SPECIAL COLOR FEATURES:
Freshest Legs in Hollywood
The Best Dressed Girls

YOUR CHANCE TO
BE AN ACTRESS
Win the Photoplay
Scholarship

Ava Gardner
Your complexion is smoother—clearer, too—with your First Cake of Camay!

MRS. JACK STANTON,  
the former Marian Richards of California,  
is a recent—and lovely—Camay Bride

Doesn’t Marian Stanton look like a story-book princess? Her hair is the color of spun gold—her eyes are azure. Yes, and Marian has a complexion soft and lovely as any heroine of fiction. Her first cake of Camay brought romantic new beauty to her skin!

Say “Camay” and Marian’s eyes sparkle. “Camay smooths and freshens your complexion so quickly,” she confides to friends. “Why, when I changed to regular care and mild, gentle Camay—my very first cake brought a clearer, softer look to my skin!”

You’ll be lovelier, too—when you change to regular care—use Camay alone. Camay’s lather is rich and creamy—just the kind you need to wake the sleeping beauty of your skin. Use Camay—and a softer, clearer complexion will be your reward!

New beauty for all your skin!  
Bathe with gentle, rich-lathering Camay, too—give all your skin a luxurious beauty treatment! The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms and back and shoulders that “beautifully cared-for” look. It touches you with Camay’s flattering fragrance!
What a damning thing to say about a pretty girl out to make the most of her holiday! Attracted by her good looks, men dated her once but never took her out a second time. And for a very good reason*. So, the vacation that could have been so gay and exciting, became a dull and dreary flop. And she, herself, was the last to suspect why.

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Unfortunately, you can be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) without realizing it. Rather than guess about this condition or run a foolish risk, why not get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic? Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and between times before every date where you want to be at your best. It's efficient! It's refreshing! It's delightful!

To Be Extra-Careful
Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. So, don't trust makeshifts which may be effective only momentarily . . . trust Listerine, the lasting precaution. It's part of your passport to popularity.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Last Chance to Win Photoplay’s Two-Year Scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse .................................................. 34
Make It for Keeps ........................................................................................................ 37
Marilyn Monroe
Hollywood’s Hit Parade ................................................................................................. 38
Hedda Hopper
How I Pursued My Husband ......................................................................................... 40
Mrs. Gene Nelson
Big Guy! Big Future! Big Romance? (Steve Cochran) ...................................................... 42
Louella O. Parsons
Lil’ Lightnin’ Bug (Photoplay Pin Up #6—Debbie Reynolds) ........................................ 44
Maxine Arnold
The Gardner-Sinatra Jigsaw ........................................................................................... 48
Elsa Melone
Photoplay’s Photolife of John Derek ............................................................................. 50
Larry Perkins
Miracle in Boston .......................................................................................................... 50
Ruth Roman
Nine Years with Love (Alan Ladd) ................................................................................ 56
Ida Zeppelin
The Prettiest Legs in Hollywood ................................................................................... 58
Vikey Riley
Plot for a Home (Jeanne Crain) .................................................................................... 60
Voted Wheeler
They’re Characters ......................................................................................................... 62
Sheilah Graham
Photoplay Fashions ........................................................................................................... 64
If You Want to Be Charming ............................................................................................... 70
Joan Crawford

FEATURES IN COLOR

Sally Forrest .................................................................................................................... 38
Jane Powell
Jean Peters ...................................................................................................................... 39
Betty Grable
Phyllis Kirk ................................................................................................................... 39
Janet Leigh
Coleen Gray .................................................................................................................... 39
Ava Gardner
Arlene Dahl .................................................................................................................... 39
Jane Russell
Mona Freeman ................................................................................................................. 41
Esther Williams
Gene Nielson ................................................................................................................... 41
Marilyn Monroe
Debbie Reynolds .............................................................................................................. 44
Jeanne Crain, Paul Brinkman
Jeff Chandler ................................................................................................................... 46
Barbara Lawrence

SPECIAL EVENTS

Brief Reviews .................................................................................................................. 32
Readers Inc.
Cast of Current Pictures .................................................................................................. 33
Shadow Stage—Sara Hamilton
Happiest Time of Her Life ............................................................................................... 30
That’s Hollywood For You—Sidney Skolsky
Hollywood Party Line ...................................................................................................... 32
Edith Gwynn ..................................................................................................................... 14
Tom Foolery
Impertinent Interview .................................................................................................... 17
What Hollywood’s Whispering
Aline Moshy ..................................................................................................................... 12
About—Hersh Stein
Inside Stuff—Cal York .................................................................................................. 12
What Should I Do?
Laughing Stock ............................................................................................................... 10
Claudette Colbert
Erskine Johnson .............................................................................................................. 10
Your Photoplay Photo-Plays!

Cover: Ava Gardner, star of “My Forbidden Past” and “Show Boat”
Natural Color Portrait by John Engstead

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JULY, 1951

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y., average net paid circu-
lation 1,500,000 for 6 months ending June 30, 1950.郵政编码 11907. Address all communications to the Executive, Advertising and Editorial Office at 250 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. All rights reserved. Published weekly except for 5 issues in December. Repub-
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ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York—In House, 189 W. 42nd Street, N. Y. 36; Toronto, Ont., Canada. Paris—
60, rue des Saints-Pères, Paris X, France; London—83 Broadwick St., London, W. 1, England; Mexico City—
Calle Presidente Diaz 64, Mexico D.F.; Buenos Aires—R. 235,92, Paseo de la Reforma, Mexico, D.F.; Cali-
bron, 70, Colonia Condesa, Mexico D.F.; Bogota, Calle 5, No. 22-38, Bogota, Colombia.

THE OFFICE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks’ notice essential. When possible, please furnish stamped—impression address
from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old address. All subscriptions are
established on an active basis, and all issues are mailed. The subscription rate is $3.00 per year, $5.00
per year to Canada, and $5.50 per year to all other countries.

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SHOW BOAT
NEW AND TECHNICOLOR TOO!

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KATHRYN
GRAYSON
AS
“MAGNOLIA”
The singing sweetheart of the south!

STARRING
AVA
GARDNER
AS
“JULIE”
She sets the bayous aflame with her torchy blues!

STARRING
HOWARD
KEEL
AS
“RAVENAL”
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STARRING
JOE E.
BROWN
AS
“CAPN ANDY”
Lovable, laughable Skipper of the Show Boat!

STARRING
MARGE
and
GOWER
CHAMPION
AS
“FRANK and ELLIE”
Dancing darlings of Dixieland!

Hear the famous songs! SUNG BY THE STARS ON M.G.M RECORDS!—“THE SHOW BOAT” ALBUM!
**Dear Miss Colbert:**

We have been married seventeen years and have three children. My husband is forty-five and I am thirty-five. During the past summer my husband visited his folks in his home state and while there, met a girl twenty-seven years old. When he came home, he talked about her incessantly, especially after a cocktail or two. I learned that he really cared for this girl and she loved him, but that he had forced himself to come home to keep our family together. He really is a good man.

He broods a good deal now and takes little interest in our home. He is saving every penny in order to make the trip home again this summer, and he has gone on a rigid diet in order to regain what he calls his “football days” figure. I am worried sick for fear he will discover that he and the girl are still in love and will make a change in our lives.

Barbara S.

Something about your letter gave me the impression that, instead of doing something about this situation, you have dissolved into tears. You are worrying, instead of working out a solution. Nothing in life remains static, certainly not in marriage. No woman can resign herself to comfortable drifting; she must be as aware of her husband and the gradual changes in his personality and character, as she is aware of the changes in fashion. A woman who would laugh at the suggestion that she wear a 1931 bathing suit to the beach sometimes treats her husband with 1931 attitudes.

Have you allowed your figure to thicken? Could you benefit by joining your husband in his diet? Or should you gain a few pounds? In either case you should get busy in self-improvement with the same attention your husband is showing. You should announce at once that you are going to accompany him on his trip to visit his parents, and that you are going to leave your children with relatives or in a nursing home. There is no reason why you should permit yourself to be abandoned while your husband rushes away to a romantic rendezvous.

Don’t nag your husband. Don’t charge him with what you regard as his mistakes. Be as sweet to him as you think this girl would be. A wife has every advantage—if she is wise enough to know it and to profit thereby.

Claudette Colbert

---

Claudette Colbert appears next in "Don’t Call Me Mother".

**YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT**

From your letter, which unfortunately was too long to print in its entirety, it is clear that your mother has a mental problem. You should have a talk with your family doctor and ask him to refer you to a competent man dealing with neurasthenic disorders. You live in such a large city that you could take your mother to a clinic where treatment will be provided at nominal cost.

There are some additional steps you should take: Write to every shop at which your mother has a charge account and cancel these accounts, explaining you cannot be held responsible for her purchases. Get in touch with your family friends who supply your mother with money. Tell them too that you cannot be responsible for another penny.

In brief: Secure medical aid for your mother while shutting off all means of her involving you in deeper debt. Such a step is not cold-blooded or unlovingly, but merely sound common sense.

Claudette Colbert

**Dear Miss Colbert:**

I am a high school student and am very fond of a girl who is in my class. She likes me too, but she is also very fond of a boy two classes ahead of us.

This girl tells (Continued on page 11)

**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.

---

**Claudette Colbert**

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-three years old and have been working for the past seven years. I have a younger sister and a brother.

Our problem is our mother. I had to quit school when I was sixteen so that I could help pay her debts. My sister and brother have also had to go to work to keep Mother out of trouble.

She simply can’t resist pretty things. She isn’t selfish; when she goes on a buy-
KIRK DOUGLAS

In his most powerful performance

ACE IN THE HOLE

a great emotional story with

JAN STERLING

Bob Arthur • Porter Hall

Produced and Directed by

BILLY WILDER

Written by Billy Wilder, Lesser Samuels
and Walter Newman • A Paramount Picture

NOTHING STOPS CHUCK TATUM...
a guy with drive...
driving down 'everything
that gets in his way —
men, women or
morals!

A really new kind of thrill for every
moviegoer! Here is an uncanny insight
into human desires and human pitfalls...
that could only be brought to the screen
by Billy Wilder, Director of "Sunset
Boulevard" and "The Lost Weekend"
Cheers and Jeers:

Now that Jane Powell has graduated to adult roles, someone should give Lois Butler a chance. She's a natural to replace Jane in the singing teen-age roles. She has a lovely voice and is a good actress.

JEAN SCOTT
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

If Liz Taylor can't pick any better men to go out with than Stanley Donen, she'd better quit dating. How about Vic Damone, someone her own age?

BEVERLY HAMILTON
Seward, Pa.

Why don't so-called stars like Gloria Swanson, Tallulah Bankhead and even Marlene Dietrich bow out now. They make me ill. Why can't they learn to grow old gracefully instead of painting up like carnival girls to hide their old age? Look at a lovely Joanne Bennett in, Eve Arden, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford and Billie Burke, to mention a few of the really great actresses. They may not be fifty yet, but they certainly don't hide the old age that's creeping up on them.

Drop a few hints to the glamour grandmas and tell them they should have stayed secluded like the lovely Clara Bow instead of trying to push their weight back.

ALICE STEBSON
Elyria, O.

Casting:

Wouldn't Louis Jouard and Marta Toren be wonderful in a remake of "Camille"?

WILLIAM ESTERS
Los Angeles, Cal.

If Valentino was anything like the impersonation that Anthony Dexter gave of him, no wonder every woman was mad about him! He sizzled, he smoked, he was Romance! Why not remake the Valentino films with handsome Mr. Dexter as the Great Lover?

SHIRLEY M. RICHARDSON
Arthur, Ill.

How about Hollywood making a new movie version of Mark Twain's book, "Tom Sawyer"? Dean Stockwell would be perfect as Tom, with Marjorie Main as Aunt Polly.

R. AIGNER
Bayside, L. I., N. Y.

Readers' Pets

I've watched Steve Cochran die in three movies now and since he was the reason I went to see them in the first place, I hated to see him get killed off. He's handsome in such a masculine way that he makes other actors seem very pastel.

Marilyn H.
Seattle, Wash.

This is to inform you that a certain star by the name of Gene Kelly is still alive. By the looks of things some people might think he is dead or something. And the main reason is because Liz Taylor and Farley Granger are floating your magazine. These two are the ones I would like to know less about.

You seem to think they're really something to worship or swoon over, but they never compare to that "Tap-Happy Kelly."

Marry Madere
Reserve, La.

I have just seen Vincent Edwards in "Mr. Universe." They couldn't have chosen a more perfect man. He has height, large shoulders, beautiful physique, dreamy eyes and a beautiful mop of blond hair! Need I say more, girls?

GLADYS M.
Detroit, Mich.

If there is anyone whose looks make me look twice, it can only be Susan Hayward with her sexy, pouty face. She has that special quality in her face that would make any man obey her slightest wish. As for her acting, I think she's tops. And most of my friends think the same.

GERTIE PETERSON
Estevan, Canada

Agrees with Farley:

I'm an American student studying in Italy and by chance I came across Farley Granger's articles in March Photoplay. I must say that he hit the nail on the head referring to the Italian people, saying that they get the greatest happiness out of things we take for granted. He also hit the bull's-eye saying that the European girls aren't as pretty as the Hollywood girls and not nearly as hep, although they have other qualities that make up for the lack of beauty, such as dignity, culture and the ability to assume great responsibilities. Living in Italy for two years I can confirm this statement, but the European girls have these qualities because of the war. They had to be clever to save their families from famine and they also had to worry about where their next meal was coming from. We should thank God that our girls didn't and don't have to get clever because of hardship. They are also cultured because the surroundings they live in are full of art, so I don't think Farley Granger was being fair in comparing the American girls with the European girls. As far as dignity is concerned I really couldn't say.

However, I believe he grew up by coming to Europe; so did I.

DINO INSALACCO
Siena, Italy

Question Box:

Could you please tell me who the doll is who played the role of Coffman in "Halls of Montezuma"?

MIMI HEMING
Baltimore, Md.

(Continued on page 8)
NOW
A VERY SPECIAL
ALFRED HITCHCOCK
EVENT!
A HUNDRED
AND ONE
BREATHELESS
MINUTES OF MATCHLESS SUSPENSE!

"Strangers on a train"
It's off the beaten track!

A girl in love with young America's idol—and a good-looking stranger in search of sensation—that's how it all began...!

Warner Bros. bring a pounding new tempo to motion picture excitement!

STARRING FARLEY GRANGER • RUTH ROMAN • ROBERT WALKER

ON THE WAY!
"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER" COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

END!
"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"
You, too, could be more charming attractive popular

Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm and attractiveness more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

- Odo-Ro-No is the only cream deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
- Odo-Ro-No is the deodorant that stays creamy longer — never gets gritty, even in open jar.
- No other cream deodorant is so harmless for fabrics.
- No other cream deodorant is safer for skin.

*Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

(Continued from page 6)

Alex Nicol impressed me in "Target Unknown" and he impressed me even more in "Tomahawk." I would like some information on him this minute—and hope you'll do something special on him in future Photoplays.

FRANCES DENHOLM
Jacksonville, Fla.

(He was born in Ossining, N.Y., 1/20/19. Has blue eyes, blond hair; 6' 3½", and weighs 185 lbs. See "Choose Your Star" in August Photoplay for write-up on Alex, Robert Wagner and all the other new promising Hollywood talent.)

Will you please list the records of Mario Lanza and tell me, if possible, where I can get them? I think he is the best singer ever, and a good actor, too, but not my favorite.

JUANITA S.
Winter Haven, Fla.

(Mario Lanza has made several operatic records, also "That Midnight Kiss" and "They Didn't Believe Me," as well as his latest albums, "Toast of New Orleans" and "The Great Caruso." They are RCA Victor Records and can be obtained at any good record shop.)

I read in some magazine that Dean Martin and Perry Como are brothers. I would appreciate it very much if you would tell me if they are or not.

ROSE DI MARTINO
Chicago, Ill.

(Dean and Perry are not related in any way.)

Jane's Choice:

My friends and I have just seen "Three Guys Named Mike." We thought, as I'm sure everyone who saw the picture did, that Jane Wyman should have married Howard Keel instead of Van Johnson. Van Johnson and Jane Wyman had nothing in common.

JO ANNE JOFFRON
Baton Rouge, La.

They say love is blind... it must be if Jane Wyman didn't pick Barry Sullivan — the real heart-breaker of those "Three Guys Named Mike."

RUTH PREWITT
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Forgive Us, Topeka!

In your story "How Hollywood's Drinking Habits Have Changed" (May), it was stated, "Dan Dailey goes to Menninger Clinic in Kansas City." I thought everyone knew the clinic was in Topeka—and being a former Topekan am proud of that great institution.

JYDA COOK
Neosho, Mo.

(We bow our heads in shame. However, Louella Parsons accurately places the clinic in Topeka in her Dan Dailey story in August Photoplay.)

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.
‘The hottest combination that ever hit the screen!'

—LOUELLA O. PARSONS

HOWARD HUGHES presents

ROBERT MITCHUM • JANE RUSSELL

in

HIS KIND OF WOMAN!

with VINCENT PRICE • TIM HOLT • CHARLES McGRaw

A JOHN FARROW PRODUCTION

PRODUCED BY ROBERT SPARKS • DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW • WRITTEN BY FRANK FENTON AND JACK LEONARD
TONY MARTIN, discounting movie fame, wailed: "One day you're making love to Grable, another day to Turner, another day to Darnell, then the next day you're a has-been."

"Yeah," spoke up a friend, "but look where you have been!"

Overheard at a Hollywood fashion show:
"Don't let her figure fool you. She's only a bird in a gilded cage."

A Minneapolis newspaper took a poll on the question: "Are you in favor of kissing at the movies?" One teenager replied: "Who thinks about kissing? I haven't got time for that. I'd rather eat popcorn."

Those dungarees Alan Ladd wears so well in most of his movies should look good. He has 'em made by an exclusive Beverly Hills tailor for $150 apiece.

As Gracie Allen sees it:
"I was just saying to George this morning, if they don't reduce the cost of living we'll just have to get along without it."

Bob Crosby sings a song, "Let's Make Comparisons," to a life-size dummy of brother Bing in a new film. "Leave us face it," says Bob, "the dummy cost 'em more than I did. But it's a cheap way to get Bing in the picture."

Overheard at Ciro's: "Look—she's wearing one of those off-the-body type dresses."

Joan Caulfield, blushing over attempts at a sexy walk for a movie: "Any chorus girl can do a sexy walk, but when I try it I look like Junior Miss entering an ice-cream parlor."

Eye-popping spelling error on a movie marquee: Alan Ladd in "Branded." Hic!

Jack Carson's quip about the cannibal who leaned back after a hearty meal and sighed: "Sometimes I get so fed up on people."

Anita Martell to a movie doll: "Darling, you look so healthy. Are your cheeks naturally rosy or did your henna run?"

Ed Wynn's definition of a scandal: "Something that has to be bad to be good."

Movie fan in a theater lobby to her companion: "I wish they'd make some pictures with happy endings. Every picture lately ends with the couple getting married."

Robert Taylor lost his heart and subsequently Barbara Stanwyck, according to Rome news dispatches, to Lina de Leo, a red-haired actress who gives him a pedicure in "Quo Vadis."

That's a new twist on "the-way-to-a-man's-heart-is" theory.
(Continued from page 4) in my confidence that she likes me best, but she doesn’t want to lose this other boy either. Every time we are at a school dance, she wants to dance lots of times with him, and she expects me to understand. When we go to the drugstore for a soda and we see him, she wants him to come sit in the booth with us. He has a car and can take her places. I can’t because I can’t get the family car very often. Sometimes she insists that all three of us go to parties together. I do not like to share my girl friend. Do you think I should try to forget her, or should I have it out with this other boy? Barton T.

No, I don’t think you should “have it out” with the other boy, and I don’t think you should give up your girl friend. It seems to me that you are in the midst of one of life’s delightful situations.

From your letter, I judge that you and the little minx in the case are either freshmen or sophomores in high school, and the other boy is a junior or senior.

At that age you should be dating in groups. You are too young to be faintly serious, and apparently the girl knows it. She impresses me as being that rare example of femininity, a girl who is able to keep two boys interested in her at the same time. The thing for you to do is have another girl friend, or perhaps two or three.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and am rather attractive because I have green eyes and blonde hair and what is said to be a pretty mouth. But I have an extremely large nose with a hump on it. It spoils me completely.

Occasionally I have read stories in the movie magazines about actresses who have undergone plastic surgery, but whenever I have written to these actresses for the names of the doctors who performed the surgery, I have received no reply. I would like to secure the names of some good plastic surgeons and their addresses. I would also like to know how much such an operation costs.

Because you are married to a doctor and because you seem to take an interest in people with worries, I am writing to you. Can you supply the answers?

Brownie T.

The reason one cannot publish the name and address of a doctor in response to a query like yours is that medical ethics forbid, in spirit, such mention. It is construed as a diluted and very modest form of advertising and from such publicity an ethical surgeon shrinks.

In all parts of the country there are competent plastic surgeons performing their miracles. The thing for anyone contemplating such surgery to do is to talk it over with her family doctor. He will know of, or will be able to secure information about the best man for each person’s particular needs.

As to cost, this varies according to the type of work which must be done.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am going with a very nice boy my age and am enjoying my school life.

However, last summer I met another boy five years my senior. At the end of the summer vacation he enlisted in the Army. When he asked me to write to him, I agreed, and I have been a steady correspondent. I don’t care a hang about this older man, but I like to have many friends and I think it is patriotic at present to write to boys in service. However, he writes the mushiest, silliest letters I have ever read in my life.

I certainly don’t want to break up with my steady, but if he were to see one of these mushy letters, or to hear about them, it would be the end of me. How can I explain to this soldier that I am not interested in him as a boy friend, but only as a sort of pen friend?

Daviette R.

There are only two ways in which word of your “service” correspondence could reach your steady school beau: By someone showing him one of the letters, by someone telling him about them. You can forestall such a situation by burning each of the letters as soon as it has been read, and by refraining from reading the letters to any of your girl friends.

Naturally, since you object to the “mushiness” of the letters written to you by this soldier, I am sure that your answering letters are pleasant, nervey and impersonal and that you say nothing to encourage the young man’s ardor!

Claudette Colbert

---

NEW! a liquid ‘Lipstick’
Can’t Melt! Can’t Smear!

MARY ELLEN KAY—in Roda King & the Senator, a Republic Picture

... Beautiful Swim-proof Lips

Romance-hued liquid colors that take to your lips with the idea of staying. Liquid Liptone, the miracle ‘lipstick’ at last, that can’t smear—and that really won’t rub off! Makes lips beautiful and keeps them beautiful for an extra long time. And the shades are lovelier—much lovelier than you have ever hoped for!

Now you can make up your lips before you go out—and no matter what you do—or whether it be in sunlight or in moonlight—they’ll stay divinely red until long after you are home again. Sounds impossible, doesn’t it? But it is so true. Obviously, this miracle couldn’t be performed by lipstick made of grease, and it isn’t.

A LIQUID DOES IT:
a heavenly new liquid, which instantly imparts glamorous color... in the most romantic shades ever! And if your lips are given to parching in the summer sun, Liquid Liptone will prevent that, too. All the best stores feature Liptone. Get yours today.

Liquid Liptone

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes
PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 1107
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

I enclose 25c, which includes Fed. tax, for each shade checked below:

☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—re-vivifying.
☐ Regal—Glorious rich burgundy.
☐ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
☐ English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.
☐ Clear (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smearsproofs.

☐ Coral Tint—Magic natural color for cheeks.
☐ 1 English Tint ☐ 2 Coral ☐ 3 Deep Cherry

Miss Mrs.
Address ____________________________
City ______ State ___

Vic Damone greets his Mom, Mamie Farinola, on set of “Rich, Young and Pretty.” Mrs. Farinola made first trip to Hollywood from Brooklyn to see Vic make screen debut.
“David and Bathsheba” took co-stars Susan Hayward, Greg Peck on trek to Arizona. With them, above, is director Henry King.

The Gene Nelsons, Esther Williams exchange “views” at Director Chuck Walters’s one-man show at Raymond Galleries.

Smiling away those rift rumors are Gene Kelly and wife Betsy Blair, chatting at Raymond Galleries with Gail Robbins (left).
Dinner at La Rue, for Babs Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, newly divorced. No, it wasn't reconciliation, they said—just business!

Hearts Aflame—Hearts Acooling: Peter Lawford has it bad (at this writing) for beautiful Australian Jeanne MacDonald, who is now visiting Hollywood. Sharman Douglas never looked less worried . . . Richard Egan's dates with Piper Laurie (the reformed petal cruncher) are strictly studio publicity stuff . . . John Dall and Janice Rule, who look like sister and brother, feel exactly the opposite about each other . . . Tony Curtis hasn't given Janet Leigh an engagement ring, but she is now officially in charge of selecting his neckties!

Peeks at Production: Ethel Barrymore, at her own request, was removed from the cast of "Oh Baby." Her given reason, "The part called for too much physical strain and exertion." What the seventy-two-year-old actress thought about the direction, however, she didn't say publicly . . . That darling old gray-headed lady who totters around the RKO lot and talks like she has marbles in her mouth—really has 'em. They're used by Jane Wyman in aging her speech for that

That peppy twosome, Carleton Carpenter and Debbie Reynolds, repeat their famous "Abadaba" number at Jewish Home for Aged benefit

Shelley Winters and Farley Granger clown for their producers Norman Krasna, Jerry Wald. Shelley and Farley co-star in "Behave Yourself"
BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I'm told that men don't whistle as much as they used to and, because Marie Wilson told me, I am inclined to believe it. . . . Dietrich did for Grandmas what Pinza did for Grandpas. . . . I can enroll me as a member of the Ann Blyth fan club. There's no heroine around who sings a song as sweetly and as unaffectedly as Ann does. . . . Although I know that Jane Powell is a married woman, when I see her in a "ovie, I think she's playing "grown-up." Keenan Wynne is funny off the screen as well as on. When he effected a reconciliation with wife Betty, he did it by singing "Baby, It's Cold Outside." . . . Ocean Park, where the movie stars go for fun, is the poor man's Coney Island. . . . The majority in moviedom didn't feel sorry about the spanning Oliviia de Havilland and her Juliet took from the drama critics. It's unfair, though, when Hollywood takes the rap if a screen star returns to television and flops. Hollywood is never given credit when a movie star comes back to make a hit on the stage, as witness Gloria Swanson, Claude Rains and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Patricia Neal is the tallest heroine in pictures. I'd rather have her on my side than the hero. . . . I'd like to see an actor in a movie light his cigarette with a match instead of a lighter. . . . Betty Grable posed with a book for a magazine layout but not without protest. "A book!" Betty shouted when the photographer suggested a pose. "That's for Jennifer Jones. I'm Betty Grable. Remember?" . . . Alfred Hitchcock says that Walt Disney has the right kind of actors. Disney draws them and if he doesn't like them, he tears them up.

C'est Holm has more bounce to the ounce than any soft drink. . . . I can remember when Rita Hayworth was painfully shy. At a party she wouldn't even ask for a cigarette, but would lean far across the table to get it herself. . . . George Sanders should sing in a picture. I insist. . . . Don't know whether you know it or not, but Cecil B. De Mille is the landlord of the Brown Derby on Vine Street. Yet in all the years I have been going there, I have only seen C. B. in the place once. . . . Shelley Winters remains my favorite character. When told that a certain news story had been suppressed, Shelley shouted, "I thought we had a free press. At least the press is always free enough with me!". . . . Whenever I see George Montgomery, I think of Dinah Shore singing "It's So Nice to Have a Man Around the House.". . . Hot dogs taste better at a ball game and Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling agree with me. I'm faithful. I don't like the changes they made in "Show Boat," despite the fact that it is a tremendous hit. I still prefer the Ziegfeld version.

Jerry Lewis is supposed to have written a letter which started, "I know you can't read fast, so I wrote this letter slowly." . . . Audrey Totter was asked by an old friend if she ever felt remarkable because she had become a movie star. "Not at all," answered pretty Audrey. "I just remember that among the great stars there's one named Lassie." . . . I have yet to see Stewart Granger and Farley Granger together.

Ginger Rogers looks as good dancing at Mocambo as she did dancing in films with Astaire. . . . There's no actress working so hard at her career as Gloria De Haven. . . . Greg Peck doesn't act like an actor on a set. . . . I can recall Ava Gardner telling me that she believed M-G-M signed her only because she was Mrs. Mickey Rooney and would never give her a chance to make good. . . . Actors in pictures don't wear vests like they used to. . . . His intimate friends call Robert Newton "The Fig."

There's been no male singer in pictures to crowd Bing Crosby. . . . Mike Curtiz, during a discussion with Jack Warner, commented, "That's the most unheard of thing I ever heard of!" . . . Barbara Bates is an actress who not only doesn't have to wear "falsies," but actually, for a scene in a picture, had to wear a "men's deportment wet suit." Barbara looked overdeveloped for the youngster she was to portray. . . . Faith Domergue is apt to surprise you and prove to be an actress. . . . I find that the trouble with most whoodunits is that after I find out, I don't care. . . . A local movie theater, to lure customers, gives away television sets. Therefore a movie patron who hasn't a TV set can win one and then not go to the movies. That's Hollywood for you!

INSIDE

role in "The Blue Veil.". . . When Mitzi Gaynor broke her little toe during a dance routine, Lana Turner, who broke her toe when she slipped on the Topping boat, sent a wire saying, "Greetings from one peg leg to another."

Cheerio and Pip-Pip: Word drifts back from London (where she's making "Another Man's Poison") that Bette Davis is annoyed (and who can blame her) at reporters who referred to Gary Merrill as "the fourth Mr. Davis." . . . June Haver, who was over there last year, sent her little black address book to Ann Blyth, who is making "The House on the Square" with Tyrone Power. . . . Speaking of Ty (who was away on London on a vacation), even Scotland Yard's news of their jewel robbery couldn't dim the Powers' happiness over the expected arrival of the stork this fall.

Censor Stuff: If only Cal could tell you this story without censoring it! It seems that Lucille Ball, who is expecting her baby in July, was strictly instructed by her obstetrician: "Regardless of the hour, be sure and call me if anything unusual happens." Well, due to her delicate condition, something unusual did happen and Lucy called at once. The doctor was out on an emergency case. Two hours later the maid announced to the now frantic Lucille that the doctor was on the phone. Lucille rushed over, picked up the instrument and poured out (and how!) all the intimate details of her problem! Following a dead silence, the voice on the other end quietly said: "That's a very interesting story, Mrs. Arnax, but this isn't your baby doctor. This is the set calling to see how your dog is!"

Happy Talk: In case they aren't aware of it, Cal can tell Warners that Ruth Roman may not be "available" in the near future. "I love children," she confided across the luncheon table at Scandia. "The house we bought is rented. As soon as the lease is up and we can move in, Cary and I want a family. We'd like to have two boys and two girls." Tanned to a turn, Ruth, who had

Crammed quarters: Ricardo Montalban tries tub for size for "bathub" scene in his next, "Mark of the Renegade"
just returned from Honolulu, looked radiant. Handsome Mortimer Hall has given his wife a present every day since he married her. The first was a mink coat—the last a Mickey Mouse wristwatch! Though terrified of flying, Ruth flew back from Honolulu just to spend more time with her husband, who had to rush home on business. “When I do that, it’s got to be love,” she sighed softly.

Set of the Month: Through the hills and up a winding trail, we went. It was hot and dusty but it was worth every single, uncomfortable second. Waiting for us was—Josephine Hull! Round, firm and fully packed with genuine charm, the enchanting character actress was about to do a barnyard scene for “Fine Day.” “When you feed the chickens, talk to them as if they were people,” instructed director Joe Pevney. Josephine was so serious it completely broke us up! “Any eggs today, girls?” she called to the chickens wistfully. Later she showed us the “Oscar” she won for “Harvey.” “It’s like a good friend,” she told us simply. Howard Duff arrived to do his scenes with Josephine. “How are you, glamour girl?” he greeted her. “Seriously speaking,” says Howard, “I think Miss Hull does have glamour—not the Marlene Dietrich kind, of course. It’s a great warmth that one feels constantly and to me that’s very glamorous.” Cal says, “Me too!”

Men at Work: Unattached females of Hollywood are about to picket Howard Duff and Jeff Chandler! Until they finish their individual pictures, both are living in their dressing rooms. Tired at the end of the day, they usually meet in a restaurant opposite the studio. After a couple of beers and dinner they return to the studio and turn in early. What this is doing to those lovely ladies who sit all alone by the telephone, is diabolical!

Praise from Caesar: Until she reads it here, Lucille Norman won’t know of this well-deserved tribute. It happened backstage at the Academy Awards, where the

Ruth Roman and her new husband, Mortimer Hall, dine out with friends at Mocambo. Ruth’s next is “Strangers on a Train”

hollywood party line

BY EDITH GWYNN

The shower of the month was the fun luncheon-baby shower that Evie Johnson gave for Mrs. Jimmy (Gloria) Stewart. Of course, everyone knew that Gloria expected twins and Evie’s invitations to the twenty-five girls announced it was to be a Double or Nothing Party! So they all brought two gifts. The buffet table was beautifully decorated with masses of white and yellow blooms—gardenias and jonquils. The gals were seated at round individual tables for five and Evie had match-books at each place that were specially printed with the words “Twins Yet?” Roz Russell looked so cool in a black and white checked cotton dress topped with a chalk white linen bolero and flashing black patent leather belt and shoes. June Allyson looked darling in a black sweater knitted with gold threads, tucked into a full-circle black felt skirt—but she almost rosted! Just three males showed up at the end of the afternoon—Vanny-boy, Jack Bolton and poppa-to-be—Jimmy— who didn’t mind the surplus females at all.

There was more than one example of the seemingly “casual” look (but oh, brother, how well-thought-out the costumes were!) the day the Beverly Hills Hotel opened its extension of The Polo Lounge, which goes right out outdoors into the garden where lunch-daters can meet and gab among the flowers. Betty Hutton wore a street-length dress that can go to cocktails. The taffeta, with equal aplomb—a lovely lavender raw silk slim-skirted, widely belted dress with short sleeves, big turn-back cuffs. The tight bodice had a plain, rather low square neckline and its only trimming were large self-covered buttons down the front and two enormous loose flap pockets at the hip. Betty’s shoes, bag and gloves were of cotton in a deeper mauve shade. Her coat was cut very full with simple lines, in a shade just this side of purple. Diana Lynn was another luncheon in a sheer navy crepe, tight-bodiced, full-skirted in fan pleats; with little-girl collar and cuffs of pale pink faille and a bright navy calf belt. Di wore a tiny hat of deeper pink trimmed with varicolored lilacs with this dress. Peggy Dow looked darling in a two-piece of navy taffeta with a snug jacket and a skirt that was a pyramid of unpressed pleats. Her shoes were navy but her hat, bag and gloves were a mad, bright yellow!

Once more Hollywood can take a bow for its fine cooperation with a worthy cause. We refer to the galaxy of stars who helped put over the benefit premiere of “Father’s Little Dividend,” proceeds of which went to the John Tracy Clinic. This, as you know, is Mrs. Spencer Tracy’s long-time project to aid deaf children that gets so much of her time, money and heart. Some of the glamour-pusses, who greeted the paying customers in a sort of “receiving line” and shook hands with the fans in the bleachers were: Esther Williams, in the lowest-cut dress we’ve ever seen her in; Janet Leigh, wearing a full-length white silk evening coat with huge collar and cuffs of black velvet; Vera-Ellen looking so purty, but too fussily done up in a tulle-skirted gown with flower-trimmed bodice and elbow-length gloves of net trimmed with embroiudery and sequins; Liz Taylor (with Stanley Donen), who topped her white evening dress with a tiny draped cape-stole of navy taffeta. There was quite a gala later at Romanoff’s because that was the eve that Mike was closing his world-famous dinery. He’ll have his new and swankier place open, just a few blocks away, by the time you read this. The most dazzling dress there was on petite Sonja Henie—heavy pink satin, countless yards of it in the skirt, and the whole thing trimmed all over with dull pink pearls. Sonja was wearing great gobs of her fabulous diamonds and Kay Spreckels remarked, “Someone could get rich just by hitting her over the head.” To which Sonja’s spouse Winnie Gardner flipped, “Oh, no! If you hit Sonja over the head, a burglar alarm goes off!”

The night that lovable fool Joe E. Lewis opened at Mocambo the walls bulged with celebs who didn’t mind the crush, they were so busy laffing at Joe’s nonsense. The Van Hefflins, George Jessel and Tommye Adams, Pete Lawford beauning Barbara Stanwyck in a party, Marie Wilson (who seemed to be wearing a white lace “boudoir cap” with her white lace gown) with Bob Fallon, Denise Darcel, whose low-cut bodice gave Marie some competition in the chest-expansion department, were in the crowd. Also Linda Darnell, luminous in black and white, with her ex, Pev Marley.
Linda Darnell's tremendous dating activity: Although she sees much of her ex-hubby Pev Marley, she's around town with every eligible guy in town, having the time of her life with Eddie Norris, author Polan Banks, Glenn Rose, oilman Bob Calhoun, Ted Briskin, among others... Deanna Durbin's letters to England that she'll make a stab at pictures again after she has her baby. But she's under contract to no-studio... Judy Garland's big success in England despite her heft, which she doesn't care about so long as she can sing her heart out into yours... The Paris Theatre that has the know-how on making ladies remove their hats: It puts a strip on the screen which reads, "The management wishes to spare elderly ladies inconvenience. They are permitted to wear their hats!"

The fight between Nicky Hilton and director Stanley Donen outside Liz Taylor's home, which was kept hush-hush with the papers... The plague Clark Gable went through with the attendants at a local hospital for autographs when he was there for a "check-up"—then beat it to Arizona with a publicity man. When he returned, Sylvia left for the Bahamas.

The studios' clamor for he-men yarns—dame stuff isn't going as well... The great ego of Marcus Goodrich, Olivia de Havilland's hubby, when she was doing "Romeo and Juliet" on the New York stage—and he insisted she be called Mrs. Goodrich. And the wag who wagged the play should be called "Marcus and Juliet"... Phil Baker's claim that success hasn't changed him: With taxes as they are, he's still poor... Marlene Dietrich's wire to us when we said she looked awful with that bleached white make-up and she replied, "I have news for you, dear. I'm that color all over." To which we had to reply, "We don't believe you, Marlene, prove it!"

NBC taking out a $1,000,000 life insurance policy on Bob Hope... John Lucus's line about the gal who has the biggest following in town—and has a tough time getting a girdle to fit it)... The happy Hollywood note—casting of eight-year-old Donna Marie Corcoran to top moppet role in M-G-M's "Angels and the Pirates," which will allow her dad to put aside his broom in the studio maintenance department... Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s refusal of all offers to play the life of his famous father in a picture... Red Skelton giving a blind kid who peddles papers near M-G-M studios a hundred-dollar bill... Ezio Pinza's line: "A boy scout is a boy scout until he's sixteen—after that he becomes a girl scout!"

The harried grandparents of "Father's Little Dividend" meet at Romanoff's before going their separate ways—Joan Bennett, for television shows in New York; Spencer Tracy, for film role in London; Monica Lewis, of recording fame and now a Hollywood actress, has no trouble selling cigarettes to Scott Brady, John Bromfield at Jewish Home for Aged benefit...
STUFF

"At the Moment: Twentieth Century-Fox's contract player Bob Wagner, who's been dating Darryl Zanuck's daughter, Susan, gets a be-eg studio build-up on account of it's bosses' orders... Dan Dailey, who surprised everyone with his sudden recovery and return to Hollywood, hopes to interest his studio in the documentary musical he wrote while convalescing in the Menninger Clinic... Bill Holden, the most popular actor who ever lost an "Oscar," has a scrapbook filled with wires and letters of condolence... It wasn't a strike and it wasn't a race riot. Hedy Lamarr merely announced that she had sold her home before she found another one—and didn't have a place to rest her beautiful head... Literary note: Anne Baxter and John Hodiak poring over a book with the title "2,500 Names for the Baby"... Joan Evans thrilled to her beautiful teeth when big boss Sam Goldwyn called to say, "I just saw 'On the Loose' and if you were my own daughter, I couldn't like you more"... Scott Brady just looks mysterious when questioned about that rumored M-G-M contract.

Legs and Laughs: Betty Grable was doing her "No Talent Joe" number for "Meet Me after the Show." "Meet me on the sound stage after lunch," she called across the Twentieth commissary. "I do a dance in my bare feet. You can help me count the slivers!" Cal can't describe Betty's costume, but those skin-tight knee-length pants made Grable look very able! Manly muscle boys decorated the background as she went through the number staged by brilliant dancer Jack Cole. Harry James dropped by to watch his woman. Even Rory Calhoun, who had a day off, couldn't stay away. "Hey, Betty," a publicity man called over to her, "The New York Yankees are here and they want to meet you." Betty's eyes popped. "They want to meet me?" she quipped. "Brother, I want to meet them. You know I caught their act too!"

IMPERTINENT

INTERVIEW

BY ALINE MOSBY
U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Joanne Dru, who has plowed bravely through many a Technicolor epic unscathed by Indians or gun-totin' heavies, finally has been nicked. Miss Dru has been winged by the Internal Revenue-oers who are the biggest heavies in Hollywood these days. The reven-oers have foreclosed the back income tax mortgages on the old homesteads and Cadillacs of such "Little Nells" as Miss Dru, Nat "King" Cole and Marlene Dietrich, so Internal Revenue Agents can now be seen paddling in kidney-shaped swimming pools around town. Miss Dru, according to the local prints, has to fork over $50,000 to Uncle Sam to pay for income taxes that are in arrears. In the interest of keeping lovers of the cinema posted on such financial matters, I sped over to Miss Dru's dressing room hard by the "Mr. Belvedere Blows His Whistle" set at Twentieth Century-Fox studios.

"I'm not embarrassed about it," Miss Dru shrugged. "After all, I didn't incur the debt." She explained that her ex-husband, singer Dick Haymes, is responsible for this little oversight. Miss Dru first foreclosed on him in a divorce court. Then she was told she had to pay half of his debts, anyway. "He couldn't pay them because he hasn't been working lately," she said. "For a while I was giving the government 20 per cent of my salary. Then I guess the agents were told by Washington to get the money right now, so they got rough about it. I had to sell our three-acre place in the San Fernando Valley and give them the money. And I'll have to give them 52 per cent of the salary I'll make from two movies at Fox this year. I'll get to keep only 7 per cent of my salary after withholding and unemployment insurance and my agent's fee are taken out," she sighed. "If I hadn't been working, they'd have taken our cars, too."

And what will Joanne and her husband, John Ireland, and five children (from other marriages) eat on? "It's wonderful that both John and I work," she said. "And I feel that I'll get some of this money back from Dick when he works again." To cut down on expenses, the family has moved into a "very informal" English farmhouse in Beverly Hills. It's on a little lot. And it has no swimming pool.
Man of the Moment: Jeff Chandler, who is the best bet on the U-1 lot, is beginning to believe that old one about "all is not gold." With the exception of another actor (Richard Egan) not a single studio soul congratulated him when he received an Academy Award nomination. Then recently, Jeff had to wait until the eleventh hour before he was notified that U-1 had taken up his option. In the romance department, however, his obvious charm isn't going to waste. When he had an interview in the Brown Derby, Jeff sat with his back to Ann Sheridan, in an adjoining booth. Annie knew the writer, so she sent over a kidding note, complaining about the "bad view." Always accommodating, Jeff shifted his position. He liked what he saw and they've been having dates ever since!

It's the Truth That: Glenn Ford in "Follow the Sun," portrays Ben Hogan, the famous golf champ. However, the actor won't be seen in the long shots performing those master strokes. The difference in form was so great, they finally put a mask of Ford's face on Hogan (who is shorter and heavier) and he swung for "himself." . . . Helen Hayes, who is President of ANTA (American National Theatre Association) is so impressed with the masterful way Hollywood presents its Academy Awards, she's going to incorporate our ideas into the New York ceremonies . . . When Robert Thomsen (M-G-M's brightest boy producer) received the opinion cards from the sneak preview of "The Thin Knife," the raves over Keefe Brasselle's performance were all written in—lipstick!

Truth and Consequences: Some say Mrs. Tarzan was wise enough to see the handwriting on the wall. At any rate, Arlene Dahl requested that she be released from her M-G-M contract for various reasons. . . . Esther Williams, on the other hand, just wants new plots to swim in . . . The Clark Gables may be divorced by the time you read this, but Sylvia definitely remains "married" to her art. Her paintings (very much on the style of the celebrated Raoul Dufy) hang in the home of the Fred Astaires as well as in those of other friends too . . . Far from its being a publicity stunt, Dick Powell and June Allyson couldn't be more serious about their plan for heading an adoption home to protect California parents. The admirable couple filed incorporation papers last October . . . Those close to the Dick Contino case declare the now famous accordion player has never been able to drive a car alone, or sleep in anything but an unlocked room on the ground floor. Since childhood he's been so seriously complexed, he is deserving of understanding for having fled in terror from his Induction Center.

Guise and Dolls: Shel and Farl (their Quixotic names for each other) were announced as being "officially engaged" recently. However, the proper ring—"twelve good-sized diamonds that made Shelley Winters squeal with delight," wasn't placed on the proper finger by Farley Granger. According to witnesses, when the handsome actor tendered his tantalizing token, he supposedly said: "Now behave yourself, or I'll take it back—and don't call the columnists!" Right up to the day the story broke, Farley, who is very devoted to his parents, had never mentioned matrimonial intentions. Neither had he ever introduced them to Shelley. While it's all a familiar publicity pattern, should this devoted duo eventually marry, they have so much in common, (including a talent for creating front page news) they could easily live happily ever after.

Puppy Love: "Come back to the set and meet my dearest friend and severe critic," Cornel Wilde's black eyes twinkled as he (Continued on page 21)
Recipe for warm weather comfort and daintiness: Out of bed . . . into your bath . . . then Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over! See how it absorbs every bit of moisture left on your skin after towelling. You'll love the silky-smooth "sheath of protection" it gives to those chafeable spots. And the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is the romantic fragrance men love, that lingers for hours and hours. Yes, every morning . . . and before every date . . . sprinkle yourself liberally with Cashmere Bouquet Talc!
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In a recent issue of “Modern Screen,” a committee of famed hair stylists named Ruth Roman, lovely Lustre-Creme Girl, as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world.

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The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair.
Richard Widmark drops his tough role for a gentlemen's whirl around the dance floor. His partner? Mrs. W., of course!

Enjoying the play from the side lines at Palm Springs Racquet Club Tennis Tournament are Frank Ross and wife Joan Caulfield

(Continued from page 18) stopped by Cal's table in the Paramount commissary. A little later we got his "message," watching C. B. De Mille shoot a scene for "The Greatest Show on Earth." The action called for a mongrel dog to lick Cornel affectionately on the hand. Poochie, it seems, was just too doggone bored to even try. They tempted him by snaring on sausage, then honey. Finally, the exasperated director barked for a canine star who would succumb to Cornel's masculine charms. "Please let me try once more," pleaded the prop man. He then proceeded to perfume the actor's hand with a fragrant—sardine! This time the results were sensational. The last we saw of Cornel, he was still trying to shake the new love in his life—and we don't mean Jean Wallace!

A Little from Lots: The appearance together of Gary Cooper and Patricia Neal in Havana, made top topical conversation on Hollywood sound stages... Pity poor Nancy Olson, who was so embarrassed while making "Force of Arms." Because she is "expecting," the blonde beauty even had to dash out of love scenes, when illness overtook her... Betty Hutton, who should know, predicts that Charlton Heston's performance in "The Greatest Show on Earth" will make him the most sizzling sex boy on celluloid... Time marches on and Charles Boyer has now reached the age and stage where he can kid about the hairpiece he's worn since he played great lovers. The fascinating Frenchman refers to his hirsute adornment as "My brain doily!"

Rage in Hollywood: When the most co-operative and peace-loving actor in Hollywood wants to walk off the set, the reason has to be rigorous. Alan Ladd's the lad. Charles Vidor's the director, who also had trouble and a lawsuit at Columbia. The picture is "Rage of the Vulture" and the set is about as soothing as a quiet day in a boiler factory. Climax came when cameraman John Seitz (he photographed "Foreign Affair" and other great hits) was replaced. Alan, who has a sympathetic role and loves it, wasn't getting along with Vidor and he was very pleased with Seitz and his work. Walking out would have cost him many thousands, but Alan was too indignant to care. However, when he realized the cost to the studio, he reconsidered. Now star and director speak only when it pertains to production.

Bits and Pieces: Now that MacDonald Carey, Wendell Corey, and Mark Stevens are living on the same Beverly Hills block, they're sharing the same swimming pool, tennis court, and lawn mower... In between making records, appearing on radio and acting in "Aaron Slack from Funkin Crick," Dinah Shore's making all the curtains and cushions for their new Palm Springs home... George Montgomery is building by himself... Leave it to Corinne Calvet to be très original. Anyone can paint on canvas, but the French filly is doing portraits on flagstone—but don't you dare ask us why!

Wedding Belle: Mrs. Marty Melcher finally came down to earth long enough to pour a spot of tea. However, Doris Day, wearing dungarees and mocassins, looked about as bride-like as a Bobby soxer! "We didn't want any fuss or chichi," she grinned. "So one day Marty just casually called while I was covering a sofa. 'Let's do it,' he said. I dressed, we dashed over to the Burbank City Hall five minutes from this house. Two photographers magically appeared, so we grabbed them for witnesses. My gold wedding ring looks like a miniature belt with holes and a tongue buckle. But someone had changed the size and Marty had to stop and readjust it before he could slip it on. It broke me up completely! After the ceremony we drove home again," Doris sighed ecstatically. No, Cal didn't ask her if she ever got that sofa covered!

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Romantic Round-up: Rhonda Fleming and John Payne really put Cupid to the test, when they went to Florida for the Pine-Thomas production of "Cross Winds." The amorous ones had to make love to each other—under water!... Marlene Dietrich, who happens to be very fond of Michael Wilding, happened to be at the same desert hotel where the handsome Britisher spent his last weekend before heading back to London...

The shy Lew Ayres, who isn't too shy to get around local lovelies, is getting around with lovely Helene Stanley, recently brought out from the New York stage by Twentieth Century-Fox...

It comes up love (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) when Howard Duff gives the King of his cats to Marta Toren.

Good Will Toward Men: Cal's seen it happen before. An actor is so close to his studio they take him for granted. He gets lost in the shuffle. From now on it will be a different story for Ricardo Montalban. Since his tour of all the important South American countries, M-G-M wouldn't dare deprive him of the build-up he has long deserved.

Ricardo, who is always a gentleman, kind and sincere, was a great ambassador for Hollywood. Thousands waited to see him everywhere and he saw them all. Ricardo Montalban is a religious man, whose faith is being rewarded by the faith others have in him.

Two loves has Ronnie Reagan—a new 350-acre ranch and Nancy Davis.

If that new house he's planning to build is any indication—wedding bells will soon be ringing.

Great Open Spaces: Ronnie Reagan (completely reconciled to his divorce from Jane Wyman) is a happy man these days. He has a new 350-acre ranch that he loves and it's very obvious that he is in love with Nancy Davis. If that new house he plans to build is any indication, wedding bells should be a-ringing soon.

The first day on his ranch, a man drove up, offered to trim the trees free and buy the branches. "It's a deal," exclaimed Ronnie, who was digging his ninety-fifth post hole. "But I'm curious. What do you do with the branches?" Came the amusing answer: "Oh I sell them to your studio. They use them for props when they build outdoor sets on the sound stages!"

Boy's Town: Cal kind of worries at times because he's seen what success does to nice guys like Gene Nelson, who was a one-man dreamboat in "Lullaby of Broadway." Well, our worries are over. Gene's values remain as solid as those dancing feet. We ran into the charming Mrs. Gene the other day and she brought us up to date on our boy. It seems David Butler called to tell Gene the front office was raving over his performance. The maid answered the phone. "I'm very sorry," she said to the pleading director, "Mr. Nelson is on the lot next door—flying a kite! He instructed me not to disturb him—unless it was very important."
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Naval engagement: Gregory Peck and Virginia Mayo find romance and adventure in story of fictional British hero

\color{red}{\frac{1}{2}} (F) Captain Horatio Hornblower (Warner)

ADVENTURES on the high seas that range from threatened mutiny to raging naval battles and finally to romance, mark “Hornblower” as a wonderful movie. Gregory Peck as The Captain possesses all the heroic, stoic, romantic qualities that has made the hero of this fictional classic an idol the world over. In the off-path Pacific in the year 1807 with England at war with both France and Spain, the British frigate, under Peck’s command, makes its uncertain way to a Nicaraguan coastal town with arms for a Spanish rebel. Too late Peck learns that England and Spain have become allies against France and the ship granted to the rebel by Peck must be retaken.

The battle scenes are tremendously effective and the love scenes between Peck and Lady Barbara Wellesley, who becomes a passenger on the return trip to England, are quite touching. Robert Beatty as Lieut. Bush, Terence Morgan as a gunnery officer, blonde James Justice as Quist and James Kenney as the young midshipman top a fine performing cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Colorful romance, thrills and excitement galore.

Program Notes: Peck did so much research on the lore and technique of seamanship for his long role of Hornblower that he now can issue commands about rigging, gunnery, navigation, signaling and codes and actually know what he’s talking about . . . Throughout the action five complete ships were needed and each had to be technically correct down to the last detail. An entire French seaport town and the town and harbor of Plymouth, England, were constructed on a Warner sound stage for a brief period of action . . . Virginia Mayo wore eighteen changes of costume and had the rare good courage to dispense with all make-up during her illness scenes . . . It required not one or two stunt men for the battle scenes but thirty-seven members of the Jock Easton’s Stunt Team, an aggregation of performers famous for their daring. None, may we say, was as daring as some of Miss Mayo’s necklines . . . Cameraman Guy Green, who won an Academy Award for his work on “Great Expectations,” could easily win another for the Technicolor beauty of his work on “Hornblower.”

\color{green}{\checkmark} Sealed Cargo (RKO)

A FISHING boat slowly emerges from the enveloping fog to run headlong into an eerie, exciting adventure that literally carries along the entire audience as uneasy passengers. Dana Andrews is the boat’s skipper who finds himself, in the year 1943, a victim of Nazi intrigue off the coast of Newfoundland. Sighting a ship in distress, Andrews discovers only Captain Claude Rains aboard. Rains claims his crew abandoned the vessel when attacked by a German submarine. Andrews agrees to tow the disabled ship to his port of destination, a Newfoundland village, where he discovers the vessel is actually a mother-ship for Nazi U-boats. His long range scheme for destroying the enemy craft and its dangerous cargo provides plenty of goose-pimpily excitement.

Philip Dorn, as a Danish sailor, lends tip-top support. Skip Homeier as a young seaman, Carla Balanda as the pretty passenger and Onslow Stevens, her father, contribute to the well-directed and suspenseful story. Andrews and Rains, of course, are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: A first-class thriller.

Program Notes: Andrews needed little technical advice in the ship scenes, being himself the skipper of two boats, the 85-foot ketch, Vileehi, and the 55-foot cutter, the Katherine. Like the postman on his day-off walk, Dana sailed one of his own boats to Catalina Island every Sunday the picture was in production . . . Claude Rains took off for New York immediately after the movie was completed to reap honors in the Sidney Kingsley play “Darkness at Noon” . . . Skip Homeier, the Nazi brat of “Tomorrow the World,” now twenty, shortened his name from Skippy to Skip and was made happy by playing on our team in this film . . . Philip Dorn, a Hollander by birth, who speaks Dutch, German, English and Malay, had to be coached in the Danish dialogue he is required to speak.
The red menace: Dorothy Hart, Frank Lovejoy are involved in a dangerous game in this stranger-than-fiction revelation.

*** (F) I Was a Communist for the F.B.I. (Warners)

STRAIGHT from the pages of The Saturday Evening Post comes the true story of a man who, on the surface, was a member of the Communist party for nine years, in reality was an undercover agent for the F.B.I. Matt Cvetic, who actually lived a dual role all those years, is convicely played by Frank Lovejoy in a straightforward, honest and intensely interesting movie that reveals Communism in all its ugly reality.

Shunned by his friends and neighbors, rejected by his family and scorned by his son, Cvetic plays the dangerous, ruthless game until he is finally given an opportunity to clear himself. Dorothy Hart, a pretty and intelligent girl, plays the high school teacher who leaves the Party and narrowly misses death. Ron Hagerthy gives a fine performance as Cvetic's son. Gerhardt Eisler, noted Red leader, is played by Konstantin Shayne.

Your Reviewer Says: A must for every loyal American.

Program Notes: Frank Lovejoy comes to Hollywood from radio and first attracted attention in the film "Breakthrough" with David Brian and John Agar. "Goodbye, My Fancy" with Joan Crawford followed. Lovejoy is a quiet but forceful actor who, oddly enough, raises pet fish as a hobby. The high school scenes were shot in and around Burbank High. The shooting took place on a Saturday with extra players as students. Ron Hagerthy was spotted by a Warner scout in a Glendale College play in Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles, and promptly signed. In answer to the hundreds of queries from feminine fans, the studio is forced to admit all F.B.I. agents are not as handsome as young Philip Carey and Richard Webb who play them in the film. Carey was a Marine in the last war and couldn't be happier playing in an anti-Communist movie.

Campus controversy: Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson in straightforward expose of the cruelties of sorority snobishness

✓✓½ (F) Take Care of My Little Girl (20th-Century-Fox)

COLLEGE sororities come in for a slam-bang right on their pretty snobbish noses in this little number and Whooo, are they going to be furious! Jeanne Crain gives her usual fine performance as Liz who wants only to join her mother's sorority but finally, in complete disillusionment, decides not to pledge at all. Dale Robertson who plays Joe Blake, the older non-fraternity man, is just about as interesting a newcomer as you can find on any screen. Mitzi Gaynor, a breezy individualist, Jean Peters as the snobbish Dallas, Carol Brannon, the rebellious Casey, and so many others keep the plot interest high. Good looking Jeffrey Hunter plays the fraternity man about campus and does a good job of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Watch the Greek pin wearers land on this one.

Program Notes: On the sound stage the pats really lined up sides, the sorority and anti-sorority sisters, but the star, Jeanne Crain, remained neutral. Jeannie's term or two of extra classes at UCLA rendered her ineligible for any sorority... Dale Robertson, a graduate of Oklahoma Military College, claims he was too busy horse training on his father's ranch near by to bother about the Greek letter nonsense... Jean Peters, the snob instrumental in depleging Ruthie, wanted no part of the "singing smirks" during college days while Jeffrey Hunter is a Phi Delt at Northwestern and heartily approves of sororities and fraternities... Believe it or not, Lenka Peterson, who plays Ruthie is an Iowa University Pi Phi herself... Mitzi Gaynor was the romping roudy of the set and kept both director and cast in constant hot water. But the biggest excitement occurred when handsome Jeff Hunter eloped over one weekend with starlet Barbara Rush. The co-eds picketed Jeff the following day with banners that read "Unfair to his own College Widows"... When Director John Negulesco asked Jeannie what she intended doing after the picture was over, she replied, wearily, "Take care of my little boys.

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KATHRYN BEAUMONT . . . . . ALICE

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

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(F) The Last Outpost (Paramount)

BACK we go to the West of Civil War days for another set-to between the Yanks and Rebels with lots of bowling Injuns thrown in, including our old friend Geronimo. Action centers around two brothers, Ronald Reagan of the Confederate Cavalry and Bruce Bennett, a Union colonel. A mistake in their identity by John Ridgeley, a shady post owner who has married Reagan's former sweetheart, Rhonda Fleming, sets off a series of incidents that prove fatal to Ridgeley and provide plenty of giddap action for the rest of the cast. Bill Williams and Noah Beery Jr. play two Confederate sergeants, Peter Hanson is Lieut. Crosby, Hugh Beaumont is Lieut. Penton and the "mysterious" Apache Chief Grey Cloud turns out to be Charles Evans, a former Major General who has made his home with the Indians since Army Headquarters disapproved his marriage to an Indian. Of course, Rhonda and Reagan plan to meet again at war's end.

Your Reviewer Says: They went both this-and—that-a-way in this whoop-de-do Western.

Program Notes: Tucson, Arizona, was beside itself during the shooting of this Western with movie stars, bit players and extras practically taking over the town. But the man who claimed the most interest was Gordon Jones, who was sent on ahead of the cast to "interview" horses for the movie. Jones "interviewed" over 400 horses, judging their ability to take direction as well as their appearance before deciding on 140 of Arizona's finest . . . Use of the Sun Xavier Mission, near Tucson, was granted by the company by the citizens who were dumbstruck when the crew spent one day agin the already aged mission by removing all electrical fixtures. The private interoffice telephone system that linked the eight-mile-wide location and the four-block-square replica of Tucson in the 1860's were more amazing features of the incredible movie-ties . . . Ronald Reagan required no riding lesson, being already an accomplished rider . . . The natural scenic beauty shared Technicolor honors with beauteous Rhonda who claimed all the shootin' and feudin' were child's play after the nonsense that went on in both her Bob Hope and Bing Crosby pictures . . . And guess what? Geronimo was played by an Indian, War Eagle, no less. Such casting! ! !

(W) The Prince Who Was a Thief (U-I)

HERE we go again, friends, riding down the same old Ali Baba highway of Far East chicanery. The bazaars are as intriguing as ever. The beautiful dancing girls are as un-Arabian as Hollywood can make them. The story is repetitious but to thousands in audiences the faults will scarcely be noticed as long as tousle-haired Tony Curtis and cute little Piper Laurie are around. And they are, most of the time.

Looking a blue-eyed dream in his colorful raiments, Tony plays a harem-scarem prince, spared death as an infant at the hand of a hired assassin (Everett Sloane) who adopts the lad as his own and trains him well in the art of thievery. With the aid of a littie and incorrigible street gamin, Tony robs the treasury of its gold, becomes involved with a princess and an egg-sized pearl and eventually comes into his kingdom. Peggie Castle plays the princess and Piper the waif who wins Tony's heart.

Your Reviewer Says: Beautiful people in beautiful settings...
Program Notes: Bells rang for Tony Curtis when the role of the adventurous young prince came his way but they were school bells, alas, with Tony dashing to lessons in drama, fencing, gymnastics and readings under the tutelage of his friend Marlon Brando, no less. The studio issued Tony a no-dates-with-Janet-Leigh ultimatum until the picture was finished. Did he keep it? We're not telling... After a few weeks of shooting, Piper Laurie was afraid the Technicolor would emphasize her many black-and-blue marks. Petite Piper was thrown over and over into a swimming pool by Tony, was required to toss a 180-pound man over her shoulder, was chased by guards for three days and compelled to scale a fifty-foot wall up a ten-man pyramid... Blonde Peggie Castle dyed her hair jet-black in order to play the Arabian princess but lost the prince after all to a redhead... Major Ramsay Hill, retired British army officer and outstanding authority on Arabian customs, acted as technical advisor and all but fell into his teapot when he discovered the wardrobe department had sewn zippers into the men's turbans in order to save the time needed in the winding each day.

✓ (F) Kon-Tiki
(Art-Film—Sol Lesser—RKO)
This is a true adventure film that tells the saga of a deep sea voyage taken by a young Norwegian, Thor Heyerdahl, and his five companions who sailed from Peru to the Pacific Islands. The "Kon-Tiki" is a primitive raft on which these daring men went adventuring over a distance of 4,300 miles. Heyerdahl has a theory that the original Polynesians could have had their origin in South America and that venturesome Peruvians could have reached the South Seas using native rafts and taking advantage of the trade winds. This film is documentary proof of his theory. The expedition was made in 101 days. En route, they were followed by vicious sharks and huge whales that threatened to wreck the raft.

Your Reviewer Says: For adventure-lovers.

Program Notes: The films of the Kon-Tiki expedition were originally taken for scientific purposes only—but were so fascinating that they were edited to be shown as a feature-length documentary. Except for the introduction, no extra footage was added. Thus the most dangerous phase of the voyage—the shipwreck on a coral reef as they tried to land—has to be illustrated in a diagram. There were only six men in the world who were convinced that the Kon-Tiki would survive the voyage. They were the six men aboard. One skeptic went so far as to offer the crew all the whiskey they could drink for the rest of their lives if they lived to complete the journey. The only casualty was the pet parrot who was mysteriously washed overboard one night. Bengt Danielsson was the lone Swede involved in the adventure. The others are all Norwegians. The book "Kon-Tiki" is now in its ninth printing; has been tops on the best-seller list since its publication in America and has been published throughout the world in twenty-five languages.

✓ (A) The Thing (RKO)
A scientific horror film designed with one purpose in mind—to scare the living daylights out of everyone who pays good money to see it. Far-fetched in theme—that of a vegetable-compounded creature arriving on earth from some distant planet in his specially designed flying saucer—it is nevertheless so well directed, produced, written and acted, one becomes completely lost in the vampirish spell. Unfortunately, the Frankensteinish appearance of this refugee de-

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grotes much of the illusion. A “Thing” in less human form would have deepened the horror to our way of thinking.

The saucer and its peculiar passenger is discovered in the North Pole regions when Captain Pat Hendry (Kenneth Tobey) is ordered to fly to the radioactive spot and find out what cooks. What cooks turns out to be a vegetable stew the likes of which no one outside Hollywood would be caught dead thinking up. But Tobey and his crew are such a likable, natural bunch of kids, they lend a certain credence to the tale. Margaret Sheridan plays the Captain’s girl and Robert Cornthwaite the scientist.

Your Reviewer Says: Screaming won’t help. We tried it.

Program Notes: Producer Howard Hawks, one of Hollywood’s best, can now be labeled a “rank” juggler. In choosing his comparatively unknown cast, Mr. Hawks upped Tobey, a California University graduate, from his real life rank of Army private to that of captain. Dewey Martin, a Navy pilot for five years, was made a warrant officer. James Young, a Navy pilot in the Pacific, emerged an Air Force co-pilot. But the real payoff casting was that of William Neff, a West Point graduate and former Air Corps Colonel, who became a scientist because he didn’t look a military type . . . Miss Sheridan, a former model, waited five years for her chance and emerged with a pair of slacks and a sports outfit . . . When Hawks applied for the usual insurance and it was discovered The Thing had to be set on fire, frozen in an ice attack on the hoss, the husky dogs, every insurance company turned him down. The cast was snowbound for weeks on location in Montana and spent coyote hunting for specks. Oh yes, The Thing is played by James Arness.

✓ (F) The First Legion

A STORY of faith and its wondrous healing comes straight from Hollywood in a moving, intimate story of two young girls and their passage through and working within the cloistered walls of a Jesuit Seminary. Endowed with many of the same human qualities that beset less spiritual men, the Fathers react, each in his own way, to a miracle within their halls when Father Sierra (H. B. Warner), paralyzed for three years, arises from his bed and walks. The ensuing frenzy that brings hundreds of pilgrims to the Seminary, each hoping for a personal miracle, is faced with skepticism by Father Arnoux, beautifully played by Charles Boyer, who questions the young doctor’s charges. In private confession the doctor admits the miracle is a hoax, sealing the Father’s lips against honest revelation. But a genuine miracle in the final reel, when Barbara Rush, a hopeless cripple, is healed, puts an end to all this. The miracle restores shattered faith, harmony and peace to all. Boyer, William Demarest and Lyle Bettger are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Food for the soul.

Program Notes: Playing the role of a priest is no new experience to Charles Boyer. Back in 1916, they filmed the Gordon of Allah” Charles undertook the role of a monk who renounces his vows to pursue Marlene Dietrich across endless sand dunes . . . Adapted from Emett Lavery’s famous play, the picture was filmed in and around Palm Springs, Niland, Riviera, California, mecca of thousands of visitors from all over the world. The Mission has also served as wedding chapel for many Hollywood couples. Jesuit Father Thomas J. Sullivan of Loyola University acted as technical advisor to keep authentic the austerity of Jesuit background . . . Lyle Bettger, the agnostic young doctor, and pretty Barbara Rush are the youngest members of a famous stage-name cast including Walter Hampden, Taylor Holmes, William Demarest and Leo G. Carroll. Demarest believes he’s played every type role possible, but the fun-loving Monsignor with his scene-stealing dog was that something new for Bill.

✓ (F) New Mexico

THERE are several points of difference in this scenically beautiful Western that render it unique. The cavalry comes riding on the screen in the very first scene instead of the last where, heavens knows, it is badly needed, and the hero and villain alike meet death. Lew Ayres plays the young Captain who attempts defense of the Indians who are being cheated and abused by Indian Affairs Commissioner Judge Wilcox (Lloyd Corrigan) and Col. Desert McComb of the U.S. Cavalry. Finally, the Indians rebel and Ayres, with a handful of men, is forced to hunt down and arrest his old friend Chief Acoma, taking refuge atop the famous Acoma Mountain for his last and fateful stand. Marilyn Maxwell, out-glowing in rament the new Ansco color process, plays a frontier actress of the 1860’s wearing and revealing, for some reason beyond modern bra. Robert Hutton, Andy Devine, Jeff Corey, Raymond Burr and Donald Buka gather around nobly.

Your Reviewer Says: Above average in all outdoor departments.

Program Notes: The amount of sand swirling about the New Mexico location could, according to the hard-riding, hard-working cast, sink a battleship. For weeks the cast withstood sun, sand, Navajo jewelry salesmen and the vigorous action that centered around Gallup and the Acoma Rock which was first visited by white men in 1539 and is still inhabited by a handful of Laguna Indians. Navajo wives and children trailed after the Hollywood cast to gather up the brass cartridge cases left after battle scenes, to be melted and used in the making of their famous jewelry . . . Eleven-year-old Peter Price, son of Broadway star Georgie Price, played the son of the Indian chief, thereby becoming his schoolmates . . . Andy Devine was given an ovation by the citizens of his hom town, Flagstaff, Arizona, when he passed through . . . Robert Hutton’s only concern was keeping on his horse. The horse was worried, too . . . Ayres claims Ted de Corsia, as Chief Acoma, stole all his scenes. Under the desert sun the Chief’s bright feathers and native jewelry lit up like a pinball machine.

✓ (F) Whirlwind

A SALLY and lazily Gene Autry sings and rides respectively along the old familiar trail that leads on down to the new Big B4 Ranch. But the one big bright spot, and I mean big, that lightens up the proceedings like an arc lamp, is the presence of Smiley Burnette who, ‘way back there when Bossy was a heifer, once crowned through all Gene’s operas. Together again they play a pair of government agents, with Smiley disguised as a hoss doctor, and still to the good old hoppin’ trap villain—this leading rancher, of course—and his numerous hangerson. Varmlints all of them.

Autry sings the new Stan Jones song “Whirlwind” while “Swimming” Faye Davis, that pretty niece of the bad old rancher; Thurston Hall. Champion, the “World’s Wonder Horse” who must wonder why so much shootin’ goes on and so few people fall, is just as pretty as ever.

Your Reviewer Says: I’d as leave set on a cactus.
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Jane and Geary plan to call their baby Geary Steffen III, if a boy; Susan Eileen, if a girl. Jane's next picture, which was made last winter, is "Rich, Young and Pretty!"

happiest time

Janie used time she waited for her first baby as a happy holiday, did all the things she's always wanted to do—garded, kept house, took singing lessons.
Suburban housewife Jane has a list of things for Geary to do! As a lady in waiting, Jane wore smocks in solid colors, Paisley prints.

Photographs by Bob Willoughby

In her white-walled house on a shady street,

Jane Powell has spent the last several months preparing for her biggest role—which will find her singing lullabies.

A wood-grained paper went by the board—white, red, turquoise is nursery color scheme.

No breakfasting alone for Geary—Janie’s always up to see him off. Light and cheery, breakfast room’s big windows display her collection of glass, figurines.
**Bonnie's BLUE**

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**Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDO**

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Date of graduation __________________________
Today's date __________________________ Date of birth __________________________
Signature __________________________
Chance to Win Scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse

DO YOU want to be an actress? Do you dream of hushed, darkened theaters, of crowded movie sets, of you, bringing a character in a script to life, of hearing the exciting call: “On stage, please... on set...”

If this is your dream, then this is your opportunity—first to prove your talent and then to develop it, studying at the famous Pasadena Playhouse College of Theatre Arts, the school which was the stepping-stone for many of Hollywood’s brightest names.

The editors of Photoplay announce with pride a nation-wide talent search; the winner to receive a two-year scholarship to the Pasadena Playhouse. This scholarship covers all college expenses—tuition, room, board, all meals not covered by the board, all incidental college fees, books, an allowance for spending money and one round-trip ticket from the winner’s home to Pasadena.

In September, the three semi-finalists in this contest will visit the Pasadena Playhouse at the expense of Photoplay. There they will be auditioned by the final board of judges: Ethel Barrymore; Gregory Peck; Academy Award Winner Joseph Mankiewicz, writer and director; Stanley Kramer, the young and brilliant producer of such films as “The Men,” “Champion,” and “Cyrano de Bergerac”; Thomas Browne Henry, Dean of the College; and Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor of Photoplay.

The three semi-finalists will stay at a Playhouse dormitory as the guests (Continued on page 96)
The Screen's Sensational New Young Star Discoveries...

TONY CURTIS PIPER LAURIE

NOW co-starred in answer to your overwhelming requests!

THEODORE DREISER'S

The PRINCE who was a THIEF

All the wild excitement...of an Arabian Nights Adventure!

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

with EVERETT SLOANE • JEFF COREY • PEGGIE CASTLE

Screenplay by GERALD DRAYSON ADAMS and AENEAS MacKENZIE • Directed by RUDOLPH MATÉ • Produced by LEONARD GOLDSTEIN

Based Upon The Story by Theodore Dreiser • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
Vacation rules
for changing that “two weeks
with love” to an
all-year-round romance

I HAVE only one excuse for
being brave enough to respond
to Photoplay’s faltering re-
quest that I give out with
rules for making summer romances
last. That is, that I do know
how desperate it can make a
girl to see a full moon riding
across a deep blue summer sky
and to know she has no place to
go and nobody to go there with.
Loneliness led me into marry-
ing at sixteen. I knew nothing
about men. I knew less about
love. I knew only that I wanted
to belong, to be part of life
around me. I had no home or family.
Two years later we were di-
vorced and it was much more my
fault than his. You see, I
knew exactly nothing—nothing
about men, nothing about giving
love without expecting too
great a return, nothing about
running a house, nothing about
thinking for myself. Nothing.
That was four years ago. I
haven’t married since. I’m
now started on a career and
naturally (Continued on page 92)
Hedda’s fanciest hat is off to these young stars who stretch their dollars into a wardrobe that makes them the best-dressed girls in town.

Hollywood’s

Jean Peters shops for ideas, makes aprons for wardrobe variety. Above, sheath dress with sheer cotton apron.

Says Sally Forrest, “If I’m not careful with clothes I can look as busy as closing night at a country fair!” Left, herringbone silk suit becomes date dress when coat is removed.
A "separates" girl, Phyllis Kirk swings endless changes with navy skirt, different colored sleeveless blouses

Hit Parade
By Hedda Hopper

Coleen Gray knows how to make low-priced dresses look expensive. Above, eyelet-embroidered dress

Even her honeymoon clothes revolve around Arlene Dahl’s basic ideas. Above, in trousseau peignoir of pink chiffon from Saab Lingerie Co.

For Mona Freeman, one basic dress adds up to nine changes. Above, white linen with navy

When a famous woman was asked how she had managed to stay on the "Best-Dressed Women" list for so long, her answer was: "All it requires is a sense of style, being seen in the right places by the right people, and a yearly clothes budget of $100,000.” She didn’t add, but she could have, that the last item was the most important. It’s no coincidence that Hollywood’s best-dressed women are also among its highest paid. It’s been a long time since any best-dressed (Continued on page 100)
He liked skiing, so she hit the slopes.

He loved to dive, so she took the plunge.

He was interested in art, so she haunted the museums.

Never underestimate the stamina—

of a woman in love

HOW I pursued my HUSBAND

BY MRS. GENE NELSON

The first time I saw Gene, I flirted with him. I was feeling quite elegant and gay, wearing my new red fox fur jacket and sitting in the fourth row at the New York Center Theater ice show. Gene skated gracefully across the arena. He was tall and blond and handsome, a whirling figure in blue. As he stood poised to go into a spin, he glanced up, our eyes met and we both smiled. The rest of the show he played to me. He would take one bow to the audience, another to me. It was a frank flirtation, teasing and meaningless. But I must, I decided, see him again.

I made mental lists of people who might know him and tried to sound casual when I asked other dancers in "Panama Hattie" if they knew Gene Berg—his real name. Finally, I hit the jackpot.

The wardrobe lady for Gene's show, May Kelly, had "dressed" me for three shows. So the first night I had off from "Panama Hattie" I went to the Center Theater again. Backstage, before the curtain, I told May Kelly why I was there. She suggested I come back later. A darling and a (Continued on page 74)
The future of his romance with Ginger Rogers has Hollywood guessing. But there’s no guesswork about Steve Cochran’s future

BIG FUTURE!

BIG GUY!

