LINES, THE SUPPLE, SLENDERER SILHOUETTE FOR SPRING.

Hollywood designers tell American women how to have slim, trim figures with invisible PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

Nowhere in the world is a woman’s figure so noticed as in Hollywood. Nowhere is the look of youth so important.

That is why famous Hollywood designers hail PINK-ICE. They say no other girdle slims so naturally, fits so invisibly under all clothes.

Made of tree-grown liquid latex, without a seam, stitch or bone—PINK-ICE moulds you smoothly, allows complete freedom of action, washes in seconds, pats dry with a towel.

See how subtly PINK-ICE controls your figure. You’ll want panty and garter styles—to keep you slim for spring.

Oleg Cassini, designing genius of Hollywood fame: "The 1950 fashions require you to be smoothly slender from waist to thighs. PLAYTEX does that—it's the girdle of the 1950's!"

Howard Greer, famous Hollywood designer: "PLAYTEX allows complete freedom of action, gives a woman a figure that can be revealed—supple and slim from waist to thighs."

Irene, Hollywood's fabulous designer: "When you wear PLAYTEX, your silhouette is slender and supple, with smooth, youthful lines. And it's invisible under clothes."

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

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park
©1950 Dover Del.
Mrs. Stewart, Jimmy (whose Monty Stratton was voted most popular performance of '49), Mrs. Stratton, June Allyson (popular runner-up as Jo in "Little Women") and Monty Stratton whose life inspired "The Stratton Story," most popular film of year

GOLD MEDAL MEMORIES: Drama! The touching tribute paid Monty Stratton when the 500 guests at Photoplay's Gold Medal dinner rose to their feet as if they were one—in tribute to the man who inspired "The Stratton Story," voted the most popular picture of 1949. As Jimmy Stewart said, "this movie was made possible only because of this man who lived it."

Before June Allyson's place on the dais was a large cellophone box in which reposed two large white orchids. June, arriving a little late from the Lux broadcast, where she and Jimmy Stewart had enacted their roles in "The Stratton Story," hurriedly tore open the little envelope which held the card. It read, "Love, Husband." June, all smiles, waved kisses to Dick who sat at a table close by.

Dinner Data: Ronald Reagan, facing the dais, not four feet from his ex-wife, Jane Wyman, smiled more broadly, clapped louder than any other person in the audience when she received the Gold Medal for her performance in "Johnny Belinda." Just a few nights before, Jane, in the same room (the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel) attended a Friars Frolic during which Ronnie received accolades from that organization. It was Jane, then, who paid beaming tribute to her ex-husband. So many in town are still hoping that these two will reconcile...

A touchy situation developed when Kirk Douglas showed up with Bob Stack's ex-girlfriend, Irene Wrightsman McEvoy. Bob arrived alone. Since Kirk was seated on the dais, Irene suggested that she join the table where Stack was seated. Kirk, unenthusiastic about this suggestion, maneuvered Irene to a seat next to Ronald Reagan, where he could keep his eyes on her every minute... Esther Williams, dressed in soft apricot chiffon, glanced at herself in the mirror and admitted it was the first time she'd ever been able to see herself without aid of glasses. She was wearing contact lenses and this was the first big occasion during which she had the courage to use them.

"You don't know," she confided, "what it's like to see clearly without glasses. This is wonderful."
INSIDE STUFF
cal york's
gossip of
hollywood

With Stories and
Pictures of Photoplay's
Famous Gold Medal
Awards Dinner

Presenting Jane Wyman, leading lady for her performance in "Johnny Belinda," and Photoplay's Fred Sammis, presenting citations to producer Stanley Kramer for two winning films, "Champion" and "Home of the Brave"

Sue Ladd and husband Alau, one of last year's winners. Dirilyte's gold-colored flatware gleamed at every table

Two champions: Loretta Young, for her performance in "Mother Is a Freshman" and Kirk Douglas for "Champion"
Jane Wyman, looking like a bonbon in her pale pink short evening dress, is congratulated by editor Adele Fletcher, in black gown with gold-embroidered collar, at big Photoplay event.

Party News: Cal attended the wonderful party given for the visiting Photoplay executives at the beautiful new home of the Alan Ladds. Sue had an informal sit-down dinner for fifty in honor of Editorial Director Fred R. Sammis and Mrs. Sammis, Vice President Herb Drake and Editor Adele Whitely Fletcher. We chatted with Bill Holden whose performance in “Sunset Boulevard” has the whole town talking. Bill is wonderfully happy, feels his career is clicking at last. During the evening Lucille Ball had difficulty keeping awake. She explained apologetically that she’d taken the medicine they give expectant mothers who are nauseous. Immediately the rumor spread that Lucille was expecting a baby. Later, when she heard this, she laughed uproariously. What had happened was this: She had been working in a scene in which she had been twirled around in a chair. It had made her dizzy. So the studio doctor had prescribed this medicine so that she could continue working—for no other reason.

Here and There: June Haver who lives in the apartment building owned by the late Dr. Duzik, has done such a successful job of redecorating her apartment that the present owners have persuaded her to decorate other apartments... Because Brod Crawford, all during his youthful acting career, was known as “Helen Broderick’s son,” Helen now has painted on her mailbox, “Brod Crawford’s mother lives here”... Janet Leigh is the most un-Hollywood star we know. Recently, Frances Scully, one of the town’s leading women radio commentators, asked Janet if she would do a recording for the radio show. Janet’s busy schedule was such that her only time off the set of “Jet Pilot” was at lunch hour. “I’ll pack a lunch and jump in my car and come over then, if that’s okay with you,” Janet told Frances. She did just that and after recording, sat and shared her sandwich with Frances before dashing back to the set.

KILL THE 20% TAX ON MOVIE ADMISSIONS
Hope's the cause for laughter. Left, Jimmy Stewart, June Allyson, M-G-M production chief Dore Schary, Fred Sammis, Bob, George Murphy

When Bill Bendix told his wife he won for "The Life of Riley," she said, "It's a gag!"

Fred Sammis greets two distinguished guests—the Louis B. Mayers. Mr. Mayer's studio, M-G-M, won six gold medals, plus three special citations

Liz Taylor, of popular film "Little Women," poses with Photoplay executive Herb Drake

Ben Gage, Esther Williams (she was in a top film, "Take Me out to the Ball Game"), and the Dean Martins. Dean and Jerry Lewis entertained

The lady in the picture with Jim Stewart is our Hollywood editor, lovely Ann Daggett
Are you always Lovely to Love?

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

Be sure then, that you are always lovely to love; sweet and alluring. Ne'er uncertain. So many lovely girls depend on Fresh Cream Deodorant because it is completely effective—stops odor—stops perspiration worries completely. Fresh is different from any other deodorant you may have tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective.

Test Fresh against any other deodorant—creams, messy liquids, hit-or-miss sprays or powders. You'll never change to another once you've begun to use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

New! Here is a Fresh Cream Deodorant in a handy new tube for those of you who find a tube more convenient.

One Minute Interview with Doris Day

"I don't know what I would do without my manager, Marty Melcher. When it comes to business, my system of filing is to quietly drop important papers in the fireplace! So Marty handles everything. Why, do you know, I have no idea how much money I make? I have a safety deposit box and I don't even know what's in it. Marty handles everything. Marty selects the songs for my recordings. The ones I selected weren't as popular. Marty put over the deal for the new home I bought from Martha Raye. I love home and I love being married. Yes, I think I can safely say I'll be married if another year. Who am I going to marry? Oh, I'd rather not talk about it." Quote from Cal: "Marty handles everything!"

Musings and Mutterings: Gloria Swan son, the star of the forthcoming movie "Sunset Boulevard," is still envied by every star in Hollywood. A Pasadena doctor prescribes that diet that helps to keep the glorious one looking so glorious...

...Where there's life, there's Hope and these days where Bob goes his doing Dolores goes with him. Once upon a time it was the home, the kiddies, the charity endeavors that separated the Hopes who Bob traveled. Now, Dolores divides his interests and a new glow has been added...

...Wonder if Joan Fontaine knows her saucy stories are raising eyebrows a Hollywood parties?... Mrs. Cary Gran was being inter... (Continued on page 16)
Here is Damon Runyon at his exciting best . . . bringing you, as only he could, the wonderful characters, the thrilling drama and excitement that made him famous.

Benedict Bogeaus presents Damon Runyon's
"JOHNNY ONE-EYE" starring PAT O'BRIEN
WAYNE MORRIS • DOLORES MORAN and introducing Gayle Reed
Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS • Directed by ROBERT FLOREY • Screenplay by RICHARD LANDAU
Based on the story, "Johnny One-Eye" by Damon Runyon • Released Thru United Artists
NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS! PROOF THAT USING COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

2 years’ research by LEADING UNIVERSITIES proves that using Colgate’s right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

More than 2 years’ scientific research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—proves that using Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps stop decay before it starts! Modern research shows that decay is caused by acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps remove these acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate’s active penetrating foam reaches crevices between your teeth where food particles often lodge.

The Most Conclusive Proof In All Dentifrice History On Tooth Decay!

Yes, the same toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive patented ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in Colgate’s flavor, foam, or cleansing action! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, proved way to help stop decay!

ALWAYS USE COLGATE’S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH — AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Economy Size 59c  ALSO 43c AND 25c SIZES

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 14) viewed by a persistent, inquisitive reporter. “How much does your magazine (no it wasn’t Photoplay) sell for?” she asked politely.

“Fifteen cents,” he answered. “For fifteen cents, I don’t think your readers are entitled to come into our bedroom,” Betsy Drake squelched him . . . Divorced they may be, but Zack and Elaine Scott still exchanged those long distance phone calls on their wedding anniversary, which happens to fall on his birthday . . . A moment Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Stewart will always remember. At the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards party when Mrs. Monty Stratton confided simply: “This is the first time in my life I ever wore an evening gown!”

A New Bette: Cal couldn’t help but be impressed with Bette Davis’s enthusiasm for the new film she’s producing with Barry Sullivan as her co-star. “It’s the story of a woman who keeps prodding her husband into getting on well in the world because she thinks that’s what he wants out of life. Of course, the inevitable happens and she finds herself alone with only herself to dominate at the end.” Seeing Bette at Ciro’s, when she and husband William Sherry were entertaining the Photoplay executive Cal couldn’t help but think that Bette is happier now than at any time during her life. Sherry frankly admitted that he and Bette had had their problems but that was great tenderness in his voice when he added, “Bette was strong enough to help us both hang on to something both wanted—a good marriage.”

The Corey Story: He’s the man of the hour. Stanwyck’s had him. Davis wants him. Crawford may get him . . . For the pictures, of course! So what happened to Wendell Corey when Lina Turner got him for “A Man of Her Own” could only happen in Hollywood. No sooner was he in the picture, than he was out again. Everyone was terribly polite and evasive when reasons were requested. “We make a secret (Continued on page 12)

On the Photoplay guest list—past winners Bette Davis, husband William Sherry.

Sharing the Gold Medal spotlight are Richard Conte, in popular film “House of Strangers,” and Sam Engel (with wife) producer of two Belvedere winners.
YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE OR TYPE OF SKIN!

NOT JUST A PROMISE . . .
but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientifically conducted tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—have proved conclusively that in just 14 days a new method of cleansing with Palmolive Soap . . . using nothing but Palmolive . . . brings lovelier complexions to 2 out of every 3 women.

Here's the easy method:
1. Just wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap, massaging Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather onto your skin for 60 seconds each time . . . as you would a cream.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Here's proof it works!
In 1285 tests on all types of skin—older and younger, dry and oily—2 out of every 3 women showed astonishing complexion improvement in just 14 days. Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. Start this new Palmolive way to beauty tonight.

You, Too, May Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 days!
• Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
• Less oiliness!
• Added softness, smoothness even for dry skin!
• Complexions clearer, more radiant!
• Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

For Tub or Shower
Get Big Bath Size Palmolive

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
LOOK LOVELIER
IN 10 DAYS
OR YOUR
MONEY BACK!

Doctor develops new home beauty routine—helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

- If you want a more alluring complexion, if you’ve suffered from dry, rough skin, "externally caused blemishes or similar skin problems—here’s news.

A noted doctor has now developed a new home beauty routine. He found, in clinical tests, that a greaseless skin cream—famous Noxzema—has a gentle, medicated formula that helps heal such blemishes... helps supply a light film of oil-and-moisture to the skin’s outer surface... helps your skin look softer, smoother, lovelier. Here’s what you do:

4 Simple Steps

Morning—1. Apply Noxzema all over your face and with a damp cloth "creamwash" your face—just as you would with soap and water. Note how clean your skin looks and feels. 2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.


This new "Home Facial" actually helped 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests. The secret? First, Noxzema is a greaseless cream. And secondly, it’s Noxzema’s medicated formula—in a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion!

Money Back If Not Satisfied

Try this Doctor’s new Home Beauty Routine for 10 days. If you don’t see a real improvement in your skin, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. That’s how sure we are you will be wonderfully pleased with the results.

Protective Cream!

"Ever since I’ve used Noxzema as my powder base I’ve found my dry skin looked so much softer and smoother. Noxzema’s wonderful!" says Mary Proctor.

Blemishes! "I was troubled with annoying facial blemishes," says Dorothy Johnson, "my girl friend advised Noxzema. In a very short time it helped my skin look softer, clearer."

Medicated Noxzema Skin Cream is the favorite beauty aid of scores of actresses, models, and nurses. See for yourself why over 25,000,000 jars are used yearly! At all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax.
I dreamed

I danced the Charleston

in my *maidenform* bra

"Dreaming backwards—that's me—back to the torrid 20's. Same skirt, same step... but I have a 1950 figure!

It's lovely, lifted, rounded lines for me... and matchless Maidenform fit shapes me up perfectly.

Haven't you dreamed of a dream of a bra like this?" Shown: Maidenform’s Maidenette* in white satin and lace for the "Princess look"... just one of a vast and varied collection of styles, fabrics and colors.

There is a Maiden Form for every type of figure.
Gordon MacRae. He is breaking the speed law traveling so fast up the road to stardom. Why not cast him with Jane Powell in a movie. They are so wonderful together on Gordon's radio show.

NANCY HALL
Highland Park, Ill.

It would be nice if Hollywood would make a picture of the life of Alexander, the Great, starring John Derek. I have seen pictures of busts of "the Great" and John Derek has many of his features. I have read up on the "Great" and it is said that he was beautiful and muscular.

LILIANE SINGS
Winter Haven, Fla.

Question Box:
We just came back from seeing the picture "The Hasty Heart" and although we thought it was wonderful (oh, that Ronnie Reagan), our curiosities were left unsatisfied. Just what do Scots wear under their kilts?

LILA AND MIMI
Sacramento, Cal.

(Our only kilt-wearing source states firmly, "Nothing!")

Will you please tell me how many times Diana Lynn has been married? My friend and I have been wondering if her marriage to John Lindsay is her first.

EDWINA MILLER
Guilford, Conn.

(Her present marriage is her first.)

Would you please tell me who played the part of Laertes in "Hamlet"? He was Ophelia's brother. I thought he was wonderful. How about a picture of him also?

BARBARA SLLATTERY
Bronx, N.Y.

(Terence Morgan was born in England, December 8, 1921. He's 5' 10", weighs 150 lbs. and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Next film, "Captain Horatio Hornblower.")

I would like to know more about David Wayne who makes a play for Katharine Hepburn in "Adam's Rib."

MARTY J. SMITH
Madison, Wis.

(David Wayne was born David Meckan in Traverse City, Michigan. He's 5' 8", 150 lbs., has brown eyes, sandy hair, is married, has three children. Next picture, M-G-M's "Reformer and the Redhead," was hit on Broadway in "Finian's Rainbow," "Mr. Roberts.")

Could you give me some information about Paul Christian who played the handsome Arab Prince in "Bagdad"?

CHARLOTTE LIGHTFOOT
Wooster, O.

(Paul Christian was born Paul Huber-Friedrich-Noel in Aarau, Switzerland on July 20, 1917. He's 6' 3", 192 lbs., has brown eyes and hair.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 49th Street, New York 17, N.Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.
Brief Reviews

(F) ALL THE KING'S MEN — Columbia: Powerful political drama tracing a rabble-rouser's rise. Broderick Crawford scores in the leading role; newcomer Mercedes McCambridge clicks as his hard-boiled assistant; John Derek is his adopted son. Joanne Dru, John Ireland and Shepperd Strudwick are also involved. (Feb.)

(F) ALWAYS LEAVE THEM LAUGHING — Warner: This provides a field day for Milton Berle's fans with Mitz B giving his all to his public. He receives substantial aid from Ruth Roman, Virginia Mayo, Bert Lahr, Alan Hale and Lloyd Gough. [A 110 minutes of pure Berle. (Feb.)]

(A) AND BABY MAKES THREE — Columbia: This fastidious farce, poking fun at matrimony, motherhood and divorce, teams Robert Young and Bithorne Hall, supported by Bob Hutton and Janis Carter. (March)

(A) BACKFIRE — Warner: An exciting who-dunnit brimming over with false clues. Gordon MacRae is in this, but he doesn't sing a note. He's too busy trying to find his pal Edmond O'Brien. Dana Clark, Virginia Mayo and Viveca Lindfors are also on hand. (March)


(F) BELL OF CORONADO — Republic: Routine westerns in Technicolor with troublesome Roy Rogers and to thwart a gang of hijackers, Dale Evans, Pat Brady, Grant Withers, and Roy Williams and his boys are also on hand. (April)


(F) BORDERLINE — U-I: Fred MacMurray and Karey Tracey engage in a swift game of tag with limp peddlers Raymond Burr and Roy Roberts while armed sheriffs knowingly on the sidelines. Entertaining enough. (March)

(F) BRUCADE'S GIRL — U-I: Philip Friend is the bold pirate who steals Yvonne De Carlo's heart and Robert Douglas's ships to the distress of fiancée Valentina. Colorful in a synthetic sort of way. (April)

(F) CAPTAIN CTHAIX — Paramount: A roaring sea thriller with the spotlight on two-led he-man John Payne who proves to Gall Russell that a man can be down but not out. A strong supporting cast includes Jeffrey Lynn, Lon Chaney, Edgar Bergen, Michael O'Shea. (March)

(F) CHAIN LIGHTNING — Warner: An exciting action film with test pilot Humphrey Bogart hanging nip-ups in a jet-vivelled plane when he isn't courting pretty Eleanor Parker. With Richard Whorf, James Brown. (Feb.)

(F) CINDERELLA — Walt Disney-RKO: Yule Disney magic turns this familiar tale of childhood days into an all-cartoon musical decked out in Technicolor. Romantic and tuneful. (Feb.)

(F) CONSPIRATOR — M-G-M: Dramatic tale of a young American girl who discovers her British roomie is secretly a member of the Communist Party and her own life is in peril. Liz Taylor is given most of the beauty and talent to her role; Robert Taylor is the man who loves her. With Robert Jenning, Hony Blacken. (March)

(F) DANCING IN THE DARK — 20th Century-Fox: Here's an end-of-the-year film about an extra star and a would-be one. William Powell is very suave, Bessie Drake very beguiling and Mark Stevens very nice. Good entertainment. (Feb.)

(F) DEAR WIFE — Paramount: Bright, cheery sequel to "Dear Ruth," again showing Bill Hopper, Joan Caulfield, Mona Freeman, Billy De Wolfe and James Arnold. Pleasantly diverting. (March)

(A) D.O.A. — Popkin-U: This unusual whodunit has the answer to an impossible question. Go see for yourself. Pamela Britton is in a fine love interest. Luther Adler the villain. (April)

(A) EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE — M-G-M: A flat domestic drama with a topnotch cast including Lilia Skala as a wronged wife, James Mason as her erring mate, Ava Gardner as the designing muse who comes between them and Van Heflin as her gallant admirer. (March)

(F) FRANCIS — U-I: Wacky farce about a talking army mule which beats the big brush at war. This superior critic gets soldier Donald Connor into the darnedest mess. With Patricia Morison, Zsazsa Gabor, Ray Collins. (March)

(A) GAY LADY, THE — Rank-Eagle Lion: Ultra-funny romantic comedy about a Gypsy Girl and her co-suitors. Lavish sets and costumes are in striking contrast to a rowd-skeleton try. With Janis Jones, James Donald, Andrew Crawford. (April)

(A) GLASS MOUNTAIN, THE — Renown-Gate Lion: An absorbing romance effectively blends legend and reality, and interspersed with operatic music superbly sung by Tito Gobbi. A capable cast includes Valentino Cortesa, Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray. (April)

(F) GREAT RUPERT, THE — Pal-Eagle Lion: Here's a whimsical comedy about a dancing squirrel of the circus ring. With Joanne Dru, Terry Moore, Tom Drake, Quenpie Smith and their string band. Mirth diverting. (April)

(F) GUILTY OF TREASON — Warner:

The new-shape Modess box is news because it, too, has an idea behind the design! Wrapped, this discreet-shape box might be bath salts, note paper, candy. No one could guess you were carrying sanitary napkins... no more need you wonder if anyone's guessing! And another appreciated Modess exclusive, the new box is tactfully pre-wrapped before it even reaches your store's counter!

- Same fine quality Modess napkins
- Same price—you don't pay for these two new extras
- Regular, Super, and Junior Modess sizes

Only Modess comes in the new-shape, secret-shape box...pre-wrapped!
**TONI TWINS Discover New Shampoo Magic**

**Soft-Water Shampooing**

"The first time we tried Toni Creme Shampoo something wonderful happened to our hair," say beautiful blonde twins Alice and Alva Anderson of Evanston, Ill. "Our hair was so marvelously soft...as if we actually washed it in rain water. Its softness made it so much easier to manage."

That's the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo...Soft-Water Shampooing! Even in hardest water you get oceans of creamy lather that rises away dirt and dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with all its natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style:

- Leaves hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer
- Rises away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather make hair sparkle with natural highlights.

**IN A TIZZY because you don't know what effective yet harmless for INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE?**

Then Learn About This Amazing Greaseless Suppository That Assures Hours of Continuous Medication!

There's no question about it, girls—more and more wise women are changing over to this modern, easier, less embarrassing method of intimate feminine cleanliness. Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories so powerfully germicidal and effective yet so safe to tissues. When inserted, they instantly release their amazing deodorizing and germ-killing properties and give you hours of protection.

Easy to Carry in Your Purse

Zonitors are so convenient to carry if away from home. They come twelve in a package and each separately sealed in a dainty glass vial. No mixing. No apparatus needed. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

**Leave No Tell-Tale Odor**

Zonitors desodorize—not by temporarily masking but by destroying odor. Help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it is not always possible to contact every germ in the tract—Zonitors do kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Now don't be old-fashioned. Try Zonitors—the wonderful, new improved, modern approach to feminine hygiene. You'll rave about Zonitors, too!
...the strangest entry ever made on a police blotter...

the story of a man who sets out to avenge

his own murder...

Harry M. Popkin presents

D.O.A.

starring

EDMOND O'BRIEN

and

PAMELA BRITTON

with

LUTHER ADLER  Beverly Campbell - Neville Brand - Lynn Baggett
          William Ching - Henry Hart - Laurette Luez

Produced by Leo C. Popkin  Directed by Rudy Mate  Story and Screenplay by
            Russell Reuse and Clarence Greene  Music Written and Directed by Dimitri Tiomkin
            A Harry M. Popkin Production  Released thru United Artists
YODORA
the deodorant that works
2 WAYS
stops perspiration odor
Wonderful Yodora does not merit mask, but stops perspiration odor
Effective for full 24-hour protection

and beautifies underarm skin
Made with a face cream base, Yodora keeps
armpits fresh and lovely-looking as the skin
of neck and shoulders. Tubes or jars 10c 30c 60c

Kind to skin, chemically safe for clothes, it's the perfect cream
deodorant... You'll adore Yodora!

SPECIAL TAMPON OFFER
Designed to carry 2 Meds tampons
REGULARLY 39c
NOW ONLY 15c
plus Meds box top
How often has your handbag opened
and the contents spilled out?
AVOID EMBARRASSMENT
Use this Tamp-Case! It can't snap
open and spill your tampons. It's
smart, compact; fits easily into almost
any handbag. It's attractive!
Choice of three accessory colors.
Tamp-Case offer expires July 31.

Meds...The Modess tampon
Send for your
Meds Tamp-Case Today!

(Continued from page 22)

W (A) PERFECT STRANGERS—Warners: Hearts are on trial in an absorbing courtroom drama, with veteran performers like Gregory Peck, and Anthony Quinn. The story is based on a real-life case, and the acting is superb. (April)
W (B) PIONEER MARSHAL—Republic: A machine-made Western with a marshal played by Donna Reed. (April)
W (C) RANGER OF CHERRY TRIP—Republic: Routine Western with a marshal played by Glenn Ford. (April)
W (D) RIDING HIGH—Paramount: Horseplay, and a rather well-mounted job. (April)
W (E) SANDS OF IWO JIMA—Republic: This action-filled movie of Marine warfare has John Wayne playing a hard-boiled sergeant. Among the Leathernecks under him are John Auer, Forrest Tucker and Wally Cassel. There's a lot of romance, too, twist Ang and Adele Mara. (March)
W (A) SHADOW ON THE WALL—M-G-M: Scary psychological thriller with Ann Sothern as a murderess, Zachary Scott as the one who is blamed, Gigi Perreau as a little girl too terrified to tell what she knows. It takes a psychiatrist Nancy Gates to solve the crime. (Feb.)
W (A) SIDE STREET—M-G-M: An exciting, sly acted crime yarn with handsome Franch Abs and wistful Cathy O'Donnell, playing a partner in crime. Festival of Film Does Craig, Paul Kelly and Jean Hagen lend capable support. (March)
W (A) SOUTH SEA SINNER—M-G-M: Tropical thriller with Macdonald Carey and Shelley Winter going for each other in a big way, and getting plenty of outside interference from villainous Luther Adler. With Frank Lovejoy, Helen Carter. (Feb.)
W (B) STAGE FRIGHT—M-G-M: —U-I: A light腕 and kinetic staging of the trial, gun masts and girls are the ingredients of a typical court case, featuring June Havoc, Dorothy Hart and John Russell. (Feb.)
W (A) SUNDOWNERS, THE—M-G-M: Eagle Lion: Rugged tale of cattle rustling with Robert Preston as a killer, Robert Sterling as a rancher determined to protect his property, and John Barrymore as a young lad learning the ways of the West. With Cathy Downs, John Lorne. (April)
W (A) TELL IT TO THE JUDGE—Columbia: A slapstick farce with Rosz Russell and Billy Cummings. Turner themselves outside to make you laugh. With Gig Young and Marie MacDonald. (Feb.)
W (A) THE HAT—Paramount: Smart, picaresque, sordid courtroom drama, Jeanne Stainwyck and Wendell Corey. It's Corey's first romantic role and he handles it well. With John Tetel, Paul Kelly and Richard Johnson. (Feb.)
W (A) THERE'S A GIRL IN MY HEART—M-G-M: A stereotyped musical which has a little of everything, nothing of much of anything. Lee Bowman and degree head a well-meaning cast including Perry King, Ryan Macdonald, Gloria Jean. (Feb.)
W (A) THIRD MAN, THE—Korda-Scott-Frazer: Strong on suspense, thriller describes the adventures of American writer Joseph Cotten in war-torn Johannesburg. He loses his heart to Joseph Corent, and almost loses his life when he investigates the sudden death of his friend, Orson Welles (Feb.).
W (A) THREE CAME HOME—20th Century-Fox: Vivid realistic story of an American war veteran imprisoned in a Japanese camp in British North Borneo. A shocking drama, splendidly acted by Claude D. D. White and Patrick Knowles. (March)
W (A) TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH—20th Century-Fox: Gregory Peck and a fine supporting cast lend interest to a grim realistic war film. Peck's job is to restore the morale of a group of battle-weary flyers. With Gary Merrill, Osa Massen, Jagger, Hugh Marlowe, Milland Mitchell. (March)
W (A) WANTED—U-I: Scott Brady is the unlucky chap caught in the undertow in this chronicle of a crooked cop and gamblers. John Russell and Dorothy Hart are double-crossers, Peggy Dow and Bruce Bennett, are Scott's pals. (March)
W (A) WILLY COMES MARCHING HOME—20th Century-Fox: War's lighter side is amusingly recollected with Dan Dailey as a small-town boy plunged into a series of comical misadventures. Corinne Calvet and Colleen Townsend lend fine support. (April)
W 2/3 (A) WHIRLPOOL—20th Century-Fox: An absorbing, bloody drama, based on a short story by Gene Tierney and the victim of a swindler, Jose Ferrer. Richard Conte is Gene's psychiatrist-husband. With Charles Bickford, Barbara O'Neil. (Feb.)
W 2/3 (A) WOMAN IN HIDING—U-I: Terrier is the key to this murder yarn that has Eda Lupino running for dear life from big bad Stephen McNally right into the arms of nice Howard Duff. Peggy Dow, Jack Green as McNally's wicked accomplice. (March)
W 2/3 (A) YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN—War ner: Kirk Douglas is the horn-blowing gent who goes offbeat when he meets moody Lauren Bacall. It takes blues singer Doris Day to put Kirk back in the groove. Haing Carmedalie and Juan Fernandez are prominently featured. (April)

PLASTIC TAMP-CASE

Designed to carry 2 Meds tampons

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Personal Products Corp., Dept. P3-S
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A STOLEN FORTUNE
A BORROWED WOMAN
AND ONE MAN TOO MANY!

Kiss Laura once, just once, and you're headed down a...

ONE WAY STREET

starring

James MASON
Marta TOREN
Dan DURYEA

Story and Screenplay by LAWRENCE KIMBLE • Directed by HUGO FREGONESE • Produced by LEONARD GOLDSTEIN
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
Casts of Current Pictures

ASTONISHED HEART. THE — Rank-U:1: Dr. Christian Faber, Noel Coward; Barbara Faber, Celia Johnson; Leonora Faber, Margaret Leighton; Tim, Graham Payn; Susan, Joyce Carey.
CAPTAIN CAREY, S. A.: Paramount: Webster Carey, Alan Ladd; Guin DeCresi, Wanda Hendrix; Berne Reynolds, Gig, Francis Leder; Celia Francesca DeCresi, Celia Lovsky; Serapha, Angela Clarke; Count Carlo DeCresi, Richard Avonello; Doctor Lenotti, Joseph Calleia; Arno, Roland Winters; Luigi, Frank Puglia; Sandro, Luis Alberni; Nancy, Nan Andrews; Pluck, Rusty Tambah; Giovannini, George Lewis; Blind Musician, David Leonard; Angela, Virginia Franklin; Frank, Paul Lees.
CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR — PBY: Universla: Beau- regard Bottomley, Ronald Colman; Flame O’Neil; Celeste Holm; Barbara Stanwyck; Vincent Price; Gwun Bottomley, Barbara Britton; Happy Hogan, Art Linkletter; Annesa Urquhart, George Fisher; Gerald, Byron Foulger; Frony, Elye Marshall; Walter’s Secretary, Vic Raif; Radio Announcer, Dorothy Evans; Executive No. 1, John Eldredge; Executive No. 2, John Talbot; Executive No. 3, George Leigh; Executive No. 4, John Hart; Caesar, Mel Blanc; Fortune Teller, Peter Brocco; Buck (The Man), Brian O’Hara; Scratch (The Man), Jack Daley.
DAUGHTER OF ROSEMARY, THE — Warners: Patricia O’Grady, June Haver; Tony Pastor, Gordon MacRae; Dennis O’Grady, James Barton; Maureen O’Grady, Debbie Reynolds; Mildo Turetsky; ‘Caddles’ Sukal, Don Murray, Gene Nelson; James Moore, Leon McClory; Katie O’Grady, Marsha Jones; Mrs. Murphy, Jane Darwell.
EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE — Pine-Thomas: Paramount: Todd Croyden, John Payne; Madeline Deavor, Rhonda Fleming; Whittie Randolph, Primrose O’Keefe; Glen, Lynzhar, Thomas Gomez; Basil Stanzler, Fred Clark; Buck Hyatt, Frank Faylen; Roberta, Edith Forrest; Margaretta, Margaret Martin; Jones, Walter Reed.
I WAS A SHOPLIFTER — U:1: Jeff Andrews, Scott Brady; Faye Borton, Mona Freeman; Ima Perdue, Andrea King; Pep, Anthony Curtis; Herb Klassen, Charles Drake; Grady, Guy Clark; Harry Dyson, Larry Keating; Bebe, Robert Gist; Sherrill Bubba, Michael Raffetto.
NANCY GOES TO RIO — M-G-M: Frances Elliott, Ann Soothern; Nancy Barfield, Jane Powell; Peter Benson, Barry Sullivan; Mario Rodrigo, Carmen Miranda; Gregory Elliott, Louis Calheri; Scotty Shelton, Scoto Beckert; Ricardo Dominguez, Fortunio Bonanova; Arthur Burnett, Glenn Anders; Mrs. Harrison, Nella Walker; Alfred, H. Hurd Conoy; Masher, Frank Fontaine.
MAN OF HER OWN, THE — Paramount: Helen Forrest, Barbara Stanwyck; Bill Hardness, John Lund; Mrs. Hardness, Jane Cowl; Patrice Hardness, Phyllis Thaxter; Stephen Morley, Lyle Bettger; Mr. Hardness, Henry O’Neill; Hugh Hardness, Richard Denning; Blonde, Caroline Mathews; To Win Stethoven, Harry Ammerman; Rosalee Bacher, Catherine Craig; Jane, Esther Dale; Plain-Clothesman, Milburn Stone; Dr. Parker, Griff Barnett; Policeman, Gayford Pendleton; Stan Johnson.
NO BAD SONGS FOR ME — Columbia: Mary Scott, Margaret Sullivan; Brad Scott, Wendell Corey; Chris Rodina, Vivent Lindlorf; Polly, Natalie Wood; Dr. Ralph Feen, John McIntire; Lionel Speer, Anne Doran; Bronnie, Richard Quine; Mona Feen, Jeanette Nolan; Freda Miller, Isidore Tree; Mr. Carmell, Raymond Greenleaf; Flora, Uryelle Leonardos; Lee Cobert, Norma Ware; Doris Weldon, Margo Wood; Mel Felony, Harry Chotiner; Jack Miller, Robert Douglas Evans; George Searis, Summer Getchell; Mrs. Hendrichs, Lucie Brown; STAGE MARTYR — Warners: Esme Gill, Jean Wynn; Clarissa Long, Marlene Dietrich; Smith, Michael Wilding; Jonathan Cooper, Richard Todd; Neville, Kay Wash; Mrs. Bill, Dale Sybil Thorndike; Billie Grey, Miles Fielder; Eddy, Hester MacGregor; Shooting Gallery Attendant, Joyce Grenfell; Inspector Bayard, Andre Morel; Casby, Patricia Hitchcock; Commodore Gil, Altair Sim.
STROMBOYI — RKO: Karin, Ingrid Bergman; Antonio, Mario Vitali; The Priest, Rene Cesn; The Lieutenant, Marie Sponza. T-B-BEAN OR THE SLAVE GIRL — RKO: Taro- san, Lex Barker; Jane, Vanessa Brown; Neil, Robert Alda; Louise, Denise Darcel; The Prince, Hunt Field; Rexwood, Doctor; Arthur Shields; High Priest, Robert Warwick; Senpo, Anthony Caruso; Chief’s Son, Tim Reilly; Mount, Mary Ellen Kay.
TAUGHT STRANGER, THE — RKO-Pathé: De- terence Tobin, John Miles; Mary, Jack Murphy; Patrice Fels, John White; Lest, Carroll Kay; Walter Kinsella; Capt. Lundsgraf, Frank Tweddell; Capt. Van, Rod McLeam; Joe Cash, Henry Wilco; Johnny Mercure, Arthur Barret; Fisher, Jim Bole; Aberfoyle, Wil- liam Gasker.
WINDS BOY, THE—Lon- don-Eagle Lion: Sir Robert Storton, Robert Donat; Catherine Winslow, Margaret Lockton; Arthur Winslow, Henri Cordis, Hardieke; Grace Winslow, Marie Lohr; Ronnie Wainman, Karl Von Winton; Jack Witting, John Watherstone, Frank Lawton; Col. Watherstone, Nicholas; Blackwood, Basil Radford, Curry; Hazel Mary, Kathleen Harrison; Hamilton, Evelyn Roberts; First Lord, Walter Fitzgerald; Attorney General, Frank L. Sullivan.
WOMAN OF DISTINCTION, A—Columbia: Alec Staveley, Kay Milhand; Mary, John Mason; Patricia White; Lest, Conigin, Walter Kinsella; Capt. Lundsgraf, Frank Tweddell; Capt. Van, Rod McLeam; Joe Cash, Henry Wilco; Johnny Mercure, Arthur Barret; Fisher, Jim Bole; Aberfoyle, Wil- liam Gasker.

No modern girl need be a ‘wallflower,’ miss parties and break dates because of the time of month. Midol has changed all that by bringing quick comfort from menstrual suffering.

MIDOL RELIEVES HEADACHE

Midiol brings amazingly fast relief from menstrual headache because it contains two highly effective, proven medical ingredients that are often prescribed by many doctors.

MIDOL EASES CRAMPS...

Midiol contains an exclusive anti-spasmodic ingredient which quickly eases cramps. Even women who had never suffered severely report that Midol brings quick comfort. And Midol does not interfere in any attend the menstrual process. So see that your daughter takes Midol and takes it in time. She’ll be her charming self even on days she used to suffer most.

MOTHERS: Free copy of “What Women Want to Know,” explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper), Write Dept. 8-30, Box 260, New York 18, N. Y.

MIDOL is the Thing to Take for FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

The mild stimulant in Midol helps lift her out of the depression and ‘blues’ which often attend the menstrual process. So see that your daughter takes Midol and takes it in time. She’ll be her charming self even on days she used to suffer most.

MIDOL EASES “BLUES”...

The mild stimulant in Midol helps lift her out of the depression and ‘blues’ which often attend the menstrual process. So see that your daughter takes Midol and takes it in time. She’ll be her charming self even on days she used to suffer most.

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MOTHERS: Free copy of “What Women Want to Know,” explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper), Write Dept. 8-30, Box 260, New York 18, N. Y.
Dumb is the Word for DORA

Away now to some Secluded Spot for a big, Romantic Evening with her new-found Romeo. That's what she Thinks!

Instead, She's going to be Dumped back on her own Doorstep in no time Flat. Two hours with her in the movies have Cooled this Casanova off for Keeps! She's off his List forever...and she won't know Why.

Dumb certainly is the word for Dora... and for thousands of other Women who take their Breath for Granted. Don’t Be One of Them.

Nothing puts you in a worse light with a man than halitosis (bad breath). Unfortunately, you yourself, may not know when you have it, so why take chances of offending...ever?

It's so easy to put your breath on the agreeable side with Listerine Antiseptic...not for seconds...not for minutes...but for hours, usually.

Before any date where you want to be at your best, never omit this extra-careful, wholly delightful precaution against offending.

It's almost your passport to popularity.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACEAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri
When you see how naturally lovely your hair will look after you use New Drene Shampoo with Beauty Conditioning Action, you'll never be satisfied to "just wash" your hair again!

You'll want to condition it with New Drene . . . condition it to all its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness. Yes, and all this without the bother of special rinses or lotions. Just shampoo—that's all you do!

New Drene can promise you so much because Drene—and only Drene—has this new Beauty Conditioner. It's a cleansing discovery found in no other shampoo—a Procter & Gamble exclusive! Try New Drene today!

1. New Drene conditions your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen. . . . yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
2. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
3. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes loose dandruff from hair and scalp!
4. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

Only New Drene Shampoo
has this Wonderful New Beauty Conditioner

HER eyes are blue, her hair red, her name Betsy Blair, her energy volcanic, her husband Gene Kelly and her mind alert. You'll remember her most vividly as the mentally sick girl who is befriended by Olivia de Havilland in "The Snake Pit.

Like a jet-propelled missile, she hurls herself into each new phase of life with determination. Once her course is set, she gains momentum through sheer self-effort. Without an agent, she landed her first screen bit in "The Guilt of Janet Ames," went on to more bits in "Double Life" and "Another Part of the Forest." Recently, she made a flight to Italy to play Desdemona to Orson Welles's Othello. Gene's blessing went with her. "If you want to make something of your screen career, do something about it," he told her, "don't just talk about it." She shut up and got going. Welles didn't get the film financed. The cast wasn't paid. Betsy returned home. But she didn't remain idle too long. M-G-M gave her a meaty role in "Mystery Street" with Ricardo Montalban.

Back in Cliffside, New Jersey, bright little Betsy graduated from high school too young to enter the college of her choice, so skipping a want ad for dancers at New York's Diamond Horseshoe, she announced her determination to apply and with such unshakable force, her mother helped her into her first high heels, lipstick and smart hair-do. She got the job. At two each morning, after the show, her father drove her to Cliffside and was back in New York at his office by nine. Her career cost him a lot of sleep but he stuck to it even after she rose to the lead in Saroyan's "Beautiful People."

Along the way up she met a young dance director, Gene Kelly, and the two fell in love. They married while Gene was still starring in "Pal Joey." With her usual zest she threw herself into housekeeping, baking bread, washing, cooking and cleaning. After baby Kerry was a year old, Gene joined the navy and Betsy returned to New York despite the fact that M-G-M offered her a contract.

At twenty-five she looks back on her mistakes in judgment, her refusal of the contract among them, with the amused tolerance that confirms her intelligence. Gone are the blue jeans, the Bobby socks and unadorned face, albeit lipstick is her only cosmetic. Gone, too, is her slightly resentful attitude toward Hollywood and its methods. She'd like to work in a picture with Gene and hopes M-G-M will cast them together someday soon.

A gem called Bertha looks after the Kelly household that is a sociable rather than a social one. Friends like Montgomery Clift, the Richard Conteys, young writers and directors, drop in for good conversation or the feeling of aliveness that stems from Gene and his Betsy.
THE COMEDY TOAST OF THE YEAR!

Colman's a one-man riot as the smartest man in the world. Celeste is a one-woman riot squad who really smartens him up! It's the bubbliest, frothiest, tickliest movie you ever celebrated!

HARRY M. POPKIN presents
RONALD COLMAN
in
"Champagne for Caesar"
co-starring
CELESTE HOLM
with
VINCENT PRICE
ART LINKLETTER
and
BARBARA BRITTON

Produced by GEORGE MOSKOV • RICHARD B. WHORF
Directed by DIMITRI TIOMKIN
Story and Screen Play by Hans Jacoby and Fred Brady
Music Written and Directed by DIMITRI TIOMKIN

A Harry M. Popkin Production
Released thru United Artists


(A) Stage Fright (Warners)

DEPEND on Jane Wyman to deliver a deft performance whether in drama, comedy or thriller. Her latest, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, is designed to tingle your spine and tickle your funny bone.

Jane is completely captivating as a stagestruck English girl who becomes implicated in a juicy murder. Richard Todd drags her into the unsavory affair when he confides that the police suspect him of the crime. Seems Todd merely lent a helping hand to his actress-sweetheart, Marlene Dietrich, whose spouse met a most untimely end. Complications pile up and you get to meet all kinds of interesting people, including detective Michael Wilding. Todd scowls attractively; Marlene is at once amorous and glamorous. All told, it's first-rate entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Chills and chuckles.

1½ (A) No Man of Her Own (Paramount)

WHEN a girl gets into as much trouble as Barbara Stanwyck, it's mighty nice to have a guy like John Lund around.

Barbara is about to become an unwed mother when a train wreck sends her to the hospital. Through a mix-up she is identified as the daughter-in-law of a wealthy couple who never met her. Barbara seize the chance to provide a good home for her fatherless babe. Soon "brother-in-law" Lund gets "that gleam" in his eye only to have Barbara's ugly past pop up in the person of Lyle Bettger. As a despicable heel, Bettger is a standout. Jane Cowl, Phyllis Thaxter, Richard Denning and Carole Mathews are also featured to advantage.

Your Reviewer Says: Stanwyck suffers.

(F) Nancy Goes to Rio (M-G-M)

SUPPOSE you were an irrepressible seventeen-year-old like Jane Powell, and your actress-mother was a gorgeously gowned blonde like Ann Sothern? And suppose you not only wanted to play the same part in an exciting new play, but had your heart set on marrying the same man—Barry Sullivan? It would be kind of awkward, wouldn't it?

Janie bounces about, merely pausing long enough to sing a song or two. She's an artless child one moment, an artful female the next. Sothern is poise personified. After all those menacing male roles, Sullivan gets a chance at comedy and he comes through nicely. Sultry Carmen Miranda contributes a couple of specialty numbers. Louis Calhern and Scotty Beckett round out an amiable cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Colorful and gay.

Shadow

By Elsa Branden

Outstanding Good Fair
F—for the whole family A—for adults
(A) No Sad Songs for Me (Columbia)

This poignant and profoundly moving film brings back to the screen the very charming and talented Margaret Sullavan. Her role, that of an attractive young woman doomed to die of cancer, is indeed tragic, and she invests it with superb sincerity.

Margaret has everything to live for, a fine husband in engineer Wendell Corey, and a lovable daughter in Natalie Wood. Theirs is a completely happy home life. Given only several months' reprieve by her sympathetic but helpless doctor, John McIntire, every minute becomes precious.

A somber tear-stained story, it takes an unusual twist when the stricken wife paves the way for her glowering healthy successor, Viveca Lindfors. Such nobility may seem hard to swallow, but Sullavan somehow makes it believable.

Your Reviewer Says: It touches the heart.

1½ (F) Champagne for Caesar (Popkin-UA)

Quiz shows and Big Business get quite a going-over in this satire.

Ronald Colman gives a sly, tongue-in-cheek portrayal of a walking encyclopedia blessed with a keen sense of humor. Genius though he is, Ronald loses out on a forty-per-week research job with soap magnate Vincent Price. With malice aforethought, Colman appears on Price's quiz show and runs the jackpot into a fabulous fortune. The problem is to get rid of him before he bankrupts the company.

Celeste Holm is at her prettiest, but not her wittiest, as the Delilah whom Price hires to distract Ronald. Price burlesques his role outrageously; Barbara Britton pleases as Colman's lovelorn sister.

Your Reviewer Says: Enjoyable nonsense.

(F) The Tattooed Stranger (RKO Pathe)

A girl is found murdered in a parked car. The only clue to her identity is a tattooed anchor on her arm. It's up to the police to find the killer and the motive for the crime.

Told in semi-documentary style, this entertaining whodunit introduces several newcomers to the screen. There's tall easy-going John Miles as a young college-trained detective, who quickly catches on to the tricks of his trade. To make his work pleasant, there's Patricia White, a botanist who not only has a good head on her shoulders, but a pretty one too.

Among the featured players are Walter Kinsella as a hard-boiled police lieutenant, and captain Frank Tweddell in charge of the case.

Your Reviewer Says: Join the manhunt.
WORD GETS AROUND FAST—Behind Your Back!

Why risk it? Smoke all you want—but give Tobacco Mouth the brush-off with the new, special formula Listerine Tooth Paste... morning and night, and especially before any date.

There’s a reason: mint-cool Listerine Tooth Paste is made with wonderful Lusterfoam, a new-type cleaning ingredient that literally foams cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces... removes yellow tobacco stains while they are still fresh... whisks away odor-producing tobacco debris. Get a tube today!

Know they’ll never say “Tobacco Mouth” about you!

Give it the brush-off with...

Tobacco Mouth

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

OFF-COLOR BREATH
OFF-COLOR TEETH

COMING AND GET US...We are on the new Listerine Tooth Paste Tubes!

PLUTO

DONALD DUCK

Mickey Mouse, Pluto and Br’er Rabbit... in gleaming plastic caps on these new Listerine Tooth Paste tubes. Children love them! See them at any drug counter.

(A) Stromboli (Rossellini-RKO)

BOUND to arouse more than passing interest, this tale of a man and a woman on an island presents Ingrid Bergman’s glamour. A Czech refugee, she marries an ardent young Italian fisherman (Mario Vitale) in order to leave a detention camp for displaced persons. They depart for his home in Stromboli, a veritable paradise accord.

(Continued on page 34)

(F) I Was a Shoplifter (Universal-International)

HERE’S a routine melodrama featuring Scott Brady and Mona Freeman. Brady turns in a good job as an undercover agent investigating a shoplifting ring. Mona credibly plays a light-fingered little lady, who foolishly swipes a bottle of perfume in a department store. Caught in the act, she is made to sign a confession which falls into the grasping hands of gangster Andrea King. This conniving female makes Mona’s life miserable but Scott is right there to rush to her rescue, proving that every cloud has the proverbial silver lining.

The rough-and-tumble action, marked by the usual fistfights and automobile chases, unfolds at a swift pace. Author Curtis looks and acts the part of a young hoodlum, and Charles Drake personably plays a store executive.

Your Reviewer Says: Moderately exciting.

½ (F) Captain Carey, U.S.A. (Paramount)

PAIRLY dripping with intrigue, this recountsthe daring exploits of ex-Cubs officer Alan Ladd.

In straightforward fashion Ladd plays the part of an American, paying a post-war visit to an Italian town in search of the man who turned traitor and brought death to many of his comrades. Wand Hendrix, complete with Italian accent, is at once tearful and terrified as the girl who shares Alan’s adventures, nearly losing her life in the process. Francis Lederer looking lots older since his last appearance on the screen, is the man Wanda marries when she thinks Ladd is dead. Joseph Calleia registers as an Italian doctor whose motives remain a mystery until the final reel.