Steve’s a type women go for—and many of them have. His next film is “Raton Pass”

A fellow can go on for years—then all of a sudden everything happens. That’s the way it is with Steve
IT'S JUST one of Hollywood's little ironies that a good actor and a good-looker like Steve Cochran can go along for years turning in excellent performances and doing a fine job—but:

It takes talk of a hot romance with a star like Ginger Rogers to get him into the talked-about bracket—the big league gossip columns and, yes, the social whirl.

That's Hollywood for you.

It's enough to make a player like Steve, coming along toward stardom legitimately as fast as he is, a little cynical. Even I, who have known Steve since he was married to Fay McKenzie and they were battling and reconciling with every edition, never thought of doing a story about him until Ginger came into his life.

And, as usual, the first thing I threw at him after he arrived (Continued on page 72)
Not too long ago Debbie Reynolds stood off stage at Burbank Junior High School making like lightning. She'd tried out for the lead in the big dramatic offering of the year, "And I wasn't good enough." So she "propped" instead. She "did the lightning" in the murder mystery, she was the eerie ring of the doorbell, and in between times she was the sloshing of feet through imaginary mud.

Today she is proof that lightning—given even a little assist—can and does strike twice. Debbie, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's pint of dynamite, is the hit of Hollywood's sub-deb set.

With her wide-open gray-green eyes framed by sweeping lashes, her glossy golden-brown hair worn usually in a wind-blown wave with one large soft saucy curl behind her ear, a pert nose and bedimmed chin—Debbie Reynolds is the cutest thing since Seven Up spiked with pistachio.

She's a doll-sized seven, five feet one and one-half, with each of her one hundred and two pounds where nature (and the camera) intended. She says she's a full nineteen years old—"but nobody ever believes it. Not even when" (Continued on page 81)

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

She's a pushover for chocolate malts, a whiz at street baseball, a fun-loving tomboy who'd rather bowl than beau.

She's Debbie Reynolds, who won Hollywood's heart at first sight

Debbie has role in "Mr. Imperium," with Ezio Pinza and Lana Turner

"Fellows are all right—at a party, dance, football or baseball games!"
Jeff appears next in "Iron Man"

A mountain crag against a windswept sky . . . humor, spiced with melancholy . . . a Roman warrior in faded dungarees . . . a giant with a gentle touch . . . the ringing of an ax . . . a magnet for romance.
A Dresden figurine in a peasant skirt . . . Eve, secure in her dreams . . . a field of yellow buttercups . . . enchantment in a youthful mold . . . a meadow-lark in a cashmere sweater . . . a pixie on a balanced budget

Jane is in "Rich, Young and Pretty"
Everyone gives you a different reason why Ava and Frankie won’t marry. But Elsa gives her reason—for thinking they will

The Gardener-Sinatra jigsaw, the pieces of which I believe will fit together in marriage before the summer ends, is not only a romantic jumble—it also involves two jumbled personalities. For both Ava and Frank are exceedingly contradictory characters.

Ava makes frequent visits to North Carolina where her father used to farm the tobacco fields and where her sisters and brother and nieces and nephews continue to live in the simple surroundings which marked Ava’s childhood. Whenever life presses she goes home to Smithfield to get unsnarled. There’s no nonsense about these visits either. When Ava goes home she doesn’t live in any suite in any near-by hotel. She stays with one of her married sisters. She helps with the housework, tramps the countryside, talks to farmer friends, partakes of the local gossip at a country store owned by one of her sisters.

Basically, I think, Ava wants exactly what her brother and sisters have; a little house, a garden and a new baby as often as nature and the family budget will allow.

“For love (Continued on page 94)
Ava Gardner is a woman of contradictions—a glamorous star and a girl who wants the simple things. But Ava never marries simple men . . .

. . . and Frank Sinatra is no more blessed with husbandly virtues than Ava's former husbands, Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw.
JOHN DEREK'S face is his fortune, it's been said. But John doesn't go along with this. His face, he'll tell you, has often been a drawback. At school, the girls, wary of his looks, were too ready to rate him conceited. And it took many a fist fight to convince the fellows they'd better not continue calling him "Prettyboy." John admits his appearance helped him get the role of Nick Romano in "Knock on Any Door." But he knows a guy can be too handsome for his own movie future—when it comes to getting such meaty parts as he knows he can tackle. Only this time he's using his talents, not his fists. Glamour, says John, is strictly for—his leading ladies.

BY LYNN PERKINS
Specially posed photographs by Don Ornits
He grew up in the saddle, broke ponies at a Brentwood polo club and had no thought of an acting career until scout Tom Moore spotted him on a bridle path and...

...suggested a screen test. But his dad, a former actor, said no. John, absorbed in his job, didn’t care. Another interest, art, filled his free time.

But Fate wasn’t finished with John Derek. A year later, another talent scout saw him at a bowling alley, took him to David O. Selznick. This time his dad said yes.

He played bits in “Since You Went Away,” “I’ll Be Seeing You.” His studio arranged dates with Shirley Temple, other stars, as publicity build-up for him.
Then Uncle Sam called. When John came home after serving twenty-six months in the Philippines and Japan, he was just another actor looking for a job.

Romance knocked on John’s door when he met Patti Behrs, a Georgian princess, at 20th Century-Fox’s drama class. They dated steadily, married in ’48.

When Humphrey Bogart announced plans to produce “Knock on Any Door,” John memorized scenes from the script, badgered everyone to get him a screen test. His persistence paid off.

Patti’s the kind of girl a guy can argue things out with. John calls her his severest critic, says she keeps him from getting a swelled head. Her French cooking is an added attraction.
The Dereks live in little house in Hollywoodland. Thanks to Patti's thrift they'll soon be able to buy a ranch in The Valley—where year-old Russell Andre can, like John, grow up in the saddle.

Ambitious, eager to learn, John studies with Columbia Studio drama coaches. Prefers roles like football . . .

. . . star of "Saturday's Hero," left, to swashbuckler (above) of "Mask of the Avenger." With Jody Lawrence
Feverishly, she tried
to count the flowers, whirling on
the wallpaper—and heard the
words that changed her life

ALTHOUGH I was only twelve years old, I remember it well because I had complained to my mother about what a hot day it was for April in Boston. She immediately became suspicious. A thermometer was dug up and mother took my temperature. It was 102 degrees!

Mother thought it was just a stomach upset. I was bundled into bed. In those days, medicine-cabinet treatment was the rule. Physics, aspirins and multi-colored pills were stuffed into me at irregular hours. But in three days, my temperature remained steadfast, unmoved by the best home remedies my family had to offer.

I was growing weaker and the pains in my legs were almost unbearable. Our family physician, Dr. Charles Gardner, was called in.

Dapper, kind old Dr. Gardner was one of my favorite people—probably because of his generosity with lime-colored lollipops and his smile under a curved, shiny, waxed gray mustache. Even the sight of him gave me a lift.

The doctor spent a great deal of time with me, asking all sorts of questions, many of which I couldn’t answer. His voice seemed to rise and fall, gobbled up by the heat waves that enveloped me.

I heard him tell my mother it was a kind of mystery (Continued on page 91)
It didn’t sparkle like rubies or gleam with the richness of furs. And the bank would have branded it as worthless. Only Sue knew the value of Alan’s anniversary check.

nine years

Alan Ladd is currently in “Appointment with Danger”
On their ninth anniversary last income-tax day, Alan filled the house with flowers and gave his wife a check which read: "Pay to the order of Susie, $xxxxx. No money in the bank, but I love you, so please cash in for the rest of our lives."

The gift didn't sparkle like rubies nor gleam with the richness of furs, and it wasn't worth a plugged nickel at the teller's window. But it gave Sue a glow that you can't buy across counters, and she put it away with other treasures of its kind.

Marriage in Hollywood is a controversial subject that goes bouncing back and forth like a nonstop tennis ball. "What's wrong with the place? Why can't people out there stay hitched like anyone else?" That's one side—

And the other side answers, "Our marriage record is as good as that of the rest of the country. It just sounds as if we divorced more, because we hit the headlines and you don't."

In the final analysis, marriage anywhere depends on people, not on places, and the Ladds are a case in point. Knowing them, the wryest cynic (Continued on page 77)
THIS JURY CHOOSES

the

PRETTIEST LEGS

It isn’t just the shape they’re in. According to the Hollywood men it’s the personality they express that gives these legs their intriguing lines.
IN HOLLYWOOD

BY VICKY RILEY

The Betty Grable legs,acclaimed in song, story and headlines, now win Photoplay’s poll conducted among Hollywood’s most eligible bachelors, plus some married men—just to give the whole thing balance. However, many of the married gentlemen preferred not to have their names or selections mentioned: wife-jealousy department. Hollywood’s beauty-wise male eyes are wolfishly aware of (Continued on page 104)
They wanted a big family so Jeanne and Paul planned their house to take on some additions too.

Four lounge chairs put together make long couch in living room where high windows top wall bookshelves.

Paul designed furniture, had it made in his factory. Gold draperies cover wall of windows in master bedroom.

'T'S no trick to start Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman talking about their house. For they have taken four years to get a house that's right for them, and it isn't finished yet.

The setting of their house is perfect. Their land, scooped out of the side of a hill, overlooks what seems to be most of southern California. Behind it the hill rises sharply, and the ground falls away on the other three sides, giving absolute privacy.

When Paul first found the land, he planned to purchase just one acre, but ended up with the whole cove, most of which he (Continued on page 89)
they’re characters

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Sometimes, says Sheilah, the parts they play on the screen are acts that don’t go over in private life.

If you ask Jane’s friends, “Johnny Belinda” got under the Wyman skin.

If John Wayne changed he’d be a different man on screen.

Martin and Lewis can be even whackier away from the camera. But when no one’s looking, Jerry shows another side.
YOU wonder sometimes if movie stars don’t become like the characters they play on the screen. Then again, you wonder if maybe it isn’t the other way ‘round; if stars aren’t chosen for certain parts because that’s what they’re like really. I know! I’ve watched them all—the tough guys, the ingenues, the waspish women, the heroes and the heels.

Bette Davis, who played Margo Channing in “All About Eve,” is more like Margo than Margo is like Tallulah Bankhead, on whom she supposedly was modeled. I know a couple of Bette’s previous husbands quite well and they tell me Bette and Margo are one—the same, unpredictable type of person, complete with the flinging around of mink coats and staccato excitability. Plus the genuine warmth and intelligence and sense of humor that Margo had. Margo, Bette—it’s all the same, and if you liked Margo, you’ll love Bette. Gary Merrill did and does, both ways.

Peter Lawford has changed considerably since he started at Metro as a British boy (Continued on page 75)

• Dramatic dark plaid dress, above, with matching stole, can be worn strapless or with halter shoestring tie. Skirt is full, with unpressed pleats. By Koret of California, 10-18, in red or navy ground tissue sheer plaid. Around $14.95 at Saks-34th, New York, N. Y., J. L. Brandeis, Omaha, Neb.

• Personality in plaid is dreamy tissue sheer gingham sunback dress, right. Elasticized bodice, with removable straps, tapers gracefully into full skirt. For added effect, a matching stole. By McKettrick, 10-18, in brown, green, or navy with white. Around $14.95 at Kresge Newark, Newark, N. J., Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.

These dresses worn by Margaret Sheridan of RKO's "The Thing"

For stores nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67.
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Model T's

Three ways to enjoy Summer—T-shirts go glamorous

Something new has been added—to T-shirts. Below, left, a lacy weave cotton that can be worn demurely buttoned up in front, prettily plunged or as a cardigan over a plain dress. By Helen Harper, it comes in white with navy, red, green or brown; small, medium or large. Around $2.98 at Crowley Milner, Detroit, Mich., and Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

Light as a sea breeze is the terry cloth T-shirt, below, right, with its nautical striped jersey bib front. By Jane Irwill, in white with navy or red trim, small, medium, large. Around $3.50. Gloves by Grandoe. To keep your curls in place, Debway's perky Jockey cap.

Photographed by Dirone aboard a Moore-McCormack ship

Modeled by Barbara Britton, movie and television star

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67.
Wherever you live you can buy PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

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

Jonathan Logan dress
1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Marvella pin
383 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Capezio shoes
1612 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Koret of California dress
611 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.

McKettrick Williams dress
1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Peggy Parker T-shirt
1384 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Jane Irwill T-shirt
1372 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Helen Harper T-shirt
1372 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

June Patton dress
1641 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Fuller fabric for Ella Raines pattern
1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Imagine winning an all-expense-paid vacation trip to the Caribbean wonderland—inspiration for Catalina's new, spirited Carribean* Collection! Beautiful new designs, gay sun-filled colors, fanciful patterns and fabrics, all created with a true Caribbean flavor!

Follow The Sun! Go Carribean with Catalina

You'll fly via luxurious Pan American World Airways—stay at the finest hotels!

Write for folder of other Catalina styles and name of nearest store. Catalina, Inc., Dept. 219, Los Angeles 13, California
Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($0.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Ella Raines "Fighting Coast Guard" dress in sizes 9-11-13-15-17.

Name: .................................................. Size: ........................................
Street: ........................................................................
City: .................................................. State: .........................................

Photoplay’s Pattern of the month

Ella Raines in the original dress
designed by Adele Palmer for her to wear
in Republic’s "Fighting Coast Guard"
Ella Raines officially accompanied by officers of the U.S. Coast Guard Cutter SPENCER

Photographed by Dirone at the St. Regis roof


For stores nearest you write to manufacturer listed on page 67

- Patterned for a perfect evening is the dress worn by Ella Raines, opposite. Designed to show off your best figure lines, its graceful neckline is draped over a fitted bra top. Eight-gored skirt has center seam and inset on each side of front and back for fullness, giving a pleat effect. To match the gleam in his eye, make it in Fuller's "Spotlight"—a cotton satin that comes in twenty-five exciting colors.
Don't be so superior—your parents have been around much longer than you.

He's not as dumb as you look when you give him the charm treatment!
want to be CHARMING

Reverse the Current

I've said this before and I'll probably say it many more times, because I think it's basic. It's this—the secret of a charming personality and the popularity which is its reward—is not to be found in any trick, any mysterious sleight-of-hand with make-up or fancy hair-dos or clothes, important as these may be. What makes you charming—or charm-less—is how you feel deep inside about yourself and about those around you.

All of us worry about ourselves, how we look, what sort of impression we are making. And there's nothing wrong in such concern unless it's so intense that it excludes our outgoing interest—our interest in other people, in other words.

A girl who concentrates on herself instead of communicating with her friends is tense and self-conscious. She's the type who will go to a dance and worry the entire evening about her "stringy" hair or that blemish on her skin the pancake just won't conceal. And in this worrying of course she'll shut off her charm automatically. No one who is preoccupied exclusively with herself is charming. Incidentally, the blemish you can't help—but the "stringy" hair you can. Preparation and organization in one's life is of prime importance. You can't just accept life and take from it. You have to contribute, and not just to people you want to impress.

Too many of us "turn on the charm" only on special occasions, taking our families and close friends for granted. But that kind of on-again, off-again charm is phony. Nobody is fooled—neither your mother, for instance, who pressed your new nylon blouse so exquisitely and was understandably hurt when you "forgot" to thank her, or the new boy friend on whom you lavish all the saved-up smiles and thoughtfulness. Self-conscious, "this-will-get-him" charm—the only kind you possibly can have when you put it on like a new formal or your best hat—isn't charm at all. It's affectation—and, like last year's slip, it shows!

It's Magic

It's almost magic the way a change in your feelings can affect the responses (bred of their new feelings) of the people you contact (Continued on page 103)
(Continued from page 43) for our appointment was—just how serious is his romance with Ginger? Enough to end in marriage—or just another Hollywood love affair scheduled to end after the exorcism of the spirit?

Steve was neither annoyed nor embarrassed by my question. Personal questions obviously do not faze him.

He's a hokum of a way—his way. Even off screen, he has that same solid, virile wallop Gable first had. There's just 175 pounds proportionately spread over his six-foot-one frame. His hair is dark, his eyes are brown, and the type goes on forever. I think that Fay was still crazy about him when they parted.

"You tracked me down at the train the first time Fay and I parted," Steve reminded me. "I also had the first story of our marriage."

"Now I'd like to have history repeat itself," I told him. "How about the first story of that you and Ginger Rogers intend to do?"

As I said, the question did not rattle him. He didn't quibble: "As of today there are no plans for one.

"What will happen tomorrow, no one can say. Ginger and I have a perfect understanding. We enjoy each other's company so much at this time that neither of us would even think of it with any one else."

But look here, Louella, he went on. "I've been married twice. The first time to Florence Lockwood—for eight years. Fay and I spent our honeymoon out West that long. They were both wonderful girls—so maybe the trouble was all my fault.

"Right now, my career is pretty important to me. I've made nine pictures for Warner Bros. over a year. I'm very grateful to Jack Warner."

I knew all about his career. "Where did you meet Ginger?" I cut in.

Steve laughed. "When we were making Steve Bannan, I thought she was lovely the minute I saw her. But she would have no part of me. She was seeing Gage Bautzer then. And Ginger is a two-timing female. I asked her for a date—and she turned me down cold.

"In fact," continued the honest Steve, "she laughed in my face. Then we went to MGM, and I had the insurance of "Steve Whistle and Surprise' and Ginger accepted my invitation for dinner one night. Maybe she was just feeling sorry for me—because I had a broken leg. But we had a lot to say to each other and had a wonderful time. It was just about the time she and Bautzer were beginning to cool. But it wasn't until they were definitely through that she let me take her to parties and theaters and see her most of the time."

What Steve didn't tell me, but what I happen to know, is that he seldom went to any Hollywood parties until he became Ginger's hokum. He and Ginger are a wonderful couple together. Steve's way of "Steve Whistle and Surprise' and surprise! Ginger accepted my invitation for dinner one night. Maybe she was just feeling sorry for me—because I had a broken leg. But we had a lot to say to each other and had a wonderful time. It was just about the time she and Bautzer were beginning to cool. But it wasn't until they were definitely through that she let me take her to parties and theaters and see her most of the time.

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"I've always trusted my skin to gentle Lux Soap care," says Joan Crawford. "Here's the daily beauty facial I depend on: I work up a rich lather with Lux Soap and cream it well into my skin.

"I rinse thoroughly first with warm water and then with a splash of stimulating cold. Already my skin feels delightfully soft and smooth." Lux Soap has active lather that works like a charm!

"Next I pat my face lightly with a soft towel to dry. It's wonderful the quick new beauty this facial gives my skin!" Try Joan Crawford's own beauty facials. Discover how easy it is to be Lux-lovely!
I CONSOLED myself with the fact that Gene had been rushed. I told myself that he surely would call me. He had to! For there was nothing more I could do. I was acquainted with no one else who knew him.

The following Wednesday, my break came. After my matinee, I found a note in my theater box. Gene had seen my show, I was told, and wanted to take me out to dinner. If I could just manage to see him before he left town, I was sure he would remove any of my sweaters. I had a right foot but I didn’t let him know how much it hurt. Slowly, we walked back to the Inn for breakfast.

That morning, I drank a great deal of water, my knee swelled to twice its normal size. When Gene saw me limping downstairs, he was concerned and called the doctor. I hadrenched my knee, the doctor said, but nothing was broken. My “snow bunny badge,” Gene called it.

Neither Gene nor I have been near a slope since, although our ambition is to spend a week at Sun Valley. It’s most exciting to realize I’ll be there pitching—and falling, no doubt.

(Ex)sthetic prowess often discouraged me in those first days. He was a whitish riding at riding and skating. And the first time we went swimming, he turned out to be a champion diver. I managed to stay in the running but obviously I couldn’t keep up with Gene. I said he was the way Gene said or did was wonderful. When I knew him a week, I told myself he was the man for me. Until this time, I’d been dating a boy named Chuck. Friday being our date night, I’d also promised myself to his friends as “My girl Friday.”

Friday night, over a drink at the Stork Club, I told Chuck, “I don’t think I can be your girl Friday any longer. I’ve met someone else and I think it’s going to be serious.”

“If you think that, I wish you all the luck in the world,” Chuck said.

Our romance was serious. Later, I discovered that after our first date he wanted to give me the little golden ice-skate with a tiny diamond in it. He had thought of giving it to me but our roommate suggested he wait and find out if he was really sure. So Gene waited— for two months, then had the golden skates made into a pin for me.

I think I know how much this pin means to me. Because it was his first gift, it’s my favorite. I lost it once, and Gene and I spent hours retracing our steps across Broadway, searching the side- walks. Finally, the pin came out of the Europe club and we went back to the theater and looked in my dressing room. When Gene found the little gold skate under my dressing table, I nearly fainted.

People say you shouldn’t wear your heart on your sleeve. But a blind man could have seen the crush I had on Gene. I’m not very good at hiding things.

I talked a lot about the fact that I was trying to please him. After Gene said he liked the way I looked in red I wore red often. When he told me he liked tailored clothes, I bought the limelight hat which I wore with a brown snap-brimmed hat, I bought all the tailored suits I could afford. When he admired my hair, I started brushing it vigorously, until it gleamed, and wore it in as many different styles as possible.

One of the first things I discovered about Gene was his love for music, ballet music especially. Always, before a ballet company came into town, he would order tickets to the favorite music. If I went to the Metropolitan Museum, he would go and remember practically everything he had read. I read slowly, retain less than Gene. So I would make up for what I couldn’t remember by buying books by visiting the Metropolitan Museum.

One thing I’ve always done well, though, where Gene is concerned, and that is— listen. Everything he’s ever had to say has interested me. I’ve known him for four years, and I’d be afraid I would have pretended like mad.

FROM the beginning, we dated steadily. I could never quite understand how we found ourselves talking. Except for matinee days, we spent every afternoon together. After our evening shows, we’d go dancing, to the movies or just talk. Gene would take me home and we’d talk more. He’d kiss me goodnight, and then, as soon as he reached his hotel, he’d telephone. And we’d be on the wire for as long as an hour.

Soon, this became part of our plans. We talked about marriage, and we talked about children. I said that when I was married, I wanted a boy and a girl. Gene thought we’d have a wonderful nice family. He also said he wouldn’t marry until he could support a wife with ease.

Then the draft came. Gene was eligible. My friends said the usual things: “Don’t marry now! You have a child! … suppose he’s killed.”

His friends said, “Marry her right away.” Gene said, “If you don’t marry me now, I won’t guarantee whom I’ll be seeing when I get out.” And I would win him by being interested in the things that interested him. My wedding ring, I promised myself, would not change this. I’d try always to be all things to the man I loved.

I nodded, blissfully.

We were married within the week, on December 22, 1941, at New York’s City Hall.

Gene took me to the Belvedere Hotel, where he lived, and carried me into his room lighted only by the soft glow cast by the Christmas tree bulbs. Then and there, I slept. And I would win him by being interested in the things that interested him. My wedding ring, I promised myself, would not change this. I’d try always to be all things to the man I loved.

I’ll always wear my heart on my sleeve for Gene. After children arrive, some women relinquish their husbands to a sec- ondary status. But I promise Gene and our four-year-old son have a wonderful relationship in which Chris, product of our love, shares equally in our affections. But Gene and I love each other first.

I spent much of his dancing, often working on the choreography of his pic- tures, rehearsing with him and other mem- bers of the cast. His only objection is that he fears I may become too famous! He dreams of us as dancing partners. I’d be happy with that kind of achievement, of course. But I know of no achievement, of no career that can be more satisfying than that of a perfect husband—even after you’ve caught him.

The End
They're Characters

(Continued from page 63) actor. In some respects for the better. In others—I'm not sure. He's no longer the eager youth dashingly madly to the studio in his open convertible. But he was friendlier then. Whether or not it's because Pete has played so many "other men" parts in pictures, nowadays he seems less of an optimist. And I don't quite know which adjective to use about the following incident. It's an open secret in Hollywood that Sharman Douglas finds or found Pete extremely fascinating. In fact, she's said to be carrying a man-size torch for him. But Pete, probably unthinkingly, brought his new interest, Jeanne MacDonald, to Sharman at RKO and sort of put her under Sharman's protective wing. If Sharman really is still in love with Pete, that was pretty thoughtless.

Jane Wyman has been a hard girl to fathom at any time. But there was a change in Jane after she played the deaf-mute in "Johnny Belinda." Some people believe that the strain of the role was partly responsible for the break-up of her marriage with Ronald Reagan. But I personally believe that some of the divorce can be blamed on Ronald's talkativeness, which can be very boring. However, Jane was a sick, depressed girl both during and after this picture.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR has told me many times that she hates to play society girls on the screen—she'd rather be a gypsy. But Elizabeth has patterned quite a lot of her private life attitude on the way the society girls behave in her pictures. Fundamentally, Elizabeth is a fresh-air country girl who loves dogs, horses and chipmunks. And the haughty stuff and quarrels with her family are alien to her innate sweet nature. I hope film fame will ultimately bring Elizabeth happiness. To date, it has only brought confusion for her family and for her.

John Wayne is still "Duke" to the people who knew him as Duke Morrison. And they all still know him. His great success, his position at the top of the Photoplay Popularity poll (he won the Photoplay Gold Medal this year) hasn't changed him at all. In fact I'm not sure how good an actor John really is because he's exactly the same person in and out of his pictures.

Gregory Peck is another local boy who made good without making his associates miserable because of it. Greg was raised in La Jolla, California, which is why he started the La Jolla Playhouse, a very profitable tourist attraction for his hometown. I remember when Greg startled me with his portrayal of the sex-crazy, selfish Lewt in "Duel in the Sun," shortly after he had electrified me with his sensitive characterization of the priest in "The Keys of the Kingdom." I asked him—"Which is the real you?" He grinned and replied, "Ask my wife." I did. Sorry I can't tell you.

The big change in Olivia de Havilland started with her two-year-long battle to free herself from her Warner contract. And remembering the carefree, happy girl she used to be, it is sad to hear no sorrow expressed in Hollywood over the not-so-hot reviews and brief six-weeks run for Olivia's "Romeo and Juliet" in New York. She tries so hard with every acting job. I'm wondering if there isn't such a thing as trying too hard. I hope that her next movie assignment will be a little romantic part. Then maybe Olivia will return to her early lighter, gayer self.

This was the theme of course of "A Double Life," the picture that produced Shelley Winters for better or worse. I think for better—Shelley is fun.
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- Pursettes offer all the advantages of internal protection plus an amazing new degree of comfort, security and convenience. Pursettes are medicinally-correct—the lubricated tip insures easier insertion. No applicator is needed.
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Come to think of it, it's only natural that playing dramatic tragic roles all the time should have a sobering effect on performers. Certainly nearly all the screen killers, except Humphrey Bogart, are exceptionally quiet men in real life. Jimmy Cagney never speaks above a whisper. George Raft rarely cracks a smile. Richard Widmark is moody and broody. As for Bogey, he has always been on the raucous side in his public and private life. It was just as noisy before Warners elevated him to stardom and he used to complain about his bosses just as much then as he does now. Only now, at $200,000 a picture, he doesn't have any reason to.

The oddest contradiction of all, in real life in Hollywood is Jane Russell. The sexy extrovert on celluloid is a deeply religious, modest girl at home, with a chapel in her own backyard. The posters can show Jane struggling for her navy hat or for her Nazi as till kingdom come. Away from the camera the only thing Jane struggles for is to remember a passage from the Bible, most of which she knows by heart.

And Allison can be pretty cute off screen if she thinks an occasion warrants it. But on the whole she isn't too carried away with her characterizations. It was a good thing for Junie as it is for every young performer for Daisy, oversized interviewer, that success here didn't come right off the bat for her. She had a two-year very discouraging wait before she made a hit, playing herself really, in "Two Girls and a Sailor." It's a better thing that she fell so in love with Dick Powell, older and wiser.

How about the movie sirens—the Ava Gardners, the Hedy Lamarrs, the Lana Turnersthe most of whom are sad sacks away from the camera. These delectable damsels rarely wear make-up or dress up off duty. Hedy is notorious for her peasant dresses. Lana loves shorts, Ava in for her long skirt. And all three cinema sirens have this in common—they passionately desire a husband and home life. At this writing, Lana has it, and I'd say she was the happiest of the three. Here's hoping to travel to the four corners of the world to get her. Ava is hoping that somehow, somewhere, she can be Mrs. Sinatra.

How about the lover-boys, the gents who always get the females in films? Do they repeat in private life? Let's see. Errol Flynn had his marriage option dropped by Lilli and Nora. Stewart Granger was divorced by his first wife, Robert Taylor—well, you know about Robert. Clark Gable—you know his history too. Cary Grant? After winning Virginia Cherrill, Barbara Hutton, and every girl in pictures for two decades, including the time he was a ghost in the "Topper" series, Cary has now been won for life, I believe, by a bit of whether, George Sanders gets these roles because he is crude in real life, but it could be. However, recently I made a discovery about George. And I should have suspected it before. His sardonic speeches are a cover-up for the complex. When I phoned him to talk about something else, he engaged me in a lengthy conversation all about, "What did you think of my singing?" (On a radio show.) Why, George, I didn't think you cared what anyone thought. Incidentally, I thought he sang divinely and told him so and the purr at the end of the line could almost be stroked. I also discovered that Mr. Sanders has a sense of humor. When the story was printed that he could not play the Pinza role on Broadway in "South Pacific" because he was supposed to have a" raping scene, I called him to say, "Is it really true about the operation, or is it an operation for cold feet?" He roared—with laughter.

Jeanne Crain, the mother of three, still has the delightful air of a little girl, that made Janet Gaynor famous. With Jeanne it's a case of her roles being chosen for her. She is wistful and feet-off-the-ground. She was a natural for those roles.

Bette Davis is Margo, Elizabeth Taylor is the society girl, John Wayne and Duke Morrison are one and the same, Gregory Peck is, well, Gregory Peck. The contradictions are there, too . . . the sirens, the gag-men, the lover-boys, they're all double personalities. But that's like the old which comes first, the chicken or the egg?" routine.

THE END

"These are Real Problems of real people!"

The radio program "My True Story" presents in dramatic form—direct from the files of True Story Magazine—the actual, true-to-life problems of real people. Thousands have found solutions to their own problems of love, fear, hope, jealousy and many others by listening to "My True Story".

TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY" American Broadcasting Stations
Nine Years with Love

(Continued from page 57) would know that "for the rest of our lives" means exactly that. They don't flaunt their happiness, nor do they take it for granted. But you feel that it's built on rock and that Hollywood can't touch it. Built any other way, it could fail apart in Hoboken.

They have no gimmicks or recipes to hand out. Love is a mystery. Nobody's ever been able to explain why two particular people are drawn together, and not two others. But there's more to love than physical attraction, as every adult knows. In the course of Alan and Sue's friendship, as struggling actor and agent, each grew to respect the other's worth as a human. Because they felt and reacted alike, the wordless understanding between them was from the beginning almost uncanny. In some bigshot's office, with no prearranged campaign, they'd play into each other's hands like a couple of jugglers. Each knew when to speak, when to quit, when to get up and go. It was a new experience then, startling and delightful. Now, after nine years of marriage, it's ingrained.

PROFESSIONALLY, Alan refers to himself as "we," the other half being Sue. It's long been accepted that where he goes, she goes, since he won't go without her. You recognize her presence in the flowers that brighten their impersonal hotel room, and the magazines strewn about. This may seem like a minor item, but nothing's minor to Sue that contributes to Alan's relaxation. Many men on a business trip feel their wives are better off at home. Many men—let's be honest—like to get away from their wives once in a while. Alan says: "I'd be lost without Sue—" He needs her for the comfort of her companionship and because of his vast respect for her judgment. Not that he invariably follows it, but he'll take no major step till he's thoroughly thrashed out all its aspects with Sue. Because of the harmony already noted between them, their conclusions are more likely than not to fuse.

Once they had a difference of opinion with Buddy DeSylva. DeSylva was a wise man and a fair one, who could see the other fellow's side as well as his own. After tossing it back and forth, the boss advised them to go home and sleep on it. Next day they returned, still of the same mind. DeSylva threw them a curious little smile. "You two! You've got too much of that pillow talk between you. I can't beat it. You win."

Others have been less understanding. Everyone at the studio knows that Alan hates talking on the phone. Sue loves it. Acting as a buffer for him, she takes his calls. This is sometimes resented. "Who's under contract here?" stormed an irate V.I.P. "Sue or Alan Ladd?"

"I am," said Alan. "And if ever Sue makes a decision, I'd have made the same."

One thing they avoid is running to Tom, Dick and Harry with their problems. This is not because they think they're so all-fired smart. "We just feel it's no good when the husband goes pouring his heart out to Joe Doakes, and the wife can't wait to talk it over with the girls. Outsiders can come between you, they can lead to frustes. Sue and I don't look for advice till we've kicked it around ourselves. Then, if we're stymied, we take someone into our confidence. But whoever it is, we go to him together."

What catches your eye on first entering the Ladd's' living room are four pictured young faces, gazing gravely from shadowbox frames—Carol Lee, Laddie, Lonnie and little David. "My eaters," Alan calls them with a grin. Like any family, they add to the light and laughter and sweet-

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Any way you figure, it's

The Lovable Brassiere Co., Dept. P-7, 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Till the night came when she said, "We've been chasing too much. Let's stay put."
"Had enough?"
She looked up, and the light dawned. "So that's been your little game."
"You're too smart by half, Susie."
The score remains the same. He hates parties, she likes them. "But he hates them worse than I like them," sighs Sue, "so we generally stay home."

In basic matters, their ideas run parallel. Their home is for people they feel at home with—for friends, not influences. You won't find them catering to producers for the sake of a role. But they'll have the Peter Hansons because they like them. Hanson played in "Branded." Both Sue and Alan think he has talent, and go out of their way to encourage him. Alan's never forgotten his dark days, nor what encouragement meant to him.

LAN'S contract still has over a year to run, and he still has two Paramount pictures, "The Red Mountain" and "Rage of the Vulture," awaiting release. But with major players, the studio presents a deal well in advance. The actor presents a counter-deal. If they can't get together, he's free to negotiate elsewhere. We're springing no leak when we state that Ladd's appeared in a fair number of stinkers. You've seen them yourselves. That they've made a lot of dough must be ascribed to his personal popularity. Naturally he feels a good script isn't too much to ask for.

That was one consideration. The other was Alan's four kids. Should anything happen to him, he wants them taken care of. The deal Paramount offered was fine. Only he found he could double the money outside. He and Sue thrashed it out from every angle, put it together and picked it apart again. But the moment of decision had to come. Jack Warner was waiting to hear from them. Alan paced, Sue sat. Her agent stood by the phone. "Well?" he prodded gently. "Do you want it or don't you?"

Ten years of Paramount flashed through Alan's mind, ten years of working with a wonderful set of guy's on the back lot. He gulped. For a moment it looked as though the tears might come. Sue couldn't stand it. She jumped up and ran to him. "You don't have to take it, Alan."
He looked at her and the grin broke through. Hanging on to her hand, he nodded to the agent. Presently he was talking to a Warner brother. "Well, Jack, I guess I'm coming home."
"What do you mean?"
"I used to be your grip for two years."
"Under what name?"
"Look it up. Alan Ladd." Which broke the tension all round.

On termination of his present contract, he plans three pictures a year—one for Warners, one for another major company, one for himself. The episode bought a story for independent production.
"We love this business," says Alan, "and as long as they'll have us, we'll stay. But if it ended tomorrow, we'd say thanks, it's been swell knowing you, and work out something else. Make the farm pay, maybe," he teased. "I can see it now. Me running the tractor, Susie milking the cows. Or the other way round. No difference really, so long as we're in it together."

And that's where we came in. Our country's divorce-ridden from coast to coast. But let's look at the bright side for once, and the millions of couples joined by such love and loyalty that if one is wrenched out, the other becomes incomplete. It's the old kind of love that makes marriage happy in Hollywood, Hoboken and all points between, the kind of love that exists between Sue and Alan Ladd.

The End

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Send now for FREE book revealing how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet HARMLESS as ZONITE!

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If only she'd realize the wonderful benefits of always putting ZONITE in her fountain syringe for her health, womanly charm, married happiness and after her periods. If only she understood that even the most refined and fastidious women must constantly guard against an offense graver than bad breath or body odor—an odor she may not even detect but is so apparent to others.

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Success is taken casually at the Crosbys’—so casually that Gary, a big money-maker with his recordings, never thought much about his...

Bing Crosby of “Here Comes the Groom” may have a fortune today but he hasn’t forgotten his lean years. His sons never have been allowed to think money grows on trees. Every summer they earn their allowances by the hard work they do on their dad’s Nevada ranch.

So did the strange noises he heard behind the barn—until he discovered Lindsay showing him off to his gang—at twenty-five cents a look! Bing howled...

...kidding stopped. The twins became abnormally respectful—even begged for privilege of chasing Gary’s handballs during his practice sessions! This threw Gary...

...when he heard this, said, “Remember, Gary, when you charged your pals a dime for watching me play golf? The twins are just trying to beat the high cost of living!”

...growing career. His brothers weren’t impressed either. They used to rib him by singing his disc hit, “Sam Song,” whenever he appeared. But suddenly, all...

...when he heard this, said, “Remember, Gary, when you charged your pals a dime for watching me play golf? The twins are just trying to beat the high cost of living!”

So did the strange noises he heard behind the barn—until he discovered Lindsay showing him off to his gang—at twenty-five cents a look! Bing howled...

...when he heard this, said, “Remember, Gary, when you charged your pals a dime for watching me play golf? The twins are just trying to beat the high cost of living!”
(Continued from page 45) I'm all dressed up in black and sophisticated.” At any gathering where strong beverages are served, Debbie's answer is as automatic and swift as the raised eyebrow that inquires her age—“I was born April 1, 1932—and now, if you don't mind, please, I'd like a straight milk.”

At her studio she thumbed past ultraglamorous portrait shots and chose another for her fan-mail pictures, saying, “This one looks younger, don't you think?” She's smart enough to realize she will probably continue playing younger parts “for at least two more years.”

What's more, Debbie studies the smaller fry for her homework. “There are kids in every age group in our block in Burbank. I love to play baseball and football out in the street with them, and I watch them—so I won't go stale on acting real young.”

But there's nothing small about her talent. In the opinion of some critics, as the fourteen-year-old “Miss-Fix-It” sister, she stole “Two Weeks with Love,” which, considering Janie Powell and Louis Calhern, would be adjudged senior-sized stealing. She was immediately put into “Mr. Imperium” with Lana Turner and Ezio Pinza. And she is now rehearsing ballet day and night, prepping to dance with Gene Kelly in “Singing in the Rain.”

In the personality department Debbie's a pert little paradox, as young at heart as she is mature in the brains department. Assured and ambitious, she goes her merry way studying to be a movie star. Privately, she's still a bit surprised to find herself an actress instead of the gym teacher she meant to be.

SHE's a cute combination of mildyblouse and red satin shoes, a firecatcher who's more happy at home with the hair-ribbon set. She's strictly a funloving tom-girl who'd rather bowl than beau. “138 is my top score. But I usually bowl around 133. My girl friends and I go every week to a bowling alley in Burbank.”

She'd rather play the French horn (as she has the past six years) in the Burbank Youth Symphony every Saturday night than decorate the arm of the dreamiest date in town.

Not that “fellows” aren't all right, too—at a special big party or dance, or at football or baseball, when something that sounds like fun.” Debbie likes big men, “the bigger the better, six-foot-four and over 200 pounds, fellows the size of Howard Keel.” But they don't have to look like Howard—“just so they're big and have a sense of humor. I just like to joke around and have fun.”

Debbie even clowns when she has laryngitis. Recently she arrived at the studio with a big carton of ice-cream cones in a box around her neck which read, “I Can't Talk,” and in smaller print underneath: “Reason—Laryngitis.” All of which accomplished little other than inspiring conversation all the way down the studio streets with curious acquaintances who stopped her to ask, “What's the matter with you?”

Outside of that time, Debbie admittedly has never been at a loss for words—except on the memory occasion when she won the title “Miss Burbank of 1948,” a title that led to her movie contract. “I just entered to get a free blouse,” she says. She was, it seems, standing there in the Burbank Recreation Hall, “tired and hungry and thinking about how I'd love to have a chocolate malt,” when the judge announced she'd won. “I was leaning against the piano—and I almost fell flat on my face. I walked over to him and just

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She's a big movie fan and very impressed still about meeting Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Fred Astaire, June Allyson—"She's my father's favorite. I hope we make a movie together sometime so I can see him in a picture," and she's crazy about Red Skelton. "I think making people laugh is so important, don't you?" One columnist, struck by Debbie's recently commented, "Looks like Metro has another Judy Garland in Debbie Reynolds." "I just died," Debbie says if you mention this to her. "Comparing me with that great star. She was more talent than I'll ever have in my life!"

Born Mary Frances Reynolds in El Paso, Texas, Debbie lives with her mother and father (a carpenter for the Southern Pacific Railroad, named "Michael O'Flaherty" in just a regular house" in Burbank. Her twenty-year-old brother and his bride "live in the new apartment my dad and uncle built out in the garage—it's so cute." Her brother, says Debbie, is her "worst and best" critic. "Other people can tell you're wonderful and everything—but not your brother—not unless he means it. Not my brother, anyway."

She wants to do musical comedy "more than anything." And anybody who knows her—including her brother—is convinced she will succeed.

A day in her life would indeed stagger a hardier soul. She gets up every morning at 7:30 a.m., takes ballet from 9:30 to 11:00 at the studio, exercises until noon, ballet again from 1:30 to 3:00, takes a drama lesson until 4:30—then dashes home in her 1947 model Mercury coupe, grabs a bite to eat, meets her girl friends and attends dancing school from 6:00 to 9:00 at night for social instruction in tap, boogie, free style and more ballet. Then a nightcap hamburger—and so to bed—until the alarm reminds her that it's 7:30 a.m. again.

When she will have time for even a junior-sized romance is the pay-off question right now. She has, it seems, "het seven of the boys in the publicity department—five dollars apiece I won't get married before I'm twenty-three. We have it all in writing," she says. "You know, one of these 'We do hereby declare' things, and I signed it 'The Bachelor Girl.' It's all legal!"

To suggest that marriage might win out before she's twenty-three brings a hoot from Debbie, followed by: "And lose thirty-five dollars."

The lucky lad undoubtedly would have to promise to love, honor, cherish—and pay off her bet.

The End
Do your beauty shopping at cosmetic counters that feature national favorites like these on the next 5 pages.

Your mirror will say “thank you” because these products are national favorites of proven quality.

Your pocketbook will also say “thank you” for their money saving values.

These twelve popular favorites are being featured now at cosmetic counters all over the country.

Look for the “cover girl” display in windows and on counters, and buy your summer needs today.
Your Favorite Cosmetic

Maybelline

Eye Make-Up

The eye make-up preferred by smart women everywhere

HELENE CURTIS

Suave

Only SUAVE keeps hair so lovely... so naturally perfect

Tintair

Home Hair Coloring

Nature isn't always right — but TINTAIR is!

Prelle

Shampoo Miracle

PRELL radiant shampoo for that 'Radiantly Alive' Look!

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BEAUTY AIDS FOR NEW SUMMER BEAUT
YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTER POINTS THE WAY TO TRUE 'Cover Girl' Beauty

by Dorry Ellis

TAKE YOUR CHOICE of the three BRECK Shampoos for three different hair conditions. Whether your hair is dry, oily or normal, BRECK has a special shampoo to meet your individual needs. Imagine being able to know that the shampoo you are using is caring for your hair as well as adding to its beauty. How wonderful, especially during the summer months, when you wash your hair more often, to have just the right shampoo for your hair condition. For fragrant, lustrous-looking hair use BRECK Shampoo frequently. The three shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

MAKE DRAB HAIR COLORFUL with safe, temporary NOREEN. Now you can add all the glamorous color you want, or blend-in unwanted gray...without making a permanent change. NOREEN Super Color Rinse gives your hair such natural-looking color...color that rinses in like it belongs, and stays until shampoo’d out. There are 14 true-to-life shades, ranging from light gold to lustrous black, and lovely grays. Choose one, and “try it on.” NOREEN is so easy to apply. It takes only 3 minutes with the NOREEN Color Applicator. Give your hair Cover Girl Color. Just select, and wear NOREEN Super Color Rinse.

MANY PEOPLE THINK that underarm deodorants are about the same and give equal protection from offending. This is not true. Merely deodorizing is not enough—underarm perspiration must be stopped and stay stopped. Smart people use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration. Furthermore, when you use FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That’s because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated and start to work all over again at those special moments when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.

PEPSODENT

CRITICALLY SPEAKING...have you looked at your complexion in a mirror lately—close up? Do skin faults show through your make-up? Are enlarged pores, “bumps,” or discolorations making you feel self-conscious? Not noticeable from afar, these faults pop right out in close-ups...which are often important moments! With SOLITAIR Cake Make-up, you’re safe. SOLITAIR hides as it beautifies. It conceals every little blemish! Your skin seems to come alive with youthful freshness. SOLITAIR, containing Lanolin, is feather-light. 7 lovely shades, 30c, 60c, $1.00. It’s one make-up that makes you lovely-to-look at even in close-ups!

SOLITAIR

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS...TINTAIR is the fabulous home hair coloring that can give you a whole, glamorous new personality in just a few magic minutes. TINTAIR makes it easy for you to have the beautiful, flattering, youthful-looking hair color you’ve always wanted. Just brush it on. Only TINTAIR has “Vegetable Catalyst D”...the amazing self-timing ingredient that automatically turns off the coloring action 15 minutes after you have applied TINTAIR. It’s like the most expensive 5th Avenue professional treatment, costing up to $25. Yet, you can color your hair with TINTAIR, right in your own home, for only $2.
NEVER THOUGHT THE TIME WOULD COME when clothes and furniture would be safe from upset nail polish bottles. But the revolution-ary new Cutex feature ... a really "Spill-pruf" bottle, with the exclusive "Lac-R-Loc" feature, (pat. pending), allows you ample time to right the upset bottle. And the "Nail-Measure" neck actually measures out, auto-matically, just the right amount of polish to cover one nail perfectly. Bottle contains amazing new Cutex with the miracle-wear ingredient, Enamelon ... in a complete as-sortment of nail polish shades! Look for the "Spillpruf" label on your next Cutex bottle.

HOW LUSCIOUS CAN A SUNTAN BE? ... is a question you won't be able to answer until you've tried Woodbury's "TROPIC TAN." Just fluff on this sun-enchanted powder color, and presto...you skin turns the deep, warm gold of a Tropical Sun Goddess! The secret—a special ingredient that gives color-rich warmth and glow with no "powdered look," plus creamy-softness and crushed-flower fragrance that clings for hours. Try Woodbury Powder in the new 50¢ size. It is just right to see you through the summer with a glorious Tropical Tan. Also 15¢, 30¢, $1.00 sizes (plus tax).

RUMOR HAS IT that many glamorous stars use Hollywood's own famous lipstick, Westmore, off the screen as well as on. Now you, too, can have "Lips of Enchantment." Yes, the Westmore "cosmetic secret" lipsticks at your store are the very same lipsticks used by the Westmores, world famous Holly-wood make-up artists. Thrilling, enunciating color shades harmonize perfectly with your own individual complexion. Special creamy base stays on so excitingly long! Creates a lasting illusion of radiance and beauty. Fashion-right shades now being shown at vari-ety, chain and drug store counters. Large size 59¢ plus tax. Medium size also available.

YOUnger THAN SPRINGTIME is the way Prell Shampoo leaves your hair. Prell ... that different, emerald-clear shampoo in the handy tube ... makes your hair look younger, because it imparts so much "spring" and youthful sparkle. This is true no matter how dull and "lifeless" your hair seemed before. Prell leaves your hair shining — Radiantly Alive, even in the hardest water. And your hair is softer and smoother — easier to set and easier to manage. Try just one shampoo with Prell and you'll be thrilled with how much lovelier your hair can look ... how much younger, more glamorous ... more "Radiantly Alive"!

THE TOP SECRET of day-long hair beauty is a morning kiss of Suave. Just a few drops leaves your hair looking and feeling heavenly soft. Suave holds your waves securely and smoothly in place, and as an extra attraction, adds natural, excitingly alive, highlights to your hair. And all this... without that slicked-down "hairdressing" look. Only Suave con-tains amazing solex to prevent dryness. (It screens out sun's parching rays.) America's beauticians favor Suave as the perfect finishing touch to keep your permanent and your hair lovely. A creation of Helene Curtis, foremost name in hair beauty. 50¢, $1.

TODAY FASHION SAYS that accenting your eyes is as important as using lipstick. Smart women the world over depend on Maybelline for a soft, natural-looking effect — and no wonder! With Maybelline Mascara, lashes appear so softly dark, enchanting-ly long ... they seem to whisper "Nature grew us this way." For more expressive, gracefully tapered brows, nothing equals Maybelline's fine, soft Eyebrow Pencil. And a touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow intensifies the color of your eyes. It's exciting to look lovelier with Maybelline Eye Make-up! All desired shades. Maybelline gives eyes that naturally beautiful, "high-fashion" emphasis.
The fieldstone fireplace is flanked with oak. There are floor-to-ceiling windows on the fireplace wall, high windows opposite and oak panels on the walls.

They lined the wall under the high windows with long bookshelves and under the bookshelves they placed an enormous red sectional sofa, four pieces, each section the size of a love seat, and at one end, its back to the closet partition, is the radio phonograph. At the other, against the wall, stands the piano. The long red sofa, plus two curved green sofas that flank the fireplace, provide plenty of seating space when needed, yet they don’t crowd the room.

If enough chairs were used to provide the same amount of seating space, the room would look like a hotel lobby.

Paul designed all the furniture except the green sofas and the dining-room group, and had them made at his furniture factory. Even though you can’t do this, you can be sure that each piece you choose is as right for your room as if you had it made to order. Don’t buy a table or chair you see in a store just because it seems exceptionally attractive. Picture how it will look with your other furniture.

Occasional pieces finish off the living room. A round, blonde coffee table in front of the fireplace, two black lacquered end tables completed by ceramic lamps at each end of the sectional sofa, two antique mirror-topped tables with brass lamps beside the fireplace.

The dining area’s at one end of the living room. The entire group is of natural wood, modern style, with pedestals of combed wood, dining seats in a lime and yellow pattern, The carpet is against the wall, and has a separate glass front for china and glasses.

Continued from page 60) subdivided and sold, saving several acres and the original spot which had caught his eye for him and Jeanne.

Originally the house itself encompassed 2,400 square feet, today it’s 3,400 square feet, and when it attains full growth will have about 4,500 square feet. “I'd rather have fewer rooms,” says Jeanne, “and have them larger, than have a lot of small rooms.”

She’s entirely right, because you can create a more harmonious room if the space is large. Better to double up the uses of a room, combining a living room and a den, for instance, rather than have a small living room and an even smaller den. Den-dining rooms are popular now, too, and another recent trend combines kitchen, den and dining room.

Right from the beginning, Jeanne and Paul planned the house as it eventually would be. Originally it had just one bedroom, but they knew where two additional bedrooms and a bath would go, and the doorway that would lead to all this was already framed in the hall. So when the Brinkmans added their first wing, all they had to do was knock out the opening.

The second wing will be added to the other side, so that when finally completed, the house will have a modern “X” shape. A large playroom’s contemplated in this new section—to relieve wear and tear on the rest of the rooms. As Jeanne says, “When you have children, either the house suffers or the children suffer, and we think our children are more valuable than the house. So, the house suffers.

The idea of having the plans for a completed house all ready, but building a little at a time, is a good one. The Brinkmans built when building was difficult, right after the war. In fact, they camped out in the house for awhile, during the finishing-up process. Carpeting was a “must” to provide warmth for their first-born, Paul, but other than that, they used candles for illumination, rented beds, ate from card tables, and sat on boxes.

The Brinkmans’ house, hidden from view until you round a curve on the driveway, is a low, modern building of fieldstone and redwood, with the windows set high to let in light and guarantee privacy.

As you enter, there’s an oak closet partition on the right and a plant box in front, which is backed by panels of corrugated opaque glass that stop at the ceiling. These glass panels are about a foot wide, and travel down each side of the plant box, about a foot apart, alternating, so that you have the effect of a solid wall. Your vision of the next room, the dining area, is obscured, yet there’s plenty of light and room for plants to grow.

The Brinkmans continued the exterior feeling of the house into the interior through the materials they used, but instead of redwood paneling inside they chose ¾” oak planks, and gave them a wonderful natural finish. The fieldstone was repeated in the fireplace, but this posed an unexpected problem. The builder was afraid that a plaster ceiling would be cracked by the weight of the fireplace. So Paul bought some 2 x 8 kiln-dried fir planks. Split and left rough, these were put on the ceiling. Limed oil mixed with green stain was applied, then wiped off, which left the wood with a slight green finish, toning in perfectly with the rest of the house.

Together they make a Beautiful Pair...

Mother and Daughter with Color-Bright Hair!

Mother’s Gray Hairs are tinted from view, Blended with color of rich even hue. she uses Nestle ColoRTINT

Daughter’s Drab Hair is rinsed shining bright, Every strand gleams with color and light. she uses Nestle ColorINSE

Whatever your age — Nestle glorifies your crowning glory! Want to look years younger? Nestle ColoRTINT hides tell-tale gray hairs with youthful, longer-lasting, triple-strength color.

Want to make your hair sparkle with highlights and sheen? Nestle ColoRINSE is an after-shampoo “must”... removes dulling soap film, rinses glorious color-highlights and lustre into your hair.

Both Nestle ColoRTINT and Nestle ColorINSE are easy to use... absolutely safe to use, no tests needed. Both are available in 10 glamorous shades... at all cosmetic counters.

Ask your beautician for a PROFESSIONAL application of ColorINSE or ColoRTINT.

Nestle

Originators of Permanent Waving
why some women hate to shop

Many women once hated to shop for an underarm deodorant because they had tried many, found none that filled all their requirements. According to a survey, over 6,000,000 were dissatisfied with deodorants they'd used!

* * *

Last year, however, the Andrew Jergens Co. chemists produced a deodorant these women love to shop for because it answers all their complaints. It's amazing triple-action spray Dryad.

Jergens Dryad protects three ways — instantly. It checks perspiration instantly. It eliminates the odor of perspiration acids instantly. And it overcomes odor-causing bacteria instantly.

* * *

No other deodorant can duplicate Dryad's effective 48-hour protection. Yet it won't harm fragile fabrics, has a nice fresh fragrance. Get the pretty pink squeeze bottle today — and see for yourself! One bottle lasts for months. Only 49¢ plus tax. (Also in cream form.)

From the dining area, naturally, you go into the kitchen, a gay combination of red and white, with red formica counter tops and splashboard, white cupboards and woodwork, and the two colors combined with green in a cheerful strawberry-patterned paper for the walls. White ruffled curtains finish off the windows. The kitchen's in an "L" shape, the working section in one part, a red formica-covered table in the other, surrounded by pine captain's chairs with red leather cushions. Red linoleum covers the entire floor.

The most-talked-about feature of the kitchen is the floor of the "L." and that's an indoor brick barbecue. The first time the Brinkmans used the barbecue, they cooked a prime rib roast, and brought each guest into the kitchen to see it and smell it even before he removed his coat.

"You see," explained Jeanne, "we think that barbecued food tastes much better during the cold months, and the fire looks so cheerful on a gray day. So we put this barbecue indoors where we can really use it." On their flagstone terrace there's also an outdoor barbecue, but it's more often used for fires than for cooking.

Their bedroom is at the opposite end of the house. It's large, with two walls of windows to take advantage of the superb view. Louvers above admit air, and sliding doors open on two formica-topped beds are hung with gold draperies which blend with the bedspread and dust ruffle. The spread has a chartreuse design woven on a silver-gray ground, and the ruffle repeats the yellow of the bedrooms carpeted with the same gray broadloom, and the bedroom wallpaper uses the gray for background color, featuring a bird-of-paradise design in yellow, blue and coral.

They placed the shadow box fireplace against oak paneling, and the grouping in front of it includes a blonde, free-form coffee table, together with a channel back chartreuse loveseat.

The blonde desk boasts an idea you can borrow. The two bases and the top are three separate pieces. Since the bases—bookshelves on one side, drawers on the other—are the size of nightstands, the Brinkmans can utilize them for that purpose any time they wish. If you've been wanting a desk, why not make one by placing a wood panel across the tops of two nightstands? The Brinkmans have turned the top of their desk, which is composed of a thin real wood veneer combined with a layer of formica and a layer of fiber glass, all put under terrific pressure. The result is a handsome surface that can take spilled drinks, carelessly placed cigarettes and all the other hazards to furniture in a modern home. "Someday," says Paul, "we're going to have a dining table with a top like that."

Jeanne and Paul put family photographs in the bedroom, and that should be the rule in every home. Such pictures are too personal to add anything, decoratively speaking, to a living room, unless you've a portrait that is a work of art.

The headboard of the bed is modern, to go with the rest of the furnishings, and it includes the two nightstands in the one unit, all of blonde wood with touch of chartreuse leather.

Adjoining the bedroom is an enormous dressing room. Woodwork and cabinets are gray and the ceiling coral. Wardrobes line the walls and a storage partition divides the dressing area from the bathroom. Soft coral Carrara glass surrounds the two washbasins, picking up the coral from the paper on the wall.

The dressing room is large enough to double as a nursery, and the newest baby arrives in a Jeanne's nursery, and the newest baby arrives in a Bassinet. Right now young Timothy has it.

Someday he'll graduate to the nursery wing, where Michael and Paul share a room which is just right for boys, with a little privacy. The finish bunk is hung with beds and two matching chests. The floor's yellow and brown linoleum, and the walls contrast with pale green. Whimsical animals decorate the sturdy sailcloth curtains.

A small bar separates living room and master bedroom, its entrance in the hall, the counter side in the living room. The inside of the doors that close it off wear deep button tufts of green leather, and cushions on the bar stools repeat the green leather. It's a projection room as well, for Paul keeps his projection machine behind the counter on the floor. It's ready in a jiffy for showing movies, as is the screen which stands in the dining area.

Part of the charm of the house lies in the surrounding landscape, for it's completely casual. A lawn frames the swimming pool or the front terrace, but native trees and shrubs cover the hill.

Paul and Jeanne knew what they liked. They were not afraid to try out their ideas and they were willing to wait to get the effect they want. All this adds up to a home that's completely delightful inside and out.

The End

NOW IS THE TIME . . .

to cast your votes for your 1951 favorites!

14 color portraits . . . over fifty pictures in black and white of Hollywood's talented newcomers

Don't miss

CHOOSE YOUR STAR

in August Photoplay, on sale July 11
Miracle in Boston

(Continued from page 55) She was badly upset—mystery in sickness is a frightening word. Dr. Gardner consulted with another neighborhood doctor, but no definite diagnosis was made.

For a week I lay in bed in utter weakness. From the kitchen I could hear my mother's sobs and my sister trying to console her. I could hardly move. My leg muscles were almost entirely without power. I prayed that if we were to get well my legs would not fail me.

Many years later my mother told me I was only semiconscious most of the time. What I thought were silent prayers were words spoken aloud in delirium.

Dr. Gardner came in twice a day. Although I was a child, I could see he was very worried and seemingly powerless, just waiting for something to happen.

Then one night as I lay in my sickbed, watching the flowers in the wallpaper designs revolve slowly around the room, I listened dreamily. The doctor was speaking to my mother. He had just finished a long consultation with the other physician.

I heard him say, "Ruth is a sick girl, that's true. But she's well on her way to recovery. Don't be worried about her legs, she'll walk again and will be perfectly all right."

I was amazed. Could it be true? Yet if Dr. Gardner said it so confidently it must be so. It was wonderful news to me. I was overjoyed. For the last few days my legs had been stiff and powerless. But now I would soon be well!

Then the fever broke. I felt stronger. There was a long period of convalescence. Then as the weeks went by I could feel the tingling sensation of "pins and needles" in my legs. It's true that I couldn't stand up; my legs wouldn't support me yet. But always I remembered the doctor's words. "She's well on her way to recovery. She'll walk again and will be all right." Dr. Gardner had said so, and I never doubted it.

When my legs hung limp from the side of the bed, when it was impossible to move a muscle, I forced myself out into my homemade wheelchair. And then holding on to the chair-backs and the dresser I managed to swing slowly around the room.

Whenever the going seemed too tough and I wanted to give up, feeling it was all too hopeless, I remembered that my doctor had said I'd walk again. And I preferred that it be sooner than later. Soon, too, I would have to get back to school and make up all the time I had lost.

Finally I was walking, slowly but without help. What a wonderful overwhelming feeling of love for the world and everyone in it I felt when I walked to the corner bakery for the first time in months!

Then I was able to get around in the sunshine. Dr. Gardner, beaming, pronounced me completely cured.

After graduation I almost forgot my childhood illness. Time caught me up in its rush forward, with jobs in "little theater" plays. Then a road show company.

The years flew, and I traveled far away from Boston to Hollywood. But whenever there was a pause in my hectic career, my thoughts would search out Dr. Gardner. I could never forget him.

Recently I went back to New York for a personal appearance tour—when, incidentally, I met my husband Mortimer Hall—and from there I went to visit my family in Boston.

As a very pleasant surprise, my mother held a little get-together of old friends. Dr. Charles Gardner was among the guests. Later in the evening I found him alone at the punchbowl. He was an elderly man now, but had lost none of his dignity.

"Ruth," he said, "I am very proud of you and your success. I never dreamed that a certain skinny little girl who wouldn't let me give her a booster shot without getting a lollipop first would someday be a star in motion pictures."

I told him gratefully how he was responsible—how his words had served as an inspiration for my recovery. I told him honestly that if it hadn't been for him, I might never have walked again, might never have arisen from a sick bed. I told him how, when I had felt during my illness that it was impossible I could ever use my legs again, I had remembered his confident words after consulting with another doctor, his statement that I would be completely cured.

He squinted, thought a moment, and looked puzzled.

"Ruth," he said oddly, "I don't remember ever saying anything like that. I remember my comment, and I believe I said, 'She's a very sick girl. She'll never walk again. Only a miracle can save her.'"

The End

★ "A diplomat is a person who lets someone else have your way!"  . . . James Stewart

83% of Princeton Seniors who were interviewed said:

"Cavaliers are Milder than the brand I had been smoking!"

★ More than 150 seniors at Princeton were asked to try king-size Cavalier Cigarettes and compare them with the cigarettes they had been smoking...

Just think of it—83% of this group of Princeton seniors said Cavaliers were milder than the brands they had been smoking! And they had been smoking many different brands!

In every group of smokers interviewed—such widely different groups as airline pilots, photographic models, television repairmen, nurses—

80% or more said that Cavaliers are milder than their previous brand! Enjoy king-size Cavaliers— for mildness and natural flavor. Priced no higher than other leading brands.

Cavalier

KING-SIZE CIGARETTES—EXTREMELY MILD
(Continued from page 37) I hope it is going to be a successful one. It's thrilling to see the papers and magazines refer to me as "promising." It's comforting to get those pay checks once a week, after all the insecurity I've had—and to have my own car and my own apartment.

But let's be honest. A girl's Number One dream is to be ideally married. She never knows when or where she may meet the right man. It might be during this summer vacation.

If you think a Hollywood girl, living in a continual summer resort, has more chances to meet men than the average girl in a small town, you're both wrong and right.

Our work allows us to meet a lot of men. But those men also meet a great many girls. So we have to work just as hard or harder at the same rules for survival until we reach that blessed third-finger-left-hand state. This much is certain. Whoever you are, wherever you go, life is like a bank. You can't take more out of it than you put into it; except for a reasonable amount of interest.

So, when you go off to a summer resort, don't expect the Big Catch of the place to spy you the first time you enter the dining room, to swoon, and then you become totally unaware that any girl but you exists, marry you and set you up in a house only slightly smaller than the Ritz.

In fact, speaking of the Big Catch, it's often smarter not to concentrate upon him at all. One, the competition in his direction is bound to be greater. Two, your usual politeness in contrast to the rush he is getting from other quarters might even intrigue him.

YOUR contribution to life at a summer resort will be less than it should be if the resort is a place where you go golfing, water-skiing, sport and don't golf, or where sailing is the order of the day and you know nothing about sailing.

Above all, go where you belong—not only because you can participate in the activities enjoyed there but because, at ease, you will be relaxed and secure.

Pretense never is any good. It's a waste of good time and money, for instance, to get into a man's friendship to make you appear to be a gay good-time Katie when really you're quiet and have a mind with a serious turn. For what you advertise yourself as you own, the man you pretend to be.

SPEAKING of going to a hotel or camp or on a cruise reminds me of clothes.

Last winter one of the most attractive girls I know stopped at the store to lunch with me. I lunches. She sipped chicken broth and nibbled rye toast. "I have to lose five pounds," she told me. "I'm going to Palm Springs for a few weeks and my tennis shorts and sweaters are slightly tight."

"Buy new ones," I said.

I wouldn't be seen in new ones. You know how men are about sport clothes—so that the possibility of seeing him after the vacation is over. Because another good way to keep a resort Romeo in your life is to have a get-together for some of the men you stayed with whom you spent most of your time.

No use either in being the easy-to-get girl. A little affection, a little romance is fine. But then you're always a Big Lover Boy and a Big Lover scene—who gives a girl a big build-up for his own not-so-good reasons. Be smarter than he hopes you'll be. Otherwise you'll become the next best conversation piece and lose your chances with the very men with whom a summer romance could develop into a—Happy Ending.
It took twenty-five serious years for Tom Ewell's special brand of humor to make its way “Up Front”

By Beverly Linet

IN FRONT of a huge building in midtown New York Tom Ewell waited in his car for his wife to join him. Every so often he'd leave the car, walk into the lobby, put his ear to a door, and upon hearing shrills of laughter return to the car to “sweat out” the remainder of the ninety-three minutes. The occasion was the sneak preview of “Up Front” and, despite Marjorie's widely persuasions, Tom refused to budge beyond the lobby. “You go—and let me know what happens,” he told her. “Let me know all.” Laugh? The audience was hysterical. “Hollywood's newest success story,” they called Tom. “Delayed-action success story”—he corrects. “It took a mere twenty-five years of work to get the chance.”

He was seventeen—and a student at the University of Wisconsin—when he started spending more time with the dramatic club than with his law studies. During his last two years at college he played ten performances a week with a local theatrical group. This netted him $20 a week. It also netted him a few D's in political science. A few months before graduation he quit college to go to New York to pound the pavements for a job in the theater. The only job he found were in Macy's basement and Pickford's cafeteria.

Three years later, in '34 he finally got a part in “They Shall Not Die” which died fast on Broadway. For thirteen years after that—during the forty-four months he served as an apprentice seaman in the Navy—if there was a play that ran three performances or less, you can be sure Tom was in it. Often between those three-day engagements it was back to Macy's basement for him.

In 1947, at last he had a hit with “John Loves Mary.” His performance resulted in a couple of acting awards and a few screen tests. “He's great,” said the studios, but they didn't sign him.

“He's terrific,” said the heads of Warners who bought the play—and gave Tom's part to Jack Carson.

But when M-G-M was scouting around for a strictly off-beat type to play Judy Holliday's husband in “Adam's Rib”—they took one look at Tom's old tests and their casting problem was a problem no longer.

Tom followed that up with “A Life of Her Own,” “An American Guerrilla in the Philippines,” and “Mr. Music” but no one dreamt he'd be star material until “Up Front.”

When Tom is working on a picture, he and Marjorie live in a small house in the Hollywood hills. The minute he finishes his last line they jump into their car and ride like the wind to their Bucks County, Pa., farm—and there they stay until the studios send out an S.O.S. for him.

The End
MARIO CABRE'S LOVE POEMS TO AYA GARDNER

Mario Cabre's book of verses, "Dictario Poético a Aya Gardner," has just arrived from Spain. Following is translation from the foreword and two poems.

Do you remember, dearest one? I promised you a book of poems where love and the sea, the soul and eternity would bring back the memory of your visit. How happy it makes me to fulfill my promise, to dedicate to you, the expression of my love.

WE WALKED

We walked and walked
Our lips directed our course
A night of tears and kisses
Of treasured glances

The sea, as close to the land
As the ecstasy I embraced
We walked and walked
The route was the secret of our steps

SOLITUDE

... I sink sadly
Into the depth of my being
And try not to remember
The light and warmth of my love

Perhaps, I have lost confidence
In the impulsiveness of my courage
For all that remains is the anguish of my search...
ine took the junior officer to the radio studios where Frankie, shuffling back and forth between two radio shows and rehearsals, was eating a fast sandwich. He could have told them all to get out. But he pulled out his little pocket calendar and put a ring around a date. "Let's make it then," he said.

He explained to the Junior Police officer that the latter might not hear from him again—but he’d be there. However, when the boys didn’t hear they got panicky and checked with his press agent, who knew nothing. But, he said, that date was checked on Frank’s desk calendar; so Frank, who was in New York, undoubtedly knew all about it. And sure enough a few days before the date came around Frankie called from New York to say he was bringing a show with him.

"But we can’t pay for that kind of talent," the officer protested.

"Who said anything about paying for it?" demanded Frank. "I’m bringing them." And he brought Sid Caesar and The Pied Pipers.

These are the stories Ava likes to tell about Frank. She’s impressed, too, with his devotion to his children, Nancy, eleven—Frank, seven—and Christina, three, and their great love for which their mother has protected magnificently.

When Nancy went to court for her separation agreement she turned away from the TV cameras. "After all," one of the photographers challenged, "I’ve got a wife and kids to feed."

"I have children too," Nancy replied, "and they look at TV."

It was about nine months ago that Nancy sued for her separation. Since then she has said, repeatedly, that she has no intention of asking for a divorce. She is not interested in any one of the others. Her dates with Bob Sterling and other Hollywood gentlemen have been casual.

However, recently she and Barbara Stanwyck have become good friends. It could be that Barbara, who made a valiant effort to hold her marriage with Bob Taylor together before she admitted defeat in the divorce court, will convince Nancy that when a marriage is over it is wiser to let a man go, even though you do not want freedom for yourself.

And now I come to the two last pieces in the Gardner-Sinatra jigsaw. There has been talk Frankie would like to return to Europe—to Spain especially—with Ava as his wife. He hopes, I suspect, to erase his memories of last summer when, a married man, he could not deal with the romantic rumors about Ava and toreador Mario Cabre—who appears with her in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman"—as he would have liked to do.

Hearing this talk, I called Frankie on the phone. "I do not mean to intrude upon your private plans," I said, "but I understand you are hoping to marry Ava. And if I could know the time of your honeymoon I would like to arrange a wonderful party for you—in Spain. I know many interesting people there. Last year my Spanish friends complained because they neither saw nor heard you . . ."

"I would love such a party," he said enthusiastically. "But it could not be until late summer . . . ."

Ava’s friends continue convinced that she never will agree to any irregular marriage. But an acquaintance of Frank’s, who knows how persuasive he always has been with Nancy wouldn’t be surprised to see Frank, when the time is right, convince Nancy that since they grow further apart all the time and since he truly loves Ava, a divorce is in order.

When this happens the last piece in the jigsaw will fall into place.

The End
Last Chance to Win

(Continued from page 35) of Photoplay; the winner, of course, will remain. The two runners-up will, before they return home, appear on radio or television programs and be interviewed by the casting directors of the major studios.

The hundred top running contestants—those who make a showing in the auditions to be held in August—will be called to the attention of major radio and television networks, producers, directors, labor, theater groups, stock companies and modeling agencies.

The Pasadena Playhouse was chosen as the scholarship college not only because it is recognized as one of the best dramatic schools in the country but because it also has standing as a college. The two-year course is the prescribed length of the Playhouse plan and it endows and gives a certificate equal to that given by all accredited junior colleges. If you have had two or more years of college previous to entering the Playhouse, you will receive, upon graduation, a Bachelor of Arts degree in Dramatic Arts.

The winner of this contest will live and eat in the college dormitory. She will receive $250 a year to cover those meals not already paid in (lunches every day and all three meals on Sunday). She will also receive $5.00 a week for spending money. This extra money for meals and allowance will be given her in monthly installments. Photoplay cannot, of course, be responsible for any medical expenses on the part of the scholarship student. But she will receive $65 the first year and $50 for each year thereafter, as specified by the college, and her room, board and tuition will be paid for by the magazine.

To enter this contest, fill out the enrollment blank (on page 34) or reasonable facsimile thereof, and mail it, not later than June 25, together with the answers to the questionnaire on page 97, and a story of not more than 300 words telling why you want to be an actress and why you think you can act.

If you pass this first stage of the contest, you will be notified by July 10. Only those contestants whose facsimile from Photoplay will be eligible to submit, not later than July 25, a voice recording and two snapshots.

Disc, wire or tape recordings are acceptable for this purpose, which must be made up of any two passages from: "A Place in the Sun," "All About Eve," "Wuthering Heights," "Our Very Own," the text of which appears on page 98. These passages were chosen because they allow for a great deal of flexibility in interpretation and because they are generally familiar. However, do not imitate any particular actress or actor. Length of utterance for a dollar under two dollars. Almost every sizable town in the country has a professional recording studio where such a record can be made. The only requirement is that the recordings, disc or tape, be clear in tone and free from extraneous noises. Across the center of the spool or disc, paste a sticker on which is printed your name, address, and complete address. The voice recording must be submitted with two clear, candid snapshots, one full length, one close-up. This is not a beauty contest; dramatic talent is the only qualification for winning. But the judges want to know everything about you—how you think and look and act. So be sure these are candid, natural snapshots. On the back of each picture, print your name and complete address.

PHOTOPLAY SCHOLARSHIP RULES

1. Entrants must have been graduated from high school or be a member of a June 1951 graduating high school class. They must have maintained a grade average of "C" or better during their last school year.

2. Entrants must be young women of adequate physical health and under 25 years of age on July 1, 1951. They must reside within the limits of the United States.

3. All material must be typewritten, double spaced on white paper not larger than 8 x 11 inches. The name and address of the contestant must appear on right hand corner of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of Macfadden Publications, and will not be returned.

4. All material must be mailed to: Photoplay Scholarship Contest, Box 1250, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

5. To enter this contest, submit the following items postmarked not later than June 25:
   a. Enrollment blank, or reasonable facsimile thereof.
   b. Answers to questionnaire on page 97.
   c. A letter of not more than 300 words on: Why I want to be an actress. Tell why you think you can act. State your reasons simply. Your letter will be read for content, not literary style.

6. If you qualify for the second stage of the contest, you will be notified by July 10. Then you will be asked to send postmarked not later than July 25:
   a. Two snapshots—one full length candid snapshot, one close-up snapshot.
   b. A voice recording not more than four minutes in length, based on the scene that appears on page 98. Voice recordings must be paid for by the contestants. Recordings vary in price from thirty-five cents to two dollars.

7. If you are eligible for the third stage of the contest, you will be notified by August 6. You will be auditioned before a local board of dramatic authorities appointed by Photoplay. The auditions will be held in towns convenient to you. The number of contestants during the week of August 13-18. You will be judged on the basis of a prepared reading, an impromptu reading and a pantomime. You will also be required to submit, not later than August 25:
   a. A photograph copy of your high school record. (Since most schools will be closed at this time, it is suggested that you have a copy of this record photostated when you enter the contest.) If you have had some college training, you will also be asked to submit a copy of your college record.

8. From the auditions, three final candidates will be chosen. If selected, you will be notified by September 6 that you are invited to the guest of Photoplay, to visit the Pasadena Playhouse during the week of September 17-22. Here, you will be auditioned by the board of judges listed below. And at this time, the scholarship student will be chosen.

9. The final judges of this contest will be:
   1. Ethel Barrymore—actress
   2. Gregory Peck—actor
   3. Stanley Kramer—producer
   4. Joseph Mankiewicz—director
   5. Thomas Browne Henry—Dean, Pasadena Playhouse
10. The decision of the judges will be final.
11. This contest is not open to employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., or to mem-
bers of their families.
12. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be
awarded.
13. This contest is subject to all State and
Federal regulations.
14. The winner of this contest will be announced
in the December, 1951, issue of Photoplay.

QUESTIONNAIRE—PHOTOPLAY
SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST
Answer the following questions numerically.
Please type your name and address in the upper
right hand corner of each page.
1. List the high schools, business schools, col-
leges or universities you have attended,
with addresses. Give complete dates, di-
plomas granted or degrees conferred.
2. List any theatrical experience, including
school, camp, church, community or pro-
fessional work.
3. Have you done any writing outside of rou-
tine class assignments? If so, list this writ-
ing, together with the name of any publica-
tion in which it has appeared.
4. Have you done any art or design work? If
so, list this work together with the name of
any publications in which it has appeared.
Also, state the art courses you have taken.
5. Do you sing, dance or play a musical in-
strument? What? State your training.
6. Indicate your first and second choices
among:
   a. motion picture actors, actresses, films
   b. radio male, female performers, pro-
grams
   c. television male, female performers, pro-
grams
   d. stage actors, actresses, plays
   e. poems, poetry
   f. plays, playwrights
   g. fiction, non-fiction, authors
   h. classical music, popular compositions,
composers
   i. magazines, other, other than Photoplay

Contestants, who are notified by July 10 that
they are eligible to compete in the second stage
of the contest, will choose any two of the scenes
on page 98 for the voice recording. These
recordings and two candid snapshots must be
postmarked no later than July 25. Be sure
your name and complete address is securely
fastened to the recordings.
A PLACE IN THE SUN

This scene, between Alice and George, takes place in a rowboat in the middle of a deserted mountain lake. Alice has followed George, who loves the beautiful and wealthy Angela Vickers, to Angela's summer home. Because Alice is about to have George's child, she convinces him they must marry.