One and all do their utmost to create an atmosphere of suspense and excitement.

Your Reviewer Says: Lively mystery meller.
Comtesse de la Begassiere, French Resistance heroine, like so many Frenchwomen, makes Evening in Paris a lovely part of her life. She completes the effect of her lovely clothes with Evening in Paris, applying it at the tips of her ears, at her temples, curve of arms, wrists and neckline, letting the warmth of her skin float its loveliness about her.

Suzy Solidor sings and entertains in her Paris nightclub, Club de l'Opera. Her long-lasting Evening in Paris Lipstick goes on smoothly, evenly, matches her complexion and her fashions. Final touch—Evening in Paris Perfume where there is a pulse to keep the fragrance warm, alive!

Madame Edouard Prat, popular member of Paris society, chooses her delicately scented Evening in Paris Face Powder to compliment her clear, fair skin, but varies the smooth, clinging shades for day and evening—so easy to do with such a choice of flattering colors.

Evening in Paris Perfume, $12.50 to 75c
Eau de Cologne, $1.50 to 65c
Face Powder, in 8 shades, $1.00
All prices plus tax

It's the largest-selling fragrance in France!
Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo

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

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!
Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...

1 Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable...first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lustrous, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show him a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!


(Continued from page 32)

Your Reviewer Says: Well, it's different.

✓ (F) A Woman of Distinction (Columbia)

IUPID plays hide-and-seek in a flighty U slapstick farce starring Ray Milland and Rosalind Russell.

A brainy college dean who has no room for romance in her well-ordered life, Roz knows the answers to everything except how to latch on to a husband. Upon meeting Milland, an English astronomy professor whose head isn't always in the clouds, she gives him the deep-freeze treatment. What with her sympathetic father, Edmund Gwenn, helping Ray to defrost her, it's just a question of time before Roz loses her dignity along with her heart.

Milland is capably comical. Russell is very hoity-toity, the original Miss Hard-to-Get. Janis Carter pleases as a go-getting press agent. Francis Lederer draws the colorless role of Rosalind's admiring swain and Mary Jane Saunders winningly plays her adopted child. Jerome Courtland provides a few amusing moments as a very confused college boy.

Your Reviewer Says: Sheer bedlam.

✓ ½ (A) The Astonished Heart (Rank-Universal-International)

EVIDENTLY, the love life of a psychia
trist can be as complicated as that of any ordinary chap. Writer-actor Noe Coward demonstrates as much in his cris
dry portrayal of a clever but indiscreet soul searcher de luxe. It's a British triangle
drama studded with smart talk.

An expert at solving the most intricate problems of others, Coward ironicall

Ray Milland, who starred recently in La
tRadio Theatre adaptation of "California" with Photoplay writer Sheilah Grahan
MRS. FRANCIS BARR, DALLAS, TEX., declares: “Spring cleaning calls for extra vigilance, with potent ‘Lysol’ for all cleaning... woodwork... walls... our whole house.”

**WISE MOTHERS FIGHT INFECTION RISKS**

**A CLEAN HOUSE,** these clever young mothers realize, is not necessarily hygienically clean. Because many disease germs lurk in ordinary house dust. So these, and other wise mothers from coast-to-coast, add potent, effective “Lysol” brand disinfectant to the cleaning water, daily, to fight infection risks.

**“EVERY DAY,”** they say, they use “Lysol.” And in a thorough job like spring cleaning, they use it all through the house. Walls, floors, everywhere. Just 2½ tablespoons of economical “Lysol” to a gallon of water—and house cleaning becomes an important step in guarding family health.

**IN YOUR HOME,** as you get rid of winter’s dust and dirt, fight disease germs with effective “Lysol,” as these and millions of other smart mothers, all over America, do.
You're shopping in Olvera Street, the Mexican quarter just outside Hollywood. But wait. See who's chatting with that little señor? Here's your chance to steal a good, long look at Ava Gardner! She won't think you're rude... stars expect to be admired. That's why she uses flattering Woodbury Powder (in Brunette) on her lovely complexion!

Ava is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1 in response to a recent survey*. A unique ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, satiny finish you've ever known! Magically warm, infinitely fine in texture, enchantingly fragrant, it clings for hours! 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type. 15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.

good-looking dance partner. "Cuddly Sakall, Sean McClory and Jane Darwell round out an amiable cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A honey for the moon...

✓ The Winslow Boy
(London-Eagle Lion)

RIGHT will be done" is the theme of the moving Terence Rattigan story based on an incident occurring just prior to World War I.

Young Ronnie Winslow (Neil North) protesting his innocence, is expelled from the Royal Naval College for suspected theft of a five shilling postal note. His father (sympathetically portrayed by Sir Cedric Hardwicke) appeals for a proper hearing for his son. When he is refused by the British Admiralty, he engages prominent barrister Sir Thomas Morton, who turns the boy's plight into one of the most celebrated cases in English law history.

More than a question of guilt or innocence: the case becomes an issue concerning the rights of a private citizen to bring suit against the King.

Robert Donat, seen too seldom on this screen, is masterful as the cool, calculating yet very humane Morton, and Margaret Leighton adds to her fine performances. The Winslow Boy's sister, Frank Lawte; Jack Watling, Francis L. Sullivan, Marjorie Rambeau, Basil Radford are excellent in less roles.

Your Reviewer Says: British fair play work.

✓ 1/2 (F) The Eagle and the Hawk
(Pine-Thomas-Paramount)

JOHN PAYNE, Rhonda Fleming and Dennis O'Keefe pool their talents in a picturesque costume drama drenched in brilliant Technicolor. Most of the action is packed into the second half of this long involved story of Civil War days.

Payne convincingly plays a Texas ranger with orders to bring Yankee spy O'Keefe to a Mexican town for the purpose of intercepting a political plot to seize the state of Texas, currently in the throes of Civil War. Soon it becomes apparent that the dastardly conspiracy is headed by Frank Clark and Mexican general Thomas Vazquez who is known as "The Hawk," Clark beautiful French wife, Rhonda, is in on the scheme but, once she meets Payne, she quickly converted to his side. Rhonda looks so ravishing in her dazzling costume that it doesn't much matter about her political beliefs.

Narrow escapes, a spectacular last-minute rescue, plus a goodly amount of romance are all here.

Your Reviewer Says: Elaborate spy story.

Best Picture of the Month
Stage Fright

Best Performances of the Month

Ronald Colman in "Champagne for Caesar"
Barbara Stanwyck in "No Man of Her Own"
Margaret Sullavan in "No Sad Songs for Me"
Jane Wyman, Alastair Sim in "Stage Fright"
Robert Donat in "The Winslow Boy"
NEW! No sewing, no snapping, no pinning!
LIGHT! Soft and fluffy as a powder puff!
RIGHT! Gives you a smooth natural look!

SIMPLY CLIP TO BRA STRAP

Playtex Superfoam Shoulder Pads

Playtex Superfoam Shoulder Pads make your clothes fit better, look better—economical because they're interchangeable. One pair can be used with almost every costume. Easy to wash—suds, squeeze, dry!

Wonderful for "natural" shoulder lines! Permanently shoulder-moulded Playtex Pads with exclusive non-slip clasps that cling to your bra straps...won't slip, slide or ride.

IN FOUR STYLES, SEVEN COLORS

Shallow for set-in sleeves, dressmaker suits and dresses.
Rounded for raglan, dolman, cap, and the new sloping sleeves.
Rounded for blouses They're the perfect style for teen-age figures, too.
Regular for coats, suits, tops, and squared-shoulder effects.

Handsomely tailored in washable rayon or cotton, $1.19 to $1.59
In exquisite rayon taffeta, $1.95. Uncovered for home sewing, 89¢

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N., Playtex Park © 1950 Dover Del.
No other dentifrice has all these SQUIBB benefits

FRESHENS TASTE AND BREATH
No soapy foam...no soapy after-taste. Real mint cleans breath...gives lasting freshness.

HELPS NEUTRALIZE MOUTH ACIDS
Magnesium hydrate counteracts mouth acids widely held to be a cause of tooth decay.

REACHES HARD-TO-GET-AT PLACES
Smooth, foamless texture permits better penetration.

EXTRA SAFE...
Polishes teeth to normal whiteness without endangering precious tooth enamel.

SQUIBB Dental Cream
No Other Dentifrice Has Been Proved More Effective...

---

Thirteen years ended in a lucky break for blond Bill Lundigan

that Irishman

When actors say of a fellow actor, "He's a great guy. I'm glad he got a break," you can be sure they are indeed speaking of a deserving and well-liked fellow.

It's Bill Lundigan who now rates approving cheers from fellow actors, for Bill, who suddenly shot into the lead in "Pinky" opposite Jeanne Crain, went on to co-star with Dorothy McGuire in "Mother Didn't Tell Me." Currently working with June Haver in "I'll Get By," Bill is one of the most civilized, intelligent young men in Hollywood.

The six-foot-two, blue-eyed Irishman has a level and handsome head and looks more like the young lawyer he set out to be at Syracuse University than an actor; all of which is heavenly relief to the personnel of Twentieth Century-Fox who are fed to the teeth with moody and temperamental actors. And more pleasing, Bill can act.

He's been around since 1937. He started his career at Universal; was under contract to several other studios and was busy as the town's most popular bachelor before the war. When that came, Bill joined the Marines, rose to be a corporal and for two and a half years sweated it out in the South Pacific. When he returned, Bill free-lanced around making "The Fabulous Dorseys," "Dishonored Lady" and several quickies.

He isn't sore about the lack of breaks that came his way after the war. While other actors who never left the home front, crab and complain, Bill takes it all in stride. Which perhaps is one of the reasons John Ford gave him a part in the Masquers version of "What Price Glory" that played a week at Grauman's Chinese. Twentieth yanked him from that play and onto their contract list like a shot.

He was born in Syracuse, New York, thirty-six years ago and worked in a radio station there before he went to the University. He went back to radio after graduation and from there to Hollywood.

He's been happily married to Rena Morgan for nearly five years and is one of the town's crack golfers.

---

for Enchanted Moments

For your enchanted moments—at last a lipstick that will not smear...at last a lipstick of such exquisite texture that it goes on easier and stays on longer than any you have ever used.

The new, exclusive Tangee formula makes all this possible for the first time.

In Tangee Pink Queen and six other enchanting shades.

THE New Tangee LIPSTICK
LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON


At a drive-in theater, comedian Jack Gilford found himself parked behind a woman in a convertible.

“Madame,” requested Jack, “would you please remove your top?”

Bob Hope claims he has balked at making only one movie since he became a star in 1938. His reason for turning down that one picture, as he explains it, is:

“The story was so good I was afraid it would steal the picture from me.”

Someone asked Gene Fowler, the author and film writer, why he looked so low. Gene replied: “I’m convalescing.”

“From what?” he was asked.

“From youth,” replied Gene.

During the New York water shortage, Kabibble went to a swanky dinner party. Later he told a friend: “It was so wanky, water flowed like champagne.”

Two Hollywood couples struck up an acquaintance. “How long have you been married?” one husband asked the other.

“Two days,” was the shy retort.

“Ha!” laughed the other, “wait until you’ve been married two weeks.”

Judy Canova about her boy friend:

“It must be love. At the movies I felt his hand creeping into mine. I was holding the popcorn bag.”

Movie houses are giving away dishes gain. With all the eating going on in theaters, it’s about time.

Overheard: “If it weren’t for her Adam’s apple, she’d have no shape at all.”

Fashion designer Travis Banton’s prediction for 1951:

“There will be little change in men’s suits.”

Jackie Gleason’s description of a couple known for their constant battles:

“When they were married, they were anpronounced man and wife.”

It’s Shelley Winters’s silly about the Indian squaw who had a husband named Short Cake. One day she died and, because they lived far from town, she was unable to call an undertaker. So she sent up a smoke signal which read:

“Squaw Bury Short Cake.”

Two movie stars met on Hollywood boulevard.

Said the first: “How’s my ex-wife?”

Replied the second: “Fine. And how’s mine?”

Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, more beautifully groomed, after your first Shasta shampoo. New, improved Shasta doesn’t rob hair of its natural oils. That’s important because your hair must have these natural oils to be naturally soft, shiny and healthy.

If you’re not entirely satisfied with the appearance of your hair, try new, improved Shasta today. See how lovely your hair can look. Remember, Shasta doesn’t rob it of its natural oils.
Girls, It's Your Big Moment...

When that Clift man turns on the charm—and the heat—in the seething hot spot of the world!

Montgomery Clift—in a role and picture you've been waiting for! Tender, virile, romantic... as he makes kids smile—and their big sisters blush!

Trading wisecracks with tough, lovable Paul Douglas! Falling in love and finding the adventure of a lifetime—as he flies 'em high, wide and handsome—and looks a fraulein straight in the eye with a way all his own! Together, they win the heart of a city—and the world!
THE sixth Gold Medal Awards dinner is now Hollywood history. Brilliant fragments of memory linger, and the need to thank the many whose willingness and interest made the dinner the success it was! So thanks to:

George Murphy and his wonderful, reassuring presence as the Photoplay Master of Ceremonies.

Gold Medal Winner Jane Wyman for whom designer Milo Anderson stayed up all one night to finish a lovely Gold Medal evening dress for the Awards.

Jimmy Stewart, who won his Gold Medal portraying the story of Monty Stratton.

Monty, himself, who flew with his wife from their ranch in Texas to be present and to receive the most heart-warming ovation of the evening.

Jane Powell who sang so beautifully.

Martin and Lewis, for their insane gaiety after the Awards ceremony.

L. B. Mayer, Dore Schary, Jack Cummings, Guy Trosper and Doug Morrow, all of whom combined to write and produce the Gold Medal winning film.

Kirk Douglas, for donning his new tux and joining the other winners at the dais.

Bob Hope, for rushing to the dinner after his broadcast rehearsal to accept his citation for one of America's most popular performances. And for his hilarious six-minute monologue that had an entire banquet audience aching with laughter.

Bill Bendix, another citation winner for his performance in "The Life of Riley"... Bill who joked, "This is the first time I've ever been seated up here."

June Allyson, one of the five most popular actresses and one of the happiest with her lovely white orchids, a surprise gift from proud husband Dick Powell.

Loretta Young, serenely beautiful, next to Kirk Douglas, another most popular performer.

The Beverly Hills Hotel and its highly competent staff who made the Crystal Room the elegant scene of a memorable dinner.

All the stars and producers of the ten most popular pictures who came to receive the country's applause and the Photoplay citations.

Each and every one of the 500 guests.

Most especially—you, the American movie-goers, who selected the winners and on whose behalf Photoplay once again proudly presented its Gold Medal Awards.

Fred Mannis
Going . . . going . . . going . . . to the
lucky contest winners—prepaid trips to
Hollywood, plus smart sets of luggage
and wardrobes of exciting new clothes

A HOLLYWOOD vacation—for the last line of a jingle! A Hollywood vacation—better still—sponsored by Photoplay, with all expenses paid for you and your favorite traveling companion, with reservations at a famous Hollywood hotel, a dinner date with a star, a trip through a studio, a visit to a broadcast, an appearance on a TV show.

And that's not all. The winners of the two top prizes will also receive a check to cover expenses incurred by them and companion while traveling and vacationing in the film capital. This in addition to gifts; a luxury luggage set by Shwayder, a travel suit by Rosenblum of California; beach ensembles by Modern-Aire, Sea Nymph, Brilliant; bathing caps and beach accessories by Kleinert's; two summer wardrobes of dresses by Carole King and Doris Dodson; shoe wardrobes by Jolene, Accent, Velvet Step, Grace Walker; an all-purpose coat by Sherbrooke Rainwear, pearls by Deltah; girdles by Playtex; bra wardrobe by Maidenform; blouse, slip wardrobe, travel pajama outfit by Miss Swank; stockings by Holeproof; beach shoes by Honeybugs.

If you win the first prize you will travel on the streamlined Sante Fe Super-Chief train; view the plains of Kansas, the pink cliffs of Arizona, the Indian villages of New Mexico, the desert and, finally, the beautiful land of California. And on your return trip you will stop over at Grand Canyon.

If you win the second prize you will wend westward in a sleek Super-Coach Greyhound Bus to enjoy Wisconsin's sparkling lakes and forests, Dakota's "bad lands" and Yellowstone National Park. You'll go to Salt Lake City and Reno and finally drive into Hollywood. And, returning, you can choose any one of a dozen different scenic routes.

There are other prizes too, listed on the facing page. Now turn to page 82 for the rules.
LIST OF PRIZES

1: A trip to Hollywood for two people via Santa Fe's Super-Chief, return on Santa Fe's Grand Canyon, plus a set of luggage and travel wardrobe, as listed on page 42.

2: A round trip to Hollywood for two people via Greyhound Bus, plus a set of luggage and travel wardrobe, as listed on page 42.

3: A butcher linen suit by Majestic—a direct adaptation of the suit Mona Freeman wears in Universal-International's "I Was a Shoplifter." Original design by Hollywood's famous Orry-Kelly.

4: Necklace of soft-hued, luminous simulated pearls, by Deltah, in plastic tortoise shell boudoir chest.

5: All-purpose raincoat, smart enough for an important date, by Sherbrooke Rainwear.

6: Two summer sun dresses by Minx Modes.

7: A play shoe wardrobe by Honeydebs.

8: A bathing suit by Sea Nymph.

9: Two summer dresses by Betty Barclay.

10: Play clothes by White Stag: a sun waistkit and clamdigger pants, both in woven denim and chambray stripe.
NOW, 1950, is the time to plan your vacation in Southern California. Now, for the first time since the war, accommodations are of the best. Most of the celebrated hotels have been redecorated and refurnished; new, sparkling, comfortable motels of contemporary design (and charging a reasonable tariff) are everywhere.

Shops are stocked with the best of domestic and imported wares; courtesy has returned to the manner of those who come in contact with tourists. The welcome mat is out and the fatted calf is roasting within. Come to California and find out about western hospitality!

Hollywood is on the itinerary of most tourists bound for California, with reason. The film capital, itself, is filled with exciting places to go and wonderful things to see.

But more than this, Hollywood is a perfect base for expeditions in all directions—for a day’s drive through luxurious suburbs like Beverly and Holmby Hills, Bel-Air, Malibu, Santa Monica, San Fernando Valley. (Continued on page 94)

Hollywood is only the beginning—of trails that lead in all directions to West Coast wonderlands

PHOTORPLAY

FEATURE ATTRACTION

sunshine TRAILS

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

After-dark horizons: Esther Williams of “Duchess of Idaho” with husband, Ben Gage

Ornits
COMPLETE GUIDE TO A

Make your reservations now for the good

times ahead. Here's everything you need to

know to fill your days with vacation variety

restaurants

(*indicates advisable to phone for reservations.)

*Bantam Cock, 643 N. La Cienega Blvd. (between Miracle Mile and Beverly Hills), CREstview 6-8608. Movie set and writers. It's small, chic, ultra-modern. Try their chicken. Open 3 p.m. $1.25 up.

Barney's Beanery, 9447 Santa Monica Blvd., Hillside 9988. Don't be deceived by shabby appearance—food is tops; try their rabbit stew. Sit here long enough and all Hollywood will pass by. 5 p.m. to 5 a.m. At midnight the joint is jumping. From 10c.


Bit of Sweden, 9051 Sunset Blvd., BRadsho 2-2800. Superb smörgåsbord—don't miss it. 6 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. From $1.75.

Blum's, 314 N. Camden Drive, BRadsho 2-6355. This new sweetheart and restaurant is packed for luncheon with social set—for dinner with celebs. Elegance is the keynote. 11 a.m. to midnight. Luncheon from 85¢, dinner from 1.25.

Brittany Kitchen, First and Atlantic, LOng Beach 69-1306. Rustic restaurant with a 19th Century Royal Mail Coach in the courtyard which plied between London and Dover during the last century. Notice, also, the weaver's cottage. Food excellent. 11 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Prices moderate.

*The Brown Derbys (Four locations): 1628 N. Vine, HOLlywood 9-5151 (note caricatures that cover walls!); 4500 Los Feliz Blvd., OLymia 2913 (charming family-type); 3377 Wilshire Blvd., Dünkirk 4-5151 (celebrity hangout); 9537 Wilshire Blvd., CRestview 6-2311 (popular—always crowded). Prices are moderate.

Carolina Pines, 7315 Melrose Ave., WYoming 9122. Perfect family restaurant, tea room type. Southern cooking, dreamy chicken. Noon to 9 p.m.

Chapel Inn, Highway 66 at Duarte (about 20 miles east of L.A.), MOnrovia 7622. A place for sweethearts or newweds. Building is deconsecrated Episcopal Church. Hand-carved pews pushed against wall, lighting by candles, recorded music, no alcoholic beverages. Menu simple but superior. Closed Tuesdays. Weekdays 5:30 to 8:30. Sundays noon to 6:30. $2.00 up.

*Chasen's, 9039 Beverly Blvd., CREstview 2-1168. People picture and social set frequent this cheerful, English tavern-type restaurant, one of the best on earth. Try the mixed grill. Open for dinner, closed Monday. From $2.50.


Cock N' Bull, 9170 Sunset Blvd., BRadsho 2-1397. Writers' and editors' hangout. Service is buffet style. Get instructions from your waitress about manner of service. The turkey slice with Welsh

hotels

(Prices quoted are minimum daily rates for a room for two people.)

Ambassador, 3400 Wilshire Blvd., DUnkirk 7-7011 ($10). Opposite original Brown Derby; home of Cocoanut Grove, rendezvous of the famous. Pool, tennis courts, fine shops, small theater. Situated in private park near beautiful stores.

Arcady, 2619 Wilshire Blvd., DUnkirk 7-5311 ($4.50). Centrally located, quiet, elegant.

Bel-Air Hotel, 701 Stone Canyon Rd., ARizona 7-1271 ($13). In the most gorgeous setting in L.A. Always crowded, so make reservations well in advance. Their fashion shows are famous.

Beverly Hills Hotel, 9641 Sunset Blvd., CREstview 6-2251 ($14). One of the great hotels, site of Photoplay's Gold Medal Award dinners. Many dining rooms, pool for guests. Tennis courts where the famous congregate.

Beverly Wilshire, 9514 Wilshire Blvd., CREstview 5-4282 ($10). Heart of Beverly Hills, opposite Beverly Brown Derby, half block from Romainoff's Pool. charming dining room, shops.


Chapman Park, 615 S. Alexandria, DUnkirk 4-1181 ($10). Many weddings performed in the Oratorio Chapel. Pool, game rooms, in the heart of things.

Garden of Allah, 8152 Sunset Blvd., HOLlywood 9-3981 ($10; Villas, $16). Once owned by Nazimova, silent era star, it boasts a pool set amid charming cottages. In the heart of things.

Hayward, 206 W. 6 St., Michigan 5151 ($5). In the heart of things downtown. Good transportation leads in every direction.

Hollywood Drake, 6724 Hollywood Blvd., HOLlywood 9-2241 ($3.50). A small hotel on "The Boulevard" which is always full, so make early reservations.

Hollywood Hotel, 6811 Hollywood Blvd., HEmpstead 4181 ($5). If these walls could talk! Hollywood's oldest and most-storied hostelry.

Knickerbocker, 1714 lvar Ave., GLStone 3171 ($7). A huge hotel, it was an Air Force headquarters during the war, has now been lavishly redecorated. Hoagy Carmichael hangs out there.

Miramar, Ocean & Wilshire Blvd. (Santa Monica), S'Antonico 4-3731 ($8). Across the street from the Pacific. Pool, cottages, supper room, atmosphere.

Plaza, 1637 N. Vine St., GLStone 1131 ($5.50). Across the

Continued on page 105

night clubs

(There are thousands of cocktail, dine and dance spots in and around Los Angeles, but we are listing those which are, in some way, unique. Bars close at 2 a.m. in California. Rate given is approxi-

Continued on page 105

mate tariff for two, excluding drinks.)

B of Music, 7351 Beverly Blvd., WEstber 7811. Spellbinding twin pianos. $10.

Biltmore Bowl (in the Biltmore Hotel), Michigan 1011. Always a name band, good floor show, plenty of dancing space. $10.

Cafe Caliente, 20 Olvera St., MAadison 6-1561. Mexican at-

mosphere, music from 7:50 p.m. Building is old wine cellar. Closed Tues., $7.50.

Charley Foy's Supper Club, 15463 Ventura Blvd. (in the Valley), State 4-3159. Entertainment from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from 6 to 10.

Ciro's, 8433 Sunset Blvd., HOLlywood 9-6235. One of the two great celebrity night clubs. The other is Mocambo. You may sit
sports


Bowling: Art Linkletter's La Cienega Lanes, 8491 Santa Monica Blvd., HOLlywood 9-3654. Open 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. daily. Rates: 35¢ daily; 35¢ Sat., Sun., and Evenings. Sunset Bowling Center, 5842 Sunset Blvd., GLAdstone 1146. Open 10 a.m. to 6 a.m. Rates: 30¢ daily; 35¢ nights, Sat., Sun., and Holidays. Reservations necessary at night.

Children's Rides: Beverly Park, 8506 Beverly Blvd., BRadshaw 2-2408. Ferris wheel, merry-go-round, airplane, etc. Film stars entertain their children here. Griffith Park, at top of Vermont Ave., NORMANDY 4824. Tiny railroad on a half-mile track is a delight to children of all ages. Children under 12, 9¢; others 12¢.

Fishing, Deep Sea: Capt. LAMia Sport Fishing Boats, Santa Monica Pier, ANa Monica 5-4230. Half day $2.50, full day $4.50. Bait included, tackle may be rented. $1. Harbor Water Taxi Co., foot of Avalon Blvd., WILMINGTON, Cal., TERMinal 4530.

Continued on page 105

spectator sports


Horse Racing: Santa Anita Park, 285 W. Huntington Drive, Arcadia, Douglas 2-7171. This meet, in beautiful surroundings, takes place during Jan., Feb. and Mar. pari-mutuel betting. Admission from $1.25. Hollywood Park, 1050 S. Prairie Ave., Inglewood, OREGON 8-1181. This meet is usually held in June, July and Aug. At both tracks you'll see the cream of L.A. society and Hollywood.

Continued on page 106

museums and art galleries

Cowie Galleries, in the Biltmore Hotel, Michigan 6963. Phone for schedule. Stroll through the gallery and store, whether you are a critic or you "just know what you like.

Dатель Hatfield Galleries, in the Ambassador, DUkirk 7-6702. Always an interesting show, including exhibits of Glen Lukens's superb ceramics.

Huntington Library, 1151 Oxford Road, San Marino, RYan 1-6601. The home of "the Blue Boy" and "Pinky." This is one of the "must" bits of sight-seeing in Southern Cal. No admission charge but you must write for reservations in advance. Open 1 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. Closed Mon. and month of October.

Continued on page 106

theaters

Ben Bord Little Theatre, 827 N. La Brea, WEbster 3-7274. You will see sure-fire Hollywood newcomers in the cast. Phone for play information; admission trifling.

Biltmore Theatre, 520 West 5 St., MADison 6-8111. This is L.A.'s current best legitimate show house at which New York hits play. Admission from $1.05.

Call Board Theatre, 8451 Melrose Pl., WEbster 5051. Another excellent Little Theatre. Always an interesting drama.

Geller Theatre Workshop, 6040 Wilshire Blvd., YOrk 8205. Also an experimental theater featuring students. Always a talent scout in the audience.

Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., HOLlywood 9-3151. Symphonies under the stars during July and August. Some seats nearly always available.

Las Palmas Theatre, 1642 N. Las Palmas, GLAdstone 7191.

Continued on page 106

shops

Actor's Hobby Mart, 453 N. Canon Dr., Crestview 5-8759. Here you may buy a Richard Cromwell Ceramic or a Frank Sinatra Toby Mug. The actors bring the results of their hobbies to this shop and the wily shopper may buy them reasonably.

Black's Indian Store, 6926 Hollywood Blvd., Hillside 3381. Here is the place to buy that authentic reservation Indian bracelet or corn flower necklace. Take moccasins or a pawpoo home to the youngsters. The silver work is superb, the prices sensible. Open till nine, weekdays.

Rene Boetschi, 9859 Santa Monica Blvd., CRE스트view 5-5607. If you are invited to a terrific party and want a terrific hat to wear, here is the shop for you. Miss Boetschi imports French hats, rents them for $5 per 24 hours. You can look like a movie star at minor cost. All hats cleaned and sterilized after each wearing.

Continued on page 107

trailer parks

Del Rio, S24041/2 E. Florence Bell (southeast, commercial section), JEFFERSON 2819. Paved roads, tiiled showers and commoda units. No pets. $20 per month, daily rate slightly higher.

Fox Hills, 6150 S. Sepulveda, Culver City (near the beach), ORchard 1-6105. Laundry trays, showers, commodes available. No pets. $14 per week per couple. Rates per week all inclusive.

Mission Village, 5675 W. Washington Blvd. (western section of L.A.), WItney 2652. On its grounds is a small theater. No pets. No children in trailers, but welcome in Motel section. Rates. $1 per day for one or two persons. Cabins rent for $2 to $5 for two persons per night.

Parkway Trailer Camp, 3151 E. Colorado (Pasadena), SCyamore 2-0027. Many spaces with private bath and shower at $1.25 per day. Play yard for children.

Valley Park, 8250 Lankershim Blvd., CHase 7-8241. Electricity metered, some private baths, sanitary units, 2 laundries. Park made woody by orange trees. A recreation hall for square dancing. Rates from $1 per day per trailer, $23 per month up.
The Monterey Peninsula is only an overnight trip from Hollywood. Here you will thrill to the sport of abalone fishing, bathe from gleaming white beaches and follow the cypress trees that lead right from the shore to the storybook town of Carmel.

About 100 miles distant—a beautiful drive—is old mission San Juan Capistrano, partly destroyed by earthquake in 1812.

About 100 miles distant—a beautiful drive—is old mission San Juan Capistrano, partly destroyed by earthquake in 1812.

Over the hills and not far away lie these California sun spots—extra dividends on your Hollywood vacation.

Take a two-hour sail to tropic Catalina Island. Wild goats roam the hills behind this gayest of resorts. Here, too, you can view the deep-sea life from glass-bottom boats.
NEVER was there a more perfect vacation spot than Hollywood, with its movie studios and great broadcasting stations . . . famous resorts and shops . . . lovely suburbs where the stars live. But that's not all—within easy reach are places like Lake Mead, the Monterey Peninsula, Palm Springs, romantic old missions. There's no end, in fact, to what you can see and do on a Hollywood vacation—where all roads lead to adventure.

Palm Springs, a pleasant morning's drive from Los Angeles, originally was an Indian Reservation. Today, it is one of the most luxurious resorts in the world. Pool shown here is at the Tennis Club but many Palm Springs motels have their own pools.
Jane's sense of humor is equal to telling the story of her Paris weekend when, as Johnny Belinda, she received the attention she didn't get—as Jane Wyman!

First in a new series. This one's about Jane, who knew all the answers while still in her teens—except the one she's still searching for.

ONE thing's for sure about Jane Wyman. She is different. She's frank and she's honest. None of that chi chi you get from some Hollywood residents. In fact, I never thought I'd hear a top star admit that fifty million Frenchmen didn't even know her from the side of a barn. But all that "my-public-simply-adores-me" stuff is strictly for the birds, as far as Jane is concerned.

"Why, my name couldn't even get me a hotel room in Paris," says Jane, quite frankly. Seems that when Jane was in England, last summer, making "Stage Fright," she decided that she and her very best friend, Betsy Kaplan, should have a weekend in Paris. "I needed laughs," says Jane. "I hadn't had any for two years." Anyway, she told Betsy not to worry about a thing. Even though her French was limited to a few stock phrases, the name Jane Wyman would get them rooms in the best hotel. Just throw her weight around a bit, that's all.

Jane goes into hysterics when she tells about it. The customs officials were not at all impressed when she showed them her passport. The porter wouldn't let her use her few stock phrases. And the room clerk at the hotel couldn't have been more bored. When Jane requested a suite for Jane Wyman and friend, the man simply shrugged and said, "Non, non."

"Don't you make no, no with me," said Jane, taken down a peg. "Get (Continued on page 115)
SEARCHING HEART
by Liza Wilson

With director Alfred Hitchcock and Richard Todd on set of "Stage Fright." Jane plays Marlene Dietrich's Cockney maid
the transformation of SIS JONES

by Virginia Mayo

She had an A rating in studies and a B rating with boys. But that was before Virginia Mayo graduated to the siren class.

They brought the clippings in from the press department to prove the reviews to me. Those rave notices weren’t a dream. I actually read, “Because of her portrayal of Cagney’s wife in ‘White Heat,’ beautiful and charming Virginia Mayo undoubtedly will be among the Academy contenders next spring.”

“Beautiful and charming!” Were they talking about me, Sis Jones of St. Louis, Missouri who, at the age of six, had gone around with her head shaved and her heart heavy? My head was shaved because most of my hair had fallen out after an attack of scarlet fever. It took more than a year for my hair to grow back again. But this misfortune became a blessing when my new hair was more beautiful and more luxuriant than before.

As for my heart, that really suffered at that time. I (Continued on page 54)

Trying to keep up with brother Lea, two years older than she, spelled the beginning of trouble for shy little tomboy Sis Jones

VIRGINIA MAYO

No longer shy but sure, star of “The Hawk and the Arrow”

Fink and Smith
was in love. He was a wonderful guy, all of eight, and he was already tall, dark and handsome. I wanted him to flirt with me. He never batted an eyelash at me. He was too busy using his eyes on my best girl friend.

I'm explaining all this because, among my readers, there may be other girls who are now going through that same self-criticism I've experienced ever since I was a little girl.

The first time I ever met Michael O'Shea he walked up to me on the set, looked at me and kissed me on the cheek. I gasped and said, "What's that for?" Mike said, "That's because you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen!" I fell in love with him, that instant. Two years ago, last July, we were married. Now, I have a thousand better reasons for being in love with Mike than that compliment. But then it meant the world to me. One word of praise and I can be turned into a devoted slave. One mean word and I can really be struck dumb. Or, at least, I could be until just recently. I was never able to defend myself. I couldn't fight back. I would just shut up and sort of die inside.

How did I get that way, in the first place, and how did I get over it, finally?

I grew up pretty much of a tomboy, probably aping my brother, Lea, who was two years older than I. My dad was an advertising solicitor for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and he had quite a few highbrow leanings. He helped me write my compositions in school. He helped prod and push me through English and history, but the things I got "A's" in myself were art and biology. The subject I flopped in (because Dad didn't know a word of it) was French. I flopped when it came to attracting boys. All the way through school the boys who took me to proms were just as dull as I was!

Now all this just proves what an inferiority complex does to you because, looking back, I see that I actually had grounds for feeling quite something. Even before I entered Benton grammar school, I actually knew just what I wanted to do with my life, which is more than lots of people know when they get out of college. From my first conscious moment, I wanted to be a movie actress and I kept after my family to take me to movies. I nagged them so that usually I got to see two movies a week. I kept lists of pictures in the order in which I thought I should see them. One list I marked "must." The second was "should" and the third was "if possible." My "must" pictures were the highbrow ones, and to this day my favorite reading is Shakespeare. The "shoulds" were the movies with good performances in them. The "if possibles" were the ones designed merely for pleasure.

Putting anything that is designed merely for pleasure into the remote class, I'm now convinced, is another sign of an inferiority complex. When you are happy, you make other people happy. Therefore, they are attracted to you. But when you are unsure of yourself, you don't dare just have fun. You are as solemn as an owl.

I was definitely as solemn as an owl. By the time I was eight I was attending (after grammar school), the Wientge School of Dramatic Expression. Here I not only learned the rudiments of acting but how to dance and sing, construct stage sets, make costumes and do general designing. The dramatic school was owned and directed by Mrs. Alice Jones Wientge, who also is my aunt. Because of this she was more critical of my work than of the other pupils, for which I now am grateful.

I had my first professional engagement when I was only eight. The Stratford-on-Avon players came to St. Louis with their Shakespearean repertory company and when they did "A Midsummer Night's Dream," I played an elf.

I kept up with my ballet studies all through high school, however, and did well enough with them, for when I was sixteen, I answered the call for dancers for St. Louis' famous "Muni" (for Municipal) opera. I made my own costume for the tryout. It was of turquoise blue satin with a wonderful pleated skirt that showed my legs, and it fitted beautifully. Maybe the dress did it. Anyway, I was hired.

There I got my first glimpse into a world, that was gay, Bohemian, and still very hard-working. After one night's performance, I knew I hadn't been wrong in my decision to be an actress. I was still aiming at Hollywood, but I realized at once that any part of show business was still to bring joy to me. When the brief opera season was over and I got a chance to dance at a night club, I was more released and unafraid than I had ever been in my life.

But I was still Sis Jones, there, in that St. Louis night club, and while I was beginning to have lots of dates, they still weren't with the type of boys I desired. My final year at Soldan High arrived, that year when they rated me "pretty, but dumb," and rated my girl friend (still going with that tall, dark and handsome 'male I wanted), as having "loads of personality." Just before graduation, I got a chance to be in a vaudeville act with Andy Mayo. Andy was a guy with a horse named Pansy.

I not only took that chance a couple of weeks after I got my diploma, but I also took Andy's name for my professional surname.

For four years, Pansy and I toured all kinds of towns and all kinds of theaters, eating in beaneries, traveling on dirty trains. I began to comprehend, dimly, that it wasn't only St. Louis that had its right side and wrong side of the tracks. I came to realize, vaguely, that people were people everywhere, some nice, some horrid, some generous, some grasping. In the theaters I was Virginia Mayo, who, papers and audiences seemed to think, was pretty bright. Yet, off stage, if I'd get invited to some small city party or dinner, I was still Sis Jones, scared and not believing in myself.

We finally reached Broadway. Pansy and I were featured in "Banjo Eyes," Eddie Cantor's show, and then, later, at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe. And that was the order of our importance, first Pansy, then yours insecurely. It was, by this time, the year 1943. One night Billy Rose came back to my dressing room and told me that Samuel Goldwyn had caught the show and wanted to interview me the next day.

Sis Jones was so thrilled she could hardly speak. It
turned out I didn’t need to. At the Waldorf, Goldwyn asked me how I’d like to be in pictures. I gasped that I’d like it very much. Two weeks later, my mother and I were in Hollywood. I wasn’t so naive that I expected to be a Greer Garson overnight. But it shocked me when they set me studying for weeks and then ended by saying I’d be a Goldwyn girl, which is Hollywoodese for chorus girl.

I said, “Yes, Mr. Goldwyn,” and went into “Up in Arms” but to Sis Jones I said, “I told you so. You’re not up to the Hollywood standard. You’ll never get ahead.” My next picture was “Jack London.” It was a good picture and I wasn’t bad in it. But you probably remember that the star was Michael O’Shea. That’s when I met Mike, bless him. We didn’t let ourselves know for a long time that we had fallen in love. I just couldn’t get anything so wonderful through my bewildered head. I only knew that when Mike was around I was very happy.

Instead of cheering me up, when I went into “The Princess and the Pirate” with Bob Hope and then “Wonder Man” with Danny Kaye, it shattered me. No two men could possibly build up an inferiority complex quicker. Both of them are so clever, they glitter. In scenes with them, I felt less important than a gnat.

Danny and I stayed together through four pictures, and they always were referred to as “Danny Kaye pictures.”

I honestly think I would have packed up and gone back to Pansy, the horse, if it hadn’t been for Mike. But Mike was full of laughter, full of assurance. He was the only man I ever loved. When he asked me to marry him, shy Sis Jones was the happiest girl in Hollywood! For Mike loved me not just because I was a blonde, or wore my clothes well. Mike loved little Sis Jones of St. Louis.

That was the beginning of my cure. Because somebody was loving me, just for me, then maybe I could make other people like me on that basis. Instantly I came to that conclusion, I began to laugh and have fun as I never had.

I went into “The Best Years of Our Lives” next, with Dana Andrews, Teresa Wright, Myrna Loy, Freddie March. When the notices came out and conceded that I had held my own among such stars, I was in sixth heaven, moving into seventh heaven on July 7, 1947, when Mike and I were married.

I thought that seventh heaven was the top. But I discovered an eighth heaven. Warners signed me to a long-term contract and gave me a variety of good roles. No longer was I just a pretty stooge for comics.

When I brought home the reviews on my performance in “White Heat” and read them to Mike, emphasizing phrases like “great dramatic power,” “exciting performance” and “Academy Award contender,” his comment was, “Sweetheart, why are you so surprised? I’ve been telling you those things for years.” He kissed me tenderly and added, “Now get your levis on. I’ve got the horses saddled and we’re going riding.”

We have the best times together, Mike and I. We live on a ranch in the Valley, in a simple house with a stable for horses out back.

Someday I hope we have to add on a nursery wing, and if ever I have a daughter, I won’t tell her to “Be Herself.” I’ll say to her, “Find Yourself. Then be it—and be happy.”
PHOTOPLAY
SNEAK PREVIEWS

A gay musical supervised by the famous illustrator himself, brings some real Petty Girls into the picture and gives Joan Caulfield the glamour time of her life.

On a visit to New York, staid teachers Elsa Lanchester, Joan Caulfield meet illustrator . . . George Petty (Bob Cummings). He insists they see the night clubs. A police raid lands them in court. Humiliated, Joan returns to her job. Bob follows her, gets a job as handyman at the school. Gradually he melts her icy reserve.

Snoopy teacher Mary Wickes discovers Joan is posing as a Petty Girl! The scandal sends Joan flying to Bob, who has returned to New York. She finds him in the clutches of Mary Long who has persuaded him to drop the Petty Girl for fine arts! Joan counters with a Petty Girl burlesque show. The results are sensational!
It used to be a problem to get Joan Caulfield to pose in a bathing suit. No more. After working in "The Petty Girl," in which she wears a gold bathing suit and gold stockings, Joan's a new woman. Now, instead of rushing home to a good book, Joan, who sings and dances for the first time in this Columbia Technicolor musical, prefers to go out dancing. Elsa Lanchester and butler Melville Cooper, who do a hot rhumba in the film, worked as a vaudeville team twenty-five years ago in Elsa's London theater! Illustrator George Petty helped choose the eighteen girls who appear with Joan as Petty Girls—and coached Bob Cummings, a personal friend, to act like—George Petty.

Winding of Joan's Trinidad turban for one of her dance sequences took time and the help of designer Jean Louis

During a lull in the rehearsals, Joan chats with stand-in Joet Robinson and in the background Eloise Farmer and Jack McClendon, two of the dancers
The leading lady in the Brinkman family drama—Jeanne Crain, who had her heart set on a family of four, until she made her recent film “Cheaper by the Dozen”
Jeanne feeds him rutabagas, uses him as a guinea pig for her omelettes, trips him with the booby traps she calls closets. But none of these things can bring her husband back to earth.

On the hearth, a big log crackles cheerily. Our two-year-old plays on the floor. Across the dinner table from me is the wife of mine who brings out all the Byron in me. I am, I realize suddenly, about to embark upon a king-sized helping of rutabagas, a poor relation of the turnip family with whom I have long been at war. An edible that under more ordinary circumstances is grounds for a bit of husbandly homicide, but being married to Jeanne is no ordinary circumstance.

"Darling, you must eat your rutabagas," she says sweetly.

"But, darling, I don't want them. I don't like rutabagas," I say, being equally sweet but firm.

"You should eat them anyway. You must for our children's sake," she says, all wife and little mother. "How can we make him eat them if you don't?" she inquires, with a graceful nod in the direction of Paul Jr., who is now completely engrossed in the mechanics of making a little toy plastic hen squat and lay little toy eggs.

"He isn't even (Continued on page 108)
Dick's bedroom-office strikes a masculine note with its huge window desk and cork-covered floor. He and June are in "The Reformer and the Redhead"

Too many houses give the impression that all their owners really want is a bar with an attached three-car garage.

The warmly lived-in residence of June Allyson and Dick Powell is another story. Here, truly, is a dwelling intended for comfort and happiness. Its charm shines from each and every room. It is solid without ever being stuffy, luxurious without being oppressively opulent and everything about it radiates contentment with the promise of more happy living to come. The Powells already have one small daughter. Dick's two children by his former marriage visit him frequently. Besides, I'm told, they want to adopt three more youngsters. This is the sort of establishment that can hold them all, when and if.

For those of you who want to have the warm, friendly atmosphere of permanence and refinement in your home, here is a delightful example to copy.

Oh, I know what you are thinking, and you are thinking correctly. A small fortune has been spent at the Powells'. But you can copy their overall effect on a much smaller scale and still make it very effective.

The Powell antiques are genuine, whether they are hunt tables, Welsh dressers or pewter plates. Two of the lamps in their living room have bases of sterling silver. One of their hunt tables is so priceless that it is a virtual museum piece. Their student lamps are masterpieces of their kind and Dick's collection of ships' models, scattered throughout the house, is not the sort you pick up for nickels and dimes.

Nevertheless, even on a budget, you can (Continued on page 118)
The long coffee table in the living room was once a tall antique. Dick cut down the legs, used the sawed-off pieces as bases for the two fireplace lamp tables.

Welcome Home

BY HANS DREIER
Supervising Art Director of Paramount Pictures, Inc.

An invitation to explore the Powell-Allyson home. We promise you won't leave—without some ideas for your own
Ill-fated Love Story

by Elsa Maxwell
At last it can be told—the almost unbelievably story of the old prophecy that brought tragedy to Merle Oberon and Count Cini

The story I am going to relate, a story of great love and greater tragedy, is unlike any I have ever told. It is a story which proves again that if we reach the heights of happiness we must expect to be plunged into the depths of despair. This is the story of Merle Oberon, and no love affair she ever played before the cameras has held such heartbreak.

My story begins in Rome, in the bright setting of international society. As I have told you, my heroine is lovely Merle Oberon. My hero, a brilliant and fatally attractive Count: Giorgio Cini, the son of famous Italian parents. Rich, titled, fascinating, he could choose among women.

Merle and Giorgio met on the isle of Capri at a great dinner party given by the Countess di Frasso. In the moment his eyes found hers, her life belonged to him. “No more beyond thine eyes ...” That was how it was with Merle from the first. Their madness did not diminish, it grew. I would not say they counted the world well lost, for I do not think they gave the world a thought.

But the world is not so easily left behind. For both Merle and Giorgio had ties not quickly severed. Merle had a husband, Lucien Ballard. Giorgio was married, in deepest secrecy, to Madina Visconti.

I do not presume to judge what right these two people had to each other. None, by any accepted standards of society. It may be that in this very fact lay the roots of their tragedy. I do know that they were blind to all considerations but the insistence of their love for each other.

(Continued on page 79)
"SHE'D be perfect, if . . ."

"He'd be terrific, but . . ."

Why must there be an "if" or a "but"? But there always is, especially for those who live in the cellophane package known as Hollywood. For everything that is done there, said there, worn there, is discussed and dissected and discussed all over again.

Take Linda Darnell. Linda has one of the loveliest faces in the world. But she doesn't dress up to it. Her hair is often all over the place. The classic nose is sometimes very shiny. And she seems deliberately to accent her bad points, few as they are. Any girl who is a little heavy below the waist should avoid slacks. Linda who is, does not. Well, I guess she's happy in her happy-go-lucky ensembles.

Ginger Rogers would be perfect if the fairies at her birth had added a sense of style. As one dress designer said to me, "If one silver fox would do, Ginger will have six." She just doesn't (Continued on page 113)
One never knows about Humphrey Bogart (with Lauren Bacall), which is one reason he doesn't get one hundred per cent Jimmy Stewart's boyishness threatened to become a career problem until two important things happened.

Farley Granger would rate a perfect score if he didn't insist on playing a private life role that doesn't suit his age at all.

Linda Darnell: Sometimes a happy-go-lucky outlook results in a not-so-happy look.

perfect if... by Sheila Graham

You can't blame a girl for trying—to bring some people up to her star standards!
The gang try their Charleston steps on each other. Below, for a change of pace, they switch to a square dance.

Then, they really hit the Twenties!
Left, hosts David Brian, Adrian Booth, guests Carleton Carpenter, Olga San Juan, Edmond O'Brien, Ruth Roman and Anthony Curtis.
HOLLYWOOD, like the rest of the land, is going back to the early Twenties. Among other things, the Charleston is with us again, rather, we’re with it, and the ways of the Flappers, the Slick Chicks, the Jellybeans, the Drugstore Cowboys, the Cake Eaters and the Lounge Lizards also are in evidence.

All of which brings us, happily, to the David Brians’ (Adrian Booth) Charleston party. David and Adrian, having about completed their dreamy hilltop home, began thinking of a party. They wanted it to be something different. Then photographs from the Broadway musical “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” supplied the inspiration for a party with a “Roaring Twenties” theme.

Adrian, whose first job was as a social hostess in a fashionable hotel, knows a good party is no accident but requires planning. With Dave helping her, she made sure everything was done true to the Charleston period. They invited the Edmond O’Briens (Olga San Juan—only for obvious reasons, Eddie now calls her Olga San Two), Ruth Roman and Anthony Curtis, Joan Evans and Carleton Carpenter—asking them to come in costume. Which meant the girls raided the studio wardrobes for low-waisted, heavily beaded, short-skirted dresses, long strings of pearls and dangling earrings, while the men concentrated on blazers, spats, belted-back jackets and turtle-neck sweaters.

Adrian decorated the house with crepe paper streamers, planned a menu that was not in the Crepes Suzettes class (because those were hot-dog days, really), and gathered old records from the studio library. For a table centerpiece she created a miniature Central Park. She used the back of the chess board (Continued on page 112)

A group of young moderns revive a popular dance of the Twenties and have fun in an old-fashioned way

Knee-length skirt presents a pretty view of Adrian. Ground crew watching take-off are Joan Evans, Carleton, Ruth, Tony

Rest period: Carleton and Joan aren't wasting a minute—talking about their careers. Joan's next role is—a flapper!

Adrian pepped up party appetites with her chili con mushroom, spicy touch for a Twenties party

“Eternally Yours,” 1847 Roger Bros. Silverplate
"You have to make peace with yourself as you are—not just as you might have been," says Kirk, who appears next in "The Glass Menagerie."
There was a boy...

A MOTHER dreamed a dream for her only son. The boy lived it out, until the dream was reality.

"Funny about dreams," says Kirk Douglas, for he was the boy, and the dream was his mother's, "something happens to them when they come true. Something is left out. You get what you've always told yourself you wanted out of life, you achieve what you've driven yourself all your days to achieve, and it isn't good enough."

He faces up to himself these days, Kirk Douglas, the motion picture star, the potential millionaire, the embodiment, in fact, of the classic American Success Story, and asks himself why it all doesn't add up to happiness. It was supposed to.

"Have I been kidding myself?" he wonders. "Did I want something else all along? If I did,
what was it?” Nobody but Kirk can answer those troubled questions. But it is possible to understand them, knowing his whole story.

A motion picture called “Champion” last year made Kirk Douglas a star.

His was not a new face in Hollywood, but there was something about his remarkable portrait of the fighter to whom nothing was important except to win. He played a vicious man with such insight that audiences, understanding Midge Kelly, pitied him. There was no question, after “Champion,” that Kirk Douglas had arrived as an actor. He warranted and he received the tokens Hollywood awards its own champions, the furore in the papers, the star on his dressing room door, the million dollar contract.

His “arrival” also was accompanied, and this is not so unusual in “success” stories either, by heartbreak: Separation from his beautiful actress-wife, Diana; troubled concern for the future of his two young sons; doubts of his own (Continued on page 122)
Says Kirk, "You get what you've driven yourself all your days to achieve—and it isn't good enough!"

Kirk with his father, left, sisters Fritzie, Kay, mother, sisters Betty, Ruth and, in front, Marion and Ida
A country man at heart, Richard Todd of "Stage Fright" is working for a farm of his own.
RICHARD TODD knocks off the king's English with British precision, but his heart speaks with his eyes. Born thirty-one years ago in Dublin, of English parentage, he's the carefully careless tweedy type. But he's equally at home, too, in not-so-Saville Row-cut levis.

Of acting, Todd says, "If you believe what you're saying, your face will say it." Certainly, his face speaks for him. He talks with animation and vivid gestures of a "wonderful little pub in the Britannia Mews" and then, with wistful wonder, of his wonder at being able to buy "half-a-dozen oranges. And bananas. Only babies have them back home."

His is a rich sense of humor. When one of the crew kidded him about his name on the dressing-room door being lettered in italics, instead of being written in the usual script, saying, "See how important you are?" Dick was quick to reply with, "Don't they italicize things that are horrible, too?"

Despite the fact that he portrays unhappy characters like The Scot in "The Hasty Heart," the murderer in "Stage Fright" and an accused murderer in "Lightning Strikes Twice," Todd by nature is a happy, non-temperamental person.

His is a serenity and a fatalistic philosophy inspired, no doubt, from having seen and experienced so much suffering. He served seven rough years with the Paratroopers and the Commandos. He was one of the men who made the jump on D-Day in Normandy. He suffered head injuries, fractured shoulders, and numerous wounds, but he rarely speaks of them. Too many of his closest buddies aren't around anymore to relate their experiences.

Dick is a little like The Scot who insisted, "I dinna like to hae things done for me." When the studio gave him a car, he refused the driver they offered with "Thank you, but I think I can manage." And for the first time in his life, he drove a left-hand-drive car off the lot through the speeding Hollywood traffic without hospitalization. When he was offered advice about the difference in English and American money, he said: "Thank you, but I studied the monetary exchange coming over." When he was stymied, however, he had no hesitation in inquiring eagerly, "Would you tell me, please, what is a dime?" The book listed a coin known as ten cents.

He first met his bride of nine months, Catherine Bogle, a Scottish lass, whom he affectionately calls Kitty, when they were with the Dundee Players, a Scotch Repertory Theatre.

Fresh from seven years of war, Dick had no desire to act again. But when he found Kitty worrying about the actor who might play opposite her in "Claudia," he worried too. And when he was asked if he wouldn't reconsider and rejoin the group, he said he would, then added, casually, "Whenever you get around to it, I'd like to do something like 'Claudia.'"

His face lights when he talks of the farm he means to have. "That is what I'm working for. My farm. I'm a countryman. I could be happy as a farmer, with nothing else. But I could never be happy as an actor and nothing else."

As The Scot in "The Hasty Heart"
he said, "I dinna like to hae things done for me." That goes for Richard Todd, too

With Kitty, his bride of nine months

by maxine arnold
Shirley Temple of "A Kiss for Corliss" in Elois Jenssen's ice-blue satin evening dress. Seed pearls decorate the neckline.
From the style collections for spring and summer that we've already seen, and from the type of thing that most Hollywood stars are wearing, you can pick and choose the things you like best and which look best on you this year. You don't have to subscribe to a New Look or an Old Look—or any Look except your Best Look! Any silhouette at present, from the slimmest to the “left-over” tiny-waisted, full-skirted, is smart.

The big party Jane Wyman gave was an example...
of how varied silhouettes can be. Jane was in crisp bouffant rose taffeta while Mrs. Jimmy Stewart was in white flowing chiffon. Barbara Stanwyck and Cesar Romero put on a hectic Charleston together and got silver cups as prizes for knocking themselves out like that. Dinah Shore took off for New York, a few days later, for her first night club engagement in years. And boy, did she leave with a wardrobe! Howard Greer made her clothes and let her introduce his new shade, Laguna Lilac, on her opening night at the Waldorf.

Beautiful Alida Valli, awaiting Sir Stork, was at the Constance Moore-Johnny Maschio party in a lovely blue taffeta smock with beaded embroidery around the high round neck and at the cuffs of the push-up sleeves. Joan Fontaine was wearing the dreamiest hat—a tiny black crepe cap edged in satin with a stiffened veil coming forward from the crown of her head and halfway over her face. The veil was as rigid as a catcher's mask. The really intriguing touch, though, was the long pear-shaped pearl attached to the veil at a point just back from the forehead. It dropped down and dangled on her forehead under the veil.

If you don't think that the mad passion for red that went on all winter isn't carrying over into spring, think again. The warm color springs at you from under black or tweed coats, from breakfast through dinner. Janie Powell has a lovely crisp red taffeta cocktail-length dress, styled demurely with a shirtwaist top, ballooning sleeves and billowing skirt. Saw Virginia Mayo at Mocambo in a red silk gown that did her shape no harm at all! It was ballet-length, the narrow skirt draped to a big stiffened point of the silk jutting out from one hip. It had a low, wide neckline, not quite off-the-shoulder, plus very brief, tight sleeves. A huge jeweled clip at the hip was the only adornment.

A very pleasant sight the other evening was Colleen Townsend, celebrating her birthday with her two brothers, both of whom are studying for the clergy. Colleen, as you know, is giving up her movie career to make three religious films and then she plans to attend a theological college. Lana Turner, who is back at work in "A Life of Her Own," was dining at La Rue with Bob Topping in a really smart casual outfit. Her white tweed jacket topped a vivid emerald green gabardine skirt. Lana wore a boldly printed silk scarf flatly folded around her neck and tucked into the jacket.

Did we tell you about the party we went to at the Bel-Air mansion of socialite Richard Hoyt? Three pretty gals arrived almost simultaneously—all three (speaking of red carrying over into spring again) wearing identical flame-red dresses. One of the gals was Diana Lynn and she looked the purtiest. The dress was darling—it was of tulle, tight-bodieded, strapless, with enormously full gathered skirts and a long matching stole. Diana didn't seem to mind. But, golly, what a letdown after primping for hours.

Joan Leslie gardens in her "round-the-clock" coat—lime green Indian Head trimmed in forest green. It's an adaptation of one Michael Woulfe designed for her for "A Bed of Roses"
Are you one of the many women who feel enveloped by a gray web of humdrum-
ness? You need not stay this way. You can be a lovelier You.

A wonderful power within you can help you to find this new You. It is a power that grows out of the interrelation of your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you look and the way you feel.

It is this power that lights you so happily when you look lovely. But—it can deflate you, when you do not look your best. So never be careless about those everyday beauty essentials that add so much to your outer loveliness—your inner happiness.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Don't ever allow yourself any "letting go" about the way you take care of your face. You'll find the "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream has a most befriending way of making your skin glow like a rose—feel so clean, so soft. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) give your face this lovely Pond's care:

- **Hot Stimulation**—a quick splash of hot water.
- **Cream Cleanse**—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face to soften, sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.
- **Cream Rinse**—do another Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
- **Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold-water splash.

This treatment works on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream softens, sweeps away skin-dulling dirt as you massage. From the Inside—every step of the treatment stirs up circulation.

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Look lovely and you light-up with an infectious, happy confidence other people find delightful. And this brings them closer to the real Inner You.
Loretta Young never will forget the night she won her Oscar for the film “The Farmer’s Daughter.” She can laugh about it now... (Loretta’s latest is “Key to the City”)

On Award night, Loretta’s appearance at the theater with husband Tom Lewis was the signal for wild cheering from the crowds

In the theater lobby, Tom and Loretta were delayed by photographers taking pictures. Noticing the strained look on Loretta’s face, Tom firmly guided her to their seats

As he helped her off with her cape, he could feel her trembling. And, all through the opening ceremonies, she kept clasping and unclasping her evening bag

The winners were announced. Loretta, hearing her name, jumped to her feet. The contents of her bag spilled on the floor! Dazed, she watched her lipstick roll away

Tom gave her a push. “Good luck,” he whispered. As she walked toward the stage, Loretta looked back. People were scrambling all over the floor for the contents of her bag!
Ill-fated Love Story

(Continued from page 63) Merle's friends tried to show her the wisdom of returning to Hollywood and postponing any divorce proceedings. I have known Merle many years and always recognized in her a practical wisdom. But now, when I saw her, she was so obsessed with her new vision of happiness that nothing else was of the slightest consequence to her.

Merle became more beautiful than I have ever seen her. Yet she never felt beautiful enough for this man to whom she had given her heart. Several times before dinner parties we waited while she dressed, radiant and excited as a debutante preparing for her coming-out ball.

"Do you like my hair, as I have done it tonight?" she would ask. "Do you think Giorgio will like it?"

"My dress?" And before I could reply, "no," she would say. "I don't think Giorgio will like it. I'm going to change." One night I saw her change six times before she went down to meet Giorgio's challenging eyes.

NOT only did she dress for him. She breathed for him.

And Giorgio? When Merle had to return to the United States to settle her Hollywood property, he went, too. But they were very discreet, seen little together, and Giorgio appeared in public with other women.

He was not willing openly to humiliate his secret wife, Madina. A year ago, last September, they were both in Venice while I was there. When I asked Madina to dine she asked if Giorgio might come too.

"Of course, bring Giorgio," I said. And he came. But he was not happy.

"I was not alone in wondering, fearfully, how it all would end. Were not these people sacrificing too much, their careers and the happiness of others, to their love?"

Some of us kept silent. Others tried to persuade Merle that she should consider her career; go to work in France or Italy, England or Hollywood, get another picture on the screen. It was of no use. There was no room in her life only for Giorgio.

And I believe I know why. None of us could foresee how quickly it was drawing to an end, but I feel sure Merle and Giorgio knew.

An old school friend of Giorgio's has told me that once an astrologer came to their school to cast horoscopes. Giorgio, alone among the students, did not receive his. Some weeks afterwards, this student met the astrologer on the street and asked why Giorgio had not been given his horoscope.

"I do not wish him to know his future," the man had answered. "In eleven years he will be dead. Why tell him? There is nothing he can do. He will die violently in a car or a plane. It is in his stars."

It was almost as if Merle sensed that she and Giorgio had not long to be together.

I remember a dinner party the Darryl Zanuck's gave last summer at Monte Carlo. Merle, in gold, radiated beauty. She and Giorgio sat holding hands, looking into each other's eyes. A woman entered wearing strands of pearls and diamonds. There were exclamations from the guests.

But Giorgio whispered, "That woman is nothing, next to you, Merle. You are a jewel more brilliant than all the jewels gathered here together."

Their love had reached its height.

Shortly after this, Pamela Churchill, then in Monte Carlo, gave a small informal dinner party at the Hotel du Cap.

I heard that a fortuneteller was coming later, a man who felt the future.

I heard then from a friend how his man started to read Giorgio's hand. For a while he was quiet. Then, quite pale, he stood up.

There's NOTHING like FELS-NAPTHA!

This exclusive FELS blend of mild, golden soap and active naptha is now further IMPROVED to make your washes whiter and brighter than ever.

Regular users of Fels-Naptha Soap have discovered a new wash day thrill!

This grand laundry soap—that brings TWO CLEANERS to the job of getting dirt out of soiled clothes—now contains the newest up-to-the-minute ingredients for making your family wash whiter and brighter!

Women who use Fels-Naptha find all their white things whiter than ever, their washable colors brighter, their whole wash completely, fragrantly clean—as only Fels-Naptha does it!

We suggest you follow the advice of these delighted Fels-Naptha users. No matter what laundry product you have used, including so-called 'miracle' detergents, see if you don't get better results with improved Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha Soap

WITH NEW 'SUNSHINE' INGREDIENTS
How to eat asparagus. Yes, you can pick up a stalk, if it’s firm, not covered with sauce. Otherwise, use a fork. As important as good manners is the good taste of your table appointments. Have you seen the 42-piece set of 1881 (R) Rogers (R) Silverplate? It’s only $9.75, chest included! A really remarkable value! Choice of 4 beautiful patterns in this long-lived silverware. *Trade Mark © 1950, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N.Y.

How to eat asparagus. Yes, you can pick up a stalk, if it’s firm, not covered with sauce. Otherwise, use a fork. As important as good manners is the good taste of your table appointments. Have you seen the 42-piece set of 1881 (R) Rogers (R) Silverplate? It’s only $9.75, chest included! A really remarkable value! Choice of 4 beautiful patterns in this long-lived silverware.

1881 ROGERS SILVERPLATE by ONEIDA LTD.

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1881 ROGERS SILVERPLATE by ONEIDA LTD.
ambulance was racing across the field, men were running out toward the plane, to find there was nothing that could be done. And, at last, there were only a few tiny flames.

They supported Merle to the airfield’s little lunch bar. There she slumped down at a table, sobbing uncontrollably. No one could find any words of comfort for her. The manager of the Grand Hotel, where she was staying, took her back to the hotel where they quieted her with opiates. But she had to be watched night and day. She was almost mad with grief and it was feared that she might try to end her life.

The newspapers were filled with the story. Giorgio’s marriage to Madina Visconti became public as she and her family went into deep mourning, in Venice. She would, the Italian press reported, be Giorgio’s legal heir and receive that half of the Cini fortune Giorgio’s father had settled upon her.

Merle’s wild grief was followed by an inestimable despair which was even more tragic. Those who went to see her, trying to bring her back to the world of living, met with failure.

And then Pamela Churchill made a suggestion. She was, she explained, going away on a yachting trip. Her chateau would be empty. She wanted Merle, with her secretary and nurse, to move into it. Merle could lie in the sun in the garden.

Merle agreed with thanks, for it meant an escape from the gaiety and bustle of the great hotel, so jarring to her nerves. Perhaps there she could rest and regain her strength.

But there was to be no rest for Merle. She stayed only a very brief time at the chateau and then, unaccountably, fled to England. It was only the other day that I learned the terrible ending of this tragedy.

A writer friend of mine moved into the chateau after Merle had gone. The night he arrived he was seated at the desk in the study giving directions to the cook. Suddenly, a great bat swooped out of the heavy folds of a curtain.

“It’s back,” the cook cried, gathering her apron about her head in terror.

My friend sat frozen as the bat circled the room and then glided through the door. When it had disappeared, he took a deep breath and said, “It’s gone now. Don’t be frightened.”

The cook looked around, and said, “Thank God. Bats are evil, an ill omen.”

“It’s been here before?” my friend asked.

“Oh yes,” the cook replied. She shivered.

“I saw it the first day poor Miss Oberon came to stay. It came out at from I don’t know where, as she entered the front door. It followed her about like something possessed, pursued her up the stairs.

“It appeared wherever she went. You could hear its eerie whistling sound all over the house. We were terrified. It means evil, I know.”

I, myself, do not know if the bat was an omen. But I do know that it will be a long time before Merle finds happiness again—or will it? She sacrificed everything to her love, and when it was taken from her, what had she left? She could not. She found, enduring to stay in England. She fled to southern France again, as if she must torment herself with the scenes she shared with Giorgio. Now in Cannes she has finally made another film, “Pardon My French,” with Paul Henreid and a foreign cast. I hope it will be a good one.

As I told you at the beginning of this story, I believe there is a law of balance in this world. Merle attained the heights of happiness and must therefore plumb the depths of despair. I hope that she will find a level plane of normal living now that her tragic love story has reached its close.

The End

Some tinted make-ups cling even while you splash...

But you need this cream to remove them thoroughly

Even in swimming, some girls manage to look lovely. Must be those new “stay-on” tinted make-ups!

But those same cream, cake or liquid make-ups that cling for hours are not easy to remove.

They need a special cleanser—Woodbury Cleansing Cream—specially designed to take off hard-to-remove make-ups (ordinary make-up, too). Because it contains Penaten, Woodbury Cleansing Cream penetrates deeper into the pore openings. It loosens every trace of make-up and grime so you can remove it off instantly!

So mild, so gentle is this special cream that sensitive skins prefer it. Your skin, too, will look baby-fresh when you cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream! 20¢, 39¢, 60¢ plus tax.

Woodbury Cleansing Cream
penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN
**WIN a hollywood holiday**

Pretty Allene Roberts displays the Accent shoes that are part of the prize-winning wardrobes

Allene's smile of approval is for assorted shoe styles by Janis. These, too, go to the top winners

Charming Cathy Downs with the Velvet Step shoe wardrobe that goes to the two top winners

Among the additional prizes are these playshoes by Honeydubs, as presented by Pat White

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**CONTEST RULES**

1. Write or print in the coupon provided on page 43—or on a reasonable facsimile thereof—your last line of the jingle. Your last line must rhyme with "do." Fill in, too, your complete name and address and mail your entry to: Photoplay Travel Contest, Box 1300, Grand Central Station, New York 17, 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, 1950.

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 become 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, 1950, issue of Photoplay. This contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.

8. Should the winner of one of the two 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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**Hollywood Holiday Clothes On Display**

The stores listed below and those on page 110 are displaying Photoplay's "Hollywood Holiday" wardrobe this month. Drop into the store nearest to you for a preview of the most glamorous vacation clothes in town!

- Baltimore, Md.
- Stroudsburg, Pa.
- Hecht Bros.
- A. B. Wyckoff
- Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
- Pomeroy's
the most perfect
new summer suiting...
in the most perfect
new summer suits

Shrewsbury

made entirely of
fine Celanese yarn
crafted by Folker Fabrics
exclusively for Rosenblum

tailored in California

Rosenblum

Rosenblum, Los Angeles

- crisp, cool, crush-resistant
- rich worsted-like texture
- porous construction
- clear new colors

wonderful new Rosenblum summer suits to wear any hour, anywhere
from now on through the summer...softly tailored in the Rosenblum
perfectionist manner...the only summer suits made by craftsmen skilled
in the art of fine tailoring. You must see these suits to appreciate them,
finger the rich texture, notice the fine fit, custom-like cool quarter-lining.
In sizes 10 to 20...and specialized petite sizes...29.95...at most stores.
Salon Luxury in a Home Shampoo

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

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut
ENRICHED CREME Shampoo with egg

Now is the time for all smart girls to be thinking of their vacation wardrobes. And if you’re really smart, your vacation clothes will see you through the summer. Choose clothes with dual personalities—dresses that can be covered up with boleros or jackets... suits that can be matched up with accessories to meet any social need... playsuits that can be transformed into a street ensemble with the whisk of a skirt around your waist... shoes to step out in on any occasion. On the following pages, Photoplay presents some summer suggestions that will send you traveling—to the nearest store.

Mona Freeman in the original suit Orry-Kelly designed for her to wear in the Universal-International film "I Was a Shoplifter"

Mona Freeman, opposite, steps into the travel picture in the Majestic adaptation—a trim two-piece butcher linen in a vibrant pink, with spic-and-span white accessories to give it extra sparkle. Wide revers point up the open neckline of the self-buttoned fited jacket. In aqua, yellow, pink and navy also; sizes 10-18. $10.95 at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C., and the Bedell Store, Portland, Ore. For traveling in style, a set of luggage by Dresser.

* powdered 1%
vacation bound • photoplay fashions vacation bound • photoplay fashions
Playtime separates: A halter weskit with bare back and button-down front. With it, a pair of clamdiggers with wonderful hip pockets. Woven denim and chambray stripe, gray, blue, yellow, all with white stripe. Sizes 10–20, each $3.95 by White Stag at Altman's, New York, N. Y.; Lipman, Wolfe, Portland, Ore. Westport's denim shoes.

Below, a playsuit with a triple personality. Wear the bra top, brief shorts (both lined) in swimming or on the beach. Saunter off in the matching jacket, which also can be worn over summer cottons. By Modern Aire of Hollywood, suit comes in sizes 10–18, jacket in small, medium, large. Each $8.95 in white, aqua or yellow pin point pique by Fluegelman at Miller Bros., Chattanooga, Tenn.

In playful mood, Paula Drew, new M-G-M starlet.

your place in the sun
On the sunny side, the floral print sunback dress, above, with brief bolero, eyelet-trimmed bodice top, black shoestring straps and tie belt.
In crepe pique by Betty Barclay, white ground with green, maize or lilac print. $8.95, sizes 9-15 at The Fair, Chicago, Ill., and Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila., Pa.; Coro jewelry

Shine in the sunback dress, opposite, with the new halter neckline, all-around tiny unpressed pleats. Brief bolero has border of contrasting color. By Minx Modes in white pique with navy and red or brown and jade trim. Sizes 7-15, $14.95 at Lamson Bros., Toledo, O., and Wm. H. Block, Indianapolis, Ind.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 94
to see
and
be seen

A must for the miss on vacation—a crease-resistant rayon summer suit that stays fresh as a daisy no matter how much you wear it or how long it stays packed. Note its soft, neutral color that can be accessorized to suit the occasion. Large pockets lie snugly against the fitted lines of the jacket. In Celanese Shrewsbury by Rosenblum of California, it comes in pastel and vivid colors, sizes 10 to 20 petite. $29.95 at Woolf Bros., Kansas City, Mo. and May Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Handbag by Emmet, Marvella pearls. Pique hat by Colby.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 94

Jane Wyatt, of Goldwyn’s “Our Very Own,” goes sightseeing in the Farmers Market
step lively

For tailored trimness, a suede and mesh combination sling shoe with open toe. Available in solid color or contrasting color combination. $8.95 by Accent

For cool charm, a bare strip sandal in multi-color combinations. Buy it in calf or suede. Also available in solid colors. $10.95 by Twenty Ones

For dancing, a delicate high-heel sandal with cut-out ankle strap, narrow straps over vamp. In black or red calf, $7.95 by Velvet Step

For casual comfort, a wedge sandal with interesting strip detail. Available in solid or multi-color combinations. $7.95 by Grace Walker

For daytime, a wedge shoe in linen or straw with multi-color strips over the vamp. By Honeydebs in all colors. In linen, $2.99, straw, $3.99

For playtiming, a flat thong sandal with the bare look. In kid, it comes in all colors. $6.95, Thoroughbreds by Jolene

Sheer compliment to your open shoes—Holeproof's Nude Foot stockings. For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 94

You'll travel far in Velvet step spectators

A little money and lots of good taste go a long, long way!

795 to 995

wonderful values at a tiny price illustrated "Calais" in white buck with red, brown or black calf.

For the store nearest you, write:
PETERS SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS
For exciting evenings anywhere—a crisp organdy dress with chalk-white accents. Wide bertha collar covers the briefest of sleeves. Edging into the glamour line—a dainty border of white embroidery. By Carole King in black, royal, red or green with white. Sizes 9 to 15, $14.95 at Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis, Mo.; and White House, Tucson, Ariz. Deliah Pearls.

For after-five flair, an organdy print with separate jacket. Bare your shoulders for dancing and show the pin-tucked bodice, full flaring skirt, satin sash. Cover-up jacket has banded waist, brief sleeve, tucked collar. By Doris Dodson in monotone print organdy in blue, aqua, coral or gold. Sizes 9 to 15, $17.95 at the Bedell Store, Portland, Ore.; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS,
For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 94.
"Rainbow"...

A two-way summer chambray influenced by the 1920's era when life was very gay. This "convertible" turns a sundress into the newest summer suit look, with a jacket flaunting cuffs at the shoulder. Rainbow stripes on Lonsdale's satin dotted chambray, exclusive Doris Dodson fabric. Pink, blue, beige. 9 to 15.
Under $23

Doris Dodson JUNIORS

Write for name of your local shop...Doris Dodson, Dept. P5, St. Louis, Mo.
Janet Leigh wears the original playsuit by Michael Woulfe in RKO's "Jet Pilot"

Something to create in your spare time—a pert little one-piece playsuit, so new with its halter neckline, stand-up collar and cuffed shorts. The button-down front makes it easy to get into. For cover-up purposes, we've added a brief little bolero with flaring back. Make it in Wesley Simpson's double dot pattern, pick up the color of the dot for the collar facing and bolero.
packable pretties

Masquerade bra with removable foam rubber pads. Wear strapless with swim and play clothes. $2.00 by Maidenform at May Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Nylon petticoat with zipper closing, nylon net ruffle. $5.95 by Miss Swank. At Altman's, New York City. Both small, medium, large.

Short cut to glamour—nylon shortie gown with baby puff sleeves, lace-trimmed, nylon net yoke. In pink, blue or yellow, sizes small, medium, large. $7.98 by Luxite at Saks 34th, New York City.

Rustle in the rain... in Taftanese*, a Celanese* rayon taffeta, Cravenetted* and made with a two way helmet hood and separate tie belt. White with navy, white with black and solid shades of red, gray and navy. Sizes 8 to 18. $22.95

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 94.


(clip this coupon) Mail to the store nearest you or write to Sherman Bros., 205 West 39th Street, New York 18, N. Y. Please send me the Sherbrooke raincoat as advertised in May Photoplay at $22.95. Enclosed is check $ or money order $ for $22.95.

Sherbrooke Raincoat

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Zone: ____________________________

Include amount for city and state tax if you live in a taxable area.
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:

majestic suit
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
dresser luggage
512 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.
white stag playsuit
Portland, Ore.
modern-airé pique outfit
1112 Sontoos Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
rosenblum suit
746 South Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
betty barclay dress
40 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
minx modes dress
2225 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.
carole king dress
1021 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
deltha pearls
411 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
doris dodson dress
1641 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
twenty-one shoe
119 Seventh Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.
accent shoe
1509 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
velvet step shoe
1507 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
grace walker shoe
1507 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
honeydews shoe
47 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.
jalene shoe
1204 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
maidenform bra
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
miss swank petticoat
112 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
luxite gown
330 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 44) For a flight, train or motor trip to Las Vegas, for a day or two at magic Catalina, for a jaunt up the coast to Carmel, a tour of the Four old missions or a weekend at the desert. (See pictures on page 46.)

For those of you who want to cram the greatest amount of sight-seeing into the shortest length of time, we hereby supply a three-day itinerary which, though rigorous, should provide the average traveler with a bird's-eye, jet-propelled survey of the Los Angeles area.

Per convenience take, we will start your tour on Tuesday morning, presuming that on Monday you have visited the All-Year Club Free Visitors' Bureau, 451 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles, to secure a Los Angeles sightseeing pass of $3.16 (Here's Glamourland) (a brochure essential to your fullest enjoyment of your Los Angeles stay), and whatever other literature appeals to your particular needs.

In addition to your visit to Los Angeles, you should also make arrangements with Grey Line Motor Tours, 320 South Beaury, Los Angeles 13, MUTUAL 3111, to be picked up at the Ambassador Hotel on Tuesday morning because you wish to take tours No. 2, the Beverly Hills-Beach Tour. This tour starts at nine a.m., requires almost four hours, and costs $3.16 per person. (Seasoned travelers are agreed that the best way to see a big city in a short time is fast, is to take sight-seeing tours.)

IF all convenient, you should select the Ambassador Hotel as a meeting place because there is plenty of space on the nearby side streets to park your car. Downtown Los Angeles, where the Grey Line picks up passengers from all hotels, is too congested for the newly-arrived motorist's comfort. Naturally, if the tourist have not your own car, you will be called for at the large hotel where you are registered, or at a convenient location.

Tour No. 2 will take you through the Wilshire District, past pastel storefronts, along Hollywood Boulevard and the Sunset Strip, through Beverly Hills and Brentwood where the driver will point out movie motion picture homes along the Riviera with its country clubs and polo fields, past the Will Rogers estate, down to the sea.

On your return trip, ask the driver to drop you at the Beverly Hills Hotel in Beverly Hills. You can lunch there. You also might request the use of the pool. Or you can go further south in Beverly Hills and visit the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. At that point you will have your choice of several luncheon spots: The Wilshire dining room, Blum's, a block west, the Beverly Hills Brown Derby across the street, or Romanoff's one and a half blocks north on Camden Drive.

Walk the full length of the miniature Beverly Drive. Slip around the corner, east, to Canon Drive and Brightton Way, west side of the street, to the Actor's Hobby Mart. Watch for celebrities everywhere in Beverly Hills. The time should now be about 3 p. m.

Board an eastbound Wilshire Boulevard bus and ask for a transfer to Fairview Avenue. Ask to be let off at Fairfax. Transfer to a northbound Fairfax bus and ask to be let off at Sunset Boulevard, which is the site of the Farmer's Market.

Browse through the Farmer's Dell, which is at the extreme north end of the market, then work your way down to the food booths. Allow yourself a light repast to tide you over until your late dinner. A lobster salad will be around a dollar, a miniature banana cream pie is thirty cents. Leave the market at 6:30 p. m. (the grocery stalls close at six, the hot food stalls at eight), and walk north to Beverly Boulevard, passing the colorful Singapore Square.

On your right you will also pass Gilmore Stadium, home of midget-car racing and many other sports events.

Before you reach your last stop, a branch express bus to Second and Hill Street. Walk east one short block to Broadway and take a northbound 5, 9, or W car. Get off at Sunset Boulevard and walk east two short blocks, past the Old Plaza Church and Wilshire Street. This was Los Angeles' first street.

Stroll through the Mexican handicraft shops, have your caricature made by a strolling artist, visit The Old Adobe (admission $1.25), where the largest Creole headquarters during the conquest of California. Note the thick walls, the ponderous furniture shipped around the Horn, and make a wish in the old well in the patio.

On your way you have inspected Olvera Street, walk back to Broadway & Sunset and take a northbound 5, 9, or W car, sit on the left hand side, and get off when you see the dragon lights marking New China Town. Have a breakfast at a local Chinese restaurant and browse through the shops. By this time you should be a little weary, so take a taxi back to your car at the Ambassador. The fare will be around $2.00 plus 10% for extra passenger (the trip is about four). (For further information about public transportation, call the Los Angeles Trans-it Lines, PProspect 7211, and ask for "Information.")

Spend all day Wednesday in Catalina. The boat trip each way will be restful, and by this time you'll need to relax. If a South Sea Island is your idea of the perfect resort, you will love Catalina. You should check the motor at which the boat sail (the trip requires two hours by steamer, twenty minutes by seaplane), by telephoning the Santa Catalina Island Company at 308 West Sixth Street in downtown Los Angeles.

Weekday round trip fare is $5.50; Saturday, Sunday, and holidays, $6.83. Rates at the Atwater Hotel on the Island start at $10.00 per day, but other lodgings may be had from $6.00 to $8.00 per person.

There are dozens of small restaurants along the waterfront, all offering good food at prices that are exceptionally reasonable when you realize that everything consumed on the Island must be shipped from the mainland. When do to on Catalina? Take a trip to the bird farm, ride the funny little bus on a tour of the island, stroll through the shops, take the glass-bottom boat trip, try the 18-hole golf, have a swim, or fall a course dance at the Casino where there is an all band name all summer. Loll on the beach, relax and swim.

Thursday morning, take Tour No. 5, (Continued on page 96)
There used to be days when she didn’t belong...

then she discovered

*Kleinert's *

*Sani-Scants

the modern protective panties

Slave to a calendar?
Not the girl who's discovered those sleek protective panties... Sani-Scants.
They're real smoothies...
won't reveal a thing, even under cling-to-me clothes. Handy pins and tabs inside, a water-proof panel for perfect protection. Sani-Scants are made by Kleinert's and nobody else. Get yours today!

NYLON TRICOT SANI-SCANTS...
fast drying... $2.50
Rayon Tricot Sani-Scants... $1.50
Run-proof striped rayon
Sani-Scants... $1.25
White or flesh. Sizes: small, medium, large, extra large.

FREE WITH YOUR SANI-SCANTS...
Kleinert's exclusive Recorder.
It's a handy little chart that tells you when Sani-Scants time is coming each month!
(Continued from page 94) cement of the forecourt.

Continue to walk one block west to C. C. Brown's Confectionery and have a hot fudge sundae or a hot carafe of vanilla punch-
toon. These are probably the world's best.

Return to your own car at this point, preparatory to driving out Wilshire Boule-
vard to the beach, or if you prefer to con-
tinue your travel by the transpor-
tation, catch a westbound La Brea bus in front of

the Grauman's Chinese.

Transfer at Wilshire Boulevard to a Sa-
ta Monica limited bus and ride to the
end of the line. Directly west lies the
ocean. You might grab a quick swim. You
might rent suits, towels, and dressing room
locker space at about $1.00.

Try to lie on the sand and relax, because the
evening is to be spent at one of the
"Great" night clubs, your choice of any
listed on page 46.

By this time you should have become
familiar with a large part of the coastal
route of Los Angeles so that, during the
remaining days of your visit, you would be able
to find your way to the particular amuse-
ments which appeal to you.

TRY to go on your own personal tour
around the remaining suburbs of HOL-
wood and Bel-Air. Lunch at the Bel-Air
Hotel—one of the most exclusive hotels in
the Los Angeles area—will request the use of the pool . . .
where you'll find yourself in the company of
your favorite film-folk.

One question has been trembling on
your lips: Will you be allowed to visit a
motion picture studio?

Not unless your uncle owns a majority
of the stock. Studios have found that en-
tertaining visitors simply will not combine
with budget production.

However, you will be welcomed at
every radio broadcast you can squeeze
into your schedule. You should write to
your favorite program, requesting tickets
at least a month in advance of your visit,
and specifying on what dates you would be
able to be present. There is one restriction:
Children under fourteen are not admitted
to television broadcasts.

Do your youngsters want to see Hop-
along Cassidy? Write to him, Hollywood,
California, asking where he will be when
you are in Los Angeles, and whether he
will be making a personal appearance at
some function which you could attend.

Now you're ready for your exciting
daylight trips.

Fifty miles south of Los Angeles, on
the coastal highway, lies Laguna, South
California's great art colony. A day's
prowl through its shops and art galleries
is rewarding, and during the August Art
Festival the place bulges with genius.

In Laguna is the La Jolla area which came
by Hollywood interests, so the plays feature
Hollywood personalities in legitimate
stage roles. Diana Lynn, Joseph Cotten,
Jane Wyatt, Marshall Thompson and his
wife, Barbara Long, are just a few who
have appeared in Laguna.

About six miles south along the beach
road, Alternate 101 is Capistrano Beach.
At Capistrano Beach turn inland to Mis-
sion San Juan Capistrano, site of the
sleepy village three miles off Alternate 101.
Admission to the Mission is 30c, and
all proceeds will be used to finance the
restoration of the Main Cathedral which
was destroyed by earthquake.

Farther south along the coast, on route
to San Diego and Tiajuana lies La Jolla.
During the summer season it is practically
impossible to get accommodations in the
celebrated La Jolla area. Two Coma de
Manana on a craggy headland jutting into
the sea, or at La Valencia (rates for a twin
bedroom and bath start at $10.00 daily,
European plan) but along the highway
there are dozens of clean, attractive motels
where the drop-in tourist may be lodged
if he arrives early in the afternoon.

It is at La Jolla that Gregory Peck and
Mel Ferrer are shooting the summer play-

If you are in the La Jolla district, you
should drive inland, over the Crestline
Highway, to the Mt. Palomar Observa-
tory. The Observatory is open daily from
nine in the morning until four-thirty in the.
afternoon. Visitors are admitted to a
third-floor gallery.

The reflecting mirror is 200 inches in
diameter, is five inches thick, weighs four-
teen and one-half tons, and is supported
on a mounting which weighs 500 tons.

When flights are made to Mars they will
be watched from this Observatory, so you
might well get acquainted with the
instrument now.

If you enjoy mountain greenery and
scenery, Southern California boasts an
all-year mountain resort in the form of
San Bernardino, about ninety miles east
and north of Los Angeles, reached by
a highway that winds through orange groves,
vineyards, and up the Rim of the World
Drive to an elevation of 4300 feet.

Tyrone Arrowhead Village boasts a
theater, a six-lane bowling alley, ball-
and pool equipment, miniature golf course,
and nightly dancing. In the winter, one
might find himself skiing, snowboarding,
or fishing. twenty miles away.

One day might be spent at Arrowhead Lodge for
$13.50 per day per person (meals in-
cluded), or at the Village Inn, The Lake
Shore Motel, or the Village Court for
$7.75 per day.

If you have never been the guest of a
dude ranch, why don't you combine your
whirl with a week or two on an authen-
tic "western spread"? One of the delightful
towns of this area is the Alisal Ranch
which lies forty miles north of Santa Bar-
bara, three miles inland, and only a short
distance from the quaint Danish settle-
mog of Solvang.

Clark Gable and Sylvia Stanley were
married in the quiet library at the Alisal
Ranch. Rosalind Russell and Fred Briss-
son were married at Santa Ynez Mission in
Santa Barbara.

The Alisal spread encompasses slightly
over ten thousand acres of pasture land, a
grant made to the great-grandfather of
actor Leo Carrillo. Grandfather Carrillo
founded the ranch in 1850, 3000 miles
north from Mexico when California be-
longed to Spain. He fell in love with the
rolling hills and broad, fertile valleys of
this part of the California coastal plain
and was rewarded by the crown in recog-
nition of his valorous service.

The Alisal brand, used to this day, is
a combination of the initials JRC, signifying
Jose Raimundo Carrillo.

The Alisal is the head of Here-
fords at the top of the season, and it
stables boast a string of over a hundred
horses. The ranch layout includes some
of the ancient ranch buildings brought up
to date.

Guests live in bungalows which are
bright with Guatemalan draperies and
bedspreads, red doors, and gleaming
scenes of Mexican silver.

Sundays there are horserides on the
highway, and on the last Sunday of the
month an all-day twin-horseback ride
each day, shepherded by wranglers
who could teach anyone to ride. One may
swim, play tennis, play shuffleboard, try
the archery range, or drive to Solvang to

Only Tanner Gray Line can show you all the sights, for the
thril of a lifetime!

Radio and Television Shows!

Daily city tour includes stars broadcasting in Hollywood. $2*

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We take you through forbidden gates for views of fabulous sets,
dressing rooms of the stars, $3.25*. Let us show you homes of
the stars, $2.75* + sales tax

FREE TOURS MAP
Big, colorful map of routes and sightseeing tours in So. Cali-
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W. O. T. C.
founder himself on indescribably delicious Danish pastry.

Write to Mr. Lynn Gillham, P. O. Box 467, Solvang, California, for descriptive folders and reservations. Rates, which include sumptuous meals, begin at $13.50 per day, per person, and also include all the recreation listed above.

Another dude ranch is Apple Valley Inn. It lies near Victorville (which is about 110 miles east of Los Angeles) on a clearly marked highway. Three years ago Apple Valley (named for the trees which once grew throughout this area), consisted of three weary houses on the main highway. Today, there are more than 200 desert homes and a modern trading post which includes everything from a soda fountain to a western torgery shop. Apple Valley is a year-round resort because of its altitude: Two thousand feet above sea level. Even in July there is a constant vagrant breeze.

The center of Apple Valley is the informal yet luxurious Apple Valley Inn. Like Alisal, it is built on the individual unit basis, with the community centering about the dining hall, the recreation room, and the swimming pool. Tennis, golf, and riding are also available, of course. Rates begin at $13.50 per person, per day, including meals. For reservations write to 510 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, or phone TRinity 3671.

If the desert lures you, California is spotted with beautiful oases, including Palm Springs, which is approximately 120 miles south and east of Los Angeles. Spring, winter are considered the best times to visit Palm Springs, but the summer months have some advantages. Rates are much lower and accommodations are easier to obtain. There are those hardy Hollywood souls who prefer the desert season. The days are intensely hot but it's a dry heat, far easier to take than the humidity in the east and south. But the evenings are always cool.

The town was built around the Desert Inn, but accommodations in this hotel are booked from season to season, so aside from the summer months it is not easy to become a guest. However, there are scores of new, handsome hotels and motels available if one seeks shelter early in the day. Many of the motels are built around a swimming pool, so that community life centers, lazily, about this area. Overnight prices range from the minor to the extremely luxurious.

In the morning, it is pleasant to have breakfast on the terrace of the Village Coffee Shop. As sunset nears, the town turns out to have dinner at The Doll's House (the best pressed duck in the world), or at the Saddle & Sirloin (noted for its western decor featuring cattle brands), or at The Dunes (a motion picture favorite), or at the Chi-Chi (largest restaurant in town).

There is a knack to dressing for Palm Springs. In the morning, the knowing tourist will wear a blouse and shorts, or a halter top covered lightly by a cotton bolero, and pedal pushers. When strolling along the streets in the forenoon, it is correct to wear cool, simple resort cottons. In the evening the organdy strapless bodice and full ballerina skirt come into their own.

The two great clubs, The Racquet Club and The Tennis Club, are private, but the enterprising tourist can usually secure a guest card to one or the other from the manager of his hotel. The Shadow Mountain Club, about twenty miles south of Palm Springs, is also private, but guests of the Firecliff Lodge are accorded guest privileges. The huge pool at Shadow Mountain, and the glass-walled dining room offer a regal taste of desert living.
Palm Springs was originally, and is today, part of an Indian Reservation. Some of the desert's most beautiful homes are built on leased land, which cannot be bought. At first, the only visitors to the area were prospectors and those who were seeking relief from lung disorders or sinusitis. The light, totally dry air makes breathing an effortless pleasure.

Approximately 300 miles north and east of Los Angeles lies far-famed Death Valley. At Bad Water, the basement of America, the elevation is 280 feet below sea level, the lowest point on the continent. The Valley abounds with such picturesque place-names as Stovepipe Wells, Chloride Cliff, Holl's Gate, Skidoo, Devil's Golf Course, Corkscrew Canyon.

DEATH VALLEY earned its name in this way: During the winter of 1849-1850, the Jayhawker-Manly party, impatient of the many delays of the California-bound emigrant train on which they were traveling, broke from the train to beat out a shortcut to the presumed gold fields beyond unexplored Death Valley.

The resultant hardships of the party have provided material for many books, but one of the most horrible of experiences was driving the oxen along a narrow ledge of rock in an attempt to find a way out of the Panamint Mountains, only to discover that the ledge of rock ended abruptly some fifty feet above the desert floor. The men partially solved the problem by piling tons of sand under the ledge, then shoving the oxen off into the sand. Many were killed, of course. Manly and Rogers pushed ahead, scouting, and found a way out. As the little group, parched, thin as shadows, struggled to the summit of Six-Spring Canyon, they looked back at the perished activity and sighed, "Goodbye, Death Valley."

Nowadays, in the midst of this unlikely land, the valley's most luxurious hotels, Furnace Creek Inn, rates begin (American plan) at $15.00 per person, per day; the season starts the first week in November, and ends the second week in April. At Furnace Creek Ranch (European plan), the rates start at $5.35 per day, and the same rate applies to accommodations in the Amargosa Hotel, both of which are owned by the Death Valley Hotel Company, the owners of Furnace Creek Inn. Reservations for any of the three can be made by writing to 510 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles 14, California, or by telephoning Ma-1619.

The Death Valley tourist has his choice of fascinating activities: There is a 9-hole golf course which is 200 feet below sea level and which is irrigated by the waters of the World's hottest hot springs, which also waters the hotel gardens and supplies the swimming pool. Two tennis courts and a stable of fine saddle horses are available to hotel guests. Driving to such scenic wonders as Dante's View, Zabriskie Point (which overlooks the Panamint Range), the Natural Bridge, and Death Valley Scotty's fabulous million dollar castle (Tours—$1.25) hotel accommodations begin at $10.00 per day and keep the tourist busy.

Keep in mind, when driving in Death Valley, that several million years ago elephants, camels, giant elk, wading birds, and other prehistoric creatures left their tracks to fossilize. Many of these tracks have been found in Death Valley than in the rest of the world.

Incidentally, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman spent their honeymoon at Furnace Creek Inn, and they return to celebrate their anniversary whenever picture schedules permit.

Las Vegas, Nevada, should probably be classed as a desert resort, although it can scarcely be called "dry." This city, rimmed by purple mountains, boasts of being America's last frontier. It is wide open; bars and gaming rooms never close. There is more activity on the streets at 4 a.m. than there is in many cities at noon.

Many of the towns centers around its fabulous hotels, The Flamingo, The Thunderbird, The Last Frontier, and El Rancho Vegas. These hotels have plush game rooms and beautiful supper clubs. Generally, it is by the best name bands and singers in the country.

Las Vegas is 300 automobile miles or two air hours away from Los Angeles, and it is one of the few spots in America where the gambling clubs (over twenty-one, of course), may enter a supper club, uncorked, will be courteously received and will remain un molested by triple-martini Don Juans.

Fishing in the nearby man-made Lake Mead is out of this world and trips to Hoover (formerly called Boulder) Dam are scheduled daily. There are square dances, barbecues, moonlight hay rides, and many other un planned activities. Everyone lives in western garb, swim suits, and square-dance cottons.

I F, from Los Angeles, you desire to head north along the coast however, then you're really in for many treats.

Santa Barbara, lying, jewellike, on the coast almost one hundred miles north of Los Angeles, is one of the most enchanting of beach cities. A trip to the Mission, visible from almost any part of the town because of its situation on the hills above the city, is a must. Customary Catholic Church services are held at the Mission Church at usual hours, and visitors of all denominations are welcomed in the museum which surrounds the church. A lay brother conducts the tours through rooms in which baired padres once baked tortillas and instructed the Indians.

One of the most inspiring times to be in Santa Barbara is during the two weeks surrounding the date of the August full moon and when the Indians and Santa Barbarans go native; everyone wears Spanish costume, the air is filled with flowers and music. Hotel reservations must be made months in advance, but the hotels surrounding the city usually can take care of tourists on three days' notice.

(Continued on page 100)
Choose your favorite style in genuine Irish Linen to wear with your gay cottons and summer prints. Jolene's are the really talked about shoes that go everywhere. They're inspired by Hollywood styling. See them today!

wherever you go...

LINEN is right!

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HOLLYWOOD INSPIRED SHOES
$6.95
$7.95
OTHER STYLES $8.95
debut of the year!

Honeydebs

On Straw Effect $3.99 In Denim $2.99

those party-going new fun shoes introduced by Honeybugs

In a luscious array of colors... from palest pastels to deepest vibrant tones

(Continued from page 98) connected by a divided four-lane highway. Much of this work is now completed.)

Traveling further north toward San Francisco, make it a must to visit the lovely town of Monterey, which is about 125 miles south of the Golden Gate City. Don't linger too long, however, for just over the hills is Carmel, considered by many "The Garden Spot of the World." Once strictly an art colony, Carmel has now become the vacationland of some of the wealthiest people in California.

It has a snow-white beach, tall cypress trees lead from the shore right into the main street of town. The tiny shops look as if they were made of gingerbread and there are small Rathskellers where artists gather to sketch and talk. No juke boxes or neon lights are permitted, nor is anything else that would disrupt the fairyland quality of the town. Since tourist accommodations in Carmel, itself, is limited, it is wise to make early reservation at the famous Inn—La Playa.

You'll hate to leave Carmel, but San Francisco is just a few hours away, and you will be able to include this famous city in your itinerary. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce will supply you with information on the places to see—including Fisherman's Wharf, Chinatown and "The Top of the Mark." And you'll love riding up and down the hilly streets in the world-famous San Francisco cable cars. If you go by train to Los Angeles, your trip to San Francisco is included free on your ticket.