It's so lonely here. It's like we were the only two people left in the whole world. Maybe we are. Maybe when we get back to shore every- one else will have disappeared. I'd like that, wouldn't you?

Then we could go anywhere we wanted. We could live in the biggest house in the world if we wanted.

Oh, I'd like to live in a little house, just big enough for the two of us. Only there's going to be more than two of us, isn't there?

Oh, George, look behind you! Star light, star bright—first star I see tonight—wish me luck—wish me light—Make my wish come true tonight.

I'll tell you what I wished, George. I wished we'd bought the one I loved me again.

Oh, you'll see ... we'll ... we'll make a go of it if we give ourselves the chance. We'll go to another town where nobody knows us, and we'll get jobs ... maybe together. We ... we'll do things together.

And go out together. Just like any other old married couple. And George, you'll see after awhile you'll settle down and you'll be happy and the way you've got, instead of working yourself up all the time over the things you can't have.

After all, it's the little things in life that count. Sure, maybe we'll have to scrimped and so on, but it's the way you handle the other...

I ... I'm not afraid of being poor.

You are afraid, aren't you, George? You wish that you weren't here with me, don't you? You wish you were back at your face else where you'd never have to see me again, don't you?

Or maybe, you wish that I was dead. Is that it? Do you wish that I was dead?

(Event from "A Place in the Sun" was reprinted through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures Corporation.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Cathryn Eornshaw, in love with the gypsy Heathcliff, hesitates about marrying the wealthy Edgar Linton. Ellen, the Earnshaw housekeeper, asks Cathy why she is reluctant to take her place in the "heavenly" world of the Lintons. Cathy explains:

I don't think I belong in heaven, Ellen. I dreamt once I was there. I dreamt I went to heaven and that heaven didn't seem to be my home, and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth, and the angels were so angry, they flung me out of the middle of the heaven of the Other Heights, and woke me up, weeping with joy.

That's it, Ellen. I've no more business marrying Edgar Linton than I have being in heaven, but Ellen, Ellen, what can I do?

Heathcliff has sunk so low. He seems to take pleasure in being mean and brutal.

And yet. . . he's more myself than 1 am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same ... and Linton's is as different as frost from fire. No higher, no lower existing is Heathcliff. Ellen! I am Heathcliff.

Everything he's suffered, he's suffered. The little happiness he's ever known, I've had too. Oh! Ellen, if everything in the world died and Heathcliff remained, life would still be full for me.

(Event from "Wuthering Heights" was reprinted through the courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Inc.)

ALL ABOUT EVE

Eve, a stage-struck girl, is brought into the dressing room of Margo Channing, the star, Eve tells the story of her life to Miss Channing and producer Lloyd Richards, and his wife. Her speech is convincing although everything she says is untrue. She speaks simply and without self-pity:

I guess it started back home, Wisconsin, that is. There was just Mum and Dad—and me. I was the only child, and I loved a lot. I didn't know, I was handicapped. I'm afraid about having my child. I don't think, emotionally, I've been able to come out of it. I've been brought up to believe that I must marry. It doesn't work. Nobody wants me in a big way.

And then I took myself out of Chicago. I went to a law firm and I was a secretary. I didn't like it. Then I went to a brewery. I was a forewoman. I wasn't too content.

I went to a secretarial school. I worked there. I was a little bit of a tomboy, I suppose. I was always wanting to be the best. I had to be the best.

And then I met Margo Channing. She was a star. She was a real star. She was a great star. And I fought—she was the only one I ever fought—she was fighting for me. I don't know. She was the only one I ever fought for. She was fighting for me. I just didn't know. I just didn't know. (The End)
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN, Richard Basehart and Valentine Cortesa are the stars of this suspense melodrama which takes place in a mysterious old turn-of-the-century house atop San Francisco's famous Telegraph Hill. Valentina plays a Polish inmate of a concentration camp who steals her dead friend's identification papers in order to come to America. To insure the success of her deception she marries Richard Basehart, the guardian of her friend's son who is the heir of a large San Francisco fortune. In the creepy mansion she soon discovers that her husband is out to murder her and the boy. She rushes to a handsome young lawyer who's in love with her (William Lundigan), and Master Richard gets a dose of his own poison. Gordon Gebert plays the boy, Fay Baker his attractive governess.

Your Reviewer Says: For mystery fans.

Program Notes: A famous San Francisco landmark—a restaurant atop Telegraph Hill known as "Julius's Castle"—was converted into the fine old mansion needed for the title role of this film. From its porch is one of the most thrilling views of this world. In "Fourteen Hours" Basehart had to fall fifteen stories, in this picture he has to fall down a flight of stairs, which caused him to quip, "I've become the novel guy." It has been sixteen months since Italian-born Valentina Cortesa has made an American picture. During that time she visited her grandmother in Italy, had an appendix removed and made two European pictures. Handsome Bill Lundigan has expected to play golf in San Francisco on his days off—but learned to his disgust he had to learn to play piano for his party scene. "It isn't a thing to worry about," said Bill after his six-hour-a-day piano practice.

**Best Pictures of the Month**

Captain Horatio Hornblower
I Was a Communist for the FBI
Take Care of My Little Girl

**Best Performances of the Month**

Charles Boyer in "The First Legion"
Frank Lovejoy in "I Was a Communist for the FBI"
Jeanne Crain in "Take Care of My Little Girl"
Don't be HALF-SAFE

by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apericne deodorant under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing hundreds substances which will—if they reach your dress—cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough to use just any odorless deodorant. Be sure it's Arrid—half-safe! Arrid stops underarm perspiration days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It's been proved that the new cream deodorant Arrid stops underarm perspiration safely does not cause skin—safe for fabrics.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk your happiness with half-safe deodorants. Be half-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Arrid with Creamogen will not dry out, and it's pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today.

Hollywood Hit Parade

Shortly after midnight, the studio watchman was amazed to see Janet at the gate. "Please let me in," she said, "so I can put these clothes back and get my money!"

"But you can bring them back tomorrow, as well," the watchman said.

"Oh, no," said Janet, "suppose somebody stole them from my house, or I tore them or something. It would take my three paychecks to replace them."

So, in the early hours of the morning, Janet changed into her own skirt and sweater and went home, leaving the watchman with a story to tell. (I never used the paychecks to replace them. Stars of that era used to ask how I managed to dress better than they did. I never told them.)

Janet wears only her own clothes—and they look wonderful on her. She dresses simply, but with the kind of simplicity that spells high style.

"It took a lot of learning," she says. "You see, when I went into pictures, I didn't know anything about clothes except that they were supposed to keep you warm and decent. When I tried to dress up for my first studio interview, my agent made me go home and start all over. He said I looked like a road-company Sadie Thompson who'd been caught in the rain."

"You've certainly changed," I told her.

"How do you do it?"

"By watching and learning and having a good teacher in Amelia Gray,"

Amelia Gray's shop is to young starlets what the campus dress shop is to college girls. Amelia Gray watches them young and, as others besides Janet have proved, teaches them well.

From Amelia, Janet learned to "separate."

Actually separates are a top secret of fashion success. One skirt with five different tops—blouses, sweaters, vests, etc.—adds up to five costumes. "You never get tired of them, either," says Janet.

Nancy Olson is another of Edith Head's grateful pupils. Edith taught Nancy to recognize her type—the well-scrubbed college girl—and emphasized it with her clothes. (By the way, Nancy's kind of college girl has nothing in common with the sloppy-joe, runover shoes, dirty-neck horror that was the popular "college look" a short while ago—Heaven forbid we ever go back to that!)

To me, Nancy Olson is a fine example of the casually tailored young woman of today. She likes to play up her honey-blond hair in the colors she wears, and she loves yellow. I always think of Nancy as "typically American."

"I couldn't be more flattered, Hedda."

hungarian stuffed cabbage as Tony Curtis's mother makes it

Makes about 30 rolls

Put first six ingredients in large bowl. Cut care from cabbage and let stand in boiling water until leaves are soft. Separate leaves. Place a heaping tablespoon of meat mixture on each leaf. Fold, and roll up. Secure with a toothpick. Melt chicken fat in a large pot; add chopped onion and cook 5 minutes over low heat, stirring constantly. Add cabbage rolls; cook over low heat 15 minutes. Pour tomato juice over rolls; cover and cook very slowly 2½ to 3 hours.

3 pounds ground beef
1 pound rice, cooked
2 large onions, sliced fine
3 garlic cloves, sliced fine
1 tablespoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2 large cabbage heads
3 tablespoons chicken fat
1 large onion, chopped
1 (No. 2) can tomato juice
boiling water
told girl want light knockout hunt clip work worn believer
when stand-up can be dark the
chunky jackets, sorry, clothes and strap. they it's horizontal when will
taking the can tilly the can
bie—coat, she is in wear
Debbie's trousseau.

When Arlene became Mrs. Lex Barker, she chose for her huge moon in Europe fabric— that would pack well—jerseys, chiffons, uncrushable linens. For colors, she used black, white, pink and cocoa for the daytime, with outfits and accessories plus some beautiful big hats—in each of these colors.

Her wedding gown, designed by Helen Rose, is the backbone of the formal section of her two- or three-piece outfits: a white Guipure lace coat, with a stand-up collar, and a flaring skirt that is worn over a short white satin sheath. Without the lace coat, the sheath is worn as the short dinner dress. By detaching the shoulder straps and using different scarves, it looks like still another evening frock. The Chanel-like coat can be worn over a black, or a colored, suit for after ten or it can be used as a light coat with any of the other three evening gowns Arlene is taking along.

Recently, when Arthur Loew Jr., called Debbie Reynolds for a date, she said, "I'm sorry, but this is my Girl Scout night." That's just like Debbie, who's nineteen, looks fifteen, and lives in Glendale and is quite happy about it.

Yet Debbie is on my list of best-dressed because, though she's tiny, she always looks as if she stepped out of the pages of a fashion magazine when she's wearing her merit-badged Scout uniform!

Debbie's lucky because she can see a style she likes on a tall girl and her mother will know just how to re-create it, scaled down to Debbie's size. Their listeners when her mother tells her what not to wear—like big hats, wide belts, long jackets, flowery prints, two-piece dresses, horizontal stripes, lunch shoulder bags, chunky jewelry, and so on.

"I have a passion for polka dots," Debbie admitted. "But I know better than to try to wear them. So Mother bought some polka-dotted madras seatcovers for my best-up Ford."

Debbie has another passion—shoes. She'd love dozens of pairs, but she's learned that it's best to buy better shoes. She never wears platforms, even though they might add to her height, because she says they give a club-footed look. And never, never would she wear an ankle-strap. "Ankle straps cut my legs in half—and I can't afford that," she smiled.

Debbie's right about that. And they also give a floozy look, but that's my personal opinion.

When you talk to Ann Blyth about clothes you find another change-over artist on your hands. She is a great believer in getting an inexpensive dressmaker and working with her on things that seem too ambitious for her own needle.

"I clip out pictures from papers, and magazines, Ann told me. Then I hunt for bargains in fabs. Then I work with the dressmaker so she knows just what I want—and presto—I've got a dress that looks as if it cost two hundred dollars at a fraction of that."

That's all right, say I, when you are able to visualize a dress from a sketch and a hunk of uncut fabric, and know that it will look like a knockout on you. But if you can't—and most girls can't—then you'd do better sticking to ready-mades. In that way you'll save yourself heartaches, wasted time and money.

Jean Peters is another star who makes most of her clothes. Once she gave a party at Jean Negulesco's house where all the girls had to come in dresses they had made themselves.

"I usually shop for inspiration," she said, "to find ideas I can adapt. Once in a while I'll see something that's so super—duper I can't resist buying it—and then I gear the rest of my wardrobe around it.

Personally, I'm a believer in quality, not quantity, and I'd rather save until I can afford the very best grade of fabric than waste good handiwork on a second-rate piece—that goes for daytime clothes. Because evening things get much less wear. You can use cheaper materials and make the dresses more for effect than for lasting qualities."

She doesn't care much for accessories, saying they 'date' too quickly, and she would rather have matching gloves made for an evening gown than buy a piece of "junk" jewelry to show it off.

Aprons which button on to change a costume is the pet notion of Jean's, and so I had her photographed in one. Other aprons, of varied fabrics, will change the dress again and again—you only run out of changes when you run out of aprons.

I'D RATE Phyllis Kirk a girl with remarkable chic. She wears her clothes; her clothes don't wear her.

Phyllis told me she considers fashion straight arithmetic. "First you have to know just how much you can spend. Then you have to decide how much you need. Then you should go over your present wardrobe to see how much you must add and how much you should subtract. That's wardrobe arithmetic."

Being still another "separates" girl, Phyllis can swing endless changes with skirts and blouses. She likes jersey blouses because they don't have to be pressed, and cotton ones she can wash at home, and thus cut down on cleaning bills.

Her tips on clothes care might have come from someone twice her age. "Clothes, like skin, respond to kind treatment, she said. "Don't iron them too hard, hang them in the air after each wearing. Take a lesson from salesgirls who zip zippers and button buttons to keep clothes balanced on the hangers."

"Also in picking new clothes," she said, "I do my best to know my own potentials and limitations. What looks good on Gloria Swanson would look impossible on me!"

Sally Forrest is just as candid about her own limitations.

"I have to be careful what I put on," Sally told me as seriously as if she were discussing philosophy. "If I'm not careful, I can look as "busy" as closing night at a country fair."

First of all, Sally watches colors, preferring to use two shades of the same color, rather than contrasting tones. For instance, with a dress of cocoa she'd wear lighter green accessories; and then she'd plan it so these same accessories could be worn with a light green dress.

Her one extravagance is clusters of small flowers which she uses with great imagination, pinning them at her throat, on the cuff of a glove, on her small "clutch" purse, or at her waistline.

While she loves full swinging skirts, the}
Sally prefers them only for dancing. She realizes that slim skirts add height to a tiny girl. That's why the dress and jacket she's photographed in feature a heightening straight skirt. Because Sally's neck is long, she wears pearls to shorten it. And her bonnet is the sort she always wears—very feminine indeed.

Coeun Gray, the last of my Top Ten, is also a small girl and she has such a narrow waist that she's inclined to look hipped—that is, if she's not careful. For that reason, she says, she prefers to wear full skirts whenever possible.

"When I came from the farm in Minnesota to Hollywood, I knew as much about fashions as you can learn by reading a Sears Roebuck catalogue. I bought things for durability and that ended the matter," she told me.

"First I watched other girls, and tried to learn from them. After a few sad experiences of copying other girls out-right, I found I had to study my own needs, and play up my own points. Also I discovered that suits didn't look as well on me as coat-dresses, and I can save on blouses by having coat-dresses that can be changed around with scarves, collars, and accessories.

Coeun has one trick other girls might want to try. She gets a moderately-priced dress, of good cut and material, and then goes to work on it herself. For instance, she'll take out the top-stitching and re-do it by hand, sew better buttons, refinish the buttons, alter the shoulder-pads and generally give it a "couturiere touch." When she's through, she has a dress that looks as if it cost at least twice its actual price.

So much for my Top Ten. Here are the runners-up I promised, any one of whom might well reach the Top Ten at any moment. Girls to watch, all nine of them, bright girls with plenty of style know-how.

Terry Moore begins this list. When anyone asks Terry who designs her clothes, she always answers, 'The girls.' Terry doesn't have a designer. She herself, which executes the designs consists of her talented mother, their next-door neighbor, Mrs. Heuter, and the woman who lives across the street, Mrs. Draviner. Terry's mother does the dressmaking; Mrs. Heuter is an expert knitter; and Mrs. Draviner makes jewelry. You should have seen Terry's trousseau when she married her friend, a couple of years ago. She wore a white organdy dress, her husband, and the two of them when the newlyweds returned from their honeymoon, Terry was greeted with five new costumes, which 'The Girls' had whipped up while she was away.

Mala Powers also has a gifted mother, who turns out new and interesting separates for Mala which keep her among the better dressed young stars.

Jeanne Crain is a member of a sewing circle. The girls have different specialties. Lately, Jeanne has been concentrating on patio skirts made of felt, with appliques she cuts out herself and sews on.

Peggy Dow, who modeled her way into films, believes in the "few but good" theory of dressing. She goes in for good suits, good dresses, good accessories, and plain-colored dresses. She lets herself go with costume jewelry which is unusual and striking.

Faith Domergue avoids the tailored and plays up the exotically feminine—using stoles and Mexican rebozos a great deal. She says she dresses only for men, and finds peasant clothes wonderfully attractive for informal wear.

LIKE almost all the girls mentioned, Joan Evans is carefully budgeted, but dresses very well in spite of that fact. A pet idea of hers is to be sure to wear bright, gay colors on a rainy day.

Nancy Davis sticks to sports clothes because they're always in style. Nancy has kept practically everything she ever had. "Sooner or later," she says, "they come back in style."

Suits suit Piper Laurie. Her big tip to the other girl is: 'Don't buy something just because you want it. Only when you're sure you can do without it.' Carried to extremes, this advice might produce a race of Lady Godivas, but it seems to work quite well for Piper.

Diana Lynn is the only one of these girls who seems to care about hats—and she loves them. "Well, blame yourself," Hedda, she said, when I faced her with that fact. "It's all your fault. When I was first in pictures and met you, I found my eyes—and the eyes of everyone else—went right to your hats. And I never remembered what else you were wearing—except it looked well.

"Later I discovered that you can buy a very handsome hat—an eye-catcher—for much less than you have to pay for a couple of dresses and I let myself go on hats. Maybe, if I work at it hard enough, I'll be able to out-hat you, Miss Hopper!"

Well, if it's going to be a competition, Diana, no holds are barred—and I'll meet you with bared bonnets at dawn! Here they are, as well-dressed a bunch of girls as you'll ever want to meet, even if they do include some seen-and-sew-alls. Mona Freeman is in "Darling, How Could You?"; Arlene Dahl in "No Questions Asked"; Jean Peters in "Take Care of My Little Girl"; Phyllis Kirk in 'Three Guys Named Mike'; Sally Forrest in "Excuse My Dust" and Coleen Gray in "Apache Drums."

The End
Do You Bite Your Nails?

A surprising number of readers have written to me that they are worried and distracted over the habit they have of biting their fingernails.

"How can we stop this 'bad' habit?" they want to know. "Is there anything we can do?"

Well, the very first thing you must do is stop worrying about it. The very strain of trying too hard will make you tense—and then you are sure biting your nails again.

Psychologists have discovered that a deep-seated lack of self-confidence lies behind this nail-biting problem. The first thing you must try to do, in your efforts to overcome the habit, is to believe the following truths:

Everybody has problems. No one is perfect. No matter how wild or "wicked" your secret thought seems to be—other people, nice people have moments of just such thinking, too. Basically you are just as good as anyone else.

Once you are convinced, you are ready for Step Two: Try to note at what times the need to bite your nails is most urgent. Is it when you are at the movies, or in the toughest class at school, or, perhaps, when you've been scolding both your parents and you are feeling sorry for yourself?

You will find that there is a "method in your madness"—that some particular strain brings on the nail biting.

Then, knowing when you'll need help, slip a piece of "Silly Putty" or Plasticene into your pocket and when the pressure points come, use your hands: work away at the clay.

If the habit still persists, speak to your school counselor or your doctor or some good friend with whom you can be perfectly frank about your worries.

And, finally, be patient. It will take time but, as you learn to stop worrying, your worrisome problem of nail-biting will melt away, too.

A Reader has sent me a very friendly letter—wishing me "the very best in helping persons with their charm problems."

She has too many problems of her own to worry about, she says, and besides "they don't matter so much, as I am now a happy grandmother—forty-seven, come June!"

I'm willing to bet, after reading her cheerful letter, that she hasn't half as many problems as she thinks—but if she does have any, she's wrong to think it's too late to care.

I wish she could have seen another happy grandma—Marlene Dietrich—steal the show right out from under the pert turned-up noses of the youngsters in our town at the Academy Awards affair.

Slim, blonde and beautiful in a knockout of a black Christian Dior gown, Marlene stopped the show, The thunderstruck audience of supposedly glamour-sated professionals practically roared their approval.

"You killed the people, Grandma!" Hedda Hopper reported that she told Marlene afterward, "Come on now, and tell me your glamour secrets."

"The Glamour?" this beautiful woman replied. "I have no glamour. I don't even know the meaning of the word, do you? And I have no secrets. Just soap— and an unworried mind."

I'm passing this to other grandmas for inspiration. We can all lay our hands on soap and water, can't we?

And that last ingredient—an unworried mind? Well, that's harder, but if we worry a little about it, maybe we can achieve that "secret" too.

The End
It was Farley, too, who came up with the likeliest expression of why Esther probably didn’t rate higher. “A fellow thinks of her in all his tensions,” she said. “I think there is something so healthy about her that while the sight of her makes you happy, it doesn’t set you dreaming.”

But when Esther Gardner enters, I go home and fast. There is the beauty as far as I am concerned, legs, figure and face in that order.

PROBABLY it was because her face is so attention-arresting that Ava’s limbs get only third-place position. Bob Mitchum said that he felt it was almost impossible for any man to take his eyes away from her face. However, as is the case with the rest of her, Yet it also had a lot to do with a quality that Kirk Douglas pointed out—the quality that is the reverse of what made Grable win. “Ava’s are showgirl legs,” Kirk announced. “They are just simply beautiful—and I’m not knocking that—but I still claim that legs that combine beauty and—well, technique, the technique of discipline, hard work; mastering one art—those are greater.”

You undoubtedly remember that not so long ago Howard Duff and Ava Gardner were a very real item. Now Ida Lupino is Howard’s favorite date but when it comes to picking Hollywood’s most beautiful gams, Ava still wins with bachelor, Duff. Dietrich comes second with him and then—OOPS—here she is again, Miss Grable.

Howard’s reasons for his choice? He won’t give. He grins and says, “It’s enough that I’ve given you these preferences, or how unwise can a bachelor be? Even this statement may ruin some enchanted evening for me in the future.”

If Photoplay had polled one mere woman, said dame would undoubtedly have pointed out that under this ruling Esther Williams would have rated very high and Jane Russell wouldn’t have come in fourth. Because, while Esther’s stems doing a flutter-kick obviously don’t work as hard as Grable’s doing a tap routine, they still do work and constantly. As for Jane, she goes in for a few sports but

The Jury Chooses the Prettiest Legs in Hollywood

(Continued from page 59) the new girls in town with beautiful gams, such utterly utter underpinnings as Marilyn Monroe’s or Mala Powers’s or Vera-Ellen’s. All these dolls and Dietrich, who has not been forgotten, got a vote here and there. But the consensus went overwhelmingly to the pin-up pet of Twentieth.

As Richard Widmark said when I asked him for his first, second and third choices among the leg-lovelies, "Betty Grable comes first. For second, I choose Betty Grable and there can be only one possible girl for third. That’s Grable.” Then Dick pointed out the feminine beauty secret. I doubt any woman would have thought of—and which I was to hear repeated by Scott Brady and Kirk Douglas and Farley Granger, even though they were talking of three other girls.

Dick Widmark, "Grable’s legs are wise legs that have learned how to be beautiful.” Said Kirk Douglas, choosing Jean Crawford as Hollywood’s most beautiful stems, “I’d pick them because they are the most consciously dramatic legs. You know, those legs that have worked for them expression." Said Farley Granger, picking and listing, "It’s sitter she’s taken up ballet that Janet’s legs have caught my eye. They’re professional, you know.”

Murmured Tony Curtis, “Janet is so beautiful, head to toe, but since she’s been studying ballet, why—” and then he went off into a bunch of statistics about thigh, calf and ankles.

Robert Mitchum picked Jane Russell’s long stems as his favorites. "I may, of course," remarked Robert, who has the dramatic sense of always being different in his statements, “be the only man who ever got around to noticing her legs." But he wasn’t. Jane came in fourth in our over-all count, Esther Williams fifth, and Marilyn Monroe sixth.

Bob was the only man, incidentally, who didn’t have Grable somewhere on his list. (He chose Jane Russell first, Janet Leigh second and Ava Gardner third.)

Macdonald Carey summed up the Grable gam glamour best. "Those legs are a legend," he announced. “You might as well try to forget the Taj Mahal by moonlight, the Roman Colosseum by daylight, or Stardust at your first college prom." He gave his second vote to Marie Wilson’s because "they smiled" and his third to Ruth Roman’s because “they make me think of days in the sun, playing tennis or swimming or fun things like that.

Scott Brady didn’t choose “fun” legs. That quality of “work” came in again. Scott chose Moira Shearer first and Grable second, with Leigh third—and all for the same reason: These were legs that were beautiful because they know how to do more than wear nylon—and did it without any tense muscles showing.

That long-legged look won, in Hollywood, even as it has won, now for years, in Atlantic City when Miss America gets chosen. One very-much-married star, who supposedly doesn’t know that any woman enters, this one exists, said, "Lately I have been increasingly conscious when that Leigh walks in anywhere, it’s murder.”

Another married star reported, "I wish I were as young as Tony Curtis when Leigh comes breezing into a room. Then I wish I were younger, when Marilyn Monroe appears. It has taken me several meetings to realize that Marilyn has a face. But when Arras enters, I go home and fast. There is the beauty as far as I am concerned, legs, figure and face in that order."

A TREAND FOR ROMANTIC EYES . . .

DORIS DAY’S TROUSSEAU

in full color

PLUS: a tender story about Doris and her love—by her mother,
Mrs. Alma Day

in August Photoplay

THE END
When lovely Marilyn West and Eva Gernay of New York City put their heads together they agree that a Toni wave feels as silky soft and looks every bit as attractive as naturally curly hair. Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni Home Permanent? See answer below.

Now—Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you can’t tell from naturally curly hair.

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can’t tell! No—you can’t tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That’s because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known... plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your hair... leaves your wave soft and natural from the very first day. And month after month your Toni Home Permanent with Permafix takes no more care than naturally curly hair.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. And only Toni guarantees a wave you can’t tell from naturally curly hair.

Have a Toni with Permafix today and tonight discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so perfectly natural, people ask you if you have naturally curly hair! Eva Gernay, the charming girl on the right, has the Toni.

Hair styles by Shirley Collins

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Ann Shumaker’s Toni (on the right) with her sister Roxie’s beauty shop permanent, and you’ll agree that even the most expensive wave can’t surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

TONI REFILL ONLY $1

Toni the wave you can’t tell from naturally curly hair!
She spreads the cleanest sheets in town... she swears by TIDE!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

No soap—no other product sold throughout America will wash as clean as TIDE!

JUST TRY TIDE in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up a cleaner wash than you'll get with any soap—or any other home washing product sold from coast to coast!

NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO! In hardest water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains whiter than any soap you can name! They'll be so shining white... so radiantly clean, you'll say there's nothing like Tide!

AND BRIGHTER! Just wait till you see how your wash prints glow after a Tide wash! The colors look so crisp and fresh... the fabric feels so soft... irons so beautifully! Get Tide today—for the cleanest wash in town!

P.S. PREFER TO SKIP RINISING?

With Tide you can skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!
THE TRUTH ABOUT LIZ TAYLOR AS A BACHELOR GIRL—Hedda Hopper

PHOTOPLAY
August 20¢

Doris Day
SEE HER TROUSSEAU IN FULL COLOR

CHOOSE THE NEW STARS
PHOTOGRAPHS, FACTS AND LOT IN THIS ISSUE
Your first cake of Camay brings a
lovelier complexion!

A SKIN FOR
WEDDING BELLS!

This is MRS. CORNELIUS LORENZEN, Jr.,
the former Barbara Jean Shaw of New Jersey—
a lovely Camay Bride!

There's an ingenue's fresh appeal about
Barbara Lorenzen—a "little girl" charm
that wins you from the first meeting. Her
coloring is in soft pastels—her complexion,
softer than satin itself. Barbara’s first cake
of Camay made her a gift of new beauty.

When friends inquire about her beauty
care, Barbara has a ready answer. She says,
with conviction: "At last I've found a
beauty soap that's made for my skin—
Camay. When I changed to regular Camay
care, my first cake of Camay brought
a fresher, clearer complexion."

There's new beauty waiting for you, too—
with your first cake of Camay. Change to
regular care—use only mild, gentle,
rich-lathering Camay. Never use a lesser
soap—and Camay will wake
the sleeping beauty of your skin!

All your skin's lovelier!
Yes, all your skin gets a rewarding beauty
treatment—when you use Camay in your
bath, too. A daily Camay Beauty Bath
brings arms and legs and shoulders that
"beautifully cared-for" look. It leaves you
lovelier from head to toes—touched with
Camay's flattering fragrance.

Camay
the soap of beautiful women

In all the world—
no finer beauty soap!
For mildness, for fragrance, for quick, rich
lather—it's hard to imagine a finer beauty
soap than Camay! Always ask for the big
thrifty "Beauty-Bath" size. It gives more
lather, more luxury, more of everything
you like about Camay.
What makes her teeth so Sparkling bright?... The answer is IPANA!

The answer is IPANA for cleaner, healthier teeth!

Yes, you really sparkle when you use Ipana. This tooth paste gets your teeth cleaner, reveals the hidden sparkle of your smile—and helps prevent tooth decay.

You'll love Ipana's sparkling taste and tingle, too—leaves your mouth fresher, breath sweeter. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today for your Smile of Beauty!

She's always swamped with dates!... The answer is IPANA!

For really cleansing teeth and mouth, the answer is IPANA!

Remember—to reduce tooth decay—no other tooth paste (ammoniated or regular) has been proved more effective than Ipana!
**FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 39 YEARS**

**PHOTOPLAY**

**AUGUST, 1951**

**HIGHLIGHTS**

Hollywood Applauds Photoplay's Scholarship Contest ................ 32
No Sad Songs for Judy Garland ................................ Buddy Pepper 35
For Sentimental Reasons (Doris Day) .................................. 36
I Know the Truth About Liz as a Bachelor Girl (Elizabeth Taylor) 36
Hedda Hopper 38
The Life He Saved (Dan Dailey) .............................................. Louella O. Parsons 40
Forever, Audie Murphy .................................................. Pamela Murphy 42
Choose Your Star .......................................................... 44
The Princess Abdicates (Rita Hayworth) ................................ Elsa Maxwell 50
Their Love Is Like This . . . (Farley Granger, Shelley Winters) 54
Ida Zeaittin 52
Six Is a Movie Star (Debra Paget) ........................................... 54
Designing Woman (Photoplay Pin Up #—Arlene Dahl) Ira Wilma 58
Love Takes a Holiday (Kirk Douglas) .................................... 60
Encore! (Mario Lanza) .................................................... Joseph Steele 62
Photoplay Fashions .................................................. 64
If You Want to Be Charming ........................................... Joan Crawford 70

**FEATURES IN COLOR**

Doris Day .......................................................... 36
Liz Taylor .......................................................... 39
Audie and Pam Murphy ............................................. 42
Carla Balenda ..................................................... 44
Robert Sherwood .................................................. 44
Anne Francis ...................................................... 44
Mitzi Gaynor ...................................................... 44
Alex Nicol .......................................................... 44
Janice Rule .......................................................... 44
Robert Wagner .................................................... 44
Monica Lewis ...................................................... 44
Anthony Dexter ..................................................... 44
Charlton Heston .................................................... 45
Barbara Rush .......................................................... 45
Bill Campbell .......................................................... 45
Pier Angeli .......................................................... 45
Peter Hanson .......................................................... 45
Ann Blyth ............................................................. 56
Gordon MacRae ....................................................... 57
Arlene Dahl .......................................................... 59
Mario Lanza .......................................................... 62
Sally Forrest ........................................................ 65

**SPECIAL EVENTS**

Brief Reviews .......................................................... 22
Party for Candy ...................................................... 24
Readers Inc. .......................................................... 4
Hollywood Party Line .................................................. 31
That's Hollywood for You ............................................ 26
Impertinent Interview — Shadow Stage—Sara Hamilton 13
Aline Mosby .......................................................... 12
Sidney Skolsky .......................................................... 12
Inside Stuff—Cal York .................................................. 10
What Hollywood's Whispering ........................................... 14
Laughing Stock — About—Herb Stein 18
Erskine Johnson ....................................................... 6
What Should I Do? ..................................................... 6
Claudette Colbert ......................................................... 98
Your Photoplay Photos ....... 98

Cover: Doris Day, star of "On Moonlight Bay"—Miss Day's dress by Angovar

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**CONTENTS**

**August, 1951**

**PHOTOPLAY**

**EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES**

205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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Member of The True Women's Group

AUGUST, 1951

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y., average net paid subscription rate $1.00 per year for 12 months. Domestic mailing, $1.00 per year. Canadian and Foreign mailing, $1.50 per year. Published at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Copyright 1951, 1950, 1949, 1948, 1947, 1946 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the publisher. Printed in U. S. A. by Color Printing Company, Inc.

**VOL. 40, NO. 2**

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THE "400" WILL HATE US FOR THIS...

but 40,000,000 fans will eat it up!

It's a riotous rib of the ritzy set

...the romantic escapades of a lady

crook and the Latin in her life!

As a Maid... she isn't very maidenly!

As a Lady... she isn't very ladylike!

M-G-M laughingly presents

"The LAW and the LADY"

starring

GREER GARSON - MICHAEL WILDING

with

FERNANDO LAMAS - MARJORIE MAIN

Produced and Directed by

EDWIN H. KNOPF

An M-G-M Picture

Screen Play by

LEONARD SPIEGELGASS and KARL TUNBERG

Based on the Play "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" by Frederick Lonsdale
READERS INC.

Cheers and Jeers:
I think Shirley Temple should give Susan a chance at pictures. She had her chance and should give her daughter the same chance. She would probably have been very unhappy if her mother had said no at her chance in pictures.

DELORES HART
Bridgeport, Wash.

For a long time I've been faced with this problem, "Which do Hollywood value most, looks or talent?" It can't be talent, I've often thought, because Elizabeth Taylor can't act at all and yet they keep her in movies. They do the same thing with Farley Granger and Shirley Temple. It strikes me that if the screen wants more talent instead of pretty but dull faces, they'll concentrate on actors like Dick Widmark.

JULIA PAGANO
New York, N.Y.

All of this moaning and groaning about Liz Taylor is getting to be quite boring and a little out of date. Liz is supposed to be a charming and matured young lady but it seems she is very much acting the part of "a dying calf in a thunderstorm." Let's have some good actresses like Jane Powell or Judy Holliday instead of the "whispering little pieces of humanity."

MRS. THOMAS V. NEAL
Kansas City, Mo.

I do want to offer all the roses on your June cover to Mr. Frank Powolny who took that beautiful picture of Betty Grable.

DENISE COURVILLE
Quebec, Canada

Last week Debbie Reynolds and Carleton Carpenter were appearing in picture here in Chicago. After the show we went backstage hoping to meet them in person. They gave us their autographs and even went outside so we could take some snapshots of them. If all of the stars were this cooperative to their fans they would have many more of them.

SANDRA KEANE
Chicago, Ill.

Casting:
Every Sunday the New York Journal-American prints a wonderful medieval adventure comic entitled "Prince Valiant." Why doesn't Hollywood make it into a mov'? It's the kind of thing Errol Flynn would have done well in his younger days. Ty Power would be good now—Tony Curtis looks the part, but I don't think he'd do it justice. Maybe John Derek, with good direction. It's just the kind of costume adventure story we need these days.

EDNA BIRCH
New York, N.Y.

Readers' Pets:
What have Monty Clift and Farley Granger got that John Hodiak hasn't got? I think John is a great actor and surely deserves more than he gets. Besides that, he is happily married and has good looks.

PEGGY GERLOCK
Orway, Colo.

Ruth Roman has twice as much sex appeal as Turner and Gardner put together.

Has twice the looks of Taylor and Darnell. She never gives a bad performance. Under these conditions, she undoubtedly will live to be another Barrymore!

BILLY J. DORSEY
Cumby, Tex.

Question Box:
Could you give me the name of the boy who played Conroy in "The Hall of Montezuma"? He's really some actor!

LYNN NEVILLE
Monroe, Wash.

(He's Richard Hylton, born in Collinsville, Okla., 12/11/24; 5'5" tall, 155 lbs.; hazel eyes, dark brown hair, unmarried. Next: "The Secret of Cowbelt Lake."

How about a picture (minus Indian paint) of Susan Cabot, the actress who portrayed the part of Monaceelah in "Tomahawk." I am an usher and "Tomahawk" ran four days at our theater. Usually, I get pretty tired of those four-day shows, but not "Tomahawk."

GEORGE HERRE
Bloomsburg, Pa.

(Susan was born in Boston, Mass., 7/9/27; has dark brown eyes and hair, 5'2", 104 lbs.; married to Martin Sacher. See "Choose Your Star" for further information and page 46 for picture without Indian paint.)

"The Great Caruso" was simply wonderful. I would like to know if the song by Ann Blyth was really sung by her.

JUDITH HICKS
Fort Wayne, Ind.

(Yes, Ann has a beautiful voice. She sang on the radio when she was free, was with the San Carlo Opera Company in New York before she came to Hollywood.)

Could you tell me the name of the tango Eleanor Parker and Anthony Dexter danced to in "Valentino"?

JON JOHNSON
Rockford, Ill.

("Noche de Amor" (Night of Love) published by Leeds Music Publishing Co.)

Saw a sneak preview of "Strangers on a Train." Who was the girl who played Farley Granger's wife? Never thought I'd notice anybody else in Farley's picture, but this girl was good.

LUCKY CARROLL
Pasadena, Calif.

(That was Laura Elliott, born in Moorehouse, Mo., is 35", 115 lbs., has light brown hair, blue eyes, is single. Made her debut in 1948 in "Special Agent." Next, "When Worlds Collide.")

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.
Dean's Making the Passes and Jerry's Fumbling!!!

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in Hal Wallis' production

That's My Boy

Directed by Hal Walker
Associate Producer, Story and Screenplay
Cy Howard - A Paramount Picture

Ruth Hussey, Marshall Bergen
and Co-starring Marion Russell, Polly Ann Beery

Hugh Sanders, John McIntire, Tom Harmon
And Introducing Eddie Mayehoff

Eddie Mayehoff scores a comedy sensation... in his first big movie role, as Jerry Lewis' ex-All-American Pop!
Claudette Colbert's next picture is "Let's Make It Legal" by your problems answered Claudette Colbert what should I do?

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and have been working at a job I like for three years. I am making progress in my work, and have earned four pay raises so far. I need to dress a little better than I do and I need to begin to save a little money. I have met a fine man who works for the same company, and eventually we want to marry and establish a home of our own. We could begin to see our future in a bright light if I didn't have family problems.

I support my parents and my twenty-four-year-old brother. He has never worked a day since he came home from the Army. He has no disability, he didn't even go overseas. He is 6'2", weighs 195 pounds, and is in perfect physical condition. However, he won't work. He will start out, pick up application blanks, make a big show of going to work. Nothing happens. He sits at home and reads. Or he sleeps. Then, at night, he goes out with his boy friends. I have to give him money.

When I protest to my mother, she tells me to pack up and get out if I don't like the way things are going. She says on my brother hand and foot, and adores him. He can do no wrong, but she picks at me from the time I get home until I go to my room and close the door, or go out on a date. She says I don't appreciate the years of care she has given me, and that she is head of the family, and I have to let her manage the family money.

I love my parents, but sometimes I get dreadfully discouraged.

Svetla T.

Certainly we should respect our parents, but—by the same token—our parents owe us simple justice. Unless you have not told me the full story, it is absurd that you are being victimized by a lazy brother and a mother who is showing shocking favoritism toward her son.

You are of age; your letter indicates that you are a self-reliant, self-supporting, intelligent adult. You have a right to establish your own home, a right which might be denied you if you were to remain as a slave in your parents' household.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-four years old, and have a four-year-old daughter. I came from a very poor family and was put out on my own at thirteen; had a rough road to earn my living, get some education and keep a clean life. I had to fight some of the men I worked for to keep my pride and deceny. I married a serviceman when I was sixteen and spent three years working and saving every penny of my allotment. My husband wanted to get ahead, so I took in washing for two years to buy my clothes, some of the furniture and the baby's things. We now have a new home, furnished comfortably, and he has a new car.

My husband is a salesman, very seldom home. He says he loves me, but he likes interesting, stimulating people and has to get out at night to get a new viewpoint. He has never been untrue to me because he is religious, but he is ashamed of me and keeps me from his friends.

I told him the other night I would leave the baby with him, he could get a housekeeper, and I would go away if that would make him happy. He didn't say anything, just went out as usual, leaving me alone. As I am day after day, until I think I will go crazy. Tell me what there is in the world for a woman like me.

Moora M.

There is a great deal in the world for a woman like you, but there is a knack to getting what you want. It is a rare man who really understands or appreciates the sacrifices made for him by any woman, except his mother. It is human nature to undervalue anything we get without personal effort. The true thing is held cheaply. Simply look around you to persuade yourself that the most pampered of wives are often those who are least deserving.

Your husband, I suspect, doesn't want a slave; he wants a stimulating, attractive "girl friend" and that is exactly what you should train yourself to be. Stop working so hard about the house and devote that energy to yourself. Have your hair done a new way; get yourself some new clothes, a dress of saten, a perfume. Have an afternoon nap when you put the baby to sleep and take time out to read some of the current magazines.

Sometimes I think there should be a sentence in the wedding ceremony, a promise to keep oneself lovable, worthy of pride, and mentally stimulating.

Incidentally, while you are making yourself over, don't forget for an instant that you are doing it for yourself, not primarily for your husband. A person cannot be of interest to another individual until he is interesting to himself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirteen years old and I have a mother who doesn't understand me at all. She calls me cheap and says I go around with the wrong group of kids. This is because I don't try to make up with a gang who are richer than we are.

I had a date with one of those boys and he tried to get fresh. I decided then the (Continued on page 8)
Everything's gay
"On Moonlight Bay"
From Warners Bros.
Starring Doris Day
And Gordon MacRae

And Joy! And Love! And the Joy of Lovin'!
And Singin' and Dancin' and Such Romancin'! It's sunlight and moonlight rolled into one!

With those moonlight bay-bes and bay-beautiful songs!
'Love Ya', 'Moonlight Bay'— lots more!

Directed by LeRoy Prinz
Produced by Roy Del Ruth
Musical Direction Ray Heindorf
Musical numbers staged and directed by Le Roy Prinz

Screen play by Jack Smith, Jack Rose and Melville Shavelson

"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER" color by Technicolor
"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"
A revolutionary new Improvement in Internal Sanitary Protection

Pursettes
"MEDICALLY-CORRECT"

The Only Tampon with lubricated tip

Just watch women quickly change over to Pursettes—the sensational new tampon for internal sanitary protection. Pursettes—developed by a practicing surgeon—offer an almost unbelievable new degree of comfort, security, and convenience.

Pursettes are 'medically-correct'—the lubricated tip makes insertion easier than ever. No applicator is needed. Pursettes are purposely designed to be small in size yet insure greater absorbency. Just test their absorbency in a glass of water—you'll be simply astounded! And one 'safety-margin' size makes it adequate for all users.

These remarkable new Pursettes guarantee silhouette security. No telltale bulges. No pins or belts. No odor. No chafing.

Be up to date. Change to Pursettes.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Be sure to get this dainty jewel-block plastic purse container, at no extra charge, with each package of Pursettes (looks like a small lighter or compact).

Sanitary Products Corp.,Tanetown, Md.

(Continued from page 6) clean, wholesome fun was good enough for me. I don't care if I do have to walk to school parties instead of going out with older boys who have the family car.

I have two older brothers who are always making fun of my crooked teeth and my chubbiness. And this isn't the worst. I am scared, because lately I have stolen little things like a school notebook binder, a box of pencils, a package of envelopes. When my mother asked about them, I lied. I said some kid gave me the things.

I feel that I am all wrong, and I don't know what to do about myself.

Ellie June K.

When you say your mother doesn't understand you I think I agree with you. But then, I don't think you understand yourself. The reason you are stolen is because you think—as you said in your letter—that you are "all wrong." Unconsciously perhaps you are trying to prove it. Stop thinking along that line at once. Think instead, "I am all right. I am popular. I have nice friends. I do the right thing."

There is an old, old rule which was once stated in this way, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Translated, that can mean: "A girl can be proved to be very happy, and successful because she expects to be. She knows in her own heart that she can make her dreams come true."

Change your whole idea about yourself. You'll be surprised to discover that it will begin to work for you at once.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and a junior in high school. I have had this one girl friend for six years, but about three years ago she moved into another neighborhood. We continued to date to each other faithfully but lately her letters have been, well, not too nice. She seems to have joined the wrong crowd and become "fast." About two weeks ago, after reading one of her letters, I was so disgusted that I showed it to several others to some of my friends, just to find out whether I was imagining things. My friends thought it was insulting for her to write such off-color letters.

I became angry and wrote to her about it. Now I am sorry. She wrote back that an apology was in order from me. She said she had told me those things in confidence. I telephoned her and she said she was in an argument and she cared to meet me to talk things over, that I was meddling in her private business.

I didn't realize until now how much one misses a friend. What can I do?

Sara B.

Remember the old rhyme about Humpty-Dumpty? Well, there are a lot of things which, like Humpty-Dumpty, can't be put together again. Your friendship with this girl, I'm afraid, is similarly beyond repair.

It was a serious violation of confidence for you to show this girl's letters to others. Now is a good time for you to learn that it is the worst possible manners for the recipient of a letter to pass it on, unless it be a family letter mailed regularly. It is quite all right to read aloud to trusted friends certain portions of an interesting letter, but even then the reader must be positive that the portion of a letter read is entirely impersonal.

You violated another tenet of friendship: you criticized your friend to others when she was in no position to defend herself. Also, you wrote her a critical letter. Probably the most easily misunderstood means of communication is a letter. You remember, I am sure, the habit of Abraham Lincoln to write a bitter letter at night, and then to destroy it the next morning. A good policy to follow.

Finally, there is one final rule of friendship, and I thought you might like me to point it out to you. Plueded, originally, to terminate your friendship on grounds which made you seem superior to your friend. If you are to have a friend, accept that friend as she is; if you intend to terminate a friendship, you must do it as gently as possible, as gradually as possible, so you avoid hurt to some one who has been important in your life.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am in an Army general hospital, recovering from pneumonia which I picked up in Korea. My question is an important one. I am twenty. When I left the States I wanted to marry my girl, Barbara, who is sixteen. Her folks consented, but my folks said the old-fashioned phrases that I was too young, too unsettled, without a trade or profession, etc. They thought I should wait until I came home after the war. Now I know this girl very well, I have gone with her for three years. She would make any man a swell wife.

Do you think it was a fair decision given by my parents? All the boys over here are bitter about this. We're too young to marry, too young to fight, but not too young to fight for this country. I don't get it. The nurse says I'm recuperating—I'm getting quarrelsome.

Jack

Probably you're going to hate me for my modest and apologetic opinion, but I feel that what I am about to say should have been said long ago. All things considered, a man sometimes is too young to vote, is too young to marry, yet is just right to fight. Sadly enough, war is a young man's game in the modern world. You, yourself, have seen the soldiers from other wars serving beside you. You have seen how important stamina was, and how your youth stood you in good stead. The chances are that, in the words of Mr. Churchill, "blood, sweat, and tears" combined with fear, boredom and sudden death. A serviceman's responsibilities, at least in part, are to obey orders, to be responsible for his men and his own intrigue and to stay alive. A young man does these things most easily.

Marriage is something else again. You can't get transferred to another outfit if you don't like the mess sergeant. When you don't get leave, to live a life of your own for ten or twenty days, you can't blame it on "channels." And when you are on sentry go, you don't get relieved every four hours, particularly when junior is teething. Of course, there is one advantage: In marriage you can yell at your commanding officer without getting court-martialed. Better wait until you're twenty-two.

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.
You're snubbed, Honey chile ... definitely and deliberately ... by the very man who, last night, simply begged to be introduced. You don't like such treatment? Of course you don't. Men usually stick around. But this one didn't. What did you say or do to antagonize him as you danced the night before? Whatever it was, you certainly are off to a bad start on your vacation.

It can happen to you...any time

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

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

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

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

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Welcome vision on the Twentieth lot is pretty June Haver, who returned from trip abroad to acquire a new hair-do and role with handsome Bill Lundigan in "A Wac in His Life"

Beauty and the press: Photoplay photographer Hymie Fink, with Marlene Dietrich and her daughter Maria, was one of many guests who celebrated meeting Marlene at a press luncheon twenty-one years ago. Maria was flown from New York as a surprise for her famous mother.

cal york's gossip of hollywood
It Occurs to Cal: That Twentieth Century’s loss is Paul Douglas’s gain. Now that he’s free-lancing (the studio failed to renew his option when he refused to forfeit his raise) the rugged Romeo is making more per picture than he made in a year.

... That the great-aunt who inspired Maureen O’Hara to reveal exercises that develop a firm bust never dreamed her big secret would be publicized... That Hollywood is being her usual fickle self in wasting the talents of Mercedes McCambridge, who merely won an Oscar for her first screen performance.

In Case You Care: According to Lili St. Cyr, of all the Hollywood stars, Bette Davis would have the best chance to make the grade as a stripteaser. Says the lady who takes ’em off herself: “Bette moves her body with rhythm and thought the way a dancer does”... Margaret O’Brien has started a new fad amongst Hollywood teenagers. Maggie collects bits and pieces of material, cuts them into strips and braids them, the final result—a rag-rug shortie coat... His sensational smash personal appearance tour was all Mario Lanza needed to inspire his temperament. Now he isn’t returning studio phone calls or opening their letters... According to set snoppers, Mel Ferrer is worried that Arthur Kennedy will steal all their scenes in “Chuck-a-Luck.” We’ve got news for Mel. Not only will Arthur steal ’em, but that great actor will do it without trying!... David Brian, who started out sensationally as a hot and handsome heavy, now
BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Jot this down for future reference: "A Place in the Sun" and "Sailin' Singin' Swingin'" are the entries to beat in the Oscar derby. I must admit that Tony Dexter reminded me more of Don Ameche than he did Rudolph Valentino. June Haver is underrated as a box-office attraction. I'm tired of those bedroom scenes in movies which show an electric light from across the street blinking on and off. While attending a premiere, Tony Curtis remarked to Janet Leigh: "I wonder if those people in the stands realize that the main reason we came was to see them." True words, for a change, from an actor who can make Jane Russell obsolete. Ethel Barrymore never sent me, on stage or screen, but Judith Anderson can do things to me.

What a build-up Howard Hughes could give Marilyn Monroe, who has the build for it. No matter how empty a theatre is, a tall person always takes the seat in front of me. Have you noticed how polite theatre managers and usherettes are becoming? I think Jerry Lewis would be even funnier if he mugged less. I can't imagine Shelley Winters and Farley Granger really married. Mickey Rooney's personality appears to be hindering his career. He's a great talent.

Maurice Chevalier is the only actor I can recall wearing a straw hat in the movies.

Mitzi Gaynor and Janet Gaynor have never met. I wish they'd let Ann Blyth sing more in pictures, and also give George Sanders a singing role in a film. Whenever I see actresses wearing a lot of jewelry, I think it is from the prop department or for a publicity story. If I had to name them, I'd say that "Vivacious Lady" and "Twentieth Century" are the comedy and farce movies I've enjoyed most. My favorite gangster film is "The Public Enemy" and my choice of a musical is "Forty-Second Street." All right, so you have different favorites. You're entitled. Mike Curtiz, watching a girl during a dance audition, remarked, "She has the makings of another Gene Kelly." The latest women's fad in Hollywood is wearing men's shirts. It's the first time I haven't objected to being with stuffed shirts.

Glenn Ford is actually a better golfer since playing the role of Ben Hogan. It sure would be a money picture: Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra teamed in a film. Why do the movies make newspapermen villains? The heels in "Follow the Sun," "Valentino" and "Ace in the Hole," to mention a few, are Fourth Estaters. Whenever I see Alfred Hitchcock I think he is dreaming up a new locale for a chase sequence. Frances, the mule star, is also feeling the pinch of soaring food prices. The hay purchased for his daily diet has gone up over sixty cents a bale, and that's money. Tom Lang knows an actor who's disappointed in love—he finds himself admiring others.

Virginia Mayo has as good a figure as anyone in pictures.

I go along with Thelma Ritter, who hates more than anything else, "having non-actors tell me about my job. They don't do that to plumbers and typesetters." Patricia Neal, who is about the tallest actress in pictures, and Debbie Reynolds, who is about the shortest, never have any trouble getting dates. So I guess a female any size is appealing. wholesome is the word to describe Doris Day, although she has been married three times. Girls who live on the wrong side of the tracks always meet a wealthy man—in the movies, that is. June Allyson is the only actress I know who can wrinkle her nose and not annoy me.

Jean Simmons is almost as beautiful as Liz Taylor, but without all the publicity. I think Hollywood is very nice to people considering what people have done to Hollywood. Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride disproved the theory that audiences go to the movies to see only handsome heroes and heroines. I have yet to meet a person coming from a drive-in theatre who can tell me what the picture was about. According to trailers, the greatest movie ever made is always the next attraction. It makes you feel like a dope for having come to see the film playing. Most of "The Cave" was filmed on location at Carlsbad Caverns and the studio sent the special effects department to improve the set. Even when nature gives her greatest performance, Hollywood wants it better. That's Hollywood for you.

INSIDE

Chuckle of the Month: "Way back when Cal was callow, we interviewed Marlene Dietrich. In those days she had quite a crush on—herself! Instead of looking at us, she faced herself in the mirror when she answered our questions. Well, today she has wonderful humor, she's the most glamorous gal in town. Recently we met Marlene again—this time face to face. At a luncheon in the same room where she was first introduced to Hollywood reporters twenty-one years ago, La Dietrich offered a prize to the one who guessed her lucky number. Why not forty-six (her age) Cal thought? Certainly those forty-six years have been lucky for her. Suddenly she was standing before us! In her hand she held an autographed black and pink garter that she wears in "Chuck-a-Luck," her first Technicolor picture. "I don't know who thought this one up," she grinned, "but it's nice meeting you." Cal accepted her prize. "We've always wanted to meet you too," we said with a sigh.

Paging Papa: It was just a week before Jimmy Stewart's beautiful twin daughters were born. We were talking between scenes on "The Greatest Show on Earth" and in true tradition, he wasn't a very happy "clown." "I'm so afraid Gloria will have to go to the hospital while I'm working," despaired Jim. "It takes two hours to remove this make-up. Can't you just see me sitting there with all the expectant fathers in this get-up?" Fortunately, the twins cooperated and Jimmy made a respectable appearance in the fathers' waiting room. Because Gloria Stewart is RH negative (the babies were born by Caesarean section) she required a transfusion. Mrs. Ray Milland, who has the same type blood, never left her house without leaving word where she could be reached when they needed her.

Hollywood Is a Place Where: Elizabeth Taylor adores pickled herring while Humphrey Bogart goes for French pas-

Betty Grable—on suspension for refusing to do another picture because she felt she was working too hard—relaxes at races.
try... Debra Paget's stand-in holds her school books while Louis Jourdan makes love to her... Debbie Reynolds can't wait to play older parts, while Jane Wyman keeps getting younger and younger... Robert Taylor's bed sold at public auction for three times the amount paid for a leather-bound set of World History... Piper Laurie at nineteen talks about the mistakes made by actresses, while Ethel Barrymore at seventy-two says: "I've never stopped making them!"

Miss Worry-Wart: Cal was that amused over the sight of Joanne Crain, the day we lunched with her at Twentieth. "I did a terrible thing," she confessed sincerely. "The publicity department wanted to take pictures of the actual cutting, when they shortened my hair for 'People Will Talk.' I promised to telephone them but I was so nervous over what my husband would say, I completely forgot." Being a publicity-wise old owl, Cal assured her the super-scoop might be something. The following week we ran into Joanne on the lot. Her hair was long again! "You were so right," she laughed. "This is false hair and now they're going to get their pictures after all!" In Hollywood they can do anything--and usually do.

Laughter and Tears: For his role in "Mr. Belvedere Rings His Bell," Clifton Webb had to know how to knit. When the studio offered to give him lessons, he arched an inquisitive brow: "Please!" beloowed Mr. B. "I haven't known Joan Crawford all these years for nothing!"... She asked us not to print it but we still think Ruth Roman should be given credit for having one of the kindest hearts in Hollywood. Recently Tom Plant, a studio messenger boy, was the victim of an accidental shooting. Ruth remembered Tom who delivered her first fan letter when she came to the Warner lot. Not only did she contribute, but she canvassed the studio and collected enough money for the surgery that saved the boy's life. "The studio's attempt to establish a publicity romance between Cornel Wilde and Betty Hutton fell flatter than a bride's biscuit.

STUFF

hollywood
party
line

BY EDITH GWYNN
Nationally Syndicated Hollywood Columnist

The past month has been a virtual madhouse of premieres, smart cafe openings and big charity events, but very few private parties—even the local caterers were complaining. There were two nice smallish soirees, though. Marie McDonald and Harry Karloff served a sumptuous buffet for about thirty of their friends and, most of all, with Bob Boring about the delish dishes that were whipped up by Marie. The John Iirelans (Joanne Dru), the Van Johnsons, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Scott Brady with KKO contractee Barbara Darrow, Greta Peck (without Greg, who was home with his flu bugs), Ann Sheridan with Jeff Chandler, were there. Annie wore a short cocoa crepe dinner dress with tiny sleeves, a long accordion-pleated tunic—the bodice cut very low in front and high in back. Evie Johnson and Joanne Dru were stunning in sweater-type dressy separates.

Sonja Henie and Winnie Gardiner threw a black-tie sit-down dinner for twenty, with quite a few late drop-in-ners after the feast. Gene Tierney, gorgeous in white lace (minus Oleg, who had gone East) was escorted by Gilbert Roland. Janie Powell, very much expecting, was more than "deceiving" in her box-jacket of light blue faille worn over a slim skirt of the same material.

You've never seen a group work harder than the bunch of stars who turned out to help Father Patrick Peyton raise money by autographing his book, "The Ear of God," for most of the 5,000 people who attended the charity fiesta given on the famous McCarthy estate in Beverly Hills. Jeanne Crain, Charles Coburn, Roddy McDowall, Louella Parsons, Betty Lynn, Charles Boyer, June Haver, Ricardo Montalban, Jeff Chandler were just some of them who must have wound up with writer's cramp. Loretta Young and Roz Russell were literally "all over the place," not just signing books, but interestedly talking with just about everyone who purchased one. And here's a "fashion note": Van Johnson came by our house later, wearing a navy blue suit plus a fireman's red vest of flannel with brass buttons and flaring red wool socks! P. S. On him it looked good.

Big-star-studded crowds suddenly found themselves deserting the famed Sunset Strip cafes in favor of trekking to the Cocoanut Grove during Lena Horne's sensational engagement. There's just no one like Lena when it comes to sexy song-singing—but delivered minus vulgarities and with a vitality that spells perfection and plenty of glamour. On hand to greet Bob were Wanda Hendrix, Lita Grey, and Lita Taylor (in a decollete white lace short evening gown over many sheer skirts of varying blues) with Stanley Donen, Paula Raymond with Harry Crocker, Hollywood's most eligible and sought-after beau. Frankie Sinatra was there too with Ava Gardner stormsing in an off-shoulder short dancing frock of black starched chiffon with soft fluffing ruching all across the bodice top.

Edgar Bergen gave a little shindig at the mountain-top home he and his Frances share. It was to show off his latest TV show and also turned out to be a real—and (though unintended) showing-off of the Bergens' newly re-done bedrooms... Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Joan Bennett, the Ray Millands, Connie Moore, June Allyson are just a handful of their pals still raving about the color scheme that ranges from light violet walls to deep purple carpet, with bedspread and drapes of quilted chiffon combining shades of lilac, gray, violet and dead white. Enormous white and gray striped lamps as well as chairs in these colors decorate the room and the same color scheme carries over into their large almost entirely mirrored dressing-room where Frances had a big bunch of artificial violets attached to the tops of the two tiny violet and gray striped chairs. June Allyson sent Frances pale lavender chiffon nighties, appliqued in violet; Benita Colman sent a bed jacket of almost sheer lilac (quilted) velvet and Lauren Bacall added clear plastic mules, trimmed with lilac maribou and violets. Well, it's really a room that would inspire your chums to make with the matching accessories.

Piper Laurie looks darling in an outfit she used touring with Tony Curtis in behalf of "The Prince Who Was a Thief"—and still wears around town. The dress is of pale pink linen, made quite similarly with almost a shirt-waist top and tiny sleeves. But the skirt is very full, falling in unpressed pleats to calf-length. Over it goes a duster that's a deeper shade of polished pink cotton satin. It has full, widely cuffed elbow-length sleeves and falls in deep folds down the back. Piper wears just a narrow little veil that covers only her eyes, drawn back and fastened with a big pink cabbage rose and this, kiddies, is the hat!

Bob Stack and Claudette Thornton make it a date for some fun. Bachelor Bob gets around—but never to the altar!
How modest can you get department: Shelley Winters telling Leonard Lyons she'd been offered a job as a radio columnist but had to turn it down "because I'm too busy making news and don't have time to write it!" Sam Goldwyn furious with Farley Granger for going on that New York trip with Shelley. Tried to get Universal's boss, Bill Goetz, to talk Shelley out of it—and what the Winters gal told Goetz isn't printable. . . . Betty Hutton's boy friend Pete Rugolo—a great talent—signed by Paramount to do the musical arrangements for De Mille's "Greatest Show on Earth," which kept him near Betty almost around the clock. . . . Jane Powell, who never buys anything new for a home, is decorating her current house via auction sales and secondhand furniture stores.

The elaborate wardrobe and snazzy car for Howard Keel in "Callaway Went Thataway," a picture ribbing Westerns: His petrol wagon in the flicker will be snow-white with black trimmings and loaded with every kind of Western ornament imaginable. . . . Esther Williams, who'll be the first actress to swim the English Channel in M-G-M's "Everybody Swims." . . . Debbie Reynolds, despite her success at Culver City, still playing the second French horn in the Burbank Youth Symphony.

Joan Fontaine, looking and yearning for the right man. . . . Clark Gable's claim that he'll go it alone from this writing out and duff all future matrimonial ventures. . . . The Hopalong Cassidy's doing the New York niteries, with Hoppity in "clivies". . . . The town's most eligible bachelor: Carleton Carpenter, twenty-five, Vermont's gift to Hollywood, dating the younger set. . . . June Allyson, whom M-G-M had trouble "aging" for years, is being made younger in "Too Young to Kiss," in which she'll play not only herself, but her twelve-year-old kid sister.

Mercedes McCambridge arriving in town with a haircut that made her a dead ringer for Ruth Roman. . . . Tony Dexter, who almost believes he's Rudolph Valentino. . . . "Strictly Dishonorable," musical film version, which will put Janet Leigh in the same "forward class" as Jane Russell and Marie Wilson. . . . Jack Benny's line: "Phil Harris would like to be the kind of lover Vic Mature thinks Errol Flynn is." . . . Dan Dailey looks sensational these days and his frequent date Barbara Whiting looks even better. . . . Shirley Temple's oldie, "The Little Colonel," making the rounds of neighborhoods for Saturday kiddie matinees.

Errol Flynn appeared with a cane—and wife Pat Wy- more at Ice-Capades opening. He's still limping from his accident. And sore about those "parting" rumors.
STUFF
When it came Mark Richard's turn, the little villain came out with this: "My daddy goes to the studio each morning and my mother throws up!" The hysterical teacher ran out of the room, called the Stevenses to tip them off that their secret was out! And now you know why poor ol' Cal is sobbing in his suds!

It's the Truth That: Jane Wyman's friends believe she's lost whatever interest she had in attorney Greg Bautzer... Errol Flynn's face (he's still walking with a cane) reflects the agony he's suffered from his back injury... Howard Duff, who recently recovered from a broken leg, just discovered that he also had three cracked ribs... There are eighty-six pages of copy in Alan Ladd's new Warner contract which, according to the popular star, "are ten pages more than there were in my first script!"

Studio Shorts: "Who was that pretty young girl who just spoke to me?" asked a puzzled Richard Hylton. "She's Barbara Bates," laughed a publicity man, "the girl you tried to rape in 'The Secret of Convict Lake.'" Poor Richard had never seen Barbara out of the 1850 costumes and make-up she wore in the picture! In this case, one man's poison turns out to be rare roast beef for Gig Young. Many of his important scenes in "Slaughter Trail" were played with Howard Da Silva, who won't appear in the picture. Since he was termed an unfriendly witness by the House Un-American Activities Committee, the studio decided to reshoot Howard's scenes with another actor. So Gig gets paid all over again to repeat his performance.

Brief Cases: Van Heflin is even more worried than his friends over his wife's health. The beautiful Frances is suffering from an internal disorder... The very rough and very private showing of "Behave Yourself" (the picture Shelley Winters and Farley Granger made together)

IMPERTINENT

INTERVIEW

BY ALINE MOSBY
U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Patricia Neal was a very embarrassed lady when the story of the Gary Coopers' break-up splashed all over the front pages. Leading lady Neal was cast as the other woman in a real-life drama.

For the first time what the gossip columns had been buzzing about for many months leaked into official print.

The news stories reported that, "Cooper and Miss Neal were that way about each other, according to columnists..." The public prints quoted the beauteous actress as telling friends, "Am I in love with him? Could be. But I'd be silly to go around advertising it, wouldn't I? After all, he's a married man."

On the set of "The Day the Earth Stood Still" at Twentieth Century-Fox Studio, Pat couldn't stand still for any interviews. But after the shouting died down, I staked out a watch by her kidney-shaped swimming pool and finally caught her with her previous "no comment" down.

"Are you in love with Gary or are you just old friends?" I inquired.

"Oh, this is such a touchy subject," said Patricia Neal, who is known around the plaster city as a charming, well-mannered and proper young lady.

"I'm very fond of him. He's quite wonderful and I've known him for three years, ever since we acted in 'The Fountainhead.' But I absolutely had nothing to do with the breaking up of their marriage."

"We're very good friends. He's a wonderful guy and I love working with him. But I had nothing to do with his marriage trouble. I'm sure most intelligent people agree with me that no such thing could happen—that no one could break up a happy marriage."

Pat admitted she was unhappy about her being linked with the lanky, curt actor.

"Yes, I was upset," she said. "I'm from a pretty conventional family background and I don't like this kind of thing at all.

"Actually only one columnist has been unkind to me. I hope this talk will die down, that people will find something else to talk about. I wish everyone would just ignore this."

Now that the Coopers are publicly separated and Gary's more or less free, will she go out on a date with him?

"I don't know," the husky-voiced movie queen said, "whether I will or not." Has he asked her yet? "No," she said firmly.

Kathryn Grayson, back from New York where she saw ex-husband Johnny Johnston in his play "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," with Oilman Glenn McCarthy

Attending a war benefit at Giro's are Charlie Chaplin and Gene Tierney. Charlie, whose wife, Oona, recently presented him with third daughter, is planning to produce another film, "Footlights"
Inside Stuff

disclosed that retakes and added scenes may be necessary... When Sylvia went on location with Clark Gable before the break-up, she wore leopardskin shorts which are now being copied by all the Hollywood glamour girls... Six-foot-four-and-a-half Howard Keel and six-foot-three Fred MacMurray can’t close their dressing room doors on “Callaway Went Thataway” on account of because there isn’t room enough to stretch out inside!

News, Good, Bad, Indifferent: Deborah Kerr’s dated the stork again, which gives her two reasons for rejoicing. Now she won’t have to make ”Ivanhoe” in England and she will be able to get acquainted with that new home in Santa Monica... Viveca Lindfors is the proud possessor of her American citizenship papers... Audie Murphy exercising a new husband’s prerogative by refusing to allow his bride to accept film offers... Red (Money Bags) Skelton signing a new TV contract which ups his earnings to ten million dollars seven years from now... Shirley Temple with an emergency appendectomy, convalescing in a Tulsa, Oklahoma, hospital... Wanda Hendrix deciding against a New York address. The rumored reason? Art Director Bob Boyle... The Tyrone Powers home in Hollywood again and happily awaiting the stork... Farley Granger and Shelley Winters allowing one week to go by without making front page copy—which proves it can happen here!

Love Match: The morning that local columnists carried the story of the Ava Gardner-Frank Sinatra break-up, Cal had a luncheon date with the luscious lady. “Do you mind if I bring along a very dear friend of mine?” was Ava’s message. He turned out to be—Frank Sinatra! Uncertain though their future plans may be, to (Continued on page 19)

Also at Romanoff’s: The Earl of Dalkeith, Princess Margaret’s favorite escort, and his hostess Merle Oberon. The Earl escorted Ava Gardner to the Ribbon Ball
AVA GARDNER...Lustre-Creme presents one of the “Top-Twelve,” selected by “Modern Screen” and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world’s loveliest hair. Famous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for their glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World
is kept at its loveliest...with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Lovely Hollywood stars help to keep their hair always alluring with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Beautiful hair plays a vital part in the glamour-career of every movie star...so when Hollywood stars tell you they use Lustre-Creme, it is the highest possible tribute to this unique shampoo.

In a recent issue of the magazine, “Modern Screen,” a committee of famed hair stylists named Ava Gardner as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world. Lustre-Creme will help you achieve such glamorous hair beauty.

Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines...behaves...is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse...dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed highlights. All this, even in hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars...ask for Lustre-Creme, the world’s finest shampoo, chosen for “the world’s most beautiful hair”!

The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair
LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.)

During his stage tour with "Apple of His Eye," Edward Arnold attended a White House reception and President Truman asked him how it was going. Arnold reported fine except for a couple of nasty notices by two critics. Truman's eyes danced as he said: "Would you like me to write them a letter?"

Gig Young played a hectic love scene with Virginia Grey and then retired to his dressing-room. Before shutting the door he put up a sign which read: "Temporarily Out of Aridor."

Someone asked a Hollywood man now in TV just what he did. He replied, "I manipulate strings.

"Do you hold up Cyclone Malone or Howdy Doody?" he was asked.

"Neither," he replied, "I hold up Frank Sinatra."

Billy De Wolfe, explaining in "Lullaby of Broadway" why he's a butler: "I had a mad, impulsive desire to keep from starving."

Irene Ryan's switch on Dorothy Parker's famous words about men seldom making passes at girls who wear glasses: "Men always make passes at girls who drain glasses."

Walter O'Keefe, on Bing Crosby's operation: "I understand the doctor had to remove a clot from his wallet."

Overheard at Ciro's: "She was perfectly willing to live on his income but that didn't leave anything for him to live on."

Rudd Weatherwax, trainer of Lassie, explaining how he keeps his dog actors from being gun shy: "I bring them into the living-room and tune my TV set in on a Western. After a couple of sessions, they yawn at gunfire."

The RKO studio menu features a sixty-cent special, "The Thing." It's a meat loaf.

Definition of the new 1951 bathing suits: The little bit that isn't bare.

Red Skelton says he saw a very unusual French movie—the boy and the girl were married.

Overheard at Mocambo: "They decided they were seeing too much of each other—so they got married."

Credit Jackie Coogan with: "The only thing wrong with some smart children is that they don't smart in the right place."

Ray Heindorf, the musical director, was rehearsing the studio orchestra when a cat meowed on the set. Ray tapped on his stand for silence and then deadpanned: "Would someone please take the cat down to the music department and have it tuned."
Nancy Sinatra, as Elsa Maxwell predicted, has agreed to give Frank his divorce so he can marry Ava Gardner. However, there was great excitement when Nancy arrived at the Ribbon Cabaret Benefit Dance with Arthur Loew, Jr. —and there was Ava, just back from New York, with Lana Turner!

The wedding, Tony told us, took place at the Pickwick Arms Hotel in Greenwich, Connecticut, with Jerry and Patti Lewis serving as best man and matron of honor. Tony and Janet had only a five-day honeymoon in New York. Then Tony had to continue his nation-wide tour with “The Prince Who Was a Thief.” And Janet had to return to Hollywood to make “Just This Once.” But Cal expects to toast the bride and groom personally when they’re reunited at Malibu later this month.

Set of the Month: The first lady of the theatre, who is making her first movie in eighteen years, was in jail. “I’m just visiting ‘My Son, John,’” Helen Hayes called through the bars. “I’ll visit with you as soon as they get this shot.” We sat in the sun outside the sound stage, while she worked on a needlepoint reproduction of a castle she once visited in Ireland. “It helps me to relax if I keep my hands busy,” said Helen. Then we talked about her exciting return to pictures, her treasured friendship with Joan Crawford, how she likes the old Tarzan movies on TV and the big impression she made on son Jamie, when she introduced him to Bob Hope. “I think I scared my friends when I arrived in Hollywood,” she mused. “They thought I was here to stay. You see, I spend so much time in hotels, I travel with my favorite Renoir painting and a portrait of Mary (her daughter who was so tragically taken by polio) to remind me of home.” Cal needed no reminder that great people like Helen Hayes always have the greatest simplicity when you meet them.

Wedding bells, phone bells: “Well, we did it and we wanted you to know before the news hit the papers.” It was Tony Curtis, exuberant with happiness, shouting over long distance wire from New York. “Did what?” Cal asked. “Got married, of course,” answered Tony, and Cal couldn’t have been more surprised.

(Continued from page 16) watch these two together is to fully realize their deep devotion for each other. Following lunch we sat on the “Lone Star” set and watched Frankie boy’s best beautiful girl being made love to by Clark Gable! “Any suggestions?” called out the “King” to the crooner. “Just do it in one take!” was the kidding answer.

Private Preview: Cal doesn’t review pictures, but Producer Charles Feldman’s special showing of “A Streetcar Named Desire” compels us to share our experience. We sat there with the most star-studded audience in Hollywood history. In contrast, Marlon Brando’s guests were his grandmother from Eagle Rock (near Los Angeles), his two great aunts and two cousins. The mighty Marlon (he’s now making “Viva Zapata” at Twentieth) didn’t bring Movita, the Mexican actress who dated Steve Cochran south of the border. Supposedly in the States to see Steve, she suddenly switched to the Brando brand of romance. Such grateful guests as Ethel Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Claudette Colbert and Olivia de Havilland were visibly shaken when the lights went on in the movie projection room. In their own words— “Streetcar is the most lustful, exciting picture of the year. The performances of Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando and Kim Hunter will tear you apart!”

Brief Cases: If Elizabeth Taylor is suffering from a stomach ulcer, as reported, it has to be a beautiful one! . . . Farley Granger, who likes to keep moving, moved into the Sunset Strip apartment owned and decorated by director

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Evelyn Keyes, starring in “Smuggler’s Island,” a Universal International Picture, color by Technicolor

INSIDE STUFF

Valentina Cortesa, Richard Basehart, who met while making “The House on Telegraph Hill,” above, now admit secret marriage in London

Mitch Leisen...Gordon MacRae, who loves to give presents, would love to give his contract back to Warners. Lana Turner is hurt and troubled, over those published pictures of her appearance on the “American Day” program in the Hollywood Bowl. Lovely Lana, who has never been more slender, was “framed” to look like Kate Smith’s baby sister!

Song and Dance Man: Garbo doing a Charleston could have surprised Cal more. Literally exuding friendship and enthusiasm, George Sanders regaled us with his future plans. “I’m going to make my first musical at Twentieth. You see, when you reach my old age (he’s in his early forties) you have to figure out how long you can last. Last year I tried out for the Pinza role in ‘South Pacific.’ Everyone was so pleased, I signed for fifteen months in London. Then I began thinking of the life I’d have to live and I fell apart! They kindly let me off the hook. When Hedda Hopper asked me to sing on her program, Hollywood producers got interested. Now I only have one problem. Should I become a singer who can act, or remain an actor who can sing?” Just keep on being this charming, we wanted to tell him. Of course—we didn’t.

Rural Rookery: “Are there any movie stars living around here?” A weather-beaten car filled with tourists addressed a laborer who was building a fence in front of a ranch at Chatsworth. With hammers and saws clanging from the belt that held up his old dungarees, Fred Astaire walked over and leaned on the rickety fender. “ Yep, there shore are,” he said. “Just drive on ole lane and turn to the right. You’ll see a white house and if you’re lucky, maybe you’ll also see Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz!”

Perennial Performer: In the midst of the most insecure, unproductive period in Hollywood, get a gander at Ray Milland’s commitments. At Paramount he’s signed for one picture a year for seven years.

At Warners, where he’s under contract for three pictures, they’ve already signed him for an Italian one. Ray still owes M-G-M two pictures on an old contract and now Twentieth wants to sign him! This kid is really asking for it.