When you get home, you may need a vacation to recover from this one. But you will have returned from a trip that you'll never forget.

And California will always be ready to welcome you back for more fun and excitement—yours for the taking—any season of the year.

THE END

PLANNING

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Photoplay readers may secure authentic travel information by mailing this coupon to:

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I am planning to go to Hollywood about.................................

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Please send free travel literature, information about costs, routes, etc., right from my home city.

There will be......... in my party.

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Please send me a free folder about the tour in which I am interested.

MY TOUR PREFERENCE: ____________________

NAME ____________________

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CITY ____________________ STATE ____________________

NEW YORK CITY
Four gay days of sightseeing at famous spots three nights at $18.55 smart hotel.

CALIFORNIA
Spend 3 wondrous days at Yosemite, enjoy 6 meals, 2 nights at $34.50 rustic lodge.

FLORIDA
Eleven-day adventure all through Sunshine State! Ten nights $81.05 at fine hotels.

WASHINGTON
Four dramatic days of historic tours at Nation's Capital. 3 $19.75 nights' hotel.

BOSTON, 4 Days ....... $24.00
LOS ANGELES, 4 Days ....... $14.00
MIAMI, 6 Days ....... $33.85
COLONIAL VIRGINIA, 6 Days ....... $40.45
SAN FRANCISCO, 4 Days ....... $16.25
CHICAGO, 3 Days ....... $12.00
NEW ENGLAND CIRCLE, 7 Days ....... $46.55
DETROIT, 3 Days ....... $12.10
DENVER, 3 Days ....... $13.00
SALT LAKE CITY, 3 Days ....... $8.50
HAVANA, 4 Days ....... $60.70
Includes round trip fare by bus and airplane from Miami to Cuba.

MEXICO CITY, 8 Days ....... $65.15
* To these prices, add Greyhound round-trip fare from your home town.

Note: Except where shown, prices do not include meals, or transportation to point where tour begins. U.S. tax extra. Prices include double-room (per person) hotel rates. All prices subject to change.
Incomparable for Neckline Glamour!

Deltah's exquisite Boudoir necklace...

Irresistibly lovely, this strand of soft-hued, luminous simulated pearls lends a flattering glow to your fleshtones. Hand-knotted and highlighted with 10K white gold safety clasp, in the new plastic tortoise shell Boudoir Chest. $19.75 Federal tax included. Other Deltah necklaces from $4.50, earrings from $3.60 including Federal tax.

The Boudoir Chest also serves for handkerchiefs, hosiery or jewels.

Virginia Mayo
starring in
"BACKFIRE"
A Warner Bros. Production
Complete Guide to a Hollywood Adventure

RESTAURANTS

(Continued from page 46)

rarebit is out of this world. Noon to 2:30 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. From $1.50.

*The Cove, 7th St. at Berendo [in Hotel Chancellor]. DUnkirk 8-3283. Cuisine is French, service, ambassadorial. Strolling gypsy violinist will break your heart at your own table. 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. Best fun around 9 or later. From $2.50.

Farmer’s Market, Third St. at Fairfax. Don’t miss this. Food served at booths; you select your menu and assemble it, dining in patio, Chinese, Mexican, Southern, standard dishes available.

Forbidden Palace, 451 Gin Ling Way [in Chinatown]. VAndyle 5229. One of the many restaurants in colorful China City on North Broadway. Large parties fare better at Chinese restaurants because of greater diversification of menu. Music after 8 p.m. From $1.25.

House of Murphy, 410 S. San Vicente, BRadshaw 2-3432. If you’ve never had a Di Cicco Salad, you haven’t lived. The corned beef and cabbage and onion rolls are specialties. 5 p.m. to midnight. From $1.50.

The King’s, 8153 Santa Monica Blvd, Hillside 8303. Movie agents, gossip columnists and everyone who likes fresh seafood congregate here. Try lobster Thermidor, oysters Rockefeller, 4 p.m. to 4 a.m. (A good place to stop in the wee hours.) Moderate prices.

King’s Tropical Inn, 5879 W. Washington Blvd. [Culver City]. York 9445. Jungle decor with full moon rising above the bamboo huts in which you dine. Tues. to Fri. 5 p.m. to 10:30 p.m., Sat. 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sun. 3 p.m. to 10 p.m. Chicken dinner, $1.75.

La Rue, 8633 Sunset Blvd., BRadshaw 2-7233. One of the spots. The service and food are both royal. Try the Queen’s pancaes, Expensive, but who cares with Joan Crawford at the next table. Closed Mondays. Dinner from 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; a la carte until midnight.

Lawry’s [The Prime Rib], 44 N. La Cienega Blvd., CRestview 6-5466. Celebrated for its roast beef, this restaurant is modeled after Simpson’s of London. Daily 5 to 10:30 p.m. Sat. 5 to 11 p.m. Sun. 3 to 9:30 p.m. No reservations accepted. You may have to wait for a table, but it’s worth it. From $2.

Lucy’s, 5444 Melrose Ave., Hollywood 9-5166. One of the true Italian spots in town, a Paramount and RKO hangout. Very cozy, especially when the fireplaces are lit. Try the chicken cacciatore. Luncheon hour mobbed with celebs. Noon to 2 a.m. Closed Sun. From $1.75.

Oceanhouse, 415 Polissades Beach Rd. [Santa Monica]. Santa Monica 5-3283. Once Marion Davies’ beach home, this is a “must see.” Note the magnificent hand-carving everywhere, stupendous ocean view, sumptuous furnishings. Social set, some picture people, tired tycoons from everywhere come here. Lunch from $2, dinner from $2.50.

Jim Otto’s, 4557 Sherman Oaks [in San Fernando Valley]. State 4-5875. Picture folk who live in The Valley frequent this spot. You’ll love the Gay Nineties atmosphere, complete with ancient posters advertising motion pictures, mustachioed waiters, hanging lamps, plush sofas. 5 p.m. to midnight (Saturdays to 1 a.m.). Sunday is good night to go. From $1.75.

Pierre’s, 2295 Huntington Dr. [in San Marino]. Sycamore 3-0712. Pleasant spot celebrated for ceremonial with which it serves Crepes Suzettes; lights go out, music swells, blue flames burn. Great fun. Prices sensible, food superior.

The Players, 8225 Sunset Blvd., Hillside 7303.
look on... look lovely
in Accent
spectators

Go the whole way
in your enthusiasm... for the crisp
urbane of spectators, made
to new specifications of smartness
by Accent, made to give you
the gentlest fit, the prettiest foot!
Designs illustrated, $8.95

ACCENT SHOE COMPANY
Div. of International Shoe Co. • 1509 Washington Ave. • St. Louis 3, Mo.
HOTELS
(Continued from page 46)
street from Vine St. Derby; half a block from
NBC and CBS. Excellent dining room.
Roosevelt, 7000 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood
9-2442 ($8). Has everything, including Cine-
Town House, 2561 Wilshire Blvd., DUnkirk
8-1234 ($9). Smart, elegant, expensive. Garden
Room a social rendezvous. Cape Cod Room
and Zebra Room atmospheric.
William Penn, 2208 W. 8th, DUnkirk 8-3181
($3.50). Good touring headquarters. In the
heart of things.
NIGHT CLUBS
(Continued from page 46)
next to Sinatra. $15.
Coconut Grove (Supper Club of Hotel Ambas-
sador), DUnkirk 7-7011. Always a name
band, good entertainment. Big dance floor.
Dress if you wish. $10.
Garden Room (in the Town House), DUnkirk
2-7171. Social crowd, name bands, $10.
La Madelon, 7290 Sunset Blvd., Hulson
2-1911. A taste of Paris; note photo murals of
the Arc de Triomphe, Grande Palace, Notre
Dame, Opera House, Closed Toes. $7.50.
Mocambo, 8588 Sunset Blvd., BRadshaw
2-3443. A celebrity spot, Carnival trappings,
dreamy. $15.
Palladium, 6215 Sunset Blvd. The great
dancing spot. Always a name band, fun. Many
lounges, restaurants, soda fountains, much
dancing space. Admission about $1.25 per
person for dancing.
Palm Terrace Room (in Beverly Hills Hotel),
CRestview 6-7251. A social spot, always a good
orchestra. $15.
Sky Room (in Wilton Hotel, Long Beach),
LONG Beach 7-2201. Sixteen stories above the
sea; superb view, good music, workaday crowd.
Sensible prices.
Switzerland, 4057 S. Figueroa, ADams 9292.
A Swiss spot, complete with hearty food,
rollicking music, yodeling, accordion music. $10.

SPORTS
(Continued from page 47)
4-5100. Local full day trip, $4.50, including bait.
Catalina Island trip (10 hours), $5.60, in-
cluding bait and bunk. San Clemente Island trip
(14 hours), $7.50, including bait and bunk.
Tackle rented, $1. Pacific Sportfishing Co., 1900
W. Seaside Blvd., Long Beach, Nevada 6-2067.
Half day, $3.50; full day, $4.50. Catalina Island
trip, $5.60—bait included.
Golf, Miniature (These are many in and
around L.A. but this one is probably the trick-
est): Gittleson Bros. Twin Links, 470 S. Beaudry,
Michigan 5663. Open 8:30 to midnight. 35¢
per round.
Golf (Public Courses): Griffith Park Municipal
Course in Griffith Park, Olympia 1503. $1 for
18 holes, 50¢ for 9. Western Ave. Public Course,
at 121st St., Plymouth 5-4077, $1 daily, $2
weekends until 2:30 p.m. Westward Ho Public
Course, 3733 Sawtelle Blvd., SANTA Moniaca
7-9133, $1.50 until 3 p.m., $1 after 3.
Horseback Riding: Sleepy Hollow Riding
Academy, 3724 Riverside Drive, Olympia
9597. 150 miles of bridle paths in Griffith
Park available. Horses are excellent, Daily 9
to 6, Sat. 8 to 6. Sun. 7:30 to 6. $1.25 and
$1.50 per hour. Instructed class riding evenings,
$1.50 per hour.
Skating, Ice: Polar Palace, 615 N. Van Ness
Ave., 0Granite 6506. 2:15 to 5, 60¢, 8 to 10:45,
FIT to be seen in...

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Miss Swank

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Slips

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The only slips featured for the Travel Contest winners! Fashion-wise Photoplay editors wanted enchanting styles, perfect fit—found both in Miss Swank! Alluringly lovely under sheer dresses and blouses... right for wear with everything! And Miss Swank's exclusive Straight-plus-Bias design (straight-cut side panels to prevent riding and twisting, plus bias-cut front and back for flexibility) assures better fit, more comfort. Of soft Bur-Mil crepe, in sizes 32-40, at your favorite store.

Write for your money-saving guide, "Tips on Slips".

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Skating, Roller: Hollywood Rollerdrake, 1452 N. Bronson Ave., Hollywood 9-5220. Daily, 7:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. 45¢ Sat. and Sun., 1:30 to 5 and 7:30 to 11, 65¢ [includes skates].

Skeet Shooting: Angeles Mesa Skeet Fields, 5361 W. Slauson, ORichard 7-9608. $2.95 per round, including targets and shells.

Swimming Pool: Ambassador Lido Health Club, Ambassador Hotel, DUsit 9-1338. This pool is open from 10 a.m. every day. Fees start at $1.25, time unlimited. You may stay until the pool closes at dark.

Tennis: La Cienega Courts, 311 S. La Cienega Blvd., CRestview 6-6129. Open daily from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daytime rates, 20¢ per person per hour. Night rates, 80¢ per court per hour. Equipment may be rented.

SPECTATOR SPORTS

(Continued from page 47)

Ice Hockey: Pan Pacific Auditorium, 7600 Beverly Blvd., YOrk 1123. Check what's doing by phone when you arrive. The Icecaps and Ice Falcons also play here.

Jai Alai: The Fronton, Tia Juana, Mexico. If you have never seen jai alai played, your trip to California will give you this opportunity. This is one of the fastest games on earth, played with a small hard white ball against a court, three sides of which are concrete. Players use wicker basket affairs as bats. Pari-mutuel betting is permitted. Tia Juana is just across the border, about 150 miles south of L.A. Don’t go unless you are native American, or unless you have your naturalization papers.

Midget Auto Racing: Gilmore Stadium, 130 N. Fairfax, WHitney 1163. This is a fast, exciting, dangerous sport. Talk to your grandstand neighbor to find out which of the drivers is the current hero, which the villain. Phone for information about racing season.

MUSEUMS AND ART GALLERIES

(Continued from page 47)

Los Angeles County Museum, Exposition Park, Richmond 2194. Be sure to see the exhibits of dinosauria taken from the La Brea tar pits; also the display of garments worn in famous motion pictures. No fee. Open Sun., Mon., and hols. 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.; Tues. through Sat. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Fri. even 7 to 10.

Mission Inn, Riverside. This historic hotel is noted for its historic collection of bells, crosses, paintings, aviation insignia and art galleries. It is a good idea to stop here on the way to Palm Springs.

Vigeveno Galleries, 160 Bronwood Ave., Westwood Village, ARizona 3-4182. A showing of fifty years of modern French painting begins Apr. 9. All of Hollywood will see this. Check by phone for later exhibits.

THEATERS

(Continued from page 47)

This is where Bill Eythe tried out his Broadway hit, "Lend an Ear." Always something going on. Hollywood audience. Evenings at 8:40, Matinees, Sun. at 2:30. Closed Mon. Prices sensible.

Little Theatre of Padua Hills, in Padua Hills, three miles north of Claremont, LYcoming 5-1288. The plays are spoken in Spanish and the actors are the workers and families who are employed on the ranch in which the Little Theatre is located. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; evening performances Wed. through Sat. at 8:30. Lunch ($1.75 up), or dinner ($2.50 up), in the patio or cozy dining room beforehand. Tickets $1.80. Reservation essential.
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look into the fitting room mirror. Was smart style ever more cleverly
combined with sure comfort? What welcome proof that comfortable fit
and high fashion need not mean high price! See Grace Walkers
at your favorite store or write us for nearest dealer's name.

FRIEDMAN-SHELBY DIVISION • INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS 3, MO.
On a Pink Cloud with Jeanne

(Continued from page 59) looking,” I protest.

“But suppose he does look,” she goes on. “You should eat a little of everything.”

“Has anyone ever thought of the value of vitamins?” I counter, remembering how much she dislikes them, then, remembering too late that by camouflage them completely with hot sauce she does conscientiously eat them. “But you don’t chew them, I must say, exceptionally, I am actually, well, what happened is that Mrs. B. is a very well-versed, even unto an inter-house circulating library. Ours circulates throughout the parlor, dressing room and bath. Books bought by the guest are not returned. At home, we put one solid wall of the living room into bookshelves and thought, then we would never fill them. But they’re overflowing now. When Jeanne was waiting to sell to the baby, I could not resist collecting children’s books, not just for children from the ages of, say, one to six but on up through maturity. Thus, I was very amused when a determined woman bought a peddler’s book. It is a favorite with my sons’ books. Every child is entitled to them,” she said severely, with the inference that we movie people were raising little miniature morons. Jeanne, who is too soft-hearted to offend anyone, couldn’t figure out how to get rid of her. She couldn’t buy the books because we have no room, and I keep them on my shelves.”

“Excuse me, but wouldn’t you like to see ours?” and invited her in. With that the woman was convinced that we had more books than she did.

Jeanne has changed very little fundamentally, other than growing up. She is perhaps a little less impulsive. She thinks for herself more and voices her opinion more readily. She is less shy. Less conservative about my clothes, as I found when I walked in wearing a new plaid sport coat that would give Crosby competition, and was greeted with an approving, “Oh Paul, I like it!” And less conservative about her own clothes, as I found when we were in New York, recently, and spent a few hours in designer Cecil Chapman’s salon. This was Jeanne’s first really sophisticated shopping spree. Until then a dress had just been a dress to her, and her preference has always been for peasant-type clothes, as has been mine. But this was the dawn of the “bewildering” season, many models were reduced, and my wife just looked too beautiful in all of them. “Like it?” she would ask, modeling one for me. At my slightly ecstatic look she would come out in another, even lovelier. We wound up buying all of them. “You’re not getting all of these,” was my first reaction. But I was immediately melted by her, “But, darling, do you want me to look pretty for you?”

Jeanne’s increasing awareness of clothes has been influenced by the more sophisticated roles she plays. She’s swayed, in some measure, by every part she portrays, as I first discovered and some embarrassment, when she was working in “Margie,” her first picture following our marriage. We sometimes lunch together at a restaurant off the lot, as a change from the studio commissary. This particular day we had agreed to meet in Beverly Hills, and I was waiting for her, when I noticed a little girl skipping down the street. As I reached for the one she was, she was my wife. I kissed her, and she turned with a happy little skip, to walk away with me. But not before I overheard a bystander remark, “Can you imagine that! My God!"

Although there is, I insist, a limit on just how much any actress should be influenced by the parts she plays, particularly since Jeanne has only recently gotten a comic out of “Cheaper by the Dozen,” and getting all hopped up about the economical advantages of a family group plan. “Well then, cheaper by the half-dozen,” she wheedles. “Say, sixty.” At my, “Kiss a thirteenth, a dozen,” she objects, “What a little family that would be.” Although, until this picture began, Jeanne, too, had her heart set on a family of four.

Although never belligerent or argumentative, Jeanne won’t sacrifice honesty for diplomacy’s sake. Her full Irish is aroused at any intolerance or injustice. She never follows the line of least mental resistance. She is quite independent, and there is no homework for Mrs. B., who remembers her lines, whether two pages or twenty, usually while having her hair dressed at the studio in the early a.m.

Yet, I say we, is exceptionally well-versed, even unto an inter-house circulating library. Ours circulates throughout the parlor, dressing room and bath. Books bought by the guest are not returned. At home, we put one solid wall of the living room into bookshelves and thought, then we would never fill them. But they’re overflowing now. When Jeanne was waiting to sell to the baby, I couldn’t resist collecting children’s books, not just for children from the ages of, say, one to six but on up through maturity. Thus, I was very amused when a determined woman bought a peddler’s book. It is a favorite with my sons’ books. Every child is entitled to them,” she said severely, with the inference that we movie people were raising little miniature morons. Jeanne, who is too soft-hearted to offend anyone, couldn’t figure out how to get rid of her. She couldn’t buy the books because we have no room, and I keep them on my shelves.”

“Excuse me, but wouldn’t you like to see ours?” and invited her in. With that the woman was convinced that we had more books than she did.

I like every loyal wife, mine has buoyed herself understanding my interests. And while some wives may just say, “I think husband can’t be, I read at that, Jeanne bought volumes of books on mechanics, economics and electronics and studies up on all of them to understand why. It was her own wifely solicitude to read and to be filled up into my workroom.” But it is becoming increasingly clear to me that this was never meant to be. The children’s outgrown toys have filled up a third of the room. Jeanne’s hobby of collecting magazines, old movie magazines featuring stills of fifteen and twenty years ago, accounts for another portion, four by six feet of it. Her needlework and beadwork makes up the rest. And, so far, my only contribution is a workbench.

You may begin to perceive that there are no dull moments domestically, Jeanne is ecstatically trinket-happy, simply crazed about a colorful little green book that came from abroad. Recently, she came home from a shopping binge loaded down with wooden pictures of children and animals for the boys and that, she assured me proudly were “imports.”

“But we have a closet full of beautiful paintings of your own, all infinitely better,” I said. It wasn’t until I purposely made a face for her, for her to see, that I realized she couldn’t stand to hurt the feelings of a salesclerk by returning any merchandise, agreed to take them back. It is my suspicion that she returned them to the store, and gave them to some compromising between the store and me.

“Who’s so infantile as to ever read funny papers?” she says, with blithe sweetness. “And at weekends, she swims in her waders with her lily-white fingers have the strength of steel. “But I only like Blondie, Prince Valiant, Maggie and Jiggs, and the Katzenjammer Kids.”

She’s a Calamity Jeanne with waffle iron and our mixer. On the cook’s day off, she loves to make waffles, particularly since her creative eye was caught with the fact that there are some twenty-five different...
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DETROIT, MICH.  Crowley-Milner's
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.  May Co.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.  Donaldson's
NEW HAVEN, CONN.  Gamble Desmond
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  Lit Bros.
PORTLAND, ORE.  The Bedell Store
SCHENECTADY, N. Y.  Barney Co.
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Here's Rayon plus Nylon in a lovelier, longer-wearing, faster-drying crepe!
Made with costlier 4-gore cut that never sags, twists or rides up.
NYLON seams, double stitched.
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YOUR CHANCE FOR FAME...

Pictured is lovely Judy Tyler, last Stardust beauty contest winner. Enter our 1950 contest now. You may win $500 first prize, plus modeling and television career under Harry Conover management, or 27 other awards! Just send recent non-returnable photo with height, weight, bust, waist and hip measurements before May 1, 1950. Decisions of famous beauty judges final. Mail entry to P. O. Box 65, Murray Hill Station, New York.

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says Rosalind Russell

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"Leaves skin fragrant, makes you sure of charm"

Screen stars know the importance of being always flower-fresh, perfectly groomed. That's why they're so delighted with the new bath size Lux Toilet Soap.

"My Lux Soap beauty bath is so refreshing!" says Rosalind Russell. "The new bath size makes it more luxurious than ever. The rich creamy lather just seems to float away fatigue, leaves skin softer, smoother. Perfumed with a delightful fragrance that clings!"

You will find this longer-lasting bath size a wonderful way to make daintiness sure!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
**Charleston Party**

(Continued from page 67) for the park and trimmed it with tiny trees, little paper characters, mirror lakes and gay umbrellas. And instead of the usual lap-balancing routine, tiny folding tables were provided for the buffet paper plates that fitted into tin trays. As it turned out, this was a party with practically no career talk. No one sat still long enough.

The games were well-planned. For miniature golf, the outdoor range of the twenties, Dave and Adrian made a course on the living room floor with empty peanut cans, golf balls and a couple of putters. There was a word game, too, almost in the class of the old spelling bee. Dave and Adrian printed cards with words most frequently mispronounced. This caused a much-heated controversy, of course. But there was always Webster as the final authority. Eddie O’Brien was the winner! “Guess What” was the real sticller of the evening. Adrian raided her refrigerator, garden and cupboards to find things to put on a huge tray. Object: To see which blindfolded guest could, by the touch method, guess correctly the greatest number of items on the tray. And here were some of the things: Uncooked beef kidneys, a mushroom, a decorative piece of stone moss used for flower arrangements, and some other weird things. Little Joan Evans guessed nine out of the twelve objects, winning by a landslide.

The choice of dinner partners, always a matter of importance, was planned in a unique way. Adrian wrote the name of each girl on a card and tied the card to a gay ribbon streamer. The cards then were dropped into a vase with the streamers hanging out so each man could choose a streamer and win the girl whose name was on the card for his partner. The partners held for the Charleston contest, too. The prize was a mug won by Edmond O’Brien and Adrian. However, the dancing was not confined to the steps of the twenties. Joan and Carleton Carpenter, who won his first screen fame for his jitterbug number in “Lost Boundaries” did a fast jitterbug number of the forties. And, before the evening was over, there was a little bit of “Swing Your Lady” in a square dance, dances of 1880.

Since the Brians started the Charleston ball rolling, everyone is doing it, doing it! Mr. and Mrs. William Bendix recently won a Charleston contest at Mocambo. Dixie-land records are selling like mad. And producers are including Charleston sequences. Joan Evans is “Million Dollar Baby” will play a flapper. At the Brians’, it became obvious that food is an important item at a Charleston party, that this dance does things to appetites. The food just vanished—and what food!

Avocado, banana and bleu cheese hors d’oeuvres, chili con mushroom, cranberry delight, cottage cheese with red cabbage a salad, shoestring potatoes, biscuits, Blitz torte and coffee. (Recipes given serve 8.)

**BLEU CHEESE DUNK**

Soften 1 lb. bleu cheese and 1 1/2 lb. cream cheese. Beat until fluffy and mix in 4 tbsp. mayonnaise and 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Serve in bowl, surrounded by potato chips for dunking.

**COTTAGE CHEESE WITH RED CABBAGE SHELLS**

Clean 2 bunches tiny green onions thoroughly and chop very fine, tops and all. Mix with 3 lbs. creamed-style white cheese and 2 tbsp. sugar. Place in large bowl. Separate head of red cabbage very carefully. Toward the center, there are tiny curly shell-shaped pieces. Decorate the edges and center with the red cabbage shells. A most attractive color combination!

**CHILI CON MUSHROOMS**

Cut into small pieces and cook in a large heavy skillet until crisp: 1/2 lb. bacon

Add:
2 cups finely chopped onion
3 lbs. ground beef, broken up
Fry until browned, stirring gently.

Add:
2 (No. 2 1/2) cans red kidney beans
4 cans condensed tomato soup
1 (2 oz.) can grated Parmesan cheese
2 tbsp. chili powder
2 (4 oz.) cans button mushrooms
1 tbsp. chopped parsley
2 cans beer
1 tsp. garlic salt
1/2 tsp. salt

Simmer slowly, stirring occasionally, hours. Add more water from time to time as needed.

**CRANBERRY DELIGHT**

Beat with spoon until fluffy:
1/2 cup butter or margarine
Beat in gradually:
1/2 cup sugar
Add, one at a time, beating well after each addition:
1 egg yolks
Mix and sift together:
1 1/4 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
Add to batter a small amount at a time alternately with:
3 tbsp. milk
1 tsp. vanilla
Spread in 2 well-greased 8” cake pans.
Beat until stiff but not dry: 4 egg white
Combine:
3/4 cup sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
Add to egg whites, 2 tbsp. at a time. Add 1 tbsp. vanilla
Beat until stiff and glossy. Then spread over cake batter in pans. Sprinkle with 1/2 cup chopped walnuts.
Bake in slow oven (300° F.) 40 minutes or until firm and well-browned. Let cool slightly, then remove from pans.

Combine:
1/2 cup sugar
1 tbsp. cornstarch
Add gradually: 1 1/4 cups milk
Heat gently over low heat, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Remove from heat.
Beat well: 1 egg
Add hot milk gradually, stirring constantly. Return to heat and cook until thickened. Spread between meringues. Cool and serve.

(David Brian will be seen in “The Vic-tim,” Edmond O’Brien in “Once Ove-lightly.” Adrian Booth in “Rock Island,” with Roman in “Barricade,” Carle-ton Carpenter in “Summer Stock” and Anthony Curtis in “I Was a Shoplifter.”)

**Pretty AND Soft AS FINE LINGERIE**

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**OF 2-WAY STRETCH NYRALON-TRICOT!**

As easy to wash as your softest undies, these new Panettez mold like a girdle. They’re made of Flexees’ own miracle-blend: Nyralon…nylon and rayon…lastique inter-knitted for that clever two-way stretch! As soon as you see them, you’ll say: “Panettez are for me!” You’ll love their comfort! Gaters are removable, adjustable. Sizes: small, medium, large; in bride-white, petal-pink, baby-blue. $2.95. And…to match…also of Nyralon-tricot, this beautiful Flexaire Bra, in the same dainty colors! AA, A and B cups, 32 to 38. $1.50
They'd Be Perfect If...

(Continued from page 64) know when to stop. I'll never forget the year Ginger won the Academy Award for "Kitty Foyle." She wore an overcrowded chiffon number with diamanté at the neckline, gardenias in her hair, topped with a lace veil. Recently, Ginger's dress sense has improved. But she still doesn't seem to know what to do with her hair; which is a shame because her hair is beautiful.

Susan Hayward is another who doesn't know what to do with her hair. Her hair, too, is beautiful—so beautiful, Susan can't bear to confine it in any coiffure. It's always falling over Susan's face, with Susan peering out from beneath it. And now the Hayward hair has been acclaimed the "sexiest in Hollywood," it's not likely to get any tidier.

Burt Lancaster always looks as if several birds were nesting in his hair. I think a man can look colorful and still comb his crowning glory.

Humphrey Bogart would be more perfect, if he were more reliable. I asked one of the members of the Hollywood Women's Press Club why they picked Bogie as the "least cooperative actor of the year." "Because he's so unpredictable," I was told. "You never know when he is going to raise a fuss. His tantrums have nothing to do with fact, they depend on his mood."

JANE POWELL would be perfect, for me, if she remembered one small thing when she has her picture taken—not to open her mouth so wide. The prettiest teeth can be over-displayed.

Errol Flynn is a beautiful picture of a man. His clothes are made by the very best tailors. I can't understand why he spoils everything by wearing red socks with full evening dress. Or why he insists upon topping an impeccable shirt with a purple silk dinner jacket!

Vic Mature used to wear odd socks. Since his marriage he has tried to match them. Looks better. So would Montgomery Clift and Marlon Brando look better if they would bother to buy one good suit each.

Peter Lawford can be very perfect. But it depends upon whether he is with. I'm sure Peter, a true-blue gentleman, and all that sort of thing, didn't mean to hurt that girl who won a fashion contest. One of her prizes was an evening in Hollywood with Mr. Lawford. Ann Rutherford arranged the party and they went to Ciro's. Peter table-hopped most of the evening. Finally, Ann, furious, hissed into Peter's ear that if he didn't dance with the girl, she'd never speak to him again.

Personally, I can think of no fault with Esther Williams. But some people criticize Esther and Ben Gage for being a bit too noisy at parties. Esther's public exuberance is in sharp contrast to Betty Hutton who is noisy on the set, but quiet as a mouse with her friends.

The only fault I have to find with Miss Hutton in private life is this: Two days before she separated (the last time) from Ted Briskin, I had a lunch there was trouble. "Is there?" I asked Betty. "Absolutely not," she assured me. "You know I'd tell you. Ted and I couldn't be happier." When the story broke, I again say it to your senator—

the movie tax must go!
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Am I behind the times?
Am I living in the past?

ASK YOURSELF why you hang back from adopting an improvement like Tampax (monthly sanitary protection) which can make so great a difference in your daily life. Really ask yourself why... Do you want more assurance, more evidence? Remember that Tampax was invented by a doctor and millions of women now use it. Who is different from these millions?

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A full month’s average supply of Tampax slips into purse. Buy it at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes for varying needs. Try Tampax and relieve the tension on “those troublesome days.” Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

called Betty. “It was brewing for a long time,” she explained. Makes a reporter skeptical.

I’m all for a girl being natural, but I think Betsy Drake carries it too far with her haircut. I don’t know who does her hair—I suspect Miss Drake, herself—but I’m positive garden shears are used. That’s the only way to account for such an uneven hedgelike look.

PAGING Greta Garbo. How can a woman be so perfect as an actress and fail so miserably as a female? And I don’t mean the fact that she has never married. That she could have done any time, any year, I’m sure. I mean the ridiculous spectacle she makes of herself when they try to snap her picture. And her eccentric clothes! Both Jennifer Jones and Jean Arthur belong to the frightened faun school. This baffles me. For when these scared creatures started in their careers they were normally talkative with the press. Jennifer, for instance, was the most approachable girl in the world during “The Song of Bernadette.” Now she’s a great actress and no one can talk to her.

Farley Granger is twenty-four years old. Farley would be perfect, for me, if he were a trifle less of the juvenile in private life. He’s always so breathless, especially when you ask him about girls. Jimmy Stewart’s boy-scoutishness was getting to be hard to take. It suited him when he was in his early twenties, but no more. Thank goodness, along came “The Stratton Story,” and Gloria McLean. Today, Jimmy talks and looks like the man he is.

Clark Gable spoils his two hundred percent perfection with his hundred percent streak of stubbornness. Maybe Lady Sylvia, who is where she is today because of flexibility, will smooth over the one kink in the King.

Greer Garson is a gracious lady. And a great actress. But she must be color-blind. There could be no other explanation for those purple and orange mixtures she wears with her lovely natural red hair.

No one can be perfect—but stars are the stuff that dreams are made on—and so it always seems a pity when their God-given attraction is spoiled by a self-made blemish.

P.S. I’m glad I’m not being dissected in this article. I could fill a book with my imperfections.

THE END

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what would YOU have done in Lana’s place??

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how could he remember he had no right to marry her?

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what it means to have warped childhood fears stalking a man’s adult life...

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spine-chilling suspense, love and politics mix for one of the most exciting stories of the year.

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by J. K. Lasser. A famous tax authority tells about the cash benefits to which you are entitled by law.

STRAIGHT FROM MY HEART
the life history of JIMMY DURANTE, the comedian you love and laugh with.

plus the big 11-page homemaker section, featuring TRUE STORY’S family-of-the-month, beauty, fashions, household hints, etc.

GET THE MAY TRUE STORY... now at all newstands
The Searching Heart

(Continued from page 50) the manager. The manager was as friendly as a cobra. Jane had fully expected to ask for the royal suite, but found herself expressing perfect contentment with a "broom closet." "I asked for it," she said grimly, "and I got it."

And then an interesting thing happened. A woman recognized her on the street and shouted, "Johnnye Belinda!" Soon all Paris was shouting, "Johnnye Belinda" and begging for autographs. When I got my hotel bill," said Jane, "it was made out to Johnnye Belinda. And the years I've spent trying to make the name Jane Wyman a household word. Such is fame."

J ANE spent six long and tiring months in London making "Stage Fright," produced and directed by Alfred Hitchcock, and starring, beside Jane, Marlene Dietrich, Michael Wilding and Richard Todd. In it she plays a student-actress who is studying at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (when Jane was awarded $4000 by the London Daily Express as "the best actress of the year") for her performance in "Johnnye Belinda" she gave the check to the Academy, and who poses as a Cockney dresser to a glamorous star, played by Marlene Dietrich. Jane is a meticulous and hard worker. She studied her Cockney accent from a little Cockney maid in her hotel. So, no quibbling about those "h's."

I think the biggest thrill Jane got out of making "Stage Fright" was meeting Marlene Dietrich. A celebrity herself, she stands in awe of other celebrities. All their years together in Hollywood they had never met. "I was scared to death of her," said Jane, who is only one of Hollywood's First Ladies, following her coining the Academy Award last March, and the Photoplay Gold Medal Award for giving the most popular performance by an actress for the year 1949. But that Marlene—she was wonderful to me. She turned out to be the most fascinating person I've ever met. On days when she had no studio call she would come on the set just the same. She'd fix my dress, make suggestions about my hair and make-up, and help me in many ways.

That proves it. Jane is not a jealous actress. Nor a suspicious one. Of course, there are those who would say that Dietrich, a smart cookie, and very wise in the ways of the cinema, came on the set to see that Janie wasn't walking away with too much footage, and too many close-ups. But if anyone ever faintly suggested this to Jane he'd find himself clipped to a nubbin.

There is not an ounce of cattiness in Jane's tie perfectly distributed. She has always gotten on well, and completely without friction, not only with the men in her pictures but, amazingly, with the women. She is not given to gossip. In fact, she loathes it. She carries a cigarette case which has engraved inside: "To criticize others is to be unsure of yourself. She believes in tolerance, and practices it. With Ingrid Bergman, being damaged on all sides by her Hollywood confreres, Jane simply said, "Miss Bergman has a right to lead her own life."

I knew Jane Wyman long before she won an Oscar. Long before she was famous enough to be caricatured in a song called "Be a Mess" in the Broadway musical revue, "Touch and Go." Some ten years ago on a Warner Brothers set she told me, "I've become the Queen of the sub-plots. For seven years I've been the star's confidante, advisor, chum, sister and severest critic. Sometimes I get a man, too, but the customers don't worry about me until the star is safely engaged or married. But I'm not beefing. Being a sub-plotter is nice work."

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Maybe in ten years the front office will make me a player all by myself. And then some poor frustrated comedienne will have to advise me."

Jane's timing was off. It didn't take ten years. Things got off to a start with "Princess O'Rourke," in which she and Jack Carson sub-plotted Olivia de Havilland and Robert Cummings. She had a good scene in which she danced and quarreled with Jack in a Chinese restaurant. When Paramount's Charles Brackett was looking for a girl to try to save Ray Milland from his alcoholism in "The Lost Weekend" someone suggested Olivia de Havilland. Brackett ran "Princess O'Rourke" and was intrigued, not by Olivia, but by that little old sub-ploter, Jane Wyman. When Metro's Clarence Brown was casting for the important role of drab, wonderful Ma Baxter in "The Yearling," he remembered the girl in "The Lost Weekend" who was not too gentle, but had a lot of drive. Ma Baxter gave Jane faith in herself as an emotional actress. And it gave her her first crack at Hollywood's jackpot—the Academy Award. The success of "The Yearling" made her a natural for "Johnny Belinda."

Most recently she played Laura, the crippled introvert, in Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie." Jerry Wald, producer, and Jane's staunchest booster for fourteen years, is certain that Laura means another Oscar for Jane come March, 1951.

Jerry Wald knew Jane when he was a budding writer at Warners and she was playing Tuesday Blake, fresh, flip and brusky as an old bedstead. "She isn't fresh any more," says Wald, "She's mellowed, but not marshmellowed." In the old days, according to Wald, Jane read a script, and ten minutes later she was in the picture. "A script was a script and to hell with it. Now she reads a script, studies the character for weeks and months, discusses it thoroughly, and has a deep and perfect understanding of the part before she goes before the cameras. Jane should never do comedies again. Comedians in this town are a dime a dozen. She is a great dramatic actress."

Stars usually get on very well with studio designers. And Jane is no exception. Milo Anderson has designed Jane's clothes at Warners for years, and is one of Jane's best friends. Jane, he reports, is a joy to work with. None of that temperamental stuff. No fussing and fretting and ripping of seams. Her long slender legs, small waist and broad shoulders are pure delight.

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"Jane used to go for pink, blue and white," says Milly. "Now she is on a gray, brown and black binge. However, she chose pink to wear to the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards dinner."

Since her separation from Ronnie Reagan, Jane has lived in an eight-room house, designed by architect Paul Williams, in Bel-Air, with her two children, Maureen and Michael, and three servants.

I don't think I have ever seen a movie star make such a production out of cleanliness. "Craig's Wife Wyman" has a habit of running her fingers over shelves, mantels and chairs, and heaven help the servants if she finds any dust. She has a habit also of pushing furniture around, especially in the middle of the night when she can't sleep. "After I have moved it around," she says, "there is an extra piece left over. This always happens. So I sell it. Then I move the furniture back again to where it was originally, and I need the piece I sold. My friends are getting so they won't buy my extra pieces anymore."

For the records, Jane is farsighted. She wears glasses when she reads. When she makes personal appearances she cases the theater ahead of time. One night, in the Middle West, the manager thoughtlessly moved a lamp. Jane came on stage, beaming and bowing and making like a movie star, tripped over the cord, and did a pratfall. She has a passion for tea. She used to wear jingly charm bracelets with huge globes of gold. Today, she goes for pearls. And nothing jingles...it may come as a surprise, but Jane has a great understanding of people and their problems. She bends over backwards to avoid being rude and tactless. Once, when she was a little girl in St. Joseph, Missouri, Jane had never given out any interviews on that subject she didn't think the press was very fair. So, since then she has been wary of the typewriter pounders. But she told the publicist to bring the columnist over to her dressing room. "Well," she said, "what's your problem, let's have a go at it." The columnist proceeded to ask her if there was any truth to the rumor that she was going to have a baby and that Ronnie was remarrying her to save her name. By the time Jane calmed down Warner Brothers was in a state of dejection.

Want to know how it started? Well, Ronnie, back from England where he made "The Hasty Heart, was lunches with friends..." The Players, Columbia had offered him a picture, and he was telling about it. "In the picture I discover my divorced wife is pregnant and I have to come home and remarry her."

Little pitchers aren't the only things in Hollywood with big ears. A jerk in the next booth heard just enough to send him scampering to the telephone.

Jane is not a particularly happy woman. Millions of women who have far less than Jane are much happier. I think she is too smart for her happiness. Her brain clicks constantly. She learned life the hard way, and knew all the answers before she was out of her teens. Even when she was little more than a kid she was hoozing her heart out at Paramount with another ambitious kid, named Betty Grable. She was searching then, and she's still searching. Restless and dissatisfied, Jane will probably always be searching. A lot of her acquaintances resent it because Jane isn't the flip, breezy character she used to be. They accuse her of taking herself too seriously. Well, Jerry Wald sums it up better than I can. "The remarkable thing about Jane," says Jerry, "is that she has grown up. Most actresses never do."

THE END

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Welcome Home
(Continued from page 60) achieve many of their effects. There are so many clever points to this house: The way the Powells have planned their dining room to adapt itself to either large or small parties; the manner in which Dick's bedroom adapts itself just as well to being an office; the rose-colored luxury, yet practicality of June's bedroom; the fascinating use they have made of their furniture "leftovers." My point is this: to a ten-year-old, adults of thirty or sixty seem equally old, so to altogether too many people "antiques" mean only a piece of furniture that dates back to Queen Victoria.

Well, let me point out a thrill trick, which the Powells used, by which you can have modern charm and comfort in your furnishings without too much expense.

The long coffee table in their living room which sits in front of the quilted couch opposite the fireplace is a good example. When Dick found it at an antique shop it was nearly twice the size as it now appears and it had extension drop-leaves on either end. So he had it cut down. But he didn't just have the tall legs that were left thrown away. Instead, he had those (there happened to be eight of them) topped with the extension drop-leaves and the result was the two lamp tables you see on either side of the fireplace. Clever!

Now this was a fine antique table, actually English Eighteenth Century. You can get yourself a much "younger" antique. It may be a table no more than twenty years old, landmarking an old store. Yet, the wood and the cabinet work are infinitely superior to what you could get for the same small sum in new furniture. So, go look at it with an imaginative eye and see what you can do with it.

Another thing to copy in the Powell living room is the happy blending of today's comfort with yesterday's old woods and "conversation pieces." The plaster walls are painted an agreeable green to contrast with the wood-panelled walls at either end of the room. Beige cottage curtains banded in green are used in every room on the lower floor, except these. This not only gives an air of serenity, but buying such a quantity of material, originally, is a boon to the budget.

The pink-rose of the glazed chintz used for the "entertaining" covers of the fireplace and for the two small couches before it, blends cheerily into the turkey red of the cushions on the antique chairs, and the dark green wing chairs, matching the wall color, are a splendid contrast. So much for the color scheme. Sharp color accents, too, are the brass lamps combined with the silver ones, their beige shades untrimmed save for a tiny touch of green.

Look, too, at the manner in which the "occasional" chairs are grouped. They don't impede traffic, yet they are adjacent to the coffee tables, which means a two-grouping for talk before and after dinner.

At the same time, the "before the fireplace arrangement is so intimate that when the Powells are alone there will be none of that vacant feeling in the room that a more formal room this size might give. A room should be able to expand or contract, as company demands, without losing its essential character.

Just as the curtains are similar throughout all the lower floor, so too are the wall colorings and the wood trim. Going from the living room to the dining room, you pass through a dark green hallway, with a braided rug on the floor, similar to the one in the living room (more good antiques), and then you come into what June calls "Richard's tavern."
They have three round tables, rather than one huge square or rectangular affair. Each table easily accommodates four and can be expanded to six. They are pedestal-legged so that there is never a "leg in the way" anywhere anyone sits. Here, again, you have antiques cut down, and if you can't find a neglected round dining table, much too high, in some antique dealer's in your town, you aren't as good a shopper as I want you to be.

You, personally, may not have a dining room large enough to hold more than one table, or perhaps you do not entertain more than half-a-dozen people at a time for a sit-down dinner, but if you do on both scores, you'll be very up-to-date on Hollywood style to serve in this fashion.

I HIGHLY approve of Dick's bedroom-office. For a man who isn't an executive, as Dick is, since he becomes his own producer, this desk in front of the windows could just as well be turned into the workbench of a hobby center. Here, as in the living room, you will find Dick's fencing foils, his ship models, his airplane models. Yet nothing is cluttered. The cork-covered floor looks masculine. So, too, does the simple studio-couch bed.

Step through the inner doorway, however, and June is bustin' out all over. The room is done in a rosy pink, but it is the pink of the flowers of that name, or perhaps you call them carnations, and a lively pattern of them makes the headboard and the pink on June big, wide bed, and the "shadow-box" frame above it. The design is picked up again on the window seat across from the bed, the window itself being a large arched curtained panel, and it gets a further accent on one small slipper chair. There is rose-colored carpeting, baseboard to baseboard, and the "step" tables beside the bed, on either side, and the fine, round antique desk piled high with books and scripts, betray the news that the lady of this house is more than glamorous. I think a desk in a bedroom is more desirable for any woman who wants to run her house well, but in this particular household, with scripts to be studied, fan mail to be answered, it is the height of wisdom for both husband and wife to have a desk.

June's room is truly a dream room, but the good things for you to copy are its neatness and easy maintenance. The top of her headboard is quilted cotton and it can be laundered. Her clothes are neatly hidden behind the paneled doors, with their pink chiffon curtains. Actually, June has a mirrored dressing room, at the far end of her room. But all her closets are separate, hats here, shoes there, coats in a third, fur in the fourth. It must have cost quite a sum to put all those doors and partitions but the saving of woman-hours must be paid up for it.

A good house doesn't just happen any more than a good marriage does. It takes planning, eternal vigilance, a love of what it stands for, and lively imagination. Money helps, but if you have these other qualities, you can produce twice as much pleasure for yourself and loved ones as mere money without these qualities can.

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Fred Sammis with Jack Cummings, producer of top film, "The Stratton Story"

(Continued from page 16) of it?" Corey cogitated. "The truth is, Lana thought I was right in the part; she was honest enough to say so.

In the meantime, they dispatched the script to Ray Milland, who was skiing with his beautiful "squaw" in Squaw Valley. Only a friend of long standing would have roused old Cal out of the deep and dozy sleep that his heart for an entire hour. If I want you to be the first to hear that I'm returning to M-G-M," long-distance Ray excitedly. "You were the only one who bothered to speak to me. I didn't even have a dressing room. When they let me go, I promised myself I'd never go back to that studio until I drove through the front gate! Now, I can make outside pictures on my new deal with Paramount and this is my first. Isn't it wonderful?"

With a lump in our throat, we still had to wax facetious. "This time do you get a dressing room?" Ray sighed. "Oh, brother!" he mused. "There wasn't a vacancy in the men's building, so they've given me a suite in the women's quarters, I'm right between Greer Garson and Ava Gardner!"

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Personal
To women with nagging backache

Jerry Wald, at mike, accepts his Award as producer of "Johnny Belinda." On dais with him are Dore Schary, George Murphy...
There Was a Boy...

(Kirk's story began, actually, eight years before he was born. The year was 1908 and Kirk's mother, Bryna Danielovitch, an un schooled Russian peasant girl, was en route by steerage to America.

Life in old Russia had been hard for Bryna. There had been no money, little food. Her husband, Herschel, had been conscripted into the Czar's army.

Herschel was a born rebel, his son says, "a rebel without a cause," and life in the army proved intolerable. He deserted and escaped with a price on his head, to the United States.

BRYNA was on her way to join Herschel in their new home, in the New World, in Amsterdam, New York. Her throat ached with excitement, she reached out eagerly for what she confidently expected would be a new, free life.

In America, Bryna Danielovitch knew things would be different. America was the land of opportunity. There would be honest work for Herschel and enough to eat and her children, when she had children, could grow up proud and free. They could learn, as she had never been permitted to learn, to read and write, they could go to school, even perhaps to college. They could be somebody.

That was the beginning of the dream. Things did not turn out exactly as she had expected. Herschel Danielovitch, transplanted to America, became Harry Douglas, American, but he was still a rebel. Most of the men who lived in their neighborhood, in the oldest, shabbiest section of Amsterdam, worked in the carpet mill.

But Harry found the factory too confining. He liked to be out of doors, he liked to be free to sit around with his friends over a beer in DiCaprio's Diner.

He worked, made a little money. He managed after awhile to buy a cart and some horses, and he eked out a living peddling junk, peddling fruit in the summer, hauling logs in the winter.

Children arrived at two-year intervals after Bryna came to Amsterdam. Three daughters, Betty, Katherine, Marion, and, in 1916, a son, Issur. And three more daughters, Fritzie, Ida, Ruth.

The family paid a small down payment on a big enough, if beat up, old house. That house was finally paid for, free and clear. But one of the first things Kirk Douglas did after his Hollywood triumph was to make it possible for his father, by that time, the only member of the family still living in Amsterdam, to live comfortably in a new, modern house. Harry is alone in Amsterdam, but he is not lonely. His house is new, but still within easy walking distance of DiCaprio's Diner.

The poverty of that immigrant family would be inconceivable to most of Kirk Douglas's friends today.

"There was never anything in the icebox...sometimes nothing but a can of cooking oil, the smallest size," Kirk recalls. "It drives me crazy today, if the refrigerator at my house isn't crammed with food. I have a complex about food. Even if I go to a fancy dinner party, or an expensive restaurant, I feel I have to eat everything on my plate. I can remember too well when there simply wasn't enough to eat."

His mother was more successful than most women in her position at feeding her big family.

"She had a peasant knack," her son says, "of making something wonderful out of a bone and water and salt and pepper."

She made lunches every morning for the children to take to school, for they did go to school, that much of the dream was materializing.

"She would put a few drops of oil in the largest frying pan," Kirk says, "beat an egg with water, spread it out as thin as she could and divide it up among us for sandwiches.

"I used to see the other kids at school eating sandwiches with chicken and butter and mayonnaise, and I wanted to grab them out of their hands."

It is not surprising that Kirk's first present to his mother after his early stage success was a modern refrigerator, filled with food.

KIRK'S oldest sister, Betty, quit school after the ninth grade to go to work to help support the family.

"I know now that she must have resented it," he says. "But somebody had to. Mother couldn't go on like that."

As a little boy, Kirk didn't sense the steel strength with which his mother's gentleness, strength, to him, was embodied in his father. His father was Superman.

"Father never picked a fight in his life," he recalls, "but if somebody challenged him, and somehow or other he managed to get himself challenged every night, he could lick his weight in wildcats."

"I admired that," he says, "I guess I rather admired his rebellious spirit, too. There's certainly a large slice of it in my own character. I don't think rebellion is necessarily bad. My father could have been a great guy, with half a chance. He could have been a tremendous actor."

Kirk had his half a chance. His mother saw it.

Not that he didn't work for it.

He started working before he started to act, "running errands for the guys down at the mill." When he was seven he was in business. "I bought up pop and candy..."
When time came for him to go to high school, the family held a conclave.

"I could have got a job," Kirk knows. But his mother wouldn't consider it. Her son was going to school. And college.

He enrolled in the Wilbur H. Lynch High School, without telling his teachers about his outside work.

Those years he was up at five a.m. every morning, to meet the New York trains, pick up and deliver the big city newspapers. He had just time enough, after his route, to get to school, often without breakfast. After a full day in classes, he went back to work, this time to deliver the afternoon papers. This took until 7:30. After a bite of supper, he was too tired to study.

He landed once in the office of the school principal, Louise Livingston. He had failed to turn in a book report on "David Copperfield." Miss Livingston questioned him about the book, he described it in the greatest detail. He had read it years before, at home, aloud to his mother.

By this time, Kirk had taught his mother to sign her own name. When he rode in the streetcar to the Temple with her on Saturdays, he would see that she was straining, through her thick glasses, to see all the signboards they passed.

"What are you doing, Ma?" he'd ask.

"Isur," she'd say, painfully spelling out the letters, "what spells C-R-I-S-C-O?

"Crisco, mama," he would tell her. "It's a kind of fat, for frying.

"What a wonderful country," Bryna would sigh, sitting up straight and proud. His mother, Kirk Douglas believes, is the greatest American he has ever known.

His father was a lawyer, but his mother was a great human being. "She never did learn to read," he says, "she tried to go to night school, but it was too much after her long day's work. Nevertheless, all her life, people with whom she conversed would seek her out for help with their problems.

Kirk made friends in high school. He met boys and girls whose backgrounds had been different from his. They invited him to their homes.

"Hey, Maw," he would shout, coming home from one of those visits, "I've been in Jerry's house, and he has a room of his own! And do you know what else? They have sweet rolls with their meat!"

There was no high school activity (except for the basketball team) which Kirk didn't try out for and excel in. Drama, matics, of course, "acting is a kind of escape, in one way," he says, "you can play out your dreams, believe for a little while that you are what you will be really someday, if..."

If you never stop running.

Kirk was Lynch High School's best actor. He led assemblies, won oratorical contests, recited poetry in classrooms.

When he was a senior, he was president of his class, manager of the year book, an editor of "The Item," the school paper. He didn't always get to his classes.

Miss Livingston, his principal, recently recalled one crisis, late in his senior year. Kirk was facing a test in history, covering two weeks' work he had missed. If he failed the test, he wouldn't graduate. She comforted him, for by now she had made this particular student's problems her own intense concern, shut him in a room alone for two hours with the history book. He passed the test.

COMMENCEMENT came at last. Kirk directed all the Class Day exercises, polished the manuscripts of will and prophecy, rehearsed the graduates in a class song he had composed, presented himself with the others for the precious diploma.

He got his diploma, plus a cash award for first place in the essay contest, a cash prize as winner of the oratorical contest, and the Dramatic Prize for the best performance of the year in a school play.

"You know," Kirk confided to Miss Livingston, after it was all over, "I made money on commencement.

Money, not the play, was still the thing.

Kirk had been offered a scholarship at St. Lawrence University, but he felt he shouldn't take it. His sisters had all passed up college to take jobs. "It's so much harder for girls, to work their way through, they have to have clothes, and things."

His older sisters had married, and had responsibilities of their own. There was a place for any money Kirk could have earned. But his mother and sisters would not hear of his quitting now, "when you have come so far.

They gave me my freedom," he says. "Mother loved me too much to hold me. My sisters never said he's a man; why can't he support the family?" It's an obligation I can never repay.

Kirk arrived at St. Lawrence University, ingloriously, since his frugally hoarded $183 didn't provide for trainfare, riding on top of a truckload of fertilizer.

He attended to first things first. He got a part-time job as a waiter, to cover his living expenses. For the first time, he went out for sports.

"I felt I needed that," he says, and not just to relax his body, but to show off his physical prowess. "A guy like me—"with a mother like mine, and six strong sisters, who had never had his hands on a baseball bat, or learned to kick a ball, would have been awfully easy dominated. I guess I was afraid of accepting a femi-
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He met another girl at the Academy, a girl who moved in as he had never allowed himself to be moved before. Her name was Diana Dill, the daughter of a British government official in Bermuda.

"Diana had something I admired and envied," he says, "I guess I would call it breeding."

Diana's background and comparative affluence had not made her a snob.

"Diana is the most liberal-minded person I've ever known," Kirk says of her now. "I was always for the underdog, of course. If I am the underdog, or rather, I keep forgetting, I used to be. Diana reached the same point of view intellectually."

They saw one another in class, and they were aware of one another in Schraffts' where Diana was a patron and Kirk, still earning "eating money," was a waiter.

But their relationship did not proceed beyond the "I'll treat you to a soda if you have a quarter" stage because Warner Brothers offered Diana a contract, and she abandoned New York for Hollywood.

Kirk completed his training at the Academy in 1938, the year of the recession, and for awhile it looked as though his dream of becoming a Professional Actor would have to be modified to read Professional Bellhop.

His acting achievements that first year of his tussle with the Goliath of Broadway were the role of a singing messenger boy in "Spring Again" and an off-stage echo in "The Three Sisters."

"Kirk is in a play with Katharine Cornell," Bryna Douglas could tell her neighbors.

"In the wings, Maw, in the wings," her son would have added, had he heard her.

But the next year, Kirk caught up with The Dream. He landed the juvenile lead in the comedy smash hit, "Kiss and Tell," replacing Richard Widmark.

The skinny kid of Amsterdam had conquered Broadway. He could set his sights on the last goal his ambition required of him: Stardom.

But the war came, and he enlisted in the Navy.

In a barracks at Notre Dame in 1942, where he was with an anti-submarine unit, a sailor hurled a copy of "Life" in the air with an aved "What a dish!"

Kirk looked at the girl on the cover. It was Diana Dill, now a New York photographers' model.

"I know her," said Kirk, suddenly home...
sick for the city, and his old friends, and the theater, particularly for Diana. "He knows her," his buddy scoffed. "But I do," Kirk insisted. He wrote to her that night, asked her to save a date for him on his first furlough. That furlough was like nothing Kirk had ever experienced before. He was newly an ensign, with a reputation for uniformity.

He had $189, more "eating money" than he had ever had in his pocket at one time. Diana looked like a dream.

"Much too good for Schrafft's," he said, and he whirled her off on the biggest night of both of their lives. They had dinner at the Starlight Roof, saw a play, sat at a front room table at the Copacabana, rode the length of Fifth Avenue on a bus top, held hands, and then, strangely moved and shaken, said goodbye.

The $189 was gone. Kirk had to borrow money from friends to get to Albany.

Kirk, his furlough over, was ordered to New Orleans. Diana's modelling job took her to Phoenix for desert fashion pictures.

New Orleans was on her way home, sort of. She never got home, at least for a month, for on the third day of her visit in the old French city, Diana and Kirk were married by a Chaplain in the Naval Chapel on the post with Kirk's fellow officers in attendance. The ring was Kirk's sister Marion's, air-mailed so untumedly.

Their swift romance, the romantic marriage, "all pure dream stuff," Kirk recalls almost wistfully.

At the end of the month Kirk shipped out for the South Pacific. Diana went back to New York. They wrote every day, but letters were slow moving then. It was months after Kirk was seriously wounded that Diana heard he was in a hospital, waiting for his medical discharge. And Kirk was in that hospital before the news reached him that he was soon to be a father.

Michael Douglas's first impression of his father must have been of a man who slept until noon and stayed out late, for by the time he was born Kirk was back on Broadway. They had settled down in quaint old St. James Colony on Eleventh Street, and life was good. There were times when there wasn't enough money. He appeared in "Alice in Arms," but it ran only briefly. The occasional radio jobs with which Kirk tried to balance the budget were too occasional, sometimes.

There was always Hollywood, but Kirk and Diana had ruled out Hollywood. Tinsel and sham, they agreed, in chorus with many other serious young actors.

Kirk was content to Be Somebody in the Theater. When Kirk landed a part in "The Wind Is Ninety," and faced the usual three weeks' rehearsal period, he agreed that this was an opportunity time for Diana to take little Michael to Bermuda for his first visit with his grandparents.

"The Wind Is Ninety" closed after a few months' run, but not before Producer Hal Wallis, who had been urged by Lauren Bacall to call her at the old friend, Kirk Douglas, saw the show and offered Kirk a film contract.

"I don't want to go to Hollywood," Kirk told him, "I'm afraid of the place. But I'm broke, and in no position to deliver a lecture on integrity. He hired Diana and Michael from his westbound train, "Get me. I'm on the way to that awful place called Hollywood." Kirk didn't go soft in Hollywood. He worked as hard at keeping his "values" as he did at his first juicy part as Barbara Stanwyck's alcoholic husband in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers."

He and Diana bought a seamy old house "with atmosphere and rusty plumbing," in the unattractive section of the Hollywood Hills. He cleared an acre of hilly, overgrown land with his own hands.

A new baby was coming, so Kirk had to build a new room. The hills resounded to the clatter of a cement mixer and saw and hammer every Sunday.

Kirk made one picture after another; his work was distinguished, but not yet star stuff. Diana, when their second son Joel was a few months old, had a fling at pictures, and did very well in "Sign of the Ram."

Came "Champion," but not easily.

It was to be the initial film-making effort of a new and untired, skimpily financed producing company. Its producer, director, and writer were comparatively unknown. The cast, except for Kirk, was equally uncelebrated.

Kirk's agent and advisers were unanimous in advising that he turn the offer down. He protested in vain that the story was good, the part was great, that it didn't matter if the picture had to be shot in three weeks at a budget of less than a half million dollars. He protested in vain, that was, to everyone except Diana.

"It's your big chance," she said, "you'll be awfully sorry if you don't do it."

Champion was, of course, an immediate sensation, and it catapulted everyone connected with the top money brackets in Hollywood.

As for Kirk, he had done it now. The dream to last, had come true.

"This is it," he said. "This is what I've always wanted."

He was rich and famous now. His mother could come out to visit them.

"What a kick she'll get," he said.

But Bryna was not well enough to come—she had had a heart attack. Kirk rushed east to visit her, and his sisters. He went to Amsterdam, too, to see his brother and his family, and he had him on his nightly pilgrimage to DiCaprio's diner.

Harry presented Kirk proudly to his old friends. "This is my son, Kirk Douglas, of Hollywood," he said. They were various, wiping his hands on a clean white towel, shoved out a fett, "I'm glad to know you," he said. But he had known him for years. He was that kind of guy.

The uneasiness he felt there stayed with him, even after he returned to the warm homey house on the hill in Hollywood. Diana was restless. Her career was at a standstill. She was, he thought she, now that all the old problems were solved, the old insecurity gone, should be happy.

The refrigerator was full, wasn't it? There was more life than work, wasn't there? Didn't they marry to have a home, a family, . . . ?

"But," said Diana, "I have my ambitions, too."

Her dream, too. Kirk understood. He almost understood.

"The Kirk Douglasses have separated," said the item in the papers was so unusual, so unsurprising in Hollywood, that no one paid much attention. Except the Douglasses. The four Douglasses.

And probably, Kirk in Amsterdam and Albany and Syracuse, the seven women, who, before Diana, had been the only really important women in Kirk Douglas's life. "It wasn't just career trouble; "Kirk de- clared, "it was a conflict with the other Hollywood marriage." It's never as simple as that, when two people decide not to go on living together.

And they weren't Someone Else, for either of them. It would have been easier to face, if there had been.

Kirk is busy. He has finished the part of the Gentleman Caller in "The Glass Menagerie," having voluntarily stepped out of the latter part, of that of the brother, to make room for a man he worshiped as a "sheer genius," Arthur Kennedy.

With Kennedy, and a few other close friends, he had rich, satisfying relationships.

But of the hordes of other people who pursue him now, the beautiful women, the important men, he is a little afraid. "In the face of these," he wonders, "Would they like me for myself?"

"I want to be admired, sure," he says, "I want to be loved. Everyone wants to be loved. But I want to be admired, just, I guess, for myself."

There was no "myself" in the dream. Only Somebody. And Somebody, once arrived, was not just Kirk. It was his father's rebellion, and Betty's job at fourteen, the suitcase from Kay, the overcoat, the great country of his mother's fulfillment. If all these made Somebody, then what, is Kirk Douglas?

Asking his questions, seeking his answers, Kirk Douglas is struggling to adjust himself to an unfamiliar reality.

It would be easier for him, probably, to go on dreaming, but no one can give back a dream, not one true.

"I'm not sure where I'm going now," he says. "I'm not even sure who I am, Issur Danielovitch, the skinny kid, or Kirk Doug- las, the star. But I know this much: You have to make friends with yourself as you are. Not just as you might have been, or are going to be."

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My father doesn't seem to like me. He is always bawling me out for some little thing that isn't important, like sitting all rounded over in a big chair. He wishes I could play football, but that seems a silly way to get bruised; besides, I'm neither big nor heavy enough, so why worry?

I get good grades in everything, especially art. My father says not to tell him that I can paint a picture, to tell him I made the basketball team. Well, I'm not tall enough.

My pop is always driving the school booster club to games and track meets, so that everyone thinks he is an ideal father. Frankly, I don't think he's so terrific, but I try. I go more than halfway in getting along with him now, but I'd like to know how I can get him to like me the way a father should.

Hjalmar S.

It is obvious that you and your father are representatives of two totally different types of men.

You are not the first boy to be baffled by the fact that you are, and you have a right to be, totally different from your father. The biography of almost every great artist contains exactly your problem.

Since you are, apparently, the more intelligent person in this dilemma, it is up to you to make the greater efforts to reach a plane of understanding with your father. Take an interest in as many athletic events as you can, not as a participant, but as a knowing spectator. Then turn your natural artistic ability to sketching men engaged in active sports.

If your father feels that you share his interests, whether nature has given you the physique to participate or not, I think he will take a fresh interest in you and your talents.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

About four months ago, my girl friend called me to go on a double date. We went dancing and my date and I really got on in super fashion. Right away we were able to talk about everything, and we discovered that we (Continued on page 6)
It's Spring-time!
It's Love-time!!
It's Happiness-time!!

It's The Perfect Time for

The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady

Dozens of Danceable O'Grady Songs...They're All O-Great-Y!

In Color by

TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

JUNE HAVER, GORDON MACRAE

with JAMES BARTON - GUDDLES SAKALL and WARNER'S HANDSOME GENE NELSON DANCE-O-MORE NEW STAR

DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER - WILLIAM JACOBS

SCREEN PLAY BY JACK ROSE, MELVILLE SHAVELSON & PETER MILNE • FROM A STORY BY JACK ROSE & MELVILLE SHAVELSON • MUSICAL DIRECTOR RAY HEINDORF
Which Twin has the Toni?

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

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

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

Wonderful results — again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage.

Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that has that $20 look. Barbara, the twin on the right, has the Toni.

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

(Continued from page 4) had the same tastes. We even had sodas while the other kids were having beer. For nearly three months we dated twice a week, then he asked me to marry him and I said yes. He asked me to keep it a happy secret between us, but I told my girl friend. Naturally, she confided in her boy friend.

That's when everything began to happen. The horrible fact was that my beau was married. At first I couldn't believe it. He said he had told his wife about me and he wanted us to meet. The three of us tried to talk it out in the little trailer where they were living. She seemed very sensible and said she would give her husband a divorce. However, that night she took sleeping pills, but she called the police in time to be saved. I thought she was grand—standing, but he says one time before she cut her wrists and once she jumped from the car when they had a fight.

I am out of my mind. I am also ashamed and bewildered. Please tell me what you think.

Clarie M.

If this boy had been at home with his wife, where he should have been, he would never have met you. The affair was never innocent. If he had never intended to deceive you, he would have told you at once that he was married.

You should go away from your home for a little while. Visit relatives. Or perhaps your parents can take you on a trip. Don't see short. Don't write to him. You may say at this point, “But he loves me. I can't hurt him like that.” He may love you dearly, but he has a lesson to learn, too. Nothing can be built on the sort of deceit he practiced.

In time to come, this boy may work out his problem, but if you are wise, you will take part in it. You will make new friends, take up new interests, and turn your thoughts away from him.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and have been going steady for eight months. My “steady” moved to a new town about two months ago. The town is only about twenty miles away, so he comes over to spend the weekend with his grandmother every week.

During the time he is gone I have chances for other dates, but when I have asked him if he would mind my going to a movie with another boy he has made an awful fuss. I like him too much to break off entirely, and in a way I am afraid of him. He is moody and might do something drastic.

He keeps talking about our getting married in five or six years. That seems like a long time away. Meanwhile, I am missing out on a lot of school fun.

Barbara U.

Not until a girl has talked to a great many boys, has danced with a great many boys, and has liked a great many boys, does she know what sort of person she most enjoys. Furthermore, it is well-known to educators that a girl who is at ease with boys and is popular is one who has always known a great many boys in her neighborhood.

At any rate, it all boils down to one bit of important advice Don't go steady. Keep the boy as a friend, but also make it possible for you to accept other dates.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am going to marry a honey of a girl soon. We have agreed on everything so far except the clothing which should be worn at the wedding. I belong to a small orchestra which plays local dates on Saturday nights. We...
Accused of murder, cheated of marriage... faced with a terrifying future!

Was it all true... or a monstrous secret plot to wreck her life?

JACK H. SKIRBALL and BRUCE MANNING

present

CLAUDETTE COLBERT • ROBERT RYAN

in

The Secret Fury

with JANE COWL • PAUL KELLY • PHILIP OBER

Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL • Directed by MEL FERRER

Screen Play by LIONEL HOFERER

When you see this picture, please don't tell the secret of "The Secret Fury"
You might explain the situation to your girl in this way: She wouldn't want to be married in the house dress in which she does her housework, would she?

Only if the groom is a member of the armed forces should uniforms be worn; otherwise the wedding pictures, in after years, will seem to have been taken at a costume ball or at the performance of an opera, don't you think?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have an older sister who is now twenty-four. I am twenty. Not long ago my sister got into very serious trouble. She has done a great many things all her life that have made my parents miserable. She is now the town's bad girl.

My fiancée says that children in the same family are likely to have the same traits. He says he isn't sure that, after we were married, I wouldn't bring disgrace upon him. I have explained for hours how different we are and how much I love him. I have tried to make him see that what she does has nothing to do with me. We were to be married in June, and it says now we should wait until fall. I am simply heartbroken over this.

Terry M.

I know that it is logical for you to be broken-hearted in this situation, but I think your hurt should be alleviated by pride. Why do you let this man have the power to hurt you? If he loved you he would be ready to fight anyone who said the things to you which he, himself, has said. If he loved you, he couldn't endure to inflict such punishment upon you.

Haven't you wondered if perhaps he has wanted to end the engagement for other reasons and is using your sister's defection for his own purposes?

You might be lucky in the long run if you would tell this man that you don't like his attitude and that as far as you are concerned the engagement is ended.

Refuse to accept blame of any kind for something beyond the circle of your own behavior. Be dignified and hold your tongue, and everyone around you will give you the respect it deserves.

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.

DeLong bob pins

You don't need a flair for hair styling to set this newest hair fashion. It's a breeze with De Long bob pins.

Alluring, natural curls last longer, for De Long's grip holds hair tighter. Take the blue De Long card home today.

How to set the "U" Bob—styled by Mr. Larry, eminent New York hairdresser—

Set top hair in two rows, turning first row toward face, next row away from face. (Work with even strands.) Pin two vertical rows at left temple, the first row toward face, second away. Make circles across the back to eight rows, in two clockwise rows. Do right temple like left. To comb out—brush hair up briskly, then down into a soft halo.

(Continued from page 6) bought uniforms of burgundy gabardine trousers with a blue stripe, burgundy cummerbunds and delft-blue mess jackets. Our ushers and our best man are also members of this orchestra, so my fiancée wants us to wear our band outfits at the wedding.

I claim this is out of order and that people would think we were putting on some sort of a carnival. When I say this my girl cries, and I am helpless.

Hal P.

Have You Heard?

The flowers that bloom in the spring make pretty posies I'd like to pin on local ABC stations for making my Sundays so full of grand and glorious entertainment. American Broadcasting Company Sunday shows offer listening pleasure for the whole family.

For instance, at 5:30 PM (EDT) over your local ABC station, the Goodyear Tire Rubber Company program presents a series of dramatic and inspirational programs on "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD." From coast-to-coast listeners of all ages toast this program as one of the truly great programs on the air.

Famous commentator DREW PEARSON gives top-flight, provocative views and stirring "predictions of things to come" at 6 PM (EDT). We tip our bonnets to Adam Hats who sponsor the dashingly dapper, daring DOROTHY DON GARDINER and "MONDAY MORNING HEADLINES" make more news, giving you a smart head-start on headline happenings. "Air Wick" picks DON GARDINER as its clear-headed spokesman.

The Sunday schedule adds a musical note at 6:30 PM (EDT) when Hormel's "MUSIC WITH THE GIRLS" starts up the rhythmic down-beats... with a sprightly all-girl band fuscussed by lovely MARY ELLEN DOMM. Another happy hit-spot comes at 8 PM (EDT) when buoyant BERT PARKS says "STOP THE MUSIC." This super-show, featuring KAY ARMEN, DICK BROWN and HARRY SALTER'S ORCHESTRA, is sponsored by Clipper Craft Clothes, Speidel Watch Bands and Old Gold Cigarettes.

From Maine to Minnesota, from California to Kentucky, all points in between and "all the ships at sea," Sunday at 9 PM (EDT) means WALTER WINCHELL time. The great reporter is sponsored by Richard Hudnut. Hollywood's leading "LOLLY" pops up with gossip and guests at 9:15 PM (EDT) on "THE LOU ELLA PARSONS SHOW" for Woodbury. A real audience-potential extravaganza is "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME" emceed by JOHN REED KING for Bretton Watch Bands at 9:30 PM (EDT). JIMMY ELLER sizes up movie star moods and manners and gives choice chatter for Arrid at 10:15 PM (EDT) topping off a great Sunday of leisure-pleasure listening on your local ABC station.
TINA LESER famous for original collections: "My advice is to wear a PLAYTEX—the girdle that slims you where you need slimming, holds you in complete comfort."

THE ONLY GIRLDE IN THE WORLD you can wear under your swimsuit, pat dry and wear immediately under your street clothes!

For a supple, slim figure under revealing summer clothes, top designers recommend

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

One look at summer's new fashions makes most women want to be slimmer, trimmer right away. And designers not only recognize this problem, but come up with the answer! They say that every woman can look slimmer and trimmer in 1950's revealing summer clothes—if she buys a PLAYTEX Girdle first.

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE whittles away at waist, hips and thighs—gives a slender silhouette with complete comfort and freedom of action. It's fresh as a daisy, light as a snowflake, actually "breathes" with you.

Made by a revolutionary new latex process, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE dispels body heat... slims you in cool comfort. Without a single seam, stitch or bone, PINK-ICE is absolutely invisible—even under the sleekest swimsuit. It washes in seconds, dries with the pat of a towel, stays sweet at all times.

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRLDES... $3.95 to $4.95
In SLIM, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRLDES, Pink, White or Blue $3.50 to $3.95

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large  Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.
Oscar winners: Mercedes McCambridge, best supporting actress for “All the King’s Men,” Brod Crawford, best actor for same film, Olivia de Havilland, best actress for “Heiress,” Dean Jagger, best supporting actor for “Twelve O’Clock High”

Oscar Doings: Come backstage with Cal and let’s gather a few impressions of the 1949 Academy Award winners. It’s the greatest show on earth—stars, lights, enchantment... faint hearts, high hopes, laughter, tears. There’s Olivia de Havilland in a daisy-trimmed white organdy. She’s almost too beautiful and almost acts too calm and collected. This is one occasion when emotions should be boundless.

It’s a great and deserving night for Helen Broderick’s son, who was once told by a producer to get out of Hollywood because he didn’t have a chance! Hollywood loves a success story and was especially thrilled for Brod Crawford, who never stopped trying until he won.

Less than a year ago, Mercedes McCambridge was unknown on the screen. Now her tears are splashing unashamed—down the front of that thirteen-year-old “good luck” dress. “I feel as if I just gave birth to a baby instead of an Oscar.” She starts crying again when she says it.

Dean Jagger seems to be taking his “medicine” quietly. But his face is red and the corners of his mouth are twitching. It’s a night of special significance for Dean and his beautiful young Chinese wife. Time and again he’s given great performances in Hollywood pictures, only to return to the theater “to make a living.” Academy Award night in Hollywood! The night when broken dreams—come true.

Vera-Ellen and escort Peter Thompson outside the Hollywood Pantages Theater where Awards were made.
INSIDE STUFF

Jimmy Cagney made presentation for best film "All the King's Men," the Dick Powells, for the best black and white cinematography

Deborah Kerr appeared at Awards Night ceremonies with leading man Stewart Granger. Arlene Dahl, Lex Barker are a brand-new twosome

The Ricardo Montalbans. He did a duet with Arlene Dahl of hit song "Baby It's Cold Outside"

British actor Richard Todd (with wife) was nominated for his performance in "The Hasty Heart"
Mocamo's famous Firehouse Five Plus Two accompanies Barbara Stanwyck in a snappy Charleston. Years ago, George White, at right, gave Barbara her first film break—doing the same dance.

The Dan Daileys enjoy the fun at Monday night Charleston session.
Dear Hearts and Generous People: Ann Sheridan, for giving her time, money and devotion to police officer Mickey Finn's great cause—help and hope for the Eastside's underprivileged Mexican kids ... Cary Grant, for encouraging newcomer Paula Raymond on the "Crisis" set by telling her how scared he used to be ... June Haver, for keeping her promise to entertain Vets at Birmingham Hospital on the day the studio unexpectedly started shooting "I'll Get By" ... Robert Young, for devoting endless effort toward lessening the terrifying human toll in traffic ... Bette Davis, for remembering Betty Lynn's troup in "June Bride" and requesting Darryl F. Zanuck's permission to borrow the little Lynn for "A Story of a Divorce."

Pouting Pigeons: Joan Crawford, because that terrific beating administered by David Brian (she wouldn't allow him to pull his punches) in "The Damned Don't Cry" was considered too brutal and practically cut from the picture ... Bill Holden, because he may have to follow "Dear Ruth" and "Dear Wife" with "Dear Mom," after maturing so magnificently in "Sunset Boulevard" ... John Ireland, because twenty-five per cent of his earnings revert to Columbia, in exchange for his artistic freedom.

Set Talk: Van and Evie Johnson are so crazy about Mexico, now that they're back from Europe they're going to hunt for a hacienda ... John Wayne's Mexican-minded too. He plans to make the film, "The Door of Scares," there ... Paul Douglas, who likes to see Jan Sterling every night, would like to make a picture with her so he can see her every day ... Hollywood is asking: Where did Joseph Cotten get that black eye? ... Hear that Deborah Kerr, who is allergic to the sun, has been suffering on a nervous breakdown since making "King Solomon's Mines" in Africa.
Are you always Lovely to Love?

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

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

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

INSIDE STUFF

Bobby Driscoll gets special Oscar from Donald O'Connor for his acting in "The Window" and "So Dear to My Heart"

Super-Cooper: There was a time when all the chromiest cars in Hollywood had Gary Cooper behind the wheels. Then our old friend became Coop, the conservative. Recently we smogged it out to the Valley studios and who should whiz past us in a blaze of gray glory, but the tall boy himself. With top down, he was driving one of those low-slung imported Jaguars that roared like a lion. Later, we caught up with Coop on the "Bright Leaf" set. Nudging fifty and showing signs of it, he's still lost none of that mercurial charm. Before we could give him about the Jaguar, Lauren Bacall steamed on the set. "This corset kills me!" were her words of greeting. Eying her quizzically, Coop finally drawled, "S-a-ay, haven't I seen that dress somewhere before?" Baby Bacall flashed him that innocent-insolent look. "You certainly have," she cracked. "Whenever I'm working, they always decide to save money. This dress was made over from one worn by Ingrid Bergman in 'Saratoga Trunk'!"

Scott Scoots: Come summer, Zachary Scott will be free from Warners and he swears he'll never sign another long-term contract. During the last seven years, he sweated out fourteen suspensions (that's being off salary, chums), rather than play some of the parts he felt were not right for him. The straw that finally broke the actor's back was casting him in "Lightning Strikes Twice." In the fight sequence, because he towers over Richard Todd, Zack was asked to remove his hat and high-heeled boots and jackknife his body a bit. "I was over six feet tall when they put me into this picture," he pointed out, "this can't exactly come as a surprise to them now." P. S. He didn't make like a pretzel!

Hollywood Heartbreak: It seemed so incongruous seeing her there at a gay and gala party in the beautiful Garden Room of the Bel-Air Hotel. She was the youngest, the sweetest, and the saddest! In the midst of it all, Wanda Hendrix. "Everyone says I'll get over it, do you think I will?" She was referring, of course, to the tragic ending of her marriage to Audie Murphy. It was a reunion for Cal, who's known Wanda since she (Continued on page 16)
You can lose him in a minute!

It has happened to thousands of girls... it can happen to you.
One little moment's carelessness and he will be through with you that quick! You will probably ask yourself over and over again, "Why? Why? Why?"

How About You?
Never let halitosis (unpleasant breath) nullify your other charms. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you want to be at your best.

Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution against offending because it freshens and sweetens the breath... helps keep it that way, too... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours usually.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and, we repeat, always before any date.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Antiseptic... the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath

Week-ending? Always take Listerine Antiseptic along. It's mighty comforting to have a good antiseptic handy in case of minor cuts, scratches and abrasions requiring germicidal first-aid.
Bob Stack took Evelyn Keyes to Awards. She used to go with “Champion” Kirk Douglas, who took Irene Wrightsman McEvoy, who used to go with Bob like Una Merkel, Virginia Grey, Joan Loring, Isabel Jewell (to name a few) are so missed by their public.

A Little from Lots: With still a year to go on her current contract, Audrey Totter asked for and received her release from M-G-M. The Rory Calhouns planning to hit the road in a personal appearance act. No longer under contract to David O. Selznick, ‘tis whispered Rory’s option wasn’t renewed when he refused to forfeit a raise... According to inside information, they had to call that rugged individualist on the carpet and tell Mario Lanza to watch his language, especially when visitors are on the set. John Land, failing to get himself “written out” of the “Irma” series and wondering if he’s stuck until “My Friend Irma Becomes a Grandmother.”

Gossip Has It That: Those weren’t words of love exchanged by Lana Turner and Bob Topping, the night she worked on location... That Joan Crawford’s next husband may be a talented director... That Phil Harris sometimes gets awfully angry at Alice Faye during those radio rehearsals... That the John Hodiak’s have included space for a nursery in their current alterations... That the next Mrs. Zachary Scott will be the former Mrs. Louis Hayward... That friends are worried over the eventual outcome of the Gail Russell-Guy Madison reconciliation.

That Certain Party: This was party month in Hollywood and oh, my aching rhumba! The Tyrone Powers probably gave the gayest under a cellophane tent decorated with bobbing balloons. “Lovely Bunch of Cocosnats” was the theme song played by the dance orchestra and Cal, being the bright type, was quick to catch on why. For each guest there was a real coconuts, identified with his name burnt right into the bark. They were filled with lovely liquid, served with...

RED ALLEN'S favorite story about radio censorship concerns the time a woman censors in New York cut the word "segue" out of his musical cues. She thought that "segue" had something to do with sex.

* * *

The cameraman was shooting a big close-up of Vic Mature's feet for a scene in "Alias Mike Fury."

"As long as the close-ups are of me," said Vic, "I don't care which end they photograph."

* * *

Sign on a Hollywood station wagon: "Nary A Ranch."

* * *

Marquee sign of the month: "MOTHER DIDN'T TELL ME"

"FATHER IS A BACHELOR"

Cecil B. De Mille plays himself in "Sunset Boulevard" and gives a great performance. In fact, one fan's preview card read:

"I liked the actor who played De Mille the best."

* * *

Sara Berner laments: "Time was when to get in pictures all a girl had to show was ability."

* * *

Lili, the Hollywood designer, on plunging necklines: "They result in plunging staglines."

* * *

Ed Wynn on television: "Television is slowly taking the place of entertainment."

* * *

It could happen only in Hollywood: A Chinese restaurant, Chang's, serves "Chinese Smorgasbord."

* * *

Economy note:

The English company that produced "Quartet" is now filming "Trio."

* * *

A publicity man went to a film producer and asked him to identify four girls in a still photograph.

The producer said:

"I don't know their names, but I'll give you their telephone numbers."

* * *

Latest definition of a Hollywood idea man:

A fellow who makes suggestions on which pictures they should reissue.

* * *

Money-conscious Paulette Goddard: "All my money is tied up in cash."

* * *

After their romance went on the rocks, Danny Ellman gave Joan Davis a bejewelled vanity case inscribed:

"Do you wanna make up?"

---

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet

And—

New tests by leading skin specialists PROVE the amazing mildness of Cashmere Bouquet on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was proved amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love."

Cashmere Bouquet — In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!

Now—At the Lowest Price In History!
Mennen Baby Magic

the sensational all purpose baby skin care

checks diaper odor

... checks diaper rash

in the unbreakable squeeze bottle

—the new, luxuriously fragrant, liquefied cream that soothes, smooths, and beautifies baby's skin. Makes everyone say, "Sweetest baby I've ever seen!" Mennen Baby Magic contains new miracle ingredient — gentle "Parateen". More sanitary, easier to use ... in the Unbreakable Safety-Squeeze Bottle.

P.S. You'll love it for your skin, too!

---

Readers Inc.

Cheers and Jeers:
After seeing Van Johnson in "Battle-ground," I am very proud he is from my home state, Rhode Island. He has made the smallest state feel big! Only an Oscar can be his rightful reward.

MRS. J. VINCENT
Atlantic Beach, Fla.

Hats off to John Agar for the wonderful way he has acted all through his split-up with Shirley Temple. He is a gentleman and acted as such since their troubles became public property.

JANE ANDREWS
Rehoboth Beach, Del.

I was very pleased to see that "The Stratton Story" was voted picture of the year by your magazine. I saw the picture myself, and I agree with you one hundred per cent. In fact, it was the best picture I have ever seen in my whole life.

PENNY MYERS
Spokane, Wash.

Readers Pets:
I may be prejudiced because he comes from my own town, but after seeing him steal "Twelve O'Clock High" right out from Gregory Peck, I say Gary Merrill is the next sensation of Hollywood.

LYNN ELLIOVICH
Hartford, Conn.

Let's see more of Dale Robertson. He's terrific! He was wonderful playing Jesse James in "Fighting Man of the Plains." I think he's better suited for Westerns. I hate to think of seeing him in a tuxedo.

JANICE KARL
Sheboygan, Wis.

Casting:
It's just a thought but I think it would be great to have Doris Day and Gordon MacRae in a picture together. Doris Day is at her peak in popularity and Gordon MacRae is rising fast and furious. A picture with cute Day and handsome MacRae would be nothing but terrific.

JUNE P. BLATT
Buffalo, N. Y.

How about having a story about "The Grin"? He's that wonderful guy, Glenn Ford, the best actor in Hollywood. Why hasn't someone cast him in a picture where he could sing. He has a nice voice.

PATTY DAVIS
Gotham, Me.

Critics Corner:
In regard to Mrs. Thomas's letter in the March issue, she called John Derek, "the slickest and phoniest actor she has ever seen." I think, Madame, you had better take a second glance; and this time take that gleam of jealousy out of your eye. John Derek is one of the finest persons we have on the screen today and the best-looking male actor, barring none.

ROBERT ASPDEN
Fall River, Mass.
Undoubtedly, Hollywood producers are the world's best opportunists. To increase box office receipts, they produce pictures dealing with crime, sex, tolerance and prejudice. Such pictures present unsolved problems. These pictures have no real entertainment value; they only confuse most individuals and groups. Movie-goers seek entertainment and relaxation, not unsolved social and world problems.

FRED P. CALIFANO

• Frank Advice:
To Frank Sinatra: I have been an ardent fan of yours for years. I have read the unfavorable articles in the newspapers about you. I think that after years of marriage to the same woman, you shouldn't let another one wink at you and upset it. Think of your children. You are a good singer and actor and a passable dancer; bad notices won't do anything to help you. Please, Frankie, think this over carefully. I am still one of your fans and always will be.

LILLIE ARCHIBALD
Chicago, Ill.

Question Box:
Can you tell me whether the movie "Fallen Idol" is British or American made? I saw it at a preview in Louisville, Ky., and thought it rather dull and insipid. It moved with all the slowness of a British movie, so if it is not, Hollywood has outdone even the British for slowness of action.

JOHN A. BIRD
Jeffersonville, Ind.

(It was British-made.)

Could you tell me something about Bob Patten who played Jesse Bishop in "Twelve O'Clock High"?

BARBARA VOGEL
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Bob Patten was born in Tacoma, Wash. He is 5' 10", 165 lbs., has brown hair, blue eyes. He married Patricia Grant, Dec. 29, 1945 and they have two children. Next film, "An American Guerrilla in the Philippines.")

I have noticed in all of Jose Iturbi's pictures that he has a little red string in his lapel. Could you tell me why he has it there?

JUDY ANN BUSH
Sidney, Neb.

(This was awarded him by the French Legion of Honor in recognition of his work in their behalf.)

Please tell me something about Richard Rober. He gets better every picture. So I predict some of those tough guys had better move over.

ELIZABETH M. PURBY
Red Springs, N. C.

(Richard Rober was born in Rochester, N. Y., May, 1906. Dark brown hair, blue-gray eyes, 5' 10", 175 lbs. Next film, "Jet Pilot").

Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...

1 Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable...first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show him a lovelier you —after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

New Beauty Magic from the Westmores of Hollywood

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE STARS MORE BEAUTIFUL

JANE WYMAN
Starring in
"STAGE FRIGHT"
A Warner Bros. Production

"HIGHLIGHTS OF ROMANCE"—that’s what the stars call Westmore Rouge, Hollywood’s own formula for glamour! It is truly a make-up secret leading stars of Hollywood rely on for sheer beauty witchery. Available Cream or Dry.

WALLY WESTMORE,
Famous Hollywood Make-Up Director

"MY CHOICE WAS WESTMORE'S Over-Glo Cake Powder Make-Up for Jane Wyman. Every woman, with skin as delicate and subtly-tinted as Miss Wyman’s, will marvel at this new alluring soft, natural finish that lasts for hours—yet needs no foundation. And it does not dry out the skin! It’s Hollywood’s complexion magic! It can be yours too!"

Perc Westmore,
Make-Up Director, Warner Bros. Studios

"SMART GIRLS" follow the lead of Hollywood’s most dazzling stars—by always insisting on Westmore Lipstick! Special Hollywood star tested creamy lipstick that stays on—creating a lasting illusion of radiance and beauty. It’s a make-up must!"

Bud Westmore,
Famous Hollywood Make-Up Director

Hollywood's Beauty Secrets
For Your Very Own

The cosmetic secrets of Hollywood’s most glamorous stars are now yours... in famous Westmore Cosmetics. Westmore... and only Westmore... are the certified cosmetics of the stars, the same make-up they use on the screen. Why be satisfied with less? On sale at variety, chain and drug store cosmetic counters.

Certified Cosmetics of the Stars For You
Westmore Cosmetics... 59c* and 29c*

NIGHT CREAM
SKIN FRESHENER
EYEBROW PENCIL
COLD CREAM CLEANSING

Westmore Cosmetics available in Canada at slightly higher prices

Westmore HOLLYWOOD Cosmetics
Brief Reviews

(A) AND BABY MAKES THREE—CBS: This tearjerker fare, poking fun at matrimony, motherhood and divorce, was trying to catch on in its early stages. But Robert Young and Barbara Hale, with Bob Hope, Janet Gaynor, and Helen Hayes, gave it a try. A tale of a young mother who tries to keep her new baby alive. A story of love and devotion. (May)

(B) A STONE-FOOTED WESTERN—U-I: This is a cross between a Western and a Western comedy. It's a story of love and adventure. A tale of a young couple who try to save their爱 life and their relationship. With Ronald Colman, Maureen O'Sullivan, and the always entertaining Stanley Lupino. (May)

(C) BILLY BUCCANEER'S DAUGHTER—M-G-M: This is a story of love and adventure. A tale of a young couple who try to save their love life and their relationship. With Ronald Colman, Maureen O'Sullivan, and the always entertaining Stanley Lupino. (May)

(D) A BRIGHT LADY—UA: This is a story of love and adventure. A tale of a young couple who try to save their love life and their relationship. With Ronald Colman, Maureen O'Sullivan, and the always entertaining Stanley Lupino. (May)

(E) A WALTZ FROM THE WILDERNESS—U-I: This is a story of love and adventure. A tale of a young couple who try to save their love life and their relationship. With Ronald Colman, Maureen O'Sullivan, and the always entertaining Stanley Lupino. (May)

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TONI TWINS
Discover New
Shampoo Magic

Soft-Water Shampooing
Even in Hardest Water

"Toni Creme Shampoo won us with its very first performance" say radiant brUNET twins Katherine and Kathleen King of Chicago. "Our hair was so beautifully soft... as if we washed it in rainwater. And that wonderful softness made it much easier to manage."

Soft-Water Shampooing... that's the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo. Even in the hardest water, you get oceans of creamy lather that rises away dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.

- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look lacier longer
- Rises away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights

Enriched with Lanolin

With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do. Gayla HOLD-BOB® bobbin pins set curls beautifully; are easy to sleep on. Easy to open. Keep hair-dos lovely because they hold better. There is no finer Bobby pin.

More women use Gayla HOLD-BOB® than all other bobby pins combined.

Gayla

Gayla HOLD-BOB®

bobbin pins

With a
d"party hair-do"
all day long
Playtex® Superfoam Shoulder Pads

NEW! No sewing, no snapping, no pinning!
LIGHT! Soft and fluffy as a powder puff!
RIGHT! Give you a smooth, natural look!
— and ONE PAIR sees you through summer beautifully!

Say good-bye forever to sewing, snapping, pinning pads into the shoulders of your summer clothes! Now—change from dress to dress—your shoulder-moulded PLAYTEX Pads won’t slip, slide or “ride.” They cling to your bra straps . . . exclusive non-slip clasps make PLAYTEX Pads part of you, comfortably, securely! And remember, PLAYTEX Pads suds nice ’n fresh ’n clean!

IN FOUR STYLES—SEVEN COLORS

Shallow
For set-in-sleeves, and all summer dresses, lightweight suits.

Rounded
For raglan, dolman, cap, and all new sloping sleeves.

Rounded for Blouses
They’re perfect for teen-age figures, too.

Regular
For summer coats, toppers, and squared-shoulder effects.

Handsomely tailored in washable rayon or cotton, $1.19 to $1.59
In exquisite rayon taffeta, $1.95. Uncovered for home sewing, 89¢

By the makers of the famous PLAYTEX girdles

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP’N., Playtex Park *TM 1950 Dover Delaware
SHADOW

It's a circus: Dick Powell is encouraged by June Allyson, David Wayne in his merry campaign to become mayor.

\( \frac{3}{2} \) (F) The Reformer and the Redhead (M-G-M)

DICK POWELL and June Allyson, husband and wife in real life, asked good old Metro to team them in a picture—just as if they didn't see enough of each other at home. The result is a very funny comedy with the Powells having a high old time of it.

Dick plays a progressive young lawyer-reformer; somewhat on the stuffy side, who falls for a pert young redhead with temper to match (that's June). June, the local zoo-keeper's daughter, has very definite ideas about animals; lets them run loose all over the place. There's wonderful slapstick with goats, monkeys and lions, and a hilarious climax where Dick mistakes Caesar, the vicious lion, for Herman, the tame lion, who's a regular old cut-up.

Superb in the supporting cast are Cecil Kellaway, Ray Collins, David Wayne and Robert Keith.

Your Reviewer Says: A lion's share of fun.

Vital Statistics: This is the first time in six years that Dick Powell has been on the Metro lot. At that time he was teamed in a picture called "Meet the People" with a young, pretty New York actress name of June Allyson, who, so Metro said, was going places. She did. She also went to the altar with Dick. June wanted a comedy after her dramatic roles in "The Stratton Story" and "Little Women." And what June wants she gets, being one of teacher's pets at Metro. It was old home week for two excellent actors in the cast, David Wayne and Robert Keith. Both of them played on Broadway in "Mister Roberts."

\( \frac{3}{2} \) (F) Rock Island Trail (Republic)

THIS is the romantic story of the founding of the Rock Island Railroad.

Forrest Tucker, in his first romantic lead, is a construction engineer who dreams of someday pushing the railroad all the way to the West Coast. The picture, which is historically accurate, is fast-moving, lusty and colorful. The period is 1850, and the plot concerns the laying of the tracks from Chicago to Joliet, Illinois, despite sporadic attacks from the Indians.

Adele Mara is the daughter of a banker who finances Tucker in his engineering ambitions. Together with Adrian Booth, in her role as an Indian princess, the romance department is well looked after. Bruce Cabot is as menacing as ever as the vicious, unscrupulous leader of the riverboat interests. Jeff Corey is seen in the picture as Abraham Lincoln, who defends the Rock Island in a lawsuit.

Your Reviewer Says: Romance of the rails.

Vital Statistics: All of the century-old railroad equipment used is authentic, the Rock Island Railroad officials assured Republic. If your hobby is old railroads, this is your baby... Right out of history comes the incident that concerns Abraham Lincoln. At that period Lincoln was a young attorney in Illinois, and he was engaged by the Rock Island to press a claim against the riverboat interests who had criminally burned the only railroad bridge spanning the Mississippi... After the Republic big shots got a glimpse of Forrest Tucker in "The Sands of Iwo Jima" they said, "That boy should be a star." No sooner said than done.

by Liza Wilson

\( \frac{3}{2} \) Outstanding \( \frac{3}{2} \) Good \( \frac{3}{2} \) Fair
F—For the whole family A—For adults
STAGE

Doin' what comes naturally: Howard Keel, Louis Calhern, Betty Hutton star in this saga of a sharp-shootin' gal

(F) Annie Get Your Gun (M-G-M)

BIG and lavish and colorful is Hollywood's picturization of Broadway's famous musical comedy. Betty Hutton gives her best performance to date as Annie Oakley, the backwoods gal from Dark County, whose incredible prowess with a gun gets her a job with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. (This was the role Judy Garland could not finish because of her illness. Whereupon Betty was called in and they started over again.) Betty, as Annie, falls hopelessly in love with that romantic heel, Frank Butler, but doesn't lend him until she learns that "you can't get a man with a gun." Howard Keel, Metro's new he-man baritone, is splendidly cast as Frank Butler, sings like a million, and is a fine figure of a man in his tight buckskins.

J. Carrol Naish is a perfect joy as Sitting Bull. Stand-outs in the huge supporting cast are Louis Calhern and Edward Arnold.

Your Reviewer Says: Scores a direct hit.

Vital Statistics: Metro was lucky to get Howard Keel. With that voice and physique (6' 4", 195 lbs.) he's bound to be Hollywood's new dreamboat. Howard is twenty-seven, was born in Gillespie, Ill., the son of a coal miner, came to Hollywood at seventeen. Although he once parked cars on a Paramount parking lot, he had to go to England before Hollywood gave him the nod. He was singing there in "Oklahoma" when Metro signed him for "Annie." He's married, has a baby daughter. Metro has big plans for him, including "Pagan Love Song" with Esther Williams, and the port of Gaylord Ravenal in "Show Boat."

Operation vittles: Monty Clift and Paul Douglas in story of our victory over the Russian blockade of Berlin

(F) The Big Lift (20th Century-Fox)

THIS gripping drama of the Western Powers' airlift to war-wrecked, cold and hungry Berliners, stars two of the screen's most popular actors, Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas. It also introduces two new German actresses, Cornell Borchers and Bruni Lobel.

Monty and Paul play a couple of GI's whose job it is to help run the airlift which must deliver coal and food to Berlin daily, in spite of the Russian blockade. Monty, an airlift flight engineer, falls in love with Cornell Borchers, a former Nazi who schemes to have him marry her so that she can join her lover in America. Paul, a tough sergeant, has better luck. Though he hates the Krauts, he learns a few things about American democracy from a nice German girl, Bruni Lobel.

The picture was made in Germany last summer. With Berlin playing itself, and the U. S. Air Forces, for the most part, playing itself, the film is realistically exciting.

Your Reviewer Says: A tour of Berlin with Clift.