Happy Ending: Cal’s crystal ball was right! Richard Basehart was secretly married to Valentina Cortesa, when we said as much last month. “I’m sorry I couldn’t tell you the truth then,” said our friend when we called to congratulate him. “But Val’s eighty-year-old grandmother lives in Stresa, Italy, where she raised my wife. Because she is so sentimental, Val wanted to keep the news in person. So she had to keep it a secret until she finished her London picture. We were married last March when I took a suspension and flew over to pop the question.” The happiness in Dick’s voice was heartwarming to Cal, who happened to know the details of his devotion that preceded the loss of his first wife. The lonely guy met the famous Italian actress when they were cast in “The House on Telegraph Hill.” Valentina, who had never seen her husband on the screen, asked Twentieth to run “They Walk by Night.” “No thanks,” Dick answered her invitation to see the picture with her. “I can’t stand to watch myself, but may I take you to dinner first?” Something happened to the film that night, so they spent the entire evening becoming fast friends. And that’s how their romance began. “Grandma’s coming over with Val,” Dick enthused. “We want her to be happy here, so I’m learning to speak Italian and I’ve hired an Italian housekeeper. We’ll get a large place where Val can pick it out. In the meantime, I’m having all the furniture re-covered and the garden filled with flowering plants...I can hardly wait—I’m so happy.” Their plans for the future include the children that both want so much. “But first,” laughed Dick, “I’ll have to buy my wife a wedding ring. We got married on her lunch hour—so we had to use a prop!”
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says

Mary Hatcher

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Brief Reviews

(1) ACE IN THE HOLE—Paramount: A ruthless drama in which Kirk Douglas, an unprincipled reporter, holds up rescue of cave-in victim Richard Widmark with Jan Sterling, Bob Arthur. (May)
(2) ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE—Warners: Kirk Douglas is a frontier marshal who tries to save Walter Brennan's life in this blood-and-thunder epic. With Virginia Mayo, John Auer. (June)

(3) APACHE DRUMS—U.S.: A non-sympathetic look at an Apache tribal of 1777. With Phyllis Calvert, Jan Sterling, Paul Stewart. (May)
(4) BIRD OF THE 20th Century-Fox: Picturesque South Sea Island story centered about love between Sam Jaffe and native girl Debra Paget. Gorgeous Technicolor and Jeff Chandler make this an absorbing film. (May)

(5) BRAKE BULLS—The Columbia: If you like bull-fighting you'll go for this story of a matador, Mel Ferrer, who loses his nerve in the bull ring and his heart to Miroslava, With Anthony Quinn.

(6) CAPTAIN HORATIO BLOOMBERG—Warners: Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo find romance and adventure during the Napoleonic War and the English technology classic. With Donald Crisp, (May)

(7) FIRST LEGION, THE—Sedif-U.A.: A big, noisy story about Jean Jacques and they Brittany who fall in love less than 30 to that appears to be a modern miracle. With Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck. (July)

(8) FOLLOW THE SUN—20th Century-Fox: Glenn Ford stars in the life of golf champion Ben Hogan from his childhood to his achievements in the world of golf, as a strict manager of his father, Robert Young, with Frank Lovejoy, Eve Arden, Janice Rule. (June)

(9) HOUR OF THE SWORD—M-G-M: Mario Lanza's thrilling voice is heard in excerpts from famed operas in this Technicolor version of life of the world champion tenor. With Ann Blyth, (June)

(10) HOLLYWOOD STORY, THE—U.S.: Richard Conte's sequel to Father of the Bride concerning Spencer Tracy's trials when Liz Taylor announces a blessed event. With Don Taylor, Joan Blondell, Hugh Marlowe. (July)

(11) I'LL TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL—Romance—M-G-M: A rather dull and much too British version of the Kipling story depicting a girl who is forced to leave school to earn a dollar. With Kay Aldridge, Walter Pidgeon, David Niven. (June)

(12) MA AND MA KETTLE BACK ON THE FARM—U.S.: This time Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride are the parents of a baby girl and a son born in order to raise $10,000 owed to Fred Clark. Marilyn Maxwell's the doll in Job's life. (June)

(13) MAN AND MY FACE, THE—Gardner: Dick Powell turns his clown into a naive young man who renounces his rich life in order to be the hero—a bona-fide western with Lew Ayres as a Union captain, who, after attempting to defend, maltreated Indians, is forced to track them down. With Marilyn Maxwell. (July)

(14) NON-STOP RIVIERA—20th Century-Fox: There are cliches and confusion in this lavish Technicolor musical which stars Danny Kaye in the dual roles of Swayshawn Freeman and American entertainer. With Gene Tierney, Carole Landis. (May)

(15) PAINTED HILLS, THE—M-G-M: Lassie deserves better than this dull story which has her averting her master's death. With Paul Kelly, (June)

(16) PRINCE WHO HAS A THIEF, THE—U.S.: Tony Curtis comes into his own as a star in this musical of a small, tentative boxer who saves a royal infant reared by renegades, who finally claims his birthright. With Piper Laurie. (July)

(17) QUEEN FOR A DAY—Stillman-U.A.: The popular radio show is the springboard for dramatic action of Macdonald Carey as a newspaperman who falls in love with a beautiful and ruthless divorcée. Featuring Phyllis Avery. Adam Williams, Edith Meiser and cast of unknowns. (June)


(19) LITTLE DIVIDEND—Drama—U.S.: After his release from a prison, Gene Barry is forced to become a criminal with terrible consequences. Featuring Bruce Cabot, Andy Devine and a host of other unknowns. (July)

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When a lady reaches the advanced age of five —there's nothing to do but celebrate. And even the trained dogs barked their approval of the fun at Candy Bergen's happy birthday party.

With Edgar Bergen somewhere around, everything from the trick dogs to the birthday cake talked back! Even Candy, who has become something of a ventriloquist herself, kept her small guests entertained by having her dolls talk to them.

Exclusive photographs by Hymie Find
On a tricycle not for two: Juliet, Ronald Colman's daughter, and Liza Minnelli

Candy

Everyone, including Photoplay's Hy-mie Fink, specially invited by Candy, needed road maps to find Edgar Bergen's hilltop house! But the fun was worth the search! And Ridgely Howard, who interrupted movies and dog acts with "When do we eat?" agreed Candy knew how to feed a feller!

A dog's day: Candy with Michael and Ronnie McLean, Gloria Stewart's sons

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On old man river: Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel in third screen version of the Jerome Kern-Edna Ferber love story

Three beans (F) Show Boat (M-G-M)

Big, beautiful, musically wonderful, "Show Boat" comes to the screen for the third time to establish itself as a beloved bit of American folklore, to be told and sung over and over.

However, the news of this version is Ava Gardner who, as Julie, literally runs away with the show. And her competition is really something in a cast highlighted with such names as Kathryn Grayson as Magnolia (and very excellent she is, too), Howard Keel as the handsome gambler, GUYRARD RAVENAL, Joe E. Brown as Captain Andy Hawks and Agnes Moorehead as Mrs. Hawks. For extra measure we are given the dancing Champions, Marge and Gower, who bring a young, vivacious freshness to the screen and William Warfield whose singing of "Ol' Man River" literally brings down the house. Robert Sterling plays Julie's husband who eventually deserts her. And Ava's singing of "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" and "My Bill" has a tender, appealing quality that reaches out and beyond the movie screen. And the duets between Miss Grayson and Keel are just as effective. In fact, everything about it—the drama, color and direction—make it a picture you won't want to miss.

Your reviewer says: A spectacular movie with great heart.

Program Notes: One of the sights to which M-G-M should really have run excursions was the life-size Cotton Blossom show boat erected on their back lot and designed to move under its own power propelled by a paddle wheel, 19½ feet in diameter and driven by two 225-horsepower airplane motors . . . Joe E. Brown cut short his Australian tour of "Harvey" to play Captain Andy . . . William Warfield hurried home from an Australian concert tour to play Joe and prove himself one of the finest Negro baritones since Paul Robeson, who played Joe in the Broadway production . . . The Champions, who high-stepped from the floors of smart supper clubs to make their screen debut in "Show Boat," proved themselves actors as well as dancers and will stay on to make more movies . . . Kathryn Grayson realized a cherished ambition in the role of Magnolia and temporarily forgot her legal troubles with her estranged husband, Johnny Johnston.

Story of a champ: Rise and fall of the great Indian athlete starring Burt Lancaster, Phyllis Thaxter, Charles Bickford

Three beans (F) Jim Thorpe—All American (Warner's)

A GRIPPING human interest story of the rise, the fall and the regeneration of one of the greatest American athletes, Jim Thorpe. And no one could have portrayed the stloc Indian to better advantage than Burt Lancaster in both the physical and emotional elements of the story. The thrilling athletic achievements that led Thorpe to be acclaimed by the King of Sweden as the greatest athlete in the world are skillfully interwoven into the human interest story of the man; as a student at Carlisle, his love for Margaret Miller, also a student there; of his fabulous accomplishments in the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm and the sudden turn of events that stripped him of all honors. As his wife, Phyllis Thaxter is excellent, as are Charles Bickford as the famous coach "Pop" Warner and Steve Cochran, Dick Wesson and Jack Bighed as classmates.

Your reviewer says: A sports epic, made touchingly human.

Program Notes: Jim Thorpe, now sixty-two, working with the writers, insisted the darker phases of his life be honestly uncovered. Lancaster, his hair dyed black for the role, underwent strenuous physical training with Thorpe himself as one of his several coaches. Scenes centering around Carlisle, the famous Indian school no longer in existence, were shot in and around Bacone College, only college exclusively for Indians and situated near Muskogee, Oklahoma. Over 400 Indians were employed throughout the making of the film, many of whom had never donned a feather in their lives . . . Jack Bighed, a powerful lot of Indian of the Ute tribe, is a football hero at Pepperdine College in Los Angeles. Dick Wesson is non-Indian and comes to movies fresh from the cornual circuit . . . Steve Cochran had to find shelter in a motel while on his four weeks' location stay in Muskogee because the hotel that housed the rest of the cast refused to take in Steve's dog, Tchaikowsky.

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 31. For Best Pictures of the Month and
STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
A—FOR ADULTS

Second chance: Football and a brunette come between Joan Bennett and Paul Douglas in comedy of marital errors.

\( \sqrt[3]{2} \) (A) The Guy Who Came Back
(20th Century-Fox)

This guy who came back took a detour through every corn patch known to movies and still emerged a pretty good guy. This, we suspect, is mainly due to the ability of Paul Douglas to put over a character with the rugged sincerity that seems a part of the man.

Briefly, the story has Paul a professional football star unable to adjust to the fact his hour of glory is over. Enters then the other woman, Linda Darnell, who persuades Douglas to try a night club act which flops dismally. Having separated from his wife, Joan Bennett, who is loved by Paul's best friend, Don DeFore, Douglas makes one last heroic effort to re-win his lost glory.

Billy Gray plays his young son and Zero Mostel his friend.

Your Reviewer Says: Cut to standard pattern.

Program Notes: Paul Douglas had little trouble catching the feel of his role of a professional football star, having been one himself for the Philadelphia Yellow Jackets. Unlike his screen self, however, Paul quit the game before it quit him and became a radio sports announcer. During this picture, Douglas tore a cartilage loose from two ribs and went through most of the movie in considerable pain and yards of adhesive tape. Joan Bennett used her dressing-room as an office, carrying on the business of her own movie company, Diana Productions. Linda Darnell refused to go blonde for her role. Too many memories of Amber and those endless hours at the hairdressers. The mink worn by Linda in the film was insured for $25,000 which so stunned Linda she was afraid to sit down, stand up or even walk around in it. Zero Mostel began his career as a night club performer but was so good in "Panic in the Streets" and "The Guy Who Came Back," he hopes to stay in Hollywood.

Bid for hearts: Bobby Driscoll, Bob Preston in saga of three generations and the problem two faced in their youth.

\( \frac{3}{2} \) (F) When I Grow Up (U.A.)

If you have tears, prepare to shed 'em by the bucketful, for this is a real little heartwinger of a story. The premise—that of a boy who thinks he isn't wanted and then in adversity discovers the real depth of a parent's love—is sure fire and the performance of Bobby Driscoll as the boy adds to the tender poignancy of the tale. Bobby, in fact, plays two roles. He plays his grandfather as a lad in the flashback scenes and himself in the modern sequences. And of course Charley Grapewin as Granpa is the final straw that breaks the floodgates of the heart.

Robert Preston and Martha Scott play the first set of parents (and very good they are, too) and Henry Morgan and Ruth Lee the modern parents. Johnny McGovern is "Duckface" Kelly and Poodles Hanneford, one of the most famous clowns in the world, plays himself. Garson Kanin directed and what a fine job he turned out!

Your Reviewer Says: Fathers and mothers, see this and think upon it.

Program Notes: Location—World Jungle Compound. When Bobby Driscoll and Johnny McGovern found this notice on their morning call sheet, they were two of the happiest kids in movies. For the Compound in Thousand Oaks, California, is the most complete private jungle in the world. Nine hundred and seventy-two animals of all kinds roam this jungle and 105 were used in the circus sequences. When it came to setting up the circus tent, the Compound furnished its own tent crew who can put up and take down the canvas like experts. Poodles Hanneford entertained the cast with tales of his real circus days and taught Bobby how to take a real "buster," meaning a fall that brings no injuries. Poodles made the picture while his circus was in winter quarters. Charley Grapewin celebrated his eighty-first birthday on the set and what a party they gave him! The only thing Bobby Driscoll didn't like about the film were the tight pants he wore in the "grandpa" scene. How kids managed to keep from splitting out of those pants is a mystery to him.
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 vários (A) Strangers on a Train (Warner)

HITCHCOCK, at his eerie, frightening, frenzied best, has all but outdone himself in a story of matricide murder against a background of Championship Forest Hills tennis matches and the home of a dignified United States Senator. It is this ambiguity of setting, in fact, plus cleverly devised camera work, that startles the living day out of you. How scared can you get and still keep your hair on?

The performances of Farley Granger, the tennis champ, Robert Walker as the neurotic but genteel murderer, Ruth Roman as Granger's sweetheart, Pat thork heaven's happened, Carole Lombard, was cast as the "awful," woman of tennis matches, for example, with out-of-control merry-go-rounds, of quiet home receptions with active murderous impulses, are enough to send customers out of the theatre with large economy-sized breakdowns.

Your Reviewer Says: Go away! I'm still shaking.

Program Notes: "Strangers on a Train" is a true example of the new traveling Hollywood with the cast and crew of the story from New York, Washington D.C., Chatsworth, California and Darien, Conn., for on-the-spot locales...Robert Walker, who wears glasses off screen, and Laura Elliott, who doesn't, has a heck of a time keeping their way around when the director required Walker to take off his glasses for the picture and Laura to don thick lens spectacles. Neither could see beyond their own noses half the time...Patricia Hitchcock, the director's daughter, is a graduate of London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and claims she got the job of the younger sister through an agent—influence that had nothing to do with...Tommy Farrell, Glenda's handsome son, plays one of Laura's escorts to the amusement park...As usual, Director Hitchcock spots himself in the picture. This time the director plays a director (same size, same shape as "Hitchy") on the train from which Granger alights. How Farley kept a straight face is beyond us.

✓ (F) Comin' Round the Mountain (UI)

JUST when a body thinks Abbott and Costello have exhausted every possible plot situation known to man, woman or billy-goat, up they pop in a hillbilly feud that certainly takes the cornmeal cake. And, oddly enough, it all begins in a New York night club when the celebrated Park Avenue hillbilly singer, Miss Dorothy Shay, in person, discovers Lou, an escape artist who couldn't escape his shadow, is the long lost son of McCoy from the old Kentucky hills.

So back they go, along with Bud Abbott, a theatrical agent, to find the secret hiding place of buried gold that only old Granny McCoy knows. A detour to a County Fair provides the surprise ending! Riots! Riot!

Kirby Grant plays the band leader and Miss Shay's romantic interest. Joe Sawyer, Glenn Strange, Ida Moore and Shay Cogan mess around the place for dear life.

Your Reviewer Says: Monkeys in the hills.

Program Notes: Dorothy Shay was born in Jacksonville, Florida, and never even climbed to the top of a hill, let alone lived among them. The song "Feudin', Fussin' and A-Fightin'" shot her into hillbilly fame...Little Shay Cogan, who gets a terrific crush on Lou in the film, was spotted by Bud and Lou on a Vaughn Monroe TV show and signed for the part...The demand for realism on the set resulted in a rambunctious, cabin collapsing in the middle of a scene with Bud and Lou trapped inside...Escape artist Erskine Aroche was hired to teach Lou how not to escape his bonds. Lou said he couldn't anyway, so why bother.

✓ (F) Fort Worth (Warner)

Big grown-up men like David Brian hadn't ought to be so giddy-minded as to go to Fort Worth to inveigle an upstanding citizen like Randy Scott into publishing his newspaper in Fort Worth just so he, Brian, could use it for his own varmity purposes. Anyway, the shooting of the film was bracketed with "way back in 1876, gets awfully all fired hot, once it gets going, with cattle stampeding, a train getting itself held up, romance getting all messed up with the different flavors of shooting, killing, chasin' in fact with everything that goes to make up a roaring, tearing, howling Western. Phyllis Thaxter is the good little girl, Helen Carter the naughty one, Ray Teal, an orner y cuss if ever there was one.

Your Reviewer Says: Did nobody ever go to Sunday School in "them" days?

Program Notes: They came from everywhere but Texas. Randy Scott was bred in old Virgil, Montana, and both Miss Carter and David Brian are New Yorkers...Every Texan in the state of California tried at sometime or other during the shooting to visit the "Fort Worth" set on the Warner ranch. They all wanted to make sure their city and state got done right by...Phyllis Thaxter became the ideal mother of the neighborhood when she demo inated her shyness with the Hopalong Cassidy pistol of her five-year-old daughter Susan. Susan brought in all the kids around to see Mommy shoot.

✓ (F) Francis Goes to the Races (UI)

FRANCIS the talking mule returns to the screen with his old Army buddy, Donald O'Connor, in tow and still talking for dear life. Unfortunately, what "Frannie" has to say this time is much cleverer than his former conversational piece but frankly, you can't blame that on this particular jackass. He didn't write the script, you know. Well, anyway, there are moments of funny and nearly a couple that get Francis and Donald into all sorts of mix-ups with race track touts, the police, a pretty girl such as Piper Laurie and her charming uncle, Cecil Kellaway. Donald O'Connor is clever in his role of the ex-Army lad who loves his independent, take-life-as-it-comes mule friend. Jesse White is the track detective, Hayden Rorke and Barry Kelley the crooks.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun straight from the mule's mouth.

Program Notes: The beautiful Santa Anita racetrack was used for many of the scenes...Cecil Kellaway hopes he can play only with horses and not with mules...the story of "Harvey," the story of a six-foot rabbit, to a talking mule and, after all, Cecil feels one can get terribly pixilated that way...Jesse White, who also played in both films, feelsthat the voice of the mule Francis is supplied by actor Chill Wills.

✓½ (F) Fighting Coast Guard (Republic)

ACQUAINTING civilians with knowledge of how each branch of the service operates is a fine thing and while the personal
side of this story is overly stressed and a bit too long, the work and purpose of our Coast Guard is clearly set forth. The action shots, effectively achieved, are also on the prolonged side but the work of each cast member stands out like a beacon.

Richard Jaeckel, an assured actor these days, Brian Donlevy, always tops in performance, Forrest Tucker, Ella Raines, John Russell and William Murphy are performers who know how to carry along a story to its ultimate goal and in this instance, they do.

Your Reviewer Says: A fine tribute to a fine service branch.

Program Notes: Story action carried the "Coast Guard" actors from the huge amphibious bases at Coronado and San Diego, California, to the United States Coast Guard Academy at New London, Connecticut. While none of the participants was in this branch of the service, each had seen action in other fields. In World War I, Brian Donlevy was a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille in France. In World War II, Tucker was an army lieutenant; Russell, for two and a half years was a Marine, Jaeckel a Merchant Marine and Murphy was with the Navy. Miss Raines claims she did her stint, too, not only as a camp entertainer but by following her husband, Lt. Col. Robin Olds, an Army flyer, to his various stations. While visiting Republic Studios where certain scenes for the film were being shot, four young Navy recruits became so frustrated they almost went AWOL. Wondering how and why so many Navy officers were constantly popping up, and with their saluting arm ready to drop off, the lads suddenly recognized the Commander they had just saluted as Brian Donlevy when he said, "Okay, men. As you were." It was then the young recruits discovered they'd been saluting extras and character actors all day.

\[(F)\] Excuse My Dust (M-G-M)

Not nearly broad nor slapstick enough for the wonderful pantomimist ability of Red Skelton. However, as the small-town inventor who manages to perfect a horseless carriage (this is back in Grandma's days, kiddies), the story has its moments, especially in the gas-buggy race. Its tunes are pretty and catchy but, hang it all, we want more than that from funny-man Skelton. There's a surprise ballet scene with Sally Forrest, cleverly executed through the wolfish imaginings of MacDonald Carey, the small-town college hot shot, and some cute little Parisian malapropisms uttered by Monica Lewis who also sings a mean song, "Lorelei Brown." There's even a romantic duet between Red and Miss Forrest but for all that if you find you just can't get up the steam to take it in, don't fret. A better Skelton film is bound to come along.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh well, it's relaxing.

Best Pictures of the Month

Show Boat
Jim Thorpe—All American
Strangers on a Train

Best Performances of the Month

Ava Gardner in "Show Boat"
Burt Lancaster in
"Jim Thorpe—All American"
Farley Granger in "Strangers on a Train"
Robert Walker in "Strangers on a Train"

Make this 1-Minute Test, today! Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? Now brush with film-removing Pepsodent for 1 minute. Repeat the tongue test. Notice how much cleaner your teeth feel? Your mirror will show you how much brighter they look! Only Pepsodent with irium® has this film-removing formula. Remember: Brighter teeth are cleaner teeth — and less susceptible to decay!

For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day
— see your dentist twice a year.
Program Notes: The attempts of Red Skelton and MacDonald Carey to drive those early horseless carriages had everyone on the M-G-M back lot in stitches. Neither Red nor Mac thought it too funny after the first dozen breakdowns—their own as well as the cars. In the burning barn scene Red sang his rasso bit into a fringe of toasty brown that on him somehow looked good—Sally Forrest surprised everyone on the set with her dancing ability, but Sally was originally signed as a dancer and spent her early days at the studio training other dancers in M-G-M musicals. . . . MacDonald Carey sings for the first time on the screen — his first vocal effort since Broadway’s "Lady in the Dark" with Gertrude Lawrence . . . . Red practised his "Vortigern and Mariana" song around the house until Mrs. Skelton finally drove him to the seclusion of his den. It didn’t work. Red sprang spring leader than ever, and has been a constant movie binge ever since. From her home in Westbaden, Germany, where her husband, Lt. Col. John Conter is stationed, Constance Bennett made her eighth Atlantic crossing in ten years to play in this. Miss Bennett has organized her own film company in Westbaden and will make films there for the next year or two . . . . The editor of "Stars and Stripes" recently acclaimed blonde Marilyn Monroe "Miss Cheesecake of 1951" and Miss Monroe claims she’s received hundreds of proposals from service men since that great "cheesecake" day. But she isn’t accepting any. Career, you know.

\[\sqrt{2} \text{ (A) The Long Dark Hall} \]

REX HARRISON and Lilli Palmer—names of theatrical import—lift an all too familiar story into the something special class. Their quiet underplaying and complete sureness capture the imagination and hold fast the interest albeit there are moments when the story wanders too darned far down that long dark hall.

The English filmed movie has Harrison, a stalwart, average sort of married man with two children, becoming involved in a "mad thing" with a show girl who gets herself murdered. All evidence points to Harrison, who is tried, found guilty and, at the last moment, reprieved. Anthony Dawson plays the maniacal killer and Patricia Wayne the show girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Stranger things have happened.

Program Notes: It has been five years since Rex and his wife, Lilli Palmer, appeared together in a film, "The Notorious Gentleman," but this season on Broadway the pair have co-starred in the successful "Bell, Book and Candle." Anthony Bushell, who plays Harrison’s defense attorney, also acted as co-director, leaping from behind camera to front with complete ease . . . . He does, however, Anthony Dawson almost missed the role of the mad killer for being too handsome. When approval finally came through at the early screech of dawn, Dawson, forgetful of the hour, enthusiastically telephoned his friends. "I’m the maniac," he shouted. "You must be," they agreed, which left Dawson slightly puzzled.

\(\sqrt{2} \text{ (F) Best of the Bad Men} \)

THey rounded ‘em all up, the four notorious Younger brothers, the two James boys, Jesse and Frank, and with a couple of other mean hombres, launched the outlaws on still another shootin’, robbin’, killin’ spree. This time the boys ride under the command of Robert Ryan, an ex-Army major fleeing an unfair murder charge and seeking to avenge himself. The man Ryan is out to destroy is Robert Preston, one of the money-and-power-grabbing vultures who infested our country during the Civil War. The woman Ryan loves, to complicate matters, is Claire Trevor—Preston’s wife. Finding himself wading deeper into outlawry than he figured, Ryan eventually extricates himself and Claire but not before he cuts loose and darn near blows up everyone in the Old West. Bruce Cabot, Bob Wilke, John Cliff and Jack Buetel play the Younger boys and Lawrence Tierney and Tom Tyler the James lads. Walter Brennan is excellent as Doc Butcher, a combination veterinarian, horse thief and outlaw.

Your Reviewer Says: Famous bad men come in bunches in this one.

Program Notes: Although the story action centers around the Kansas-Missouri border and a string of locations between Oklahoma and Texas, known then as “Badman’s Territory,” the actual shooting took place in Kanab, Utah, which boasts some of the most spectaclar mountain and desert scenery in America. Claire Trevor is terrific to look at, much like a homing pigeon, working in heat, dust and all the discomforts of a desert location with uncomplaining good will, winning the admiration of all leading actors . . . . Jack Buetel, the former Billy the Kid, makes his first movie in ten years with four years in the Navy in between. . . . Ryan was anxious to tackle the rugged, outdoor role but after Alan Jodley—his son, Alan—broke rough and tumble brads and the hazards of stage coach driving, he limped home a chastened and badly bruised man. Walter Brennan was particularly happy with his role and for an unorthodox reason: He was ordered to keep his teeth intact throughout the entire film.
If you and your pal are smitten by the same Sigm Man, should you—

☐ Date him  
☐ Bow out nobly

Let's say you and your best pal are vacationing at a Dude Ranch, Gals meet cowboy—and you're both "gone" dogies! If you are the one he favors, why bow out? Suggest a double date. Your female friend may have a pleasant change of heart. Whatever the plans, you needn't cower in a corner just because it's shot time. Come slacks, jeans or datin' duds, no one will know, with Kotex—for those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines—shoe 'nuff! And that special safety center gives extra protection.

With sleeveless dresses, which goes best?

☐ A stole  
☐ A razor
☐ Long gloves

Daintiness—and sleeveless frocks—call for underarm contact with the razor's edge. Keep you out of the untidy bracket. Promotes poise. Self-assurance at calendar time calls for just the right answer to your sanitary protection needs. So Kotex gives you 3 absorbencies to choose from (different sizes, for different days). By trying all 3 you'll learn which one's exactly right for you.

When hickey he buckles you, what helps?

☐ Change your makeup  
☐ Court "old Sol"
☐ Shun the sun

If your complexion's an oil gusher—it's boom time for hiccups! To dry 'em out, sun bathing's good, but don't get sizzled. Change your makeup to calamine: a flesh-tinted lotion that helps conceal and heal breakouts. Fine for problem day blemsies, too. Kotex helps keep you confident, at ease, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it, has softness that holds its shape.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Have you tried Delsey? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

P.S. 

"H M REG. U S. PAT. OFF."
HOLLYWOOD APPLAUDS

photoplay’s scholarship contest

Students relax in the afternoon sun between classes. Many work their way through school—anything to help pay for tuition and board and earn right to appear in school plays. Smith and Ormitz

To understand the students' love for the Playhouse and their enthusiasm, one only has to walk across the campus or watch a rehearsal. Right, students Stephen Terrell, Patti Ritter on porch of girls' dorm. Smith and Ormitz
The response to the Photoplay Scholarship Contest has been overwhelming—with many writing to tell us of their dreams and plans for an acting career.

Because this contest is a new idea to the acting profession and presented many problems, we limited it to women. The many letters of protest we received from men has decided us, however, to reconsider this point for next year's contest.

If anyone could be more enthusiastic about this scholarship than our contestants, it is those who have studied at the Pasadena Playhouse in the past. Such Playhouse students as Eleanor Parker, Dana Andrews, Robert Preston, Randolph Scott, Robert Young and others say: "My training there was invaluable... I feel immeasurable gratitude to the Playhouse for what it did for me... I only regret that I didn't spend more time studying there.”

To understand this love for the Playhouse and the profession it represents, you have only to walk across the Pasadena campus or watch a rehearsal. The intensity with which these student-actors approach their work puts this school in a class all its own.

Robert Young, who was discovered there, calls this the spirit that makes—or breaks—an actor. "When I was just another unknown," Bob says, "I was given a book called, 'How to Be an Actor.' It wasn't much more interesting than the title but it made one point worth remembering. 'The prime requisite of an actor is enthusiasm.'" And then, Bob went on, "To my surprise, it said nothing about height or weight or good looks or anything else, but a willingness to accept disappointments and an eagerness to go on."

If enthusiasm alone could make an actor, the Playhouse students should all make the high (Continued on page 79)
Beyond Casablanca in Damascus...

Destiny, in a low-cut gown, waits for Bogart!

"MY DAY BEGINS WHEN—" THE SUN GOES DOWN!"

...New star Marta Toren is terrific in his arms!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

HUMPHREY BOGART in Sirocco

constarring

MARTA TOREN • LEE J. COBB
EVERETT SLOANE • GERALD MOHR • ZERO MOSTEL
Screenplay by A. I. BEZERRIDES and HANS JACOBY • Based upon the novel, "Coup de Grace", by Joseph Kessel • A SANTANA PRODUCTION
Produced by ROBERT LORD • Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
The night Judy Garland opened at the Palladium both of us sat in our dressing-rooms, scared to death. She was aware of how much this night meant. She knew there were people positive she wouldn't make it. Just as there were others hoping and crossing fingers for her success—all those people who had greeted her with placards at the stage door, all those people who had sent cables, friends like Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye and, literally, hundreds of others.

I wondered, waiting to hear our standby call, why I had come.

I remembered the telephone call I'd received one afternoon back in Beverly Hills from an old friend of Judy's and mine who had heard me say I hoped to get to Europe this summer. "So, would you like to go abroad to work with Judy?" this friend had asked. Without a moment's hesitation, I had answered with a very loud yes.

Then I had begun to have doubts. People said Judy was unpredictable, undependable, ill, temperamental. I hadn't seen her for some time but we'd known each other for a long stretch.

She was the only star I'd ever written a fan letter to. We'd attended a school that specialized in educating theater kids. After that we'd had a quick three- or four-week hand-holding romance, teen-age style. And when that blew up—a tremendous tragedy to me—we remained good friends.

I'd watched (Continued on page 80)

The old heartaches were forgotten when Judy Garland faced that London audience—and found her old bright magic
For sentimental summer evenings: Angovar's "Bermuda Honeymoon" dress in organdy, with a matching stole.

For her ideal trousseau, Doris chose Juel Parks's lovely negligee in chiffon, with ecru lace.

With men's shirting blouse, corduroy sports skirt, Doris wears jaunty polka dot scarf tucked in belt.
Robe ties in soft bow at front. Beneath it is matching nightgown in blue satin.

Doris finished "On Moonlight Bay" in time to be married on her birthday.

"I married a beautiful package," Marty said.
And Doris Day's mother knew he meant all the happy things she, too, loves in her daughter.

I couldn't have ordered a more wonderful life for my daughter Doris; especially now that she is, among other happy things, Mrs. Marty Melcher. Like other mothers, I've always thought myself very quick to know about any emotion my child might be experiencing. But I wasn't, it seems, too bright about Marty.

It was our old family friend Dr. Giles De Courcy who opened my eyes. Dr. De Courcy, who tended Doris through whooping cough and other childhood diseases, was visiting us one evening when Marty dropped in with some papers for Doris to sign.

Doris introduced the doctor to him before they went on into the den for their business discussion. "Cardiac condition there," the doctor said almost before they were out of earshot. "And he's the kind of man she should marry." (Continued on page 76)
I know the truth about

LIZ AS A BACHELOR GIRL

BY HEDDA HOPPER

Liz shares apartment with Peggy Rutledge, who acts as companion and secretary. Girls cook breakfast—the only meal they have at home.

She always has had someone to pick up after her. Now Liz has to learn to take care of herself. Liz appears next in M-G-M’s "Love Is Better Than Ever."

Elizabeth TAYLOR had been a bachelor girl only a little while when I dropped by her new apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. I was her first guest. It was Sunday morning, she was wearing an exquisite negligee left over from her trousseau, and feeling mighty low. A touch of virus, she said.

"How do you like being a bachelor girl?" I asked.

"I don't know," Elizabeth replied. "I haven't gotten used to it yet. But I thought if I ever was to stand on my two feet, this was the time to do it."

"The main thing is—are you happy?" He asked.

"Yes," said Elizabeth quickly and defiantly.

"This is your Aunt Hedda asking," I reminded her.

"Well," she backtracked in a sad little voice, "I am happy. But I am not nineteen happy, Hedda."

I've known Elizabeth ever since she was a beautiful child of six and her movie-minded mother brought her to my (Continued on page 83)
Liz is standing on her own two feet, in a second-story-rear apartment. And because of what Hedda learned in this new home, she doesn’t blame Liz for not going back to mother

“This bachelor apartment is my first move in getting reorganized.” Liz doesn’t want to live on an emotional plane any longer—it’s been too hysterical. She knew a month after marriage she’d made a dreadful mistake
Hollywood raised its eyebrows when Dan Dailey disappeared. Only now can the true story be told.

SELDOM if ever have I written a story I consider as important as that which I have just heard from Dan Dailey. It is a story sure to help, and perhaps save, many people faced with the same experience Dan has just weathered—a nervous breakdown.

“Why are so many people afraid or ashamed to admit they need psychiatric help?” Dan, the young crusader, asked me. “A man is not ashamed of having pneumonia or some other physical illness. The mind, particularly in these restless and unsettled times, can become as ill as the body.

“Louella, I tell you in all sincerity that the four months I spent in the Menninger Clinic are the most important in my life. I want to talk about it. (Continued on page 81)

His own man: Dan Dailey appears next in "Mabel and Me"
LIFE HE SAVED

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS
He fills their apartment with time-savers she doesn’t know how to work.
—but to Pamela Murphy they mean “I Love You”

forever, Audie

By Pamela Murphy

Mrs. Audie Murphy...

I can hardly believe it. Even now.

“Think I’ll marry up with you,” Audie used to say in his teasing Western vernacular when we first began dating. But I didn’t believe this would ever happen. Not even when, in conversation, he was saying, “We’ll do this—” or “We’ll have that—” and he didn’t seem to be kidding any more.

I was so surprised when Audie gave me my engagement ring. He had called and said he was flying back to Dallas and I’d met his early morning plane. We’d driven out to the house I shared with five other hostesses for Braniff Airways and I’d cooked breakfast for him. Then he’d said suddenly, “Close your eyes. I have something for you.” And he’d put the ring on my engagement finger. I just stood there laughing and crying. “But it’s so expensive! You didn’t have to buy me a diamond,” I said. “Expensive?” said Audie. “It’s downright economy. With all this transcontinental commuting I’ve been doing between California and Texas, it’s cheaper to get married. A wedding license only costs two dollars,” he added teasingly.

You’ve read in Photoplay how we met, how in 1947 a pilot who knew how much I admired Audie had promised to introduce me to him at a big square dance at Ray Woods’s dude ranch. And how, by the (Continued on page 86)
1. Carla Balenda
2. Robert Sherwood
3. Anne Francis
4. Mitzi Gaynor
5. Alex Nicol
6. Janice Rule
7. Robert Wagner
8. Monica Lewis
9. Anthony Dexter
It's that glittering, exciting time again. It's that time when you will choose from more than one hundred newcomers currently in Hollywood, those whom you will help to make the stars of tomorrow.

You readers of Photoplay have hit a remarkable average in picking personalities. In this poll which began in 1948 and has run since then every year, you've picked better than 45 per cent of those who have hit the really big time. No casting director in all Hollywood ever has equaled this record.

Last year, for example, five of your chosen eleven males—there was
15. Lucille Norman
16. Alan Wells
17. Jody Lawrence
18. William Phipps

19. Julia Adams
20. Brett King
21. Maria Elena Marques
22. Aldo Da Re
23. Polly Bergen
24. Martin Milner
25. Anna Maria Alberghetti
26. Bruce Cowling
27. Aileen Stanley Jr.
28. Susan Cabot
29. Richard Stapley
30. Joyce Holden
31. Jeffrey Hunter
a tie for tenth place—have become mightily important. They are, Howard Keel, your winner, plus Anthony Curtis, Gene Nelson, Jeff Chandler and Marlon Brando, listed in the order of your original interest in them. Your other six pets (again in your preferred order), Craig Hill, Keefe Brasselle, David Wayne, Rock Hudson, Robert Patton and Ben Johnson, may yet score vividly.

The girls? Well, your last year’s choice, Judy Holliday, worked out well with the general public and won the Academy Award. Your top favorite, Sally Forrest, has had an active year. She has appeared in “Vengeance Valley,” “Excuse My Dust” and “Hard, Fast and Beautiful.” Peggy Dow,
choose your star

Piper Laurie and Nancy Olson, to whom you also gave the nod, have done extraordinarily well, too.

Your other dreamboats, Mercedes McCambridge, Nancy Davis, Jean Hagen, Barbara Bates and Micheline Prelle, didn't get the best chances. Yet they all have advanced, insofar as casting would let them—proving plainly that you readers do definitely recognize talent.

Thus, this midsummer of 1951, cast your bright eyes over the new supertroupers added to Hollywood's contract lists. To be alphabetical about it, we start with Columbia, warmly cordial to newcomers since Bill Holden and John Derek. Columbia is giving the works to three special dazzlers (Anthony Dexter, Aldo Da Re, Jody Lawrance), plus keeping a watching eye on your reaction of four others.

Anthony Dexter: His first picture "Valentino" is not exactly a riot, but hot enough. His next will be "Brigande" in which he'll be himself.

Aldo Da Re (pronounced Ray): He's blond, rugged, a football hero from Northern California, unmarried, twenty-two, of Italian ancestry. Debut, "Saturday's Hero."

Jody Lawrance: As unconventional in appearance as Lauren Bacall, she has the figure, the fire of distinction. First, "Mask of the Avenger." Next, "The Family Secret." Burt Lancaster, after one meeting, cast her as his leading lady in "Ten Tall Men."

Peter Thompson: Tall, dark, handsome, also a fugitive from M-G-M. With the right casting, Pete can make it. Current, (Continued on page 72)

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You've read the story
You've seen them on the screen
what is your verdict?

Vote for the actor and actress you think most likely to achieve stardom and mail it to Photoplay, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

I choose: ____________________________________________________________ actor
I choose: ____________________________________________________________ actress

_________________________________ actor
_________________________________ actress

name_________________________________ age_________________________________

_________________________________ address

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49
Above, with daughters Rebecca, Princess Yasmin. Aly demands the little princess spend specific periods of time with him after she is seven years old.

Valeska

the Princess abdicates

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Rita, with Jackson Leighter who accompanied her on motor trip to Lake Tahoe, Nev. He was formerly Orson Welles's manager—is now Rita's adviser
The formality, idleness and intrigue of her life as Princess palled on Rita much sooner than she was willing to admit.

When Rita Hayworth came home this spring the reporters had a wonderful time writing about her British accent and her wish for a “hawt dawg”—otherwise, a good old American frankfurter.

Actually, it was natural Rita should have had a British accent—which soon disappeared, incidentally. For two years she has been surrounded by those, including her husband, who speak in such clipped British tones. Many who visit London only briefly come home sounding slightly Oxfordian.

It was natural, too, that Rita should be hungry for a hot dog. Our appetites grow on what they feed on and Rita, all her life, has eaten hot dogs and chili and—when she could afford it—roast beef with potatoes browned in the pan and rice pudding or chocolate cake. As Princess Margarita Khan, the fare—of every phase of her life—has been more lavish, but also, to her, less satisfying.

Rita, by upbringing and inclination, was less equipped than anyone I know to adjust to or enjoy her fabulous life with Aly Khan. Let it be said in her favor that I found her at all times simple and modest. And sometimes, too, I found her most inadequate to the demands of her position. I believe the idleness of her life, as well as the formality and protocol, palled upon her much sooner than she was willing to admit, even to herself. For in Rita there is not an ounce of the gold digger or the social climber.

She asked for that life, true. Within the same hour I introduced her to Prince Aly Khan it was evident that she was utterly dazzled by him. Understandably! Aly has a great flair for living. He has an unbelievable energy. He dances divinely. (Continued on page 88)
their Love is like this...

BY IDA ZEITLIN

The ring that started the rumors. Shelley thought it was for the script girl!
Farley and Shelley star in “Behave Yourself”
Shelley, looking harassed but as if she liked it, bounced into Farley's dressing-room on the set of "Behave Yourself." "What'll I say?" she wailed.

Farley looked amused. "How's about keeping your rosebud mouth buttoned?"

The papers had just blossomed with engagement stories. Not maybe, or it looks like, or you never can tell, but positively Shelley and Farley were engaged, he'd given her the ring, they planned to honeymoon in Europe, hail the bridegroom, hail the bride, and don't forget who scooped whom when the credits go 'round.

Of all the calls clogging RKO's switchboard, only a few leaked through to the principals. Farley took his and remained unperturbed. Shelley's boiling point is lower. "What'll I say?" she cried in mock despair.

"Read a good book," advised her alleged fiance, (Continued on page 90)
Debra Paget's mother, an ex-vaudevillian, is bringing up her family of five to be movie stars. The fact that Debra made it first gives her no privileges. Debra's career began really when, at the age of eleven, she took to preening before a mirror. "All right," said her mother, "let's go to work!" And to Debra as well as to her brother and sisters, Mom's word is law. Even Pop, a painter at the Santa Fe Railroad Hospital, says Mother knows best—about bringing up her talented family.

Debra Paget of "Anne of the Indies." When asked why she wants to be another Betty Grable when she could be another

Her mother buys all her clothes. Debra bought herself a dress once, decided Mama's taste was better
movie star

The modest rented home in Los Angeles where Debra (real name is Debralee Griffin) lives with family.

Even baby sister Meg has had screen test! Lezlie Gae, right, looks like Deb, goes to studio school.

Debra and brother Frank, who's married now, have always been close. He plays in Western pictures.

Olivia de Havilland, Debra replied, “I want to be both!”

But that doesn’t get her out of washing dishes! For in Debra Paget’s home, she’s just one of a talented brood Mama is boosting to success.

Married sister Teala does free-lance work in movies, still finds time to coach younger sister Debra.
A purple pansy ... youth in control of its dreams ...

a cameo framed in pearls ... a deer startled by a hunter's call ... a Victorian with bells on her toes
gordon macrae  College letters on an old sweater . . .
friendliness without fear . . . the tang of a crisp apple . . .

harmony in tweeds . . . Romeo beneath a penthouse balcony

Photograph by Dirone: Gordon is in "On Moonlight Bay"
and you’re so right.
you’re so wrong—about Arlene Dahl

If you were as gorgeously beautiful as Arlene Dahl, I bet you wouldn’t lift a finger. I wouldn’t. I’d just sit and let the world admire me. But not Arlene of the Minnesota Dahls, now Mrs. Lex Barker of the New York Social Register.

She isn’t content just to be a luscious-looking movie star whom Joel McCrea calls “the girl for whom Technicolor was invented.” And whom Sir Charles Mendl, the beau of famous beauties since the turn of the century, calls “the most beautiful girl I’ve ever met on any continent.” No, Arlene’s got to be an ambitious business woman too. Practical, witty and shrewd, she’ll end up being a Hetty Green with tons of that green stuff.

A daily column is a full-time job. As any poor hack knows. Arlene writes a daily beauty column for the Chicago Tribune. Several times a week, with a photographer in tow, she whips around studio sets interviewing stars about their beauty secrets. They should be a bit shy about telling her about beauty, sort of carrying coals to Newcastle, but being movie  

(Continued on page 74)
Seven

photoplay pin up color by Apger
Contended hour: The warmth of the sun, the tang of ocean-swept air! For Kirk and Irene the present is too perfect to feel they must rush into marriage. They have made no plans, but both Kirk and Irene have been known to act on impulse!

... LOVE TAKES A

Surf casting is fun—besides it's a good way to show off your muscles to your best girl! Kirk's latest film is “Ace in the Hole.”

Just a pose—but they make a romantic picture beneath Irene's sun parasol.
Our photographer trails Kirk Douglas and Irene Wrightsman to a Palm Beach paradise to prove there's nothing so wonderful as a vacation with someone you love.

Mornings, Kirk and Irene cycled along romantic, palm-fringed Lake Trail, bordered on one side by Lake Worth, the Atlantic Ocean on the other.

When Kirk was houseguest at Wrightsman home, Hollywood was surprised. Irene's dad always has disapproved of actors as beaus.

Fair exchange: Irene's pet poodle and Kirk et acquainted—and decide to be friends.
MARIO LANZA
whose lyrical tenor scores in "The Great Caruso," loves hillbilly songs
Smith
Mario wants six children, now has two, baby Elissa and Colleen. Latter got her name because Mario...
Fashioned for the girl who likes variety—matchmaking separates with individual appeal

- When one and one makes three! A fashion total that makes budget sense when it adds up to a versatile weskit and skirt like the rayon ensemble worn by **Sally Forrest**, left. Reversible weskit is gray on one side, plaid on the other. Matching gray flannel skirt has center pleat, hip pockets. Double-breasted weskit comes in gray with Black Watch or Margaret Rose plaid. Skirt and weskit, around $17.95. Add a white pique blouse with tucked front, $5.95. All in sizes 10-18, by McArthur, at B. Altman, New York, N. Y.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67

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Right, Sally Forrest in scene from M-G-M's “The Strip,” with Bill DeMarest, wears original Helen Rose design for separates from which adaptation, opposite, was made.

- The Shirley Lee adaptation modelled by Sally, opposite, combines a corduroy Tattersall check vest, trimly buttoned in front, with slim all-wool flannel skirt with stitched pleat front. Vest, around $6.00 in natural, green and brown; natural, black and royal; natural, red and black. Skirt, around $6.00 in green, gray and brown. Both in sizes 7-15 at Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y. Wear Right Gloves
Jan Sterling of Paramount’s “Ace in the Hole” models clothes shown on this page.

- As fresh as a late-summer breeze is the sheer voile dress, right. Attractively feminine are the full, three-quarter push-up sleeves, soft rolled collar and tucked skirt. For a wisp of a waist, let the skirt billow over one of the new crinoline underskirts. Dress by R&K in navy, green, gray, 10-16, 9-15. Around $20.00 at H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis, Ind., F&R Lazarus, Columbus, O.

For that late season look in town—dark sheer dresses. Left, a shadow check sheer with crisp finish. Tucked front has jewel buttons, detachable white collar. By Pat Hartley in navy, black, brown, sizes 10-18, 9-17. Around $14.95 at Crowley Milner, Detroit, Mich. To complement your sheers, picture hats by Brandt.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67.
SMART FOR YOUR AGE

Dark-haired, dark-eyed Helen Rose, talented M-G-M designer, has a flair for young, smart clothes—like the jumper dress used on our pattern page and which Liz Taylor wore in "Love Is Better Than Ever." The designs Helen creates for Liz, June Allyson, Jane Powell, Diana Lynn and others are so popular, she receives almost as much fan mail as they do.

Discussing fall fashions with Helen, we learned a lot of things you'll want to know. And some tips for the girls who make their own clothes. Right now, we're warning you to watch those figure lines—for, in Helen's opinion, waists will be nipped more than ever, which means accent on hips and bosoms! Skirts will have more of a bell-shaped look—peg tops will be prominent. "Weskits," predicts Helen, "will be popular because they accent the waistline. Shoulders will be sloped with just enough padding to look natural."

About the important question of hem lines, Helen says they will remain short, somewhere between fourteen and fifteen inches. However, she feels the most becoming length to any woman is at the broad part of the calf of the leg—and that differs with the individual. "In making screen clothes," says Helen, "we try to keep up with fashion and yet design clothes becoming to the star. And that goes for the hem length, too!"

Helen, personally, deprecates man-tailored suits, revives this spring, thinks they make women look old and too masculine. This fall, however, she believes they will be replaced by softer, more feminine suits—suits with shorter jackets and rounder hiplines, fitted snugly at the waistline. Short boxy jackets for the young girls will be even shorter than usual.

As for colors, watch for something new in the "caviar" range—from purple through gray and teal into black, having an over-all iridescent effect. Green will be popular, also brown worn with a soft pink.

Designer Helen was only fifteen when she went to work for a costume company in Chicago. Two months later she was designing gay dance costumes for a big producer in the East. Three years later she was in Hollywood, designing period clothes. Marriage and a baby temporarily halted her career, but in 1942, M-G-M signed her to a contract and she's been going-ahead steadily ever since.

For the women who make their own clothes, Helen has this advice. To avoid that home-made look, she believes one of the most important items to have is a dressmaker figure, padded to measurements. "Even if it costs a fair amount, it's worth it," Helen declares, "because you can give your clothes a much better fit."

And, "Beware of that hemline!" she warns. That's the place that reveals whether a dress is home-made or not, if it isn't done well. "Even though it takes more time, it's worth it to measure and mark the skirt with pins or chalk, then baste the hem in. Then, try the dress on again to make certain it is right before stitching. Use a small needle and pick up just a thread of the cloth." Because buttonholes can be tricky, it's best to take them to a professional.

And for that final touch. "Taking a home-made dress to a good cleaner and having it thoroughly pressed after it is made is often the difference between the professional and non-professional look," says Helen. And she ought to know!

Wherever you live

you can buy PHOTOSTYLE FASHIONS

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

- Corduroy weeskit and wool skirt
  Shirley Lee
  1641 Washington Avenue
  St. Louis, Mo.

- Reversible plaid weeskit and rayon flannel skirt
  McArthur
  1372 Broadway
  New York, N. Y.

- String gloves
  Wear Right
  244 Madison Ave.
  New York, N. Y.

- Sheer dress with detachable collar
  Pat Harty
  1100 Broadway
  New York, N. Y.

- Voile dress with tucked skirt
  Rosenthal & Kalman
  1400 Broadway
  New York, N. Y.

- Picture hats
  Brandt
  1 West 39th Street
  New York, N. Y.

- When ordering patterns, make certain of receiving the correct size by consulting the table of measurements below:

Misses Sizes 12 to 20

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Enclosed find fifty cents ($0.50) for which please send me the Liz Taylor "Love Is Better Than Ever" pattern #1 in size 10-12-14-16-18-20.

Name......................................................Size

Street.......................................................Age

City.........................................................State

NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose five cents extra for special handling.

Liz Taylor in the original dress designed by Helen Rose for her role in the M-G-M picture, "Love Is Better Than Ever"
OF THE MONTH

Turnabout: A jumper dress and blouse for day or date wear. Left, a social success at night as a youthful evening dress, with flattering boat neck, fitted bodice and softly flared skirt. Cummerbund is separate. Right, a daytime flatterer with a graceful chiffon blouse with three-quarter push-up sleeves, shoestring neck tie. A design for any season, you can make it in a summer, fall or winter fabric.

Editor's note: Beginning with this issue, Photoplay introduces a new pattern plan—patterns made exclusively for and available only through Photoplay. The price is more, fifty cents—but new features have been added. First, only the latest and best Hollywood styles will be offered. Pattern orders will be filled so that you will receive your pattern within a day or two after the coupon is received. For quicker delivery, as indicated on coupon, we will send the pattern first class mail for an extra five cents. Second, the new patterns will contain a two-color label transfer so your finished dress can be smartly identified as an exclusive Hollywood-designed Photoplay pattern. Every pattern envelope will be illustrated with a lovely photograph of the star in the dress from which the pattern was designed. And, so even the most inexperienced seamstress can achieve an expert look in her dressmaking, a complete, newly developed sewing guide will accompany all patterns. To check your correct pattern size, see table of measurements on page 67.
if you want to be charming

by Joan Crawford
Star of "Goodbye, My Fancy"

Hit by the Manpower Shortage?

"They're either too young or too old," is again becoming the national anthem—and the wails that trail in from around the country sound grim and resigned. "Why should I bother looking pretty?" these girls ask. "Why should I try to be charming? There aren't any men around to notice me anyway."

But look! You're neither a polar bear nor a sleeping beauty, so curling into a deep doze for the duration won't bring Mr. Special around one day sooner. And when he does come, he's likely to miss you... So face the current man-shortage realistically.

You've time on your hands. Well, use it—to turn yourself into the kind of girl worth coming home to.

One young wife whose husband is in the armed services has written saying she is using every minute of her free time while her man's away to make herself more attractive. She's exercising faithfully to streamline her figure. She's working towards improving her skin, too. She's all set to surprise him when he comes home.

This is a good idea, for with effort we all can improve our looks. But this should be done in moderation.
Every bit of your spare time is too much time to spend concentrating on yourself. In fact, such preoccupation with self isn't good.

A less lonely and more profitable plan would be to get out and do things, meet new people and gather new ideas so you'll emerge from your experiences a more interesting person.

If you struggle with words over a typewriter all day, hie yourself over to the golf links or the tennis courts. There's nothing a man likes more than a good competitive game. And there's nothing he likes less than finding himself in a game of doubles with a gal who doesn't know a serve from her backhand. If you know the rudiments of the sport and only need practice, he'll love teaching you the fine points.

Men, after all, are the more active sex and when they do come back you're certain to find them out playing tennis or skating, sailing or bowling—anyplace but at home with an emery board and a pair of cuticle clippers.

This doesn't mean that if you're a fireside sitter you should rush to the nearest ski slope and learn a slalom from a schuss. If you like the book-in-hand and the fireside glow, the man for you probably will like that, too. So take a course in literature. The people you meet taking such a course will be just the kind of people you'll like—and who will like you.

Whatever you do, once you really get interested in something, you'll never complain again as some girls do that men scare you to death, or that you don't know what you could ever say to them. Men are people, too, you know. And if you discover, on the dance floor, that tennis is his pet passion, all you have to do is ask him which technique he thinks best. That'll keep him going for at least a half hour and by that (Continued on page 87)
choose your star

Shirley Ballard  Ralph Meeker
Sally Parr  Lawrence Talan

(Continued from page 49) "Santa Fe."
Next, "The Family Secret."

Eugene Iglises: Not handsome but very
male, young. A Puerto Rican of Spanish-
French descent, his accent may hinder him.
Current, "The Brave Bulls." Next, "Mask of the Avenger."

Mirosalva: Blondely "femme fatale." A
Mexican star of many pictures, nothing is
immediately planned for her in this coun-
try. American debut in "The Brave Bulls."

The scoop on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is
that they have always loved stars and they
still love them as passionately as a junior
high crowd loves thick mats. Metro has:
The Champions, Marge and Gower: Really sensational on their feet, young, de-
lightful, different, happily married to each
other. Puzzle: Will you accept them as a
team? If you do, how are the boy friends or
ladies themselves? Debut as a team, "Mr. Music." Current, "Show Boat."

Fernando Lamas: He is not only young, living, handsome, but he has film experi-
ence in his native Argenti-
na, plus a voice that has sung operas,
musical comedy and radio. First Holly-
wood picture, "Rich, Young, and Pretty." Next, "The Law and Lady Lovers."

Richard Anderson: Dark, handsome, 6',2";
he is not expected to skyrocket but
to build steadily like a junior Hodikia. Cur-
rent, "Go for Broke." Next, "Rich, Young,
and Pretty."

Mario Cabre: Not under contract but "com-mitted" to Metro if he ever makes
another film. This smooth, passionate
Spaniard may be able to jump the barriers
of language, "foreignness" and the rest of
it, due to his fiery appeal. Debut, "Pan-
dora and the Flying Dutchman."

William Campbell: Tall, thin, not too
handsome but with considerable appeal.
Started with Warners, now under contract
to M-G-M. Debut, "The Breaking Point."

None Against O'Hara."

Monica Lewis: Gets an excellent start
because, as a recording and radio star, she
starts with a "name." Has a face and fig-
ure to match her sexy voice. Current, "Ex-
cuse My Dust." Next, "The Strip."

Pier Angel: Discovered in Italy, she is
only eighteen, looks younger, has the
spiritual appeal of a young Bergman.
American debut, "Teresa." Next, "The
Light Touch."

Leslie Caron: A ballerina from Paris, she
debut as exactly that in "An American in Paris." An unusual looking, unattainable in
her appeal, her studio strength comes from
Gene Kelly's powerful espousal of her
future. Next, "The Man with a Cloak."

"Rita and Ralston" is really not too ter-
flic in movieland. Current, "The Man from Planet X." Next, "Hard, Fast and
Beautiful."

Republic, a studio so small that it has
only changed to have the top box-office
personality of them all, John Wayne, as
his bright particular star.

Muriel Lawrence: A coloratura soprano
from the Chicago Light Opera Company,
quite beautiful and only twenty-one. Cur-
rent, "Belle LeGrande."

Mary Ellen Kay: A petite brunette with a
biting voice plays Hollywood's leading
lady, but has potentialities. Current, "The
Redeo King and the Sonorita."

"Twentieth Century-Fox did wonderfully
with their newcomers of last year, as wit-
ness the careers of Debra Paget, Marilyn
Monroe, Gary Merrill, Dale Robertson,
David Wayne and Hugh Marlowe.

Mitzi Gaynor: Mentioned last year, but
"My Blue Heaven," in which she scored,
was held up. Vivacious, talented, she will
probably be a star with the release of
"Golden Girl." Current, "Take Care of My
Little Girl." Next, "Friendly Island."

Michael Rennie's answer to M-G-M's Stewart Granger. He's English with long
British experience like Granger. Also a fine actor—but what Mr. Granger has is quite
different from that acting, yun? Hollywood debut, "The 13th Letter." Next,
"The Day the Earth Stood Still."

Anne Francis: Blonde baby-faced type,
excellent actress. Debut, "So Young, So
Bad." Next, "The Whistle at Eaton Falls."

Constance Smith: A beautiful Irish girl,
tall and distinctive. Scored in "The Mud-
lark" and "The 13th Letter" but illnese
flared her out of "The House on the Square" and temporarily stopped her
career.

Walter Palance: Bogieman from "Panic
in the Streets," is probably too scary-
looking for big popularity. After "Halls
of Montezuma," went to Broadway for stage hit "Darkness at Noon."

Jack Egan: Absolutely wild face but has
the plus quality of humor and sex which
Palace lacks. Debut, "Bird of Paradise,"
then "Rawhide."

Jeffrey Hunter: Mighty handsome athlete
from United States Marine Corps. He is
the man America longed for, if he has
more than profile and muscles. Current,
"Take Care of My Little Girl." Next, "The
Frogmen."

Robert Wagner: A new Robert Stack
type in that he's young, handsome and
born rich. Debut, "Halls of Montezuma."
Next, "The Frogmen."

Universal-International proved last year
that it was a talent house of major propor-
tions, as witness Jeff Chandler, Tony
Curtis, Peggy Dow and Piper Laurie. They
hope to repeat this year with

Alez Nicol: Big, blond menace of "Toma-
hawk," and charmer of "Hedda." Next, "The Raging Tide" he's romantic.

Joyce Holden: Goldenly beautiful. Cur-
rent, "Iron Man." Next, "One Never
Knew."

John Hudson: Director Mark Robson is
personally interested in this tall, dark

Eileen Christy: Distinctively un-
like-looking and good-
enough looking, his greatest handicap is
that he has been around too long in too
Susan Cabot: Dark, young, her individuality may let her score. Current, "Tomahawk." Next, "Flame of Araby."
This year Warner Bros. have seven new personalities under contract.
Jesse Rule: A former Broadway dancer, she is no cutie, but dark, with an intense young dignity. Current, "Goodbye, My Fancy." Next, "Starlight."
Lucile Norman: Beautiful, already a radio, recording, opera star. Current, "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine."
Virginia Gibson: Red-headed and shapely, she, too, is a singer and dancer. Current, "Goodbye, My Fancy." Next, "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine."
Paul Picerni: An ex-Loyola College drama student, he is the young character type. Current, "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I." Next, "Nell." 
Patrice Wymore: She sings, dances and is married to Errol Flynn, so she will undoubtedly do pictures only when they suit Errol’s convenience. Current, "Tea for Two."
Gene Evans: A terrific actor but no visible romantic force. Scored in "The Steel Helmet." Next, "Force of Arms."
There end the contract lists but this year the Free-Lance list of talented newcomers is bigger than ever. Many of them have already been dropped from brief studio parts. Among the most talented are: Barbara Payton: Under contract to William Cagney, engaged to Franchot Tone, she will undoubtedly be used in future independents. Current, "Only the Valiant."
Aileen Stanley Jr.: Singing ingenuous with stage experience and a theatrical ancestry. Current, "Six Flags Over Texas."
Shirley Ballard: Beautiful but dropped by RKO. Current, "Second Woman."
Alan Wells: Young, tall, dark, handsome, but there are so many young, tall, dark, handsome boys about town. Current, "The Man Who Cheated Himself."
Philip Shaw: Has contract with Mrs. Helen Rathvon who produced "Sun Sets at Dawn." Darkly talented.
Sally Farr: Good emotional young actress. Also under contract to Mrs. Rathvon and in the same picture.
Vincent Edwards: Tall, blond, muscular. Was Mr. Universe in "Mr. Universe."
Phyllis Avery: Small, blonde, sincere, with stage experience. In private life, Mrs. Don Taylor, mother of two toddlers. Current, "Queen of a Day."

Darren McGavin: Handsome. Has done a few forgotten bits previously but scores in his first lead in "Queen for a Day."
Jessie Cavitt: Dark, pretty, "spoiled darling" type. Graduated from Pasadena Playhouse. Current, "Queen for a Day."
Adam Williams: Rather handsome, though may lack the important spark. Current, "Queen for a Day."
Maria Elena Marques: A dark, beautiful, fiery Mexican girl, a star in Mexico but probably too typed for success with us. Current, "Across the Wide Missouri."
Gianna Canale: Another M-G-M import of the dark, fiery type—from Italy. M-G-M did not exercise their option. Current, "Go for Broke."
John Ericson: He was the lead in "Teresa" and yet you remember Pier Angeli and think all isn’t it? 
Bruce Cowling: Handsome, versatile, there’s hope for him. Next, "Lone Star."
Ralph Meeker: He played the tall, effective sergeant in "Teresa." Probably stands a chance. Next, "Rain, Rain, Go Away."
Pat Hitchcock: Nice, intelligent, hard-working girl but unfortunately plain. Current, her father Alfred Hitchcock’s "Strangers on a Train."

Martin Milner: Fair-haired boy, may be doomed to "sensitive" types too long. Scored in "Operation Pacific."
Lawrence Tolan: Young gangster type, for which there is always some demand. Current, "The Wall of Polkom Prison."
Grace Kelly: A beautiful blonde, the right picture might very well put her over. Current, "Fourteen Hours."
Diana Douglas: Kirk’s ex-wife, beautiful, accomplished. She’ll bear watching. Next, "The Whistle at Eaton Falls."
Brett King: Handsome kid with socko personality. Scored in "Payment on Demand." Current, "A Yank in Korea."
Bill Phipps: Good looking with good voice. Current, "Five."
James Anderson: Handsome. The villain in "Five." Next, "The Blue Veil."
Anna Maria Alberghetti: Italian girl who sings like an angel. Current, "Here Comes the Groom."
Next, "The End."

Jack Elam
Mary Ellen Kay
James Anderson
Susan Douglas

EASE and ELEGANCE without extravagance...that's GRACE WALKER

Easy as they are to wear...lovely as they are to look at... Grace Walkers are not costly. You will be delighted with their stylish, detailing, and workmanship...their comfortable fit. 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

For graceful walking
Designing Woman

(Continued from page 58) stars they probably aren't.

Also, among other things, Arlene has included and named the "Dahl Beauty Cap." It's a cap of nylon net ruffles with tiny rosebuds embroidered between the ruffles and a ribbon chin-strap finished off with a ribbon bow. It's to wear in bed, or to cover the ..."embroidered pajamas." A feminist of the button-and-bows school, Arlene believes that women should look their best even at their worst. The Dahl Col. will redeem a number of divorces the country over. Arlene herself wears the cap at night, in colors to match the pink or black sheer nightgowns she thinks of as old-fashioned negligee (and she loaded up on them for her honeymoon) is far more feminine and "sexy" than the tailored robe most women wear today. With her negligee she dresses for men, and not for other women, her trademark will undoubtedly be "The more feminine the better." And the husbands of Hollywood no doubt will push their severity-o-chic mates right into her frilly dressing-rooms.

According to her father, Rudolph Dahl, who lives in Santa Monica and works for an automobile company, Arlene is totally alert as a child. "She liked outdoor sports, but only in a mild way," he says. "She seemed to be happiest when she was sitting at her little table drawing and sketching. She was something of a show-off and I took her with us to the Builders Show at the auditorium in Minneapolis. In one of the booths there was a blackboard and chalk. Arlene settled herself at the blackboard and starting drawing different characters who were standing around. Soon she had all the people in the place watching her. Didn't faze her at all. She could sketch clothes. She and her mother would go downtown, window shop until they saw a dress they liked, then Arlene would take out pencil and paper. She'd cut a pattern of it out of newspapers, and make herself a dress much prettier than the one she originally copied."

The pride of the Rudolph Dahls—Arlene was an only child—also exhibited a flair for acting at quite an early age. She made her first public appearance at four at a summer resort. Mr. Dahl's parents were celebrating their Golden Anniversary and took over an entire summer resort so that all the Dahls, hundreds of them, could gather. The Dahls are a hearty race of Scandinavians, and there are more of them in Minnesota than there are inhabitants of the Mayflower passenger list in New England. They all seem to be rugged individuals who live to be ninety. Anyway, Arlene's grandmother, who now is ninety-six, hoisted her up on a picnic table saying, "Sing, Arlene." Whereupon dainty little Arlene tossed back her red-gold curls and sang "Alice in the Cold," with no loss of a note, for an encore. The applause was flattering. And Arlene got ideas which her family, predominantly Lutheran ministers, did not encourage. Arlene started taking part in amateur plays in Minneapolis. They shuddered when she went on the radio on a child's program.

But her mother, until up to the time of her death when Arlene was fifteen, always encouraged her.

Her first job came to Hollywood on a Warner Brothers contract the studio wanted to change her name. It lent itself to puns, they said. Arlene can't stand puns about her name, either. The best way to try to make her name seem less "Dahl-face." But Arlene Dahl was her real name and she liked it. So she called on Jack Warner in his inner sanctum, put on her Norwegian accent which intrigued him mightily, and said politely, "Mr. Warner, I thought you'd like to know that there are thousands of Dahls in Minnesota, all of them my relatives. If you change my name, I can't do any more work."

Arlene kept her name. And speaking of names, she doesn't like nicknames. The kids at school used to call her "Carrots." And Lex Barker calls her "Chat" which is French for cat. But come now, it's a compliment. Lex likes cats, and so does Arlene. One of his first presents to her after they became engaged was a Persian kitten named Tigger. Tigger and a neuritic love bird with a Harriet Craig complex are her only pets.

Arlene has the usual temper that goes with red hair. But very few times has she been known to lose her temper. Her mother taught her that it wasn't "ladylike" to show her emotions in public. It may be old-fashioned, but Arlene likes to be a lady. She doesn't smoke because it isn't ladylike and she drinks nothing but wine—and that only occasionally. A friend tells about the time in Washington when Arlene dined with a South American diplomat. He evidently hadn't held so much sheer gorgeousness in his arms before and he was making the most of it. Instead of pasting him one Arlene finished the dance, said pleasantly, "It was a lovely dance," and made for the powder-room, muttering under her breath, "I'll kill that guy."

Arlene is 57" tall and weighs 118 pounds. Her bust measures 32 1/2". Her waist 23". She loves candy, but only allows herself a candy spree occasionally. Between pictures she usually gains about four pounds. She is an enthusiastic salad eater and collects salad recipes. Her one non-fattening salad is a slice of tomato, two hard boiled eggs and green peppers on lettuce—no salt, dressing or mayonnaise. She's quite a cook and is good at making such Norwegian dishes as lutefish, rice soup, julekake and lefse.

Ever since Sir Charles and the late Elsie Mendl, attracted by her beauty and refinement, "adopted" her soon after she came to Hollywood (she was living in a motel at the time) Arlene has been a popular party girl. "I was the only girl Sir Charles ever took out who didn't have a midnight coat," she says with a laugh. She couldn't afford one then. Now she can afford one, but she prefers a black broadtail which she designed herself. It's her only fur coat.

She gives one big party a year, in the Minnesota Dahl tradition. On about the 20th of December she takes over the Scandia (a restaurant which features Scandinavian foods) and invites all her friends in for a fine old amorgsabor—complete to bors' head with apple in its mouth. At her last party she announced her engagement to handsome "Tarzan" Barker.

When the Barkers return from their honeymoon they will live in Arlene's furnished apartment until they get around to buying a home. The apartment has a living-room, dining-room, kitchen downstairs, and two bedrooms upstairs.

Arlene keeps a recording machine (and a telephone) near her bed, as she likes to wake up to Debussy and Grieg. A romanticist of the worst sort, she confesses she rented her apartment because of the Normandy turrets on the building. She wishes she had lived in eighteenth century France. Or maybe in New Orleans before the Civil War. Practical and shrewd most of the time, our little Arlene can go off into a dream world all her own at a moment's notice. Lex, who is definitely of this world (there is nothing Old World about Tarzan except his great grandparents who were playmates of the Czar of Russia), will have a bit of coping to do when his bride's mind wanders off on a romantic binge.

High on her list of prerequisites for beauty, Arlene lists eight hours of sleep nightly. She doesn't always get them herself, but she makes up for it by taking a nap every afternoon, working or not. "I'm a drooper," says Arlene. "I have to have an hour's rest or I drop in my tracks."

Birthmarks to most women are a holy horror. But Arlene has two of them, heart-shaped, and plays them up whenever possible. One hovers just above the corner of her mouth and the other is on her shoulders. The one reputedly adorning her just at the neckline—a very low neck- line—she claims is a fraud. It was placed there without her knowledge by a photographer retoucher on a widely printed picture of her last year.

During production of Arlene's last picture, "No Questions Asked," she said that above all, she wanted marriage, a home and four children. Now, Arlene?

The End

need a little color in your life?

Then send in your votes for

Your Favorite Actor and Your Favorite Actress

and your Favorite Pin-Up Girl

give them a chance to brighten the pages in Photoplay's Color Line-up.

Mail to: Readers Poll Editor, c/o Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
Mary Dell Martin's engagement to William E. Gill (now in the Army) is exciting news to her many friends in Michigan and Florida. A beautiful diamond shines on Mary's finger—stars shine in her eyes. At her wedding in Grace Episcopal Church, four bridesmaids will walk down the aisle with Mary—a gloriously happy bride.

Mary's sunny hair falls in soft waves to her shoulders. Her wonderful complexion has a satiny smoothness. A charming smile twinkles in her eyes, about her lips. Her face gives out a bright picture of her captivating Inner Self. You see Mary and you know you will like her very much.

"It gives you such a lift when you look your best," Mary says.

A wonderfully sure, confident feeling comes to you when you know you are looking your sweetest and prettiest.

Mary thinks every girl's most important beauty asset is sparkling-clean, soft skin. "I wouldn't miss my nightly cream-cleansings with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's simply tops for keeping my skin smooth and soft."

Cream-cleansing with Pond's can help your skin, too—it's beautifully thorough and never drying. Every night (and for day cleanings) cream your face with Pond's as Mary does. This is the way:

- **Hot Stimulation**—a good hot water splashing
- **Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings, Tissue off.
- **Cream Rinse**—more Pond's to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
- **Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—doesn't your mirror say happy things about your face? It's so alive, rosy! It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you look your nicest, a bright confidence flashes out from the real you within—wins others to you on sight!

Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!
For Sentimental Reasons

(Continued from page 37) I explained very earnestly that Doris and Marty were only business acquaintances, that there really wasn’t anything personal in their relationship. "Maybe so," said Dr. DeCourcy, unconvinced, "but there’s a look of love in his eyes." You really can’t feel the family doctor. And although neither Doris nor Marty was aware of it at that time, it turned out that Doc’s diagnosis was accurate.

"Everything happens for the best," always has served as Doris’s trustful philosophy. And this has had her standing on tragedy and discouragement, she has hung onto that trust. Even the accident that threatened to cripple her for life didn’t depress her too much. One morning during an early morning news cast, she heard a peculiar rhythmic thump-thumping in the living-room and hurried in to find the record player beating out "Tea for Two" and Doris, on her crutches, working out a new song.

"Watch out! Don’t fall," I cautioned. But I couldn’t help feeling happy and proud. If this sixteen-year-old girl of mine, who’d always been so active, could be tap dancing and have control of movement when she was missing pros and basketball games, she would surely, I felt, be able to weather whatever life held for her.

LITTLE did we know then that life would be so generous and, then, on top of everything else, bring the tall, dark-haired Marty Melcher from North Adams, Massachusetts, with his easy-going humor and the promise of a future life.

As for Doris’s eight-year-old son, Terry —my grandson—one would think the whole affiliation his inspired idea. Since he was a towhead of two, when I held him up in the wings of theatres and ballrooms so he could watch his mother on stage, Terry’s has been an all-important vote. So, one day, Doris settled down with him for a little papa and son time. After theDragging away she would feel about acquiring a new father.

He was a little awed at first, then just plain delighted. "I’ll have somebody to go fishing with," was his first comment. That’s not bad for a boy.

"Besides," he added, "a fellow needs another guy around." That evening, when Marty arrived for dinner, Terry opened the door for him. "Come in, my intended father." I think I’d have been marrying someone whose occupation threatened to remove her from Hollywood, I doubt if Terry would have been enthusiastic. For, as he points out to her, the fact that she’s a star is not her main charm.

"I’m going to quit this business," Doris announced one evening when she came in completely exhausted from the studio. "I’m tired of this getting up at 6:30 in the morning and at 10:00 tonight." The only thing she missed was the Julee, a gun she could sit on a couch or lie down between scenes. Suppose you had a job in a store, and had to stand on your feet all day?

Doris, who otherwise had no intention of retirement, was upset. Well, maybe she’s right," she finally agreed.

"And," Terry added, "think about me, Yow! Why, you’d be all right. You would be the envy of the whole school." No, not of his mother.

"But I’m very popular because of you. All the kids at school would love to have you for their mother. Whenever they see you in a picture, I rate great!"

When Doris was growing up, she was always pirouetting and humming around the house, but I never pushed her or entertained any thought of her having a career. I just let her take singing and dancing lessons because she loved them so. She was always a bit of an entertainer, like all kids do, putting on shows with other neighborhood children in our garage.

When she was ten, she was more extended, and Doris put pumps with "shaped" heels her grandmother got for her, than the anoulace that greeted her first professional appearance—doing a dance routine with a small boy friend, Jerry Doherty, at a private club.

It was a few years later when she was auditioning for a little morning show on a local radio station that she got the chance to sing with Barney Rapp’s band. That and the band engagements that followed with Bob Crosby, Fred Waring and Les Brown were for Doris no feverish pursuit of a career, but rather exciting adventures and work that she loved.

When she was sixteen, she had turned down an opportunity offered by Paramount. We were staying in California awhile so that Doris and Jerry, who had been playing clubs across the country, could study with Fanchon and Marco. Paramount seemed excited about Doris. "She’s a natural," they said. But they weren’t interested in her dancing partner and Doris wouldn’t break up the team.

"Don’t you want to be an actress?" they asked, amazed.

"Not that much," she said. "Not if it might hurt someone else." Doris was singing on "Your Hit Parade" a few years later, when she was chosen for "Romance on the High Seas." In one letter home she’d mentioned casually that she was going to take a leading part. With Warner Brothers. "I don’t know what will happen, but I’m not going to worry," Doris wrote. "If it’s meant to be, it will be." A few nights later she called me and with, and it’s fun making pictures, doing the outcome of her test. "Oh, I almost forgot to tell you," she said. "I signed a seven-year contract."

That Doris can be so well paid for just humbly playing a song and dancing and doing what has always come naturally still surprises her. If she’s working with a good gang, if the cast and crew are relaxed and have a few laughs along— and her bed can be a little bit uncomfortable. Close-ups of her face make Doris uncomfortable. "They magnify features too much," she says. If I put her photographs in them all girls jealous of them. And she never hesitates to tell interviewers who ask about her favorite singers. "Well—I don’t like girl singers—including me."

Marty was taking this. "That early career-conscious seems happy to eliminate any conflicts in this direction for Doris and Marty. As she says, “I am very happy with my work. I like the people I work with, and it’s fun making pictures, doing different roles. But I would never put my career before my husband or family." Doris has absolute faith in Marty’s judgment and is happy to relax and let him supervise her career. Theirs is, they feel, a perfectly normal relationship—that of husband and wife and manager and star. Marty always picks out songs for her and on this they agreed. "I am an artist—and you know artists—they like to sing a song they enjoy, one that appeals to them personally." But Marty knows the commercial angles and he, and they heartily concur, for each song he can’t stand crooked pictures, dirty ash trays, clothes lying around. I’m a difficult character to live with, I imagine.