Vital Statistics: Monty Clift and Paul Douglas were the only American stars featured in the picture. Rest of cast were actual airlift men; actors from German stage and screen. Bruni Loebel and Cornell Borchers are two of Germany's most popular leading ladies. If Clift had any vanity to begin with, the girls killed it. They went more for Douglas because of his well-fed look. Hungry-looking men like Monty are no novelty in Germany. George Seaton went to Germany months before picture was scheduled for production. He wanted to get realism in his script, needed the proper atmosphere.

NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS! PROOF THAT USING
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

2 years' research at five leading universities proves that using Colgate's right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

More than 2 years' scientific research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—proves that using Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps stop decay before it starts! Modern research shows that decay is caused by acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps remove these acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's active penetrating foam reaches crevices between your teeth where food particles often lodge.

The Most Conclusive Proof In All Dentifrice History On Tooth Decay!

Yes, the same toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive patented ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in Colgate's flavor, foam, or cleansing action! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, proved way to help stop decay!

\[ \frac{1}{2} \] (A) The White Tower (RKO)

THIS is the fictional story of James Ramsey Ullman's best-seller on the hazardous sport of mountain climbing.

A group of people combine their efforts in an attempt to climb the White Tower in the Swiss Alps, a mountain which has never been scaled. In the struggle to reach the top, each climber finds his true worth. There's Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a middle-aged geologist; Claude Rains, a weak-willed intellectual; Lloyd Bridges, an arrogant Naval officer; Anthony Quinn, an American with a heart, and Valli, a woman of destiny.

It's loaded with symbolism. But it has some very exciting scenes. Oscar Homolka is excellent as the philosophical guide.

Your Reviewer Says: Adventure on a high level.

\[ \frac{1}{2} \] (F) The Skipper Surprised His Wife (M-G-M)

THE battle of the sexes has been good for laughs for a long time, and it still is in this domestic comedy based on a true experience of a Navy Commander.

As the Navy Commander, Robert Walker is in shipsshape form. Detached temporarily from the USS Callahan, off San Diego, he rushes to the arms of his wife, Joan Leslie, and two energetic sons, Henry LeRoy and June Andrews. Joan is lovey-dovey until Joan breaks her ankle. Bob nobly volunteers to take over the running of the house and the children. Upon advice of his Admiral, Edward Arnold, old salt, that homes should be run the same way the Navy runs its ships. The question is then posed: "Is the American housewife inefficient?" Begins the Battle of the Sexes.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for laughs.

\[ \frac{1}{2} \] (F) Please Believe Me (M-G-M)

IN this romantic comedy of a girl who thinks she's an heiress, but isn't, Deborah Kerr finds herself loaded with leading men. Three of 'em no less: Robert Walker, Peter Lawford and Mark Stevens. Nothing stingy about the casting.

Deborah portrays a young English beauty who has inherited one of those fantastic Texas ranches. Sailing to America to claim her fortune, which isn't, she becomes the number one shipboard objective of three rather fascinating young men. There follows a New York romantic romp, with the best man winning. J. Carrol Naish and James Whitmore, as New York gamblers, give their usual polished performances.

Your Reviewer Says: Three guys and a girl on a whirl.

\[ \frac{1}{2} \] (F) The Big Hangover (M-G-M)

ELIZABETH TAYLOR and Van Johnson are starred in this romantic Technicolor comedy, and share honors with a talking dog.

Liz is delightful as a wealthy young lady interested in psychiatry. When Van, who was drilled in century-old brandy in the cellar of a French monastery during a bombardment in the late war, confesses to her that he is allergic even to a whiff of spirits, she takes an interest in his case history and naturally, in him. Van tries to overcome his strange malady with the willing assistance of his bilious uncle. That's when his poohh Tramp starts talking to him!

Your Reviewer Says: Gay and good looking.

\[ \frac{1}{2} \] (F) The Outriders (M-G-M)

METRO rarely goes in for Westerns but when they do they don't spare the horses. Popular Joel McCrea is the star of and an experienced hand at this kind of outdoor action.

Joel, Barry Sullivan and James Whitmore escape from a U. S. stockade near the end of the Civil War. They join up with Jeff Corey, head of an infamous band of guerrillas. Their job is to pose as "outriders" for a wagon train and a dog to give for the Federal Treasury and at a prearranged spot, to ambush it. On the wagon train is Arlene Dahl, an attractive widow, and her brother-in-law, Claude Jarman Jr. Joel is a sawdust comic, and fights hard against Indians, elements, and money-greddy bushwhackers.

Your Reviewer Says: McCreas at it again.

\[ \frac{1}{2} \] (F) Wagon Master (Argosy-RKO)

IT'S no secret that John Ford and Westerns are getting together steadily. The famous producer-director always makes them lusty and colorful.

Ward Bond plays a peppery Elder of a small group of pioneers who pack their wagon train late in 1879 and head for the fertile San Juan River Valley. They are led by two young horse traders, Harry Carey Jr. and Ben Johnson. Later, they allay their fears as they are roughed up in aicine show. Then come the killers, led by Charles Kemper. Harry and Ben swing into action.

Pretty Joanna Dru, playing a dancer with the medicine show, looks after the romance. And Alan Mowbray, with same takes of the comedy.

Your Reviewer Says: Action-packed pioneer tale.

\[ \frac{1}{2} \] (F) Curtain Call at Cactus Creek (U-I)

DONALD O'CONNOR, the kid who is loaded with talent, is the hard-working star of this Western-backstage comedy.

Donald is the advance man, prop man, director for Vincent Price, as hammy a ham as ever trod the livery stable boards of Cactus Creek and Powder River in 1890. In his broken-down repertory company are Eve Arden, thoroughly de-laffed; her acting is from a donkey, and her pretty niece, Gale Storm, who is determined to marry Donald. An ex-ribbon clerk, Donald wants to be a thespian, but he hasn't a Chinaman's chance until Walter, the movie director with a crush on Eve, joins the company.

Photographed in Technicolor the picture is brisk, gay, and a heap of fun.

Your Reviewer Says: It rates an encore.

\[ \frac{1}{2} \] (A) The Capture (RKO)

THERE is no fluffy nonsense about this gutty, emotional drama. The stars are Lew Ayres and Teresa Wright.

Lew is believable as the oil refinery boss who tracks down a former oil rigger who answers the description of the bandit who stole the payroll. Later, Lew is not sure he killed the right man. This thought haunts him. Born by his emotions, he seeks out the man's widow, works for her, and against her wishes, they fall in love.

Teresa is sympathetic as the widow. In the supporting case are Victor Jory, Barry Kelley and Jacqueline White.

Your Reviewer Says: Mexicali melodrama.

(Continued on page 28)
Happy young home planner!
And so very, very wise... for the pattern of her choice is by Holmes & Edwards, the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid!

Two blocks of sterling silver are inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of most-used spoons and forks to keep Holmes & Edwards lovelier longer.

And why take years buying silverware by "place settings," when tonight you can serve a dinner for 8 with Holmes & Edwards for only $49.95, and no Excise Tax.
Wear EVENING in PARIS the way French women do*

Comtesse Robert de Lessups, of the distinguished French family, echoes her best-loved perfume with Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne, smooths its romantic fragrance over her coiffure. And to keep its magic aura with her always, she touches a few drops to her beautiful lingerie.

BOURJOIS

Evening in Paris

Eau de Cologne plus Talcum

Special $1.65 Value

For a Limited Time Only $1.00 plus tax

Don't miss this exciting value! Get Evening in Paris Summer Symphony: regular $1.00 size Eau de Cologne and regular 65¢ Talcum—both for the price of the Cologne alone!

*Your Evening in Paris is compounded in the U.S.A. from the same French formula that makes Evening in Paris the largest-selling fragrance in France.

Madame Henri Dewavrin, beautiful Parisian socialite, duplicates the scent of her favorite perfume with Evening in Paris Talcum after her bath. "I would not consider my toilette complete," she says, "if I did not first smooth on this soft, beautifully fragrant powder."

Comtesse Edouard de Segonzac, great-grandniece of the immortal Chopin, uses sparkling, cooling Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne on warm summer days to surround herself with the world's most popular fragrance. With it, she scents her shampoo, her bath—even her closets.

(Continued from page 26)

✓ 1/2 (A) One Way Street (U-I)

James Mason and Marta Toren are the stars of this gangster film which allows Mason to be his old menacing self, that is, until regeneration sets in.

Mason portrays an illegal doctor who is hired by Dan Duryea and his gang of unpleasant mobsters to fix up their wounds, knife and bullet. Marta is Dan's girl, but she has a yen for the smooth, suave little doctor. So it's okay with Marta when the doc outwits the mob and takes off to Mexico with a bag of instruments, a bag of loot and her. On their way to Mexico City the plane makes an emergency landing near the tiny village of Tolutlan, where they are befriended by Basil Ruysdael, a wise and kindly priest.

Marta and Mason begin to regret the old days, and the old ways. In a thrilling climax they return to the States to return the money to Dan, and get married. But the mob is waiting for them.

Your Reviewer Says: If you crave violence.

✓ (F) Trigger Jr. (Republic)

One of Roy Rogers' most popular films was "The Golden Stallion." This one is guaranteed to equal it in popularity.

Roy takes his Western show to the ranch of a former circus man for winter quartering, and immediately gets involved in running down a crazed killer stallion. This leads to tangling with the crooks responsible for letting loose this four-legged devil as part of a scheme to scare honest ranchers into accepting their "protection." Before Roy has cleared the range there are two mighty death battles between a killer stallion and Trigger and Trigger Jr.

In the supporting cast are Dale Evans, Peter Miles, Grant Withers, Pat Brady.

Your Reviewer Says: Will make you Trigger-happy.

✓ (F) Sierra (U-I)

Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy are the stars of this rather dull Western. They run second to the magnificent Technicolor scenery.

Audie has been hiding out in the High Sierras with his dad, Dean Jagger, for fifteen years. Dean is supposed to have murdered his partner and no one believes he is innocent except his son, and their one friend, mountaineer minstrel Burl Ives. Wanda, a young lady lawyer, gets lost in the mountains and stumbles into their hide-out. Audie is "gin the law" and Wanda complicates his life considerably. Naturally there are the usual horse thieves, fights, jail breaks, sheriff's posse, and happy ending.

Your Reviewer Says: The scenery's pretty.

✓ 1/2 (A) Under My Skin (20th Century-Fox)

Based on Ernest Hemingway's short story, "My Old Man," about a crooked jockey and his adoring son, this picture is action-packed, with an exciting European race track background, and yet, at the same time, is warm and human. Jockey, the unscrupulous jockey, bartered from American tracks, John Garfield is perfectly cast. His motherless kid, Orley Lindgren, thinks his old man a hero, and dreams of going back to America. The hero, up at the end of shady deals he has pulled, and a powerful racketeer, Luther Adler, demands that he throw the Grand Prix race or else. But John is riding the kid's horse in that race, and he decides not to go along with the fix.
Micheline Prelle, as the French girl who falls in love with John, is extremely good. Playing a night club entertainer, she has a chance to sing several low-voiced, sexy songs.

Your Reviewer Says: Horse racing with a heart-tug.

\( \frac{3}{2} \) (A) The Secret Fury (RKO)
Claudette Colbert and Robert Ryan are the stars of this first class thriller which works itself up to a real goose-pimplly climax. Mel Ferrer, who was such a good actor in "Lost Boundaries," proves that he is also a good director and accomplishes some very neat suspense tricks.

Claudette and Robert are on the verge of being married when a strange man interrupts the ceremony by announcing that Claudette is already married. Claudette knows that she isn't, but before they get through with her she is also accused of murder. When she breaks down emotionally she is put away in an insane asylum. Robert starts doing a little detective work on his own. What he discovers will bring on those goose pimples.

In top form in the supporting cast are Jane Cowl, Paul Kelly, Philip Ober, Elizabeth Risdon and Doris Dudley.

Your Reviewer Says: Tantalizes with terror.

\( \frac{3}{2} \) (F) The Vicious Years
(Emerald-Film Classics)
An American producer, Anson Bond, invades the domain of the Italian Rossellini and De Sica in this drama of a derelict boy's search for a home and love in post-war Italy. Mr. Bond comes off with flying colors.

Tommy Cook gives a fine performance as a street urchin who uses his eyewitness knowledge of a murder, committed by Gar Moore, to force his way into the latter's well-to-do home. The boy's life as a feared interloper in that home, his gradual awakening to long-stifled hunger for understanding and affection, makes for poignant drama.

Eduard Franz plays the head of the house and Sybil Merritt, Anthony Ross and Marjorie Eaton add conviction. So you wanted an off-the-beaten-path picture? Well, this is it.

Your Reviewer Says: Take an extra handkerchief.

Best Pictures of the Month
"Annie Get Your Gun"
"The Reformer and the Redhead"

Best Performances of the Month
Betty Hutton, Howard Keel, J. Carroll Naish in "Annie Get Your Gun"
Donald O'Connor, Walter Brennan in "Curtain Call at Cactus Creek"
June Allyson in "The Reformer and the Redhead"
Robert Walker in "The Skipper Surprised His Wife"
Orley Lindgren in "Under My Skin"
Tommy Cook in "The Vicious Years"

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents

For a lovelier wave in every way, use Richard Hudnut for your next home permanent. Its gentler, more penetrating creme waving lotion is faster acting, yet actually leaves hair springier, stronger...less apt to break, than most other home permanent wave lotions.

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Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights
The new-shape overskirt ... news because of its extravagant draping. Designed with one idea in mind ... to lend silhouette drama to a little slip-of-a-dress.

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Same number of fine napkins. Same price. Regular, Junior, and Super Modess sizes.

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

(F) Comanche Territory (U-I)

IT'S Indians you like, this Technicolor film is right down your tepee.

President Andrew Jackson sends Jim Bowie, the trail-blazing western pioneer who introduced the famous Bowie knife to the last American frontier, on a mission into Comanche territory to effect a treaty with the Indians. Macdonald Carey plays the rugged Bowie. In Crooked Tongue, he meets Maureen O'Hara, who is the operator of the town's saloon, and falls in love with her. When they are captured by the Indians he has a chance to show his prowess with his hunting knife.

Pedro de Cordoba is Quintana, head man of the Comanches, and Rick Vallin is warrior Pakanah, who learns to his sorrow about the Bowie knife.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's play cowboys and Indians.

(E) Jiggs and Maggie out West (Monogram)

THOSE two zany characters of the comics Jiggs and Maggie, portrayed on the screen by Joe Yule and Renie Riano, find themselves in some funny situations when they go to the ghost town of Gouger Gulch to claim mining property they have inherited.

Right away, of course, there's a lot of a-feudin' and a-fussin' with rival claimants, headed by Jim Bannon and Riley Hill. But as soon as Riley lays eyes on Renie's beautiful daughter, June Harrison, he stops pressing his claim and starts pressing his suit, romance that is.

Your Reviewer Says: Comic-strip cut-up.

**Cast of Current Pictures**

**ANNE GET YOUR GUN**—M-G-M: Ann Oakley, Betty Hutton, Frank Butler, Howard Keel; Buffalo Bill, Louis Calhern, Patrice Bill, Edward Arnold; Charlie Davenport, Keenan Wynn; Sitting Bull, J. Carroll Nash; Foster Wilson, Chilton Sundberg; Dolly Tate, Betsy Venute.


**BIG LIFT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Danny MacCullough, Montgomery Clift, Hank, Paul Douglas; Fredericks, Cornell Borchers; Gerda, Brum Lobel; Sticher, O. P. Hasse; Private, Donny Davenport; and members of the U. S. Air Force in Berlin.

**CAPTURE, THE**—RKO: Van, Lew Ayres; Ellen, Teresa Wright; Father Gomez, Victor Jory; Tex, Edwin Rand; Lou, Jacqueline White; Mike, Tim Hunt; Mahoney, Barry Kelley; Carbo, Duncan Renaldo; John, William Bakewell; Tim Man, Milton Parsons; Joan, Frank Matti, Field, Felipe Turchi.

**COMANCHE TERRITORY**—U-I: Jim Bannon, Macdonald Carey, Mae Howard, Maureen O'Hara; Daniel Seeger, Will Geer; Osawamo, Pedro de Cordoba; Stacey Howard, Charles Drake; Booster, Farley Baer; Joe Walsh, Ian MacDonald; Pakanah, Rick Vallin; Hanchman, James Best; Hanchman, Glenn Strange.

**CURTAIN CALL AT CACTUS CREEK**—U-I: Edward Timmons, Denise Duval; Jake Martini, Gale Storm; Riesbeck, Walter Brennan; Lila Martin, Eve Arden, Tracy Holland, Vincent Price; Ralph, Chick Chandler; Jake, Joe Sawyer; Yellowstone, Rex Lease; Pecos, George Lewis; Marshal Clay, Harry Shannon.

**HIGGS AND MAGGIE OUT WEST**—Monogram: Yipes, Joe Yule; Maine, Renia Riano; George McManus, George McManus; Dixy Moore, Tim Ryan; Snake Bae, Jim Hannon; Bob Carter, Ripley Hall; Dumas, Pat Goldin; Nora, June Harrison; "Bomber," Henry Kulkowich; Cyclone, Terry Mcinnis.

**ONE WAY STREET**—U-I: Joe Matson, James Mason; Laura, Marta Toren; Wheeler, Dan Duryea; Crocker, Gene Donovan; Annie, Jack Elam; Hank Torres, Tito Renoal; Father Moreno, Basil Rathbone; Fratricide Moralee, Rodolfo Antonio; Antonio Moral; Margarita Luna; Capt. Rodrigues, George Lewis; Catherine, Emma Roldan; Santiago, Robert Espinosa; Blass, Jose Dominguez; Juanita, Julia Montoya.

**MOVIES**—FINE ENTERTAINMENT AT LOW COST
Here's the Only Shampoo Guaranteed Not to Rob Hair of its Natural Oils

New, Improved Shasta doesn't destroy precious, natural oils your hair must have to be naturally soft, shiny, healthy.
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THESE THREE STOOD ALONE IN GLORY!

The fate of the great Southwest lay in their hands, for this was the hour of decision in the last and deadliest of the Indian Wars... A story true as the arrow's aim, powerful as the love that wed a white man to an Indian girl.

James Stewart

BROKEN ARROW

Color by TECHNICOLOR

with JEFF CHANDLER • DEBRA PAGET

Directed by DELMER DAVES • JULIAN BLAUSTEI

Produced by Screen Play by Michael Blankfort* Based on the Novel "Blood Brother" by Elliott Arnold

James Stewart

Debra Paget

Jeff Chandler

Joyce MacKenzie

Stewart as Tom Jeffords... who dared the red man's vengeance — the white man's scorn.

Paget as Sonseeahray... whose soft lips answered a white man's search for love.

Chandler as Cochise... most blood-thirsty of Apaches, who took a white man for his "blood brother."

MacKenzie as Terry Wilson... she waited alone in Tucson, and lost—to an Indian girl.
June is for romance

HOLLYWOOD's gone on a romance bender that's a beaut. Maybe Liz Taylor began it all by deciding to become the year's most beautiful bride, or maybe it's just virus Cupid in a worse epidemic than usual for this time of the year.

Photoplay, itself, has succumbed. Beginning with the bridal cover of Liz, the editors have outdone themselves in stories and pictures romantic. Dash a little Chanel # 5 behind your ears and take a quick skim through. Smell those orange blossoms?

Not even cynic Cal York escaped. Inspired, Cal took a day off from "Inside Stuff" and listed the current couples making with dreams. Then decided to have some fun and after each twosome stated his prediction, true love or false start. The editors want you to share the fun and herewith print Cal's dope sheet on Cupid.

"Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross: Marriage definitely (last obstacle—final settlement of his divorce from Jean Arthur).
Betty Hutton and Robert Sterling: 40 to 1 shot.
Doris Day and Marty Melcher: A cinch to be hearing Lohengrin.
Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer: Yes, if you're in a gambling mood. Cal says maybe, at best.
Kirk Douglas and Irene Wrightsman: Not enough dates to show true form.
Shelley Winters and Farley Granger: Nope.
Howard Duff and Marta Toren: Give it another thirty days at most.
Bob Stack and Evelyn Keyes: Bob will still be eligible same time, same station next year.
Errol Flynn and Princess Ghika: Errol's the marrying kind."

Now pardon your editors while they make sure that the wedding of press and type is a happy one.

Trud Sammis
When Bergman got the idea Hollywood was wrong for her, she was headed for trouble.

I

N Hollywood, recently, if you mentioned Ava Gardner and Frankie Sinatra in the same romantic breath you were made to feel as if you, not Ava and Frankie, had acted in bad taste.

The film colony is as defensive as it should be about the headlines that have been splashed across the press of the world during the last twelve months . . . Robert Mitchum . . . Margaret O'Brien . . . Rita Hayworth . . . Shirley Temple . . . Ingrid Bergman . . . Gardner and Sinatra . . .

And they should be defensive. The studios train the young men and women they sign to contracts for their work in the studios. But that is all. They give them no training whatsoever for the social responsibility, the temptations and the spotlighted existence they inevitably must know. Which leads me to marvel that more stars don't come croppers. Which leads me to wonder how well I would have conducted myself if, at Ava Gardner's age, say, (Continued on page 100)
Hollywood has headline jitters. With reason. This famous woman suggests a simple way for the studios to save the stars from themselves.

Scandalous!
by Elsa Maxwell

Mention Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner and Hollywood frowns with displeasure. A 1949 candid shot of them with Marilyn Maxwell and Shelley Winters at Hollywood charity baseball game.

Shirley Temple's divorce from John Agar was startling—but not as startling as the testimony she gave in court.

Margaret O'Brien's acting rated public applause—until she made that headline play at her mother's wedding.
O

Love is breathtakingly fair
Along the contour of her hair;
And Love has yet a fairer prize
Within the lustre of her eyes.
In miracles of fire-blown ashes
Love stirs upon her inky lashes;
Upon the wonder of her lips,
Her neck, her shoulders, finger tips.

To this her wedding day belong
A special wish, a special song
Of her enchantment and her laughter,
In this bright hour and ever after,
Her strength, her eagerness of heart
Which Love proclaims and sets apart.
O, may they follow on life's quest
With all that's beautiful and best!

CATHERINE HAYDON JACOBS
At five o'clock on Saturday, the sixth of May, just before the spring day slipped quietly into dusk, Elizabeth Taylor walked down the aisle of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills on the arm of her father, Francis Taylor, to marry Conrad Nicholson Hilton Jr. in a beautiful and solemn Catholic ceremony!

Liz wore a white satin gown trimmed with white seed pearls. And a long tulle veil hung over her blue-black hair. Her studio, M-G-M, gave her the wedding gown, a creation of Helen Rose, head studio designer.

Her maid of honor was Ann Westmore, daughter of Wally of the famed House of Westmore, with whom Elizabeth grew up. Ann wore pale green taffeta and carried lilies and daffodils. The bridesmaids, Jane Powell, Marjorie Dillon, Barbara Thompson, and Mrs. Baron Hilton (wife of Nicky’s brother), wore yellow taffeta, thus carrying out the young spring motif.

“I want my wedding to be gay,” Elizabeth told me.

Nicky’s brother Baron was the best man and the ushers (Continued on page 103)

Liz's mother and Nick's father cut in on the newlyweds—but it's all in fun on the dance floor.

A reporter who has known Liz most of her short, exciting life asks the questions you want to know and gives the answers that came straight from Liz's eighteen-year-old heart.

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS
A Hollywood dress rehearsal for the romantic time ahead when you make that permanent date with the man you love

here comes the Bride

FOR a bride: A wedding gown, worn by Janet Leigh, of ice-pink satin, with demure high neck, romantic skirt-train. Lace coronet is embroidered in rhinestones. Bouquet is symphony of pink and white. For bedtime beauty, Ava Gardner's peignoir of beige nylon net with pink satin yoke appliqued with lilies of the valley, worn over beige halter-neck crepe gown. For starlit evenings, the dress Jane Wyman wore at Photoplay's Gold Medal dinner. Sprays of pink organza roses, pink linen dogwood blossoms follow the graceful lines of the seven-layered skirt of pink organza over white. For play times, Jeanne Crain's white linen shorts and bra banded in red, topped with a pert red capelet. For sightseeing, Pat Neal's putty-colored flannel dress, with peg-top skirt, the bolero in a shadow plaid of red and tan. To this trousseau add one happy bridegroom—and have a perfect honeymoon.

JUNE IS FOR ROMANCE

"People . . . are likely to pity themselves," says June. Once, June's apartment held too many memories. Now the sense of John's presence brings comfort. She's in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady"

June Haver will not enter a convent.

Nor will she marry her good friend Joe Campbell. In the six months since Dr. John Duzik died, she has found other ways to ease her loss
JUNE found the card two days after John died, in a book about golfing. Memory slipped back to the sunny day long ago when he'd seen her off on a plane to New York. He'd brought her an orchid which she'd pinned to her coat, and the book. As she picked it up now, it fell open and there lay the card:

"To June, a sweet swinger. Keep swinging."

Her breath caught. This was what John would have said, had he been here. This was like a little miracle. Else why should her hands have fallen on just this book, and why should the card have lain there untouched through the years? To June, it was a message from John as clearly as though he'd spoken. She took the card, and folded it between the pages of her prayerbook.

Sorrow comes to us all. For a girl so young, June's had her goodly share. Yet she's been granted a faith so pure and singlehearted that sorrow has come hand-in-hand with the courage to meet life on its own terms.

"When people lose someone they love," she says quietly, "they're likely to pity themselves. Why did this have to happen, they ask. You're not supposed to ask why. Someday that question will be answered, but not here and now. Here and now you've got to (Continued on page 91)
"Some of us are afraid of sex but most of us are more afraid of being called 'different'." The things this young star says about the problems of the teens are as unusual as she is.
HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST

LOVE STORY

BY RUTH WATERBURY

JUNE IS FOR ROMANCE
It began with a blind date and almost ended with a red-headed tantrum.

Can you guess whose story this is—before you come to the happy ending?

It was a day in late May in Southern California, and whisper this gently so that the Chamber of Commerce won't hear you, but May days in this boastful neck of the woods are more apt than not to be perfectly horrible.

This particular May day in 1937 was horrible, and then some. A woolly fog that dripped off the trees and shrouded out the hills hung tight to the ground. It was as chilly as a banker's smile and the handsome man, driving down Hollywood Boulevard in his opulent car, felt it was a day that exactly matched his mood.

He despised himself for being in such a mood. Because he was intelligent, he knew that he had everything a man could desire, with one exception. He had health and he had wealth. He owned a beautiful ranch and a magnificent yacht. He had a town house and a beach house and a mountain lodge. He had fame and he worked almost as much as he wanted to.

The exception was that little thing that plagues all romantics. He wasn't in love. The evidence lay in the divorce records that he was a failure at love. On screen and off, he typified what is known as a "man's man." He loved outdoor life, hunting, fishing, riding. When he chose, he could drink any man he had ever met under the table and still be able to drive home safely. Everyone called him a great sport, a fine mixer. But, in his secret heart, he knew anything he ever did, whether it was merely drinking a cup of coffee or extravagantly taking his yacht to some distant island, was meaningless unless he shared the experience with a girl. A beautiful, exciting girl.

"Hi, boy, how about a drink?"

His manager's voice, calling from curbside, shook Bill from his uncomfortable reverie. "That's the best offer I've had all day," he called back. "Meet (Continued on page 86)
Hollywood tells this one on itself, with Gloria Swanson as the forgotten star she never became.

In "SUNSET BOULEVARD" the Brackett and Wilder team use Hollywood's studios, pools and boulevards for its stage. Its stars, directors and producers are their characters.

Gloria Swanson, who returns to the screen after a nine years' absence, plays a great star of the silent screen who lives completely in her past. Hollywood is toasting Gloria's comeback. Her company did, too, when the picture was shooting. She helped Edith Head design her leopard-skin sarong. And when Bill Holden rebelled at spending hours with a dance instructor, she taught him the tango in three minutes. She presented one problem. She admits to being fifty-one, but had to be "grayed" so she wouldn't photograph thirty-five.
Norma (Gloria Swanson) meets struggling writer Joe Gillis (William Holden), hires him to prepare the script for her anticipated screen comeback and insists he be her house guest.

Misinterpreting a phone message, Norma goes to Cecil B. De Mille, certain he wants to direct her in comeback. De Mille can't bring himself to tell her he only wanted to rent her old car.

Tormented by Norma's jealousy, Joe leaves her house. At New Year's Eve party, he's attracted to Betty Schaefer (Nancy Olson). Norma's attempt at suicide brings him back.

Norma, discovering Joe loves Betty, calls her, suggests she find out how Joe lives. Joe, overhearing, asks Betty to the house, denounces himself, and then turns on Norma.

The next morning Joe's body is found in swimming pool; Norma's mind is gone. Only through butler (Erich Von Stroheim) do police fit together the pieces, close the case.
That's Hollywood For You
by Sidney Skolsky

That man is here again. What does it matter if he shatters a few illusions—he pays off double in laughs
I DON'T KNOW a movie actress who is both sexy and flat-chested. At least, not when the wardrobe department gets finished with her. Jane Russell, Lana Turner and Denise Darcel are the foremost examples that prove you can't improve on nature. . . . Van Johnson means well, but he should quit being awed by movie stars and it's time he resigned from the Joan Crawford Fan Club. . . . I think "Stromboli" is the classic proof that "the picture's the thing," for no picture ever received more publicity. But the public didn't flock to it as expected because it's a dull dish. . . . Vera-Ellen, after her dances in "On the Town," became my favorite female hoofer. She can dance for me whenever she wants to. . . . The movies are a fake! Kirk Douglas can't toot a horn well enough to get Betty Grable's attention. Yet the movies did force Larry Parks to become a singer, although he has yet to sing on the screen. He makes records with Betty Garrett, the wife. . . . Marie Wilson was telling her husband Allan Nixon about a party he had missed. "It was just wonderful," she said. "Everybody in the room was there!"

* * *

I hope I'm not busting any illusions, but Vic Damone's name is almost as new as his nose. His real name is Farinola. . . . Cary Grant, I'll have you know, goes on movie jags. He and Betsy Drake often settle down in the living room at five in the afternoon and keep running pictures until one o'clock in the morning. Food is served to them during the session. Cary swears he never has a celluloid hangover. . . . I'll admit that Elizabeth Taylor is gorgeous, breath-taking, a genuine beauty and anything else superlative you have to say about her looks. But to me, Linda Darnell is sexier. If that be treason, make the most of it. . . . Fred Allen gets more cynical than usual when visiting movietown. Recently, he defined an associate producer as the only guy who will associate with a producer. . . . I can't think of an actress who is more actressy off the (Continued on page 88)
THE CROSBY

BY BOB THOMAS

It's time to explode a few truths about Bing.

Here's a story that gets closer to the crooner than any you've read yet

SCENE ONE: The set of "Riding High." Bing Crosby, who has just finished a movie shot, walks past a reporter who has been waiting for him.

"Hi, Bing," hails the reporter. "What are you doing this summer?"

"Not much," answers Crosby coldly and, without another word, he walks away.

Scene two: The set of "Mr. Music" several months later. Crosby, on the sidelines, is greeted by the same reporter.

"Hi, Bing."

"Hi! Nice to see you again!" The crooner then answers many questions about his sons, his pictures and his future plans, completely charming the reporter.

Reporters have good reasons for returning a second time in spite of any brush-off. 1. Crosby, still the top man in Hollywood, cannot be ignored; 2. They have learned to expect his unorthodox behavior.

Anyone who has observed Bing at close range for any length of time can see why he reaps so much bad publicity. There is, generally, a mistaken notion of what the man is really like. Too many people, identifying Bing with the characters he plays, think of him as a gay, (Continued on page 95)
Mary Lou Van Ness, secretary to Paramount stars, was showered with gifts from the Alan Ladds, Crosby and others. Left, Paramount hairdresser Nellie Manley, Mary, Liz Scott, Diana Lynn, Marjorie and Mrs. George Volk, relatives of the groom.

SHOWERS...

followed by a wedding

by Kay Mulvey

Mary Lou Van Ness’s engagement was the signal for her star bosses to begin a series of surprises that ended with the honeymoon.
Hostesses Diana and Liz prepare the punch. Diana gave Mary two sets of pink sheets and pillowcases—Liz, a lovely seascape.

Highlight of the buffet supper table was the centerpiece designed by Diana and Liz—a stage set with tiny actors.

One of the loveliest showers in Hollywood, this spring, was given by Diana Lynn and Lizabeth Scott for their good friend and secretary Mary Lou Van Ness. Mary Lou has a Hollywood dream job. She’s secretary to all the stars at Paramount—they call her “Miss Indispensable.”

Her office, a dressing-room apartment just like a star’s, is situated between the dressing rooms of Bing Crosby and Betty Hutton. One of Mary Lou’s duties is to know, at all times, exactly where every actor on the lot can be located. She must know, too, when they have wardrobe fittings, any changes that have been made in their scripts, when their next picture starts, their anniversaries, the audience reaction at a sneak preview . . . she even shops for the stars.

Nine years, now, she’s had this post which she created for herself when she went to the studio head, Harry Ginsberg, and convinced him that there was a desperate need for just such a position.

(Continued on page 94)

Wedding reception at Eaton’s ranch: Left, Gail Russell, Guy Madison, groom Lee Fredericks, Mary, the Alan Ladds, Wanda Hendrix.

Bob Hope’s home in Palm Springs, which he turned over to the newlyweds for their honeymoon stay.
According to the teen-agers, Farley Granger couldn't be himself without Shelley Winters. Smith

What Howard Duff had to say when he called Ava Gardner had party-line neighbors hanging on to their receivers. Fink and Smith

Romantic behaviour that keeps Cupid guessing and has Sheilah wondering—about that funny thing they call love

Falling in love is Hollywood's most amusing pastime—as I'm sure it is in Cuca-monga, Oshkosh and points North, East and South. The big difference is that when they make love in Hollywood, the kiss is heard around the world. The laughter, too, sometimes.

Love, like everything with Joan Crawford, is a Great Production. She plays all notes—and crescendo, never sotto voce. That's probably why she stayed in love with Gregson Bautzer so long. Greg has a flair for the dramatic. After one quarrel, I'm told, when Joan proudly told Greg to go and never come back, he did not return until the following evening. He scaled the back-yard fence. He stormed into the house, excited, his hands bleeding. (Continued on page 98)

It was all in fun for Olivia de Havilland—but not for John Huston. Engstead
love stories
by Sheilah Graham

Hedy Lamarr feels ill if she isn’t running a high romance temperature!

Premarriage love larks of Jennifer Jones, David Selznick were expensive

Betty Hutton’s sense of humor wasn’t appreciated by the admirer at her door

JUNE IS FOR ROMANCE
Nestling against the mountains, Alisal Ranch fades to miniature scale as early-morning riders, headed by John Derek and John Lindsay, start off on brisk canter through the countryside.

John Derek, an expert rider, is in "The Secret" No dogs allowed! John Lindsay and wife Diana Lynn and John and Patti Derek hitch a ride in the ranch truck Breakfast in the open is good after eight miles of hard riding.
Hollywood hits the trail for Alisal Ranch where cowboys rule the range and the first riders go out at dawn.

When the John Dereks want to get away from it all they head for Alisal Ranch. Here they meet friends like the John Lindsays (Diana Lynn). Here they forget their cares. John and Patti, who like to stay in one of Alisal's guest bungalows, never miss an early morning ride. And with thousands of acres to explore, they come back with appetites bigger than the cowpunchers'. Alisal is a working ranch, with nearly four thousand head of cattle and stables of over a hundred horses. The Alisal brand still is JRC, the initials of actor Leo Carrillo's great-great-grandfather, the original owner. It's fun, Western style, that keeps Hollywood riding Alisal's trails.

Riding isn't the only thing that keeps guests going. John Lindsay, the John Dereks try some shuffleboard. Handsome, soft-spoken cowboys join the guests at night for square dancing in the huge recreation hall.
DAY

BY HERB HOWE

She's freckled and fun and falls in love like crazy. She's Doris Day, who believes in singing those blues away.

“Life’s too short to dwell on heartaches,” says Doris, whose next film is “Storm Center.”

Doris, with her mother and son Terry, calls their kitchen the Grand Central Terminal.

NATURE’S child with a champagne voice, fizzing, spontaneous and wholesome, Doris Day has the vital charm that drives men nature-minded.

She's got Bop Hope so nature-minded he's picking wildflowers. He went hippety-hopping alongside his car after the apple festival parade at Winchester, gathering blossoms for Doris.

“Gee, they are so beautiful, so wonderful, and to think I never noticed till you kept sounding off,” Bob burbled.

Well, gee, just looking at Doris in her sun suit gets a man nature-minded. She's so with everything. She makes men want to pick the little wildflower. She's got two wedding rings to show they do.

When a blonde with a couple of wedding rings advises a gentleman against marrying too hastily for (Continued on page 73)
Summer sorcery

by Edith Gwynn

Gene Tierney of “Night and the City” drapes stole of the yellow, brown and navy batik sun dress over one shoulder.

Arlene Dahl of “Three Little Words” makes an enchanting picture at home in an Amelia Grey dinner dress of finely ribbed silk in Chinese green-blue. Gold braid edges full skirt panels. Simple blouse falls into a soft cowl at the back.
Midday, matinee, midnight magic—Hollywood’s best-dressed go softly feminine in this season of romance

**Cool and charming is yellow chintz square dance dress worn by Wanda Hendrix of “Sierra.” Waist is elasticized. Skirt ruffles match cute cap sleeves.**

Loretta Young of “Key to the City” makes a dreamy entrance in an Irene dress of white net over white taffeta slip. Skirt panels, bodice and draped neckline, ending in a scarf, are of pale blue taffeta.

**WELL, kiddies, this is one month when there’s absolutely no question as to what was the party. It was the luncheon Charles Brackett, just about the finest producer-writer in our town, threw under the massive old sycamore trees in his “back yard.” (You should have such a back yard!) It was in honor of “The Beard”—meaning Monty Woolley, a visitor for that week. But most of Charlie’s guests won’t be beard-age for a long time. Anne Baxter and John Hodiak were telling the Ray Millands about the litter of six pups their sheep dog had presented that morning; and John Lund didn’t seem to worry about “two careers in the family” when his attractive wife Marie gabbed with Nunnally Johnson, Joan Fontaine and her new (Continued on page 90)**
Happiness, says Betty Garrett, is a great boon to beauty. But nature being what it is, you have to give it an assist.
Lucille Ball taught Betty to look lovely with curlers
No man likes to be reminded of beauty tricks. This, Betty learned on all her honeymoons with husband, Larry Parks
She used to dine on lipstick, now keeps it in its place

Betty Garrett and Larry Parks, as everyone knows, were separated so often when they were first married that many odd things happened. Betty tells how Larry once flew East to stay a few days with Betty and her mother. When a reporter called one evening, Betty's mother announced, "Miss Garrett can't come to the phone. Miss Garrett and Mr. Parks are in bed."

These separations had one advantage. Every time Larry came to New York where Betty was playing on Broadway, there never was a time when he saw his bride looking less than her most glamorous self.

Now these separations are a thing of the past. But still the honeymoon isn't over, as far as Betty's appearance is (Continued on page 71)

Combining good sense with your beauty routine will keep you looking lovely—and him wondering how you get that way

Secret

by Anita Colby

Photoplay's beauty editor and adviser to the stars
WE SAVED

Our Marriage

BY DONALD O'CONNOR

The O'Connors with daughter Donna. Gwen and Donald have faced the fact that they have a lot of growing-up to do together.
People too often fight harder for a job, their rights or a romance than for their marriage. The Donald O'Connors were different.

MY WIFE Gwen and I celebrated our sixth wedding anniversary 6000 miles apart. I was in Berlin, entertaining occupation troops in connection with the premiere of my new picture, "Francis," and Gwen was keeping the home fires burning in Hollywood.

Gwen had wanted desperately to make the trip with me, and I wanted her to go, but we had decided that it would be unfair to our three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Donna, to risk both of her parents' necks at once in an eighteen-day, winter-weather 18,000 mile flying junket which could be dangerous.

That was something relatively new for us, figuring out a problem in terms bigger than our own selfish wishes, and probably had something to do with the fact that we felt surer of one another, and were more deeply committed to our marriage on this anniversary (Continued on page 108)
A fairy tale comes to enchanted life in
Walt Disney's "Cinderella"

Now everyone knows the story
Of Cinderella, poor lass,
Who became a prince's bride
Because of a slipper of glass.

But history, sad to relate,
Forgot the real heroes, who
Gave Cinderella her chance
To try on the magic shoe.

Though her life was cruelly hard
(her stepmother was far from nice)
Cinderella was greatly beloved
By the birds and household mice,

Who for her sake braved the danger
Of meeting the household pest,
A demon cat named Lucifer
Who chased them with evil zest.

When the invitations came
To attend the palace ball
It was brave Gus Gus and Jaq
Who answered her desperate call.

With the aid of their mousey clan
And the birds round the old chateau
They whipped up a wondrous dress
(It took but a minute to sew).

But when they saw Cinderella,
Her step sisters lost their heads!
Spying their cast-off ribbons,
They tore her dress to shreds.

The mice and dog Bruno grieved
To see Cinderella's plight
When lo, her fairy godmother
Appeared in the pale moonlight.

With a wave of her magic wand,
A pumpkin a coach became,
The mice changed to horses white
Even Bruno wasn't the same!

He changed to a footman grand
And Cinderella's torn dress
Became, with a wave of the wand,
A magnificent gown, no less.

No one, in all the kingdom
Was fairer that night than she
And the prince at once chose her
As his lovely bride-to-be.

Twelve o'clock came all too soon,
The fateful hour when
The magic spell would break
And she'd be in rags again.

In fright Cinderella fled,
Losing her little glass shoe.
To the frantic prince who followed,
It was the only clue... To the girl he'd sworn to wed.
And so it came to pass
That a search began for the maid
Who could wear the slipper of glass.

When they reached the old chateau,
Poor Cinderella, alas,
Was a prisoner in her room.
But to her rescue came Jaq—

Aided by Gus Gus and Bruno,
He freed her in time to show
That hers was the only foot
On which the slipper would go.

And so to the palace she went
To reign as a royal bride
With Prince Charming and—of course,
The birds and mice at her side!
Are you in the know?

After Graduation . . . what?

☐ A career
☐ A profession
☐ The Life of Riley

You sneer that sheepskin—and then, what happens? If you check the first two answers above, you're showing sharp headwork. And if you choose nursing for your career, you're headed toward a fascinating future—toward security, for life, in a really great profession!

Dr. Kilblare's Calling . . . You

Are you at least 17 years old? Healthy? Willing to work? Resourceful? Do you like people? It takes all this and special knowledge (the kind you get through special training) to be a registered nurse. And it's so worthwhile! For your skilled “know-how”—your heart, your hands—are needed in the health field, today more than ever.

Your Future's Secure

Yes, once you're an “R.N.” you have scores of colorful, lifetime jobs to choose from. In a hospital, for instance; or in public health. In education. In private practice. You may be an industrial health nurse—an airline hostess—or choose a position with a railroad, a steamship line. Fact is, almost anywhere in the U.S.A. and the big wide world, the welcome mat's out—for you, when you're a registered professional nurse!

Get ALL The Answers

Get full details about nursing schools, tuition fees (many schools have scholarships and loan funds for student nurses) job opportunities . . . everything you want to know. Right away, send the coupon below, and you may be started on that dream-career—one you'll never regret!

Committee on Careers in Nursing
1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.
Please send me, without obligation, complete details about a nursing career.

Name

Address

City State

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
When Shelley Winters (star of "Winchester '73") was working as an eight-dollar-a-week usherette on Broadway, she used to dream of the wonderful food she'd eat when she was rich and famous . . .

There was a time when Shelley, broke, lived on juice and coffee—courtesy of her friends.

Cocktail parties were lifesavers. One time a guest watching her raid the hors d'oeuvres, suggested . . .

... dinner and the theater. At intermission, he gave her money for the powder-room maid. She spent it on candy.

"MAKE MINE STEAK!"

After the theater they went on to Sardi's Restaurant. Shelley didn't need the menu—she knew what she wanted.

"HOW CLOSE CAN YOU GET TO STARVING!"

Now she's rich and famous—and still starving. Poor Shelley! Her studio has her on a reducing diet.
Keep It Secret

(Continued from page 65) concerned.

Happiness, says Betty, is a great boon to looking beautiful. But nature being what it is, you have to give it an assist. A man gets quite a jolt the first time he sees the girl of his dreams with her hair in curlers and her face smeared with cold cream. "Spare the poor man this shock," she says. "You don't have to go to bed with cold cream messing up your face, not to mention your pillow. Some time during the afternoon, while your husband is at the office, or out playing golf, put on your cold cream so it can lubricate your skin for an hour or two.

"No man," emphasizes Betty, "likes to be reminded of beauty tricks. He'd rather not see you messing around with cold cream. It is a smart girl who continues to do her beautifying in private after she promises to love, honor and keep down the bills."

Betty knows a girl who was so anxious to appear at her best whenever her bridge-man's eyes were upon her that she solemnly hid a powder puff and a comb under her pillow every night and told her mental alarm clock to wake her up early in order that she might use them before being seen. In this way she avoided that early-morning "fright wig" appearance.

Betty has straight hair, has to have a permanent occasionally, and three times a week puts her hair up in curls with bobby-pins. This doesn't have to be done at night necessarily. If she pins it up in the daytime she ties tulle around her head—and most becoming, too. Lucille Ball introduced her to this tulle gimp-stick. You can even go to market with your bobby-pins concealed by tulle.

Larry, like most men, doesn't like to be seen in public with a girl who is always thinking about her make-up and her hair. "However," says Betty, "every girl knows she definitely does not look her best with a shiny nose and a mouth from which the lipstick has reeded to the outer rim. And every girl also knows that hot food and drink are apt to make the most carefully lipsticked mouth look awful. But most men don't like to see us pulling out compacts and lipsticks in restaurants and public places."

What to do? Oh my, what strength of mind it takes for a girl to remain unmoved and keep a charming hold on the conversation when she's worried about the way she looks.

The best answer to the problem seems to be to put on make-up so well and carefully, in the first place, that it will withstand a fair amount of sociability. Be stingy with powder foundation. A very little bit goes a long way. Too much will cause your powder to cake after a short time and also will increase the tendency to perspire. Before you apply powder always rub a tissue gently over your face to remove surplus foundation. Powder generously and then brush off what will come off. After that you can be pretty sure your nose will stay well-groomed.

Lipstick isn't so amenable. It does eat off. Betty used to cope with that problem by not putting it on too heavily when she knew she had some eating to do. But, recently, she has discovered a lipstick that doesn't come off! "I've always had trouble with lipstick," she admits. "I get it on my teeth, nose, checkers—maybe my face is too rubbery. I eat it off with the first bite." Now she puts on her new lipstick, allows it to "set" fifteen minutes, then wipes most of it off. And it stays forever, she claims. "Very handy," says Betty, "for those kissing scenes in pictures."

Betty, who has now gone through the

Suppose you couldn't SEE which shirt is cleaner

Why... you could tell by the smell! The wonderful, clean fragrance of a shirt that has been washed with Fels-Naptha Soap proves that every bit of dirt and perspiration odor has been washed away—completely!

And for whiteness... the improved Fels-Naptha you buy today has a new 'sunshine' ingredient that gets white things—shirts, towels, linens—brilliantly, radiantly white.

Yes, use today's improved Fels-Naptha and your white things will actually radiate new whiteness every time you wash them!

REMEMBER—ONLY FELS-NAPTHA GIVES YOU THESE THREE WASHDAY ADVANTAGES:

Mild, golden soap.

PLUS... Gentle, active naptha.

PLUS... A new, finer 'sunshine' ingredient that makes white things radiate new brilliant whiteness!

Ask your grocer for Improved Fels-Naptha Soap, today.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

71
What you should know about Tooth Decay

NO ONE WAY TO PREVENT TOOTH DECAY...
Many things can cause tooth decay—and there are many theories on how to prevent it. Almost all dental authorities agree that there is no one preventive. Possible causes of tooth decay can be grouped as follows: Bacteria, Poor diet, Bodily defects.

WHERE DENTIFRICES CAN'T HELP... A dentifrice cannot prevent decay resulting from poor diet, especially in early childhood. Nor can a dentifrice prevent decay caused by sickness or bodily defects.

ATTACKING BACTERIA... Squibb and others make dentifrices that help combat bacteria held to be harmful to the teeth. Squibb uses magnesium hydrate in its Dental Cream and Toothpowder. This alkalizer helps neutralize mouth acids in which harmful bacteria thrive. Others use ammoniated substances to alkalize these bacteria. There is no conclusive proof that one alkalizer is more effective than the other.

BRUSHING TEETH CAN HELP... Most dentists recommend brushing teeth after every meal with some form of dentifrice. All do not believe that a dentifrice can help prevent decay, but they know that dentifrices help in other important ways... to improve the appearance of your teeth... to clean away food particles... to freshen your taste and breath. Squibb Dental Cream contains real mint as a refresher. It helps polish teeth to normal whiteness without harming tooth enamel. Important also are purity and safety—if swallowed, Squibb Dental Cream has a gentle antacid effect.

SAVE YOURSELF WORRY, PAIN, EXPENSE... Remember... a good, reliable dentifrice cannot combat all the possible causes of tooth decay. See your dentist regularly for a complete checkup. That is still the best way to save yourself needless worry, pain and expense.