Hardly that, and certainly with Marty, over any face and other little details. My good feeling about their marriage is based on more than that. I feel instinctively from the first, as mother well, that they are perfectly suited for each other. They’re basically the same. They enjoy in paying their taxes first and then living within their income. They both prefer living quietly. They love now that love isn’t just moonlight and orange blossoms, but something steady and serene.
playing volley ball with Terry. Doris, who's always been sports minded, will play volley until everybody else drops.

For Sunday night suppers, we usually end out and get hamburgers. French fries and thick milk shakes, set up the ble in the den and watch television.

When it comes to television, Doris, as Marty teases, "has all the normal reception of America's most gullible housewife." She loves all audience participation. She also loves the bubble gum, giant pretzels and chocolate ice cream that provides refreshments.

Yes, Hollywood, I'm afraid, has wrought sophisticated changes in my daughter in her demeanor. Unless she's very tired, she hits the door with the same buoyancy seven P.M. now, as she did coming in from school back in Cincinnati. She's like a giant injection of vitamins, fairly picking up the whole house when she comes home. Marty's eagerness to catch up is equally apparent, his relationship with Terry a y to see. "Marty's my manager, too," Terry is always quick to tell everyone. A very enterprising young man, he's periodically involved in any number of business objects, from selling fruit from the tree in the backyard to setting up a shoeshine booth out on the front lawn. His life's ambition is to be a cop or I might be a chauffeur for Marty. I don't just know n still a little young," he concedes.

ARNER Brothers were considering Terry "in the role of Doris's pesterin kid other in "On Moonlight Bay," and Terry, ter consulting Marty, was all for it. In ct, he borrowed his mother's script and d Marty rehearsing with him. But Doris cided she didn't want him in pictures, at he's too young. Furthermore, she could have been a nervous wreck worrying about Terry's performance and couldn't have even thought of her own. At present Terry's engrossed in taking ano lessons so he can accompany his other. "Looks like it won't be long now," announced, after his sixth. Marty produ es the vocal relief. He loves to sing and n't at all discouraged by Doris's opinion at he has "the funniest-sounding voice we ever heard—and I've heard some ighty funny voices too."

Dinnertime, I think, when my brood gather in relating news of their various activities, is our happiest hour, usually roped by Terry delivering an afternoon sermon. When we're almost through ting, Terry will suddenly rise to his feet d come out stirringly with something he, "Stephen O'Sullivan is not a very nice ry!" We all look at each other, and somebody asks, "And who is Stephen Sullivan?" But Terry is already into theme. "The more I think of it, oher, I should tell what I know about wy he bullies everyone. He's always cking on little kids, then I have to go in nd break it up. Then, man-to-man, "You now, Mart, I'm getting tired of it, too!" hen, having gotten it all off his chest, rry adjourns to the den, leaving us still ting there unenlightened as to whom or hat he's been talking about.

The other evening I noticed Marty atching Doris and Terry laughing toether. With a husky note in his voice he, "I married a beautiful package," hen in the direction of Terry, "I could ave had a son his age. And now, Nana, od has given him to me."

I couldn't help feeling Marty was speak for both of us. For he was echoing my own sentiments. God has been good to l of us; He's given me another wonderful m. And everything has happened for the best of both for Doris. I couldn't have ordered a more wonderful life for her.
Did you ever shop for dinner in Paris?

Even if you parlay-vo like a native, you get a queer, lost feeling the first time you go marketing in a foreign country.

You look at the shelves filled with strange goods, and not one of them means anything to you. And you haven't the faintest idea which are good, and which are so-so, and which won't satisfy you at all.

And if, by chance, you happen to see a familiar American brand among the strangers—well, take our word for it, you embrace it like an old, old friend!

There's nothing like a little travel to make you realize how our American system of brand names makes life easier and pleasanter—and safer, too.

Here at home, when a manufacturer develops a product he thinks you'll like, he puts his name on it—big and
clear and proud. You try it, and if it doesn't suit you, you know what not to get the next time. And if it does please you, you can buy it again with the certainty that it will be just as good...because the manufacturer can't afford to let his brand name down.

Brand names give you the wonderful power of taking it or leaving it alone. And that power—a force as mighty as your right to vote—is what keeps manufacturers vying with each other for your favor...making their products better and better...offering you more and more for your money.

So make use of your power of choice to get what you want. Know your brands—and study the ads on these pages. That way you will get what pleases you best—again and again and again.

Whenever you buy—

**demand the brand you want**

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*Brand Names Foundation Incorporated*  
*A non-profit educational foundation*  
*37 West 57 Street, New York 19, N. Y*
(Continued from page 33) grade. Many of them work their way; washing dishes, waiting on tables, greasing cars, watering lawns—anything to help pay for tuition and board so that nightly they may appear in one of the plays presented on the college’s four stages. Daytime, they learn about what goes into a stage production. Gilmor Brown, Director of the Playhouse, believes an actor must understand everything about his profession. And though a student may never write a play or design a set, all must study designing and playwriting, the history of the theatre and costumes. At the same time, slowly they discover themselves.

They discover the art of body control and grace of movement. They learn to speak from the diaphragm, with new vital voices. They learn that acting is a co-operative project. And they learn to act—in the only way anyone can learn to act—by getting on out on a stage and acting.

Often, too, the Playhouse proves the answer to how to find a job without experience when obviously you can’t have experience until you’ve had a job. Dana Andrews elaborated on this, “The thirty different roles I played during my stay at the Playhouse,” he said, “gave me a greater variety of experience than all the characters I’ve played during my twelve years on the screen.”

All of which, of course, is the reason talent scouts look to the Playhouse for new faces and casting directors are almost always found in the audience.

William Holden, seen by a talent scout while at the Playhouse, was signed to a movie contract and became a star after playing the title role in “Golden Boy,” a part for which dozens of big-time actors and hundreds of newcomers competed.

Marilyn Maxwell was a singer in a band when she was first offered a screen test. “I took the test, went home and never heard from the studio again,” she says. “That decided me. I quit my job, went to the Playhouse and studied dramatics. The next time I was ‘discovered’ and given a screen test, I was also given a contract—and a role with Robert Taylor in ‘Stand by for Action.’”

Many Playhouse students were signed while they still were studying. Eleanor Parker is one of the few not discovered “in action.” Eleanor was in the audience, watching, when a scout saw her, liked her and asked her to make a screen test. She clicked, however, because she had the training that made her not just another beautiful girl but a beauty with ability.

Florence Bates, Barbara Rush, K. T. Stevens, Victor Mature, Lloyd Nolan, Gig Young are among others discovered at Pasadena. And among the current crop of Playhouse students, there undoubtedly are some of the names that will be bright tomorrow. The Photoplay Scholarship Contest hopes to discover just such talent. Right now, one thousand young women selected from many thousand applicants, have been asked to send in voice recordings of two of the scenes printed in Photoplay last month. Five to six hundred of these candidates will be auditioned later in August and three of these young women will make the trip to the Playhouse as the guests of Photoplay. The still unknown winner will remain there for two intensive years of study. And though this girl is still a question mark and her talent is only just beginning to take shape, her dreams and hopes for the future may soon be fulfilled.

The End

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directions on package.

POUR boiling
water gradually
into mixture, stir.
Look...no lumps.

READY to use in
cotton washables
for a “luxury”
finish you’ll love.
No Sad Songs for Judy

(Continued from page 35) Judy grew up while I was doing likewise. It had been Judy and her first husband, Rose who had encouraged me to forget vaudeville and write songs. Dave had introduced my first song just before I had become another G.I. Joe. It was not until after I discarded khaki that I had started writing songs for the movies.

Judy and I met at lunch to discuss our European trek. We were both nervous over seeing each other for the first time in so many years, wondering if we’d hit it off. But after the first five minutes we were yakking it up all over the place.

When it broke in the papers that I was to accompany Judy, my phone rang continually. Friends of hers calling to instruct me how to “handle” her—friends of mine, skeptical that I should take a chance with Garland, fearing she might not hold up or blow up the whole thing. Before we knew it, the night before our departure was upon us and Ruth Waterbury, whose name should be familiar to all you readers, gave us a party. Here we nervously tried out our act before an audience of friends and such tough critics as Louella Parsons, Cobina Wright, Maggie Whiting, Jack Smith, Gertrude Neisen, Burt Lancaster and so on. They all seemed to like what they heard and this encouraged Judy.

Then came the day we sailed. Judy called me that morning with cracks that the gloomy weather seemed more suitable for a murder-thriller. The first big laugh of the sailing came almost at once when Judy entered her stateroom and, in sweeping through the door to her bedroom, tripped over a ledge and fell flat on her back to the floor, to her publicized “falling-down” journey.

Reporters who boarded the ship at Plymouth seemed shocked at the weight Judy had gained. Unwittingly they had expected to see a frail,ailing individual. Judy has put on poundage, but for the first time in years she has regained her health. And isn’t that of utmost importance? When Judy read the reporters’ comments the next day, she remarked, “From what I’ve read, I feel like the fat lady from Barnum & Bailey’s—” and roared with laughter.

As our tender moved from the ship, it seemed as if the crew and entire passenger list remaining aboard were on deck or hanging out of portholes to wave Judy farewell. Ships in the harbor flashed signals, spelling out her name. The Ile gave a long special blast on the horn, which we were told was for Judy. She turned to me, saying, “Golly, can you believe all this?”

Which brings me back to my first paragraph—opening night at the Palladium.

When stand-by call came, Judy and I walked arm in arm to the stage. Laughing, she said it felt as if we were walking “the last mile.” And it did. We gave each other a kiss for luck and agreed if anything out of the ordinary happened, such as her forgetting a lyric or my hitting a clinker, we’d simply laugh it up and have fun. At that moment, the orchestra broke into the entrance music and I rushed on stage. Judy looked at me from the wings, terrified—and with a feebly “Oh, no.” Then she walked on stage and it seemed as though the walls would come in with the applause.

Her performance went smoothly until she finished the fourth number. At this time, we were both supposed to exit. Suddenly the audience fell silent and looking toward the mike, I saw no Judy. However, right behind it, there was our girl—sitting flat on a stool, hands clasped in her lap, singing “Sight!”

It wasn’t until Judy started to sing her final number, “Over the Rainbow,” that I really realized what had happened. We were on the A baby spot in on Judy—and she’d done it. They started to roar before she’d even sung the last lyric—and as the curtains folded in on the final words: “Why, oh why, can’t I?” it was bedlam.

We were a bit bewildered by some of the newspaper reviews. They lauded Judy’s performance, yet they commented on her weight, her gown, her vocal volume and, naturally, all mentioned her fall. But we knew, above all, she’d been a hit. By noon that day, her four weeks’ engagement was sold out.

In summing up, I’d like to quote a remark Judy made as the curtains fell on the Palladium’s final show. The audience’s response had warmed her heart, and just before she had made her final curtain call she had grabbed my hand. “Not bad for a kid from Lancaster, California, hmm?” I say now, not bad for anyone, Judy, who is willing to knock herself out to please others, as you have done. The papers called this your comeback. I object. I don’t think you’ve ever been away.

The end

It’s a small world: At a Club Churchill party in London, Judy Garland chats with old friend Hoagy Carmichael. Buddy Pepper, right, accompanied Judy to England.

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The Life He Saved

(Continued from page 40) Through you—I want everyone who needs help now or may need help in the future—to know that the sick and the heartsick can find Utopia in Menninger's—or in some other good sanitarium—just as I did.

Looking at my husky, vital guest I could hardly believe he had ever been on the verge of a complete breakdown. He had breezed in to see me straight from the tennis courts, wearing a sports shirt, a cap on the back of his head and looking as brown as a berry.

What a different person he was from the man I had talked to in his studio dressing-room just a few weeks after his marriage to Liz Dailey hit the rocks for the second and final time.

Then Dan literally had looked and acted like a man who had just gone through a crash. He had been too nervous to sit down. As we talked, he had paced the floor, clapping and unclapping his hands. His voice had been strained and jittery.

THAT was just a short five months ago.

The other day, looking at him sipping a soft drink across the card table from me, I asked impulsively, "Dan, how did you happen to make up your mind to go to Menninger's? How did you have the courage to take such a drastic step?"

He answered without hesitation. "I suddenly took stock of myself," he said eagerly, "I realized I could not go on faced with the threat of a complete breakdown. I couldn't do it to my little boy, Dan, the third. I couldn't do it to my studio."

"My days and nights—before I made up my mind—were a nightmare. Every morning when I woke up my troubles mounted and mounted.

"Then someone who had been at Menninger's—not Robert Walker, but a girl I know whose name I can't tell you because she's very well-known—told me what had been done for her at this famous Clinic.

"So out of the blue, I called my agent, Al Melnick, who is also my close friend (Dan is now living with the Melnicks) and said, 'I want to go to Menninger's.'"

"Al didn't say, 'You'll be ruined. They'll think something is wrong with you mentally.' He said, 'Okay, boy. If you want to—that's all.' Other friends were more understanding," Dan laughed. "Well, I never was out of my mind. If I had been I wouldn't have had the sense to want to get myself well again."

"I wish I could describe Menninger's to you," he went on eagerly, "not just the appearance of the place—but the feeling there. It's near Topeka, Kansas—not a large place—in fact, they can only take sixty-five people at a time and they have a long waiting list.

"It's the complete wholesomeness and normality of the place that first hits you. It's like a fraternity house. It has the warmth and intimacy of a friendly family—and yet, if you don't want to associate with other people you do not have to.

"For many years I have known of the Menninger Clinic and of the fine work being done by the famed psychiatrist, Dr. Carl Menninger, who heads it. His book, "The Human Mind," has been a best seller for a long time. But never before had I talked with anyone who had been a patient there and I found myself hanging on Dan's words.

"The word 'mental' is never mentioned there," he continued, "nor is anyone made to feel like a 'patient.' Not for a moment do you lose your identity. A banker is treated as a banker, an artist as an artist, an actor as an actor. Even down to the little things—your personality is respected. If you like chocolate ice cream—you get it.

1. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)
Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base regulates at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective and long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

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Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet they have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

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Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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81
Or, "he laughed again, "if you'll take yours vanilla—you get that, too.
"You may wear sports clothes, or dress clothes—it's up to you. Nothing is ever made to seem unusual."

"From the beginning they made it plain that I was to do the things I enjoyed doing. I like tennis, basketball and horseback riding. But most of all, I like to play the drums—did you know that? I used to feel guilty about that, sort of silly. But at Menninger's they made me feel this was not out of the ordinary at all. Someday, when I'm bored, I'm going to join an orchestra and play the drums!"

He smiled, but he wasn't kidding. "That wouldn't have been dignified in the old days—but in my new scheme of doing things I'm going to have the fun and the release of doing things. I will crack up to do just because I want to do them."

I suspected that a psychiatrist at Menninger's had given Dan that bit of advice.

As to the medical and psychiatric treatment he underwent at the Clinic—I knew he could not and would not talk about a subject that can only be discussed by experts, not amateurs, and is subject to change with the individual involved.

But Dan wants the world to know that people who need help should not be afraid to seek it. "I am telling you this because I know other people who are troubled as I was can find the right place at the right time, and their doctors were perfectly satisfied about his condition.

"They don't police you at Menninger's," he went on. "When I went back the second time I asked if I might enroll in the Washburn University and study writing and political philosophy.

"I went to school three days a week—loved every minute of it. Finally, they said to me, 'There's nothing more we can do for you here. You'd better move on and make room for someone else.' I told you—truthfully, I was loath to leave."

He chuckled. "After I left, I even missed the old movies they used to show. You should have seen those pictures. I saw an old one of Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s—made before he spoke with a British accent!"

He was so glowingly healthy and his sense of humor was so completely restored that I ventured to ask what he thought had brought about his breakdown in the first place. The crack-up of his marriage, perhaps?

"No," he replied positively, "Oh, no. You know, I really hadn't been myself since I came out of the Army. And yet, I tried to keep going, tied up in knots—never stopping to take stock of myself until I was face to face with the breaking point."

"Even making a picture was drudgery—and I love my work. I'm a born song-and-dance man. I'm happiest when working."

"But it isn't fair to blame the condition I was in on my work or on the end of my marriage to Liz. We were not happy together and could not work out our marriage. But other people have weathered divorces without going to pieces. That's all in the past, anyway.

"Let's just say—and it's pretty close to the truth—that I nearly cracked up because I was straining my nerves to the breaking point. I pushed myself beyond the point that I could go. But, luckily, I stopped in time—I stopped when I had the courage to admit to myself that I was ill."

Dan talked so sincerely that I can only hope I have put it down on paper as graphically as he said it.

"People who are not of the theatre," he said, "fail to grasp the problem of an actor, an artist—whatever you wish to call us. They have little conception of the demands on our nerves and the tension under which we live and comfort—"he paused—"the actors—are sensitive creatures. That's the way we are made."

"They are very nice creatures," I said, "who give great happiness to other people and to the world."

"And I, for one, intend to find and keep some happiness for myself now that I am well again," Dan told me. "My greatest happiness, of course, comes through my life truth—"he paused—"I nearly cracked up because I have my son with me all the time. That is my real regret over the break-up of my marriage," he said, "but I will see him often.

"You ought to see that kid. He can do a split, any dance routine. He's only three-and-a-half and is a dead ringer for me—not saying that with conceit, either."

"Yes, I think he will probably grow up wanting to go on the stage and I won't block him. I'll give him all the help I can. There's lots of happiness in show business. It's just that some of us show people get off the trolley now and then."

Thank heavens—Dan Daily is back on the trolley again. He is a fine man—and someday, somewhere, with someone, he is going to find that happiness and understanding he has sought for so long. He is well and wise and strong again. And when love comes along again for him, he will value it all the more for the dark days of loneliness he has gone through.

The End

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pull back the gold and white drapes and pointed at as bleak a telephone pole as I have ever seen. "I get twenty-five dollars a month off the rent because of that pole," she said proudly. "I haggled with the landlady."

This was indeed a new Elizabeth. I have never known her to count the cost of anything. She has been working in pictures for nine years, and is now making $1,500 a week. But what with being on layoff (and she was also on layoff during her honeymoon) the bank balance presumably is getting low. She asked for no allowance when she divorced Nicky. When I asked her why she said, "I don't feel I deserve a bonus for getting a divorce."

She said, "I had a nervous breakdown brought on by tension during 'Love Is Better Than Ever.' And I had to spend thousands of dollars on doctors' bills to be able to finish the picture. I even had to have a nurse with me on the set. And now, I'm just going out it probably will never be released because of Larry Parks. He's my co-star, as you know."

"But you can't be broke," I insisted. "What about that block of stock in the Waldorf Astoria your father-in-law gave you. You've still got that, haven't you?"

Elizabeth said she hadn't thought about it, she guessed she still had it.

DURING our conversation Elizabeth paddled to the bedroom three times to answer the phone, whispered something I couldn't hear (undoubtedly she's still here) and paddled back. I say "paddled" because she was barefooted. Something I've been lecturing her about for years. The minute she gets inside a house, theatre, restaurant, off come her shoes.

Elizabeth shares her five-room bachelor apartment with an attractive young girl named Peggy Rutledge. Peggy acts as her companion and secretary. The two girls seem to agree on everything except Elizabeth's passion for lavender—Peggy's trying to talk her out of having her bedroom done in lavender. Each girl has her own bedroom, one on each side of the living-room, which makes for privacy. They share a bathroom.

A maid named Irene comes in every other day to wash dishes, make beds, and clean. There were no dirty dishes in the sink—Irene had just left.

"We cook our own breakfasts," said Elizabeth proudly. Peggy makes the coffee in a dime-store coffee pot. And Elizabeth makes the toast on a brand new toaster—sometimes if it's a late breakfast and she isn't planning to go out to lunch she splurges with bacon and eggs.

Judging by the bareness of the cabinets in the kitchen and the general emptiness of the refrigerator (the spotlight was held by a jar of peanut butter braced by a couple of bottles of soft drink) the girls never eat at home—except for breakfast.

One of these days, Elizabeth assured me, she expects to do a spot of entertaining—something she has never done in her life, except for a few kid parties. She fancies buffet dinners for six or eight. But right now she goes out to dinner every night. And the lucky man, of course, is Stanley Donen. Liz started going steady with Stanley when he was directing her in "Love Is Better Than Ever." When she was sick and in the hospital during the production, Stanley was the only one allowed to visit her. Which irked her mother considerably. When I asked Elizabeth if she was in love with Stanley she said, "No, I am not in love. We enjoy each other's company very much." A very cold statement for the mighty warm hand-holding I have seen.

Elizabeth adores previews almost as much as she does ice cream sodas. She and Stanley attend most of the previews and premieres of the town. They like to dance, and they like to go riding along the ocean with the top down in Elizabeth's Cadillac. Stanley certainly is the man of the hour.

Elizabeth's girl friends, with the exception of Barbara Thompson, are non-professional. Now that she's a bachelor girl, with no strings tied, she has discovered the fun of lunching leisurely with her pals. She is thinking about taking up tennis and golf this summer. But right now she's only thinking about it. Her favorite exercise is swimming, which she has been doing at Palm Springs. She is devoted to her sun tan.

Elizabeth, I noticed, is a very untidy teenager. Her belongings are strewn around the room. The built-in wardrobe allowed clothes sometimes on the hangers, and sometimes on the hangers on the dresses. In the bottom of the wardrobe was a confusion of shoes. A drawer filled with pastel shade sweaters was half open.

"I know," said Elizabeth sadly, "you're going to say I'm not neat. And I'm not. But honestly I'm getting much better."

And why should she? She's always had people picking up for her at home and the studio. Too many people. Naturally she's untidy. Give her three months of being a bachelor girl. You'll see a change.

Elizabeth's sewing is like her cooking. Only in cases of necessity. "I can sew up a hem if it's absolutely necessary." But not if she can find a safety pin, I bet.

Elizabeth has never cared much for books and there are no books in her apartment. Several magazines were on the coffee table with one of them turned down on an article titled, "Are Frenchmen Better Lovers than Americans?" When I
teased her about this she said with a laugh, "Well, I wouldn't know, Hedda. I was in France only once. On my honeymoon."

Most teenagers wouldn't think of spending five minutes in an apartment that didn't have some sort of a recording machine. But Liz doesn't even have a portable one. When I asked her her favorite song (surely she and Stan must have "our song") she said she didn't have a favorite. This is the first time Elizabeth has ever been on her own. I told her doting mother long ago that she should stop running her daughter's life. Elizabeth grew up physically several years ago. But she has never had a chance to grow up mentally. Mrs. Taylor told me, "Elizabeth and I are so close we think as one person." It was on the set of "Julia Misbehaves" in which picture Elizabeth made her film debut, and I thought then that a certain film was about ready to kick over the traces.

"I'm trying to reorganize myself," Elizabeth told me. "I don't want my life to be on an emotional plane any longer. So far it's been much too hysterical. I want to find out for myself what's right and what's wrong, and take full responsibility, I've been married and divorced, and I think it is time I knew the value of things.

"My first move in getting myself reorganized is this bachelor apartment. I love my mother dearly. I guess people think I am pretty snooty, moving out of my mother's home. But I think it is the best way for both of us to be happy.

"I was certainly a mixed-up eighteen," she continued, digging into the candy bowl. "Eighteen seems to last forever. It got me in such a tension that even now I can't relax. For the last year I've been like a person trying to catch a train."

Elizabeth was a month after her marriage that she had made a dreadful mistake. "I tried everything I could not to have a break-up," she told me. I know she tried hard. And clinical a martial rift as long as she could. I recall a telephone conversation I had with her late last August when she was at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago. Here is the verbatim record of our chat.

"Are you and Nicky separating?"

"No, where did you hear that?"

I said, "Rumors are flying everywhere, on the air and in the papers."

"You can deny them," she said. "I am happy now."

"You mean you weren't happy, but are happy now?"

"I am especially happy now."

"But you were having trouble. I understand you were trying everything to keep your marriage from cracking up. I heard from a reliable source in Europe that Nicky was being a very bad boy, and that he seemed to think he was another Aly Khan and doing a lot of gambling in France."

"Doesn't everyone?" she asked.

"I heard he gambled day and night and threw poker chips in your face."

"That's false. They don't play poker in France."

"I hear that you are so anxious to get home that you want to fly. But Nicky insisted upon driving. Did you know that you have a new Cadillac in your garage?"

"No. What color?"

"Blue, like your eyes," I told her.

"It should be red."

"Why? Have you been crying?"

"No, my eyes are just bloodshot."

"I understand that Nicky's friends wanted you to come back by boat and leave him in Europe."

"That's not true, Hedda."

"But you have quarreled?"

"Sure, that happens to every young couple. But we didn't have our misunderstandings in public and we are not separated. We don't take marriage that lightly. Every young couple has to make adjustments."

When I called her on December 14, 1950, she did no hedging. "I will file suit for divorce when I complete my present picture," she said. "I am sorry that Nicky and I have not been able to adjust our differences. After personal discussion we realize there is no possibility of reconciliation."

At the moment Elizabeth is going through a phase of being sensitive to public opinion. "I know I have been spoiled," she said. "But I think people are unfairly severe. There are too many untruths printed about me. I try not to read about myself any more. (I suspect she reads every line written.) It only makes me unhappy."

I told her, "You can avoid being hurt by bad publicity by not doing things that get you in the headlines."

"I don't feel," claimed Elizabeth defensively, "that I did anything wrong. Most girls get engaged several times in their teens. A lot of girls marry in their teens. I feel I was being normal. I didn't want to be in the limelight. I wanted just to be a girl."

"But you aren't just a girl," I said. "You're a movie star. Honey, you're trapped."

If Elizabeth had married Bill Pawley, I don't think she would be a bachelor girl today. Nicky and Elizabeth were babes in the woods. But Bill was an adult of twenty-nine, a real man of the world, and he simply adored Elizabeth. If Mamma hadn't interfered Liz might be a happy young matron today. Well, who knows. But one thing I do know. Elizabeth will not be a bachelor girl for long. Maybe until next May 6th when her divorce is final. Maybe not so long. There's always Mexico, perish the thought.

The End

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About a lonely girl who wanted dates but copied tricks from the WRONG KIND of girl.

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The stirring account of a young girl who vacations alone to get even and finds a new and lasting love.

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ON SALE AT NEWSTANDS

Forever, Audie

Assistant Pastor, William Dickinson, who is also the Chaplain in Audie's 36th Division, officiating. Annabel Schiesher, another of the chapel attendants, was the ring bearer. Wearing a toast-colored shantung suit with white accessories, was my attendant, "Skipper" James O. Cherry, city manager for Farmersville, Texas, and an old friend of Audie's, was best man.

Everything went beautifully, but for a moment there I was a little worried. The groom and best man had come out of their room, moving forward again. His little niece Charlene, watching wide-eyed from the front pew, had recognized her uncle and waved two little gloved fingers at him and Audie had waved back.

I received one note from a girl warning me not to marry Audie. She'd clipped the letters out of a magazine and pasted them together so her handwriting wouldn't be revealed. Had I not married Audie, you will live in fear. I love him," and signed, "Tigress." But I was not to be discouraged even by "Tigress"—not after she'd married.

Most of our honeymoon we spent at Ray Wood's dude ranch, which always will have many sentimental memories for me.

For the present we're living in Audie's two-room trailer, a short distance from the Sunset Strip. It's very spacious and homely and charmingly furnished. I couldn't handle a more pretentious place.

In his Audie's wedding gift to me. A set of three handsome leather travelling cases bearing the gold initials "P.A.M."—for Pamela Archer Murphy, my married monogram.

Also in the chair was a white raw silk suit with sequined collar and cuffs—my wedding dress. Mutely evident, a flock of rice in one of my toast-colored slippers.

Funny, I don't even remember throwing the rice at us, and I expected to be conscious of much of anything.

In a bureau drawer is a pair of gold cuff links in the form of tiny pearl-handled revolvers. "Shall I put them in my gun case? Or wait until I find a Western shirt with French cuffs?" Audie asked when I gave them to him, simulating a puzzled expression.

When Audie has a day off while working on a picture, I like to give him his breakfast in bed. The first time he was a little shocked at the idea. The second morning he observed "Audie, I don't know if I might get to like this." And confidentially, he does.

Audie's always coming in with some new equipment he's sure will be of help to me. The latest is the ultra in electric ovens in which he could cook a whole meal in one painless operation. "This will save you work," he says, "and we will have more time together.

I told him, "But it will take me forever to learn to work it."

We're studying house plans all along, and "designing" the ranch home we hope to build north of Los Angeles someday. Audie's happiest back home farms from Texas, the genuine investment in our marriage. I'll never forget how much I owe them. If my boss hadn't given me the free plane trip to Hollywood for my vacation— I would probably never have met Audie Murphy.

We were married at seven-thirty in the evening in the beautiful Cox Chapel of the Highland Park Methodist Church, with the
If You Want to be Charming

(Continued from page 71) time you'll find something with which to disagrees——or agree. Never fear, your conversation will be animated and he'll find you interesting because you're truly interested.

Does Baby Leave You Bulging?

Recently, I received an all too typical complaint from a young mother who says having her second baby left her figure permanently" impaired. She says that though she dieted and lost all the weight she had gained during pregnancy, herummy bulges hopelessly and her bust—well, in her words, "I just look matronly, that's all."

I may not be an authority on this subject but I've lived in Hollywood too long and know too many young mothers who ave had their babies and kept their figures, or accept any such lament.

Esther Williams and Jeanne Crain are the two recent screen mothers who came back to work after their babies, more radiant and figure-beautiful than ever.

"Diet alone won't do it," Esther says.

Those post-maternity bulges are the result of lack of muscle tone and nothing but exercises—the right exercises, done faithfully every day—can faze them. Nearly every obstetrician recommends this simple routine which helped me back into shape. There are three basic steps and the trick is to do them every day, just a few minutes at first, and for longer times as your strength returns.

1. Lie flat on your back on the floor and raise the right foot a few inches off the oor, keeping the leg stiff; lower it slowly, so the same with the left leg. Repeat eight times. Each day or two endeavor to raise the leg higher and higher until it is possible, without tiring, to raise each leg eight times to a perpendicular position. When this can be accomplished with ease, raise legs several inches off the floor, keeping them stiff and together, increasing each day until you can touch your toes to the floor directly over your head.

2. Lie flat on your back with arms folded across the chest. Raise your head off the pillow a few inches. Repeat eight times. Gradually increase the height to which the head is raised until you are able to sit to a sitting position with arms still folded.

3. Lie flat on your back and raise the hips off the floor a few inches; with the hips thus elevated contract the muscles across the lower abdomen. Now return to the lying posture. As time goes on, increase the height to which the hips are raised and the force with which the abdominal muscles are contracted.

There is nothing better for toning and restoring the muscles which control the contour of the breasts (or for developing a beautiful bust in the first place) than swimming, particularly the breast stroke.

For those of you who are more comfortable on dry land, however, there is an exercise which John Robert Powers recommends to his models, which he believes is the best exercise for the breasts. It's called "raised breasts" and it's easy to do. All you need is a smooth surface, such as a bed, and a pillow. Lie on your back with your legs together, your arms by your sides, your feet pointed. Raise your head and shoulders off the pillow and bring your knees up to your chest, holding them there for a few seconds, then lower them back to the floor. Repeat these movements as many times as you can, without tiring. This exercise is said to be especially good for improving the contour of the breasts.

4. "The reason so many engagements are broken is because most girls want to get married." ... June Havoc

80% of New York Models

WHO WERE INTERVIEWED SAID:

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Hundreds of New York models tried king-size Cigarettes—compared them for mildness with the cigarettes they had been smoking. The results......

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Try Cigarette yourself—for mildness, for natural flavor. They're priced no higher than other leading brands.
Kim, Nagging about the wedding of Yasmine at Lausanne, Switzerland, which took place on November 22, 1948. All of these things were artfully arranged by Yasmine, who had a flair for the dramatic. Just as Yasmine returned to America, two years later, she turned her attention to Orson Welles with no great financial success. It is possible that the Aga Khan, in his way of manipulating the news pictures and old photographs, may have influenced Yasmine to return to Orson Welles with no great financial success. It is possible that the Aga Khan, in his way of manipulating the news pictures and old photographs, may have influenced Yasmine to return to America, now two years later, to pursue her interests. Orson Welles with no great financial success. It is possible that the Aga Khan, in his way of manipulating the news pictures and old photographs, may have influenced Yasmine to return to America, now two years later, to pursue her interests. Orson Welles with no great financial success. It is possible that the Aga Khan, in his way of manipulating the news pictures and old photographs, may have influenced Yasmine to return to America, now two years later, to pursue her interests. Orson Welles with no great financial success.
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that gets under your corn and helps push it out!

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Then you may be one of the women who has tried deodorant after deodorant—even though you've never found one that was completely satisfactory. A survey says you're only one of 6,000,000 women who've complained about underarm deodorants!

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You get instant protection—three ways. Jergens Dryad checks perspiration instantly. It eliminates the odor of perspiration acids instantly. And it overcomes odor-causing bacteria instantly.

It's safe on the sheenest fabric—yet no other deodorant can duplicate Dryad's effective 48-hour protection. One pretty pink squeeze bottle will last for months and you'll enjoy Dryad's fresh fragrance. But try it yourself! Only 49c, plus tax. (Also in cream form.)

Their Love Is Like This...

(Continued from page 53) and tossed her one that happened to be lying around.

Stories or no stories, both say they're not engaged. True, he'd given her a diamond ring. Not a solitaire, however, nor the kind you associate with engagements. More the dinner-ring type. And she was wearing it on her right hand.

It happened like this. "Behave Yourself" was in its final week. Farley had called a jeweler to order thank-you gifts for his co-workers. As usual, Shelley hovered.

"Do you have any pretty rings for a girl?" she heard him inquire.

The script clerk! she thought. By her standards, he's a wild one with cash. "You can't do that. It costs too much.

"Go away, woman. Leave me alone."

That afternoon came the jeweler with boxes. Farley showed her the ring. "Try it on.

"Just beautiful, but I still think you're overdoing it."

She pulled the ring off to hand it back—

"Keep it."

"Really? You mean it's for me—?"

"End-of-the-picture present. For a good girl."

Of course she was thrilled, of course she shimmered around showing it off, and of course people jumped to their own conclusions. But—

"It's not an engagement ring," said Farley. "Shelley and I are very close. We're inseparable. And there's no helping it, either of us right now. But we have no definite plans. I hate this are—you, aren't—"]

You routine, and I won't be cornered for the sake of a story. When, as and if we're ready, we'll say so."

SHELLY was still more explicit. "Do you know two careers where two people have been happy? One's off on location, the other has to stay in Hollywood. Last fall I was all set to go to Europe with my aunt and uncle, and meet Farley there. Then came a chance to play Billie Dawn in "Promises"

He was sore as heck, but I couldn't turn it down, I just couldn't. Not only for the part, but the money. Farley says money's for spending and life's for living. He saves up some dough, goes abroad and gets back with $24 in the bank. Doesn't faze him at all.

"I wish I could be like that, but I'm not. I've come up the hard way, and it's left a bad scar on my financial side. I've worked like mad for a career and it's just beginning and, frankly, it comes first with me. That's no good for marriage. For marriage you've got to be an actress second. You've got to be able to say, 'I'd rather go with Farley, wherever he goes, than play a good part.' I can't say that now."

The future is guesswork. All we know for the present is that Shelley is Farley's girl. When they started dating, people shrugged:

"It'll flare up and die. They have nothing in common." They've been dating more and more steadily, and seem to have more in common than ever. Yet, if you knew them superficially, the skepticism was understandable. Farley's a sensitive, intemperate young man, on the reticent side with all but his intimates. Shelley's an extrovert, tempestuous, uninhibited, built up by publicity as a kind of junior Mae West—a build-up she hates, by the way.

Obviously, they each found another attractive. But if this had all been, it would have flared up and died. The clue to their continuing closeness lies in the fact that what you hear of Shelley is only half the truth, and therefore misleading. What you see of her is only half the truth too.

She looks younger, softer, more vulnerable than on the screen. That's a peppertop
Timely Tips by Little Lulu

How do you score on these helpful ways to save?

When packing cosmetic bottles, use—
- **Paraffin**
- **Kleenex tissues**
- **Excelsior**

Keep liquids spill-proof—dip bottle tops in melted paraffin! Wrap in Kleenex. Beauty care calls for this tissue's perfect balance of softness, strength; routes tired makeup bases gently—firmly.

Can you save washday work with—
- **The small fry's help**
- **A coaster**

To save steps, tow the load along on a coaster wagon. And for loads of uses that lighten your housework, try soft, sturdy Kleenex tissues. Only Kleenex gives you that handy Scat-a-Tissue box!

Kleenex ends waste—saves money...

Get several boxes when you buy—
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NO EXPERIENCE needed—our FREE BOOK shows you easy ways for any beginner to make money! You make as much as $25 to $120 on each box. Mail coupon below—without money—for sample boxes on approval. No obligation. Harry Doehla Co., Studio T48, Nashua, N. H. (If you live West of the Rockies—mail coupon to Palo Alto, Calif.)

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Please rush—our FREE TRIAL—sample boxes on approval and money-saving plan. Free samples of 'Name-Imprinted' Christmas Cards and FREE Book of easy ways for anyone to make money.
They got along fine, their main trouble coming from doughnuts. Upset about a scene, Shelley'd head for her dressing-room and order doughnuts, which comfort the spirits, but increase the flesh. Farley'd poke his head in, "You shouldn't eat that!"

"Okay, you eat half."

"I won't eat half."

"Then I'll get fat and spoil the picture, and it's your fault!"

"There's no point in yelling," says Farley, "because Shelley can yell louder. So I find myself being adult and masterful. First I say in a loud voice, 'Shut up!' She doesn't hear me and goes right on talking. I let her finish. Then I speak my peace and walk away.

"Takes me home and goes home himself, the culprit. I mean. Calm is an oyster. Won't let me argue, just refuses to discuss it. We have a good system, though," she adds cheerfully. "We take turns making up. If I apologize one time, Farley does it the next even though it's my fault, which it generally is. Then he buys me a clown. I collect clowns. If we didn't fight, I wouldn't have so many."

His coming of age is different in more than his relationship with Shelley. He's acquired independence and confidence in himself. He feels strongly about what's right and wrong for him to play and balanced his own emotions by taking a suspension. Instead of brooding around Hollywood, he went off and had himself a ball in Europe. As movie stars go, his salary was small. "But I don't believe in stealing money away for a rainy day. As far as I'm concerned, the rainy day's here. Who knows how long you'll be able to travel in Europe? The most expensive thing is the ticket."

I returned for "Strangers on a Train." The next script they sent him featured another neurotic killer. "Uh-uh," said Farley, and stuck to his guns while the heavens crackled. For personal reasons, this wasn't easy. He feels a great respect and affection for Samuel Goldwyn, who gave him his start at seventeen. But he's no longer seventeen, and a man of twenty-six must make his own decisions. A new five-year contract at more money and a new understanding between himself and the boss. Farley retains the right to turn down parts he objects to. Goldwyn reserves the right to suspend him.

He still has enormous enthusiasm, but it's channeled and tempered. He no longer thinks everything is great. His overriding ambition is to be a good actor. This creates another bond with Shelley, who feels the same way. They read plays aloud and devour technical books on the theatre.

"Inevitable movie-goers, they're capable of sittin' and double-trap and hashing performances over till cockcrow. This they find infinitely more stimulating than night clubs. Contrary to popular conception, Shelley never went in much for the guy spots. Farley brushes them off.

"When there's a good act, yes. Otherwise, they're for people who have nothing to say to each other."

He doesn't hobnob with million-dollar stars and generally runs from fancy functions. Though he's been around the glamour capital a long time, his innocence of certain swank procedures showed up in Paris, where he had a dinner party. For a moment he toyed with the idea of going, "Do you have a white tie?" they asked.

"No, but I'll get one."

Arthur Laurents was with him. "You going to buy tails?"

"For what? I'm buying a white tie to wear with my dinner jacket." "White tie means tails."

---

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That's fine," said Farley, picking up the phone. "I'll stay home.

Most of his friends are older than he is—professional writers and musicians whose intelligence he respects. Like many people who've missed college, he exaggerates its importance. The fact that he's educated himself more thoroughly than lots of B.A.s doesn't register with Farley. There's so much more to learn. He learns by listening though he's now realizing that his opinions also bear some weight.

They gather often at the home of Saul Chaplin, the musician. Both Chaplin and his wife play, and everyone sings. Everyone, that is, but Farley, who's restrained by force if necessary, and sits around looking wistful. They suspect him of singing under his breath, but a dirty look throws him. If they're feeling indulgent, "they'll let him take one note alone in "Porgy and Bess." That's his big solo.

His warmest admirers (including his mother) will tell you that Farley sings like a frog. Shelley considers this harsh. "He's just off key all the time," she explains reasonably. To Farley, who loves music only second to acting, his vocal defects loom as a lesser tragedy. He's a frustrated song-and-dance man. "Someday," he threatens, "I'll ootz my way into a musical."

Partly because of the roles he's played, you think of him as intensely serious-minded. He can be as wacky as the next one, with an offbeat humor that he turns against himself. When there's nonsense afoot, he's semi-the-life-of-the-party. Does hilarious takeoffs on Granger, the man of doom. Or grabs Shelley, and they shove each other around in some nifty improvisation of the modern dance. As a ballroom dancer, he's been called a diamond in the rough. "Very rough," he stresses. What he lacks in skill, he makes up in exuberance. A friend considered the matter and put it this way. "He doesn't look the way he thinks, but try to keep him off the floor!" Even Shelley will go no further than to say, "He's brave."

To his friends, he's loyal almost to a fault and hotly defends the absent against criticism. Knitting infuriates him. Once he said to Shelley: "Don't sit around with people who dish. What they do to others, they'll do to you." By the same token, he finds it hard to forgive a friend who lets him down, being young enough for the deep hurts of disillusion. He's readier than not to like people. If he does, he'll go all out for you. If he doesn't, you'll know it by his formal civility. Loathing all forms of affection, it was Shelley's inability to be anything but her honest self that first drew him toward her.

When he feels strongly, it's hard to budge him. But he's not bullheaded. Convince him that he's wrong, and he's ready to admit it. Far from being a moody youth, he's exceptionally sunny and good-humored. On those rare occasions when he lets By to feel in privacy with a friend, or two and over something important. Trifles don't ruffle him. On occasion he's thoughtless, but the price he pays isn't worth it. Working late one night, he forgot a dinner date. Clean forgot it and never even phoned. For weeks thereafter he practically wore a hair shirt.

Some of his friends, including Shelley, share his passion for paintings. In the pre-Granger Shelley bought such pictures as she could afford. "But who," she demands, "can keep up with that guy? Not me." And not most of his art-loving chums, who crawl out of the galleries deadbeat while Farley keeps prowling. He buys books on art and, oddly enough, understands them. He buys postcard reproductions and, oddly enough, studies them. He buys good prints of great pictures and...
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JUDY GARLAND's favorite singer and, for his dough, the most exciting creature she has been "Miss H. D. H. F. I. " declares brazenly. He and Shelley met her at the Screen Writers Guild dinner. Farley," spoke up the ir- repressible blonde, "has a crush on you."
"He's very nice, " smiled Bette. Between pleasure and embarrassment, Farley spilled his drink.

What doughnuts do for Shelley, sports stirrups do for him—soothed jangled nerves.

Distinguished for his surfing, Farley feard forth and buys a sports shirt. They can't compete with Der Bingle, but as run- ners-up, they will serve. He wears them with particular satisfaction. With his sweat, could never be bought on land or sea. Where he digs them up is a mystery. Why he wears them is simple. "I like them," he says, sticking out a proud foot.

Other men are excellent and he's influenced Shelley in the matter of clothes, which she takes less seriously than most women. Farley, however, thinks the story is a fatuous one. She used to concentrate on what she calls dressing- up stuff. "But I had no good basics. I'd just kind of run around in a pair of old slacks."

"Which few women can wear," said the boy friend, "and Shelley's not one."

"So I've changed to blouses and flared skirts. And I never wear hats because Farley doesn't like me in hats."

"A regular Farley fellow."

"A regular Simon Legree, but who's kicking?"

They talk and act like people in love. But Farley exulted. But a story, and Shelley won't subordinate her work to marriage. Therefore, since we have no choice, let's behave ourselves, leave them alone and see what happens."

This is the type of Granger's a guy of gifts, and the greatest is for living. Lots of us just breathe. He's among the for- tunate few, aware every waking moment that life, with its soaring peaks and bottom- less chasm, and all the flatlands be- tween, is a boon bestowed just once on each of us. Whether he lives it with Shelley or another, he'll live it to the fullest.
(Continued from page 63) He thinks Madison, Wisconsin, the most beautiful city he’s ever seen. He plays gin rummy “like mad” and his friends refer to him as “probably the luckiest and stupidest player in the world.” He sleeps in the raw.

He hates to go shopping with his wife.

He has no faith in fortune-tellers or astrologists. He would like to own a yacht someday and read himself to sleep no matter how tired he is. His eyes are black.

He never wears a hat.

His mother calls him Freddy, he takes vitamins all day long, and believes good taste is more instinctive than cultivated.

He takes lukewarm showers, has never been served a traffic ticket and cites the Château Laurier in Ottawa, Canada, as the most beautiful building he has ever seen.

He has a cocker spaniel named “Tenor.”

He has an aversion to manual labor and his wife laments his “horrible taste” in neckties of wild, crazy patterns.

His first job—at twenty-one—was moving pianos and one of his initial assignments was making a delivery to Philadelphia’s Academy of Music where the great Koussevitzky was to conduct a concert that evening. Standing in a room across the hall from the conductor’s dressing-room, he gave forth with unbridled voice to “Vesti La Giubba” and at that moment lost his job. Koussevitzky demanded the identity of this singer and not long afterwards Mario Lanza was the conductor’s guest at Berkshire, well on his way to becoming one of the world’s great tenors.

He never carries a money-clip and his guiding philosophy has always been his father’s admonition: “Think of the art and to hell with the money.”

He is built like a weight-lifter and dislikes so-called modern furniture.

He has no superstitions, dislikes cats and declares that his mother has had the greatest influence on his life.

He has a canary and a parakeet, and is utterly without system or orderliness; he drops his clothes all over the house and can never find anything. He is 5’11½” tall.

Lanza means a flying lance, in Spanish.

He served three years in the Army Air Force. He is an excited spectator at boxing and football matches.

He plays no tennis, no golf, has never been seasick and was born in a two-story brick house with marble steps: “You know, there are whole rows of them, like you see in Baltimore and Philadelphia.”

He married Betty Hicks, sister of an Army pal, April 13, 1945. He cannot remember telephone numbers and every time he calls his own he asks his manager what the number is.

He is very fond of soft drinks.

He used to be a chain smoker—averaged two and half packs a day, plus two or three cigars and “maybe a pipe between.” But during the filming of “Toast of New Orleans,” he abandoned smoking altogether, deciding it was bad for his voice. He made his Grand Opera debut at New Orleans in “Madame Butterfly.”

He always remains seated at a stage performance, never going out between the acts. He has a passion for pizza.

He likes his steaks medium rare but prefers the outside cut of roast beef. He was offered many scholarships as a result of his athletic prowess at school.

He likes flying but never does it because it affects his ears and he is unable to sing or days afterward. He is “crazy” about navy; at one sitting he ate $200-worth, paid for by Harry Zeller, concert impresario of Chicago.

He hates double-breasted suits.
He likes to play poker and often catches cold in the East but has yet to get one in California. He's head is very heavy, so he has to shave often.

He adopted his mother's maiden name for professional purposes. He was born on January 31, and his grandfather's was the one dissenting voice—"Let them rave about Mario's voice. His muscles must be put to work." And that's how he went to work moving pianos.

He carries no good luck charm, rides his steeds everywhere. Someday he'd like to build a home in Beverly Hills or Bel-Air and eagerly looks forward to seeing Italy for the first time next October.

His breakfast, when not dieting, consists of a steak and three eggs, sunny side up. When he's on a diet he takes only black coffee, Italian style, for breakfast.

He has never gone in for winter sports, speaks Spanish, Italian and, of course, English. His daughter Colleen was born December 9, 1948; Elissa, December 3, 1950.

He prefers mild climates, hates winters and is an excellent swimmer though he cannot go in the water due to an ear condition for which he was discharged from the Army. He is a devoted John Garfield and Tyrone Power fan.

He has a complete disregard of time, is constantly postponing things and thinks women in general look terrible in slacks.

His father was born in Naples and his mother in Abruzzi, Italy. He thinks opera on the screen can be made popular "only if originals are written for the movies or old ones modernized so people can understand them."

He likes wine and German beer. He possesses a wonderful collection of watches that have been presented to him, but he never wears one.

He carries his money in every pocket except the customary trousers pocket. He doesn't like banks. He plans to learn chess, and sentimentally displays on the wall of his studio dressing-room the telegram: "The greatest success imaginable on bringing the life of Garfield, your most admired idol, to the world. Go, Garfield. Ambitions since childhood are now being realized. May God bless you and keep you well. (signed) M-Mand Pop."

He is an excellent mimic, loves to tell

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a story but has the unhappy faculty of always spoiling the end.

He is a claustrophobe and hates small rooms: "I want tremendous rooms and I'm always opening windows."

He wants someday to own a dairy farm in California's Imperial Valley, and has always been dominated by a determination "to be best or nothing. "Whatever it was—I just had to make it."

He likes delicatessen, particularly kosher salami, and he works three and four times a week under voice coach Giacomo Spadoni, the great Caruso's former coach, who is now seventy-three.

He first learned to milk a cow in 1945 at Nyaack, New York, while visiting the farm of Robert Weede, Metropolitan Opera star. His father is a disabled veteran of the first World War and one of its most decorated heroes.

He plays no musical instruments, did learn the piano as a child but failed to keep it up. He collects china and jade pixies, having about fifty.

He is extremely nervous and "on edge" just before a performance, he understands but doesn't speak French too well and as a boy was very popular with girls.

He doesn't like to drive.

His favorite non-operatic melody is "They Didn't Believe Me." He is one-

—*TALULAH BANKHEAD

Fourth Spanish on his mother's side and this coupled with his adopted name makes him a constant subject of argument among Spanish-speaking peoples who claim him for their own. He enjoys bull-fights in Mexico when on a concert tour.

He owns one of the largest collections of Caruso records, begun by his grandfather. He is very fond of shirts and underwear in silk.

He dreams someday of going to France—"just to see Paris," and his wife deplores his habit of inviting people without letting her know or unexpectedly announcing that "they are going out that night" without advance notice.

He enjoys hillbilly singing. "But it has to be good." He admires most about his wife her "lively, unfailing spirit," and he learns to sing at parties of close friends but quickly freezes up if he suspects that he was invited only to sing.

He maintains a completely equipped home gymnasium where he goes in for weight-lifting and boxing. He trains hard to keep a natural tendency to be lazy.

He likes listening to newscasts and classical music while driving, has been a soldier with the Boston and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestras, and is passionately fond of horseracing, always betting them "on the nose."

His idea of living is sitting at the head of the table with fifty or sixty guests at dinner, and as a boy he devoted more time to listening to music than he did to reading.

He named his first daughter Colleen because he is the only member of his family not my an Italian; his wife being Irish he used to greet her with, "How's my little colleen tonight?"

He played semi-professional baseball and football upon graduation from high school.

Mario Lanza never ceased to remember his father's axiom oft told him in Italian: "Who goes slowly, goes wholly and goes very far."

THE END
For years Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis dreamed of a vacation—and kept on working. So, before they started "That's My Boy" for Hal Wallis-Paramount, they planned to forget radio, TV, night clubs, studios and loaf for eight glorious days. Dean swore he'd spend his vacation in bed. But wife Jean had other ideas. For eight days he lived in levis—building a back-yard barbecue!

Jerry planned to float blissfully in his swimming pool all day. But as wife Patti pointed out—it was just the time to paint the fence around their acreage! "Oh..."

...my aching back," groaned Dean when he met Jerry at the studio eight days later. "Spots!" moaned Jerry. "I've got spots before my eyes—paint spots!" But...

...late—and the studio—had a surprise for them. The script for the day's shooting called for Dean—to act his role in bed! "Don't wake me," sighed Dean. But...

...Jerry wasn't listening. He was playing his part—in a bubble bath! "Enjoy your vacation?" someone asked. Chorused the boys, "We're having a wonderful time!"
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2. GUMS. Brush teeth from gum margins toward biting edges ... Ipana's active cleansing foam helps remove irritating debris and soft calculus from gum margins—where they can lead to gum inflammation and disease ... Yes, cleaning teeth with Ipana helps keep your whole mouth healthy.
FOUR Unconstitutional prohibitions on speech against sex, race, and religion are the fine points touched by the almost 600-page, 2,300-case, 90,000-volume Library of Congress on the Bill of Rights. Chairman W. Erskine Houston, Jr., has written: 'History has shown that prohibiting speech is ineffective.'

Sheila Graham, No. 16, 20, and 26—

A Mother's View of Liz Taylor (Photoplay Pin-Up #8). Sara Taylor is back for another round of Liz, and this time, a Mother's perspective. We see her evolution from the early days to the present, with a focus on her personal life and career choices. This is a must-read for fans of Liz Taylor and classic Hollywood.

A Woman's View of Claude Rains (Photoplay Pin-Up #9). Claude Rains is back for another round of Liz, and this time, a Woman's perspective. We see her evolution from the early days to the present, with a focus on her personal life and career choices. This is a must-read for fans of Claude Rains and classic Hollywood.

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with KEENAN WYNN
SPRING BYINGTON

JANET LEIGH
LEWIS STONE
BRUCE BENNETT

Screen Play by DOROTHY KINGSLEY and GEORGE WELLS
Based on a story by Richard Conlin
Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN AN M-G-M PICTURE
Cheers and Jeers:
Farley Granger gives me a pain. Who does he think he is? In all of the articles I have read about him, he tells all of the virtues a girl must have to become his wife. That makes me sick. Does he ever think that a girl with all that would probably never think of marrying him?

JOAN MORRIS
Portland, Me.

After the manliness of Stewart Granger in "King Solomon's Mines" (which shook the entire feminine population more profoundly than an atom bomb), what does Hollywood do but cast him in an all-time low floperto called "Soldiers Three." When they take a handsome man like Stewart Granger and cast him in a role where he has to depend on silly grimaces, popping eyes, twitching eyebrows and plain mugging to get laughs, then they would do anything. After this, I wouldn't be surprised to see Mario Lanza, with a wig, play Camille or Frank Sinatra, with his usual poor performance, play a musical version of "Hamlet."

How tragic that M-G-M has dealt Stewart Granger such a blow and how glad Kipling must be that he is dead!

ELEANOR B. WALLACE
Havertown, Pa.

I've just read Barbara Stanwyck's article, "Look Ahead!" and all I have to say is, "If I can look as good as Stanwyck does, I'll be glad to be forty."

MARGARET STEIN,
Ecorse, Mich.

Why are Hollywood gossip-mongers making Liz Taylor out to be such a bad girl? I believe with so many others that she is just emotionally immature and when she finds herself she will make some man a fine wife.

ANITA J. PRATT
Liverpool, N. Y.

Shapes and Figures:
If Vera-Ellen fits the description Liza Wilson gave of her in the May issue of Photoplay, oh brother! My height is the same as hers. I weigh nine pounds more, my waistline is 4" larger, my hips 3" larger, my bust 1" larger—and my friends call me "Skinny."

CLAUDINE K.
Pell City, Ala.

(We gave the following measurements for Vera-Ellen: height, 5'4½"; weight 108-111; bust 33"; hips 32"; waist 20"
Are your friends kidding?)

In the July issue I was infuriated to see that Betty Grable has again obtained the distinction of having the most beautiful legs in Hollywood. It is my opinion that Betty Grable's legs are overrated. They are entirely too skinny. Anyone who isn't half-blind could see that Ava Gardner possesses the most beautiful gams in Hollywood or, for that matter, anywhere else.

CARROLL KING,
Charlotte, N. C.

Casting:
How about matching Elizabeth Taylor and John Deric in a movie? Since she is supposed to be the most beautiful woman in Hollywood and he the handsomest man,

LINDA LILES,
Temple, Tex.

Lately all I ever see is Betty Grable with Dan Dailey and Doris Day with Gordon MacRae. Why don't they team them up with their old co-stars, such as Dan Dailey with Anne Baxter, who were wonderful in "Ticket to Tomahawk" and Jane Haver with Gordon MacRae, who were likewise in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady."

JO WOODS,
Biloxi, Miss.

Question Box:
Would you please give me the name and some information about the person who played Frank Lovejoy's son in "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I."

SHIRLEY BLASENK
Norwood, Mass.

(From my name is Ron Hagerthy. Unmarried, born in Aberdeen, So. Dak., on August 17, 19 years ago; 5'10"; 160 lbs.; brown eyes and dark brown hair, which gets a henna rinse for his role in "Starlift." His next for Warners.)

In "Valentino" were Lila and Joan real people? If so, what happened to them? If not, who were the women prominent in Valentino's life?

HELENA ADDAMS,
New Bedford, Mass.

(Lila and Joan were fictional and with no real life counterparts. Natasha Rambova, divorced by Rudolph for a few years before his death, and Pola Negri, to whom he was engaged at the time of his death, were the great loves of his life.)

Who is that little boy who sang with Mario Lanza in "The Great Caruso" in the "Ave Maria" scene? He was wonderful, if that was really his voice.

BETTY GETTLER
Oreland, Pa.

(That was Michael Collins, son of a Los Angeles attorney and that was his voice you heard.)

How about some information about the young man who played in "Sealed Cargo" with Dana Andrews. His name was Steve.

JANE AVONIA
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(That was Shippy Homeier, former boy star. He is now 6', 158 lbs. has blond hair, green eyes. Born in Chicago 10/5/30.)

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Here's the biggest package of entertainment ever to brighten a movie screen!

It's Bing happily teamed with Jane Wyman in the biggest Crosby show ever.

There's a really great cast... hummable songs and a wonderfully happy heart story.

It's directed by Frank Capra at his greatest and it features a great new singing find you will take to your heart!

Paramount presents

Bing Crosby • Jane Wyman
Alexis Smith • Franchot Tone • James Barton in

Here Comes the Groom

with Robert Keith and introducing Anna Maria Alberghetti. Produced and Directed by Frank Capra.

Associate Producer Irving Asher. Screenplay by Virginia Van Upp, Liam O'Brien and Myles Connolly.

Story by Robert Riskin and Liam O'Brien. A Paramount Picture.
What should I do? Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Claudette Colbert of “Let’s Make It Legal”

DEAR MISS COLBERT:
I am twenty-three and I have been married five years. Our boy is three. We try to give a nice little family life. I had thought I’d be ideally happy if it weren’t for a meddling mother-in-law.
The trouble is, she is really, truly good, generous to a fault. She is always baking a cake or a pie and sending them over to our house. She frequently makes little suits for my son; once a month she invites us over for dinner. It is these dinners that ruin me. She spends all the time squeezing my mind. She wants to know what time I put the boy to bed. When I say “eight,” she says it should be six. She thinks he should be fed spinach, which he loathes, and prunes, which he can’t stand. When I try to explain that even children have tastes, she says it is a matter of training.
When I wear a new dress, she asks whether my husband has a new shirt and says families should share alike. Yet, when I had to have an operation, she volunteered to loan us a small amount of money to tide us over. She lives by a set of ideas that were fine for her day, but which seem old-fashioned to me. And I think I could stand anything if she wouldn’t telephone me three or four times a week for a report on all our activities.
So far I have never said one cross word to her; but sometimes I think I will burst.
Althea Van N.

Two things should come to your rescue in this situation: absolute honesty and a sense of humor. The next time you visit your mother-in-law, you should make a special effort to remember every question she asks, every suggestion she makes. When you return home, you should write out these questions and suggestions. Being brutally honest with yourself, you should ask whether you have a right to be irked. You should think over her conversation to find out whether some of her ideas have real merit. At twenty-three it is easy to regard anyone over thirty as eccentric.
You may find that some of your mother-in-law’s ideas would help you do your housework more quickly and efficiently, if put into effect. And, since you must think she did a good job in rearing your husband, you might take some of her notions about rearing your son seriously. Once you have tried to be fair, you should try to find humor in the situation. Try to be objective and think of your mother-in-law as an interesting character in a novel and I believe you will bring a fresh and tolerant attitude to your difficulty, don’t you?

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:
I am seventeen and I am very fond of a boy named George. We aren’t engaged, but we do go steady and eventually we might get married. However, we have one problem to straighten.
George had a rough boyhood. His father was a drunkard. One night about a year ago, George’s father came home, tided, and got into an argument with George’s mother. Mr. G. finally grabbed his wife and was going to strike her, so George stepped between them. Mr. G. knocked George out.
Mrs. G. came running to our house, so my mother and I took George to the hospital. The doctor had to take stitches in the back of his head, but there was no skull fracture, just a slight concussion.
Since that happened Mr. G. has become a member of “Alcoholics Anonymous” and is the best father in the world. He has been wonderful to me and has bought me a short coat and a dress. George says he will never forgive his father. It makes George angry because I say that I think his father has reformed and that he should be forgiven. He hinted at one time that Mr. G. bought my affection with gifts.
This is silly, of course. However, I would like to think about a reconciliation between George and his father. Whenever I discuss this with George, he says that I am meddling. I’m sure there is some way to bring these two together, but how?

Marian E.

(Continued on page 8)
With a proud parade of especially inviting entertainment to be seen now and in the near future, Warner Bros. Pictures are bringing an ever greater measure of pleasure to the matchless magic of the motion picture theatre.

The Sun Never Sets On His World of Adventure!

GREGORY PECK
Virginia Mayo
"Captain Horatio Hornblower"

Produced by Elia Kazan
Directed by Raoul Walsh
Screen Play by Ivan Goff & Ben Roberts and Aeneas MacKenzie
From the Novel by C. S. Forester

"A Streetcar Named Desire"

Starring
VIVIEN LEIGH
MARLON BRANDO

Produced by Charles K. Feldman
Directed by Elia Kazan
Screen Play by Tennessee Williams
Based upon the Original Play "A Streetcar Named Desire" by Tennessee Williams

Distributed by Warner Bros. Pictures

Look Forward!

DORIS DAY - GORDON MACRAE - "ON MOONLIGHT BAY" (Color by Technicolor) - "THORPE-ALL AMERICAN" - BURT LANCASTER - CHARLES BICKFORD - STEVE COOGAN - PHYLLIS THaxter
"FORCE OF ARMS" - WILLIAM HOLDEN - NANCY OLSON - FRANK LOVEJOY - "STARLIFT" - WITH A SCREENFUL OF STARS - JAMES CAGNEY - "COME FILL THE CUP"
As the giant Goliath fell before the boy David, so did David the King fall before Bathsheba, the adulteress!

(Continued from page 6)

I'm convinced, from your letter, that you are sincere in your eagerness to be of help in adjusting this situation.

However, I feel that this whole problem is outside your province. You aren't going to change George's mind about his father by arguing with George. You must assume that he is quite as much a thinking individual as you are, and that he has a right to his own viewpoint, particularly where his own family relationships are concerned. I'm afraid nothing said to George could alter this attitude at this time. Only time and his father's continued good behavior will accomplish that. If you value George's comradeship, you had better withdraw at once from all participation in the conflict.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was drafted out of high school into the Army. A lot of men in my barracks make fun of me because I don't smoke, drink, gamble, or chase after women. I don't want to gamble because I want to send my money home to the bank, then when I get out of service I will be able to go to college. Also, I like to help my family a little bit. I have a nice girl friend at home who writes to me almost every day, and I want to be as decent a boy as she is a girl.

How can I get along pleasantly with these older men yet keep away from doing what they want me to do. They tease me until I think I can't stand it, and pester me to come on and be a man.

PFC John A.

What you are going through is part of growing up. Now is a fine time to learn to resist people who want you to do things that you don't want to do. Obviously you have been given a fine set of principles by your parents; all you need to do is to make sure that your own instincts are clean and decent. Be content to remain as you are.

I gather that your fellow soldiers attempt to make you feel inferior or less manly than they, that they don't share their tastes. This is silly. You have as much right to spend your leisure doing things that interest you, as they have to follow their inclinations to the hilt. You will learn in your military tactics course that the best defense is always a strong offense. That being the case, take the line that you are right about leisure activities and the other dude holds it all wrong and you'll get along fine. Especially if you are good-natured about it.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been married only six months. Five weeks after we were married my husband was laid off and couldn't find a job for six weeks. I kept my job when we were married. Before we were married my husband came to meet me every night after work. However, as soon as he went to work the second time, he would meet me only about twice a week.

When he was out of work he did our shopping and he used to tell me about all the women who made passes at him. Now there is a girl in his office who is a widow, and he is always telling me about the compliments this girl pays him and how easy it would be for him to step out with her. This makes me miserable and jealous.

Adele J.

There is an old "personality" law which makes it impossible for us to love another person deeply unless we like ourselves. We must feel that we are worthy of love before we can love and expect to be loved. Your husband's ego suffered a wound when he lost his job. Probably he began to wonder if you weren't disgusted with him; it is likely that he was a little disgusted with himself. In order to make himself seem important and to keep you interested, he had to tell you about his potential success as a Don Juan.

When he tells you about compliments he has received, it would be smart policy for you to ascertain the truth of them. Tell him that he is attractive and that any girl should notice it. Praise him. Assure him that you love him and that you know he is going to be successful. Give him the confidence he must have, if he is going to give you the love you covet.

And be gay about it. A weepy, jealous wife adds to a man's subconscious conviction that he is not a complete success.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was in my teens, my mother proposed my name for membership in her club, which consists mostly of older women. I joined to please my mother. Now I am holding a minor office which would ordinarily lead to holding more important offices. I have been married for five months and my husband has been wonderful about the fact that I have to attend club meetings once a week. However, I would rather stay at home with my husband, or do something with a group of his friends. Tentatively I have mentioned this to my mother, but she has said that this one evening is her only chance to be with me, and if I don't "confide" and what she says to me is simply gossip which bores me.

I want to give up this club now. You see, holding more important office would mean that I would have to devote two evenings a week to the club during the winter.

How can I explain this to my mother so that she won't be too disappointed?

Evita

Although you haven't said so, I have the feeling that you are an only child and that your father has little interest for you and that you wish to tender your resignation from office and from the club. Think up some nice little excuse, such as taking a course at a school or joining a young women's group, or even as saying while a friend makes regular trips to her doctor, so that your mother will have a reasonable story to tell her friends.

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.
For Fall Fashions and Back-to-Campus!

NEW Playtex® FAB-LINED Girdle

It’s the first new kind of girdle in 11 years — the girdle praised by top fashion designers, the girdle that’s caressed millions of women to new slimness in new comfort! Just see how the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle gives your figure a slim new future for fall. With a cloud-soft fabric fused to the smooth latex sheath without a seam, stitch or bone, it’s invisible under clothes, allows complete freedom of action for your active autumn life. And it washes in seconds, dries in a flash.

At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere. Prices slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

The 3 most popular girdles in the world

PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRLDE. With fabric next to your skin, for cloud-soft comfort. In SLIM, golden tube.

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRLDE. So light, so cool, dispels body heat. In SLIM, shimmering pink tube.

PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRLDE. With more figure control, greater freedom of action than girdles at three times the price. In SLIM, silvery tube.

Sizes: extra small, small, medium, large, extra large size, slightly higher.
They're Saying That: His studio feels his marriage to Janet Leigh may affect the popularity of Tony Curtis and wish he had taken front office advice and waited... Stewart Granger is the original worry-wart and if he isn't unhappy because another actor has a larger dressing-room he is unhappy because another actor seems to be getting more close-ups with better dialogue... Steve Cochran, the rugged individualist, is now too big a name to take chances of jeopardizing his career with his current design for living... Jeff Chandler insists on keeping his graying hair uncovered because he believes his fans find it very attractive.

Impressions: Doris Day's inimitable way of cocking her head like a cocker spaniel when something puzzles her... Cesar Romero's unpublicized devotion during the prolonged illness of his father who passed away recently... Peter Lawford's studied indifference as he dances with Mrs. Gary Cooper... Lana Turner's magnificent tolerance in face of another ridiculous rumor that threatens her personal happiness... Ruth Roman's dark sparkling eyes and plunging necklines, which are the best double-features turned out in Hollywood!

Torrid Two: Quixotic, impulsive, unpredictable Hedy Lamarr's sudden, unexpected marriage to the internationally known Ted Stauffer climaxes the famous beauty's fourth attempt to find "peace" and "happiness." Hollywood, to put it mildly, gasped and grinned over
Margaret O’Brien shows off her first grown-up hair-do while lunching at Chasen’s with her mother.

He’s in the Army now: Sally Forrest says goodbye to Vic Damone on “Rich, Young and Pretty” set, his last film.

If the shoe fits: Keenan Wynn, Esther Williams and Red Skelton go Western for roles in Technicolor “Texas Carnival.”

cal York’s gossip of Hollywood

STUFF
I realize that it may be disillusioning to tell you this about the great Lanza, but Mario snores... Marilyn Monroe, whom the boys go to the movies to see, has been known to go to the movies alone... Movie cashiers don't seem as pretty as they used to. ... Often wonder if many movie producers would have accepted "South Pacific" if it had been presented as a scenario. I doubt it... Lana Turner's broken toe was decorated with a bandage covered with cherry-colored sequins. I swear on the production code it's true... Monica Lewis has the parties to make the largest sweater appear snug... Only in the movies can a group of strangers get together and, at the drop of a chord, harmonize perfectly any song written... When a scene of Corinne Calvet's was deleted from a picture by the Breen office, her only comment was, "Don't they want the people to know I'm a girl?"... I still get a thrill standing on the Sunset Strip and looking down on the lights of Hollywood... Much as I like Jane Russell, I wouldn't want to be alone on a desert island with her.

Farley Granger often cooks for Shelley Winters, so you know who wears the pants, as the expression has it, in that combination... Movie ushers never want to seat me in the section of the theatre I prefer, but always take me where they would sit... Howard Duff told me he wants to play in a Western. "An actor can't go wrong in a Western," said Duff. "You make them while you're young and watch them on television when you're old." Despite the article Hedy Lamarr wrote about the curse of beauty, her beauty was no handicap in acquiring another husband... I thought you might like to know how much extras in pictures get paid. A day's minimum salary is $15.36. A dress extra gets $22.23 a day. If the extra is given lines to speak, even if it's only "Yes, sir," the salary is $35 a day... Maureen O'Hara will turn in the acting gem of the season if she convinces audiences she is a boy in a sequence in "Tale of Araby"... Jeannie Crain is sexier since marriage and babies... Description of Hollywood climate by a friend who is not a member of the Chamber of Commerce: If you can see the mountains, it looks like rain. If you can't see the mountains, it is rain... Alan Young, when asked, "Do you sing?" answered, "No—but I do four songs in 'Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick.'"

Greg Bautzer, the Hollywood lawyer, attracts more actresses than any movie hero... Doris Day has this advice for ambitious newcomers: "Take it easy and don't try so hard. Success will come when it's ready"... Charades is a game invented by Hollywood people so they can avoid knowing the are inventing a game. A stork whose pekinese had a misalliance with a mongrel wanted to know the name of "an unethical veterinarian"... My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, after being greeted by a stranger, remarked, "I know people I don't even know"... I have yet to see a private eye in the movies who didn't wear a trench coat.

So far as I'm concerned, there has never been a face on celluloid as interesting as Garbo's... If this be treason, make the most of it, but Rita Hayworth is not my idea of a princess—and I like her personally... Denise Darcel clicked with fewer lines than any other actress and yet, as Tom Jenk remarked, "Her role was stacked!"... An independent producer was so poor that he couldn't afford to buy "prop" money for one of his pictures and had to use the real things... I might reconsider and go on that desert island with Jane Russell after all... Tony Curtis has no inhibitions. If you want to know anything about him, all you have to do is ask him... Dick Powell asked M-G-M for permission to borrow his wife, June Allyson, for a picture he intends producing. In this town a husband doesn't have much to say about what his wife can and can't do. That's Hollywood for you!
STUFF

Cal Wishes: That someone would introduce Scott Brady to Marilyn Monroe, who he thinks is the greatest discovery since the wall telephone... That John Hodiak's public could hear his hysterical rendition of "Little Red Riding Hood" in Ukrainian! ... That handsome Bob Wagner, who is really going places and accomplishing things, would stop acting as if the Beverly Gourmet (where he was discovered) keeps open in his honor... That Marlon Brando (who recoils against going Hollywood) wouldn't drive around in that yellow convertible looking as if he just had a mayonnaise massage! ... That producers could see the avalanche of fan mail Gig Young receives monthly... That more young actors had the enthusiasm of Bill Campbell (Spencer Tracy plugged him an M-G-M contract) who organized Ricardo Montalban, Phyllis Kirk and others into a weekly group who see old movies and discuss acting.

Farewell Frolic: There wasn't time for the Van Johnsons to call on all their friends to say goodbye. "Why not invite them here and tell 'em all at once," he grinned. Evie thought it was a splendid idea. An excellent party it was! When Cal took inventory he discovered there were exactly three eligible bachelors (Peter Lawford, Cesar Romero and writer Cy Howard) and at least two extra girls for each. Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra, close Hollywood friends these days, arrived together and left, unescorted. While in Rome making "When in Rome," Van Johnson gets a lucky break. Arranged by Ann Sothern, he will meet Father Willis Egan, the humorous, kindly, warm and intelligent brother of Richard Egan, who is studying at the Gregorian College. "Just copy Father Egan," mused Ann to Van, "and your role of the priest will be perfect!"

Many Hoppy Returns: Proud parents now have one more reason for being grateful to "Hopalong Cassidy." Recently, the famous Western star opened his own "Hoppy Land" and he was right there to greet the kids who swarmed the place. It's situated on Washington Bou-

The Gene Nelsons, at the Ice Capades. Gene doubles as singer as well as dancer in star-studded film, "Starlift"
The story the columnists missed on Errol Flynn playing host one evening to his wife Pat Wymore and his two ex-wives, Lili Damita and Nora Edington Flynn Haymes. Happened Flynn was birthday-partying for his and Lili's son when Nora and Dick Haymes bumbled in to see her sprouts—and they all had a merry time after the kiddies were tucked in. . . . The merry-go-round of Joan Crawford having quiet dinners at her home with Jeff Chandler, who dates Anne Sheridan at the night spots and big parties. But Chandler is lonely when Steve Hannagan is here, admitted he wasn't with Annie during a recent Hannagan Hollywood visit, because, "I can't be—the top man's in town." . . . Alan Ladd selling the pups of his prize Boxer to chums at fifty dollars a crack—worth a mint more.

Doris Day planning a disk jockey radio show to be taped from her home . . . Dan Dailey acting as a non-professional "psychiatrist" for pals who crave the help he got at the Menninger clinic but who can't afford it . . . Marion Marshall, who went through a long-term contract at Twentieth without making a dent, crashing through for Paramount in "That's My Boy" and "The Stooge"—a new star . . . Linda Darnell's top man: Agent Charlie Feldman, who's romped with the town's best.

The slick chick teaming of Debbie Reynolds and Carleton Carpenter in "Two Weeks with Love," which has brought three successive pictures in a row for the couple to make before 1952 checks in . . . The "denial" that John Agar had proposed to another girl who turned him down before he took off for a Nevada splicing with Loretta Barnett. They were all at John's mother's home for dinner before the wedding dash . . . Ellen Drew's marriage to heavily loaded socialite Bill Walker, which will probably halt her picture-making.

Eve Arden's report, following a tour of Army camps, that the boys aren't nearly so interested in pin-up art as they are in pictures of "back home"—but it doesn't stack up with the swarm of G.I. requests for pin-up stuff at the studios . . . Charlie Laughton going right from the role of a deranged, bloodthirsty French nobleman in U-I's horror picture, "The Door," to recording an album of Christmas carols for kiddies! . . . Liz Scott, who's torn between columnist Herb Caen and United Artists proxy Arthur Krim . . . Angela Greene says her home is done in Louis XIV and Louis XVI—and the nursery in Hopalong Cassidy I.
words in him. And the whole evening, too, glamorous Ava, whose heart and mind must have been all but consumed with conflicting emotions, was warm and considerate of everyone's welfare. She was also exhausted—too exhausted to eat after a long hard day. We set with Clark Gable in “Lone Star.” I just want a glass of milk and some coffee beans,” she smiled at the surprised waiter, “they really are wonderful or giving energy.” Ava wasn’t kidding. For the balance of the evening she sat here nibbling from the jar of coffee beans in front of her. “Guess how many here are,” Frank mused, “and you win a tur-lined brown derby!” We wished we could have guessed how much happiness the future holds for them.

Happy Warrior: No, the Bob Hopes aren’t facing bankruptcy. Mr. Ski-Snoot didn’t follow the wrong pony, or lose his shiny shirt on Wall Street. But it is rue that Hope and all the little Hope-uls are living in an inexpensive five-room frame house. Here’s how it happened. Just before he took off for Korea, the Lemon Drop Kiddo (plug!) bought the lot in back of his estate. A little house on the lot went with the deal. His own magnificent manse was undergoing alterations, so the Hopes had to move out during the process. Need we go on? Actually, he loves living in the little house, which will be moved away ater.