Leaflets containing this text, are available to dentists upon request. Write E. R. Squibb & Sons, Room 107, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

SQUIBB Dental Cream
The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

young working girl period, the young bride period, and the young mother period, emphasizes that at none of these periods should a girl let herself get slovenly.

The bride who manages to look fresh and crisp and sweet when her lord and master comes home stands a darned good chance of being adored forever.

For the young working girl who rushes home from the office, tired to her very bones, but who has to keep a date with her best boy friend, or greet her husband, Betty recommends an unusual skin freshener. Clean face thoroughly with cold cream. Wipe most of it off with tissue, but leave a little on. Then pat honey (the eating kind) into the skin. This tightens the skin and draws blood to the surface. Wash it off. Then take ice wrapped in tissue and pat face. Put powder on with a clean puff or cotton pad (why do girls always hang on to dirty powder puffs?), take tissue and wipe residue off. "And," says Betty, "you feel like a million."

BETTY has some thoughts for a mother-to-be, too. She thinks that the right color has a lot to do with perking up a woman’s morale during pregnancy. Black, of course, minimizes the size more than any other color, but black is very hard on the spirits, which are at their droopingest during that period. Dark blue also minimizes the size and isn’t depressing. Betty made her own maternity clothes. She chose vibrant colors—yellows and salmon pink. Betty also feels that if you keep interest concentrated about your face by the addition of a flower or a spick-and-span collar, a pretty hat, a clean face and shining hair, no one will notice your figure.

A woman’s two great beauty worries during pregnancy, reminds Betty, are her teeth and hair. The only thing to do about your teeth, besides what you normally do, is select a toothpaste regularly. Hair is something else again. Just as the skin improves during pregnancy for most women, the hair goes from bad to worse. Even curly hair often becomes stringy and unattractive. Give it a good scalp massage at least once a week. Follow that by rubbing olive or castor oil into the scalp. Leave the oil on for an hour and then have a good vigorous shampoo. Even if you were a little lax about it before, during pregnancy you must brush your hair regularly.

Don’t fail to get yourself the best pregnancy breathers. Some of the Hollywood stars even wear them all night.

When you are pregnant, you should watch your grooming as you never did before. Smocks can be very becoming, especially when made in gay, morale-lifting colors. Make your face look as beautiful as possible to compensate for what’s happening to the rest of your body.

Above all, always, Betty advises, be of good cheer. It’s the greatest, fastest, most enduring beauty aid in the world.

The END

What is it about Farley Granger that captures people’s imagination?

His life story tells!

Don’t miss this fascinating feature illustrated with color portrait and album art by Ida Zeitlin

In July Photoplay... on sale June 9
She Lost Her Man because of that!

Don't Risk "DEODORANT FAILURE"

Use Heed®
THE AMAZING NEW UNDERARM SPRAY DEODORANT!

Don't risk unhappiness. Use new, spray-on Heed in the squeezable bottle. Heed stops perspiration...prevents underarm odor. No other type deodorant, no messy, old-fashioned cream, liquid or powder gives such quick, lasting protection. So don't take chances with short-time deodorants. Join the millions who have switched to Heed—America's fastest selling spray deodorant. At all cosmetic counters, 49¢. Lasts many months.

Never be Heedless and you'll always be safe!
than Greg Peck or Monty Clift. "Well, you must admit women are drawn to gangly, hungry-looking men," Doris claims.

Marty, however, looks well-fed. Perhaps it's since Doris wisely has turned the art of cooking back to the hands of her capable mother.

Everyone approves instantly of Mrs. Kappelhoff. She comes into a room with a cut glass pitcher of iced tea and a tray stacked with four kinds of freshly baked cookies, and there is a pineapple-upside-down cake in the oven if you can wait. You can wait.

"This is Grand Central Terminal," Doris says, her bare legs swinging from the arm of a chair in the flower-papered kitchen. "If I sit still long enough I always see someone I know passing through."

As she spoke, a cowboy hat went toddling through, and from under it a boy's small voice piped up, "Just little me passing through with a hun'rd-and-twenty marbles."

"That one I know," said Doris.

It was cowpoke Terry Day, age seven, on his way to the den which he keeps in order on a contract basis of twenty-five cents a week. Hardly had he vanished than another half-portion wrangler, like enough to be his stand-in, passed solemnly by and into the den.

"That," said station-announcer Doris, "is Jimmy Wakeley's boy from next door."

Presently from the den came a shout, "Keep your feet off my mother's antiques."

Mother, feet on kitchen antiques, called, "Those are not antiques, they are installment-plan maple; let his feet stay."

After a silent interval of four minutes, the Wakeley cowboy emerged and marched grimly out the back door. He was followed by Terry, toothily triumphant.

"Just little me passing through with a hun'rd and twenty-four marbles."

"Life's too short to dwell on heartaches," concludes Doris. "For example, I can't imagine actors going to pieces because they lose a good part. I'm ambitious. I put my heart into it. But I'm not going to let business get me down. I am living for now. When I marry I expect to be happy. I don't think people were put into this world to be lonely and when you're not married, you're lonely. Actually, I think I am a very lucky girl. I'm even spoiled, when it comes to working with Bob Hope. He's so wonderful."

Not even Bob, the wonderful flower picker, could spoil wildflower Day. She's true glamour, American-style, natural as the Day is freckled.

The End

You Can Win VALUABLE PRIZES
By Telling How Happy You Are

Simply ENTER the "When A Girl Marries" contest announced in the June issue of RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR magazine, now at your newsstand.

There are three divisions within this big contest!!

1st division—If you are engaged
2nd division—If you have been married one to five years
3rd division—If you have been married 5 years or more.

For complete details, read June RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR magazine.

WIN valuable prizes for your home.

This Exciting Contest is conducted in cooperation with the "When A Girl Marries" radio program by NBC—Monday through Friday—5 p.m. EDT.

Other great June features include:

Gracie Allen . . . radio's most beloved nonsense girl says "Comedians Make the Best Husbands."

Margaret and Barbara Whiting an exclusive on radio's sister stars.

plus many more exciting features . . .

Get RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR at your newsstand NOW!!
Me . . . and Boys

(Continued from page 45) singing lessons and dancing lessons, plus the million and one "extras" which are part of my job. So it happened that for some time after I came to Hollywood, trying to be a good student and a good actress simultaneously was the only problem of which I was seriously aware. Then I was invited to visit a journalism class at one of the Los Angeles high schools.

I was asked to make a speech on "Teen-age Problems." The very thought of making a speech turned me into an icicle. I have learned to perform before a camera without self-consciousness. But the idea of standing up and making like an authority before a group of boys and girls my own age was terrifying.

However, I promised to go if, instead of making a speech, I could have an open forum and answer questions. I should have made the speech!

The sort of questions I had expected, questions like "How do you get started in a career?" "How important is going to college?" just didn't come up.

I was met, instead, with a barrage of "How do you feel about going steady?" "What do you do when a boy invites you to a very important party and your mother says you have to be in at eleven o'clock?" "What about necking?"

I was flustered. Saying the first thing that came into my head, I answered the last question first. "About necking," I said. "I'm against it. If, for no other reason, that word, itself, would scare me away."

I could see by their faces that the answer wasn't good enough. I realized that it had been too flip, too easy. The question of casual love-making (I refuse to use the word "necking") was really disturbing these kids.

Now I know perfectly well that there are plenty of girls who think nothing at all of kissing a boy after a few meetings. And I have been told by people older and wiser than I that this is perfectly natural, that the sort of horseplay between boys and girls which I see all the time at the beach, for instance, is no more scandalous than a bunch of puppies playing.

They may be right. Maybe I'm a prude, maybe I'll change my mind when I get a little older, I don't know. But right now I feel very strongly that the healthiest and happiest way out of this dilemma of "how far do we go, if we're nice girls," is to wait until we can ask ourselves the question without fear and anxiety. How far, indeed, can we go, or rather, where, once this sort of thing has started, can we stop, if there are no traffic signs except the approval or disapproval of our friends?

We know in our hearts, I believe, when things are right, or "normal," or "natural" for us. Nobody's opinion of my matters as much to me as my opinion of myself, and no other person's set of rules will suffice for me.

I wouldn't think of answering the question of "how far do we go" for anybody. I am convinced every girl must answer it honestly and frankly herself.

"Look," I told my audience, "maybe I'm not the person to answer these questions. In a way, although I'm your age, my case is rather special."

I explained then that the boys I go out with, for the most part, are older than I, grown men, really, who have jobs, too. I told how my social evenings usually were a continuation of my working days, how we either went out to dinner and talked about pictures or we went to the movies or the theater or a concert and later talked about the performances we'd seen. Or how

That Other You Could Lose His Love!

Your husband loves the real you—happy, poised, confident of your intimate feminine hygiene. Don't let doubts, misgivings, inhibitions create another you!

You're sure of feminine daintiness when you douche regularly with "Lysol."

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

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

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

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

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today, and use it regularly.
Far be it from YOU!

If you smoke a lot, why not do this: take advantage of Listerine Tooth Paste's new special formula, especially before any date.

There's a reason: mint-cool Listerine Tooth Paste is made with Lusterfoam, a wonderful new-type cleaning ingredient that literally foams cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces . . . removes yellow tobacco stains while they are still fresh . . . whisk's away odor-producing tobacco debris. Get a tube and "feel that Lusterfoam work"!

Know they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

we'd go to the beach and swim, or square-dancing and dance. The business of "neck- ing" just never came up any.-

There was one time that was an exception. I went out with a man I didn't know very well. He was an actor and thought himself terribly sophisticated, a "wolf." I guess he thought he was. He seemed to have different ideas than I did about what made a "fun" evening. But I won. I could be downright rude to him without a qualm because I didn't really sing whether he ever called me again. He didn't.

It's not that I don't look forward to some romance in my life. But when it comes, I hope it will be a sort of climax to knowing someone very well. I certainly won't be a climax at a first date.

The "wolves" may, if they like, think me a prude. I wouldn't like myself if I pretended to feel something just wasn't there. Sometimes I think that people worry too much about being "popular," reach out for the approval of others at the cost of hating themselves. I think this kind of popularity is not well.

No matter how well I have been able to work this out in my own mind, I can still see perfectly well how troubling this question of "necking" could be if a girl were one of a high-school gang in which this kind of thing were taken for granted. No matter how deeply she rebelled in her heart, if the crowd said, in effect, "don't be a prude or you'll be unpopular," she'd be—and conform. And she'd be "popular," maybe! But, also, if "necking" went against her instincts, she'd be miserable.

I THINK most girls my age, if they are honest about it, are not emotionally ready for love-making, and so are frightened by it. Oh, I don't mean that a girl need think she has any need to herself, only if she kisses a boy good-night, but sitting around in the dark in a parked car with a boy is something else again. Granted, some girls and some boys have a mutual feeling for that sort of thing than others. But most teen-agers, I think, are afraid of it. The trouble is, they're more afraid of being "different." Before I signed my contract I went to a new private school in New York and I expect I was the most "different," and probably the most "unpopular," girl in school. I was absolutely certain what I wanted to do with my life, and this was burning up me. I was burning up with ambition to express myself. I had one real friend in that school, Barbara Kahn, Barbara, I guess, was the second most "different" girl there. Barbara wanted to be a writer. Both of us were much too busy and too interested in what we were doing to worry much about whether the other girls liked us. The trouble was, I didn't want to be "different," but I had an idea I could be busy, by being interested in something, we were spared a lot of the slurs which other girls of our age seemed to be going through. A "wolf" is a girl who is unhappy about their relations with boys, it seems to me, are girls who are interested in nothing but boys. But emotional awakening isn't bidding for any kind of, learn all you can. But I had another outlook in my acting, through which I could safely let off steam.

Such outlets are at hand, I am convinced, not just for "special case" fifteen-year- old girls, but for all teen-agers.

How to find these outlets?

Know what you want to do with your life, want it terribly. Get excited about it, work at it, study for it. Be better than anybody else at some one thing, anything. You'll be surprised how fast emotional problems can be dissolved in interest and excitement and work.

The END
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
Wildroot Cream-Oil with processed lanolin makes hair lovelier, removes loose dandruff, relieves dryness. Use between shampoos and permanents. 10c and 25c sizes.

SOLO GRIP-TITE BOB PINS & SOLO CURLERS
Solo Curlers for glamorous, easy-to-set curls. Solo Grip-Tite Bob Pins for smooth finish, stronger grip. Keeps hair lovelier, more for your money. 5c and 10c.

ROYALTY HAIR NETS
Dupont nylon invisible Royalty hair nets. Durroy-processed, fine elastic edge. Matches hair exactly! Regular and new "Bob" styles. Refund if you find a defect! 10c.

NESTLE COLORINSE
Rinses in...shampoos out...highlights the hair's natural glints! Leaves it silvery easy-to-manage; lemon-rinse action adds luster. 10 lovely shades. 6 rinses 25c.

TIP TOP CURLERS
Easy to sleep on! Dream Curlers. Soft-as-rubber Vinylite forms natural-looking curls. 4 sizes. 10c and 25c a card. Aluminum Curlers. Smooth-finish, won't break or snag hair or harm scalp. Welded wire ends. 5 sizes. 10c and 25c a card.

DANDEE
Genuine Dan Dee hard rubber combs, preferred by beauticians. 10c, 15c, 25c. Flattering Fashionette human hair net; strong, invisible. All hair shades including grey and white 10c.

You'll find a complete assortment of these famous hairmetics at BEN FRANKLIN STORES, SCOTT STORES, BUTLER BROTHER STORES and in thousands of independent variety stores from coast to coast which are served by Butler Brothers, national distributors of general merchandise.
Don't risk your charm with old-fashioned ineffective deodorants

ONLY ODO-RO-NO CREAM GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES:

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

If you want to make a splash this summer wear a one-piece swimsuit with the molded torso. Bodices are trimmed with shirring, ruffling, bows. Front panels with shirring detail add a softly feminine touch. Stressing the romantic feeling are the fabrics making their appearance at the beach—nylons, water-repellent velvets and plissés. This season's swimsuits make every girl look like a summer dream.

Elizabeth Taylor, M-G-M star, in original beach dress designed by Edith Head for her role in the Paramount picture, “A Place in the Sun”

Liz, opposite, takes her place in the sun in Korday's smart adaptation—a white needlepoint pique cover-up with large, side patch pockets, back pleat. Wear it over your swimsuit or as a dress. Sizes 10-18, $10.95. Marjorie Dillon, her stand-in, wears a vivid coral one-piece Jantzen suit of nylon with shirred panel front, boned bra-top. Straps are removable. Sizes 32-40, $14.95. Both at Stern Bros., New York, N. Y.; Croley, Milner Co., Detroit, Mich; and stores on page 83. Sandals by Joyce. Coro jewelry.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 83

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.
Sally Forrest appears in M-G-M’s “Mystery Street”:
Barbara Britton in United Artists’ “Champagne for Caesar”:
Vera-Ellen in M-G-M’s “Three Little Words”
For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 83

Sally Forrest, far left, shines in a one-piece elasticized satin suit with softly shirred front. Self-ruffles trim the bodice. Wear it strapped or strapless. $12.95 by Rose Marie Reid, sizes 10-18. At Crowley, Milner, Detroit, Mich., and Sanger Brothers, Dallas, Tex.

For the feminine approach, Barbara Britton’s elasticized plissé suit, left, in new ripple fabric, with panel front, shirred bodice. There’s a detachable halter strap. Sizes 32-38, $8.95. Sea Nymph by Jordan. At Gilchrist’s, Boston, Mass.; Forman’s, Rochester, N. Y.; Hecht’s, Washington, D. C.

Be a sea-siren in the water-repellent ryan velvet suit worn by Vera-Ellen (below left), with shirred diamond front panel, elasticized back. Shoestring ties are removable. $10.95 by Brilliant, sizes 32-38. At Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y. Terry cloth beach bag by Kleinert.

Cause a rustle at the beach in the lightweight elastic nylon taffeta suit worn by Sally Forrest, below right. Front is shirred. For swimming, a halter shoestring tie. $14.95 by Mabs of Hollywood, sizes 32-38, at F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus, O., and Stix, Baer, Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.
ANN BLYTH, Universal-International star, in Samuel Goldwyn’s “Our Very Own” wears the original bathing suit by Mary Wills

Saucy for the sea is this dressmaker two-piece bathing suit with the novelty button trim. Unpressed pleats give the skirt, with side fastening, its flare. Beneath, are brief pants. Well-fitting bra has diagonal tucking. Make it an ensemble with the extra drawstring jacket (see sketch). Fluegelman’s sanforized and colorfast pin point pique is your fabric answer. You’ll be enchanted with the wide color range. Bright accent for your sun accessories—Kleinert’s beach bag.
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:

BEACH DRESS ON
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
Korday, 991 Sixth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

JANTZEN BATHING SUIT
Portland, Ore.

JOYCE SANDALS
55 North Vernon Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

ROSE MARIE REID SUIT
1035 Santee Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

SEA NYMPH SUIT BY JORDAN
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BRILLIANT SUIT
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MABS SUIT
425 East Pico, Los Angeles, Cal.

CATALINA SUIT
443 South San Pedro, Los Angeles, Cal.

SHEPHERD SUIT
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

FLUEGELMAN'S PIN POINT PIQUE
1412 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

KLEINERT'S BEACH BAG
485 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Stores selling the Korday pique beach dress and Jantzen bathing suit on page 79)

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Howland Dry Goods Co.

CHICAGO, ILL.
The Fair

CLEVELAND, OHIO
Wm. Taylor & Son

DENVER, COL.
Denver Dry Goods

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
H. P. Wasson

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Dayton Co.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Lit Bros.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
Kaufmann's

SEATTLE, WASH.
Frederick & Nelson

ST. LOUIS, MO.
Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Woodward & Lothrop

Be the loveliest star on your beach in this sheath-like glamour-suit of elasticized satin, a California Original by Rose Marie Reid...

Exclusive Rose Marie Reid figure-flattery secrets like the magic of the built-in, strapless Miracle Bra! give you undreamed-of contour-control... Deft design and added detail (like the dainty shirring and scallop trim) flatter you more... Also available in a two piece tailored version, in a variety of summer-magic colors.

Rose Marie Reid
CALIFORNIA ORIGINALS

THE SCULPTURED SWIM SUIT WITH THE "Fluid Fit"

*the perfect fit—that lasts and lasts

A beau-catcher is this bow bra suit of nyloskin lastex worn by Barbara Britton, right, with zipper back. There's a detachable strap for swimming. In solid colors with contrast color on inside of bow. Sizes 32-38, $14.95 by Catalina. At Younker-Davidson, Sioux City, Iowa; May Co., Baltimore, Md.; Davidson's, Miami Beach, Fla.

Pertly provocative is this lastex swimsuit of Sea-n-Sun's plisse fabric worn by Vera-Ellen, left, with cuffed bra top and cuffed bottom. Front is completely shirred. Back is zippered. Straps are detachable. Sizes 32-38, $8.95 by Shepherd. At Oppenheim Collins, New York, N. Y., and Shillito's, Cincinnati, O.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 83.
Bob with two young patients with cerebral palsy

HELP BOB HELP THE HANDICAPPED

BOB HOPE may be one of the busiest men in the world. But he always has time for any cause he believes in.

Last Christmas Bob had a week off—all to himself. When he heard, however, that there was no one to entertain the hospitalized vets in Alaska, he bundled his family into a plane and flew north to make the boys' holidays a little merrier.

And this spring, when the tragedy of cerebral palsy was brought to Bob's attention, he volunteered to head the nationwide Cerebral Palsy Campaign which opened May 1.

Cerebral palsy has been prevalent since Biblical times, but medical science has studied it only since 1916. The average person, therefore, doesn't recognize the condition when he sees it.

Cerebral palsy is caused when the parts of the brain that control the muscles fail to develop normally before birth or are damaged at birth. It is a condition, not a disease, with which 10,000 American babies are born every year.

Today over a half-million Americans have this affliction, but there are treatment facilities for only 2,500.

Of all handicapped children, our 200,000 CP children are the most neglected and least understood. For generations these children were considered feebleminded, often condemned to mental institutions. Now we know that three out of four of them are rated "normal" or superior in intelligence.

Because only one CP child in 100 receives proper treatment, cerebral palsy associations have armed together to rescue all CP children from the attics, the dark corners and the institutions where they have been hidden for centuries.

These associations, organized in every major city and in many counties and states, are now a national body headed by Leonard H. Goldenson, president of United Paramount Theatres, Inc. The Cerebral Palsy Campaign is conducted under the auspices of the United Cerebral Palsy Association.

Diana Lynn, Bing Crosby, Cary Grant, Ricardo Montalban, John Lund, William Bendix, Wendell Corey, Dean Martin, Lyle Bettger, William Holden and Paul Lees also are assisting the campaign.

You can help by contributing to its funds.

THE END
You all meet your manager and you say, "I've got to go home and think this over." But he's上了 the 5th, and it was a Saturday when he had worked all day long. They were married quietly, with only her mother and one close friend present. He could not look into his heart and his heart was startled and delighted at her innocence and her sweetness and her warmth. He was happy as he never was before, and he asked her to make that sacrifice. "But you've got it in you to become a great star," he said.

"Look," she said, "are you going to force me intoorado reasons for being lazy?"

He lost all sense of time and space as he kissed her. And that moment became another of the silent secrets they shared, as he realized she had dodged for both of them. And in the end, he couldn't do it. He asked her to make that sacrifice. "But you've got it in you to become a great star," he said.

I've got my manager and his wife and John Blevin and his wife coming down to my ranch for the weekend. Do you come, too? It was her mother who answered first, "Oh, I know Mary Blevin. She's a fine woman."

The girl laughed softly. "I'll have to be back in town tomorrow morning for publicity shots. Would it be too much trouble for you to run me back at that hour?"

He heard what the mother and daughter said, and he left them in words. They trusted him to act like a gentleman and he was to be sure that the girl would act like a lady.

"She'll keep that gentleman right on the dot, honey," he said. And he knew the older woman heard what he was saying in between the lines, too.

I T WAS after six the next afternoon when he returned to his ranch and his guests began howling at him. "Where on earth have you been? Do you realize you left here at eight this morning, to make town by eleven, and that you should have been back by two? What happened?"

"I'm in love," Bill said. "I didn't have any idea what time it was. I guess I must have just been driving around, all day. I'm going to ask her to marry me."

"You're going away on location tomorrow, thank God," his manager said. "You won't have time to propose."

"Excuse me," Bill said. "You and the girl were being so long as you like but I've got to return to town for a piece of unfinished business."

The girl was home and she looked even prettier than she had that morning. She said, "Just as you said, I'm going to ask you something," he said, "and if you say 'yes,' I'll faint."

The color flamed in her face but he smiled. "Be prepared to faint then," she said, "because I do say yes."

That was the first time he kissed her. She reached to just a little above his shoulders in defense of him, in those arms, and he could feel her heart beating as excitedly as his against his chest.

"My divorce becomes final in three weeks," he said, "Will you marry me then?"

"You have to wear a ready-made dress, if I do."

"You'll probably have to wear slacks, because I'll be on location."

"I'd marry you if I had to wear overalls and live in an igloo, too," she said. "But he's the character more expensive than he anticipated. In fact, he could buy only a few of them with the price of the mountain place. War came to Europe and the sale of his pictures sank every night. And he crept up the roof of one day his wife came to him and announced that she was giving up her career. Her career was one of those unspoken things between them. He knew how ambitious she had grown, gradually, and he knew she was his, and they were married, and they were married, and they were married, and they were married, and they were married, and they were married. And she knew he had realized the value of his power and influence. And she knew that he had to make his own picture."

He decided, for three of them, only to discover he couldn't sell them and, later, that he couldn't get any further bank loans to produce any more of them. He knew she was the solid thing in his life: His wife, his love. They were living in an apartment at swanky Sunset Towers. It had been a joke to Bill when his dream girl had announced they no longer lived in the nice places she had, that she had learned to cook. Even though she had never been out of telephone range of him,
during the years of their marriage, she had still managed to go to cooking school. She had become an expert on horses, too.

The ending of the war should have made things better for him, but it didn’t. The only thing he knew was that he now controlled every right to the screen character with which he had been identified, even if he was off the screen now, with those unreleased pictures in the can.

The test came when David O. Selznick offered him a role in “Duel in the Sun,” the part of a man in a red-light district who gets killed under highly disgraceful circumstances. He turned it down on the day he knew he could no longer pay the rent on the Sunset Towers apartment.

“Suppose I got a chance to come back in my regular pictures,” he explained to his wife. “The kids could never believe in me, the nice people I want for my fans, those mothers of today’s youngsters, whom first reached. Well, honey, could they believe in me if they’d seen me in a part like the Selznick one?”

“No, darling, I saw a little house today, up in the hills. It’s not bad, for sixty-five dollars a month. And I found a wonderful dealer who’ll give us cash for the car.”

“Now wait a minute. How can we get along up in the hills without a car?”

“Why not? We’re not going anywhere and we’ve got each other. That’s all that counts, darling.”

It was almost 1947 before the tide turned, a funny, black-and-white tide called Television. And in hundreds of thousands of homes, the children first, and then the families, began demanding Hopalong Cassidy, and more Hopalong Cassidy.

And so Bill Boyd came back, Bill and his lovely Gracie, who was Gracie Bradley, before she gave up her career. Bill became Hopalong to a whole world and Gracie, traveling wherever he traveled, standing in crowds, waiting in hotel rooms, sleeping on planes or trains, became Tripalong. And the money came back to them, too, at least a bit of it, because it can never be what it was, with the tax situation. But Gracie and Bill haven’t moved from the little house in the hills, even though they’ve got a car now.

“How could we leave that house?” Bill asks. “That’s where I found out how great the love of two people can be, how blessed any man is who finds his perfect wife.” All of which is perfectly true, just as every word of this story is true, please remember, whenever any person tries to tell you that there never has been a perfect marriage in Hollywood.

The End

YOURS—A Sweetheart of a Figure
THE EXCLUSIVE LIFE BRA WAY

Exciting! That’s the word for you in Life Bra, designed from live models to assure you just the right bra to fit your exact figure proportions! Life Bra is tailored the exclusive Formfit way with quilted cushions for healthful support and elastic insets for free-action comfort...the result—a high, young and natural lift with real separation, no matter what your bustline size or development. Be fitted now and see what an amazing difference Life Bra can make in your figure. instantly!

At All Better Stores
Life Bras from $1.25

THE FORMFIT COMPANY
CHICAGO, NEW YORK

More Women Wear Formfit Than Any Other Make
Remember FOR FASHIONS THAT DARE TO GO BARE

THE STRAPLESS V-ETTE* Whirlpool BRA

BY HOLLYWOOD - MAXWELL

For any fashions that call for bare shoulder, bare back, you need both of these wonderfully supporting V-ETTE* bras.

above/
America's most-asked-for strapless. It holds, molds and controls with luxurious comfort. In White, in Black, A, B, C cups 5.00

at right/
A new backless V-ETTE* in sheer nylon marquisette broadly separated straps . . . bare to the waist in back. B and C cups 3.95

AMERICA'S MOST-ASKED-FOR BRASSIERE

*reg.

It's not the genuine Whirlpool* stitch without this label

HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL COMPANY • 6773 HOLLYWOOD BLVD. • HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA

That's Hollywood for You

(Continued from page 50) screen, than Gloria Swanson. She plays her "Sunset Boulevard" role of Norma Desmond in restaurants, night clubs and, I'll bet, in private . . . Poor Gregory Peck. Always a bridesmaid and never a bride. Peck has been nominated for an Academy Oscar more often than any other actor, but he hasn't captured one—yet . . . Doris Day talks as if there's a swing band behind her. When we were chatting one day, she said, 'I'm getting big kicks out of being a movie star. It's a happy thing. Everything's coming my way. Love my work like it's a lover boy. Gotta be happy when I'm working or I'd quit.'

I miss Ernst Lubitsch. No pictures today have that touch . . . Bette Davis should stop trying to act like Bette Davis and she'd be fine . . . I'm tired of gags about liquor and Ray Milland, and so is he. I'm also tired of gags about Jack Benny's stinginess, but he isn't.

ESTHER WILLIAMS is the only fish I know who looks good out of water . . . I'm certainly glad that Judy Holliday is going to do her Billie Dawn role in the movie version of "Born Yesterday." Anyone else would have been an impostor . . . The Dick Haymes-Nora Eddington-John Ireland-Joanne Dru quartet confuses me, especially when Errol Flynn is tossed in for a mention. Come on, just be yourselves and stop depending on each other for billing . . . Jane Wyman can be as charming as any dame in Smogville . . . To show you how things are done in this town, Beverly Hills has a "Little Super Market." Asked during an interview what she thought motion pictures needed most, Ethel Barrymore answered, "Faith in the public—not popcorn."

I don't know how any performer can be as relaxed as Bing Crosby, and I can't name an actress that nonchalant and easy-going in her work . . . Dorothy McGuire, regardless of the film she is put in, seems destined to play Claudia . . . After the many semi-documentary pictures, "Adam's Rib" was a treat because it was good to see polished performers who know their craft. I think there is definitely a place in movies for actors . . . Wonder if Howard Hughes regards Glenn McCarthy as a poor millionaire . . . If I were casting for a lady taxi-driver, I'd put Ann Sheridan in the part. Annie knows all the words, too . . . Making movies isn't easy, and each picture presents its own problems. M-G-M, preparing "Quo Vadis," couldn't discover what piece of music it was that Nero fiddled while Rome burned. So they assigned Niklos Rozsa to write the fiddle music for the movie Nero . . . I'm not a guy for views, but I must admit that I still get a kick out of looking down on Los Angeles at night from Sunset Strip . . . Ida Lupino always looks as if she might explode any minute.

Montgomery Clift must have a few secrets stashed away somewhere . . . An actress's best friend is her cameraman. Joan Crawford, dancing at Mocambo, saw her cameraman in a party at ringside, and asked, "What are you doing here? You should be home getting some sleep. You've got to photograph me to say it to your senator— the movie tax must go!
sometimes

Ronald

always.

Vic

him,
can't

Dimitri

Howard.

In

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Betty

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Women’s

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Oscar

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Broadway,

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Tiomkin,

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Mike

Curtiz

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told

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that

the

show

he

enjoyed

most

was

"Kiss

My

Kate"

. . .

Wonder

when

Peter

Lawford

ever

gets

the

time

to

work

in

a

picture

. . .

Fred

Astaire

is

never

untidy

. . .

There's

nothing

like

an

agent,

except

maybe

another

agent.

Jack

Klass,

agent,

approached

Ivan

Kahn,

casting

expert

at

Fox,

and

pitched

with,

"Got

a

great

hunk

of

talent

for

you,

who

sings

like

Sinatra,

dances

like

Kelly

and

looks

like

Bogart."

"Bring

him

around,"

said

Kahn

excitedly.

"It's

not

a

him,

it's

a

her!"

said

Klass

. . .

I

can't

tell

you

why,

but

Danny

Kaye

doesn't

make

me

howl

with

laughter.

It

could

be

that

I'm

not

British.

Dearie,
do

you

remember

when

Clara

Bow

was

"IT,"

William

Powell

played

villains,

Vilma

Banky

and

Rudolph

Valentino

were

the

great

lovers,

Corinne

Griffith

was

"The

Orchid

Lady"and

William

Haines

played

smart

aleck's?

Well,

if

you

don't,

just

stick

around.

They'll

probably

be

back

on

television

. . .

Ronald

Colman

tells

me

that

a

fan

club

is

a

group

of

people

who

tell

an

actor

that

he's

not

alone

in

the

way

that

he

feels

about

himself.

Of

all

the

newcomers,

the

actress

I

go

for

most

is

Ruth

Roman,

but

I

have

plenty

of

company

. . .

Howard

Duff

makes

a

great

Sam

Spade,

but

he

can't

solve

his

own

Ava

Gardner
caper

. . .

Vic

Mature

is

a

Vic

Mature

admirer,

and

on

the

photograph

of

him

at

the

studio

he

scribbled,

"sterling

performer"

. . .

Whenever

I

see

Lana

Turner

'at

a

night club

with

husband

Bob

Topping,

I

always

think

it's

a

scene

from

a

Lana

Turner

picture

in

which

the

wealthy

young

man

from

the

other

side

of

the

tracks

is

taking

out

our

heroine

. . .

Mercedes

McCamber

reminds

me

of

James

Cagney.

She

has

that

same

kind

of

authority

with

veiled

menace

. . .

Betty

Grable

looks

as

good

in

a

gown

as

she

does

in

pajamas,

or

vice versa.

Please

yourself

. . .

Take

my

word

for

it,

Orson

Welles

actually

said,

"If

there's

anything

I

loathe,

it's

an

exhibitionist."

. . .

I

know

that

M-G-M

has

a

clause

in

every

contract

prohibiting

its

actors

from

appearing

on

television.

And

when

Lassie

was

offered

a

job

on

a

television

show,

the

trainer

had

to

reject

it.

The

studio

insisted

that

Lassie

is

not

a

dog,

but

an

actor.

That's

Hollywood

for

you!

THE

END

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MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
205 E. 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.
(Continued from page 63) big crush of fans, including Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini, about a possible television series for herself. Cassini had had his showing of new summer clothes at a big Hollywood department store just a few days before, and was taking bows for his lovely creations from the several who had seen them. Gene was wearing one of 'em—a cool, sheer, rather tailored wool dress of brilliant color, tight of waist and with a skirt that looked pencil slim but had enough "hidden fullness" in the way it was cut to give it plenty of flow. Push-up sleeves, a tricky small collar of the same coral wool and a tiny, long-sleeved bolero completed the costume.

GLORIA SWANSON, who is but sensational in "Sunset Boulevard," looked stunning at Charlie's (he made the picture) luncheon, in a simply cut, slightly draped black crepe dress; a large, black fringed wool shawl around her shoulders, and her sleek haircut topped by the tiniest of dead white hats from which a stiff little veil fell to just below her eyes. S'matter of fact, Gloria has been doing a lot of "show stealing" around here and was the ubiquitous hit of this lovely dinner dance that Julie Kline, with Mrs. Van Johnson and Iris Bynum to help, gave at the Ambassador for the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund. It was their second such affair, and was in co-operation with Saks Fifth Avenue Beverly Hills shop and those wonderful hat makers, Rex and Wally. Loretta Young narrated the fashion show, and look who modeled the clothes! Arlene Dahl, Nancy Guild, Donna Reed, June Hovac, Angela Lansbury, Janet Leigh, Diana Lynn, Ann Miller and more! But when the Swanson stepped out for the finale in a breath-taking gown, the crowd stood up and cheered her.

Joan Leslie is sort of reversing things by wearing a dress from her own private wardrobe in "The Skipper Surprised His Wife." It's usually the other way around, with stars often buying their screen gowns from the studios to wear in private life. Well, anyway, Joan traipsed into the studio one morning wearing a little cotton house-dress—just a cute polka-dot thing that was so dreamy she was asked to keep right on wearing it until certain domestic scenes were finished.

Marie McDonald, well again after that long siege of illness, had eyes popping out to there when she showed up at a beach party in the last gasp in bathing suit of white lace over a heavy pink satin base. With Marie's shape, stunning is a small word.

Now back to a bunch at a big buffet—this time at the wonderful new home of Gail Patrick and Cornwall Jackson. June Haver wore a pink rose twined in with her choker of pearls and brilliants. You just gotta have a big flower, real or not, tucked into your necklace, high and center, or you just ain't livin' this season! Gertrude Michaels, back in the movies with both feet, Ginger Rogers with Greg Bautzer, Elizabeth Scott, the Van Johnsons, all among the Jackson's diners. And Van had three helpings of the dessert that Gail whipped up herself, a cake that wasn't really a cake. Van asked for the recipe, but just like that night at Sonja Henie's several months ago, he didn't get it.

Some of this group went on to Mocambo later where that Firehouse Five Plus Two have been taking over every blasting Monday night. ("Names" is the word) for the gol-durndest Dixieland and Charleston sessions this side of 1925! We've never seen Hollywood "let its hair down" over anything—like the way these "Names" have stomped their inhibitions at Mocambo's door to get into these leg-breaking contests. Couples who team up on the dance floor and go mad together aren't always a pair who were dating that evening. For instance, one session saw Van Johnson and Linda Turner teamed to knock themselves out, while Cornel Wilde with Jane Wyman and Kirk Douglas with Mary Anderson were contestants. One eve, Perc Westmore, Bette Davis, designer Don Loper (who could outdance 'em all in any category if he willed), aren't as judges, while their "mates" let everything go with various partners. The place has been a madhouse on Monday nights, and what fun! Well, it's as good a way as any to replace the square-dancing craze. And not as boring, if you ask us, and nobody did!

THE END

LOVELY LINES...
sleek controlled curves...
in velvety soft Estron-Nylon Lastex....with gay...multi-colored striped top and bow bra. Strapped or strapless. Orchid, ice blue, mint green, pearl yellow, shell and shocking pink.

Sizes 32 to 38.

About $9.00

BRILLIANT SPORTSWEAR, INC.
1410 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

GET IN THE GAME!

Your guess is as good as ours—when it comes to picking the actor and actress who will be the leaders next month.

This month June Allyson and Farley Granger were voted tops.

So make your selection. See how close you come to picking the winning favorites in Photoplay's readers' poll.

Mail your vote to:

READERS' POLL EDITOR

c/o PHOTOPHAY

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

My favorite actress

My favorite actor
How June Overcame Heartache

(Continued from page 43) be like a little child, put yourself in God's hands, and take whatever He sends. It's the only way toward peace.

Because grief is the common lot, because others in grief may be helped through her story, June is ready to share it. Last August, she and John Duzik were looking forward to marriage and life together.

In the midst of their planning, John went to the hospital. His parents came down from Rock Springs, Wyoming, to be with June and him. The whole thing seemed safely over until, on Sunday, they took John back to the X-Ray room. June rode in the elevator with him, unsuspecting. But John, who knew so much about medicine, felt that something was wrong and that he ought to prepare her.

"I think we may have to go back to surgery."

"Oh no! that's not possible!"

"Yes, it is, honey," He reached for her hand. "But we'll come out all right."

They took John to surgery a second time, a third time, they gave him the last rites of the church. He had his little joke with June. "I've got to go upstairs again, honey, wouldn't you know it?" His mother bent to kiss him. He held her there for a moment. Speech was an effort, but he had something to say.

"Remember that basketball game when the score was even, and I had to make the free throw? Remember it took me almost a minute? I was praying, Mom, and I made the point." He smiled up at her. "You pray just as hard."

They were all in the chapel praying. June and her family, John's parents, his brothers and sister who had flown in from Wyoming, some of his friends and the nuns. They prayed out of the fullness of their hearts, but also as their faith and church had taught them. Not, "Dear God, if you'll make John well, I'll be good all my life." They prayed in the spirit of Jesus at Gethsemane: "If Thou be willing, remove this cup from me. Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done . . ."

A tap on June's shoulder. "He's still with us," said the intern softly, "but that's all."

For what seemed an endless time, she stood unseeing. Then the fair head bent over the crucifix again. If this cup must be drained . . . "If John must die," she implored, "please, dear God, please take him straight to Heaven."

Then she couldn't stand it any longer, and flew upstairs to the operating room. They were suturing the wound. June will never forget that moment, lifting her on wings of joyous thanksgiving. Because, in the interval, something had happened. For the first time in days there was color in John's face. The bleeding had stopped. In his delirium he screamed, and even this seemed to please the doctors, for that morning he couldn't have found the strength to scream.

But the improvement was temporary. Complications set in. For five weeks John hovered between life and death, and those who loved him, between hope and resignation. June had to go back to work. Every moment away from work she spent at the hospital, either in the chapel or in John's room, knitting him a sweater. On the set, her eyes were forever turning to the phone.

She slept in the waiting room at St. John's without taking her clothes off. She was still praying that maybe a miracle would happen, though she knew it would have to happen very soon. As the nuns
prayed, she rose from her knees and looked at him. He’d suffered so much. Now he was smiling his fixed, almost triumphant smile, with a kind of radiance. Suddenly, as if a cloak had descended, her whole being was wrapped in such peace as she’d never known. If you can look like that when you’re dying,” she thought, “I think it must be that something beautiful is happening. It must be that God has answered our prayers and he’s going straight to Heaven.”

This sense of peace, beyond what the world can give, stayed with her through the night. It was a rare spiritual experience. “Someday,” she says simply, “I hope to get it back again. It’s as close as I’ve ever been to God.”

In the hospital chapel they celebrate Mass at six. June wanted to get down there. Knowing that John would die soon, she longed to pray for him once more at Mass. The service was about to begin, when again she felt the tap on her shoulder. “You’d better come up, June. Dr. Duzik has just died.”

IN SPITE of this message she was confident now that John still lived—and she was right. With his hand between hers, he died at twenty minutes past the hour.

Now the long vigil was over, and life had to be faced. All her religion, all her ardor, June remains human. There were moments when grief threatened to overwhelm her. As when she returned to John’s room to gather up her belongings and found the sweater she’d been knitting for him. She went back with his folks to Wyoming. Watching her, Mrs. Duzik said gently, “Cry, June. Because God means tears, too.”

John’s mother is a wise woman. Something was on her mind, and she waited for the chance to say it. It came after she’d washed June’s hair one day. Standing behind her, massaging her neck and temples, Mrs. Duzik spoke in quiet tones of her son. How lucky they’d been to have him, if only for a while.

“But, June, I’m older and more experienced than you. I know that John’s doing in your heart will always be there. Only, I want you to remember this always. Don’t be forever comparing others to John, to their disadvantage. Like all humans, my son had plenty of faults. Don’t put him on a pedestal. It might ruin your life.”

June feels no self-pity and doesn’t want pity from others. So she shrank from returning to Warners, where there were still plenty of chores to do. Going back to Twentieth would have been easier. At Warners she’d meet the people who’d shared her day-by-day ordeal. If they were only sympathetic, she might break down. It was all right, though. People understood. Nobody said too much. “You look thin, June . . .” Or, “I hope you’ll get some rest.” They were kind of manner-of-fact and she blessed them for it.

Her most difficult moment came when she closed the door of her apartment behind her. Up to now she’d been borne along by all that needed doing, surrounded by him. When he was alone, and wherever she looked, she saw John—in the shelves he’d put up, in the books he’d given her, at the table where he’d tucked away her first meal. “Honey, I thought I was going to marry for life. I’m marrying a cook!” The ring of the phone knocked through her. When the phone rang, it would never be John again. If she hadn’t known inside she’d have been less than flesh and blood.

Suffering must be borne. It can be borne in many ways. It can enlarge or diminish the sufferer. Instead of rebelling, June accepted her pain.

Her creed teaches that absorption in sorrow is selflessness. June acts as she believes. Though your heart is heavy, you have no right to impose your burdens on others who have burdens of their own. To the world, she presented a cheerful face.

To lose herself, she tried to do for others and found that the doing brought its own satisfactions. As often as possible, she’d go out to the old folks at the (unnamed) Nursing Home. She wrote to magazines that might have pictures of John, and started a scrapbook for Mrs. Duzik. Jim Hogan, who was to have been best man, told her of his mother’s dreams of a Union Chapel. She went to the (unnamed) Nursing Home. Would June like to help? She would and did, and fell in love with a pair of blonde twins who yielded to go home with her and whom she’d have taken if she could.

HER sisters’ children have been a godsend. “Sometimes I don’t know what I’d have done without them.” She welcomes the chance to sit with them. Dorothy and Evvie want an evening out with their husbands. They adore her, and why not? She’s Cathy’s "horsey" and she’s such a horse. The first time a wistful note creeps into her voice.

“I’d love to adopt one, if I don’t get married.”

Which is as good a place as any to scotch the story, started by Winchell, that a boy named Joe Campbell would eventually be June’s husband. Joe Campbell is a fiend of hers, introduced several years ago by her sister and brother-in-law. What she chiefly regrets about the rumor is that it caused embarrassment to Joe. For herself, she’s been too long in the business not to realize that columnists are bound to seek out angles. She just hopes of hitting a bull’s-eye. Such things don’t bother her, they’re not important.

She’s glad to be working with her good friend, Gloria De Haven, in “I’ll Get By,” which has been a hit. Very glad it’s a musical. June feels that what she has to sell is happiness.

All these things have helped. Most of all, she’s been helped by her church and its rich store of religious books, well-worn by use. Since John’s death, she reads them more constantly and feels especially drawn toward St. Teresa.

“She was so young. She died when she was my age. Her life proves that you don’t have to do great things to win grace. With her, it was just the little everyday sacrifices. I read her who had the same.”

To June, the idea of death is real. She explained, “You pray harder than you’ve ever prayed. In the world, listening to others, you can’t always hear God. But in the quiet of a church nothing comes between. You can talk to Him who would to your own father. Getting close to God is the only way I know to get close to John. But it never entered my mind to take the pain you’re in with the suggestion, I think it’s marvelous. Only I don’t have. God hasn’t chosen me.”

Some things she still isn’t able to do. In Wyoming, she couldn’t bear to go to Jacobs and to Hime and John and plans to build a ranch. Here she avoids the golf course. John gave her her clubs and started her on the game. She can’t bring herself to go near the Country Club, where they last played together. But she will someday. John wanted her to.

In a special drawer lies some of the ties...
she bought him. June has always liked men's ties for their color and design. Soon after they started going together, she took two to John's office. They made a powerful hit. "From now on," he proclaimed, "you pick out my ties." Of all his possessions, June wanted only the ties. Some, she gave away to close friends of John's. The rest she keeps in this drawer.

With all the help her loving spirit acknowledges, she doesn't pretend that the way has been easy. When it seems too hard, she tries to think back to the night before John died and the miraculous sense of peace that enveloped her. It gives her heart to go on. "When tragedy strikes and you feel you can't bear it, you find, years later, that some good has come of it. Some good has already come to me."

She lifts her clear-eyed gaze. "The people I'm sorry for are those who don't believe in God. John was here one minute, and gone the next. The John I loved, the soul of John wasn't there anymore. All the clever people with all their clever ideas can't explain where it went. I know it went to God."

Her Lord is June's Shepherd. He brought her whole through the valley of the shadow.

The End

IT'S UNWISE TO BE IGNORANT of facts like these . . .

Infantile Paralysis is taking too large a toll of lives. Only by applying these rules to yourself and your family can you hope to keep polio from striking home.

Keep away from strangers and large groups . . . infection spreads quickly
Don't get overtired . . . you lower your resistance that way
Do keep clean . . . dirt spreads disease
Watch for early signs . . . Polio strikes in different ways—headaches, sore throat, upset stomach, fever, stiffness in back or neck, dizziness, trouble in swallowing or breathing

ACT QUICKLY . . . If these symptoms continue, call your doctor at once, then do what he tells you

ASK FOR HELP if you need it from . . . your own Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Pay what you can afford, your Chapter pays the rest. (Look in the telephone book or call your health department for the address)

THE MARCH OF DIMES MAKES THIS CARE POSSIBLE

YOUR DIMES MAY MEAN YOUR LIFE

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

Laboratory Proof

TEST X Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S action in removing odor-forming skin bacteria
This microscopic photo proves that when you throw away your 5-Day Pad you throw away with it hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria. Does not leave them under your arms.

TEST XX Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S reserve effectiveness
This laboratory photo was taken hours after application of a 5-Day Pad. Note the amazing difference. This is because 5-Day's exclusive formula prevents the growth of odor-forming skin bacteria and keeps you safe from underarm odor longer.

No other deodorant tested is as effective in checking perspiration and stopping odor!
The miracle is in the pad! 5-Day Pads are circles of fabric saturated with refreshing, mild yet very effective deodorant. 5-Day's exclusive formula checks perspiration—stops odor longer.

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

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

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK—if not completely satisfied.

*All comparative figures mentioned in this ad are based on the average of laboratory tests of leading deodorants. Name of independent laboratory available on request.
(Continued from page 55) Mary Lou, although she’s always liked and been interested in motion picture people, has always said, “I will never marry an actor. It would be like taking my typewriter home at night.”

However, last autumn when Mary Lou was on vacation and, in blue jeans and without make-up, painting her fence, a tall, dark and handsome man drove along and said, “What are you doing?”

“Painting my fence, of course, silly!” She was doing a rather sloppy job of it, so Tall-Dead-and-Handsome said, “Let me help you.” When he wasstoried for a cooling drink, he said his name was Lee Fredericks. No, she said, she wasn’t married, and what did he do? Well, Lee said he was just finishing up in Hollywood from the New York stage and great things were probably going to happen to him. When Mary Lou didn’t spark at that, Lee quietly said, “What’s wrong with that?”

“It’s just that you’re an actor and I’m on vacation,” Mary Lou said.

THEY went together for seven months. Just before they were married, Lee finished his first picture (not at Paramount) starring in “The Sun Sets at Dawn,” which has a cast of New York stage actors, all new to Hollywood. His next picture is “Prowl” with Edmond O’Brien. Diana’s and Lizabeth’s shower for Mary Lou was held in the evening (nearly all the guests being working girls), at Diana’s new Canyon home. The studio workers and staff, in the sort of fun you have when a popular girl in your crowd gets married. The shower presents were a mixture of glamorous and practical ones. The Allee (couldn’t find the) sent a beautiful dressing gown, Olga Sun Juan (Mrs. Edmond O’Brien) gave Mary Lou a carving set and steak knives, Wanda Hendrix’s gift was a silver ice bucket (with kirsch in a beautiful antique tea chair for a wedding present). Corrine Calvet’s gift was a set of beautifully embroidered sheets and pillowcases, and Lizabeth had searched until she found a lovely seashore in an antique frame, which was one of the shower highlights. Diana gave Mary Lou two lovely sets of pink sheets and pillowcases, and there were scores of other lovely things.