“There’s something about six in a sheet that’s so cozy!” burbles Bobby.

Short and Sour: Rock Hudson’s dates with beautiful belles like Ann Sheridan, strengthen the rumor that Vera-Ellen won’t be walking down the aisle with him… June Allyson’s rumored retirement is causing front office silver threads amongst the gold… Mild-mannered Doris Day would like to take the person who’s spreading those “separation” stories and dunk him in her Bendix!

Peace reigned generally around the often warring households of Hollywood last spring. But not in the Bel-Air battleground of the Victor Matures. The beautiful hunk of man and his beautiful blonde wife were dug into their trenches again. At that time Mrs. M. denied they were separated for keeps and added, “We had a little argument, that’s all.” They’d had one skirmish before in which Vic was shot down in flames in a divorce suit, in November 1948. They called a truce the next February, though, and peace held again.

After the smoke had cleared from this latest tactical maneuver, I hotfooted over to the “Las Vegas Story” set at RKO to find out who won. The broad-shouldered actor, who usually has 5,890 well-chosen words to say in any communiqué to the press, was practically silent this time. After some hemming and much hawing, he admitted that his wife always comes out the winner in their family discussions.

“Sure, I admit I was wrong,” he finally said. “The woman in this case has been right in every instance. I’ve been wrong so consistently. This is great,” he laughed. “I can see some future lawyer holding out this interview to me and saying, ‘Here, see, he admits he was wrong.’

“Gee, seriously, Honey, it’s hard to say anything. I don’t want to hurt her. I really don’t want to talk about it. Oh, I’m no gem, I admit that. We have some type of argument which is pretty par for the course. If anything’s printed in the gossip columns that you’ve had an argument with your wife, though, people know it.”

Does Mature mind the gold-fish bowl of Movieland?

“Some of my greatest friends are gossip columnists,” he shrugged. “It’s their job to report what they feel is going on in town. But it still doesn’t help, if you’ve had an argument, to have Joe, Pete and Harry know it. We just had a little dispute about something, and that comes up in everyday life. My wife really is very charming, great sense of humor, you know, all that….”

I wanted to know what he thought about couples airing their disputes instead of bottling them up for future serious explosions.

“I’m no authority on that,” he said firmly. “If I give you any advice it’s liable to upset the whole universe.”

Even Jane Powell, expecting her baby when this picture was taken, couldn’t stay away from the party. Chatting with her is actor Phil Reed.

Sitting in a corner, but far from blue, were those new friends, Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra. Barbara's reported reconciliation with Bob is still a rumor. Nancy recently agreed to divorce Frankie.
Doctor develops sensational new medically-correct internal sanitary protection

Pursettes
The Only Tampon with lubricated tip

- Pursettes are now obtainable at all leading stores. This sensational new tampon for internal sanitary protection was developed by a surgeon and is the only one with lubricated tip.

- Pursettes offer all the advantages of internal protection plus an amazing new degree of comfort, security and convenience. Pursettes are "medically-correct"—the lubricated tip insures easier insertion. No applicator is needed.

- Pursettes are purposely designed to be small in size yet insure greater absorbency. Just test Pursettes' absorbency in a glass of water. You'll be simply astounded. And this one 'safety-margin' size makes it adequate for all users.


Be up to date. Change to Pursettes.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Be sure to get this dainty jewel black plastic purse container, of no extra charge, with each package of Pursettes (looks like compact or lighter).

SANITARY PRODUCTS CORP., TANEYTOWN, MD.

Sheilah Graham, columnist and Photoplay writer, introduced Piper Laurie, To Curtis to TV audiences on her NBC-TV program, "Sheilah Graham's Hollywood"

INSIDE STUFF

People, Places, Things: This really was party month for Cal and one of the nicest was held in Zachary Scott's bachelor apartment. Guests crowded the small quarters, but typical of the charming host, everyone was made comfortable with individual folding tables and the best curried food in town. Daughter Waverly and her friend Kitty Murray were the most dignified, well-poised sixteen-year-olds Cal has ever seen. They too were fascinated by Anne Baxter's amusing story of the exhibitors' luncheon at Twentieth.

"Expecting" momentarily, Anne tried to remain inconspicuous in a secluded corner. However, an exhibitor sought her out and inquired solicitously: "And what is your next production, Miss Baxter?" Anne played it straight. "Oh it's a Houdak production," she dead-panned. "I'll look forward to seeing it," the exhibitor said seriously. "And so will I Anne managed to mutter!"

Non-Alcoholics Anonymous: It's morning ritual in the Mark Stevens household. While daddy shaves his drinks his orange juice, his son has small glass too and watches, "Cheers says big Mark to little Mark, as the elink glasses. Now the scene changes the schoolroom. It's mid-morning as milk-drinking time for the kiddies. Suddenly Mark Richard Stevens leaps to his feet, faces the class and with glass held, yells—"Cheers!"

Stork Stuff: Jane Russell, celebrated her birthday at Sportsman's Lodge thought the phone call was anoth friendly congratulation. Instead, she returned to the table looking as if she has just taken a terrific swig of starbuck! Word had just reached her that the ba she and Bob Waterfield (after eig

(Continued on page 19)

Between the acts: Ruth Roman, Steve Cochran and Director Felix Feist kib about how the next scene should be played on set of "Tomorrow is Another Day
In just 50 seconds Your Complexion can be looking... Smooth, Glamourous, Lovely with miraculous PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP by Max Factor

Would you like your complexion smoother looking... with more natural color... with a lovelier softer glow? Pan-Cake, the complexion secret of Hollywood's loveliest stars, is your answer... because in just seconds Pan-Cake Make-Up veils your skin with the lovely complexion beauty you've always dreamed of. Never drying... it hides tiny complexion blemishes... stays radiantly perfect for hours on end. No wonder more women use Pan-Cake Make-Up by Max Factor than any other make-up in the world. In the Color Harmony skin tone for your type. $1.60, plus tax.

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR YOUR TRIAL SIZE PAN-CAKE

Just fill in chart... and check carefully

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO
Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, California

Please send me my trial size Pan-Cake... also, my personal Complexion Analysis, Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 32-page, color-illustrated book, "The New Art of Make-Up." I enclose 104 in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

Name__________________________

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP by MAX FACTOR Hollywood

---the greatest flattering of them all! ---
Only one soap gives your skin this Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild...leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly...for the finest complexion care...for a fragrant invitation to romance!

Complexion and big Bath Sizes

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!
...Mangos, spiced watermelon, crystalized ginger and endless tropical tidbits for June Haver, with an unknown escort; the John Derek; Richard Egan with Ann Sothern; Gene Nelson and his lovely wife Miriam—all hula-happy, all loving it.

Opening Night: The nurses at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica are grateful that Red Skelton only has one appendix! No, he wasn't a bad patient when they rushed him in for an emergency operation. To the contrary, he kept the nurses in such stitches, he almost popped his own. Just when they thought he was out cold, Red raised himself on the operating table. “After you get your opening,” he wisecracked, “make sure that I get mine next month at the Palladium.”

Talent Scout: It can happen here, but take it from an old-timer, it doesn’t happen often. “I want you to meet a wonderful girl,” enthused Ruth Roman. “She’s going to be a big star and you might as well start writing wonderful things about her now.” We were on the set of “Starlift,” the picture that revolves itself around the Travis Air Base and Hospital. Ruth was right. Janice Rule (She first appeared with Joan Crawford in “Goodbye, My Fancy”) is a beautiful lass of nineteen, mellowed and mature beyond her years. She’s still a bit bewildered by Hollywood and her first experience before the camera, but she can’t miss. “When the local wolves ask for my telephone number,” laughed Janice, “I tell them I live with my agent. You should see the expression on their faces!” P.S. Her agent is Lillie Messenger, one of the best gal agents in the business.

Did You Know That: Scott Brady, who couldn’t live under more modest circumstances, surprised Hollywood by filing a petition of bankruptcy to the tune of debts totaling $34,220.11—with assets listed less than a thousand. John Barrymore Jr. isn’t making his permanent

New finer MUM

more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores with this new finer MUM way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that cause underarm odor. What’s more, it keeps down future bacteria growth. You actually build up protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn’t cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum’s delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and lasts! Get Mum!

New MUM cream deodorant
A Product of Bristol-Myers
I'LL...

HA! THE KIDS HAVE SPILLED CRACKER CRUMBS I'LL GRIND 'EM INTO HER RUG BEFORE MOM VACUUMS!

FOILED AGAIN! HERE COMES HER BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER TO RESCUE HER RUG FROM THAT MESSY CRACKER DUST!

I DON'T NEED TO "BEAR DOWN" WITH A BISSELL® THE "BISCO-MATIC" BRUSH ACTION ADJUSTS ITSELF TO ANY RUG TEXTURE—GETS THE DIRT QUICK, EVEN WITH THE HANDLE HELD LOW!

DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!
GET A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL

Only $6.95 up
A little more in the West.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan


Rings on her fingers, wedding bells in their hearts. Sally Forrest, Milo Frank, ring shopping, expect to be newlyweds when you read this home with Aunt Ethel, as publicized. While shooting on his current production, the younger registered at the Chateau Marmont where his director could keep an interested eye on him... Ann Blyth pressed good-luck shamrocks in Ireland and brought them back to her friends in Hollywood... Alan Ladd paying a personal call on every member of the Warners publicity department, introduced himself (?) and said: "If you need me, call me." Hollywood hams who want to get away from the pain of it all, please note!... Patricia Neal, who refused to take a salary cut at Warners, is back on the lot—back to visit Gary Cooper, who still works there... Since John Lund took the front office by the horns and secured his release from Paramount, he's had wonderful offers from three other studios.

Show Business: Hectically happy, Sally Forrest and Milo Frank dropped by for a cocktail. "Here, we wanted to give you yours in person," they exclaimed as they handed Cal an engraved invitation to their August wedding. Even disheartening change of plans failed to dampen their spirits.

"Milo had already booked passage and made reservations for us at the Royal Hawaiian," sighed Sally, "then the studio put me in 'Skirts Ahoy' and it's such a wonderful part we just had to postpone our honeymoon."

Grinned Milo, "We couldn't postpone the wedding, however. Sally has to make an honest man of me because I have already made the down payment on our house!"

Names and News: Thieves who broke into the Laguna Beach home of Bette Davis, won't have a second opportunity. Bette's back from making a picture in England and all she can say is—"God Bless America!"... The reported permission of Joan Fontaine's father, for his daughter to marry Aly Khan, even embarrassed Hollywood. Joan and sister Olivia were never exactly cozy with papa, who is almost a stranger to them. The Fontaine-Khan reunion in Paris was important to headline-happy reporters, only... Minor surgery on Betty Hutson's vocal chords silenced her for a week. "It was tougher than learning to hang by my knees from a trapeze," whispered the blonde bombshell... For a change, Errol Flynn is doing the singing. The suit is based on an alleged altercation between the star and a Nassau hotel owner... At the last minute Mrs. Dan Dailey changed her mind, dropped her California divorce action and got it in Las Vegas. Now that she's free, her friends expect her to marry oilman Bob Neal... Bing Crosby, the world's wealthiest "bom" (a Vancouver hotel clerk refused him admission upon his return from a fishing trip. No one would have recognized the bearded groaner) anxiously stood by when young Gary Crosby underwent shoulder surgery, the result of a football injury... Investigation proceeding for Betty Grable, a reported victim of an oil promotion swindle.

Beverly Hills Beach-Head: While they're waiting to welcome the stork, the Tyrone Powersees add welcome color to the local scene. A photograph of Linda in a French newspaper recently arrived in town. She was posed standing next to a nude-to-the-waist statue of herself which she presented to her famous husband. Currently Ty's on suspension at Twentieth Century-Fox—for the first time in fifteen years. He didn't want to play the lead in "Lydia Bailey" and he's so right. In this case, too many costume pictures are too many!

Lady in the Dark: Cal's decided some legends live forever. At one of Producer Charles K. Feldman's private showings of "A Streetcar Named Desire," just before the film rolled the projectionist had a request to lower the lights. "There's a lady outside who doesn't like to enter brightly-lit rooms," was the explanation. The lady was—Garbo!

(Continued on page 22)
"Easy to be Lux Lovely"

says CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Starring in
"THUNDER ON THE HILL"
A Universal-International Picture

"My beauty facials really make skin softer, smoother"

"I've found Lux Soap facials really make skin lovelier," says glamorous Claudette Colbert. "It's such an easy beauty care, but one I know I can depend on. Here's all you do:

1. "First work the creamy lather well in. Lux has Active lather that cleanses thoroughly but ever so gently. Rinse with warm water, then splash freely with cold. Pat dry with a towel.

2. "Now my skin feels softer, smoother!" Why don't you take Claudette Colbert's tip? Try this gentle care screen stars recommend. You'll agree—it's easy to be Lux-lovely!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
I dreamed I was
an artist in my
maidenform bra

I'm dabbling in dreams... with the whole world at my doorstep! The critics come to look at my work, and then stay to look at me! They say I've a genius for line, an absolute mastery of form.

Could it be they mean my Maidenform figure?

Shown: Maidenform's Over-ture* in white satin; also available in nylon taffeta and broadcloth... from 1.75

There is a maidenform for every type of figure!


FUN ON THE SIDE: Dick Wesson, Paul Picerni gag on set of "Force of Arms"
If you are fond of someone who is fond of you—keep it that way! Don’t let halitosis (unpleasant breath) take the bloom off that kiss . . . or turn ardor into indifference.

Unfortunately, you can offend this way without realizing it. That’s the insidious thing about halitosis. But why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful and extra-careful precaution against off-color breath?

**Long-lasting Effect**

Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution against halitosis because it sweetens and freshens the breath . . . not for seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

So, when you want to be at your best, don’t trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Use it every night and morning . . . and between times before every date for that lasting protection.

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.
"I was shipwrecked 5 times in one day!"

Says EVELYN KEAYS, co-starring with Jeff Chandler in "SMUGGLER'S ISLAND" a U-I release, Color by Technicolor

![Image of a shipwreck scene from the movie "Smuggler's Island"](image)

"If sweeping floors is rough on your hands, imagine mine after retakes of this shipwreck scene for 'SMUGGLER'S ISLAND.' The heavy oars made my hands sting.

Learning the ropes on a sloop left my hands raw again...

It kept my hands lovely for romantic closeups!

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

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

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

Prove it with this simple test described above...

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

Stills: TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)

"If sweeping floors is rough on your hands, imagine mine after retakes of this shipwreck scene for 'SMUGGLER'S ISLAND.' The heavy oars made my hands sting.

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Stills: TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)
(F) KON-TIKI—Art-Film—Sol Lesser—RKO: Documentary film of actual 4,300-mile sea voyage taken by raids by Thor Heyerdahl and five companions. Not for the easily seasick. (July)

(F) LAST OUTPOST, THE—Pine-Thompson-Paramount: Still another Civil War era Western with Yankees, rebels and Injuns shootin' it up. With Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming. (July)

(F) LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount: Jay comedy with Bob Hope playing Santa Claus in order to raise $10,000 owed to Fred Clark. Marilyn Maxwell's the doll. Bob's life. (June)

(F) MAN WITH MY FACE, THE—GardnerIA: Barry Nelson is forced to prove his own identity after he returns home one night to find a louse in possession of his wife, his home and his ing. With Carole Matthews. (July)

(F) NEW MEXICO—Allen-U.A.: A scannily east-bound Western with Lew Ayres as a Union captain, who, after attempting to defend maltreated Indians, is forced to track them down. With Marilyn Maxwell. (July)

(A) PANDORA AND THE FLYING MACHETE—Romulus-M-G-M: A beautiful and raucous story with Ava Gardner as a restless 1930 daygirl. James Mason, the 17th Century Dutchman, comes to nail the seven seas until he finds a woman who'd die for him. (June)

(F) PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF, THE—On: Tony Curtis comes into his own as a star in this Technicolor Arabian Nights tale about a royal plant reared by renegades, who finally claims his inheritance. With Piper Laurie. (July)

(F) QUEEN FOR A DAY—Stillman-U.A.: The popular radio show is the springboard for dramatization of short stories: "Gassamer World," "Hush hush" and "Harrie" featuring Phyllis Avery, Adam Williams, Edith Meser and cast of unknowns. (June)

(F) SEALEC CARGO—RKO: When Dana Andrews, owner of a small Canadian fishing boat, brings World War II sights a wrecked Danish schooner, he becomes involved in intrigue and murder. With Carla Balenda, Claude Rains. (July)

(F) SHOW BOAT—M-G-M: The third and colorful screen version of immortal Jerome Kern's operetta starring Kathryn Grayson as "fagolia" Howard Keel as Gay, Ava Gardner as wife. With J. F. Brown, Agnes Moorehead and wit sensational dance team Marge and Gower champion. (Aug.)

(F) SOLDIERS THREE—M-G-M: A rather dull and much too British version of the Kipling story despite the presence of Stewart Granger, Robert Newton, Walter Pidgeon, David Niven. (June)

(A) STRANGERS ON A TRAIN—Warner: Neurotic Robert Walker meets tennis champ Farley Granger in a club car, discusses a diabolical scheme for a double murder and then, without Farley's knowledge, carries out his end of it. What appears next makes this a chilling, thrilling adventure. With Ruth Roman, Pat Hitchcock. (Aug.)

(F) TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL—7th Century Fox: A controversial and straightforward expose of cruelties of college sorority shutdown. With Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson, Mitzi Gaynor, Jean Peters. (July)

(A) THING, THE—RKO: A chilling scientific adventure about a "clume" from another planet that lands at North Pole with a flying saucer with the tension of destroying the earth. With Ken Tobey, Carrey Martin, Margaret Sheridan. (July)

(F) WHEN I GROW UP—U.A.: Bobby Driscoll plays a dual role, in this tender family drama concerning a boy, his dog, and grand-dad in the problem two of them faced in their youth. Martha Scott, Bob Preston. (Aug.)

(F) WHIRLWIND—Columbia: Gene Autry des the old trail as a government agent out to get thieving rancher. With Smiley Burnett. (July)

(Serta) Smooth-Tite Construction, Vitalized Coil Cushioning, Uni-Mattress Imitting Unit. Guaranteed against any defects caused by faulty materials, workmanship or construction. Fine Serta Mattresses. Box spring $59.50 to $99.50—also with Serta-Spring by Prestime—at better stores from coast to coast.

You will instantly discover that particular "Perfect Sleeper" feeling...a smooth, soothing, more "Perfect Sleeper" found in no other mattress...under perfect top cotton. A product of SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC., Chicago, Illinois.
On occasion Hollywood rises to heights of artistic achievement, sometimes even pulling itself right out of the old box-office appeal. In "Streetcar," a long stretch of feverish morbidity, there are no concessions made to happy endings. The story deals with the moral and mental degradation of two Southern girls at the hands of a brutish Polish-American. And right here let me say Marlon Brando wins our personal Oscar for his playing of Stanley Kowalski. Kim Hunter, his wife, held captive by sheer physical attraction, gives a performance that for shading and fine line-drawing cannot be surpassed. Showier, of course, is the role of Kim's sister Blanche who arrives at her sister's home an emotionally shaken woman in need of love and understanding but who, instead, is literally trampled into insanity by the boorish Kowalski. Vivien Leigh gives to the role of Blanche that wonderful, fragile, pitiful appeal that chalks up another difficult-to-surpass characterization. Karl Malden is excellent as Blanche's suitor. Rudy Bond, Nick Dennis, and Peg Hillias complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Brutal but fascinating.

Program Notes: Vivien Leigh starred in the London stage production of "Streetcar" for nine months before coming to Hollywood for the movie version. Laurence Olivier, her husband, made a picture in movietown at the same time. Weary from long weeks of work before the camera, the pair boarded a freighter for a long, restful ride back to England... Brando announced he was through, professionally, for 1951. Dissatisfied with his speaking voice (perfect, however, for the role of Kowalski) Brando planned to study diction and voice at the Actors Studio, headed by Elia Kazan, who directed this film... Five years had elapsed since Kim Hunter had made a film in Hollywood. Kim played her same role in the stage version... Another member of the original stage cast is Karl Malden who has made several successful movies in the past year... Miss Leigh and a few members of the cast made a location joint to New Orleans to film scenes in and around that streetcar named Desire which has since been replaced by a bus of the same name.

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 80. For Best Pictures of the Month and

SHADOW

WWW OUTSTANDING
WWW GOOD FAIR

TweedleDum and TweedleDee step out of "Looking Glass" sequel to appear with Alice in Disney's amazing Wonderland

WWW (F) Alice in Wonderland (Disney-RKO)

The mythical magic of Disney is again displayed in the beautifully colored cartooned exploits of Alice in her wonderful Wonderland. All the characters so dearly loved by children and adults as well, are faithfully reproduced—the White Rabbit that causes Alice to plunge down the hole to Wonderland, the Walrus and the Carpenter who so ungraciously dine upon the baby oysters, TweedleDum and TweedleDee (borrowed from the "Looking Glass" sequel), the Cheshire Cat, the Caterpillar, the King and Queen of Hearts with their ridiculous croquet game and trial. Especially comical is the tea party with the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, and the Dormouse. The scenic backgrounds are exquisitely detailed and embellished with several objects new to the original story. The music, soothing and lullaby-ish, is still not up to the "Snow White" score but Alice proves to be every little girl's dream of the heroine she loves to read about.

Your Reviewer Says: Fantastical fantasy of beauty and fun.

Program Notes: For well over a year the Disney artists labored over their drawing boards penciling and coloring the characters of Alice. The research and story plan had previously occupied another year and the voice dubbing required many, many months of work. The voice of Alice was supplied by Cathy Beaumont. The famous comic Ed Wynn talked for the Mad Hatter and Richard Haydn for the Caterpillar. Sterling Holloway gave voice to the Cheshire Cat, Jerry Colonna to the March Hare and Pat O'Malley to both the Walrus and the Tweedle Twins, Dee and Dum. Bill Thompson chatted for the White Rabbit, Heather Angel for Alice's grown-up sister, James MacDonald for the Dormouse and the fearsome off-with-their-heads threats were shouted by Verna Felton as the Queen of Hearts. The AEIOU song that accompanied the Caterpillar scene was the cleverest of all.
STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
A—FOR ADULTS

Love vs. ambition: Monty Clift, Shelley Winters in a new version of famous drama and novel, "An American Tragedy"

(A) A Place in the Sun (Paramount)

The finest human interest story to come out of Hollywood in many a day! Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters illumine their roles with an intensity of emotion, constantly in character, that never lets down to the fateful end. Beautifully adapted and modernized, the story tells of the poor cousin of a wealthy and social family, contendingly placed in the family factory and then forgotten. Too late they remember. His hunger for love and companionship has led him into an intimacy with a factory girl and the tragic consequences ruthlessly snatch him from his new world and his consuming love for Elizabeth Taylor. This role belongs to Montgomery Clift and none other. He's that good. Without make-up, without tricks or forceful efforts, Shelley Winters manages to make of Alice Tripp, the factory girl, a pathetic figure that cannot be overshadowed by the youth and beauty of Elizabeth Taylor.

Your Reviewer Says: It will bankrupt the emotions.

Program Notes: The Lake Tahoe country in the High Sierras was covered with unexpected snow the day they were scheduled to shoot outdoor summer scenes. So, before Elizabeth Taylor could enquire about the lake in a bathing suit, the crew carefully hosed away the snow from trees and landscape within camera range. . . . The girls' wardrobes touched two extremes. Shelley's costliest outfit ran around four dollars. One of Elizabeth's party gowns cost one hundred times that amount. Clift, who dons two suits in real life, felt overdressed with a wardrobe consisting of a gray tweed and blue serge, poorly cut, a tuxedo and a sports coat with slacks. He preferred his factory outfit of T-shirt and worn leather jacket which he wears most of the time off screen . . . Shelley had her blonde hair dyed a lusterless brown for her role.

(A) The Frogmen (20th Century-Fox)

FROGMEN were members of the Navy's daring Underwater Demolition Teams during World War II and the history of their exploits, revealed here for the first time, is something we urge you not to miss. The hazardous, daring bravery of these men is wrapped up in the so familiar story of the unpopular officer who, through his own bravery, becomes a hero to his men, but for all that, none of the power or spine-tingling suspense is lost. In the all-male cast, Richard Widmark is every inch the unyielding Lt. Commander whose matter-of-fact manner irks chief petty officer Dana Andrews and the crew, including Jeffrey Hunter, Warren Stevens, Harvey Lembeck, Henry Slate and other stalwart lads. Gary Merrill plays the ship's officer who understands Widmark's personality problems. But surpassing the story by far are the scenes of these daring men in action.

Your Reviewer Says: Terrific!

Program Notes: A seasick, water-logged and travel-weary group of men ploughed the treacherous waters off Cape Hatteras and wondered why, in heaven's name, they ever wanted to be actors in the first place. From seven weeks' shooting in the waters off Norfolk, Virginia, and thence to Key West, Florida, and on to Bosini Bay off the Virgin Islands, this group of men spent over half their time submerged in the briny deep. More than eighty-five members of the movie company became victims of cold, influenza or near pneumonia from overexposure. In fact, so much sea-going prompted Dana Andrews to sell his own fifty-foot cutter upon his return home, keeping the less-expensive-to-run ketch . . . Gary Merrill recovered from his heavy cold in time to fly to London with his wife, Bette Davis, with whom he co-stars in the British film, "Another Man's Poison." The Richard Widmark plan to meet Bette and Gary later on in Rome . . . Jeffrey Hunter was recruited from a college play at UCLA for the role that kept him flat on his back with a supposed spinal injury throughout most of the action, thereby escaping most of the dunkings.

Best Performances See Page 100. For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 24
Look Lovelier in 10 Days
with Doctor's Home Facial ... or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations...no complicated rituals! With just one dainty, snow-white cream—greaseless, medicated Noxzema—you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother and lovelier! The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base...the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal*, soften and smooth.

*Blemishes*. "I started using Noxzema for some annoying blemishes," says Joan Murray of Bye, N. Y. "It helped my skin look so much smoother and softer, I've used it regularly, since! As a make-up base, Noxzema helps powder stay on."

Save this! Follow Noxzema's Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!

Morning—Apply Noxzema. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of greaseless Noxzema for a protective powder base.

Evening— "Creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up—without harsh rubbing! Now, lightly massage Noxzema into skin to help soften, smooth, Pat extra over blemishes* to help heal.

Money-Back Offer! If this Home Facial doesn't help skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.

NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM
Like an Angel of Mercy to your skin

At any drug
or cosmetic counter
40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax

½ (F) Mark of the Renegade (U-I)

HERE we go again, folks, to 1825, with Ricardo Montalban, a Mexican patriot banished from his country, and wearing on his forehead the branded letter "P" for renegade. Joining a band of pirates, Montalban comes to California, then a province of Mexico, is taken captive by rascally Gilbert Roland. Our renegade is ordered by Roland to kill off the fiancé of the beautiful Cyd Charisse and marry her herself, a task not at all repellent to Montalban but without murder, please now. You see, Roland figures that with his vassal married to Cyd, her powerful father Antonio Moreno will come under his dominion. But before the villain's plans can be accomplished there are duds, fiestas, broken heads and a surprise ending.

Your Reviewer Says: "R" for romantic.

Program Notes: Ricardo Montalban is right at home in his role of the handsome Mexican mainly because he is one, And, after a Technicolor glimpse of the actor in his colorful outfits, the fans may insist he play nothing else...Cyd Charisse, who is Mrs. Tony Martin in private life, spent most of her time between scenes telephoning home about their new son, Tony Jr. This was Cyd's first role since the baby's arrival...Silent star Antonio Moreno kept the castspellbound with his reminiscences. "There aren't any real lovers in the movies any more," he insisted. "Males just talk about it; they don't do anything about it." (Hi ya, Gable, hello Peck, good morning, Flynn.)

(F) Happy Go Lovely (RKO)

MADE in England with David Niven, Cesar Romero and Vera-Ellen to give it that Hollywood flavor, this Technicolor movie is a happy little thing almost come over at times with too much of the old mistaken identity theme but always rescued from complete involvement by the clever dancing of Vera-Ellen, the slap-dash of Cesar Romero as an American theatrical producer of the shoe-string variety and David Niven as a Scottish greeting-card tycoon.

Your Reviewer Says: It tries so hard to please.

Program Notes: Vera-Ellen is newest candidate for Queen of Technicolor. With the exception of "Love Happy," her pictures have all been M-G-M and she'll play a contract after "Words and Music" but let her go to London for the independent "Happy Go Lovely" since her next for them, "Belle of New York," wasn't ready for completion. Vera jumped at the opportunity to have a European vacation—and get paid for it to boot...This picture was a homecoming for British-born David Niven, who showed Cesar Romero—making his first London movie—all around Piccadilly.

½ (A) Kind Lady (M-G-M)

SHOCKING tale, so plausible and likely to happen, the customer is torn between outrage, anxiety and admiration for the ingenuity of storyteller and story actors. Occasionally there are moments when one wishes everyone concerned would get on with the story, but on the whole it's unusual and clever. Maurice Evans as the charming but evil ringleader in a plot to take over the home of Ethel Barrymore, a "kind lady," living alone with one maid, Doris Lloyd. Evans uses his wife, Betsy Blair, as foil to obtain entrance and, once in, brings in Keenan Wynn and Angela Lansbury, a pair of schemers, who pose as cook and butler. They almost succeed in convincing everyone of Miss Bar-
Program Notes: Two of the greatest theatrical stars, Ethel Barrymore and Maurice Evans, talked away the many pauses between scenes. Mr. Evans was humbly deferential to the star who began her career many seasons before his debut. The conversation at times was so good both Keenan Wynn and Angela Lansbury did as much listening in as they could. Keenan was jubilant over his part, having waited a long time for a meaty, dramatic role. Angela Lansbury's husband, Peter Shae, who gave up his acting career to join a decorating and furniture designing company, paid many visits to the set to take in the authentic beauty of the furniture. Mr. Evans, who made his first appearance before a camera in "Kind Lady," was so impressed with the dramatic ability of Betsy Blair, he signed her for a role in his New York production of "Richard II."

\( F \) (F) Whistle at Eaton Falls, The (Columbia)

If you're interested in a lecture on labor problems, this picture is made to order. But if you're looking forward to an entertaining evening after a hard day at work—you might find this just a little heavy. Produced in semi-documentary style against authentic backgrounds, it tells of the townsmen of Eaton Falls, New Hampshire, who gauge their daily routine by the whistle perched on top of a Doubleday plastics company—the town's sole support. When Mr. Doubleday is killed in an air crash, his widow (Dorothy Gish) appoints union leader Lloyd Bridges president of the company, hoping this move will bring about harmony between the union and management. Things reach a climax when Lloyd discovers he must make the very move against which he had once fought both his and his town's. The picture will be released late this summer.

Our Reviewer Says: If you're serious-minded.

Program Notes: Eaton Falls is a fictional town—but its physical counterpart was the town of Dover, New Hampshire—and it was there that crew and cast worked. The townspeople who worked as extras in the mob scenes were paid $1.25 a day plus $1.25 for lunch—and they didn't even have to become members of the Screen Extras Guild. The Rev. Robert Dunn of St. John's Episcopal Church, however, did have to join the Screen Actors Guild, since this was his second film. He also was a rector in "Lost Boundaries"... "Ev'ry Other Day" which with Dorothy Dandridge sings, is his own composition... And Anna Francis, who had appeared in hundreds of radio and TV shows, was signed to a double contract when she returned to town. She was whisked out to Hollywood, given the lead in "Lydia Bailey," and is expecting the big break-up. Diana Douglas, who plays Lloyd Bridges' wife, is the ex-Mrs. Charles.

½ (A) Two of a Kind (Columbia)

What a scheme! And what an upset applecart! The best laid plans of Alexander Knox, Elizabeth Scott and Edmond O'Brien when the aged millionaire...
The "tissue test" proved to Alexis...

that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

The "Tissue Test" convinced Alexis Smith that there really is a difference in cleansing creams. Alexis is co-starring in the Paramount production, "Here Comes the Groom."

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Woodbury Cold Cream floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

Griff Barnett, outsmarted them all. The shady deal, thought up by Knox and Lizabeth, called for O'Brien to pose as the long-lost son of Barnett and his wife, Virginia Brissac. When the deal called for O'Brien to lose part of a finger as an identity mark, O'Brien didn't hesitate to lose it—the hard way, too. Ouch, please! Pretty Terry Moore was used as the dupe to drag O'Brien into the Barnett household. But Lizabeth got him. Knox got the gate. We got the jitters.

Your Reviewer Says: Naughty but novel.

Program Notes: It wasn't enough that the O'Briens moved into their new home—bag, baggage and children—while in production, but Eddie had to maintain a 1,000-calorie diet all through the picture to keep down his weight... The happiest member of the cast was Terry Moore when the cast moved to Balboa and Laguna Beach for seaside location scenes. Terry, who loses to swim, spent half her time in the Pacific... Lizabeth Scott revealed in the beautiful clothes whipped up for her by Jean Louis, Liz claims Crawford, Shearer and Dietrich became office sensations by setting the styles, so why shouldn't she?

V 1/2 (A) Sirocco (Columbia)

THE year—1925. The place—Damascus.

The action—gun running, knavery, bravery, rascality and stolen love. And in the midst of these unsavory shenanigans we find Humphrey Bogart running guns and ammunition through the French occupation troops to Onslow Stevens, head of an army composed of Syrian citizenry.

Designed as a sort of poor relation "Casablanca," the story has some of the same atmosphere but little of its charm. But the cast is strong, sure and solid: Bogart a strong, sure and solid hero-heel. The action is rapid-paced and nasty, so on the whole the movie emerges pretty good fare. Marta Toren is beautiful as the girl who throws over Lee Cobb for Bogey, and gets no thanks for it. Cobb, of course, is wonderful. Zero Mostel as a rascally Armenian, Everett Sloane as a French General and Nick Dennis as Bogey's henchman, revolve in and around the political and amorous intrigue.

Your Reviewer Says: Double dealing all over the blooming place.

Program Notes: "The honest way to play a heel," Humphrey Bogart tells us, "is to show all sides of his character. The good as well as the bad." With this in mind, Bogey began his fourth in a series of his Screen Producers. He carefully handpicked his own cast. Lee J. Cobb left the cast of the Broadway hit "Death of a Salesman" to play Colonel Ferour, Marta Toren, a graduate of the Swedish Royal Academy, was chosen not only for her ability but for the Oriental lift to her dark expressive eyes... The city of Damascus rose almost overnight on the Columbia Ranch in the San Fernando Valley with the streets reproduced in smallest detail for close-up shooting. And, oh yes, set designer Robert Peterson knows very well the catacombs under Damascus were not discovered prior to the time of this story, so please don't write and scold him about it. Poetic license, you know.

V 1/2 (F) Warpath (Paramount)

A ROUGH and vigorous Western which takes place in the years following the Civil War. Edmund O'Brien is searching for the three bandits responsible for his fiancée's death. At last he recognizes one and a gun duel ensues. But before the bandit dies he confides that one of his outlaw partners is now a member of the (Continued on page 98)
Announcing

THE WINNERS

The results are in—the prizes
are ready for the lucky leaders in
our Hollywood Travel Contest

PHOTOPLAY congratulates the three winners of the “Win A Hollywood Holiday” Contest. Each finalist and her favorite traveling companion soon will be Hollywood bound as Photoplay’s guests.

Mrs. Mary Priestley of Chicago, Illinois, wins the trip of her dreams on the Happiness Three Nations Tour which includes, besides exciting Los Angeles excursions, trips to the Grand Canyon; Catalina Island; San Diego; Tia Juana in Mexico; San Francisco; Seattle; Portland; and Victoria, Lake Louise and Banff in Canada.

Mrs. Martha Wade of Fort Worth, Texas, wins Photoplay’s exciting Hollywood trip on the Sante Fe Railroad’s streamliner, The Super Chief, returning via the Grand Canyon.

Mrs. Margaret Allen of Nashville, Tennessee, will take the open highway route through Indian country, returning via her choice of scenic routes on a luxurious SuperCoach Greyhound Bus.

Reservations will be made for all winners and their companions at a famous Hollywood hotel. While they are in Hollywood, they will meet the stars, appear on a radio or TV show, tour a motion picture studio and take sightseeing trips arranged by the famous Tanner Company.

All three winners also will receive a complete vacation wardrobe selected by Photoplay’s fashion editor; sportswear by Korday; dresses by Doris Dodson and Minx Modes; swim suits by Sea Nymph, Brilliant and Sea Goddess; jewelry by Deltah; blouses by Nancy Tucker; Holeproof hosiery; Lady Berkleigh pajamas; Accent shoes; Honeybug slippers; Honeydeb playshoes; Miller Girl lingerie; slips by Barbizon, Martha Maid, United Mills and Powers Model; brassieres by Maidenform and Exquisite Form; girdles by Playtex; foundations by Formfit.

The entries containing the last line to the jingle poured into the Photoplay offices by the thousands. A special staff handling this mail alone spent weeks reading the lines, making the selections.

To the winners go our wishes for the happiest of Hollywood holidays.
You, too, could be more charming, attractive, popular

Know This Secret of Summer Charm:

- **Odo-Ro-No** is the only deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
- No other deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
- No other deodorant is safer for skin.

*Double your money back if you aren’t satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No is the best deodorant you’ve ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

**New**

ODO·RO·NO

CREAM or SPRAY

GUARANTEED Full 24 Hour Protection

SEND FOR.

7 Secrets of Popularity

written under the direction of Laraine Day

Get this wonderful book now—prepared for you under the direction of lovely Laraine Day, star of screen, radio, and TV. To obtain a complete 16-page handbook. 

Offer good while supply lasts.

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* At 72, Ethel Barrymore looks back on fifty years of stardom

**Queen Ethel**

- She was only fifteen, but as she stood there behind the footlights a voice inside her repeated again and again: "This is the greatest moment of my life." Today, at seventy-two, Ethel Barrymore looks back on the greatest moments of the theatre like ever known. She was an actress for seven years when Fate cast her to play in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." On opening night, by final curtain time Broadway had proclaimed her a star. The Barrymores—she and her illustrious brothers, Lionel and John—created a constellation that emblazoned theatrical skies.

"The Secret of Convict Lake" marks Ethel Barrymore's fiftieth anniversary as a star. Since "retiring" from M-G-M, playing the grand old matriarch of a mountain community is her first role under her new free-lance regime. "The beginning of picking-the-plum-parts of my career, she refers to it with amusement.

Ethel Barrymore today is a handsome woman with clear blue eyes and a voice that fills the room with velvet. During the baseball season she defies you to pray her away from the radio. She knows the names of every congressman in the country; no matter where she goes or who is with her, when it's time to listen to the newscasts—she listens!

"Work hard and use your head" is advice she could give, but she believes that everyone must learn through his own experience. In every stage of her career Ethel Barrymore has considered herself a perfectionist. There was that time when a reporter asked her to name her all-time favorite scene. "There are no favorites," she snapped humorously. "All of them could have been better!"
TALENT—on the march

In sixty-four of the largest cities throughout the nation, audition boards are listening to eager contestants. Photoplay's Pasadena Playhouse Contest is reaching its exciting climax.

The auditions of the Photoplay Scholarship Contest are now underway. As you read this hundreds of young actresses in sixty-four cities throughout the nation are appearing before local boards of theatrical experts for the semi-finals of the most exhaustive talent search ever conducted by a magazine.

Those who have come so far in the competition for the two-year study prize to the Pasadena Playhouse already have proven their talent to be of considerable worth. Through letters and applications, voice recordings and pictures, those standing at the three-quarter mark may well be proud of themselves. Come September, the three finalists chosen from these auditions will visit the Pasadena Playhouse as the guests of Photoplay. (Continued on page 86)
Are you in the know?

Which helps slim down "jumbo" stems?
- Even-circling
- Healing
- Flat footgear

Whether you're fairway-trotter or hiking fan—don't expect mere mileage to unflatten ankles. Better do this exercise: Lying on floor, hold leg up straight (and still) as you circle foot outward 20 times; then inward. Repeat with other leg. Foot circling's fine for slender ankles, as well. Helps keep their shape. Just as on calendar-circling days—the softness of Kotex keeps its shape; keeps you oh-so-comfortable. After all, isn't Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?

Think she's searching for a snack? Guess again! She's retrieving her best angora sweater. If your sweater's a fuzz sheder, wrap in a hand towel and pop it into the "cooler," overnight. Makes angora fuzz stay put. And here's another tip: At certain times, you needn't be befuddled as to which Kotex absorbency to choose. Just try all 3 (different sizes, for different days)—instead of just guessing whether Regular, Junior or Super is the one strictly perfect for you!

Has distance made your summer-resort Romeo forgetful? Don't phone! To recall those happy days, try a short note—about a book, movie or platter he'd be interested in. A light approach is the safest "reminder." So too, when your calendar reminds you it's that day, there's no chance of embarrassment—with Kotex. For that special safety center and soft, moisture-resistant edges give you extra protection. What's more, Kotex can be worn on either side, safely!

At this theatre party, should one of the gals be seated—
- Beside the other
- On the aisle
- Forthest from the aisle

Getting into a bassel over who's to sit where—won't get you an early dating encore. Learn your eti-cues. Even-numbered groups should start and end with a man; so here, one lad should take the farthest seat, followed by you two gals—then your squire.

See? You can travel the play-going circuit smoothly, even at trying times. Just mention "Kotex" at your favorite store. You'll find that magic word propels your poise—because you know those flat pressed ends mean "curtains" for telltale outlines!

How to prepare for "certain" days?
- Circle your calendar
- Perk up your wardrobe
- Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting...non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt now. (Why not buy two—for a change?)

Have you tried Delsey?
Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex...a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

KOTEX, KLEENEX AND DESLEY ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLCOTTON PRODUCTS COMPANY

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

34
RECENTLY I've given serious thought to this question. When you start out on an entirely new life, you can't help thinking about the past—the mistakes that colored it, the lessons that made it full. And while you're thinking—in your own particular kind of loneliness—all the things that once confused you seem to fall into focus.

The happiest time in my life, I know now, was when I was eighteen. I had left home, was on my own. Earlier, I'd been confused and full of fear. I guess the freedom I felt was the big thing; the right, at last, to make my own decisions.

I was sure I loved Peverell Marley. I was dating other men but somehow I knew Pev would be the man I eventually would marry...

I'd been advised not to marry him. Most of my friends were convinced it was wrong because Pev was considerably older than I. Even he thought the difference in our years was too great. However, advice and sound ideas somehow fall by the wayside when love is involved.

I had had a life of disappointments and hurts; been forced to assume all kinds of responsibilities, yet never had sufficient experience (Cont'd on page 79)
"Sing for the people," they told Caruso, when the Met's Diamond Horseshoe sat on its upper-crust hands, but the galleries went wild. He took their counsel to heart. Though the toughest diamond was soon reduced to pulp, he continued to lift the glory of his voice to the people.

Now another voice sings for them and, times being what they are, sings for more millions than the great Enrico ever dreamed of. As Caruso, the name of Mario Lanza works magic, packs the half-empty theatres of an ailing industry, sends box-office records toppling to bite the dust. Here and abroad he's taken the public by storm in such a triumph as leaves Hollywood stripped of adjectives, pop-eyed and gasping.

At this writing his Caruso album heads the best-sellers. Along with "Be My Love" and "The Loveliest Night of the Year," his "Vesti la Giubba" ranks among the top ten. Opera was a word to scare short-hairs with, till this laughing-eyed young man produced a miracle. Singing the incomparable melodies as they were meant to be sung, he's brought mass audiences shouting to their feet and landed opera on the hit parade.

He's broken all patterns and shattered all precedents. But we're going to leave statistics to others and tell the story as we heard it from the four people who know it best. One is a quiet gracious lady with Mario's liquid eyes, who looks as though she might be his older sister. One is a man who came out of the Argonne totally disabled, but kept his humor and his love of life. One is a girl, her spirit as sunny as her face, whose brother was Mario's best friend in the service. The fourth is Lanza himself.

It's the kind of thing that can't happen but does—a wonder tale both simple and fabulous, and steeped in the warmth of those who lived it. So, without more preamble, here is the story of Mario—

As His Parents Began It

Sixteen-year-old Maria Lanza married Antonio Cocozza, recently home from the wars. They named their only
LANZA STORY
child Alfredo Arnaldo, and Maria thanked heaven that he wasn't a girl. Antonio had been gassed at Verdun, his spine bayonetted, his right arm mangled by dumdums. "If it's a girl, call her Verdun," his mother pleaded, and the young people promised. She died a month before the baby was born, which made the promise sacred. Maria drew a breath of relief when they said, "It's a boy—"

Alfredo, of course, didn't stick in South Philadelphia. "Is Al in?" his (Continued on page 89)
Four years ago Mario, above with wife Betty, was little known as a concert and recording artist. Today, he is hailed as Hollywood's greatest singing sensation. Above, at triumphant "Caruso" premiere, his parents also shared premiere triumph. Says Mario, "I watched Mom and Pop. For me, it was their evening."

Mario, baby Elissa and Betty, at home. They have another daughter, Colleen. Naturally gay and good humored, "sourpusses" depress Mario, so when Betty hires help, she looks for cheerfulness first, efficiency second.
Elopement to Greenwich . . . honeymoon at the Waldorf . . . lips, speeding silent kisses across a room . . . blintzes and angel cake . . . dreams come true

Tony is in "The Prince Who Was a Thief"
Janet's in "Angels in the Outfield"
Love on a Ferris wheel... popcorn and Puccini
... engagement for laughter... steel and quicksilver... romance, with an option

Shelley and Farley co-star in "Behave Yourself"
IF they hadn’t said no

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

It’s the parts they didn’t play that are giving some stars a headache!

Maybe Monty Clift thinks twice since he turned down “Sunset Boulevard.” Bill Holden, in making it, was nominated for an Oscar. Below, with Gloria Swanson

Judy Garland backed out with a breakdown and Betty Hutton grabbed the Photoplay Gold Medal as the most popular actress of the year in the musical “Annie Get Your Gun”
Claudette Colbert was chosen first for the part in "All About Eve" that brought Bette Davis back to high favor. . .

"I'm the guy," says Paul Douglas, "who turned down 'Father of the Bride.'" . . .

Judy Garland—and June Allyson before her—were set for "Royal Wedding" which finally proved a royal flush for little Jane Powell. . .

So it goes! Sometimes illness, an accident or a baby is responsible for such changes in casting. But just as often a star decides a role isn't all it should be, or a picture never will be box office, and this gives another star a chance, even an Oscar.

Claudette wanted to play Margo in "All About Eve." But she slipped into her sunken living-room and cracked a vertebra in her spine. Whereupon Bette not only got the best role of her career but also her best husband to date—Gary Merrill, who worked with her in this picture and who loves to take his work home with him.

On the other hand Paul Douglas said "No! No! No!" violently and voluntarily—to "Father of the Bride," which brought Spencer Tracy an Academy Award nomination . . . to the role of (Continued on page 74)
Now they were flying over Rio de Janeiro and everyone's eyes were on the tall white figure on the mount—with outstretched arms, waiting.

Color portrait by Six

twenty minutes past five

BY DIANE SCOTT

June Haver, who had been drowsing against the seat of the luxurious fifty-passenger plane, was suddenly awake. Very awake. She knew, too well, that uneven sound.

Once, enroute from Rome to London for the Command Performance, for one hour and a half her plane had flown on one motor, then limped on into Nice. Another time, as she flew over the Alps toward Rome, one of the motors of the ship conked out—then started up again.

Was this the ominous third time?

She looked at her watch. It was twenty minutes past five in the evening. Within a few hours the plane, with its star cargo—June herself, Ricardo and Georgiana Montalban, Patricia Neal, John Derek, Wendell Corey, Lizabeth Scott, Joan Fontaine and Evelyn Keyes—was due to land at Montevideo, Uruguay, where the stars were to represent the United States at the Film Festival.

Twenty minutes earlier the plane (Continued on page ??)

Only the ticking of her watch broke the silence. June Haver and the others braced themselves...but prayers travel faster than a plane.
Many things are being said about her. But only the woman who watched her grow up can understand what is happening to Hollywood’s most bewildering young star.

People think there has been a breach between Elizabeth and me. There has never been a breach and there never will be.

My husband and I have been away from home since last March. I had a persistent virus and needed the Florida sun, and then as our children—Elizabeth in her own apartment, Howard in the Army—had no immediate need of us, we came on to New York.

Wherever Elizabeth and I are—in Florida, in New York—she telephones to me and I to her. In New York I did miss Elizabeth. We’ve always had so much fun together shopping there; in London, too, and Paris. Liz loves shopping, is so eager about it, so enthusiastic. We had so many laughs together—and never any strain of the mother-daughter relationship.

Which reminds me of a letter Elizabeth sent me, from Paris, while she was on her honeymoon:

“Now, I realize how much I miss you, Mother,” she wrote. “When you are with someone all the time, I guess you just don’t know. Mother, I miss you all day long. Paris doesn’t seem the same without you. I miss shopping with you. Miss our hot chocolate “klatsches” at Rumpelmayers. Miss the laughs we always had. Miss home, too. Miss sitting on the red couch at home watching TV. Miss Howard and his friends, coming and going. And the gaiety of our house.”

And at the end of the letter she wrote: “Mother, remember (Continued on page 73)
N OT for a long time has the screen shown love scenes like these. When "A Place in the Sun" was shown to the press—as pictures are before release—the scenes between Monty Clift and Liz Taylor became the talk of Hollywood. Mood music, played off-stage, inspired these two stars to give what many rate their greatest performances. To bring readers a preview of these much discussed love scenes, Photoplay's editors had the picture run off in the Paramount projection room and chose these "frames" which were cut from the film itself.

The lake shimmers in the moonlight. "How long will you be gone?" asks Liz, desolately. Monty's

| Her eyes search his face. "Do you feel the same way?" Suddenly they are in each other's arms, lost in their first kiss |
from the reels of "A Place in the Sun"

arms tighten around her. "I don't know, darling . . . I don't know"

Love—and Kisses

"Every time you leave me for a minute," says Liz, "it's like goodbye"
Janie’s a woman, that’s a sure thing. You can tell that from your seat in the theatre, or if she’s walking along the street in Beverly Hills, or just standing knee-deep in our backyard swimming pool. From any angle she’s definitely female. And definitely gorgeous.

That’s obvious. And it’s one of the important reasons why I fell in love with her and married her. When I first saw her I said to myself, Geary, I said, she’s cute. Then I got a dictionary to look up some words that were more descriptive. When I came to “beautiful” I knew I didn’t have to look any further. I settled for that one.

Janie’s womanliness goes far beyond the shadowy two dimensions you see on the screen. Or the more substantial, and infinitely more delightful, three dimensions that dunk themselves in our pool. Janie thinks and reasons and reacts like a woman. She is as understandable and as baffling as a woman. She makes up her mind like a woman. And she (Continued on page 75)
it's ten per cent wonder and ninety per cent wonderful
A kiss for the bride: "When you find the right girl," says Dale, "why wait?"

"I DALE, take thee, Jacqueline—" Dale Robertson bent his dark head to look into the shining hazel eyes of the girl beside him.

* * *

Romantic proof, these two, that love can come at first sight. Five days after they met they were engaged. As the groom drawled, "When you find the right girl—the girl who has everything you've ever hoped for—why wait? She's a dandy. A real winner!"

They were introduced at a dinner party at the home of Producer Andre Hakim the month before. Jacqueline, the daughter of Faire Binney, a star of the silent screen, and just embarking on an acting career, had appeared in "Friendly Island" at Dale's studio, Twentieth Century-Fox. He once had visited the set where she was working, but he didn't remember her, since she had been made up as a native girl at the time. But at the dinner party it was different. "The others talked French," Dale says. "We talked horses." (Continued on page 87)
Dale and Jacqueline Robertson met at a dinner party. "The others talked French," said Dale. "We talked horses."
esther williams

By LYLE WHEELER
Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios

Esther used fine old indoor shutters for lower half of living-room windows, offset vibrant furniture colors with white walls

The sign says "Gage," and you look to the left, down what appears to be a winding country road. Past towering, gnarled oaks, through ferns and a splash of flowers, you catch a glimpse of yellow. Down the road a few yards you can see the big, yellow farmhouse, the new home of Esther Williams and Ben Gage.

What a place for the children. What a wonderful spot for Esther and Ben. It seems as remote as though they were miles from neighbors, because of the hills in back and the large oaks framing their property. Esther had the driveway changed, to enter at one corner, then saunter at an angle, across the front to a clearing, among another group of oaks. Hence the country road feeling, the quiet and seclusion.

Their house, of yellow siding with white trim, has no fripperies, no gewgaws. It's quietly dignified, beautifully proportioned in a timeless design.

Good design is never dated. If you can withstand the fads of the moment and concentrate on fundamentals, your home will give you lasting pleasure. This is true, whether you're (Continued on page 101)

Kidney-shaped swimming pool, framed by tall oaks, is on a higher level than the house

She fell in love with the kitchen—but every room in the big yellow farmhouse is worth a trip to the Gages' country home

Cosy corner for dining, in huge kitchen. Raised fireplace is used as a barbecue. Esther is in "Texas Carnival" Photographs by de Gennaro

Attic became master bedroom. Closet, right, holds dog's bed, is called "Angie's apartment"
There was nothing about the exterior of the average little house in the average little San Fernando Valley street to indicate that within it lived one of the most phenomenal discoveries of all Hollywood history—a young actor now called Anthony Dexter, who prefers to be known as Walter Craig, though his real name is Walter Reinhold Alfred Frederick Fleishmann.

For three years Tony's neighbors here in the Valley couldn't understand him. He didn't seem to work. He played tango records all day long. A different kind of chap would have explained that he was going to be in a very special picture. But not Tony. He minded his business and left it up to the neighbors to do the same. Even when his wife came to him and said she'd heard around the neighborhood that he was suspected of being a gangster, he merely grinned and didn't explain. He kept his word to Edward Small who had asked him to discuss his preparation for the Valentino role with no one.

Let me digress for one second. After meeting Tony, I went to a small movie house on Hollywood Boulevard to see him on screen as Valentino. The reason I hadn't seen this picture before was that I'd been so sentimental over my personal (Continued on page 84)
Left, studio suite which Jeff calls home. Howard bunks in his suite next door, moved in when he started work on "The Lady from Texas" because driving bothered leg he...

When Jeff Chandler and Howard Duff wind up an evening of fun—
they go straight to work! For to these stars, their studio dressing-rooms are home, sweet home.

A couple of bachelors on the prowl—for some new reading material. Drugstore near studio had plenty to offer. Below, right, studio cop checks them in for the night!
... fractured in an accident. Jeff, unable to find apartment when he separated from wife, came to live at studio for duration of “Flame of Araby.” The boys visit back and forth, breakfast at commissary, work out together in studio gym

Solid comfort! A handy phone, his little red book and Howard’s set—to make plans for weekend

Who’s bored? Not Howard and Jeff. They spend many an evening over the chessboard, have a late dinner at the Villa Nova and often take in a neighborhood movie. Both boys have to be up early for work, so make few “girl” dates during the week

LIVING at a studio is no new idea! Bette Davis lived at Warners for weeks at a time when she was working, rather than take the long drive to Laguna where she then lived—had a little house on the lot, in fact, charmingly furnished. Also when Jeff and Howard moved on the Universal-International lot, Dan Dailey, who had no house to go to when he came back from Menninger Clinic, was already in residence at the Twentieth Century-Fox studios.

Photographs by Don Ornitz
Two views of Cyd Charisse to prove what a difference a chignon makes! For a feminine effect and to soften the jawline, Cyd tucks flowers, jewels or bows behind the ear. She's bringing back the "spit curls" of yesteryear, calls them "beau-catchers".

Pat Wymore, with her casual, fluffy bob, takes on sophistication with a braided chignon. To broaden the line, Pat wears it in two pieces, gives it young appeal with colorful flowers and bows.
Use your head, if you want to be different. Try these Hollywood twists with a chignon

The beauties of Hollywood all use hair pieces to give themselves different personalities. They all love to be casual, wind-blown beauties by day and jeweled, or flowered, or bow-trimmed beauties by cocktail or dinner time. And, definitely, the girls on these pages disprove the notion that you have to have one certain type of face to wear a chignon.

This much is true: You have to have (Continued on page 72)

Jane Greer uses a chignon to dramatize her classic profile, adds intrigue with eye-catching earrings. Last Christmas, she greeted the season with tiny Christmas balls tucked into her chignon.

Peggy Dow pulls back her long hair, adds a matching chignon—and presto, she's a new person! Only girls with firm young jowlines can wear a chignon pulled back tightly like Peggy's. She cares for her chignon as she does her own hair, anchors it to the back of a chair after each shampoo, then dries it with a hair dryer.
If you want to

Watch the way you enter college—you’ll be there a long time, you hope!

Call the plumber, if your legs are thin. He’ll fix up a pipe on the wall—and you’re fixed for some ballet exercises

Roll your own! Thick thighs tremble with this treatment

You may lose your lease—but you’ll also lose pounds with this hip reducer

by Joan Crawford
star of "Goodbye, My Fancy"
You're Telling Me!

There comes a day, I think, when all charm and beauty editors should go on a diet—and eat their own words.

I'm just as guilty as all the other "experts" of preaching that there is no excuse, none whatever, of ever, ever, ever, sticking your head outside your boudoir when you look less than your loveliest.

Good grooming becomes as automatic as breathing if you budget your time properly, chorus the how-to-do-it girls. I've said it myself.

But you readers have been talking back to me in your candid letters and telling me that this is utter nonsense, that there are emergencies in every woman's life when she is caught with her worst foot forward and if she wants to be charming she had better learn to make the best of it and have fun even when she looks far less than her best.

A career girl puts it this way: "I often go on dates directly from my office. I know all the tricks. I buy uncrushable, un-sit-out-able basic dresses, and I have a collection of gay accessories to doll them up when I have a big evening ahead. I keep a drawer full of clean-up preparations in my desk and usually have time to make use of them. But now and then my boss gives me a slew of work at the very last minute, and I find (Continued on page 82)
Exciting news for girls in school or out are these clothes inspired by Hal Wallis's "That's My Boy," starring Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, and modeled by Polly Bergen and Marion Marshall, leading co-eds in the picture. Up-to-the-minute in style, fabric and color, this wardrobe has feminine appeal and is designed especially for girls who know the value of accessory changes.

- Separates make the suit worn by Polly, above left. Boxy jacket is straight and short. Three-quarter raglan sleeves feature the popular, deep cuffs. Slim skirt follows the straight line, with low slit pleat in back. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Korday in pin-check worsted, red or green with navy, sizes 10-18. Jacket, $14.95. Skirt, $8.95. Velvet jockey cap by Dani, bag by Roger Van S.

- Marion, above right, heads for the road—and reveals the back interest of her diagonal tweed coat, with its new controlled fullness. Equally smart is the front, with jet buttons parading almost to the hem. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Irvana, 8-18, in rust with black, gold with gray, red with navy, green with brown. Around $65.00. Debway hat, Crescendo gloves.

For stores carrying fashions on these pages see page 81

*For campus, city or country: Youthful all-wool tweed suit worn by Marion, left. In earth brown with russet, the skirt has new modified flare. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Donnybrook, $45.00, 10-18. Also in green with red, gray with gold, gray with purple. Matching hat by Dani, scarf by Sally Gee, pin by Bill Agnew.

Photographs of Miss Marshall taken by Engstead at UCLA
All set for school or informal dates is
the charming shirtmaker dress, right, with three-quarter
dolman sleeves, unpressed pleated front
and concealed hip pockets. Tiny detachable white pique collar adds piquancy
to Black Watch plaid of dress. A Jeanne
Barrie fashion by Dan Keller, in a Lankenau
rayon fabric, 10-18. And you can balance
your school or business budget at the price—a mere $17.95. Just right pin by Bill Agnew

Go to the head of the class in this one.
Modeled by Marion Marshall, these mix-matching separates are just as smart off the campus. In
purple or red ground plaid of crease-resistant rayon, the trim, four-button vest is teamed with an all-around pleated skirt. Vest around $6.00. Skirt, around $9.00. Tiny detachable white pique collar adds piquancy to Black Watch plaid.

Photographed by Engstead on the campus at UCLA.
A perfect week-ender is the gray rayon flannel suit dress worn by Polly Bergen. Swing-back jacket has detachable velvet collar, cuffs. For dating, wear the sheath dress alone, above left, with rhinestone jewelry. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Suzy Perette, in charcoal gray rayon flannel with black velvet or brown with brown. Around $23.00, 10-18.

For casual occasions, add the sheer white cotton blouse, lower left, with detachable bow. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Dorothy Korby, around $6.00, 30-36. Trim Tred shoes, Garay bag.

For stores carrying the fashions on these pages, see page 81.
Enclosed find fifty cents ($0.50) for which please send me the Polly Bergen-Edith Head pattern #2 inspired by "That's My Boy," in size 10-12-14-16-18-20.

Name
Street
City, State, Age

NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose five cents extra for special handling.

Polly Bergen of Paramount's "That's My Boy" models separates designed by Edith Head for exclusive Photoplay pattern.
Only Lilt’s Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only $1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally-Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!

Lilt wave looks lovelier, feels softer, is easier to manage than any other home wave! Only Lilt’s superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

No Other Home Permanent Wave looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest Naturally Curly Hair!

Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!
Never before a wave so easy to manage!
Never before such a natural-looking wave that would last and last!
Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you’ve ever had—or your money back!
Bing Crosby will next be seen in "Here Comes the Groom."

here comes the graduate

Crew cut, football stride, his cap set at a jaunty angle—Bing and Dixie's boy, Gary

Bing Crosby watched the ceremonies from the auditorium but he waited outside to congratulate his boy. Gary's graduation gift was a cream-colored Mercury sedanette.

"LOOK for a feathered panama," Gary had said to me. "That'll be Dad."

In the crowd of 1,200 dads, mothers and grandparents jamming into the auditorium for Bellarmine's graduation exercises, a guy like Bing who never would pull rank might well be hard to find. I caught him sitting quietly in the twelfth row, third from the aisle. He was sporting a terrific tan and his dress-up dark blues. His pheasant-feathered chapeau was idling on his knee. Beside him sat Dixie, attractive and chic in a velvet-collared checked suit, white broadtail jacket and perky white hat. The whole Crosby clan was there, in fact. On Bing's right sat his youngest, Lin. The two blond heads across the auditorium belonged to the twins, Philip and Dennis, who'd ridden down in the new cream-colored Mercury sedanette, Gary's graduation gift.

Gary, third from left, isn't sure what he wants to be—yet. "You've got to be good for show business." He'll study next four years at Stanford.
Wherever soap is used or sold,
Wives and merchants, young or old.
Know for sure that nothing else
Washes clothes like good old FELS.
Be a Changed Woman

(Continued from page 61) clean, flawless features and a firm jawline to wear a chignon tucked back as severely as Peggy Dow wears hers. But equally, you can soften the lines, as Pat Wymore put will be the theme here illustrate, by adding flowers or jewels or bows.

Also, a chignon doesn’t have to be either a bun at the nape of the neck—which is the shape Joan Crawford most often uses—or a figure eight, such as Dietrich affects. Pat Wymore, as you can see on these pages, wears her chignon parted into two pieces, which in her case broadens the line of it. Her chignon is braided, but Gene Tierney wears hers with even greater distinction. She fastens it on so that it looks like upswep hair. That is, a row of soft, flattering curls, very fluffy ones, hit about the center back of her head, though not quite to the crown. Below these, and actually below the chignon line, Gene frequently fastens flowers.

One night at a party, I saw chic Gene wearing artificial flowers, the leaves of which were tipped with glittering rhinestones. The effect was simply wonderful.

SO, IF you want to indulge yourself in this charming bit of beauty caprice, you’ve got to make several decisions. The first is: Which chignon to buy—an inexpensive one, to test out how much you like it, or an expensive one because you expect to use it frequently, and will care for it so that you will keep it indefinitely. If you decide on the latter, you don’t need to worry in case you should change the color of your hair. You can dye a chignon or false bangs exactly as you do your hair.

Next, decide upon the type of chignon you want. They do come already made up, in round shapes, or buns or twists. But actually it is smarter to buy a long switch. Then you can braid it or twist it or fluff-curl it in the manner you choose. On this master of money for a chignon: Very moderately priced hair pieces are on the market—but usually they either aren’t made of hair or they are the cheapest grade of hair. You must realize, if you buy them, they just won’t last.

The real hairpieces, contrariwise, are very expensive—thirty to forty dollars and up. However, a girl like Gene Tierney feels she would rather give up one extra dress a year than give up her extra curls. Joan Crawford argues that hair pieces not only save her hours at the hairdressers’ but also many a hairdresser’s fee. With her back-yard pool, Joan keeps her hair almost daily. Since the flawless bathing cap is yet to be developed, it means her own hair isn’t always perfect but you may be sure Miss Crawford is never seen with a lock out of place even if she has been in a swan dive five seconds previously. This quick change is achieved by her having the bangs for the front of her hairdresser—her chignon for the back, always ready.

You see, you take care of bangs or a chignon as you do your own hair. That is, you shampoo it, and set it in pin curls to dry. Peggy Dow dries hers under her regular hair dryer, by putting it on the back of a chair, anchored down with hair pins, and a net over it.

For a girl with very thin hair, a la Sonja Henie, small, individual curls that can be fastened at the temples or just over the ears, or wherever some extra hair is needed, are the greatest blessing.

Of course, you do have to know how to fasten hair pieces so that they can’t move the slightest bit, let alone come off. The trick is easy. Say you are fastening a chignon to your own short hair at the back of your neck. You start by making three tiny braids of your own back hair, one which will be in the center of the chignon’s finished width on your head, the others at two places at the edges of the finished chignon. These very small braids are fastened with little rubber bands so that they won’t unbraided. To secure the hairpins through it, and then into these braids. The hairpins should be set in a criss-cross. Some girls, Maureen O’Hara, for instance, put a criss-cross of invisible hairpins on the braids, then pin the chignon, then pin the chignon pins into these underneath pins.

Experiment and see which method is best for you, but the same rule follows for bangs, anchored to the top of the head and sides, or for individual pin curls, like Sonja’s. You moor flowers or bows or other ornaments to your chignon by the same method. Last Christmas Jane Greer was the cutest sight ever, with small Christmas-tree bails, in reds and blues, pinned into her chignon, and then matched with earrings she’d made up the same way.

The real fun of hairpieces is that, since they are off your head, you can sit around and work out designs with them to your heart’s delight, then put them on, see how they look, and make yourself into any type you wish. Cyd Charisse, as you can see on these pages, is bringing back what used to be called “spit curls” and which now have the name of beauty catchers.

Note of warning: Chignon don’t go with sloppy clothes, for simple occasions—or for work. Also, for the very mature, they are not always advisable—though Grandma Marlene Dietrich does all right with them.

Further warning: The cheapest of these hair pieces are not really cheap and they don’t mean you can get by with no hair work. You must keep them as neat and tidy as you would your own hair, but they have the great, great advantage that you can tidy them up old time—and let them dry or get t’ curl set when you are some place else.

You will, of course, in attaching back hide the hairpins with flowers or jewels or ribbon. Showing hairpins on chignon doesn’t matter—even the old-timer man knows that hair doesn’t grow upwards. Another advantage of the chignon comes in right there—they are neater than any real hair-on-the-head upsweep.

And they are fun. That’s their great point. It’s absolutely true that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, so why not make yourself beautiful to people at all times? It’s up to you whether or not you confess how you achieve this beauty—but this is for positive: Flawlessly groomed hair can win a girl more popularity than any other similar investment, so why not have a set of chignon as well as the home-grown variety to cover all quick-date emergencies?

Peggy Dow is in “Bright Victory”; Janie Greer next in “Friendly Island”; Cyd Charisse is in “Mid North Country”, Pat Wymore has featured role in “Starlift.”

THE END

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MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
205 E. 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.
A Mother's View of Liz

(continued from page 47) the quotation
from 'Father of the Bride,' which goes:
"A son's till he gets him a wife; a
father's a daughter all her life.' Now I
know that I have not discussed her unhap-
iness at all, but let us try to know anything
about her, not even a word in the letters
I wrote when she was on her honeymoon.
Nor were there any letters. She wanted to 'protect'
her, and she didn't want anyone to think she
had interfered. Currently Elizabeth is undergoing
a sort of aphase of growing up, another phase
of life, as Elizabeth will express herself.
I think she is a wonderful character. We
know where she is, she'll be all right.

We trust Elizabeth.

A house, of course, is filled with mem-
ories of her. More than memories, actu-
ally.

She never took away her collection
of miniature horses, and most of her
pictures are still here, old sweaters and blue
ties and cotton shirts and riding breeches
and hunting caps, and perfume bottles,
sweaters, the little untidy littler
that was "Liz!" Her room, by the way, is
as it was when she was "National vet!"
I always wanted her to do it over,
she never had time. So there is it—
white dress and little flounces, in Paris.

She's always been very untidy! Ever
she was a little girl I've tried to
her to be neat, to hang her clothes
not on the floor, not on
— with the net result that her
asked to the day she left it, as
't had been stirred, vigorously,

ant tablecloth, you
remembering this, I know that
I did it too again over, I would never

"Please, dear, don't leave every-
on the floor!" It didn't do any good.

I, perhaps, made her want to get away.

other thing, she never was on time.

I suspect, must have made Nicky
us, precipitated quarrels, for although
as untidy as she is—all for her gen-
us seem to be, it's uncanny—never
ready, always being late drove him

I'm sure!

When Elizabeth was at home, before she
lived, she used to have the radio going
ning, noon and night. Bing, mostly,

symphonies. Then she would be on
phone—most of her spare time was
on the telephone—girls and boys

For all the sense they seem to
have been talking in a foreign lan-

guage, but going on for hours.

much as anything, I think, I miss
times Elizabeth and I sat sewing
her. She is very clever at sewing, at
ning a neckline, fitting a dress in

waltz. Oh, how she loves
t, and has from the time she was a
little thing.

She always sewed, Elizabeth can't
round the house includes almost any-
thing you could mention. Outdoors is her
favorite element, always has been. Ever
she was very small she was up early
in doors. The dustpan and brush, the

the stove are mysteries with

she never coped. Or almost never,
tied to love to pop corn. And make

fudge. And one time she made some ice-
box cookies which didn't, unfortunately,
"ice." And she had one favorite dish which
she loved to make at home—sliced toma-
toes and capers in fried bacon grease.
This was her one and only dish.

Elizabeth as a teenager is a happy mem-
ory. Even after she was in pictures, we
had no ten-age problems, no arguments
about anything. She always had her dates
around the house and so when they took
her out and we told them what time to
bring her home, they didn't resent it at all.

They felt part of the family, sharing the
"family" responsibility for Elizabeth.
She lived a country kind of life, early to bed,
early to rise. She had never known night-
club life. She didn't like it. I think,
perhaps, even on her honeymoon she didn't
like it, was bailed by it, and very tired.

"If I could wave a wand and make them
young again." . . . These are well-worn
words which come to the lips of every
mother . . . They come to mine. If I had
it to do over again, Elizabeth would not be
in pictures. I would not allow it. I think
she has had so many heartaches she might
not have had if she'd been just a girl at
home. But as is the way, I think, with
parents of our generation, we always lis-
tened to both of our children and when
Elizabeth wanted to be in pictures and
beeged so hard, although we did not want
it, we gave in, mistakenly.

Beauty, I believe, can be a great draw-

back. A handicap. If you are beautiful
it brings a lot of wrong thinking down on
you. People think you are spoiled, lack
brains, are vain, are superficial. You are
also constantly on exhibition.

Elizabeth never has liked this exhibi-

tion. Once in Paris, when she was about
thirteen, we were shopping and a crowd
of people gathered round, came close up
to Elizabeth, poket at her with their
fingers as at a china doll. And all the
while Elizabeth stood there, at bay, cor-
nered, miserable. After we got away she
said: "I wonder if people who come close
to you like that have the same feelings
that you have? I don't believe they have or
they would know how they embarrass you."

Elizabeth has always been beautiful.
When she was a very little baby, she was,
I thought, divinely beautiful. Other
people, however, thought her "plain," with
her long, straight black hair, big blue eyes.
I think they didn't quite know how to take
a baby that looked like that because then,
as now, there was a spiritual, a Madonna
quality about Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, too, knows beauty can be a
handicap. I've heard her say more than
once: "Oh, I'll be so glad when people
stop writing about how beautiful! I am
and start writing, instead—I hope—of how
well I can act."

Perhaps now, after "A Place in the Sun,""Stardust!

You can pay more . . . lots
more . . . but you simply can't get more lasting
beauty or curve-assing-
ance than Stardust! De-
signed for firm uplift and
separation: delightful elastic
inserts moulds and controls.
Made from wear-tested
fabrics in A, B or C cups.

"The bra that
made $1.00 famous"
Amazing
NEW TYPE DEODORANT!
• NO MUSS
• NO FUSS
• NO DRIP
• NO WASTE
Because it's in
STICK FORM

(Continued from page 43) Willie Strock in "All the King's Men" which brought Brod Crawford an Oscar... and thirdly, to the role of Harry Brock in "Born Yesterday" which also did well for Brod, having been one of the box-office smashes of the year. I wonder, too, if Claire Trevor doesn't rue the day she turned down the mother role to Elizabeth Taylor in "Father of the Bride." Joan Bennett certainly has reason to be glad she grabbed it.

YOU should hear the story of "Mrs. Miniver" the way L. B. Mayer tells it. As you may know, L. B. originally wanted the then queen of the Metro lot, Norma Shearer, to play Jan Struther's best-selling heroine.

"What! Me play the mother of grown-up children?" Miss Shearer is supposed to have shouted at the startled executive. So he called in the red-headed threat to the throne, Greer Garson.

"But I d'ye think she's dated to do it?" laughs L. B. when he tells the story, which is always at intimate parties. "She shouted! I shouted! She said 'No.' I said 'Yes.' She said she'd be darned if she'd do it. I said she'd be darned if she didn't." The world shook at Metro that day but, as you know, Greer did it. And zoomed to undreamed-of box-office heights (even married one of those grown-up children, Richard Ney). While Norma elected to commit screen hara-kiri with "Her Cardboard Lover."

"That's nothing," says George Raft, wryly reminiscing, "I could have made 'The Maltese Falcon.' But I just didn't think it had a chance. So they roped in a guy who at that time wept regularly on my shoulder about how no one in Hollywood would give him anything better than second or third tough guys." Humphrey Bogart is his name. He came to Hollywood to be the heavy to Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest." But they couldn't see him at all until Mr. Raft's refusal opened the way for him.

Ingrid Bergman fought like ten Marines to star in the huge failure "Arch of Triumph" but said "No" in Swedish and English to "The Farmer's Daughter" which won Loretta Young a well-deserved Oscar.

Speaking again of "Royal Wedding," June Allyson went into the song and dance numbers with Fred Astaire. Came the flapping of those beautiful stork wings and June, the mother-to-be, made way for Judy Garland who had to drop out because of illness. Then it went to Jane Powell, who was able to duck the stork's calling card until the picture was almost finished. Judy's breakdowns have proven bonanzas for two other stars, also... Betty Hutton, who considers "Annie Get Your Gun," for which she won Photoplay's Gold Medal, her best movie. And Ginger Rogers, who wasn't doing much with her career when she was rushed in to substitute for the ailing Judy with Fred Astaire in "The Barkleys of Broadway."

And Mr. Astaire. He actually had retired from the screen when Gene Kelly fell off the roof for a number in "Living in a Big Way." But then producer Arthur Freed, with Gene using his eloquence too, persuaded Fred to come back in Gene's stead in "Easter Parade." And when the critics threw their hats and bonnets into the air even Fred realized that his retirement was ridiculous.

Ann Blyth now is so well established on the screen it's hard to believe that another young girl's demand for more money put Ann where she is today. When "Mildred Pierce" was about to do what you would not do, as the ads later said, Cara Williams was up for the role of Joan Crawford's daughter. If only Cara had been content with less she might be the star today.

Joan Crawford, incidentally, almost hemmed and hawed too long over "Mildred." At one time Annie Sheehan was due to take over the role that won Joan her Academy Award and a new career at $100,000 a picture. Montgomery Clift, who should have said "No" to "The Heiress," said it instead to "Sunset Boulevard," which did great things for Bill Holden.

A month or two ago Sam Goldwyn sent his top press agent to talk for Greer Garson —his star on loan-out to RKO—out of marrying Shelley Winters. Maybe the press agent succeeded. Maybe he didn't. But it is all reminiscent of the Goldwyn furore years ago when his then prize star, Cathy O'Donnell, married Roland Wylers, the brother of William Wyler. Cathy turned furious, too, at Sam's truism into her private life. So she called it a day. That's how young Evans got her break, stepping into Anna McCoy "and all the other Goldwyns had planned for Cathy."

It isn't only the stars who played roles and pictures, the producers. When Kirk Douglas had a terrible time winning Stanley Kramer he was right —the success which Kramer up as a producer. And Jack Warner was most unhappy when Jane Wyman was cast in "Johnny Belinda," tops at the box-office, which won Janie an Oscar and Photoplay's Gold Medal.