The wedding presents which came later were also a young bride’s dream gifts. Bing Crosby sent the couple a television set, and Bob and Dolores Hope turned over their home in Palm Springs to the newlyweds for their honeymoon. If Bing Crosby’s son had been marrying Bob Hope’s daughter, there couldn’t have been more excitement. The wardrobe department helped Mary Lou with her trousseau and Nellie Manley, head of the hair-dressing department, did Mary Lou’s hair. Other gifts included an electric mixer from Betty Hutton, a silver Lazy Susan from Jerry Lewis and an electric table broiler from John Lund, and many others.

Diana and Liz didn’t want the gifts to steal the whole show at their shower, so they prepared a buffet supper table that was beautiful and imaginative. It was decorated with tall, white tapper candles, red tulips and heather, and as a centerpiece they spent hours making a miniature stage set with an actor and actress going through a scene, and a tiny bride in her finery, looking through the window. There was also a beautiful bride-to-be cake, trays of divine sandwiches, and a huge bowl of champagne punch on the table.

The sandwiches were: Nut bread with cream cheese; chicken salad on white bread; cucumber open face sandwiches on whole wheat; egg salad; chopped black olives with pimiento.

CHICKEN SALAD SANDWICHES
Combine 1 cup chopped chicken meat, ¼ cup finely chopped celery, 1 tsp. lemon juice, ½ tsp. coarse ground pepper, ⅛ tsp. salt, dash of cayenne, and 4 tbsp. mayonnaise. Spread on buttered white bread. Cut in 2 squares. Garnish with parsley.

CUCUMBER OPEN FACE
Pare and slice cucumbers 1-inch thick. Hollow out and drain. Mix equal amounts of chopped watercress and sharp yellow cheese spread. Fill cucumber boats and sprinkle with paprika. Place on whole wheat bread cut with round cookie cutter.

EGG SALAD SANDWICHES
Hardboil 5 eggs. Shell and chop. Add ¼ cup mayonnaise, 1 tbsp. finely chopped parsley, ½ tsp. dry mustard, 1 tsp. onion juice. Mix well. Make sandwiches using slices of buttered whole wheat bread. Cut in finger strips.

CHOPPED OLIVE AND PIMENTO SANDWICHES
Combine 1 small can chopped black olives and 1 pimento, finely chopped mayonnaise to make a spread. Make sandwiches with 1/2 slice bread. Cut in circles with cookie cutter.

CHAMPAGNE PUNCH
(Makes 20 Servings)
2 cans (No. 1 tall) peach halves Add: 1 cup brandy Cover. Let stand overnight. When ready to serve fill a clean wide-mouthed steward jar with cracked ice. Turn upside down in punch bowl. This keeps punch cold without diluting it.
Four around it:
3 bottles cold champagne 1 bottle very cold white wine Add: 1 (1 cup) jar maraschino cherries with juice Brandy-soaked peaches Float orange slices on top, and you have a nectar for the gods.

NUT BREAD
(Makes 2 loaves)
Sift, then measure: 1/2 cups flour 5 teaspoons baking powder 1⅛ teaspoons salt ½ cup sugar Add:
1/2 cups whole wheat flour ¾ cup chopped walnuts ½ cup cut-up dates or raisins ¼ cup dark molasses ¼ cup sugar 2 tablespoons melted shortening Pour liquid mixture into dry mixture. Stir enough to blend thoroughly. Do not heat. Turn into greased loaf pan or 2 well greased (No. 1 or No. 2) tall cans. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes. When cool, slice thin for sandwiches.

SHOWER CAKE
If your mixing equipment is large enough, make double this recipe. Or have a friend bring bowls and pans, mix one recipe each, but bake them together.
Sift, then measure:
2½ cups cake flour Sift again with:
3½ teaspoons baking powder 1 teaspoon salt 1⅛ cups sugar Place in mixing bowl:
½ cup shortening Stir just to soften. Add dry ingredients. Combine:
1 cup milk 1⅛ teaspoons vanilla ¼ teaspoon almond extract Add 3 ½ cup to flour and shortening. Stir until all flour is dampened. Then beat 300 strokes. Add remaining milk. Beat:
4 egg whites Add, a small amount at a time: ¾ cup sugar Beat a few times. Continue beating until mixture stands in soft peaks. Add to batter. Beat 150 strokes. Pour in 2 9 layers and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 35 minutes.
One 9 in. does this recipe and bake in 3 well-gessed 8 square pans, 35 to 45 minutes or until firm. Turn out. Place side by side on cardboard covered with lace-paper doilies. Frost between and on top with Butter Cream Frosting.

BUTTER CREAM FROSTING
Beat with a wooden spoon until fluffy:
1/2 cup butter or margarine Sift:
1 pound confectioners’ sugar Add to butter gradually, beating well after each addition. Add:
few grains salt 1⅛ teaspoons vanilla Measure:
5 tablespoons cream Add gradually, beating well after each addition. Add just enough cream to give a good spreading consistency. Frost tops and sides of two 9 layers. Double recipe if large cake is to be frosted and decorated. Frost cake. Stuff remaining frosting with more sugar and tint. Put through pastry tube to decorate.

When the day of the wedding finally came, every Paramount star who was not working on another film attended the ceremony at the St. Charles Catholic Church in North Hollywood and the reception that followed.

Everyone agreed—it couldn’t have happened to a nicer secretary.

(Liz Scott and Diana Lynn are in Hal Wallis’s “Paid in Full,” Wanda Hendrix in “Capt. Carey, U.S.A.,” Corrine Calvet in “My Friend Irma Goes West.”)
The Crosby Myth

Continued from page 52) unworried minstrel with a song and a good word for everyone. All of which is a mistake. Bing Crosby is no more Father O'Malley, than Jack Benny is tight-fisted or Dennis Day is stupid.

Bing Crosby is not an American legend put together by a string of radio and movie writers. He's a mature citizen, far more complex, and by the same token, far more interesting than the characters he plays. But because he does not act according to his professional counterpart, people are disappointed, disillusioned and angry. Then comes the bad publicity.

FIRST of all, Bing's Irish. Like other Irishmen, he doesn't give a hoot what other people think. He lives his life as he pleases, and criticism be damned. Also, like other Irishmen, he has moods and tempers. He never blows his top, however. When the pressure of dull details and boring people bears down, he retires in sullen silence behind an iron curtain. And Crosby's Iron Curtain would make Joe Stalin seem like a chatterbox. "He can spot a phony a mile away," says a friend. "He hates 'em." He also hates people who pester him for favors or bother him with petty matters when his mind is on something else.

For such persons, Bing has perfected a chilling stare that is a masterpiece. The Crosby features become inert and his eyes, assuming a listless glare, stare right through the petitioner as though he were made of glass.

Bing, shy, hates large gatherings. He shuns crowds and makes as few public appearances as possible. I have seen him at only two large Hollywood parties, both of them in his honor. There have been many other affairs which he was supposed to attend, but didn't.

A notable Crosby nonappearance was at the testimonial dinner the Friars Club gave Bob Hope a few years ago. Bing, one of the top officers in the club (although he had never attended one of its meetings), was listed as a speaker. No one doubted he would be on hand to honor his pal Hope. But the chair set at the speaker's table for Bing remained empty.

When he was criticized for staying away, he said, "My friendship for Bob doesn't depend on appearing at testimonials." Bing, however, was genuinely hurt, and the incident marked a break in their fabulous friendship.

He's like that. Bing won't be Pamela into anything. I recall the presidential race in 1940. The Crosby brothers announced that Bing advocated the election of Dewey over Roosevelt. Bing has never taken part in politics, so reporters were anxious to confirm the news. They reached him, finally, on a hunting trip. "I'm taking part in the campaign," he said.

"Who's running?" was the only answer.

His reluctance to appear publicly is also due to his baldness. He wears a toupee only when he is necessary in a public scene. He hates the thing, not only because he feels it is silly, but also because it is painful to wear and to remove.

His distaste for displaying his baldness has placed him at odds with Hollywood press photographers. Few photos have ever been taken of the Crosby pate, mainly because he often wears a hat or says "no pictures" when it is exposed.

But that is not the only reason for his war with the lensmen. He is a busy man, with a multitude of million-dollar enterprises. Posing for pictures takes valuable time. So he dodges it whenever possible.

"People don't want to see me," he claims. "They want to hear me."

FOR naturally BEAUTIFUL HAIR...

"Pure Castile is the Best Shampoo!"

Meet lovely, Vivian Farrar, pre-law student at an Eastern college and finalist in the National Hearst Oratory Tournament, who says "I use Conti Castile Shampoo because it leaves my hair so silky-soft, lustrous and easy-to-manage." Typical of the many thousands of college girls who praise Conti, Vivian says "I certainly agree with beauty authorities that pure castile is the best shampoo!"

Promos are fun "Every girl loves to have her dance card scribbled full. And there are things you can do to raise your dating average. When it comes to hair, boys like that soft, enchanting flower-fresh look... and I rely on Conti to make my hair sparkle with highlights—look soft and lovely for those important dates."

Never skips shampoo "Conti is part of my regular beauty routine," says Vivian. "I know the olive oil it contains is good for my hair—helps it to natural, long-lasting beauty."

THE PURE Castile SHAMPOO
He hates phony interviews and small talk. But if a reporter will fire him, direct questions, Bing will deliver plain, direct answers. He seldom ducks a query, mainly because interviewers are conditioned in advance not to ask anything too personal.

Asked recently if he had any theory about publicity, Bing replied, "Now, I'm just too lazy to worry about it." Is he lazy? Think so. Says Bob Hope, "I'll tell you how lazy Bing is. If he made his own picture, he'd show himself looking through a knothole in the first scene. The rest of the picture would be what he saw!"

Bing's easygoing manner makes him seem lazy. But would a lazy man make two or three pictures a year, conduct his own production company, appear on radio shows, record more songs than any other star, and engage in a dozen or more business ventures?

He gives his impression of laziness because he likes to do things the easy way. He wants to live as normal a life as he can, despite back-breaking duties. So he avoids, as much as he can, all the boring details of being a star. He seeks shortcuts, too, as, for instance, his air show.

He disliked the nagging weekly deadline of a radio program. When tape recording was introduced after the war, he decided he wanted to record his show at his own convenience. His network, NBC, was horrified; it allowed only "live" shows. So Bing carted his troupe over to ABC. Now, a sizable percentage of the big programs are transcribed on all the networks.

Such time-savings allow Bing to get away from the whirl of the entertainment world. He spends many evenings at home, studying movies, television shows and records of songs and radio programs. He also spends as much time as possible with his sons.

He's a stern father and a strict disciplinarian. A photographer once asked to take some pictures of the boys on the ranch. "Okay," said Bing. The photographer got his pictures, during a half-hour of the boys' lunch period.

The boys' maternal grandfather thought they were worked too hard. Bing's answer, "No harder than I worked at their age."

He makes a determined effort to assure that his four sons will grow up as normal American kids. Once, he was alarmed when the principal of their school in

"entertaining . . .
inspiring . . .
comforting"

This is the way one listener to "My True Story" Radio Program described it recently. And thousands of women all over the country echo her words. "My True Story" presents a complete, true-to-life drama each morning, Monday through Friday, that could be about you or people you know. Prepared in cooperation with the editors of True Story Magazine, these real stories about real people are a fascinating study of life.

TUNE IN
"my true story"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
NOW IT'S FUN TO REDUCE

This Common Sense Way

Some of the Subjects Covered

Too Much Hips • Reducing Abdomen • Reducing the Breasts • Firming the Breasts • Fat Puffy Arms • Stifling the Legs and Ankles • Correcting Bowlegs • Slimming the Thighs • Reducing Fat on the Back • Develop Your Legs • Drooping Shoulders • Keep That Perfect Figure • Off with that Double Chin • Enlarging a Receding Chin • Stifling the Face and Jowls • Refining Your Nose • Skin Beauty Diet and Energy Diet • Beautiful Hands and Feet • Acquire Praise and Grace — Overcome Nervousness • Advice for the Adolescent — To Mothers — To Girls • The Woman Past Forty

There is no magic about The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

In No More Alibis the author tells you how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure.

Glance at the table of contents listed on this page. Notice how completely and thoroughly Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that all of Sylvia's instructions are simple to follow. You need not buy any equipment whatsoever.

NOW ONLY 50c

This marvelous 128-page book containing over 40 illustrations formerly sold for $1.00 in a stiff-back binding. Almost 100,000 persons gladly paid this price. Now published in an economical paper cover you get the identical information for only 50c—and we pay the postage. Order now while our supply of this special edition lasts.

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Name .................................................. (Please Print)

Address ..................................................

City .................................................. State ..................................
Hollywood's Most Amusing Love Stories

(Continued from page 56) Joan, oddly enough, just happened to be wearing her prettiest hostess gown and her most forgiving expression.

Now that all is over between these two, I wonder who will come along to take their colorful place. Whoever it is will have to possess a real sense of the dramatic!

Bob Hope, talking about the great Hollywood lovers, said, "When Kirk Douglas meets a girl, lights go on in his head." That's a wonderful description of Kirk on the love rampage. But Kirk didn't turn on the switch until after "Champion" and his separation from his wife. Until then, he seemed a quiet kind of sheep. However, Wolf's clothing becomes him. Evelyn Keyes found him so attractive she even joined his gymnasium.

Back a few months when Howard Duff was romancing Ava Gardner, before Pat DiCicco bought her the beautiful seven-carat diamond ring that she still wears, Howard lived at the beach. And had a party line telephone. He never received or made a call that everyone on the line didn't lift their receivers. They hoped, of course, that it was Howard calling Ava or vice versa. It usually was. And what the listeners heard shouldn't happen to eavesdroppers.

It did seem that Ava and Howard never were let off anything. Mother Nature should have been on their side. But she wasn't always. There was that day Howard got his new Cadillac convertible. He dated Ava for that evening, of course. Ava lives up a mountain road which becomes steep just before it reaches her hilltop house.

The Cadillac took that hill like a purring kitten. Howard was bursting with pride when he parked it in front of Ava's house. It was, presumably, simultaneously with the goodnight kiss that there sounded the most frightful roar, then a crash. The hillside had caved in! On Howard's Cadillac!

Hollywood gossip isn't the fun it used to be. In the old days Ava D.O.S. (David Oliver Selznick to you) took Jennie for his bride. There was the day David was having a big musical scene at the studio. The phone rang. Jennifer Jones was calling. She had something important to ask David, what dress she should wear that day, probably. He must see her right away. "Wait," David is said to have told the musicians, "I'll be right back." He was back all right, three days later!

When Shelley Winters was on location in the mountains with Montgomery Clift for "A Place in the Sun," and she cracked, "It's so cold up here I just have to get married," Monty couldn't take the hint. His companion of ten years, Mira Rosevay-kaya Letts was on location with him. This is one of the oddest duos Hollywood has seen in a long time. But Monty swears Mira, from whom he is inseparable, is his drama coach only. Happy coaching!

To get back to Shelley. Her romance with Farley Granger has been publicized so (yes, I plead guilty, too), that some people can't believe Farley would even look at anyone else. When he was in New York he made a date with Geraldine Brooks to see a movie. "Meet me outside the theater," Gerry told him. Farley, pliable in the hands of the so-called weaker sex, arrived on time. No Geraldine. A group of young girls who collected from nowhere began whispering, "When they descended upon Farley," said one of the giggling girls. "You look so much like Farley Granger. Are you?"
Then, Mark.

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"Then, Mark.

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U.S

sonnet.

I remember when a well-known Hollywood writer, associated with a large studio, was in love with Hedy. Every day he sent her a sonnet. Also a daily dozen roses. Hedy gladly accepted both. Then, never stupid, Hedy wrote a story. "I want you to read it," she telephoned the writer. "I will," he promised. "Very soon!"

The telephone banged in his ear. Hedy, of course, had expected him to dash over to her house and read the story immediately. Hollywood laughed. During the months this writer had been courting Hedy he had argued that she was the most unassuming girl he ever had met, that it was incredible that a girl with such beauty, not to mention Hedy's European background, could have remained so unworldly, so generous of heart.

S T E W A R T G R A N G E R ' S courtship of blonde bombshell Betty Hutton was short and bloody. Stewart arrived at Betty's house one night to explain with impulsive British charm that he had come to take Miss Hutton to dinner. Betty laughed. Stewart retaliated with a nose-bleed. Betty put his key down on his back. And Stewart's agent, who had come to give his client moral support, told Stewart home, bloody but unbowed. When last heard from Betty was having a mad fling with Robert Sterling, ex-husband of Ann Sothern.

Yvonne De Carlo is in love with love. She sighed over a photograph of the handsome Italian bandit Guillamo, "I'd like to meet him." She is supposed to have spent her vacation in Sicily looking for him. I hope she catches up with him. We could use him in Hollywood.

Olivia de Havilland's love temperature first zoomed sky-high with the charming Brian Aherne who later married sister Joan Fontaine. Olivia then turned from Jock Whitney to Jimmy Stewart to John Huston, before leveling with Marcus Goodrich.

Marcus and Olivia knew each other only a few weeks before they married. And Marcus kept telling Olivia that the man she should marry should be a year or two her senior and a busier man; no one associated with the arts, not an actor, not a writer, not a director nor anyone of the kind. Olivia, he pointed out, was so creative that she needed a practical husband. Olivia told everyone what Marcus told her. Then she told everyone she was going to marry Marcus, considerably older than she, attractively impractical and not a business man at all but a writer.

All of which proves that Marcus's instinct when he proposed was better than all his intellectual reasoning. For this, so far at any rate, is a happy marriage.

In contrast, the most tragic love story in Hollywood, I think, is that of Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini. If there ever were any laughs in this I suspect they're gone now. And you can tell how soon the romance will be gone, unless Ingrid and Roberto feel permanently tied to each other, because it would be too awful to have given up too much for too little.

That funny thing called love trips many a romance—away from the altar.

T H E END
ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!!

"HOW TO LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER"

A Complete Section of absorbing interest to every woman, married, or planning to be a bride, in the June TRUE STORY.

Make every home happier! Included is an article revealing what every couple must know to make a successful marriage.

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TRUE STORY

now at your newsstand

(Continued from page 34) I had looked like Ava, come suddenly into such an income as she knows and found myself a subject of admiration and adulation wherever I traveled.

Ava, twenty-seven years old, has been divorced twice; from Mickey Rooney in 1943 and from Artie Shaw in 1946. Since she made her first movie, "We Were Dancing," in 1942, she appears to have been on an emotional merry-go-round, most recently, before Frankie, with Howard Duff.

I do not think this points that Ava is a "wild" girl. Confused, perhaps, overly self-indulgent, even a little feverish; but not "wild." Had she stayed on the North Carolina tobacco farm upon which she grew up, I am convinced she would have married a nice average boy and lived as happily as most people do; been like her sisters, who are nice, folkly women.

The same is true of Frank Sinatra. This isn't Frankie's first fling. Nor is this the first time that Nancy, patient as she is, has left him when one of his infatuations exceeded even her ability to endure.

Frankie, frankly, has acted pretty silly for the past several years. There's a far hall between the poor and crowded streets of Hoboken and the pattern of Frankie's life today, the income and fame he derives from movies, recordings and radio, the opulence of his homes, the subtle flattery of his syphonic coterie.

It is— I insist— unfair to cast young men and women out on the golden tide of fame without first preparing them for all that is involved.

When a young man in business shows promise, his firm trains him, carefully, for the position they hope he will occupy. His importance and his income are increased over a period of years. And, gradually, he is indoctrinated in the political and social aspects of his future estate.

It is the same with royal families. Princes and princesses are educated all through their youth not only in matters of state but in the etiquette and deportment their public life will require them to know. Above all they are impressed with the responsibilities of their position.

Had Ingrid Bergman been trained in the extracurricular requirements of a star, had she been given a proper sense of her responsibility towards the public, she never would have perpetrated this recent scandal. I do not say she would not have fallen in love with Roberto Rossellini and sought divorce. For I have long thought it inevitable that something like this would happen. However, Ingrid's grand passion would have been handled with such discretion as has, for ages, attended the amours of presidents and kings. It would have been better this way. Thousands of impressionable young women who were her admirers would not now have been shocked or influenced by her conduct. Her twelve-year-old daughter, Pia, would not have suffered as she must have suffered. And I doubt there would have been any infant son to be branded illegitimate throughout the world. Also, gentlemen like Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado, unable apparently to keep himself in his constituents' minds because of anything he has accomplished during his tenure in the Senate, would not have been able to use Hollywood for his band-wagon.

It was Senator Johnson who branded Ingrid Bergman as the "common mistress" of a "swine inspired by the devil," and grouped Rita Hayworth with her as one of "Hollywood's two current apostles of degradation."

Not content with this oratory, Senator
Johnson went on to suggest that the Commerce Committee of which he is chairman put into effect a licensing system to "insure wholesome pictures and eliminate persons of low character from making and appearing in films."

It might be a good idea if senators, too, were trained in their responsibilities—so that every man and woman in our houses of government would realize that in this country, unlike Soviet Russia, we value, above all, the freedom of the individual and deplore any suggestion that any appointed committee, outside of our courts, pass upon any individual's right to act or sing or in any other way earn a living.

But to leave the dear senator to think up some other way of publicizing himself, as he no doubt will, and return to the subject at hand:

IN THE Bergman case, which, I think we all agree was unpardonable, the attitude of her husband Doctor Peter Lindstrom certainly did not make things any easier for anyone concerned. He, at once, protracted the divorce proceedings and increased their news value.

Add to this the fact that Ingrid, accustomed to being First Lady of Hollywood, had had three unsuccessful films in a row, "Arch of Triumph," "Joan of Arc" and "Under Capricorn." She had begun to feel, somehow, that Hollywood was wrong for her. (It never seems to occur to any one of us that maybe it is we, ourselves, who are at fault.) For Ingrid, I think, life had lost its enchantment. Secretly, too, I understand she very much admired Anna Magnani. It was human enough, then, even if not commendable, that she should have thought regarding Roberto Rossellini, who had directed Magnani, "If I could get a man like that interested in me."

Little did she dream! Little did any of us dream what would happen.

It was Robert Mitchum who got this present era of bad public relations, the worst Hollywood has had in years, off to a sensational start when he was apprehended smoking marijuana. To smoke marijuana is stupid. But if Bob Mitchum had some uncontrollable compulsion to smoke it, and I don't believe he did, he did not have to smoke it where he did or the way he did, and he never would have if he had been conditioned by his studio to his responsibilities as a star.

Judy Garland's publicity has been most unhappy. Judy has been under contract to M-G-M since she was twelve or thirteen years old. What a pity there were no classes in public relations for her to attend, no one to convince her that late hours and sleeping pills and the general pattern of life she observed can only lead to such unhappiness and nerves and ill-health as she suffers today.

THE RIGHT TO BE READY!

As our country prepared to observe Armed Forces Day on May 20, a thousand Reserve Officers Association chapters planned to celebrate National Defense Week May 13 to 20 in virtually every city and village as a salute to our reserve forces and a reminder to keep them strong. NATIONAL DEFENSE WEEK is a reminder to America that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.
During the months when Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan traveled in Mexico, New York, Paris and London, before they finally married, the headlines were not good. Had Rita and Aly conducted their romance in Hollywood with the trained personnel of her studio to control the reporters and photographers, everything (including Aly and Rita), would have been kept under proper control. Rita on her own, unaware that she was not equal to the demands of her fame, was lost.

There were headlines, too, when Margaret O'Brien had at least a mild ease of hysterics at her mother's wedding to Don Syvilla. It surprised no one when Gladys O'Brien, when thereafter, asked that her marriage be set aside. Maybe Margaret was not responsible for the breakup of this marriage, maybe she was. In any event it has done her no good. Which is a pity because Margaret dearly loves her success. Had she and her mother been taught that the spotlight in which they live can distort the simplest act, had they been disciplined in self-restraint, it would have been another and happier story.

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LATEST WINNER LIST! Free course winners in previous contest—-from list just released: C. Weber, Owosso, N. Y.; Miss C. Rodina, Jackson, Minn.; G. Johnson, McKeesport, Penna.; Miss A. McLaughlin, New York City; Miss H. Mesmer, Trenton, N. J.

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Elizabeth's Love Story

(Continued from page 38) were Bentley Ryan, Joe Brown, Y. Frank Freeman Jr., Jack Young, Howard Taylor (Elizabeth's brother), Edward Crowley and Ted Harvard.

It was as the soft rays of the setting sun streamed through the stained glass windows that Monsigneur Chinannon, beloved pastor of many screen stars, pronounced the words that made Elizabeth and Nicky man and wife.

She is so radiantly happy these days. I really believe she has found the love she has been looking for ever since she blossomed from little girlhood to an eighteen-year-old charmer.

Last summer, when Elizabeth broke her engagement to William Pawley Jr., she told me she never intended to be "engaged" formally again. "The next time I fall in love and think of marriage, I'll just up and get married," she announced.

But along came Nicky, dashing attractive son of the wealthy hotel magnate, Conrad Hilton. Nicky, just under six feet, weighs 170 pounds, has short hair and a ruggedly handsome face. With Nicky, came real love. "And like every girl marrying for the first time," Elizabeth said, retracting her previous statement, "I want all the sweet wonderful things for my wedding, including an engagement period."

BEFORE, I think, Elizabeth was in love with love. Without stopping to think whether her tastes and moods and career would blend with those of the attractive beau she met, she recklessly became engaged to him.

"But your heart knows when you meet the right man," she said, as we sat talking, a few weeks before her wedding. "There is no doubt in my mind that Nick is the one I want to spend my life with. I met him last October and in all that time we have never had one quarrel, one moment of misunderstanding. Every day I love him better. If this were not true, I would not be marrying him in the church of his faith which recognizes one marriage in a lifetime in the eyes of God."

"Are you joining the Catholic Church?"

I asked my starry-eyed visitor.

"Not yet," she replied. "Nicky, as you know, is a Catholic and we have had our understanding about religion. I am taking instruction and I am deeply interested in his religion."

She was so sweet and so sincere when she said, "I want this marriage to be forever."

She had recently finished "Father of the Bride" with Spencer Tracy and Joan Bennett at M-G-M and it tickled her to be going through all those movie angles and problems in real life, only to her, they weren't angles and problems.

"I just love everything about getting married," she laughed gleefully, "and every little detail seems terribly important to me. Helen Rose, of M-G-M, is designing my going-away suit, it will be pale blue. And I'll wear a pale blue hat with it and a corsage of real violets. And I start off each morning talking with Helen about every seam."

"Most of my trousseau was made by Cell Chapman in New York. Mother and I flew there for special fittings and selections."

It was Chapman, incidentally, who said that Elizabeth will definitely take her place among our best-dressed women when she acquires "clothes maturity."

Now, of course, as a young matron, she can wear far more sophisticated clothes even though she is still in the teen-age group.

FABULOUS NEW DISCOVERY
IN UNDERARM DEODORANTS

Now... banish underarm odor completely, safely, instantly

Be confident of your charm! Fabulous new SQUEEZE Spray Deodorant gives you dependable underarm perspiration protection—keeps underarms sweet and free of odor! A little squeeze of the dainty flexible bottle does it.

SQUEEZE—there's nothing else like it

SQUEEZE is quicker, damper. Makes all other types of underarm deodorants obsolete. Sprays easily every time. Safer—kind to skin, harmless to all fabrics. Thrifter—lasts longer. Six months supply in bottle; can't spill or leak. More effective—checks annoying perspiration and instantly stops odor! Try Squeeze, today! 39c at cosmetic counters.

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Nicky was in New York when Elizabeth was there. They went dancing, the five-carat square diamond he gave Elizabeth gleaming on her hand on his shoulder. They went to the theater, saw "Mr. Roberts" (which they both had seen before) because they "wanted to see it together." It was while they were in New York, too, that they planned their honeymoon—three months in England, France, Scotland and Ireland, touring in Nicky's Cadillac convertible.

It wasn't only her own wedding clothes that interested Elizabeth. She was just as excited over the bridesmaids' dresses and what her pretty mother would wear. "Mother's dress is copper beige," she told me, "with a matching hat and veil and bronze accessories. It will be lovely on her."

"Elizabeth," I said, "what was it about Nick that first made you realize he was the man for you?"

Without hesitation, she answered, "His sympathy and sweetness. He understands me as a woman (I smiled inwardly at that term), and he also understands my problems as an actress. He is not only willing for me to continue my career, he wants me to. The thing I am proudest of is that Nick is proud of me!"

"We can have our home right here in California and I can continue my work and he won't be annoyed because of the things, as an actress, I have to do. Nick understands that we'll be photographed most places we go and that there will be pictures made of even our honeymoon house. He understands that these things are a part of my career, and he does not resent them."

"His father, Mr. Conrad Hilton, is the same way. He said something awfully cute the other day. He said, 'Elizabeth, anybody who doesn't want to have his picture taken with you, needs to have his head examined.'"

"How did you meet Nick?" I asked.

"When I was making 'A Place in the Sun' ('An American Tragedy'), at Paramount, Frank Freeman Jr. told me he had a friend who wanted to meet me. I said, 'Why don't you bring him over on the set?' He did, and the boys waited for me to finish work."

They wanted to take her to the Town House (Nick's dad's hotel in Los Angeles) for dinner and dancing. But Liz was a little tired from working, she still had her make-up on, and she was wearing just a tailored dress.

For your enchanted moment (and it may come any moment) only one lipstick will do. It is Tangee! Because it is made by a newly perfected secret formula, you will discover:

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Every Sunday Afternoon on Your Mutual Station...
So Liz and Nicky had their first dinner together at a drive-in. They ate hot dogs, chili and beans and French apple pie! What romance! What digestion!

After that first meeting, Liz still had a date now and then with another beau. She attended a couple of premieres with Bob Stack. And she liked to go to Mocambo to listen to Vic Damone sing.

It wasn’t until around Christmas that she and Nick realized how much they missed each other when they weren’t together and how unimportant other “dates” had become in their lives.

“Isn’t it hard for the news about us, not to get out too soon, before we were sure of what we had and what we planned for the future.

“I just couldn’t stand those, ‘Another engagement for Elizabeth Taylor,’ stories. I didn’t want to hurt Nick. I didn’t want to be hurt by them, myself. So, when we went out, we did not go to the conspicuous places. We would take long drives and dine somewhere along the beach or at one of the nearby mountain road cafes.

“And every time we were together, I realized I loved Nick more and more.”

LIZZIE doesn’t want to tell just when or where Nicky asked her to marry him. “There are some things I want to keep just for us,” she said, and looked so dignified when she said it. But, she laughed suddenly, “I said ‘Yes!’ right away, I can tell you that much.

“We set the date, it was supposed to be a big secret, but how can you keep a secret when you are just bursting with happiness. I’m not going to pin you down, but wasn’t it Mr. Hilton, Nick’s father, who spilled the beans to you about the date in New York?”

“Oh, Elizabeth,” I laughed, “you can’t be cross with him about that. He really didn’t tell me. When I sort of guessed the right date, he just didn’t deny it because he says he loves you and is so happy you are to be his daughter-in-law."

“I’m not one bit cross,” she said, gay and laughing again. “But I had wanted to have my announcement party for twenty of my girl friends, a surprise.

“It was sort of an antecedent to the traditional thing and put ‘Nick and Elizabeth’ on the traditional announcement cards in the traditional flower bowl with satin streamers when the whole thing, date and all, had been in the newspapers two days previously.”

I said I could see how it would be disappointing not to be able to break your own “secrets,” but that is just another thing that goes with being a movie star.

“I think Mother was more disappointed than I. She kept calling me ‘Poor, little thing.’ but I was too happy to care."

Later on, I talked with Nick. “Do you realize that you are the object of jealousy to hundreds of young swains who just wanted to meet Elizabeth and tell her how much they admire her? Believe me, she is the Dream Sweetheart of half the young men I know.”

This very good-looking, very sensible-looking young man who has a great deal of his father’s executive ability, just smiled as he answered, “Isn’t she wonderful? I am so proud she chose me. Just think, Miss Parsons, with all the world of eligible bachelors to choose from, I’m the lucky man. I am going to try very hard to make her happy.”

And, now, bless you my children, and my deep wish is that you cling to this happiness you have found even when the pink clouds of excitement and plans have passed along, and you join hands as Mr. and Mrs., the two most sacred and lovely words in the world."

The End
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

straws. With necklines plunging right and left—that subtle, super-sexy grand-ma, Marlene Dietrich, wore all-black with one long sleeve and one bare shoulder. When she started to leave (before dinner) six men got trapped in the rush to reach her wrap.

Errol Flynn, bearded for his role in "Kim," compared red socks with Van Johnson. Sylvia Gable got the "King" out on the dance floor, so you know it must be love! The Zanuckes sat with the Goldwyns, which proves we have a democracy in Hollywood.

Recently returned from Europe and now on their way to the Philippines (where he's making a picture), Ty and Linda radiate the happiness they feel over their expected baby. "My friends wonder why I take chances and travel," lovely Linda confided. "But I am very optimistic. I want a healthy, normal child, so why should I pamper myself? I don't intend to fly and I will rest a lot. The baby will be born wherever we happen to be and we'll probably be away a year. When we return we'll build a larger house. My mother had many children and we hope to have many too."

Backseat Driver: Just as Cal came through the gate at Universal International we were hailed by a sleek limousine, driven by a liveried chauffeur. "Hop in and I'll drive you over to the party," called out Jane Wyman from the back seat. Because of so many close calls in traffic, near-sighted Janie's finally given up driving herself. "I feel silly in this hat," she said, as she fussed with the veil. "You know I never wear them, so I had to stop in town and buy this one specially for Charlie Coburn's party."

As we drove along that fabulous Wyman face grinned mischievolly. "I'll never forget the last time I was in this studio," she laughed. "I was playing a bit with Carole Lombard and William Powell in 'My Man Godfrey.' The tin lizzie I was driving looked so sad—they wouldn't allow me to bring it on the lot."

New Model Ford: All's well with the Glenn Fords again and their Hollywood friends couldn't be happier. They're rid-


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Pay No Money—Send No Money! Just write—variation. I'll send a free sample of the up-to-date garment suits. Get your own suit WITHOUT A PINNY COST and make money too! Men can't resist the outstanding style, low wear and low price of my mail-order-to-measure suits. You need no experience. You need no money. Each suit pays big profit. Earn money and address blank for full details. Write today.

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Dale Evans makes a novel entrance at Fat Stock Show Rodeo in Texas. She and Roy Rogers expect their baby in August.
INSIDE STUFF

ing horseback and playing golf these days. When Glenn goes to Europe, to make "The Man Who Watched the Trains Go By," not only does Eleanor go along but she'll have a dancing spot in the picture. This time they'll see Paris together—the fulfillment of a dream that got lost along the way. Despite denials, a divorce action was practically pending. Eleanor Powell has a warm and loyal heart for her friends, her home, husband and child. Only as a last and desperate measure would she jeopardize any of them. Hollywood oftentimes produces strange and unexpected pressures. That Glenn is relieved of his, is only too evident. Gone is that brooding unhappiness from his eyes. Gone is that unbecoming and enthusiasm that made him one of Hollywood's most appealing and exciting figures.

Good Night Nurse: Yes, writing this rumor seems just as silly to Cal as it will sound to you when you read it. But we keep hearing that since she returned from Honolulu, Shirley Temple has lost interest in acting. Furthermore, she's supposed to have said she's likely to become a nurse! When Shirley Temple and Jane Withers were youthful competitors, all along the way, Shirley's ride seemed to be the rosiest. Today she's a divorced woman, her future happiness is problematic. Jane, on the other hand, is happily married to Bill Moss, they're expecting their second baby and wouldn't trade places with anyone.

Southern Style: Ann Sothern's unfailing good-naturedness never fails to astound us. There she was in the Hollywood hospital, propped up on pink sheets, her throat swathed in bandages, barely able to speak. Painful and serious though it was, how grateful Ann is that the skilled hands of Dr. William E. Branch only disclosed a hardened calcium deposit on her thyroid gland. We leaned closer as she motioned she wanted to whisper to us. "I wired Winchell," were her amusing words. "He said I was carrying a torch for Cy Howard. I wanted him to know that the only torch I'm carrying is for myself!"

Cigarette girl Lucille Ball smokes out a customer—husband Desi Arnaz—at Benefit for Jewish Home for the Aged.

"I'm Enthusiastic"
says
Ann Sheridan

• 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 beautiful while you're losing weight. AYDS let you reduce the way nature intended you to!"

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The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

If She Had Only Known—

Known that she need not be a stay-at-home and miss evenings of fun every month. Thousands of women have found in Chi-Ches-Ters Pills blessed relief from symptoms of pain, cramps and nervous tension due to the periodic function. For best results take them as directed two or three days before your time. Packed in three convenient sizes. Ask your druggist for The Improved Chi-Ches-Ters Pills

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
We Saved Our Marriage

(Continued from page 67) than on any of the five which preceded it. It's not clear if Gwen and I have had difficulties in our marriage. When you work in the picture business, you can have even a minor tiff with your wife without stirring up a hornet's nest of gossip, and more often than not we have set the typewriters clicking with sad songs of another "unstable Hollywood marriage." And more than once have we almost paid real singer right.

Two years ago, Gwen and I separated for two days, ready to call it quits. But we found out something in those two days apart; we found out we loved one another enough to make the little thing right. Going on meant together giving up things we had thought were important, but nothing else so important as our marriage. Willingness to change, or should I say grow, is the greatest marriage insurance in the world; we think, and for couples who marry while they're still in their teens, we've convinced it is indispensable.

TEEN-AGERS can marry and live happily ever after, more happily, than anybody else. We still think young marriages are best if . . . if the young people in love know there will be special problems, and are ready to face them.

Like so many other couples caught up in the frenzy of war time, the only problems which concerned Gwen and I were the two of us working, rated, and that I might go overseas, and anything might happen.

Of the more dangerous pitfalls, the kind which confront all young marrieds, we were blissfully ignorant. We had too smartened up the hard way, but let me tell the whole story.

A friend of mine introduced me to Gwen Curter, first at Murray's "Blackouts." A few days later, I met her again at a drugstore counter on a sunny September afternoon in 1943. I knew very few girls myself. My own was no girls as pretty as Gwen. So I got right down to business by demanding her telephone number. The way Gwen looked at me, I knew I had made a blooper.

"The second thing next to her was her boy friend," my friend told me later. "He's the captain of the football team at the school she goes to," she warned me further. And then she gave me Gwen's number.

Gwen greeted me with me, I don't know why, really, I felt awkward with Gwen's friends, felt I didn't know the lingo, the jive. But Gwen didn't feel awkward with my set. She had a burning ambition to be an actress herself, and was fascinated with my work, and with the people she met in show business.

I made one terrible mistake, from the standpoint of being anything like a happy life together, right from the beginning. I was ridiculously possessive about Gwen, and jealous! If another man so much as looked at her twice, or asked her to dance, I'd sulk all evening.

I should have been proud that my friends found Gwen attractive, but I wasn't that smart. I needed to grow up, and that was the way to do it all to my self.

Now I know that loving is not possessing, it is giving. Jealousy is pretty insulting, really, it indicates a lack of trust in the person you're in love with.

But I didn't know that when I met Gwen. When I found myself falling in love, my one drive was to keep this wonderfully exciting, beautiful new thing all to my self, build a wall around Gwen to keep away all my competitors, I thought I'd have nothing to worry about.

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I'm lucky that she liked me, and was interested in my work. Not only did she forgive me for not fitting into her gang; she liked me because I was "different." I think she may even have been flattered by my jealousy, at first.

By apparently mutual consent we began "going steady." We might have been going steady yet, if it hadn't been for the war. I had been in volunteer flight training for some time, had my pilot's license and 500 flying hours. I was a crack to be hustled into the air corps, we figured, the minute I turned eighteen.

So our dates had a certain urgency. We had a lot of laughs to laugh, a lot of living to do, and not much time to do it.

"Promise me you'll marry me soon," I said one evening.

"Yes," she said.

"Maybe in three months," I said, "when I finish basic training, and get my first furlough."

"Maybe," she said.

WE LEFT it at that until one night just a few days before I was to be inducted. We went to a farewell party at Peggy Ryan's. I told our good friends there that I hoped Gwen would marry me on my first furlough, that would be in three months.

"How do you know it will be in three months?" somebody said, and Peggy volunteered the cheerful news that her brother had waited for his furlough for a year.

Gwen cried on my shoulder on the way home in the car that night.

"I might never see you again," she said.

"You might be killed."

We kept right on driving, until we got to Las Vegas, and when we came home we were Mr. and Mrs. Donald O'Connor.

For the two days of our honeymoon, marriage was the kind of romance dream you read about in the love story magazines.

And then Mrs. O'Connor went back to school, and Mr. O'Connor went to camp. There followed the worst five months in this man's life. Adjusting to a private's routine after you've been a movie star is a rugged deal. And I was miserably lonely, and tortured with jealous fears.

Gwen's graduation was nicely timed with my first furlough (I got one, after all!) and I convinced her that she should come back with me. I was still thinking of Old Number One, for there are better deals for girls than the life of a camp follower.

But we were lucky again. The army assigned me to special duty, producing and appearing in entertainments for the troops. I was lucky because I could do the sort of thing I do best and still serve my country, and Gwen was lucky because this new turn of events gave her her first chance to be an actress.

Gwen is a bright, enthusiastic girl, and she likes to work. These qualities add up to a good actress, which it was clear, very soon, she was going to be.

To me, working with Gwen was great because it meant we could be together. But to Gwen it was something more, a chance to act—something which, in my own life, had taken too long for granted. The work we love, the people we love, are part of our life fulfillment.

When I was released from the army, I went on with the work I loved. Gwen came home to a life which, after the excitement of troopings days, was dull and empty.

It was the same homecoming, but it meant quite different things to the two of us. I was not completely unaware of the problem this imposed, of the strain it threatened for our marriage.

I spoke to the executives at Universal-International about a chance for Gwen in pictures, perhaps leading lady. But they felt that it would be unwise to exploit the fact that their "adolescent" star was a married man.
So I worked, and Gwen waited, filling up her days those first few months in decorating and furnishing the new little house we had bought in the Valley. When I went on a personal appearance tour after the release of my first picture, Gwen went along and worked with me in some of the same sketches we had done together during the war. It was exhilarat-
ing; we both love getting about the coun-
ty meeting new people. The interval of our tour wiped out all the frustration Gwen had felt in the preceding months.

But back at home again, it was work and fulfillment, for me, in a long series of pic-
tures, and for Gwen in her many day jobs.

Night after night, I would come home tired from the studio, eat dinner in silence, and then fall asleep by the fire. I could at least have shared my experiences.

That sleeping gimmick of mine is an-
other problem. When I get sleepy, I have to go to sleep, wherever I am. It used to drive Gwen crazy. We’d dress up and go out to a friend’s for dinner. Gwen had been alone all day and was eager to go out. I’d yawn through dinner and then go to sleep. In my politer moments, I’d go out to the car and go to sleep. But in any case, I’d abandon Gwen, who by this time had said, “I don’t dance, except with Donald” to so many guys that it had be-
come a habit.

I can see now how boring this all must have been for Gwen, a beautiful girl, still in her teens, who had never really had the kind of teen-age fling all girls want and should have. “Settling down” was fine for her, I had my work, and besides I had been all over the world, met all kinds of people. I knew what I wanted, and snug-
gling up to the fire in our storybook house was it. Or so I thought then.

Gwen and I were having more and more arguments. She was nervous and restless. And I think it is only fair to say, in my own defense, that I had been working very hard and was tired. When you’re touchy and tired to begin with, little things can upset you worse than big ones.

At one point, we agreed that we must reach a better understanding—or call it quits, and we tried to talk things out, but very superficially.

I think things would have come to a reckoning sooner than they did, except that in August, 1946, baby made three. Our daughter, Donna. 

This big new interest for both of us dis-
solved, for a time, the little upheavals which were beginning to harass our marriage. Gwen was a radiant, eager mother, and I caricatured in my performance all the expectant father jokes you’ve ever heard. I moved the floor for musicians at the hospital, and then after I had seen that thing (and Donna, aged twenty min-
utes, was a thing), she looked so exactly like me, I explained so to Gwen!

“What on earth have you been doing in-
there all that time,” I said.

She laughed. “I wasn’t ad libbing, honey,” she said.

“Settling down in this world as though I had done it all myself I tore around town all night, greeting total strangers with ‘A toast—to the new Queen!”

With Donna to fuss over, Gwen found a new interest in life. Now she could come to the dinner table at night with as inter-
esting a day to recount as any of mine.

BUT little babies get to be big babies, and quicker than you’d think then they get to be little people with friends of their own and much less need of the one hun-
dred small adoptions that our family has undergone. The baby’s growing independence meant more time on her hands for Gwen. A lot of young wives, I realize, have more than they can manage with a little child in the house, cooking, housecleaning, and laundry to do, but we were lucky enough to afford domestic help. We had a maid to do the heavy housework, and a nurse to help with Donna. Gwen, in a sense, was un-
employed, and just as unhappy about it as though her joblessness stemmed from economic causes.

So it happened.

I came home one night crying with fatigue. Gwen was looking very pretty as usual, and, as usual of late, I forgot to mention it. She had cooked my favorite dish, Irish stew, and I forgot to mention that. “Well,” I said, finally pushing my plate aside, “did you have a nice day?”

“No,” she replied. “I had a very dull day. And I’m bored!”

There are the blind who can’t see and the blind who won’t. I had been one of the latter. But I was not stupid enough to go on misunderstanding, once I had been hit on the head with a rock.

“Do you want to go out somewhere?” I asked her. But it was too late.

Gwen thought we should separate. She said I probably would want a divorce.

What could I say? Once she lifted the curtain a little on what her life had been, I couldn’t blow my top and make like I was abused. So I told Gwen she was ab-
solutely right. I was sorry, I hoped it wasn’t really too late to fix things up.

We had a nice, civilized talk (and my insides were bleeding), and I agreed that I would marry Donna often and we’d see another from time to time and I told her to get out and have fun, and, well, we’d see. I packed a suitcase and drove to a friend’s house.

First thing next morning, I rented my-
self a beautiful bachelor apartment. I nev-
er moved it, thank heaven.

I worked all that day with lead in my chest. I slept as little as I told myself, but I got out of bed late, I couldn’t look up some piles and go out on the town.

But when shooting was over, I was in no hurry to leave the set. I wasn’t sure just what I’d look like, but to be honest, I finally got out in the evening air, and cheered up a bit. I put the top down on the car, and drove into town. I tried to sit in a disco- 
ging, gay bachelor stuff.

The song was still going on. I began to think about people to call up. I couldn’t think of any people to call up, except Gwen.

I thought about how I would go about winding up our life. I wanted to rent an apartment for one of those intimate little bachelor dinners, with candles on the table, and wine icing in a silver bucket. I didn’t want to go to one of the places where the lights were on. I could ask Peggy if she would like to take in a movie. So I went in, and Gwen was there.

She wanted Peggy to go to a movie, too. “You’ll have to ask Peggy,” said Gwen, ex-
asperatedly, “you go to a movie. And then go home and make up.”

“No,” I said nobly, “Gwen wants her freedom, and she has every right to it!”

“I guess if I can have it,” Gwen said, at that, with just a trace of a quiver, “I really don’t want it.”

So, we did go home and make up, like the nice lady I am. We sat up and talked until long after midnight.

If we loved another too much to divorce, we decided, then we’d have to try to try to live together a little more, enough to stay married.

We agreed, in the first place, that the only real satisfaction in love comes from giving happiness to one’s partner. And if one of us was making Gwen happy, then I am more concerned for her frustration and loneliness than I am for my own fatigue. And, similarly, her con-
tentment for my sake will modify her feelings about those “dull” evenings by the home fireside. We can both give up pleasure, for Donna’s sake, such as in our recent decision about the Berlin trip. We have the story of a child, of course, but I defy any married couple, teen-
agers or not, to say that they haven’t. We used to laugh at all those column cracks to the effect that they’d be separated, or even divorced. Now we are annoyed. It makes us sound irresponsible.

From the night of our long, heart-to-
heart talk, Gwen and I have been building our marriage. I have come along so far in my campaign against jealousy that I actually find myself beaming with pride when strangers turn to look at Gwen in a restaurant. Gwen has worked out a new slant on her career problems. The Great Big Break hasn’t come along yet. But she’s had several picture roles and in the most re-
cent on “Highway Patrol” she really stands out.

One thing more. Our actually pretty ma-
ture behavior when the big crisis came, the fact that we faced our “separateness” with understanding and not with abuse and denunciation, made it much easier to start anew. Knowing that each of us can have our freedom at any time, with nostrings attached, gave both of us the freedom to make some kind of freedom unimportant. As long as it’s there for the asking, we don’t want it.

We had faced the fact that when people marry young, they still have a lot of grow-
ing up to do, and it’s fatal unless they can grow together, gradually, and in the same direction.

So far, our new approach has worked. worked like a dream.

We want nothing more, the three of us O’Connors, than for it to go on working.

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