All of which goes to prove you never can tell. And as long as this holds true there will be a magic door that will open for lucky newcomers. Which is fine with me. How about you? THE END

If They Hadn't Said No

If you've never read such a life story

AS HOWARD KEEL'S!

With Color Portrait and Album Pictures

Another exciting feature by the author who

gave you Mario Lanza's life in this issue.

Don't miss October Photoplay—on sale September 12

NOT IN YOUR LIFE . . .

HAVE YOU EVER READ SUCH A LIFE STORY

As Howard Keel's!

74
I Love Janie

(Continued from page 50) changes it regularly, like a woman. But, despite the fact that I don’t always know what’s going on in back of those blue eyes of hers, I wouldn’t want it any other way.

One of the nice things about Janie as a woman is that she seems perfectly willing to accept me as a member of the opposite sex. She doesn’t try to fit me into her own female mold. If I leave the top off the toothpaste tube and it sloshes down into her manicure set she doesn’t rail and rant. Or if she finds my pajama bottoms draped over the shower door she usually takes it in stride. Not that she doesn’t try to reform me. “Honey,” she’ll say, “you know that wicker gadget in the bathroom? You know what it is?”

“No, what?”

“It’s a hamper. We use it for soiled clothes. When you take off your socks at night that’s where they go.”

“Oh? I’ll try to remember.”

Usually that’s as far as it goes. She has issued her feminine mandate. But never to the point where both of us would feel uncomfortable.

There are times when Janie is fairly predictable. And like flows along without too many rough spots. Then again things get all jammed up. Like the incident

![Image]

**"It’s really not difficult to meet expenses these days. You meet them every time you turn around."**

... ESTHER WILLIAMS

...we now refer to as The Calendula Affair.

When we first moved into our new house the garden was in a sadly rundown condition. And Janie turned the whole thing over to me with a wave of her little pink hand. “That’s your department,” she said, giving me one of those you’re-so-big-and-strong-you-can-do-anything looks. “I’ll bet you’ll make this yard a riot of color before we know it.”

So I went to work. I turned over a lot of earth. Then, as I’d never done much gardening, I talked things over with Waldo down at the nursery.

“Waldo,” I said, “what’s good to plant right about now? With lots of color.”

Waldo thought sweet peas would be nice, and maybe some calendulas.

Well, the way the California sun works I figured I’d just have to put the seed in the ground and then step back quick to get out of the way. And it happened almost as fast as that. One day the garden was just a lot of rich black earth, and the next day—or so it seemed—there was the riot of color that Janie had ordered. Nice going, George, I told myself happily. You and your old green thumb.

But my beautiful wife took a dimmer view of what Mother Nature and I had wrought. “The sweet peas are pretty,” she did admit. “But those others over there ... I don’t like them at all.”

“What do you mean you don’t like them?”

I asked quietly after I climbed down off the roof. “I thought the calendulas turned out fine.”

“Calendulas? Is that what they are? In Oregon we used to call them marigolds. They grow wild right in the fields.”

“That’s fine,” I said. “That’s just fine. But you might have told me before I worked up all these big calluses.”

“I would have,” Janie said sweetly, “but you didn’t ask me.”

And that bit of feminine logic brought our discussion to an end. But, as I say,
PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Edna, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain — it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the “blues.”

Write Dept. R-91, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

Edna's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL

There are always lots of good days, too.

Coming home to Janie is something I like to do. I sell insurance and she being a very interesting person. Nevertheless I look forward to the evenings when I can be with my wife in our own home.

We have a Siamese cat named Demitasse and a year-old German Shepherd pup we call Paperboy. And last April first I gave Janie a duck for her birthday. She promptly named him Mister Webb.

Demi regards Mister Webb with a rather blue-blooded aloofness, but Paper always gets into the spirit of things and immediately sets out to reduce him to pillow stuffing. But Mister Webb is well able to take care of himself. With loud the duck cries and a furious beating of wings he repels every attack. Then he settles himself smugly and waits for more. Before long Paper is completely subdued and Mister Webb is free to go searching for small insects in comparative peace.

When I arrived home one evening Janie said: “Ursula had a good day today. When I let her out of her pen she daddled around in a very ladylike manner.”

“Ursula? Who’s Ursula?”

“Oh! I forgot to tell you. Mister Webb is a she.”

“Who?”

“Yes. The man who delivers the dog food’s brother was here today and he . . .”

“What? Say that again.”

“Now, Honey, don’t go on saying ‘who’ like that. The man couldn’t deliver the dog food today and so his brother came instead. And he told me Mister Webb is a girl. He was interested about ducks and he was very interested.”

“Really? Seems to me that sort of information would only be interesting to another duck.”

“Mmmm. I thought so, too. But anyway that’s what the man said. So of course we can’t call her Mister Webb any more. And I decided on Ursula. Do you like it?”

“Yes. I’ve always wanted to know someone named Ursula. I think it suits her.”

“So do I,” said Janie happily.

ONE of the many things I love about Janie is her temper. Or I should say her lack of it. For she is not given to piques and tantrums. She is emotional, yes, and occasionally she becomes aroused to an outburst of fury. But it is honest anger, and it dies as quickly as it flares up. She does not sulk nor hold a grudge.

A sure sign of anger in our house is the use of our given names. If she uses “Geary” when she speaks to me I can be sure that all is not well and act accordingly. And if I call her “Janie” she knows she had better prepare herself for a minor crisis. But if happy harmony exists, and it most always does, our usual form of address is “Honey.”

If you had seen Janie this spring you would have known that she was a woman. She had that special glow that is usually reserved for expectant mothers. And she wore a sort of smock that is supposed to hide the fact that she has put on a little weight—but doesn’t.

Actually she only gained about fifteen pounds and that is exactly what the doctor ordered. But she wasn’t very big to start with and so you could notice that Mrs. Steffen and her husband are going to increase a family. And if there was ever a more truly wonderful reason for being married to a woman I can’t think of it.

For the first few months after we learned Janie was to have a baby she was quite ill. She was making the picture “Rich Young and Pretty” and they had to send her home from the studio many times so that she could get some extra rest in bed. But about the end of her fourth month she began to feel much better. And after that she felt and looked wonderful.

Just as soon as Janie felt better and could do normally she put on weight. That was perfectly natural, but Doctor Bill Caldwell wanted to keep her comparatively slim. He said that was better for her and the baby. So he put her on a diet and for her to cut out starches and very rich foods. That took all of Janie’s self control for she has an excellent appetite for sweets and pastries.

Janie really did it. For not only was she eating less but she also managed to eat her dinner as a good. Mrs. Webb was proud of having the baby and she wanted to look like an expectant mother. She could hardly wait to order her first maternity dress. But this was not so easily managed. Even at such an early age, Sweet Pea was exhibiting a time independence of will and would not kick on coming into this world.

If I hovered in the immediate vicinity nothing ever happened. But just let me get settled at my desk with some papers and Janie would exclaim: “There! That was a big one! Just feel that one!” Then I would spring up and hustle across the room and arrive just as things became quiet again.

I only hope I’ll be around with Janie when her (or be) make his appearance. As a lieutenant in the U. S. Army Reserve, I’m due at Camp Cook for two weeks’ duty this summer. But if dates synchronize, as they should, I’ll have welcomed little Sweet Pea before the time.

As the days go by I find myself becoming more and more excited. And, oddly, Janie seems to grow more serene and calm. It is only at rare intervals that she indulges in feminine misgivings. Such as the recent occasion when we were visited by our friends the Marshall Thompsons and Janie was audibly brooding that the baby might be something less than beautiful.

“But how could that be?” chided Marshall. “How could a baby have such a handsome mother and father and not be beautiful?”

“Oh, it’s quite possible,” said Janie, “He could have all of our worst features.”

“What ones, for example?”

“Well, he might have a sort of long flat head like Geary. And maybe a funny ski nose like me. It could happen, you know.”

It was later that night, just before we went to bed. I kissed Janie and I said: “I hope she’s a girl. And I hope she has a dog.”

“Me, too!” Janie cried a little. Then she said huskily: “And if he’s a boy I want him to look just like you.”

“Me, too!” she said and she smiled. “Even so. Good-night, Flat Head.”

It’s moments like this that make me glad I married a woman. And especially glad that her name is Janie Powell.
Twenty Minutes Past Five

(Continued from page 45) had been checked and refueled at Rio de Janeiro. Aloft again, over the picturesque harbor, June’s eyes had gone eagerly to the highest peak of the Corcovado Mountain. There the 100-foot statue of the Redeemer stood with arms outstretched, embracing the heavens, blessing all below.

“If only we could spend some time here,” she and the other stars aboard had lamented. “Even one night . . .”

As their plane had circled the Corcovado, June had taken movies of the statue. Usually it is not permitted to photograph the coastline of Rio. But June had explained that the movies were not for commercial use; just to be shown to schools and to youth groups like the C.Y.O. So the captain had agreed. “You’ll get a better view from the cockpit,” he’d said. “I’ll dip the wings so you can get a good shot. I’ll tell you when.”

“Now!” he’d directed. As the plane had circled behind the inspiring figure of the Redeemer, June had shot over His shoulder to film the scene He looks down upon.

They had come around, too, so she could get a front view of the beautiful mosaic statue with long flowing hair and robes of purest white. Somehow, as they had headed over the sea and mountains, June had felt strangely comforted and reassured by this inspiring symbol of His love and strength, all embracing from the sky . . .

The stewardess came down the aisle. “We have to turn around, have to go back,” she was saying. Up front the red light went on: “Please Fasten Your Safety Belts.”

Someone said—was it Wendell Corey’s typical American humor in the face of tragedy—“It looks as if we’d have ‘One Night in Rio’.” Then everyone was quiet with his own thoughts—and prayers.

June Haver reached in her purse for her rosary, prayed silently, “Not my will, but Thine be done . . .” Over and over.

Evelyn Keyes tightened her seat belt. Patricia Neal’s knuckles turned white around her St. Christopher’s medal. Lizbeth Scott sat silent as though in deep study. Members of many different faiths, all sought help from the same source as they prayed—and waited.

For below were mountain peaks and unexplored wastes. Through her window June saw what looked like a mass of light coming out of the motors.

The stewardess bent over her, whispered, “We’re dumping fuel to lessen the possibility of explosion when we land.”

It seemed impossible now that just a little while ago they all had been worrying about the unglamorous appearance they would make when they landed in Montevideo, their melted make-up, their wilted California gabardines, too heavy for this intense heat.

It was like being in church, June thought the way you could feel all the prayers around you. They knew, every last soul among them, that they were powerless, that the script now was in Another’s hands, the timing, all His.

Twenty minutes out of Rio, they all had been comparative strangers to one another. June, for instance, had known Wendell Corey only as a fine actor. Ricardo Montalban she’d met the year before with his Georgianna at the Fathers’ Claretian Benefit. While she was working on “Look for the Silver Lining,” she’d talked briefly to Patricia Neal on the Warner Brothers lot when Pat had been making “The Fountainhead.” John Derek, she never had met before. Joan Fontaine and she had worked at a holiday party, had talked about cooking. Evelyn Keyes, she had met once years before at an Hawaiian luau given by Don. the Beachcomber. Lizbeth Scott, she’d met just once six years before.

For years they had all lived, worked and played in Hollywood—but never known each other very well. Now, with every second of the clock, the bond between them strengthened.

There was only water below now—vast stretches of blue sea.

They hit a rough stretch of sky with a sickening sound. Momentarily the liner went out of control, dropped. The other movies sputtered and the plane, like a giant wounded bird, began to wobble.

They braced themselves, as they could, against the wild pitching.

Then, almost as if an unseen hand, steady and strong, was piloting them, the ship levelled. Outside the window once again could be seen the tall white figure on the mount. Every eye was fixed on it until it could be seen no more.

On the flying field at Rio fire apparatus and ambulances were waiting. The captain had radioed in for the field to be ready—in case they crashed. But they landed, smooth as silk. Old friends, now, all of them, they made their way down the aisle, chatting, laughing with relief.

The captain stood at the foot of the steps, “All fifty present and accounted for?” he asked.

Fifty? June Haver wondered, her eyes traveling to the distant statue of the Redeemer, or fifty-one? (June will be seen next in “The Love Nest.”)

THE END

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77
EDITH HEAD, Paramount's designer, has a magic touch, whether she's designing clothes for young stars like Mona Freeman, Diana Lynn and Nancy Olson or more sophisticated creations for Betty Hutton, Lizabeth Scott and Corinne Calvet.

Edith's watchword is flexibility—well illustrated in the gray flannel suit she designed this month for Photoplay's pattern, shown on Polly Bergen on page 68. It is equally ideal for college campus, the office or a date.

Edith calls standard blouses and skirts “just plain vanilla,” insists they look unfinished. But this suit, with its slim skirt and detachable suspenders, offers untold possibilities for looking different. It could be worn with a plaid vest or cummerbund, without the jacket and suspenders. Or could be worn with sweaters with the skirt and suspenders, or with the skirt and jacket.

“And remember,” says Miss Head, “gray flannel can go anywhere, looks equally as well with a cocktail blouse and gay little hat as with tailored accessories.”

This pattern is very simple and easy to make. The jacket has a minimum of inner construction, padding, tailor's canvas, etc.

“It's going to be a gay fall for fashions,” predicts Edith. “Greens will be brighter, browns will be in copper tones and there’ll be lots of intriguing plaids.

“Clothes,” continues Edith, “will be simpler in design but with good lines. Hand knits will be very popular, so if you’re handy with a knitting needle, now’s the time to start making a knitted vest or a jacket of the Eisenhower type to spice up your wardrobe. Or make yourself a plaid stole and hat to wear with a wool dress.”

About that ever-present skirt-length problem. Although some fashion authorities are predicting that skirts will rise to fifteen inches from the floor, Edith says firmly, “Fourteen inches from the floor is tops. I have never approved of the very short skirt—the one exception being sports clothes. The tight skirt is particularly bad when worn very short although I do think you can wear a full or pleated skirt shorter than a tight one.”

On the subject of tight skirts, Edith feels definitely these should be out from kindergarten age through college—at least on the campus. School calls for freedom of movement, low heels and lots of walking.

“So feel comfortable and look smart in a full or pleated skirt,” advises Edith Head.
OLDER men are likely to give girls a feeling of protection and security. And most girls want someone to lean on, someone who will protect them. This is the ideal marriage relationship—nothing happens to upset the balance.

If a girl is sufficiently matured when she marries an older man she is all right. But should she grow in her ideas and her feeling of independence, the balance is thrown off-key.

Unfortunately, the balance in Pev's and my relationship was upset. I didn't stay immature. And as I developed I no longer wanted to be told what to do. This may sound as though I suddenly became a strong-willed person with a bit of stubbornness tagging along. That is not so. I simply began to realize at last the kind of person I was—that I couldn't be happy as a carbon copy of anybody else.

Older men are prone to give a good deal of advice and to be hurt if young wives don't take this advice in its entirety. It doesn't do much good for a young wife to say, "But, look, it's my mind and I don't agree with you."

No question about it—older men find it much harder to adjust and to broaden their interests. They are more difficult to change and often more difficult to reason with.

If they have a particularly bad fault, they will simply say, "I've been doing that for years. You can't expect me to change." The changing, as far as they can see, is up to the woman.

Young wives faced with such a situation usually try everything to please their husbands. They overdo when it comes to making concessions, and, usually they will find that the more they try to be good wives, the more control their husbands will take.

Another thing—one girl has been married to a man considerably older than she is. It isn't likely that men her age will attract her—because, you see, she will have been conditioned to those qualities which older men offer. And this isn't good.

Recently I've been out with younger men and they seem so immature. They are not nearly as sensitive as older men who have been through the flaming youth stage and have gained poise in handling delicate situations.

Older men, also, are usually suave and wise. Most men are selfish but older men at least have the sense to disguise their selfishness.

I also would like to argue the theory that older men want to settle down and that this brings unhappiness to a young wife.

There is of course, no general rule. Some older men enjoy social activities even more than their young wives. Others do prefer the fireside and slippers. But I do not believe that older men are any more prone to settle into stay-at-homes than younger men—if they naturally have a zest for living.

To enjoy life doesn't seem to me a matter of age. I've known young wives certainly who have no interest in anything but staying home—and who have made their young husbands feel about ninety years old.

Because of my marriage experience I'm also afraid I never will be excited by what younger men offer intellectually.

Right now, I want no marriage at all. But if and when I do marry again it is likely I'll marry an older man.

The End

87% of College Women who were interviewed said:

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College women learned what real cigarette mildness is when they compared Cavaliers with the cigarettes they had been smoking. Hundreds of smokers were interviewed in four leading women's colleges. Their report speaks for itself!

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The following Jeanne Barrie stores are presenting

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As featured on pages 64 to 68

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Fort Smith, Ark.  
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D. Moses & Co.

Macon, Ga.  
Jos. N. Neel Co.

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M. Cohen & Son

These lines are carried by other stores in cities not listed due to space limitations. For store nearest you, write manufacturers listed on page 89

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HAIR DRESSING
If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 63) myself rushing out to meet my man wearing my perma-pleated white nylon over-skirt daintily trimmed with carbon paper smudges. "What am I supposed to do? Call off the date? I think it's smarter to explain it, and then forget it—and have a good time." I give up. Here is one career girl who knows more about charm than the experts.

You young housewives have been prompting me to do some re-thinking on this problem too.

Apparently this twenty-second switch from kitchen-nursery-slave to glamorous you is making some women flustered.

"My husband and I don't go out too often since the baby came," one reader tells me. "So when we do, it is an occasion and I really try to look my best."

"But the other evening I picked up the baby for one last babbling before turning him over to the baby sitter—and the inevitability happened. What would you have done? I went right on to the party, sponged but not pressed."

Right, again. More "charming." I have to admit, than keeping your hostess waiting while you change from the skin out. I too, have been caught with the grooms- ing done. A producer came to my house just this afternoon for a story conference. It was an appointment made well in advance, and I had no excuse for greeting him in my oldest slacks—with the shirt-tail popping out, if you please—with no make-up on and my hair every which way.

No excuse at all, except that it was the cook's day off and I had to get up at seven to make breakfast for the children and see them off to school, and as soon as they had gone a crew of telephone repair men arrived with orders to re-wire every phone in the house.

I had planned to devote the morning to answering mail, but instead had to follow the phone crew around with mop, pail and brush.

The hungry twins were home from nursery school before that job was finished, so I had to move back to the kitchen. The hour and a half after my four-year-olds were tucked into bed for their naps I had "budgeted" for getting myself ready for my appointment.

Cathy and Cindy cooperated by going to sleep promptly but the plumber didn't cooperate. He came to repair the shower before I had a chance to get into it, and at a quarter to three my secretary put through a long distance call.

"I must hang up now," I apologized after twenty minutes. "My doorbell is ringing.

It was indeed.

My producer had arrived. My first in-

stinct—and his too, probably—was to run, screaming.

But instead, I took a charm tip from my readers. I explained my appearance and then forgot it. And we got down to business. Yes, the boom fell on me too. And I made the best of it. But for the record, let me add that I don't plan to make it a habit.

The Long Road to Beauty

Figure reconstruction is a job which takes determination, and perseverance, and is not always pleasant. The body beautiful is hard come by, if you start out as so many readers have been telling me they do—with skinny legs, or too thick thighs, or hips that curve too enthusiastically in the wrong places.

Those whose legs are too thin have the most stubborn problem. For them I suggest the ballet—to develop muscles that have not developed because of lack of exercise. Simple calisthenics won't do it. Those muscles really have to be stretched.

I'm not suggesting that you're to start competing with Danilova, that you learn to leap six feet through a window in the "Spectre De La Rose." You don't even have to take lessons, but if you live in a city where ballet instruction is available and you can afford this instruction I recommend it. Work out in class until you know what you're doing, then follow these instructions I'm giving for those who cannot go to ballet school. Have the plumber hook up a length of pipe in your back yard and send the line through your basement, and work out at home, every day for at least fifteen minutes, two fifteen-minute periods a day if you can squeeze them in.

Those who are unable to take lessons should borrow a book on ballet techniques from the library and work out their own routine. It won't be as easy, but it can be done.

You can skip even the ballet bar if you have to. Substitute the kitchen sink. Here is one of the basic stretches:

Stand at right angles to the bar (or sink), about three feet from the edge. Swing the inside leg up and to the side until it rests on the bar, keeping the standing leg straight and firm, the upper leg straight, toes pointed. Feel that stretch! Now, from the waistline, turn the upper part of your body to face the bar (keep that standing leg steady!) arms over the upraised leg, and touch your head to your knee, your toes to your fingers. Reverse position, and repeat. You're on your way to beautiful legs.

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Personal
To Women With
Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages. Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 60 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 16 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!
How To Reduce
This Common Sense Way

Sylvia of Hollywood has no patience with those who say they can't reduce. She says, "A lot of women think the beauties of the screen and stage are the natural born favorites of the gods. Let me tell you they all have to be improved upon before they are presented to the public. Yes, I know, you are going to come back at me and say, 'But look at the money they have to spend on themselves.' It's easy to do it with money!"

"Let me tell you something else. I've been rubbing noses with money for a good many years now. Big money. Buckets of it. I've treated many moneied women. But money has nothing to do with it. In most cases, money makes people soft. They get used to having things done for them and never do anything for themselves."

Partial Contents
New Edition
Too Much Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Pat. Pudgy Arms, Slenndering the Face and Shoulders, Slenndering the Legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Off Fat, Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs — Off with That Double Chin! Slenndering the Face and Jowls, Lift Your Chin, Advice for The Adolescents — The Woman Past Forty — The Personality Chart — How to Recognize a Tumor of the Lymph Nodes — The Quack — The Bluff — The Blues Department, Take a Chanter!

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Double Life
(Continued from page 56) memory of Valentino that I hadn't been able to accept the thought of anyone impersonating him. But after meeting Tony Dexter, I revealed on this attitude. I was eager to see what he had done.

The theatre was crowded almost entirely with females and what a sensation it was to find that Tony was capturing both the young girls and the women of all ages. And seeing him on screen, I realized he is what he most wants to be — a fine actor.

You see, I found out that's what "Valentino" is to him — an acting job. In appearances Tony is Rudy's twin. But whereas Rudy danced every foot of those dances, Tony, I discovered, is a silent actor.

T O N Y (Walter Craig then), was playing in Katharine Cornell's road company at the Barretts of Wimpole Street at the time he made his screen test for Valentino. Up to that time, Small had received over one hundred thousand letters and photographs from people who felt that he was the actor. But when Mr. Cornell recommended Walter Craig, when Small got one glimpse of him, he knew his search was over.

He is going into a film called "Briar," and until then the picture of Tony Dexter is a hunch. But I've quite a defensive —over people thinking he's just "resemblance" and not really an actor.

Tony grew up in Talmage, Nebraska where his father was pastor of the Luther Church. But even more he was a football star of Talmage High, the athletic scouts for various colleges were after him, and I wonder, since he had won four football letters. On those athletic scholarships, I went first to Hebron Lutheran College and then to St. Olaf's College in Minnesota from which he graduated.

It was in college that he first started acting. He first played "Everyman" at that's who he was — old man "Everyman himself—and in tight yet" Tony says he was in for dramatics after that —

Double Life (Continued...)

He didn't get the idea that it was the ham thing and went for the role of a half a dozen dollars if I'd go to New York and for that stage. I honestly didn't care much about it one way or the other then. Since it was either that or teaching hitchhiked to New York, which is $6.50 of that capital, got my first thought for a film. Webster, who was striving for a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wickness" with Eva Le Gallienne for Theatre Guild and paid back Dr. Conk— hundred dollars.

The Theatre Guild engagement started his professional acting for Tony. It started something besides a career for him. He married. But the war ended his career and his marriage, too.
"I was just one of the thousands of G.I.s in Europe who got that 'Dear John' letter," he told me. "I was glad to hear from her now, just as I am, and I hope she's as happy as I am. What happened to us probably wasn't her fault. We had known each other ever since our college days but we were just separated too much of the time."

The Army, noting his appearance, noting those shoulders, hearing his dictions, sent him on a lecture tour of England, speaking at universities and before civic groups in behalf of better Anglo-American relationships. I'll bet a million lonely English girls started right then and there to dream of little gay homes in sections of America to be shared with a man who looked like that.

Tony, personally, was very happy when he ran across Marjorie Jeanne Todd. He had known her during the Broadway, young actress struggling for recognition. Now she was a member of something called CATS—meaning she was a civilian actress touring under Army supervision. A production of "Claudia" was being staged. Marjorie was Claudia. And the Army gave Tony the chance to play David opposite her. That was not too long a time after he had received the "Dear John" letter—and his unexpected and undesired marital freedom.

HE AND Marjorie were sent to give two command performances for the Royal Family of Denmark in the Royal Theater in Copenhagen. Their Majesties were impressed sufficiently to give them a meritorious citation.

Tony and Marjorie were equally impressed with each other.

But not until Tony was out of service, and sure of a theatrical engagement did he marry Marjorie. His father, who had retired, came back to his church to perform the ceremony. The year was 1946 and little did they dream that by 1948 they would be living in Hollywood, and changing the entire fabric of their lives because of a movie idol who died practically before they were born.

"The first thing I did when I was finally signed up," Tony told me, walking around his living-room with the same cat-like grace that Valentino had had, "was to see Rudy's pictures. After the first one, I would have backed out of the deal if I could have, for they depressed me terribly. I couldn't see how I could live up to that man. He was a great actor and 'way ahead of his time.'"

He walked around a couple of times more. "It would be suicide for me to stay Valentino," he said. "There is a lot of pressure on us now to make 'The Sheik' and if I can make it after 'Brigand' I won't mind too much. Maybe by that time, I'll even have enough courage to see myself. So far, I've seen only one day's rushes of me. They proved to me that I couldn't look at any others. But perhaps, with another picture—that is, if I'm wanted for another picture—" He let the sentence hang in the air.

I laughed at him. I know he's smart enough to read box-office statements, and his fan mail and all those popularity polls that he is now heading. As he walked with me to my car and handed me into it like a princess, I could see people, women-people, peering at him from the windows of the neighboring house.

For Tony is a man quite capable of giving dreams to your eyes—and of some of those dreams for women who are older—and very wonderful it is, too, to have romance thus set again in motion in a world that is much too troubled and which needs romance so deeply.
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Talent—on the March

(Continued from page 33) Here they will be auditioned by the top echelon of the theatrical world, Ethel Barrymore, Gregory Peck, Stanley Peck, Stanley Kramer, Joseph Mankiewicz, Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor of Photoplay, and Dean Thomas Browne Henry.

The two runners-up will be taken on a tour of Hollywood, appear on radio or television shows and will be interviewed and advised by casting directors William Minkienjohn of Paramount, Sol Balino of Warner Brothers and William Gordon of Twentieth Century-Fox. There is the possibility of, too, of still another prize, for with luck on their side, either or both of the runners-up may rate a studio screen test. The finalist, of course, will embark upon her two-year course at the Playhouse.

The interest in this contest has been tremendous. And though this scholarship is available only to residents of th continental United States, applications have come in from as far away as Copenhagen Denmark. Every state within the country produced its share of applicants. Southern belles—not less talented individually, judging by the records of those who entered—were, as a group, less challenged by this opportunity. Texas, however, came through in true Texan fashion, changing the tone of response from the South from small to great.

The Northeast, Midwest and the state of California raced for the distinction of having the largest number of contestants. However, whether a board auditions five or fifty contestants, each girl has an equal chance. For talent is being scored on the basis of talent alone, with performance the test. The judging is being conducted purely on the renditions given of a prepared reading which will be the choice of the candidate, an impromptu reading—timed for—candidates to scan the part before hand—and a monologue. On the reading received, added to the rating achieved prior to the auditions, percentage-wise, will be worked out all but the top hundred and finally, a but the top three.

Because the Pasadena Playhouse is college of recognized standing, the winner as well as being talented, must also be college material. All semi-finalists, therefore, must submit, no later than August 25th, a copy of their school records. Few letters of character reference from members of their community familiar with both their work and their background. Only after the letters have been read and reviewed, voice recordings and picture recommendations and ratings checked, will the top hundred be selected.

Their names, backgrounds and the reasons they were chosen will be sent to the dramatic professions who are interested in new talent, new faces. Producers, directors, radio and television network, little theatre groups and modeling agencies will have the complete story of how a why these girls came so far so fast.

Some of you were not yet eligible enter this contest. Some of you have about it too late. But there is next year. For soon, the second annual Photo play Scholarship Contest will be announce with those who will be graduated from high school and those who have already been graduated, eligible to compete.

This first contest already is recognized by the theatrical world as the most successful talent event ever mounted. Inevitably, it must gain in prestige because of high quality of talent now before the boards.

Day by day the excitement mount the contests, the boards of judges the editors of Photoplay watching, a group anxious for the finalist to be chosen. Could she be you? The interest is been tremendous. And though this scholarship is available only to residents of the continental United States, applications have come in from as far away as Copenhagen, Denmark. Every state within the country produced its share of applicants. Southern belles—not less talented individually, judging by the records of those who entered—were, as a group, less challenged by this opportunity. Texas, however, came through in true Texan fashion, changing the tone of response from the South from small to great.

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Day by day the excitement mount the contests, the boards of judges the editors of Photoplay watching, a group anxious for the finalist to be chosen. Could she be you?
I Was There

(Continued from page 52) As the evening advanced, Dale became more and more impressed with Jacqueline's naturalness, with the way that she was "adorably quiet. She doesn't talk unless she really has something to say." Her beauty? "Well—" he admits, "I don't exactly hold that against her either."

That was Saturday. The following day Dale says he "just wasted," "I didn't telephone; figured I'd give a polite wait."

But Monday he called and asked for a date Tuesday. They met as naturally and talked. Wednesday, the same. Thursday they went horseback riding. "I wanted to see if she would live up to the way she'd been talking," he said. "Sometimes, I've found, girls don't."

Jacqueline did. She's belonged to various hunt clubs, won assorted ribbons, even broken thoroughbred colts for racing turf man, Neil McCarth.

So Thursday night Dale proposed.

BUT Dale and Jacqueline would tell you theirs was no "sudden romance." Not as sudden as it seemed....

In addition to acting, it is Dale's ambition to write. He's written a war love story about an American G.I. and a French girl; a horse racing story, a baseball story. And the heroine of every one of these stories adds up to Jackie. They look like her. Talk like her. Believe like her.

So Dale, meeting Jackie, came face to face with such a girl as he had thought and dreamed about for a long, long time.

As for Jacqueline, she will tell you that the hero in each of Dale's stories—whether a baseball player, a G.I., or a prizefighter—is—Dale! "I don't know whether Dale realized it or not," she told me. "But actually he never had to tell me about himself. Through his stories I learned more about him than I otherwise might have learned in months—even years—about his strength, his respect for marriage, his love of children.

And so they were married, in a ceremony more romantic and touching than any that her mother ever remembers playing in the past with either Thomas Meighan or John Barrymore.

With voices steady and sure, Dale and Jacqueline spoke their wedding vows, there in the flower-banked bay window of her mother's home high above Hollywood. With Jacqueline's sister Connie as matron of honor, Dale's best friend, actor and stunt man Tom McDonough as best man. With Jacqueline a story-book bride in a diaphanous ankle-length frock of white satin and nylon tulle, wearing a crown bonnet of starched tulle-and-lace embroidered in seed pearls, with a cascade spray of orange blossoms on one side of her shoulder-length veil.

There was a reception in a candle-lit patio. Dale's family from Oklahoma were there, his attractive mist-eyed mother, brothers Chester and Roxy, his four-year-old nephew, Mike, who insisted on being held up to kiss "Aunt Jackie—she's suh-well!"

It was, all of it, festive and folksy, with moonlight, at last, shining through the eucalyptus trees and the soft strains of his strolling accordionist, Danny Borzage, mingling "On Top of Old Smoky," and "Claire de Lune."

"Where's my girl?" the father of the bride kept inquiring—until he made off in his direction of the bedroom suite where Jacqueline was changing into a smart egg-shell shantung suit lined with cyclamen.

"Ten more minutes—" somebody reported, as we stood in the doorway, awaiting his traditional take-off. . . . "Here they come!"

And then it was over—with Jackie and Dale heading down the hill on their great adventure.

---

"My Way"

Brenda Marshall

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The End
Lady Lawford is very proud of Pete. And always, when he talks about his job, she listens. However, it's been evident her interest was Pete himself rather than his work.

So when Pete returned from Australia where he made "Kangaroo," he almost fell over his suitcase when his mother asked to see his movie...

...script! That wasn't all. She questioned him about camera angles, even offered to read his lines with him! "She missed me when I was gone," Pete finally decided. "She wants...

...to take a more active interest in my work." A few days later, Ronnie Reagan invited Pete to have lunch with him at the Paramount commissary. "Come on back to the...

...set with me," invited Ronnie, "and meet a new girl who's in my latest picture" Pete, who has an eye for the ladies, followed Ronnie to the sound stages of "Hong Kong." Ronnie ducked...

...around the cameras. "Pete!" he called. But Pete was already on the scene—staring, open-mouthed, eyes popping, at the "new girl." She smiled. "Hello, son," said Lady Lawford.
The Mario Lanza Story

Continued from page 38) Friends would inquire, to Mom's bewilderment. "Who do you mean, Al? There is no Al here—" To his family, he became Fred or Freddy. It doesn't sing like Alfredo, Pop agrees. Still, it's a nice American name. Al? Al is nothing."

Because of his war injuries, Pop couldn't do as much work and his pension wasn't enough. Therefore Mom took over—first as seamstress, then as a corsetiere. What they lacked in money, they made up in love, and Freddy was the sun of their existence.

"But not spoiled," says Mom. "If I told him no, he might be a little hurt, but he knew I meant it."

"Not spoiled," echoes Pop, "but to us he was everything. My wife worked for him. He liked weightlifting, so she made a little gym in his room. This room is over the kitchen. Downstairs she cooks and the sling shawls for her life. I'll look at this boy and I will melt like butter. I was fix for his breakfast two pounds of steak with six eggs on top. Don't call your mother," I say. He laughs and says, "A natural athlete, he shone in sports.

Essays were something else again. "Fred, will you get your marks? You don't do as much homework."

"I'll get them, Mom. You'll see." He got them by intensive cramming before exams. They weren't "A's," but they served.

"I'll be nine, they lived with Mom's folks. Grandpop, in the wholesale grocery and trucking business, was something of a d-world autocrat. When he spoke, his
children jumped. Freddy didn't jump. Freddy handed Grandpop arguments—respectful, reasonable, but still arguments. This was a new experience to Grandpop.

"Maria, this boy," said his daughter firmly, "you brought me up as you wished. I bring this boy up as I wish—to be my friend and not to be afraid."

Autocrat or no, the gaiety and gusto of his forebears ran through Grandpop's veins, and his home was the heart of the family. Every Sunday and holiday they'd gather at Grandpop's to make merry. Freddy spent his vacations at Grandpop's place in Wildwood. Mom and Pop and the other grownups would come out for weekends. Eighteen or twenty, it made no difference. "Grandmom smiled so happy," says Pop, "because she had so many to cook for."

Save in one respect, Freddy was an average childhood. Before he turned six, it grew clear that his father's consuming passion for opera was reborn in the son. Pop ate, drank and breathed opera. He'd heard Caruso four times. Returning from war, he invested in a Victrola and bought Victor Red Seal records as he could afford them. These were necessities like air and water. Since all the great ones of opera sang for Victor, Pop revered the name. Passing a record shop, he'd stop and smile at the little white dog, ear cocked to His Master's Voice. Pop loved the dog. He stood for a time that was best in singing.

MUSIC was in Mom's blood, too. She played the piano and sang around the house. Many of their friends were professional musicians. They'd have spaghetti parties, which invariably wound up with singing and records. Wide-eyed, the child would listen till bedtime. It was good that he listened. But he was a baby yet, too young for understanding.

One day the five-year-old said: "I want to play records—"

A wonderful chill struck through Pop's bones. "You want to play records? Instead of go outside and play?"

"Show me how, Pop."

Murmuring an Italian blessing, Pop showed him how. "You must wind this handle. It is hard."

"I can do it, Pop."

That was the beginning. Then came the night when they returned from the opera. "He played it twenty-seven times," Grandmom announced.

"Played what?"

"Caruso's 'Vesti la Giubba.' I said, I will count to see how many times he can do it without getting tired. I counted twenty-seven."

They went up to kiss him goodnight. "Maria," whispered Pop, jubilant. "I should kiss him twenty-seven times—"

She smiled softly. "Come. Let him sleep."

As The Boy Lived It
All he knew was that the music excited him. It gave him pellaeceo—the Italian word for peaceability. He wanted no one around when he played the records. Alone, he could drink in every tone and inflection, and lose himself in the radiant haze of sound.

Pop showed him the little white dog and explained what he meant. Caruso and Titta Ruffo sang for the dog. If you were in opera and couldn't sing for the dog—well, that was too bad. Pop shook his head and Freddy followed suit.

Growing older, he peled people with questions. They began calling him the pint-sized authority on grand opera. Rapt, he listened to music and after a while, he began to argue. When they accused him of describing Caruso, "How does it feel to see an opera, Pop?"

"It feels beautiful, Freddy. You get all dressed up and you take your place and the orchestra leader comes out and every-thing begins and the curtain goes up and—you think you're in an opera-house, Freddy?—No, you're in heaven—Freddy entered heaven at twelve, when they took him to hear "Aida."

"I'd love to be a doctor, but the sight of blood sickened him. Well, a lawyer, then. See how he could get the best argument, even with Grandpop. They'd send him to college and let him be a lawyer."

At sixteen he said no to Blackstone. He hated school, Mom, and all the regimentation. He'd finish high school, but forget about college. Give me a little time to feel my way, I know what I want. Show business. I'll find a place.

Now and then at school he'd knock off a couple of high notes that made the guys whistle. Now and then at home he'd sing along with a record—but just for the fun of it and only if Pop was out. To sing in front of Pop, he'd hear Caruso and know he was not Caruso. It was too much, he couldn't bear it. But Pop came back one day for something—he'd forgotten, and the flood of sound from upstairs lifted the hair off his head. For a week he left the house at his usual hour sneaked room, went down the alley and in through the back door. A week was all he could take without apoplexy. Head whirling, he mounted to his son's room.

Freddy was standing there, misty-eyed, transfigured. "My boy, you have a truly magnificent voice. God has been good to you."

"Oh, Pop, that's just bellowing—"

"It's the lushest bellowing I ever heard in my life. You want to be in show business? Be in show business. Sing—"

"One loud note doesn't make a singer Pop. You have to be good enough for the

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expert but wholly impersonal, his words gave Fred the feeling for the first time that perhaps he'd really found his way.

"Cut or uncut," said Huff, "a diamond is a diamond. Your voice is a diamond in the rough. Work, and one day you'll sing for me at the Academy. Only bear this in mind. You've got to sing, sing, sing, and live in a world of music. Cut out everything else. Don't let yourself be derailed."

Then Grandpa, in the un-witting instrument of destiny. He'd been trying to step in for months, but Mom and Pop had stood up to him like a wall. Now he put the heat on, storming, "What is this? Involvement of the, hey listens to records. Enough is enough. It is time he goes out and does something."

Fred sympathized with his view. "Mom, Pop, I'll drive one of his trucks for a while and make him happy. It won't interfere with the singing, I promise you."

Reluctantly they agreed.

Which is how it happened that three young husky freshmen entered our hero and an extra plan opened in the Woods. Grandpa had driven a piano at the Academy of Music where Koussevitzky was conducting that night. Crossing the stage, Huff spotted his uncut diamond, dressed like a truck driver, doing a truck driver's work, chew- ing tobacco like a truck driver. (Now he doesn't even smoke, but at twenty he had to be tough like the rest of the crew.)

"What the devil are you doing here?"

Huff demanded, and the band, and he departed from his business.

It was a Wednesday. In Philadelphia the stores stayed open Wednesday night. To lure them in, the store offered a concert with the world's largest organ and some well-known soloist. Its brilliant windows have into sight of the boys, still making deliveries. "The heck with work," said Grandpa's young hopeful. "Let's park the truck and dig this concert for a while."

Meantime Huff sat in his box at the Academy with Fred's coach as his guest and Fred's plights on his mind. As the house lights dimmed, a plain truck and took fire. He leaned toward the coach.

Five minutes later she was phoning Fred's house. No Freddy. Where could she find him? Anywhere. Still working maybe, maybe at Grandpop's or a friend's. She called them all. No Freddy. On a last wild throw she raced down to Wana- maker's.

Eight galleries rise from the rotunda where the concert was held. Frantically she shoved her way through seven, and on the eighth found Freddy. Just time to haul the truck back in and home and wash, scramble into a suit, grab a couple of sheets of music. As the final note of the final number quivered on the air, they panned into Huff's box.

He took them backstage to the dressing room opposite Koussevitzky's. Drenched as always after a concert, the late great maestro was changing. "Sing," said Mr. Huff. A dazed and shaken Freddy broke into the opening strains of "Vesti la Giubba," the one aria he knew well. Across the hall, the door stood slightly ajar. Slowly Fred graduated to reveal a tall spare figure in trousers and undershirt, towel draped around his neck. The eyes of the two men locked and held. Slowly the elder moved forward, and Freddy's voice stirred only vague echoes, and he'd never heard of the Berkshire Music Festival. If it wasn't opera, Freddy didn't know it. He knew enough, however, to say:

"He went into a Mario Lanza, Cocozza being no handle for a tenor. It was Mom who suggested the masculine variant of her maiden name. Koussevitzky pronounced it with his usual care, and did Freddy feel troubled. "You're sure you don't mind too much, Pop?"

"Sing," said Pop bravely. "What difference is the name?"

Five weeks of intensive training at Tanglewood in the Berkshires. The sixth week, and an erstwhile truck driver stepped out on his first stage and sang to his first audience, awed with confidence and love. The applause thundered, the New York critics raved, the managers swarmed. He signed with William Judd of Columbia Concerts, and from Philadelphia Mom phoned. "Fred, there's a funny letter for you here. It says 'Greetings."

On a mistaken shipment they sent Private Cocozza of the Air Force to a spot in Texas with principal output was dust. A fair share of this lodged in Mario's throat, turning his tenor to a gravelly bass. By the time Sergeant Peter Lind Hayes of Special Services came through, hunting material for "On the Beam," Mario was off it. They couldn't hear him for dust. Lying sleepless in his bunk, he watched
The story begins with a description of a visit to a record company, where Mario is given a tour of the facilities and shown various songs and recording equipment. The story then shifts to a conversation with Mario's wife, Betty, about their upcoming wedding plans.

Betty expresses her excitement and nervousness about the wedding, and Mario assures her that everything will be perfect. He mentions that they have decided to have a small, intimate ceremony and that he is looking forward to spending the day with her.

Mario also talks about his upcoming concert in Rome, where he and his band will perform for a large audience. He mentions that he is looking forward to the experience and that he hopes to make some new friends in Italy.

The story then shifts to a conversation with a record producer, who is impressed with Mario's talent and potential. The producer offers to help him secure a contract with a major label, and Mario is thrilled at the prospect.

Finally, the story ends with a description of Mario's concert, where he performs a medley of classic songs and some new material. The audience is impressive, and Mario receives a standing ovation at the end of the show. He thanks his fans and friends for their support and looks forward to future performances.
year another dream came true. Discharged from the service because of a bad ear infection, Mario had been summoned by Victor to New York. He refused to leave without Betty.

"But, darling, what about our families? And our church wedding?"

Round and round it went, and came out the same way. "If you don't go, I won't go."

Being in love, she yielded. They got their license. At the jewelry counter of a little department store, Mario put a gold band on Betty's finger and got the wedding ring, which Betty has never allowed him to replace. With her sister-in-law Harriet and Mario's friend, Al Gourley, at their disposal, they set out to sing any marriage in Judge Griffith's numbers in Beverly Hills.

Betty was to spend a few days in Chicago with her folks, while Mario went on to find living quarters for 66 1/2 W. 15 St., New York. She and a sister had a daughter. With the first job he had no trouble. The second seemed to present some difficulties. Joining him a week later, outspokely Betty asked an outspokely friend, "When do you meet your father and mother?"

"Well—they're coming in Sunday."

"What did they say?"

"I haven't told them yet."

"Oh, Mario—"

"Look, honey, I could talk for a year about how wonderful you are, but it wouldn't be the same as if you were there. Let's talk to him.

"No. It's not far to them, Mario. You're their only child. You've been so close. Naturally it's going to be a shock. Here's what we'll do. I'll write him a verbal agreement. Then, if they feel like crying, they can cry without having me around to embarrass them."

"Okay, I'll tell them I married an angel."

The problem was solved so was Pop's arms. Betty flew to them. Mom kissed her and called her 'my daughter' in Italian. The memory still has power to moist her eyes. Supper was a wonderful, gentle people. They took me in, and it was as if I'd belonged to them forever."

On July 15th, with all their loved ones present, Betty and Mario were married by Catholic ritual in the lovely little church of St. Colombo.

Fulfilling the Gift

For a while it was Eden without the serpent. From the Park Central they moved to Robert Weede's apartment. Weede, whom they met at a broadcast, said: "I'm going to live on this floor. You live in the one over. You like my land. Take it." His place was perfection—in the heart of the 50's, overlooking Rockefeller Center's ice-skating rink.

Mario worked with a coach. He made test hits. It was a very neat number. They walked down Fifth Avenue, laughing, planning, window-shopping, stopping at some juice bar for a tall cold drink. They'd go down to Philadelphia, or the folks would come up. Top would stand at the window, feasting his eyes on the majesty of St. Patrick's. "Freddy, we go light a candle to St. Anthony for all the beautiful things that are happening."

But $3,000 slips away fast in New York. Against his judgment, almost against his will, Mario accepted a radio offer of twenty-six weeks on "Great Moments of Music," a program sponsored by the place of Jan Peerce. From the first it made him miserable—a great opportunity that he felt he wasn't up to yet. By Mario's terms it was a "live" contract, except at your best. To achieve his best, he needed real voice training now. Some time still happened to make it right."

You'll see—"

Sam Weiler happened. Weiler was a wealthy real estate man, in love with singing. Aware that he had no voice, he took his own course in singing. When he first saw his wife, Mario's coach was Mario's coach. One day he arrived ahead of time. Through the open transom, a glorious tenor swelled, and slowly Weiler didn't want to sing anymore. Unable to contain himself, he knocked. "I know I shouldn't intrude, but I had to get a look at you. May I stay and listen?"

ORDINARILY, Mario would have frowned at the suggestion. But this was such a smiling, kind-faced man that you couldn't say no. He went over to him and Weiler started after him. "Why, with a voice like that, does he look so unhappy?" "The coach told me, and Weiler forgot his lesson."

"I want to talk to that boy. Where can I reach him?"

"If he sometimes hangs out at a health food shop across the way."

Weiler found him. They adjourned to the Park Central drugstore. Mario's not one to spill his beans to a stranger. But talking to Sam was like talking to your brother. "Just tell me about yourself. Maybe I can help." Four hours and thirty-five cups of coffee later, they had a verbal agreement. Sam was going to take over. "I want to sing and can't sing. Through you I can. Just one thing more. I'd like to meet your wife."

"That's easy. Come to dinner."

"Fine. What can I bring her?"

"She's crazy," laughed Mario, on top of the world, "about little toy dogs."

"There's plenty of stairs to where Betty waited on the landing. "Honey, this is Sam Weiler. He's going to be someone very special in our lives."

Gravely Sam handed over a stately puppy. "This is Betty; you've been seeing her. Betty can't have an arm around him and kiss his cheek. Not because of the dog nor even because of Mario's special introduction. But he can't stand to see you like you like her. Instinctively she knew that this man could never do anything but good.

Today he's Mario's manager, and they're like one. Actually his man-agement began when he straightened out their money tangles and gave them each a week to live on. There was a refreshment involved. In Betty's word, "It was like your mother and father went into a drugstore and bought you like ice cream from some one else."

He settled the Celanese contract after eleven broadcasts, removed Mario from circulation and took him to Enric Rosati.

Rosati's greeting was unconventional. "You," said, gleaming-eyed, "are so-and-so. Go in the room—"

"Hm," thought Mario. "He doesn't like me."

Rosati shut the door. "You are a so-and-so because you are destroying your mother gave you."

Mario went into the door with a feeble jee.

"What about my father? Didn't he have something to do with it?"

"The papa, yes. But the mamma, she hit the baby. Why do you sing before you make a judgment?"

The tongue lashed on, dropping Mario's morale lower than an earthworm. Then, abruptly, it stopped. "Sing!" command. The boys took it and returned with another boy, Rosati strode to the door. "Come, listen something!" he shouted. Like two go
mice, his wife and secretary stole in and set down. Mario sang again. Head bowed, fingers still on the keyboard, the old man spoke as though to himself. "For thirty-
four years since Gigli I wait for this voice."

Then he looked at the clock. It was eight in the morning. This means not one
minute before nor one minute past, but eight precisely.

"Yes, maestro," said Mario meekly
enough, but the words were a song.

Fifteen months with Rosati. Then the
concerts began. His first Chicago appear-
dance, too, was the Chicago appearance,
view, the St. Louis Symphony booked him
in. Though he'd mastered only four operatic
roles, Edward Johnson, then manager of
the Metropolitan Opera, made him a
dinner. This was the beginning of the
Massachusetts Opera—"well, life, but I've
had too much respect for the Met to make my mistakes
in Hollywood, the Bowl was scheduling
its '47 season, looking for a big-name tenor
to sing with Eugene Ormandy's orchestra
in August. Art Rush took a record to Ida
Koverman, who was (1) right hand to
Louis B. Mayer (2) an influence in musical
circles. "I want you to hear this voice," said Rush. It was an acetate record, which
does justice to no voice, but it succeeded.
Mario was engaged for the Bowl, and
Koverman played the record for L. B. Then
she showed him a photograph. "You mean," he
demanded, "that this voice comes out of
this face?"

"Wait. Wait till you hear him." At
every concert Betty sits out front, part of
the crowd, caught up in the
general delirium, forgetting that Mario's her
husband, besting her hands like mad with
the rest. Once it's over, she may feel a
tifle red-faced—what is she, a claque?—
but while he sings, she's lost. The Bowl
concert was no exception. The whole place
rose to its feet and let out a roar. In all
the Bowl's history, Jascha Heifetz rated the
longest standing ovation—sixteen minutes.
Mario's ran four minutes under.

Koverman threw a big party. Studio
called clogged the phone, but the inside track
belonged to M-G-M. Work came to a halt
while fifty-five assorted executives
ered on a sound stage for the command
performance. At its close, the boss pumped
the performer's hand. "You're going to be
our singing Clark Gable,"—Mario grinned.

Last April they'd offered him a regulation
contract, which he'd turned down. Movies
were fine, but to be chained to them, no,
since his primary purpose in life was to
singing. Now they took him on his own
terms—six months a year for five years, all
record and radio rights reverting to him
An unusual deal, not to be wondered at
in an unusual story.

Mario's sentimental. Whenever they go
back to New Orleans, he insists on the
same suite in the same hotel where
they first stopped. New Orleans is the town
of his operatic debut in "Madame Butterfly."
To Mario, it's also forever "Colleen's
town—"
The heat was stifling, but the Lanza ap-
petite rose above heat. With Sam and
Sam's wife Selma, Mario and Betty went
to Arnaud's for dinner. Betty ordered cur-
rried chicken, swallowed a forkful and fled.

At this point, the cape fell, and hurled chicken in
the face. Selma hurried after her. When
anything's wrong with his wife, Mario flops.

Not this time, however. They'd waited
for their rabbit test, which hadn't come
back yet. Mario's hand smote the table.
"Don't tell me!" he crowed "Rabbit or no
rabbit, this is it—— 

On December 9th, the baby was
born, after twenty-two hours of labor.
They finally prevailed on Mario to go home.
His tortured face wasn't helping Betty any,
and he had to record next day for "That
Midnight Kiss." When the call came
through, he was singing "Celeste Aida."

Betty woke up to find her husband on
one side, Sam on the other, both looking as
though they'd done something unheard of.
"It's Colleen, honey," said Mario. "She's a
doll—" The name was his choice. People
often asked him if his wife was Italian.
"No," he'd always answer. "She's my Irish
Colleen."

Another shining milestone had been
passed earlier. At the end of his first con-
cert tour, Mario had taken his mother's
patient hands in his. "Now it's over, Mom. Now
you quit working, and I work for
you." When Colleen was six months old,
his grandparents came out to visit. Mario
finished most of New Orleans. Then the
whole family descended on Philadelphia
for the opening of "That Midnight Kiss."

"This was a week!" sighs Pop. "Cameras
shooting us. From the station to the hotel
with miles of loving looks.

"Even on the stage they call us. Freddy
stands there with Kathryn Grayson and
Betty and laughs and makes with the
face. My singing's worth it like a squeeze. Me
it scares. Smile, Pop," says Betty. "Smile,
or I'm going to tickle you—"

The Legion gave a dinner. President
Truman was to speak, and Mario to sing.
Being there was enough. Having six gen-
eral, an army, and the world's best
ital—Andy's—ask Pop about his wounds was almost
too much. But the moment that burst their
hearts was yet to come.

Truman arrived late, and had to leave
early for a scheduled broadcast. "Mario
Lanza is waiting to sing for me—" He lifted

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his eyes to the young man on the balcony. "I'm sorry, Mario. Another time, I hope."

And his eyes went to his temple in a smart salute.

...I give him a whip. Do we dream, is it
real that the President of the country we love so much before all mothers ask
our son? Mario he calls him—not Mr.
Lanza, but Mario. How can such a thing happen?

Yet it happened," says Mom, eyes
brimming.

While such things were happening, Grandpop fumed. Mario's tight schedule
gave him barely time to breathe. But what
was a schedule to Salvatore Lanza? "You
mean I can't have my own grandson in
my own house?"

"Look, Grandpop, the last show is out at
eleven Saturday. Then we'll come to the
house.

McBride, Grandpop retired to his warehouse
and ordered half the stock on its shelves
sent home. A feast was prepared such as even the Lanzas had never yet beheld.
Many were invited, and more showed up. Outside, a cymbal with rhythm to roam.
"We—want—Mar—io—
want—Mar—io—"

Inside, Grandpop filled wineglasses, including his own. "Eat, drink and be
happy. Everyone, he filled the glass again.
"Salvado, that's enough," warned Grand-
mom.

"Why enough? I never died yet." He
poured another glass. "Freddy, saluda, To-
more, we go out and kiss that truck."

"We'll kiss it together, Grandpop," Mario
promised.

The papers every tenor in the coun-
try playing Caruso. In her heart Betty
always knew that Mario would do it. Edward
Johnston had told Jesse Lasky, who
owned the story rights, that Lanza was his
man. Lasky offered to buy him, but M-
G-M wasn't prepared. At length they
joined forces. Through the endless com-
lications that followed, Betty's faith never
wavered. Not even when M—G—M called
the whole thing off.

"Don't worry," she said. "They'll call it
on again.

"I don't get it," said Mario. "They've al-
eyready assigned writers.

"This can't go on 'en," said Lasky.

"They're afraid of opera. Opera heads the
list of don'ts. But I'm calling Mayer."

Mayer said: "Give me a few days—
Within those few days he rallied his more
fainthearted parts and drummed a small
Fort Knox into Leo's lap. By such hairs
does movie history hang.

Once it was set, Mario's feet turned
slightly chilly. "I'm frightened, Betty. It's
like you're leading me to a circus
your idol." This feeling wore off. His aim
is not to be Caruso the second, but Mario
Lanza. He never reads reviews. He sings his best out of the people like him, that
suits him fine.

While he was making "Caruso," Grand-
mom's namesake, Elissa, was born—on De-
cember 3rd, two years after her sister.

This time Mario did not help in his daughter
a half hour after her birth. Betty heard
his laughter mingling with the baby's squall,
and decided she was still under. Then his
voice came through. "A bass, if I ever
heard one, aren't you ashamed, and your
father a tenor?"

CARUSO SINGS TONIGHT. That's how
the posters read on Hollywood Boulevard the
night of the premiere, less neat going too.
As Mario helped Betty and Mom out of the
car and Pop followed, a fresh young
soprano lifted itself in serenade, stilling the
clamor. "Be my base, for no one else can
end his song," and into the uppers and up
through the bleachers, it caught like
fire. "Just fill my arms the way you've
filled my dreams—" Spontaneous, un-
heeded and heartwarming, it dissolved
Mom in tears. "Eternally, if you will be
my love—"

"You see?" said Mario. "You've made
me cry." "With happiness, Fred."

"With happiness, she says. So thank you
for all of us. Whatever happens inside,
you've started our evening with a bang."

What happens in Arizona no longer
needs telling. Except that Mario sat between
Betty and Mom, holding a hand of each.
And that Pop all but fell out of his seat
applauding. After each number he'd lean
toward his son. "Go on, Freddy, clap, isn't
it good? Clap for Caruso." And Mario
laughed.

Says he: "I watched Mom and Pop. For
me it was the evening. For me it was
most exciting because my mother and
father were there."

Says Betty: "We had a few close friends
in later, about 12:30. After they went, we
sat a couple of zombies. There were no
words left. We just kissed each other."

Say Mom and Pop: "When God gives
so much, it chokes you up, and you don't
know how to express yourself to Him. So
we just went on our knees and told Him
thank you."

"As 'Be My Love' started climbing, Betty
predicted, 'I'll hear million—"

Mario said ever."

"Bet $150 to $100—"

"Be My Love" made it in eight months.
In Victor's sixty-five years at the same
store, something similar was never

"We'll sell to a million copies. Iturbi did it
"Polonaise," but it took two years. Official
presentation of the gold record will be
made by Iturbi. Unofficially, Mario said he
couldn't bear to touch his vocal chords
without a deep grind of his hair. "Okay, pay off."

He signed a traveler's check. "There. It's
the nicest bet I ever paid."

"And doubtless I'll spend it. How about
$200 to $160 that 'Loveliest' does
the same—?"

"Loveliest Night of the Year" is well on
its way. Caruso snowballs. The Lanza pro
firm now includes TV, radio and

"The picture called 'The Big Cost.' A concert
ticket.

Everything's wonderful, but for Mari
the thrill of thrills lies ahead. His heart
belongs to opera. "In movies you play
something you didn't sing in the role."

In concert, you sing to the people
which I love, but you're Mario Lanza
in formal dress. I'm against formal dress.
I rather sing in a shirt and pants which
I say to the people. When I stand on the
stage of La Scala or the Met, that will be

Victor di Sabba of La Scala has
vitated him to open the season in Milan. An acceptance depends on conditions
the making. "I can wait, I have time, I'm
not yet thirty. Musically," says the 25
whose music is electrified millions, "I
not even born."

At Home

Like any barber shop tenor, Mario
in the shower. His vibrancy brings a
red alive. Talking to you, he makes you feel
important. This is no trick, but a genuin
warmth for people. His eyes are clear as
child's, and you can pluck the clues out
When he sings, it's the original key. If
you own a Lanza autograph, it's re
He won't allow his signature to be fak

Naturally gay and good-natured, he c
expresses his incomparable talents, he g
over it quickly. Scurpuses depre
him. In hiring help, Betty looks for chec
fulness first, efficiency second. Next to m
The Beverly. asked Cellu-“You. great deaf coffee think Safe over soft, live centers supervisors the guest anything fell. Keeping creatures, people hat educational.

I've been making it rich for thirty years. “A little more oil." suggests Pop. Till suddenly Mom has enough. “All supervisors out! Clear the kitchen. They live in Beverly Hills, and life centers around Mom and Pop live nearby in the house Mario bought them. Each morning Pop and Colleen have a standing date. She waits at the window. "Buen giorno, Pop. Trivia at Tenor, the Spanish, they go for an airing, wave to Charles Boyer and the mailman, discuss affairs. "Like a little old lady she talks to me, and that's my best—to be well with Colleen the little dog Tenor—"

Both babies have Mario's eyes, for which Betty thanks Providence. (Not that there's anything wrong with her own, Eo.) Like his father before him, he needs his kids and melts. Colleen said "mamma" first. Elissa said "dadda" first, and the house fell down. Every night there's a ritual. After her bath Colleen appears on the little sofa with a twinkle in her eye. "What's this?" she asks of the creatures, ending with Tenor and Pretty-boy, the canary. "Now sing the baby song." keeping it soft, Mario sings the Virgin Slumber Song, recorded for Colleen.

And no matter what other things many people they've had in, the Lanzas take a drive before bedtime, as they used to take walks in New York six years ago. As in New York, they laugh and plan and dream. Mario will doubtless sing all over the world, but California's home. One of their dreams is to buy a ranch out there, where they can raise animals.

Mario's not superstitious. He and Betty were married on Friday, the 13th. It's their lucky number. Around the number Betty designed a money-clip, and inscribed it: "Darling, may we live as long as we love and love as long as we live."

He's superstitious, but he won't move from here to there without that clip. . .

Postscript:

One night when some friends were gathered, Mario put a platter on the turntable. "This is Pop's record. I made it for him and Mom." The song whirled. "O tu che insegno al gli angeli," it sang in Mario's voice. At the first word Pop couldn't talk any more. Time faded—

"...You make me one promise, Freddy. Some time you ought to play—"

"...That's quite a promise, Pop. Let's put it this way. If I can, I will—"

The song reached its end. Still incapable of coherent speech, Pop grabbed his son and kissed him five times, maybe six.

"Some day," he says, "we have a party together, me and my wife, Colleen and little Elissa. I will tell them about a boy five years old who sits in the room and plays a great singer's record twenty times. —Who is the boy? —Your Papa, Mario Lanza, a great singer. You know what they're going to say? —Let us play those twenty-two times. So we're going to do that—and me and my wife, Colleen and little Elissa —A rich chuckle escapes him. "This will be a party—"

"With coffee and cake," smiles Mom. —And Pop adds the benediction. "Let us live and wait—"

The End

Here Comes the Graduate

(Continued from page 71) distinguished awyer, his family had fondly believed. Words had flowed easily from him. But when he came from his left foot that wag- vages to ridge, the thread had headed out in a jalousy for Hollywood. One evening not too long ago, into living-rooms across the country came a new girl, coming into a living-room. From 220 years ago. It came into the Crosby living-room. When the program was over, Bing put down his pipe. "He did a pretty darned good job," he remarked. But to the offer he had come with the living-room was a deaf ear. Gary's immediate future was educational. After that—"It's up to Gary," he added.

As for me, I didn't even want to be on the show. "Thought he might get gazzed by his pals at school," his dad explained.

They still razz me. I don't mind—too much. Gary had told me the day before his graduation, out in front of the small white cottage off campus where the good minors are allowed to live.

He's become accustomed to being ribbed—except when some columnist casts him in minor-size romance items. "I don't date nobody seriously," he insists. "Besides, I'm not thinking too much that way now.

Gary, who had been more of a usky build, serious blue eyes and fast friendly smile, and the wild Hawaiian mint sports shirt is "thinking" mostly of his fall at Stanford, going out for football—his dates are at "Tinys," a large neon-lighted drive-in near Bellarmine where the school kids gather, and where the customers often have a jukebox.

Did he ever make the juke box at "Tinys?" I asked. "Yeah," he admitted, "it's on there." Get much of a play? "Does he?" Gary proclaimed. "When we go there all the guys keep picking nickels in playing it over and over. They take turns holding each other up on their shoulders, remnant up in a speaker and listening—ribbing me. I feel like sinking down into a coffee cup." Does he think he sings like his dad? "Nobody's got a voice like Dad's," he says. "Dad's voice has ever been able to cultivate one.

He's enrolling at Stanford in business administration and later—"Well, it's too soon to say, but I plan to go into business management some day to help him out at Elko."

Show business? "You've got to be good, really, good." He spoke slowly, thoughtfully. "And don't forget all those guys coming up now like Guy Mitchell and the rest—I think Mitchell's great—I have several things in my mind I'm thinking about. But I'm not sure.

On the stage graduation day there was a sea of bobbing blue caps at assorted angles and swaying tassels. One by one the grades rose to receive a diploma and a handshake from the Reverend D. C. Cosgrove, S.J., President of Bellarmine.

In the audience Bing and Dixie watched attentively, Bing studying his program as each boy's name was called. Then "Gary Evans Crosby."

Outside, Bing waited to congratulate his son—the first graduate in Hollywood's "first family."
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Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 30)

Seventh Cavalry. Despite the fact O’Brien is an ex-island boy, he’s with the Union Cavalry, he enlists in the Seventh as a private and locates his man, Forrest Tucker. Real Indian battles, or real enough for us, take place with all sorts of hazardous elements. McKee and the girl he loves, Polly Bergen. Dean Jagger is good as Polly’s father and O’Brien impressive.

Your Reviewer Says: Blood and thunder.

Program Notes: Montana in Technicolor never looked so beautiful. In the swift Yellowstone river, the wild buffalo country of the Big Horn, the ranges of the Crow Indian Reservation emerge in all their tinted beauty. But outriding their glowing beauty is the agent of fun who square with Winona Plenty Hoops headed Eddie her pawpaw to hold while she went about the business of setting up a teepee... The local Indians loved working as extras but the assistant director assigned to securing their social security cards for them nearly lost his mind making out cards to Fred Takes a Horse, Gilbert Bird in Ground, Chester Bad Boy and Sarah Don’t Mix.

▼▼▼ (F) Strictly Dishonorable (M-G-M)

FULLY clothed and after a hearty meal, the plot of this Ezio Pinza-Janet Leigh movie couldn’t be higher a good two pounds but there’s a chuckle or guffaw in every ounce to keep it bouncing along. As the middle-aged opera star who falls for a dewy-eyed Southern gal, Pinza has a voice that made several operatic arias worth double the admission price. Janet plays the pretty, naive, iron-willed cutie who catches her man in the very trap he’s set for her—and with the same piece of cheese. Maria Palmer as Ezio’s ex-love, Gale Robbins as the wife of a publisher whose calliope voice starts all the rumpus, Millard Mitchell as Pinza’s personal representative, Esther and Silvio Minicotti as Pinza’s mother and uncle, are all delightful.

Your Reviewer Says: Amour for all ages.

Program Notes: Janet Leigh was at the height of her romance with Tony Curtis (now her husband) when she joined none of the world-famous charm of the “South Pacific” hero. A breathless “good morning” and “good night” just about covered the story. Pinza, who had become a papa for the fourth time (his daughter by a former marriage) was too busily engaged in planning a European trip for himself and charming wife to notice much, anyway... The Minicottis, who are members of the Italian Opera Guild, and Ezio had themselves many long Italian gaffes.

▼▼▼ (F) Peking Express (Paramount)

THIS tells of Corinne’s present day turbulence. Joseph Cotten is a United Nations doctor. Corinne Calvet is a French singer. And Edmund Gwenn is a Catholic priest. All are aboard the crack Oriental Express bound for Shanghai. Also aboard are Benson Fong, a young Red newspaper man; Soo Yong, a distraught woman who shares Miss Calvet’s compartment and a prosperous looking Chinese, who turns out to be Marvan Miller of all people. However, no sooner does the train get up steam than Soo Yong is stabbed by Kwon, who turns out to be her husband. The train then is halted by a band of black marketeers hoodlums who force the passengers to alight. Cotten, Miss Calvet and Mr. Gwenn are taken to a near-by farmhouse where the leader turns out to be none other than Kwon. Bent on killing them all, Kwon finally promises Corinne to spare Cotten’s life if she remains with him. Kwon’s son arrives in the nick of time to save Corinne and Cotten as well. But nearly everybody else gets killed off. Fongs, Kwons, Songs, Yongs and Bongs drop like flies.

Your Reviewer Says: More mixed up than a bowl of chop suey.

Program Notes: Because the Chinese actors outnumbered the Americans, thirty to one, director William Dieterle had all instructions for the leading man for outdoor scenes, first in Chinese and then in English. No difference that all the Chinese spoke English. That’s the way it was going to be, sez... Miss Calvet and husband John Bluefield had to learn to take turns in filming but on the set Miss Calvet, she say nozing. Nozing at all.

▼▼▼ (F) Hard, Fast and Beautiful (Filmmakers-RKO)

TO MIX a story of tennis stars and tennis “rackets” packs an unexpected punch. The rise of a champ and the frank expose of the “expense money” source, comes as a real eye-opener to those of us who never gave it much thought. But so cleverly is it told as a fictional tale, it takes nothing away from the sport as a sport. Claire Trevor gives a knock performance as the greedy, ambitious mother who promotes her daughter, Sally Forrest, out of marriage with Robert Clark and into the tennis championship. Carleton G. Young is a smooth promoter and George Fisher the same genial radio announcer he is in real life.

Your Reviewer Says: Right across the net.

Program Notes: It was quite a sight to see the neat, trim, beautiful Idalupino enveloped in her director’s chair, handling cast and crew with all the skill of an old time director. Ida and her producer-host Collier Young dined together almost every evening during the shooting to discuss production chores... At a special preview held at the famous New York hibar noted tennis players (some convinced the story was about them) pronounced it “good tennis” despite those behind-scenes dollars juggling... A New York cameraman trveled to the Forest Hills match in New York for long shots but portions of the For est Hills Inn were carefully reproduced at a Hollywood sound stage... Sally Forrest spent weeks learning to smash a ball with championship technique and succeeded.

▼▼▼ (F) That’s My Boy (Paramount)

THEY RE back again! Martin and Lewis those mad-hatter comics that rioted all over the screen in “Friend Irma” and “At War with the Army” return in milder, homier sort of story that depend more on premise than gags for its laugh. And while the idea of anemienie, introverte Lewis attempting to live the heroic life of his father, an ex-All American football star on the alma mater team is funn enough, the boys are best when allow to run wild. There are plenty of laughs when they get out to become a football star with handsome De Martin, the college hero, to help him Eddie Mavehoff as Jerry’s dominat father. The one that most heightens the absurdity. Ruth Hussey Jerry’s beautiful mother and Marie Marshall the co-ed both boys love.
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Program Notes: Bedlam! Sheer, unadulterated bedlam broke out all over the Paramount lot when Martin and Lewis decided to disagree with their manager during the making of the film. Every kind of gag was perpetrated by the boys to keep the fuss going, which caused the cast to wonder if the comics were only having fun, if they were really as upset as they pretended or if they were coming down with whooping cough or something... Part of Dreamland had become slightly used to the Martin-Lewis capers, having made her movie debut with the boys in "At War with the Army"... Marion Marsh had moved over from Twentieth to Paramount for her role and liked it so well she hopes to stay there... The college scenes were shot at Occidental College in Eagle Rock, a suburb of Los Angeles, with twenty-nine USC and UCLA football stars participating in the game.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of laughs.

Program Notes: "East Side, West Side, All Around the Town" could well be the theme song, with cameras chasing the cast all over Manhattan for authentic background shots. When the production was necessary the company moved into the old Biograph Studios where D. W. Griffith, the Gish sisters, the Talmadge girls and Valentino all began the careers on which they based later fame. Nina Foch is alien-born American citizens, Dick was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and Nina in Leyden, Holland. Both came to the attention of the production through music; Nina as a pianist and Dick as a singer. This is Dick's first straight role, his one song far from the screen musical idea... Hidden cameras enabled the cast to get through most of their street scenes without attracting too much attention.

A TV moppet gets a hand from Jane Greer. Her son Albert is intrigued with new toy, the Howdy Doody hand puppet

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You Ran All The Way (U. A.)

If you enjoy fight pictures—and we don't—this is the best to come out of Hollywood in a long time. Jeff Chandler is so imbued with the spirit of his role, it's difficult to believe he is not the same easy-going coal miner, converted into a fighter, that he portrays. He is just that good. Counting on Jeff's murderous temper, once aroused, as a deadly weapon for success, his brother, Steve Keyes (walks in like a pop star); and Steve's wife, Miss Keyes, persuade Chandler to take to the ring. His lack of skill and ruthless brutality when crazed with temper make him a half-scraped, thoroughly beaten fighter. Once launched on his career, he is unable to stop before reaching his goal—the championship. This determination loses him his friend, Rock Hudson, a popular fighter; his brother, Steve Keyes; and his brother-in-law, Mc Nally who has managed his career. Jeff reaches his goal, in time, but when defending his title against his former friend, Hudson, Jeff undergoes a change of heart and becomes a-sports writer. Hudson most personable as a fighter and McNally excellent as the brother. But it's Chandler's picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Take your nerve pills with you, chums.

Program Notes: John Garfield did a double take one morning on the set when the call sheet for prop requirements read, "Please cut all the,Norman Barbour's hands down." Included porphyry Shelley Winters, John was glad to oblige, only they hurriedly explained they meant "whiskers and claws." However, the "close box" command did happen. When John accidentally dropped a hot cigarette ash on Shelley during a scene and set her filmy negligee ablaze. Like a shot Shelley took off over the sound stage with John in her pursuit. Wallace Ford came in as the next cropper when a sliver of wood ran into his finger during a five-page scene with Garfield. Ford calmly extracted the splinter as part of the action... Bobby Hayett, who began his career as a baby in "Penny Serenade," has completed 48 pictures in his young life, despite the fact he contracted polio at age seven. With R. B. Roberts, Garfield heads his own company, which produced this film.

Best Pictures of the Month

A Place in the Sun
A Streetcar Named Desire
Kind Lady
The Frogmen
Alice in Wonderland

Best Performances of the Month

Montgomery Clift, Shelley Winters in "A Place in the Sun"
Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter in "A Streetcar Named Desire"
Maurice Evans, Eibel Barrymore in "Kind Lady"
Esther Williams, R.F.D.

(Continued from page 55) building or furnishing.

Fit your home to your needs, too, your way of life. For example, Esther could have used damasks and velvets and silks. But they're two very young sons, so it's cotton throughout for the Gages. And for rugs Esther chose a colorful, sturdy multicolored floor covering. The style dates back to grandmother's era, when she used to make braided rugs from cast-off clothing. Esther's rug, however, is woven, with white cotton thread for the warp, and the woof of heavy, multicolor wool strips. It looks like an old-fashioned rag rug and probably will wear well.

"I like old furniture," declares Esther. "Pieces that have lived with a warmth and character that just cannot be imitated. Reproductions are just not for me!"

Consequently she's filled her house with

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When they thought the house, the tremendous attic space was untouched. Esther and Ben promptly took advantage of part of the space to make their master bedroom under the eaves, at the head of the stairs.

They utilized every nook and corner for cupboards or closets, the low ones for suits and coats, saving the tall wardrobes for long coats and dresses. They went at it so enthusiastically that actually they have storage to spare, and Angie, their gay little cooker spaniel, benefits therefrom. One entire cupboard in Esther’s and Ben’s bedroom is reserved for the latter’s dress. “Angie’s apartment,” they call it.

Esther did their bedroom in soft yellow and gray, the pine ceiling, the knotty pine cupboard doors, the woodwork, all painted a really luxurious, soft yellow. For the walls, she selected a medallion pattern that combined yellow, green and blue-gray, and she repeated the blue-gray in cotton carpeting. Although yellow and sateen hangs at the windows, the chief Du Pont fabric in the room, the sprightly yellow and gray striped cotton taffeta, is used for everything else in the room, quilted spreads, dust ruffles, slipper chair, window coverings . . . everything. It’s most effective.

Whenever you’re planning a room scheme, remember to keep it simple, and underdress the furnishings rather than overdress them. You can’t make a mistake in combining fabrics when you use one and repeat it several times. If Esther had put a print on the slipper chair, and still a third fabric on the studio couch, the harmony would have been lost. It might have been attractive, but it wouldn’t have the balance and serenity now evident.

She carried the carpeting, the wallpaper and the yellow woodwork into the adjoining tiny dressing-room and bath, so that one room seems to flow into the other. Consequently, you’re not conscious of size at all.

Both Esther and Ben always have liked headboards with shelves for radio, books, and miscellany, but these very definitely have a modern style that’s not for the Gages. A word and Ben’s other headboard, which works like a charm. Since their bed was in the traditional, Early American style, they had the panels in the headboard cut out and replaced with sliding panels. And Ben’s panels open, they inserted a shelf behind the headboard. It amounts to an entire new back for the headboard, but it cannot be seen from the front when the panels are closed. The thickness can be seen from the side, of course, but it is not objectionable.

You find this same, fresh thinking in the baby’s room. It looked so small and he was so small, and they needed a place for the child and Ben, and they built a room within a room. In the corner, there is slumbered off a space about 8’ x 9’. White paneling forms the lower half of the partition, shuts the upper half, so that this section can be closed off entirely or opened up to the room. It’s just right now for Kimmie’s crib and dressing table and attendant paraphernalia. Later on, it will be a grand play and toy area.

Benjie’s room is as boyish as cowboys and Indians, and what’s more, it’s a room that can take it, with blue linoleum on the floor, natural pine-paneled walls and a high, beamed ceiling. Along one wall, between the ceiling and the top of the door, Esther put in a gay circus mural, and window shades on the opposite wall repeat the circus motif. They’re in reds and blues and white, just enough color to lighten the paneling.

There’s still loads of unused attic space over the living room, which is earmarked for the Gage offspring. “Someday,” says Esther, “when the boys are older, that will make a wonderful playroom. I can see model railroads, games, and just about everything up there. This is one house it would be hard to outgrow.”

If necessary, they could even spread to the little pool house, though that would be unlikely. It would be adequate, though, because Benjie and Ben refused to conform to tradition. When they planned the little dressing-room, it was to be just the standard type. “Hey,” said Ben, “it’s a long time before we’re easy with money of providing refreshments?” So they redesigned the pool house. The whole front can be opened up, revealing the sink, the cupboards and the tiny refrigerator. Or just the upper half of the front can be opened, so that a counter is formed. The bath and dressing-rooms are to the left, behind and on a higher level than the front bar.

“Wait,” said Esther. “Why build just a couple of dressing-rooms? Why not make one large enough to hold a chair and a studio couch? That way, the pool house can double as a guest house if ever we should need it.”

Ben agreed, and it was done. A red studio couch with chartreuse bolster stands on the spatter paint floor, framed with red and white Provincial paper in the popular Cloverleaf pattern. Woodwork is white. The exterior is styled after the main house and wears the same yellow with white trim.

Esther has great plans for the landscaping. Next year, there will be ivy and geraniums taking over the banks, colorful petunias edging the brick paths, violets and shade flowers dug in at the base of the giant oaks. It’s all to look natural and casual, straight from your favorite Mademoiselle’s book, and it’s well on the way right now.

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PHOTOPLAY

October

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Edda Hopper
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CONTENTS

OCTOBER, 1951

HIGHLIGHTS

The Photoplay Scholarship Parade. ........................................... 37
London Letter on Liz Taylor ..................................................... 39
Many Brave Hearts (Howard Keel) ........................................... 40
Tales from Hollywood ............................................................... 44
That Old MacRae Magic (Gordon MacRae) ................................ 46
Act Your Age, Joan Evans ....................................................... 48
Rhode Island Redhead (Van Johnson) ....................................... 50
How Ava Gardner Fooled Hollywood ......................................... 52
Why Do They Hate Hollywood? ................................................ 54
Your Chance to Win a Hollywood-designed Dress ....................... 56
Photoplay Sneak Previews "Here Comes the Groom"..................... 58
Pint-sized Paradise (Betty Hutton) .......................................... 60
Prairie Flower (Plays the West) #5 ........................................... 62
Photoplay Fashions ................................................................... 66
If You Want to Be Charming ...................................................... 82

FEATURES IN COLOR

Howard Keel ................................................................. 40
Elizabeth Taylor ............................................................... 44
Deborah Kerr ................................................................. 44
Clyde Clark ................................................................. 44
Janet Leigh ................................................................. 45
Joan Crawford ............................................................. 45
Alan Ladd ................................................................. 45
Gordon MacRae ........................................................... 47
Joan Evans ............................................................... 49
Bety Hutton ............................................................... 60
Cyd Charisse ............................................................... 62
June Allyson .............................................................. 64
Vera-Ellen ................................................................. 65
Jean Hagen ............................................................... 67

SPECIAL EVENTS

Alice in Wonderland ............................................................. 88
Brief Reviews ......................................................................... 102
Cast of Current Pictures ....................................................... 34
French, Young and Pretty ...................................................... 36
Hollywood Party Line .......................................................... 37
Edith Gwynn ........................................................................ 17
Impertinent Interview .......................................................... 19
Aline Mosby .......................................................................... 19
Inside Stuff—Cal York .......................................................... 14
Laughing Stock— ............................................................. 10
Erskine Johnson ............................................................... 10
Pool Party ........................................................................... 84
Radioactive Romantic .......................................................... 22
Readers Inc .......................................................................... 8
Shadow Stage—Sara Hamilton ................................................. 24
That’s Hollywood for You ...................................................... 16
Sidney Skolsky ..................................................................... 16
What Hollywood’s Whispering ............................................... 16
About—Herb Stein ................................................................ 18
What Should I Do? ............................................................ 13
Claudette Colbert ................................................................ 13
Your Photoplay Photoplays .................................................... 116

Cover: Elizabeth Taylor, star of "A Place in the Sun"
Natural Color Portrait by John Ensteal

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
United States and Canada, $4.00 per year, $3.00 per six months, $2.00 per quarter; all other countries, $5.00 per year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Six weeks’ notice essential. When possible, please furnish old and new address at once, with date of first issue in which you are interested. Write us at your earliest convenience as well as your new address. Write to the publisher.

VOL. 40, NO. 4


EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 170 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial Manager, June 30, 1951.

FOREIGN OFFICE: 43 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y. Head Office: 32 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PUBLISHER: Jack L. Macfadden, President; David A. F. Macfadden, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Toronto. Copyright 1951 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. Copying, copying, or using in any manner the contents of this Journal is prohibited without the written consent of the publisher.

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FOR THE MILLIONS WHO LOVED "THE GREAT CARUSO" AND "SHOW BOAT"!
Only the truly young in heart... asking so much of life... giving so much of love—can know the full thrill of this experience!

MONTGOMERY
ELIZABETH SHELLEY
in George A PLACE
Completely

CLIFT TAYLOR WINTERS Stevens’ Production of IN THE SUN

Only these three brilliant young stars at their exciting best . . . could make these lovers come so powerfully alive!

with KEEFE BRASSELLE • Produced and Directed by GEORGE STEVENS • Screenplay by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown • Based on the novel, AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, by THEODORE DREISER and the PATRICK KEARNEY play adapted from the novel. A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
It's the show-world's big, bright
WARNER BROS.
CELEBRATION
with these Warner Bros.
productions at your
theatres now!

GREGORY PECK  VIRGINIA MAYO
"CAPTAIN HORATIO
HORNBLOWER"

DIRECTED BY
RAOUL WALSH
Screen Play by Ivan Goff &
Ben Roberts and Aeneas MacKenzie
From the Novel by C. S. Forester
Everyone's Hero--and One Woman's Idol!

"Jim Thorpe--All American"

Starring Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford, Steve Cochran, Phyllis Thaxter

Directed by Michael Curtiz
Screen Play by Douglas Morrow and Everett Freeman
Music by Max Steiner

Jim Thorpe, Technical Advisor

The Love Story That Rings Victory Bells in Your Heart!

"Force of Arms"

Starring William Holden, Nancy Olson, Frank Lovejoy

With Gene Evans, Dick Wesson
Directed by Michael Curtiz
Screen Play by Orin Jannings
Music by Max Steiner

"Seizes a Place Among Hollywood's Rare Great Movies!"

Look Magazine--typical of the praise pouring in from all sides!

"A Streetcar Named Desire"

An Elia Kazan Production
Produced by Charles K. Feldman
Starring Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando

With Kim Hunter, Karl Malden
Directed by Elia Kazan
Distributed by Warner Bros. Pictures

Screen Play by Tennessee Williams
Based upon the Original Play "A Streetcar Named Desire" by Tennessee Williams
As Presented on the Stage by Irene Mayer Selznick

From The Pulitzer Prize and New York Critics Award Play!
LIKE Janet recently

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Blackpool,

England

Why is Hollywood flooding the market

with war pictures? When we go to the

theatre we go to forget the heartaches

and misfortunes that surround us. More

comedies and musicals are what we need.

MARGIE

Bell, Calif.

Everyone has been so busy nixing

Susan Hayward’s beautifully mussed-up

hair that they seem to have completely

overlooked Jean Simmons’s wild and

woolly mop. At least Susan’s hair-do is

supposed to be considered sexy, but what’s

Jean’s excuse?

SHIRLEY PALLATTO

Xenia, O.

Casting:

I have heard that Olivia de Havilland

was going to do a movie of "Romeo and

Juliet." I think this plot would make a

wonderful movie, but I do not think it

would be right for Miss de Havilland. She is a

fine actress, but Juliet was fourteen

teen years of age and Miss de Havilland

is thirty-five. However, I believe that

Debra Paget, Ann Blyth, Elizabeth Taylor,

or Jean Simmons would be perfect for

the role. Either Tony Curtis or John

Derek would make a fine Romeo.

CAROL HEBLUND

Tacoma, Wash.

Since Clark Gable is now over fifty,

wouldn’t it be a good idea for M-G-M to

groom handsome and muscular Ricardo

Montalban for roles that Clark played?

For instance, Ricardo and Lana Turner

would make a sizzling team in a remake of

"Red Dust" (the former Gable-Harlow

starrer).

ROBERT MANDICH

Newburgh, N. Y.

I would like to see a re-make of the

grand old hit, "Seventh Heaven," with

June Allyson and Farley Granger in the

roles of Diane and Chico.

MILDRED RUTH POWELL

Altoona, Pa.

Hollywood has made a lot of biography

movies and cast them well. For example,

Glen Ford as Ben Hogan, Tony Dexter

as Valentina, Mario Lanza as Caruso and

Larry Parks as Johnson.

Now in two forthcoming pictures, they

have spoiled a record. First, casting James

Mason as Rommel in "The Desert Fox"

when Robert Douglas looks enough like

him to be his twin. Second, casting Will

Rogers Jr. to play his famous dad when

Noah Beery Jr. looks more like Will

Rogers than his son.

THALIA DUNN

Loveland, Colo.

Question Box:

Could you tell me who played Casey in

"Take Care of My Little Girl" and a little

about her?

MARGARET ANNE HENNESSEY

Morgantown, N. C.

(Carol Brandon. She has blonde hair,
brown eyes, is married and has a baby
son. She previously had featured roles in

"Adventures in Baltimore," "Cynthia"

and "Flame of Youth."

I have just seen "The Great Caruso"

and I was told that Mario Lanza didn’t do

any singing but Caruso records were

played. Could you tell me if this is true?

MARGARET HALSTEAD

Bloomingburg, N. Y.

(That was really Lanza you heard.)

Could you tell me how many times Janet

Leigh has been married? Some people say

that Tony Curtis is her fourth husband

B. MULHOLLAND


(Tony is Janet Leigh’s third husband.)

I recently read that Farley Granger

once had a crush on June Haver and I’ve

been wondering ever since if they’ve ever

been introduced. It seems to me that

they’d be absolutely perfect together.

Farley needs someone to tone him down.

Devout little June is just the person to do it.

Mrs. Ed Johnson

Shawnee, Okla.

(They met each other on the 20th Cen-

tury-Fox lot when Farley was making

“"The Purple Heart” and dated for a time.)

Bob Wagner has been my favorite actor

since I saw “Halls of Montezuma.” I sat

through his current picture “The Frog-

men” twice but I couldn’t recognize him.

Could you possibly print a scene from

that picture with Mr. Wagner in it?

JANET SIKORSKI

Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Wagner (left) played Lieut. Franklin.

He was one of the men with Gary Mer-

rill (right), who watched with concern

when the speed boats of Frogmen went out

on first mission in picture. We had trouble

spotting him, too.)

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.
Let Your Beauty be Seen...

Palmolive Brings Out Beauty

WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!

36 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS IN 1285
SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVED THAT PALMOLIVE'S
BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER
COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS

Start Palmolive's Beauty Plan today! Discover for your-
self—as women everywhere have discovered—that
Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings exciting complexion
loveliness.

Here's all you do: Gently massage Palmolive's extra-
mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute,
three times a day. Then rinse and pat dry. You'll see
Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin.

Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!
The “tissue test” proved to Lucille…

that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

Do you feel that all cleansing creams are alike? So did vivacious Lucille Ball until she convinced herself with the “Tissue Test” that there really is a difference in cleansing creams!

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her “immaculately clean” face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pore openings… lets Woodbury’s wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It’s wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

Woodbury Cold Cream
floats out hidden dirt…

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson’s “Hollywood Reel” on your local television station.)

Van Johnson asked a friend about the blonde he was with the night before. The friend replied: “She was the brunette you saw me with the night before that.”

Dick Erdman tells about the actor who took his TV fan son to a movie theatre for the first time. The kid’s comment was: “Gosh, Pop, they get good reception here.”

Miriam Hopkins hired a French maid who told her when interviewed that she would not work for temperamental movie stars. Now Miriam is whispering to friends: “She still doesn’t know I’m an actress. I’m giving my best performance.”

Definition of a gentleman: A wolf with patience.

Someone asked Andy Devine if he had ever been nominated for an Oscar during his long movie career. “Nope,” replied Andy, “the closest I ever got to an Oscar was loaning money to a couple of people who won ‘em.”

A London newsman is still blushing about asking Bette Davis for her recipe for lasting wedlock. She snapped: “Obviously I’m no authority. I’m on my fourth marriage.”

They’re telling about the housewife who keeled over when junior ran into the kitchen yelling, “Mummy, the vegetable man’s outside.”

She’d just seen “The Thing” the night before.

Lois Andrews’s farewell party, before she left for a Hawaiian vacation, brought out six of her ex-boy friends, including former husband George Jessel. Cracked Lois: “If nothing else, this party proves I have ex-appeal.”

Director Lloyd Bacon’s comment after seeing one of those old movies: “It buckled when it should have swashed.”

Vic Mature, hailing the fact that Hollywood has never had a social 400: “It’s wonderful. You never hear anyone in Hollywood say, ‘She comes from a very nice family’.”

Dave Garroway knows a new perfume that drives women m-a-a-d! It smells like money.

When Agent Al Melnick’s tiny MG automobile stalled in Beverly Hills, Macdonald Carey advised him: “Better not choke it. Just burp it.”

Bob Hope’s explanation of why a husband always notices another woman’s clothes, but never his wife’s gown: “When a man knows what’s in the package, he doesn’t care how it’s wrapped.”

Starlet to store clerk: “This sweater fits perfectly—I’ll take a size smaller.”

Gordon MacRae says he knows a psychiatrist who advertised: “Positive cure in two years or your mania back.”
ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

THE EASY 'SHAMPOO-WAY' IN QUICK 'SHAMPOO-TIME'!

PREFERRED BY PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS
ROUX COLORS GRAY OR FADED HAIR—FASTER, EASIER THAN EVER...TAKES JUST MINUTES!

Lovelier haircolor for your audience! Rich, lasting color to hold admiring eyes. It's yours—so easily, so swiftly, yet still costs less!

Enjoy the comfort of lovely new color "shampooed" into every visible strand in just minutes.

Years of tested experience have gone into this exquisite hair cosmetic. It's sure, it's natural-looking, it's lovelier. And its name—ROUX—is your guarantee of tested dependability.

SEE HOW EASY IT IS FOR YOU TO HAVE LOVELIER HAIRCOLOR IN "SHAMPOO-TIME"

1. Coloring mixture is poured from bottle on to hair. Fingers work it through.
2. Then after a few minutes, the some with the ends.
3. It's shampooed—that's all!

SEE WHY ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO IS THE PROFESSIONAL COLOR CHOICE!

- It's brushless—no fear of flat, painted look.
- It's resistant to sun, salt water and perspiration acids.
- It's lasting—won't wash out, fade or develop off-shade casts.
- It lightens or darkens haircolor several shades without prebleaching.

12 HEAVENLY COLORS

No. 1 Black
No. 2 Dark Brown
No. 3 Brown
No. 4 Light Warm Brown
No. 5 Light Ash Brown
No. 6 Dark Auburn
No. 7 Light Auburn
No. 8 Golden Brown
No. 9 Ash Blonde
No. 10 Reddish Blonde
No. 11 Golden Blonde
No. 12 Light Blonde

Use according to directions.

PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS USE MORE ROUX THAN ALL OTHER COLORINGS COMBINED

Visit your beauty salon—ask your hairdresser about ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

Roux Distributing Co., Inc.
RHONDA FLEMING, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl, one of the “Top-Twelve,” selected by “Modern Screen” and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world’s loveliest hair. Rhonda Fleming uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World
is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Rhonda Fleming says . . . “I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo” . . . you’re listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

In a recent issue of “Modern Screen,” a committee of famed hair stylists named Rhonda Fleming, lovely Lustre-Creme Girl, as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world.

You, too, will notice a glorious difference in your hair from Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen now glows with renewed sun-bright highlights. All this, even in the hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. Is the best too good for your hair? For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world’s finest shampoo, chosen for “the most beautiful hair in the world”!

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair
What should I do? your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Claudette Colbert of "Let's Make It Legal"

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

About eight years ago I met a brilliant professional man in his early fifties. He was educated abroad, and—as an only child—he had many family advantages, and never had to share anything. His mother passed away about five years ago. When I met him I was a successful businesswoman. I am now in my late forties. This man suggested that my mother and I (my mother has always lived with me) move into his huge house, and that he and I be married in the fall.

My mother said she thought a married couple should have at least their first year without outside interference, so the three of us agreed to build an apartment for her in an addition to my fiancé's house. Mother and this man disagreed about every step of the construction. By the time the apartment was completed, they weren't speaking. This man is still wonderful to me, but he has said frankly that he thinks my mother hates him and he loathes her. I have been wondering whether this marriage would ever work out.

My mother is in her early seventies and is in perfect health. She comes from hardy people who usually live well into their nineties, so she would have about twenty years of misery to face if I should decide to marry this man.

However, if we decide to move out now, we must lose over two thousand dollars which we invested in the apartment. Furthermore, I might find it difficult to secure employment again. I can't understand this man. He is still wonderful to me, but he isn't abide my mother. Mother likes this man, and she is sweet and understanding. But I can't understand why what will be best for me, but she can't support herself, so she and I must remain together.

What can a woman do in a situation of his sort?

Diane V.

I suspect that the personality conflicts between your mother and your fiancé would be difficult to express in words, probably she is totally different from his new mother, so he rejects her in that role. Apparently you are an only child, so your mother has never had a son and cannot accept your fiancé in that relationship. And I am somewhat disturbed to note that you have said nothing of your own attitude toward this man. You haven't stated that you love him.

Your attitude seems entirely self-sacrificing, and your chief interest seems to be, not in your own emotional problem, but in reconciling your mother and your fiancé. That being the case, I must suspect that you have decided to marry for security. This seldom works out happily or anyone.

If you love this man and he loves you, he two of you should be able to work out a happy solution: Perhaps your mother should be installed in her own cottage and you should spend a certain period of time with her each day.

However, if you don't love the man, there is little point in trying to make adjustments because you have no basic understanding upon which to build. Better to make the best possible financial settlement on the apartment building and attempt to rebuild your life as it was before it was altered by your fiancé.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am a young man, twenty-one years old, and have been in the Navy two years. What I want to know is, what is the matter with me when it comes to women? While in school I played football, baseball, and all kinds of sports. And I might add, modestly, that my marks were quite high.

All through school and as far back as I can remember I've tried to be like a regular Joe, and like my five brothers. But when it comes to girls, I am a first class flop! When (not often) I take a girl out to a movie, dinner, driving or dancing I can never think of anything to say. I'm always stumped. She must think I'm a square, and usually such a girl drops me like a hot potato.

It is easy for me to write to a girl. I'm corresponding with one now, and have been for six months. I've never met her, but at the end of a pen I'm happy, talkative, and interested.

But as soon as I see this girl, I'm afraid it will be the same thing over again. What should I do to be like an ordinary regular guy that girls like?

Martin L.

There's a very simple remedy for your problem. The reason you are tongue-tied on a date is that somehow you've acquired the notion that girls belong to some terrible race from another world. Apparently you had only brothers in your family, no sisters. A sister would have proved to you that the difference between the interests of girls and men are in the minority.

Don't forget that, nowadays, little girls as well as big boys wear Hopalong Cassidy outfits, fight battalions of invisible Indians and have the same trouble with third grade arithmetic.

When you have a date with a girl, forget entirely—for the first hour of the date—that your companion is a girl. Pretend, instead, that she is your favorite brother, and talk to her exactly as you would to him: about life in the Navy, about funny things that have happened aboard ship, about what steps you are taking to improve your rating. And ask the girl the same general questions you would ask your brother: about a job, about the ball game, about politics.

Then, to remind the girl that she is a girl, pay her a compliment. If you like the color of her dress, say so. If you think her eyes are a lovely shade of brown, say so.

A combination of man-to-man conversation and well-planned flattery should make you the Lochinvar of your Naval base.

Claudette Colbert (Continued on page 86)

If you knew what she knows

You, too, could be more confident appearing charming

Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

• Odo-Ro-No is the only cream deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration, odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
• Odo-Ro-No is the deodorant that stays creamy longer—never gets gritty, even in open jar.
• No other cream deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
• No other deodorant is safer for skin.

*Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that New Odo-Ro-No Cream is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

ODO-RO-NO CREAM

GUARANTEED Full 24 Hour Protection

Claudette Colbert of "Let's Make It Legal"
cal york's gossip of hollywood

Listen to Photoplay's Hollywood Columnist

cal york on "hollywood love story"

Every Saturday morning, 11 A.M. EST, 
NBC . . . the latest Hollywood news and 
a complete drama of Hollywood life

Eve Miller doesn't go along with those rumors about Kirk Douglas being difficult—he helped her with her first important role in "The Big Trees"

John and Loretta Agar spent most of their honeymoon backstage when John played opposite Joan Evans in "Peg o' My Heart." On opening night Carleton Carpenter and Debbie Reynolds couldn't wait for Joan to get out of her costume, but rushed back to congratulate her.

Spotlight stealers: Since it's the thing for co-stars to attend premieres, Gigi Perreau, in first grown-up formal, and Jimmy Hunt figured they would, too.
INSIDE
STUFF

The French touch: Shelley Winters, Marge and Gower Champion were among many stars who cheered the Los Angeles debut of Paris sensation Josephine Baker

- Movietown Mutterings: Now that Mr. Big has checked off the Culver City lot, Hollywood wonders which M-G-M stars will follow L. B. Mayer. Lana Turner hasn’t signed her new deal, Esther Williams shows signs of stalling same and now they’re beginning to bait Ava Gardner, who still has several years to go on her old contract... The plot of “The Long Dark Hall” is raising raised eyebrows. Even friends wonder how Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer could lend their talents and not feel self-conscious... Betty Hutton’s bouncing much better since C. B. De Mille talked her out of seeing the daily rushes in the studio projection room... It’s an old Hungarian custom to wrap yourself up in a down-filled quilt at sleep-time. For a wedding present, her mother made one—for two—for Tony Curtis.

Border-line Case: “You mean you’ve never seen a bull fight?” Ann Sheridan just looked at Cal pityingly and further words failed her. But the following Sunday morning,

On their toes: Janice Rule, a ballerina from Broadway, finally dances for the screen with Gene Nelson in “Starlift.” He recovered from a badly strained back to do big gaucho number to tune of “What Is This Thing Called Love?”
Whenever I look at a picture of Jean Simmons quickly I think it's Elizabeth Taylor. But when I look at a picture of Liz Taylor quickly, I never think it's Jean Simmons. You figure it out. I can't . . . Arlene Dahl gives the Tarzan yell when she wants Lex Barker to come a-running . . . All movies look so old on television . . . Doris Day's face is either a smile or a grin . . . I'm tired, darn tired, of articles about Jan Sterling that are captioned or refer to her as "That Sterling Character" . . . I like to linger in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel. It gives me that nice feeling of having just arrived in town . . . Joan Crawford is one of the few actresses who still gives Hollywood glamour . . . And don't say today's actresses haven't the temperament the old-timers had. Lana Turner refused to play a scene with her leading man because his shoes weren't shined! Janee Rule is the prettiest newcomer in pictures. She looks beautiful even with her hair in curls . . . Whenever I see a night watchman in a movie I always settle back and wait for a robbery scene . . . Clark Gable will read any book or scenario if you tell him it's another "Gone with the Wind" . . . Bette Davis wears classy lingerie. "I may not look like the feminine kid," she says, "but I am" . . . Tom Jenk claims there are so many ups and downs in movie careers that he calls the town Hollywood . . . Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis together are the best example of cheesecake and beefeater. Incidentally, immediately after their wedding, Janet phoned Tony's mother and said, "Hello, Mrs. Schwartz. This is Mrs. Schwartz . . . Starlets, who want to make good in Hollywood, should remember that good diction is not good acting.

When an actress tells me that she didn't get anywhere because she's not that kind of a girl, I know she's the kind of a girl who's minus talent . . . Watch for a bundle named Cleo Moore. Pound for pound, she makes Dagmar look round-shouldered . . . Mike Curtiz, discussing television and the movies, said, "I can see the handwriting on the rooftops" . . . Kirk Douglas acts just as hard in still pictures as he does in moving pictures . . . I wish I could tell you what Gene Kelly said to Vera-Ellen, but what I can tell you is that it made a sexier dancer out of her . . . Dan Dailey has been going out quite a bit with Ann Miller. Dan told me he likes Ann because she's not like most actresses—she doesn't always talk about her career . . . Constance Smith has just about the whitest skin of any actress.

When an actor wants to look and feel younger than he actually is, he wears a bow tie. A starlet who should know confided this to me . . . Farley Granger, discussing marriage, said, "Of course I want to get married. But what I have to offer as a husband is pretty much standard equipment" . . . Fine pictures about Something are now doing business because people want to escape from the escapades! . . . In "Aarons Slick from Punkin Creek," a quartette is seen singing, but the song they sing was recorded by ten people . . . A famous producer, after being a star, said, "We're overpaying him, but he's worth it" . . . Movies are better than ever but you can't prove it by the second feature . . . I'm glad Marion Marshall is getting the chance she deserves in pictures. She can be a star.

Whenever I meet Mala Powers at a party I think she is going to ask the movie stars for their autographs . . . Everyone likes Mario Lanza in "The Great Caruso" except the genuine Caruso fans . . . Whenever an actress wants to look excitable in a scene she wears long lolling . . . I'm waiting for Howard Hughes to make a sequel, call it "The Things," and star Jane Russell . . . The fashion designers predict higher hemlines and lower necklines. I don't know where it's leading to," Scott Brady says, "but when it happens I want to be there" . . . The only thing padded about Marilyn Monroe are the shoulders in her suits, if you happen to look there . . . The producer couldn't decide whether William Powell should wear his moustache in "Treasure of Lost Canyon." Powell shaved off his moustache to show how he looked without it. The decision was to wear the moustache. Then the make-up department had to paste one on him for the role. That's Hollywood for you.

Annies, Jeff Chandler and a group of friends lassoed this laddie and we were on our way to Tia Juana. Caramba—Scarabia, we wished we had kept our tramp shut! Well, the pageantry and excitement got us too and we ended up tossing our tamales! Speaking of el torro (the bull, that is) just about everyone from Hollywood was there taking movies. In the first row behind the third barrier, we saw handsome Bob Stack with pretty Claudette Thornton. Kirk Douglas and Shelley Winters were in the same party. We aren't sure they were together; however, we are sure that Kirk was seen by everyone. He sat on the rail part of the time and faced the audience. After receiving the losing bull's ear, which is a red hot honor in below the border town, Senorita Sheridan entertained for Arroz, the greatest living matador. Included were those two famous Hollywood "matadors," Antonio Moreno and Gilbert Roland. Senor York says: "Viva la Mexico!"

Inside Hollywood: Gary Cooper wearing a pink tie with his dark blue shirt, dining in an inconspicuous corner of an inconspicuous Chinese restaurant. Publicly previewing her new dark hair, Patricia Neal sitting opposite . . . No one seems to know exactly what happened, but Gene Nelson's wife is no longer allowed to work out his studio dances with him. She is no longer on the studio pay roll and some say the studio "welcome" mat seems to be missing . . . Virginia Mayo's sudden interest in night baseball games really puzzled Mike O'Shea. Then he discovered his beautiful wife loves to sit there and watch the screen of a drive-in theatre that adjoins the ball park.

In Case You Care: Peter Lawford has offered to give Howard Duff surf-board-riding lessons . . . Bette Davis, who has finally gotten around to writing her life story, has no intention of playing it herself or allowing another actress to bring it to the screen . . . Arlene Dhal and Lex Barker are so-o-o in love, they slip away in the midst of Hollywood parties to be alone—together . . . Some people have
Hollywood party line

BY EDITH GWYNN

Hollywood has gone hog-wild again on the subject of big fancy premiers, the likes of which have been few and far between in recent years. It's been a long time since the town has seen the likes of the going-on at the opening of "Show Boat." Stars from all studios turned out and gave the hundreds of oglers in the bleachers plenty to shout and squeal at—and they sure did. When Ava Gardner walked in on the arm of Frank Sinatra, their first such appearance together (see page 32), the crowd and photographers just went mad! Katie Grayson was beautiful in a white satin off-the-shoulder dress, cut low, with a tight bodice, very full, floor-length skirt. Katie sported a big white mink stole with this. Clark Gable, a rare sight at these events, arrived with producer and Mrs. Z. Wayne Griffin. Right on their heels was Groucho Marx on the way in, were just a few on hand. Some went on to a semi-private dinner dance at Mike Romanoff's, others bulged the walls of Mocambo later.

Almost as hectic was the gala "preem" staged for the opening of "Bright Victory." Fans had lined up along curbs and filled the bleachers hours before "curtain time." Janet Leigh in a simple, full-skirted evening dress of white ribbed silk, was wearing her hair slicked back tight with a large knot low in the back. A cute touch was the semi-circle of small white flowers down the sides of her head behind each ear. Scott Brady was with Dorothy Malone that eve, Sally Forrest, with Mike Frank, looked darling in a gown of pale pink. "She" combined with deuce! Louis Jourdan's, the Bill Powells. In the midst of the party Don presented Emmy with her birthday cake. It was made entirely of gardenias and when Emmy "cut" it, the "cake" fell apart—and there were little individual corsages of gardenias for every femme at the soirée! That's better than fat-making pastry, huh?

The vogue for separates still continues. Betty Hutton has a mad push for blouses—whether for marketing or heavy-dating. One in her collection is a dead white silk jersey, with a high, soft cowlish neckline, short sleeves slightly gathered up toward the shoulder seams—no trimming, perfectly plain. This little number is perfect with daytime skirts or even with slacks and great humps of costume jewelry. It looks just as good tucked into the filmiest of skirts. Another blouse is black lace over pink silk with a low square neckline, tiny puffed sleeves. Betty wears it with a full calf-length rose cotton satin skirt, or a black taffeta cocktail skirt.

One of the most beautiful supper-dances given in Filuville for many a moon was the affair designer Don Loper tossed for popular socialite Emmy Burlingham. Don took over the new private-party room at Romanoff's. As the 130 guests entered, they saw two enormous swans fashioned of various white flowers at each end of the bar. At each side of the few steps leading down to the dining-room, with its oval-shaped dance floor, was a box of free gardenias. The tables (for eight) were covered with navy blue cotton cloths, all with centerpieces of white blooms and candles. Whirling around till the wee hours were Cesar Romero, Connie Moore (in a gorgeous white chiffon Loper creation), Mrs. Darryl Zanuck (stunning in leaf-green taffeta) Celeste Holm in white chiffon and Louise Jourdan, the Bill Powells. In the midst of the party Don presented Emmy with her birthday cake. It was made entirely of gardenias and when Emmy "cut" it, the "cake" fell apart—and there were little individual corsages of gardenias for every femme at the soirée! That's better than fat-making pastry, huh?

Speaking of cakes—Annie-pie Sheridan took Jean Simmons, Jeff Chandler and some other chums into the Brown Derby for lunch on her birthday and owner Bob Cobb promptly presented her with a cake in the shape of a hat. Not a derby—just a fancy lady's hat. But Ann's cake was edible—candy feathers and all.

Million Dollar Newsboy: Farley Granger thought her face looked familiar the day rehearsals started on "Strangers on a Train." By lunchtime he learned her name was Laura Elliott, she was under contract to Paramount. Alfred Hitchcock was there and in no mood to be delayed. The girl who gets murdered by Robert Walker. At the end of the day with rehearsals finished and everyone relaxed, Laura walked over to Farley. "You don't remember me, do you?" she bantered.

Embarrassed, he admitted he was sorry, he couldn't place her. "There's no reason why you shouldn't," laughed Laura. "You used to deliver our evening paper when I was a little girl living with my family in North Hollywood!" Casting an appreciative eye, Farley grinned, then answered: "I'll be glad to do it again—anytime!"

At Romanoff's following "Show Boat" premiere: Katie Grayson, Betty Hutton

with matching voluminous chiffon stole and ablaze with jewels—on the arm of her ex, Schuyler Dunning! The Gene Nelsons (his pretty wife in white, too, plus ermine stole), Marilyn Maxwell and Arthur Loew Jr., Ann Miller and Dan Dailey (who danced up to the mike when it was their turn), Ann Blyth with Scott Brady, Betty Hutton clowning with Groucho Marx on the way in, were just a few on hand. Some went on to a semi-private dinner dance at Mike Romanoff's, others bulged the walls of Mocambo later.

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WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S WHISPERING ABOUT

BY HERB STEIN

Rita Hayworth's press splurge on her return to Hollywood. And just a couple short years ago the fourth estate was lambasting her carryings-on. Ditto Ingrid Bergman, who'll get the same welcome when she returns. After a bit, folks forget... Marlene Dietrich's air interview with Louella O. Parsons in which Marlene gave out with tips on glamour and men but neglected to mention what her escorts through the years admired most about her: Her attentiveness on a date—none of that wandering-eye stuff at a night club, restaurant or party. Her optics stick on the man what brung her! Former cowpuncher Dale Robertson, now headed for stardom at Twentieth, who won his contract kissing Betty Grable, says, "I don't understand how actors can complain about their jobs. It's easier kissing Betty than wrestling steers." And more fun, too.

Nicky Hilton, Liz Taylor's ex, supposedly quitting Hollywood forever... Many think the complete sellout of Lammers' possessions was a result of discussions with her psychiatrist—an attempt to block out her entire past... Will Rogers Jr. dumping twenty pounds so he can play the role of his famous daddy in the picture at Warner Brothers... Lester Lee turning over his new Christmas song exclusively to Frankie Sinatra. "My Christmas Wish," no other vocalist can touch it for a year.

If Errol Flynn has his way, a full year will elapse before he makes another picture. First time that'll have happened since 1935. It's his very bad back... Maureen O'Hara's brothers making it on their own. Ace megger John Ford picked 'em for "The Quiet Man" from the Abbey Players, says they're two of the five top actors in Ireland today... Comic Lee Goodman's line when he's done partner Jimmy Kirkwood a favor and Jim asks how he can repay him. Snaps Lee, "Try money."

Irishman Dennis Day teaching Mitzi Gaynor Yiddish so she can taunt producer George Jessel... The fact that there isn't a First Lady in Hollywood today: Pickford, Swanson, Shearer, Garbo held the "throne" in their days. But who now? Loretta Young and Irene Dunne would certainly be in the running... Paulette Goddard's preference for sable, claims "mink is too common" (!)... Clark Gable planting one right on Brod Crawford's kisser at a restaurant—but the blow wasn't intended for Brod. Seems some visiting yokels were tossing vicious remarks at Gable, Crawford and other guys at their table, threatened to punch the screen tough guys. Gable, defending himself, let go with his still-powerful right and Crawford, trying to break the whole mess up, caught the blow.

Round-up: Gene Evans of "Steel Helmet" fame and Champ Butler, the Mocambo singing sensation, are both happy fugitives from parking lots. As a result, every movie-struck kid in town is trying to land the same kind of job... According to the critics, Yvonne De Carlo's operatic Hollywood Bowl debut in "Die Fledermaus" didn't give singers at the Met anything to worry about... An old fireplace from an old house in Portland, Maine, is being sent through the Panama Canal by Phyllis Thaxter's mother, for her famous daughter's home in Burbank... Now that the separated Jeff Chandlers have settled everything but the property settlement, the big guy calls on his kids and has dinner with his family several times a week... When Ann Sothern announced she was returning to the New York theatre, her first congratulatory letter came from the maid who worked for her when she made her original theatrical debut in the Broadway hit "Of Thee I Sing."

Tease for Two: Dan Dailey, who didn't even know Ann Miller when M-G-M held...
STUFF

IMPERTINENT

BY ALINE MOSBY
U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Betty Grable, queen of the box office, dragged her weary and famous legs up to the boss's office last May and asked for a vacation. She got one—on suspension and minus her $8,000-a-week pay check.

Miss Grable went home to rest and take in that mecca for tired movie stars, the horse races. But back at the Fox film factory, her absence was making the studio grow fonder—of two somebody elses. Hollywood buzzed with the news that Susan Hayward and Mitzi Gaynor were being groomed to squeeze into Betty's throne.

Betty, rested and satisfied, just grinned that her shape and dancing were always expendable, anyway. "Plenty of girls can do my work," she shrugged. "I think it's wonderful if the studio can get somebody else to do it. Anybody can be replaced, I don't care who they are. There's plenty of room for everybody."

Miss Grable says she's Mitzi's "most terrific booster," too. Mitzi made her debut in "My Blue Heaven" with Betty. "I told everybody at the studio that this girl will be a big star," she explained. "She was my own selection."

Betty insists she didn't give movies a thought after she worked her legs to the bone over a hot dance floor. "Everybody said I'd lose the movie business, but I never even thought about it. All summer I didn't even talk to anybody at the studio. I decided I'd wait until late fall to see if I had the urge to go back."

And what do Betty's replacements think? Miss Gaynor says wide-eyed that "Betty is wonderful" and can never be replaced. And Miss Hayward says if Fox wants another Grable they'd get somebody else. Susie insists that "With a Song in My Heart" is her first and last attempt at being a song-and-dance beauty. "It was a challenge and I loved doing it, but never again," she said firmly. "It's the hardest work I ever did. I never knew what Betty and June Haver went through."

The studio is busy writing more musicals for Susie, though. And the set workers call her "Legs Hayward."

"Are they kidding?" she sniffed. "Don't get me confused with Betty and Rita."

Mike O'Shea's wife, Virginia Mayo, shows off pearl embroidered cardigan at charity baseball game between the Hollywood Stars and the Sacramento Solons.
Show Business: Those behind-the-scenes stories that tug at the heartstrings, usually tie in with opening night and the curtain going up. With the very different Joan Evans, it was a very different experience. Naturally, when she appeared in "Peg O' My Heart" at the Ivar Theatre, the terrific little trumper was very sad because her mother couldn't be in the audience. It was a moment they had dreamed of, but illness is no respecter of sentiment. Joan played to capacity houses for week after week. Finally, on closing night the entire town had seen the show and there was a small audience. To the bright star it was the greatest audience of all, because the doctor had given her mother permission to be in front. Joan's performance that night was an inspiration.

Untold Story: Everyone in authority on the M-G-M lot was against making "The Great Caruso." But if it was the last thing he did, studio production head L. B. Mayer determined he was going to see his faith justified and bring the story to the screen. Endless opposition only strengthened the executive's ambition. Finally the picture was made and a great star, in the person of Mario Lanza, was born. Today "The Great Caruso" is one of the top money-makers of the year. L. B. Mayer, who made the best pictures and discovered the greatest stars in Hollywood history, is no longer on the M-G-M lot. Amongst his many memories is a letter from the younger man who succeeded him. Dore Schary, now in full charge of studio production, was one of those who was willing to admit that he was wrong about "Caruso" and Mr. Mayer was oh, so right!

Peeks at Premieres: Seen at "People Will Talk" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre: Scott Brady celebrating Dorothy Malone's arrival back in town, beaming brighter than a searchlight . . . Sally Forrest showing her engagement ring to the fans in the bleachers, while Mike Frank pantomimes—"I gave it to her!" . . . Cary Grant (star of the picture) and Betsy Drake, asking co-star Jeanne Crain for a remedy for knocking knees . . . Tall, tantalizing Rory Calhoun holding his tiny missus (Lita Baron) up to the mike . . . the Louis Jourdans, K. T. Stevens and Hugh Marlowe and many more people will talk about this picture they can't forget.

Seen at "Bright Victory" at Carthay Circle Theatre: Patricia Neal with the Van Hoffmans without Gary Cooper . . . Ann Sothern in red and white, Richard Egan in navy blue, looking patriotic but not platonic . . . the Audie Murphys, Howard Duff with a lovely lookey, the fans screaming at the John Beulig—"Where have you been?" . . . Peggy Dow with Walter Helmerich, who loved his girl friend's picture so much—he proposed that night! . . . Premiere night in Hollywood! It's the greatest show on earth.

His and Hers: When Lucille Ball and Anne Baxter had their babies first, they ganged up on Jane Powell. Each new mama sent a telegram of one word. The word was—"Well?" . . . Weighing in at seven pounds, six ounces, Lucie Desiree Arnaz arrived via Caesarean section and prouder parents you've never seen. "I don't think Desi could have waited another week," Lucille Ball told Cal when he called to congratulate her. "In the middle of the night he'd start yelling in his sleep. When I awoke him he'd look so startled and moan: 'Oh Lucie, I dreamed I was having the baby!'" . . . As calm as an atomic cucumber, John Hodiak took Anne Baxter to the hospital at 5 a.m. At two that afternoon, M-G-M sent him home after saying: "We need an actor—not a jitterbug!" Katrina Baxter Hodiak was born at 6:15 that night. Mama Anne says: "Father and daughter gave a great performance!" . . . Janie Powell and Geary Steffen bet good (Continued on page 23)
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Radioactive romantic
by Beverly Linet

• When Frank Lovejoy made his screen debut nearly three years ago, several thousand housewives were thrown into a tizzy. The face was unfamiliar but that voice was as well known as the postman’s or the next-door neighbor’s. And so it should be. Frank was a veteran of over 4,000 radio shows. On soap operas or science fiction serials—the magic words around the networks were “Call Lovejoy.”

Frank, who spent fourteen years shuttling between Radio City and the New York stage, decided upon an acting career when he was still in his teens. He was a runner for a Wall Street brokerage firm until the crash of ’29.

“I saw an awful lot of naked emotions then,” he said. “Learned how people react to situations—what shows on their faces, what doesn’t. How their voices co-ordinate with their facial expressions.”

Always looking for new fields to conquer, Frank came to Hollywood on the invitation of Stanley Kramer—then a little-known producer. He was to play the lead in the screen version of the novel “This Side of Innocence,” to go into immediate production. So he was told. But somewhere along the line things got fouled up.

He sat around collecting thousand-dollar-a-week checks for a year. This may not sound so bad but for a guy as active as Frank had been, it was sheer torture. Other jobs were offered but he could do nothing about them until his year’s option expired. Almost the very hour it did he was on the air as the hero of “Night Beat.”

Again he was approached by Kramer, now famous for “Champion.” Would he consider the role of Mingo in “Home of the Brave?” He could, he did, and he became one of the most sought after character leads in pictures. He’s in demand for tough sergeant and newspaper-man parts, but doesn’t mind that too much. However, he hopes he’ll never portray a “lady killer.” Early in his stage career he was called upon to slug his leading lady. His mother was in the audience opening night and when she went backstage afterwards she reproached him: “How could you do a thing like that? You know you were brought up better than to strike a lady.”

Frank has two children, Steve and Judy. Joan Banks, to whom he’s been married for eleven years, is an actress in her own right and recently took time off from household duties to play Peggy Dow’s sister in “Bright Victory.”
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INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 20)

friends, the Marshall Thompsons, a Beachcomber dinner that their baby would arrive first. They stork cooperated, they won. Gerhardt Anthony Steffen III arrived in a seven-pound, two-ounce beautiful bundle. The neighbors on Janie's block stayed up half the night waiting to hear the good news... Richard Basehart and Valentina Cortesia, who were married last March, believe in doing their Christmas shopping early. They're hoping it will be a boy come December.

Around the Town: The Larry Parkses sampling the sensational New England dinners at Tony Allen's Village Green restaurant... Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger going mad for Tony Martin at his brilliant Cocoanut Grove opening. Dan Dailey getting into the act by taking over the drums... Jane Wyman and John Payne, who started out working together at Warners, now going together and obviously enjoying their dialogue so much more... Bob Wagner sipping a soda with Susan Zanuck at Wil Wright's ice cream parlor.

Cal Regrets: With many others in the motion picture world, Cal mourns the passing of Robert Flaherty. Producer of such distinguished films as "Nanook of the North," "The Louisiana Story," and "Moana," Bob Flaherty did not make his pictures in Hollywood. He preferred to film stories against actual backgrounds. Sometimes this took him to the bayous of the south, sometimes to the icy wastes of the north. But in all he did his contribution to the movies was good.

Guys and Dolls: No, Cal wasn't invited (for obvious reasons) but we got a first-hand report from our famous leg-man, Tony Curtis, when thirty-five of her girl friends gave a shower for Janet Leigh. The festive affair took place on a Sunday afternoon at the home of the Gower Champions. While Gene Nelson, Lex Barker, Craig Stevens, A. C. Lyles, Far... (Continued on page 97)

Here are June and Dick Powell at work backstage at Lux Radio Theatre. Next month in Photoplay you'll see them at home with the children, in color. There's a wonderful story about them, and June, with Baby Richard, is the cover girl...
(A) Saturday's Hero (Columbia)

UCH! Sport fans are in for another disillusioning expose when college football comes in for an open sewer job. Lengthy, with repetitious plays, scores and locker-room scenes, the story of a Polish-American lad who pins his ideals on a tradition-ridden school that not only breaks his bones, but his heart, is an interesting and well-told tale. Handsome John Derek, who seems to have but one-and-a-half expressions, a scowl and faint smile, plays Steve Notak who goes to college on a football scholarship. John does a good job of it. Donna Reed plays the niece of Steve's sponsor, hard-headed Sidney Blackmer. and the girl Derek falls for. Unfortunately, Donna's role is so ambiguously written, one can't make out whether she's hard, cold and brittle, or warm, scared and loving. Alexander Knox is a likable professor, Otto Tennant the varsity coach. Mickey Knox John's brother, Sandro Giglio his Poppa, Elliott Lewis the publicity hound.

Your Reviewer Says: A touchdown on the side of truth.

Program Notes: For two long months before shooting began John Derek was taught football strategy by Paul Cleary, All-American end, and Mickey McCardle, famous U.S.C. quarterback. Derek literally threw himself into the role unmindful of cuts, bruises and a stomped-on face . . . Donna Reed's tests proved so good she not only won the role but a long-term Columbia contract, as well. This is Donna's first role since the birth of her baby a year ago. In private life Donna is Mrs. Tony Owen . . . Radio fans will be interested in viewing the famous Frankie on the Phil Harris show in the person of Elliott Lewis who plays Derek's newspaper friend, and plays it straight in this one . . . After his successful Broadway show, "Come Back, Little Sheba," that won him several awards, Sidney Blackmer trekked to Hollywood for his first movie in a long time . . . A glimpse of Pomona College (Bob Taylor's alma mater) is seen now and then as well as Pasadena's famous Rose Bowl and the Los Angeles Coliseum.

(F) Rich, Young and Pretty (M-G-M)

FLASHES the name on the screen—Vic Damone—and the balcony goes wild. In view of the fact Vic had never before appeared in movies, the good-looking kid does all right for himself and in such company as Jane Powell, Wendell Corey and Danielle Darrieux, too. Vic and Jane, who grows cuter by the minute, proved such a charming pair of sweethearts, no one minded that Vic plays a Frenchman without a trace of French accent. The story has Jane visiting Paris with her Texan father, Corey, and her faithful companion, Una Merkel. There, Jane makes a great discovery. Miss Darrieux, a beautiful night-club entertainer, turns out to be her mother, who years before had left her baby and husband in Texas to return to her native Paris. Jane makes another discovery, too. She prefers Vic to Richard Anderson, the boy she left in Texas. The songs are delightful with Jane and Vic singing several numbers and Miss Darrieux and Fernando Lamas charming in their numbers.

Your Reviewer Says: Young, gay, amusing.

Program Notes: All the marching and drilling of a military boot camp became so much malarky to G. I. Vic Damone when word of his first preview reached his military camp. Drafted after his first movie, Vic is sure of a welcome back to Hollywood when his stint is over . . . Wendell Corey was voted by the cast as "the man with the bleakest eyes in Technicolor." Corey, who usually plays more serious roles, loved the title . . . Miss Darrieux, the vivacious French star, plays her first Hollywood role since before World War II (see page 36) and Fernando Lamas, the Argentinian, is seen for the first time in a Hollywood movie. To round out the come-backers and newcomers, Jean Murat returns to the screen for his first role since "Carnival in Paris" and Una comes back for the first time since "The Bride Goes Wild."
**STAGE**

BY SARA HAMILTON

**F—for the whole family**

**A—for adults**

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Jimmy Stewart, Marlene Dietrich, Glynis Johns provide laughs as they fly through the air in unpredictable plane

\(\sqrt{1.5}\) (A) **No Highway in the Sky**

(20th Century-Fox)

It’s amusing, ridiculous and entertaining and yet—we hesitate to say this—it’s about a plane’s tail falling off. And in mid-air, yet. It’s Jimmy Stewart, of course, who is responsible for the entertaining aspects of the film. Jimmy, who believes a certain type of metal can be shattered by too much vibration, causing a plane to lose its tail, flies off to Labrador to investigate a plane wreck which he believes will substantiate his theory. Imagine his horror to discover the plane’s crew is on the exact detailable type. On board is Hollywood actress Marlene Dietrich to whom he confides his fears after thoroughly alarming the plane’s crew and hostess, Glynis Johns. After an emergency landing, Stewart wrecks the plane rather than let it proceed. Jack Hawkins is the handsome head of the research department and Janette Scott Jimmy’s erudite offspring.

Your Reviewer Says: Comedy moves into the field of science.

**Program Notes**: Everything happened to Jimmy Stewart while making this film in England. First, he was hospitalized with pneumonia which delayed shooting, causing the actor to be stranded in London and away from his family over the Christmas holidays. Then Mrs. Stewart, whose illness had taken her back to Hollywood, telephoned Jimmy in London that he was going to become the father of twins... Marlene Dietrich was the only other American in the film. Marlene, a naturalized American, was beamed all over town by handsome English actor Michael Wilding... Glynis Johns was born in South Africa and is one of England’s finest stage and screen actresses. Henry Koster became Jimmy’s favorite director when they made “Harvey” together in Hollywood and it was Stewart’s request that Koster work with him on this film. The some technical staff that made “The Mudlark” worked on this one, too.

---

Ann Blyth and Claudette Colbert in a tense story of a nun who tries to prove a doomed girl innocent of murder

\(\sqrt{1.5}\) (A) **Thunder on the Hill** (U-I)

A FLOOD covers the English countryside sending the citizens of surrounding villages and travelers in the valley to the hilltop convent and hospital of Our Lady of Rheims. Among those seeking shelter is Ann Blyth, on her way, with guards, to be executed for the murder of her brother. So firmly convinced of Ann’s innocence is Sister Mary, played by Claudette Colbert, chief of the hospital staff, and so unceasing are her efforts to prove that innocence, she faces severe chastisement from the Mother Superior, Gladys Cooper and near death from the real murderer. The setting lends an atmosphere of strange inharmony to the tune of murder but the plot sequences are so logically worked out and the Sisters endowed with such human qualities, the story takes on an unusual and fascinating air. Robert Douglas, Anne Crawford and Phillip Friend are splendid additions to the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A different and well-acted story.

**Program Notes**: Miss Colbert, while wearing the impressive white habit of Sister Mary Bonaventure, was notified by the association of greeting-card salesmen that she had been elected “Miss American Valentine of 1951.” Miss Colbert also wears the honorary title of mayor of New York City, fire chief of Philadelphia and den-mother of the Brownies... Ann Blyth is no stranger either when it comes to titles, having been named honorary mayor of Toluca Lake, Bob Hope’s community... Robert Douglas carried the cast over to his home, during a lull in shooting, to view his trophies which include such horrors as the hatbox Robert Montgomery carried in “Night Must Fall” (and you know what was in that), the hand-axe Edward G. Robinson used in “The Hatchet Man,” the tire jack John Garfield wielded in “The Postman Always Rings Twice”... The sound department decided the convent bell didn’t sound enough like a convent bell so the tolling of another bell was dubbed in, if you please.

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Best Performances See Page 32. For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 102
**Smart women buy Cutex**

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**Her earrings are flawless diamonds—her nail polish is beautiful Cutex**

**½ (F) Here Comes the Groom (Paramount)**

A ZING-BING comedy that fairly pings-songs along once it gets going and a real natural for comic, too. Only catch is that Franchot Tone is such a handsome, congenial rival for the motherly affections of Jane Wyman one sort of hate to see him lose out—even to a newer, looser, juicier Alexis Smith. Bing plays a newspaperman in Paris who fathers a brood of war orphans, two of whom, Jacky Gencel and Beverly Washburn, refuse to be shaken off. Delaying his trip home to marry Jane while he ships off France for the kids' birth certificates, Bing finally arrives in the U.S.A. to discover his weary fiancée is about to marry her rich boss and proper Bostonian, Franchot Tone. Bing has less than a week to convince Jane she should marry him; otherwise the children must return to France. And so the rivalry goes between Franchot and Bing with many a song, a step or two and a lot of nonsense to prove Tone is a man of fun and frolic for one and all. The kids are Frenchly cute, the song "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening" right catchy, Wyman a divine comedienne, Bing as relaxed as an old jellyfish and Swell, what more do you want? Connie Gilchrist and James Barton are Jane's parents and Robert Keith, Bing's boss.

Your Reviewer Says: Très light, gay, cheery-up-able.

**Program Notes:** The telephone conversation between Bing and Keith was new and novel, with each actually talking to the other at the same time—across the street from each other by special wire. Director Frank Capra felt it gave more realism to the scene . . . The movieetter in which Jane and Bing do a dance moved neither up, down nor sideways. It was all done with sliding doors, so the studio assures us . . . A special French teacher was obtained for ten-year-old J. C. (A) Little Egypt (U-I)

**½ (A) Little Egypt (U-I)**

THERE is more conversation than swinging and swaying in this fanciful, humorous story of how the famed hootchie what-do-you-call-it was introduced to America. It turns out that Mark Stevens, in a way, was responsible for the Teppichfam-igations that shook Chicago to its stock- yards during the Columbia Exposition in 1893. Purporting to be a semibiological take-off of the real Little Egypt, the story begins with Stevens and his recruiting talent in Cairo for the Chicago Fair, attempting to shake off Rhonda Fleming, a stranded hootch dancer in Egypt who is in reality an American-born miss. Following Mark to Chicago, Rhonda poses as a Royal Princess and is promptly taken up by Chicago society. But jealousy gets the better of Miss Fleming when Mark's engagement to Nancy Guild is announced and, as a sort of revenge, Rhonda goes into her dance and lands in jail. All sorts of characters, Oriental, sentimental and deter- mental, romp in and out yakkling their heads off, but for all that, it's a tongue-in-the-cheek cutie. Charles Drake plays Nancy's patient suitor and Tom D'Andrea, Mark's friend.

Your Reviewer Says: An eyeful, we'll say that much.

**Program Notes:** From Beverly Hills high school to "The Eggsy" seems a mountain- go to jump, but Rhonda Fleming achieved it in a few graceful bounds. With a black wig covering her copper-colored hair, Rhonda became a convincing Egyptian, or Hollywood's conception of one, at least. When it was announced Rhonda would play Egypt, mementos of the real dancer poured in from Chicago . . . Despite the semimakedness going on, Mark Stevens kept strictly to business, conducting his business affairs from his dressing-room. With his manager, Mark is a partner in an automobile dealer- ship, a packing company and real estate property near Denver, Colorado.

(Continued on page 28)
"It’s amazing the way these Lux Soap facials give skin fresh new beauty!" Virginia says. You, too, can be Lux-lovely! Try the fragrant white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use.

"Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says lovely Virginia Mayo. "Here’s all I do: I cream the rich lather well into my skin—it’s active lather—so good for the complexion. Then I rinse my face thoroughly with warm water, follow with a few splashes of cold. I pat gently with a soft towel to dry. Such a quick, easy care—but it really does the trick!

Co-star of "PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE" A Warner Bros. Production Color by Technicolor
Joel has been there twice and because he's the kind of horseman Dean longs to be, he says, 'he's wonderful.' "Wills is a Yosemite gal,'s opinion, too. She says Dean's chuck-wagon pal in the movie, was also the voice of "Francis," the talking mule. Wills claims half the time now he forgets whether he's talking as "Francis" or himself."

The whole family has traveled to Las Vegas and trekked two and one-half hours inland into the very heart of Death Valley for scenery worthy of the Technicolor camera and then darned if they didn't sprawl about 10,000 square yards of canyon wall a pretty canyon red.

(A) The Law and the Lady

NOT for two short seconds did any of this ring true nor did Greer Garson convince anyone, even the popcorn vendor, that she was an unremarked lady's maid turned crook. Nevertheless, the picture has much in its favor—spiritly dialogue, for one thing. Marjorie Main for another and of course Michael Wilding, who is an asset to any picture except when he Britishizes his dialogue into an incomprehensible mish-mash. And for good measure there is Fernando Lamas (in capitals, dear printer) who created a big "O-oo-a-h" among the younger set at his first entrance and a round of applause at his exit. Now please, M-G-M, don't muff this one. Cist him right an'! you've got yourself a gold mine.

Your Reviewer Says: Costume jewelry comedy. Not real but amusing.

Program Notes: Hollywood eagerly awaited the arrival of popular Michael Wilding who has been a hit in London for several years. Once here Wilding had eyes for no one but Marlene Dietrich who happened to be in Hollywood at the same time. Their two-someness continued throughout the making of this film, after which Mr. Wilding requested a divorce from his wife in England.

Tell, dark and handsome Fernand Lamas, who plays the Spanish rancher, arrived in Hollywood a year ago from his native Argentina where he was a popular star. He has made two movies in Hollywood—this one and "Rich, Young and Pretty." (See page 21), a title which did not refer, you understand, to Senor Lamas . . . Miss Garson worked under distress as her husband, Buddy Adler, was convulsing from serious illness. The black hair-do worn by Greer was voted most unbecoming by the preview audience.

(F) Mister Drake's Duck

WHIMSY-POOH all over the English countryside! Yet, despite the improbability of a duck laying a uranium egg, it's a delightful, nonsensical movie. It all happens when Douglas Fairbanks Jr., as Mr. Drake, takes his American bride, Yolande Dolan, to honeymoon on his farm in Sussex, England. Through a slight error Yolande buys five dozen ducks at an auction and, as a result, life suddenly becomes involved when it is discovered one of her feathered friends has a gold mine—no, a uranium mine or some such thing—in her egg-laying apparatus. Once this priceless bit of information becomes known, the Army with tanks, the Navy with sailors and the Air Corps with planes move in on the honeymooners and "Operation Chickenweed" begins. What's more, the daily callers, hangman Peter Butterworth, village bank manager Reginald Beckwith and Ministry Official Wilfred Hyde-White, are required to remain at the farm throughout the "Operation." Even after the "priceless" duck had been converted, there's a gimmick. But wait until you see!

(M-G-M)

Program Notes: Yolande Dolan is a miniature United Nations all by herself. Her mother, born in Paris, married Irish-American James Dolan in Canada and migrated to the States where Yolande was born. In a New Jersey hospital, no less. After her father's death in Hollywood, Yolanda used the money she earned as an Earl Carroll chorus girl to attend drama school in Hollywood. Eventually she grabbed a small part in the Hot and Turmoil and later understudied the star role in the road company of "Born Yesterday." The night she finally played Billie Dawn, Garson Kanin cabled London he'd found the star for the London production. Yolanda so wowed the British audiences she's been there ever since (five years) going from one stage and screen hit to another. Over there, there's "YoYo," as they call her . . . Douglas Fairbanks Jr., who received the equivalent of a British knighthood, requested that all Americans who had been similarly honored, be included on the Royal Silver Jubilee list.

When questioned, Douglas didn't think it odd he wear a natty blue suit throughout most of the film although playing a hard-working farmer. Custom, and all that, you know.

(Columbia)

WHAT really happened to Hitler will crop up in story or play form for many years to come, we suppose, but none will be more fantastic in theory than this one Hitler, so we told in this movie, was killed midway in the war by an actor who then proceeded to impersonate Der Fuehrer until the fall of Berlin, fooling his chiefs-of-staff and even Adolph's mistress, who happened to be the actor's own wife. Incredible as it seems, Luther Adler, both as the real Hitler and the impersonator, does a credible job of it. In fact, Mr. Adler is quite an impersonator and it is during a stage performance in Vienna that Hitler first sees Adler, billed as Janus the Great. He gets a big German load of Adler's pretty wife Patricia Knight and likes her so well he makes her his willing mistress. Herr Hitler's annexation of the actor's wife precipitates the events that lead to his ultimate destruction—"The Man who Shot Hitler." That's our story or play form for many years to come, we suppose, but none will be more fantastic in theory than this . . .

Your Reviewer Says: Unlikely but interesting throughout.

Program Notes: Foreign correspondent William L. Shirer, who saw Berlin "before and after" and whose gripping book "Berlin Diary" was a best seller several years ago, acts as narrator of the story. In fact, the story opens with Patricia Knight relating the fanciful story to Mr. Shirer who relays it to us. Miss Knight was at the height of her on-again-off-again marriage to Cornel Wilde during the filming, which may have accounted for her seeming nervousness. The camera hasn't been too kind to Pat who is much prettier off screen . . . The picture was filmed in Vienna where there was no shortage of "typical" with many former SS men looking for bit roles. Nazi uniforms popped out of attick trunks all over town . . . Adler, who takes off Mussolini, Haile Selassie, and Neville Chamberlain as well as a valedictorian and prison wardens, had the local players spellbound with his accomplishments.
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TERESA WRIGHT Co-starring in
"SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR"
A Paramount Picture

(Continued from page 28)
ing one of too many former movies. The stars are top-notch, the songs nostalgic and the production thoughtfully mounted but for all that, it just can’t seem to get up the go to git. Gordon MacRae is a handsome lad with a voice to match and Doris Day cute and vivacious but the material handled the popular stars in this one has cooked too long in Hollywood’s oven to be successfully camouflaged under Technicolor gravy. Gordon plays one of those 1918 college seniors who “free-thinks” and doesn’t believe in marriage. Doris, a tomboy who loves to play baseball, is the girl who unawaits his mental and emotional processes. Billy Gray is the inevitable little brother, Leon Ames and Rosemary De Camp play Doris’s parents, Jack Smith her stuffy sister, Mary Wickes the maid.

Your Reviewer Says: Something for every member of the family.

Program Notes: Three small children stood on the edge of the built-in bay on a Warner Brothers’ sound stage and watched a handsome college lad paddle a beautiful blonde in a canoe. The instant the scene was over they called, “Now, Daddy, now.” So, Gordon MacRae, the college kid, kept his promise and took his three children canoeing . . . Doris Day needed no rehearsing for her role of bull player. Doris played second base and the team’s pitcher at her Cincinnati grade school and batted over .300 . . . One of the smaller boys used in the snowball-tossing scene got carried away with it all and let Doris have a beauty ride in the eye. The make-up man had to paint out the shiner before Doris could face the camera again.

\[e\] (F) The Well (U.A.)

A GRIPPING movie, a different movie and an entirely probable one in view of certain events recorded in newspapers. Here’s what happens. A five-year-old negro girl disappears on her way to school and a white man, Henry Morgan, who has befriended the child, is held as her kidnapper. When Morgan’s uncle, Barry Kelly, and a power in the town, attempts to “fix” things, riots between negroes and whites break out all over town. Alarmed at the seriousness of the situation, Sheriff Esmond, who has persuaded Mayor Tom Powers to call out the state militia. And then suddenly the panic is averted. The child is discovered in an abandoned well. From then on everything is as both blacks and whites unite to save the child. Gwendolyn Laster is the child. Maidie Norman and Ernest Anderson play her parents.

Your Reviewer Says: Suspenseful and something to think about.

Program Notes: Actor Henry Morgan has reached a state of complete frustration with fans constantly confusing him with the radio comic of the same name. It was worse when the comedian invaded Hollywood for a movie a few years ago. “So you’re funny man Morgan,” people would say upon being introduced to this Morgan. “Gee, you don’t look funny at all.” Gwendolyn Laster was chosen for her ability to run and walk naturally. The camera was moving and turning directly in front. Many of the children tested grew so engrossed in the mechanism moving ahead of them, they forgot to act naturally.

(F) Pardon My French (U.A.)

THE idea is fair—that of an American school teacher who inherits a French chateau full of squatters—but when that’s said, all’s said. The story stands still for long, interminable moments, or lazily crawls

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\[e\] (A) Mr. Imperium (M-G-M)

DESPITE the top names and the Technicolor grandeur that sweeps from the Mediterranean shores to Palm Springs gardens, the story itself never jells. Lam Turner, a proven actress who is seldom given material worthy of her talent, looks beautiful and does more than her share to toate that bale of nonsense. Ezio Pinza the rave hit of Broadway’s “South Pacific,” is just another middle-aged actor trying to prove himself, so far as this movie is concerned. Certainly his magnificent voice is woefully neglected, the few songs given him fall far below his vocal ability.

Things perk up a bit with the advent of Marjorie Main into the story. Marjorie plays a Palm Springs landlady with little Debbie Reynolds as the prying-spyin’ niece. Prime Minister of the West, Fredric March, who wins both of her pictures, is a portfolio without minister and Barry Sullivan is seen so seldom, who knows how he beaves, if at all.

Your Reviewer Says: Beautiful but numb.

Program Notes: Throughout the filming of Mr. Imperium, whispers and rumors spread among the cast about a sou’wester that was not well between Lana and Ezio and as usual the rumors remained just that. Miss Turner worked long, strenuous hours while feeling far from well. It was short after a picture that she lost her expected baby . . . The bigger problem for the location crew was to keep clear sections of the much traveled highway between Palm Springs in order to catch Lana speeding along at the wheel of her car . . . The set became a second home to Debbie Reynolds, who didn’t want to miss a single thing behind or before the camera . . . There’s no way around Debbie when it comes to her career.

\[e\] (F) Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell (20th Century-Fox)

IT’S a mite disillusioning to discover an old friend, acid-tongued Lynn Belsi dere, has a heart after all. For frankly we prefer the old boy the other way, to know-it-all with a rusty hinge for a heart. But no. Here we have him, still Clifton Webb, of course, in a humorous enough comedy about an old folks’ home and has he decides to make the lives of the inmates brighter and happier. To accomplish this Belvedere pretends to be seventy-seven years old and enters, along with havock and pandemonium, the aged folks’ home. Aside by his manager, Zero Mostel, he does bring happiness, not only to the old folk but to the young minister in charge, Hugh Mar

(Continued on page 32)
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LAS VEGAS-HOODOV DAM, 3 Days ..... $9.25

(Continued from page 30) lowe and the pretty nurse, Joanne Dru. Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy yourself.

Program Notes: Hugh Marlowe and Clifton Webb became fast friends during the shooting, with Hugh and his pretty wife, actress K. T. Stevens, visiting Webb and his adoring mother Mathilda in Los Angeles. Zero Mostel skinned both knees and tore his trousers when some wag on the set pulled out the box from under him as he climbed over a wall for a scene. Shooting was held up as a tumble Zero was patched up. Joanne Dru was going through court litigation during the shooting, suing ex-husband Dick Haymes for back alimony.

\( \frac{3}{2} \) (A) David and Bathsheba

Beneath the impressive weight employed in the telling of the Biblical story of King David and Bathsheba (the woman he loved and another man's wife) there runs a contrasting simplicity that reduces the principals involved in this century-upon-century-old triangle to plain human beings, whose emotions and failings are understandable to all of us today. Gregory Peck is a stalwart, handsome David, once a shepherd boy anointed by God to succeed Saul as King of Israel. Susan Hayward is a beautiful Bathsheba, wife of Uriah, whom David orders killed. Raymond Massey seems curiously ineffective as Nathan, the prophet. David's atonement and forgiveness are beautifully revealed out of the overlong story, wrought with a heaviness of hand, causes much of its effectiveness to be lost. Kieron Moore plays Uriah, Jayne Meadows is Michal, David's vengeful wife.

Your Reviewer Says: Spectacular.

Program Notes: In a rocky valley near Patagonia, Arizona, selected for its sunbaked hills, resembling those of Palestine, were shot the scenes of David as a boy, killing Goliath, and the shepherds with their flocks. During the filming, Gregory Peck was given a new eighteen-year contract with 20th Century-Fox, so feel he is their greatest asset today. Gregory is the "memory champion" of Hollywood, never forgetting a line of dialogue. For one scene in "David," Peck delivered seven and one-half pages of intricate dialogue without an error... The older generation will be pleased to know the man behind the beard and regal trappings of Saul is their former favorite, Francis X. Bushman.

(F) Rhubarb (Paramount)

Here's an off-beat movie for you and one you'll howl, or should we say meow, over? It's about a cat, you see, that inherits $30,000,000 and a Brooklyn baseball club, Gene Lockhart, an eccentric millionnaire, admires the spunk and courage of a mangy cat that steals golf balls from the local green and hides them. Desiring the cat for his own, he gives the job of catching it to his press agent, Ray Milland. After a battle, the cat is captured and his new owner surprises one and all by making Rhubarb his heir and disinheriting his own daughter—only another sort. Since Milland is appointed the feline's guardian, it's up to him to appease the ball players who object to being owned by a cat. And, to top off his troubles, Ray's fiancée, Jane, has a deep allergy to Rhubarb and to anyone who has come in contact with him. Well, sir, it's a riot on wheels. Elsie Holms plays the disinherited daughter and Bill Frawley the club's manager.

Your Reviewer Says: Fur and fun fly in all directions.

Program Notes: After studio bosses had looked at what seemed a thousand cats during a six-months search, a housewife in San Fernando Valley telephoned them that she had the very bouquet they were looking for. The cat had wandered into her garden, cut and brained from a series of brands which indicated it was a feline with the necessary x-factor. They took him out, agreed, and then began the long period of training. Don't think he lost any of his back fence gumption in the process. He daily bit Ray Milland, clouded Gene Lockhart and tried Arthur Lubin. A special apartment on Fan Ness Avenue, close to Paramount studios, was provided for Rhubarb and his stand-in, with a caretaker to carry him from one to the studio each day. A vet gave him a daily check-up as the cat's well-being meant many bags of solid gold came to Paramount during the shooting... Ray Milland, who began his film career with Paramount, claimed he never worked with a more masterful scene-stealer... Jan Sterling was so pleased that her husband, Paul Douglas, consented to play a mere bit role, she was happy all through the picture.

Best Pictures of the Month

David and Bathsheba
Here Comes the Groom
The Well
No Highway in the Sky
Rhubarb

Best Performances of the Month

Bing Crosby in
"Here Comes the Groom"
Jimmy Stewart in
"No Highway in the Sky"
Clifton Webb in
"Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell"
Gregory Peck in
"David and Bathsheba"
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HOLMES & EDWARDS IS STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE, SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER KINDS.

ORDINARY SILVERPLATE—
IF PLATE GOES
WEAR SHOWS

STERLING INLAID* SILVERPLATE—
IF PLATE GOES
STERLING SHOWS

*Most used Holmes & Edwards spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver at the points where they rest on the table. Thus should wear occur—there's Sterling underneath

The loveliest patterns of all...

HOLMES & EDWARDS Sterling Inlaid Silverplate

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How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Lose weight the way Nature intended you to! A quick natural way with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want...all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs...calls for no strenuous diet.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories...works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

Users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.

The Loveliest Women in the World take Ayds

“lt Works” says Paulette Goddard

*“Every day more and more women are finding the Ayds Way really works,” says lovely movie star, Paulette Goddard. “You see, it’s such an easy, pleasant way to reduce. The comforting thing about taking Ayds is that you reduce the way nature intended you to. I recommend it to all my friends who want to lose weight!”

Casts of Current Pictures

CATTLE DRIVE—U.I.: Dan Matheous, Joel McCrea; Chester Grah, Jr., Dean Stockwell; Dallas, Chill Wills; Mr. Graham, Leon Ames; Jim Corrie, Henry Brandon; Cap, Howard Petay, Carells, Bob Steele; Conductor O'Hara, Griff Barnett.

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA—20th Century-Fox: David, Gregory Peck; Bathsheba, Susan Hayward; Nathan, Raymond Massey; Uriah, Kieron Moore; Abishai, James Robertson Justice; Michael, Jayne Meadows; Jof, John Sutton; Joab, Dennis Hoey; Goliath, Walter Talen; Adulldras, Paula Montana; King Saul, Francis X. Bushman; Jonathan, Teddy Ferrara; David, a boy, Leo Penn; Specialty Dancer, Gwyneth Verdon; Abigail, Gilbert Barnett; IEPI, John Durrun; Old Shepherd, Lamden Hice; Egyptian Ambassador, George Zucco; Amnon, Allan Strock; Samuel, Paul Newman; Jesse, Holmes Herbert; Executors, Robert Stephenson, Harry Carter.

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount: Peter Lawford, Bing Crosby; Emmett Jones, Jane Wyman; Wilbur Stanley, Franko Tone; Winifred Stanley, Alexi Smith; Po Jones, James Barton; Ma Jones,-Connie Gilchrist; Georgia Deagun, Robert Deitch; Bobby, Jacky Gessel; Suzi, Beverly Washburn; Therese, Anna Maria Alberghetti; Mr. McConville, Walter Catlett; Uncle Prentice, Nicholas Joy; Uncle Elvin, H. B. Warner; Uncle Adam, Ian Wolfe; Aunt Abby, Maidel Turner; Aunt Awa, Adeline de Walt Reynolds; Mr. & Mrs. Godfrey, Alan Reed, Annina Gomelli, and Dorothy Lamour, Phil Harris, Louis Armstrong, Cass Daley, Frank Fontaine.

LAW AND THE LADY, THE—M-G-M: Jane Heath (Lady Lovely), Greer Garson; Nigel Dux- bury, Michael Wilding; Lord Munden, Michael Wilding; Juan Dinos, Fernando Lamas; Mr. Wor- tin, Marjorie Main; Lady Duxbury, Phyllis Staney; Inspector Monahan, Rhys Williams; Tracy Collins, Hayden Rorke; Miss Pamela, Natalie Schafer; Mr. Caigh, Ralph Dunne; Mrs. Cahsh, Margalo Gillmore; Princess, Soledad Jiminez.

LITTLE EGYPT—U-I: Wayne Cravat, Mark Stevens; Ino, Rhonda Fleming; Sylvia Grayson, Nancy Guild; Oliver Drape, Charles Drake; Mr. Tom D'Andrea; Cyrus Graydon, Minor Watson; Pasha, Steven Geray; Mrs. Dione, Verna Felton; Cynthia Graydon, Kathryn Gwney; Shariet, John Loe; Preceptor, Dana Kiss, Modula, Leon Balsou; Mcheadhi, Jack; George, Judge, Ed Clark, K'ially, John Gallaudet; Spinelli, Freeman Lunk.

MAGIC FACE, THE—Columbia: Jazus The Great, Luther Adler; Vera Jonny, Patricia Knight; Wilham L. Shiner, Himself; Carla Harbach, Ina Windish; Hans Harbach, Heinz Moch; Warson, Peter Price; Heinrich Wanner, Manfred Krone; Major Vortar, Jasper Von Oertzen; Franz, Charles Koenig; Hans, Tom Mitterwurger, Mariona, Annie Maier; Himm- ler, Sukman, Groom, Hermann Endraths; General Rodenbach, R. Wanka; General Von Schlussen, Wilard; General Henweiter, Michael Tellag; General Stely, Hans Sheel; General Halder, Bell.

MR. BELVEDERE RINGS THE BELL—20th Cen- tury-Fox: Lynn Belvedere (Oliver Erwanter), Clif- ton Seb, Miss Trip, Jezone Dus; Renny, Charles Watson, Hugh Marlowe, Emmett, Zero Montal; Mr. Belby, Billy Lynn; Mrs. Hammer, Deo Mc- ran, Miss Hanley, Frances Brand; Mr. Samp- leer, Kathlen Combes; Mr. Grass, Jane Marbury; Mr. Cherry, Harry Huns; Reporters, Warren Stev- ens; The Stebbins Twins, William and Ludwig Provenz; Mrs. Peta, Cora Shannon, Kraner, J. Farrelle MacDonald; Martha, Cecil Weston; Father Sico, Thomas Brownie Henry; Policeman, Hugh Benvetion; Reporters, Ray Montgomery, Don Kohlen, Mainman, Edward Clark; Pharmacist, Normal Lea- vitt, Librarian, Dorothy Loomis; Mrs. Ira, Harry Antrim; Hotel Manager, Harris Brown; Kramer, Gay Wilkerson; Curtis, Fennis Taylor; Harris, Luther Croftt.

MISTER DRAKE’S DUCK—U.A.: Don Drake, Douglas Fairbanks Jr.; Peeny Drake, Yolande Don- lan; Major Traver, Howie Marston-Crawford; Mr. Boothby, Reginald Beckwith; Mr. May, Wilfrid Hyde White; The Sergeant, John Boxer; Renba, John Kane; Hitano, Peter Butterworth; Captain White, Tom Gill; Bropender, A. E. Matthews.

MR. IMPERIUM—M-G-M: Fredde Ralro, Lara Turner; Mr. Imperium, Edino Pents; Mr. Cabot, Minto Main; Paul Hunter, Barty Sullivan; Bernard, Sir Cedric Hardwick; Gwen, Debbie Reynolds; Anna Penom, Ann Coder.

MOB, THE—Columbia: Johnny Dauwcro, Brodieck Croft, Bill, Mary Kvern, Betty Bostler; Thomas Clancy, Richard Pyle; Lieutenant Banks, Otto Huleelh: Smoothie, Matt Crawley; Cooner, Neville Brand; Joe Castro, Ernest Borgnine; Sergeant Ben- nion, Walter Klawun; Piggy, Lynne Bagget; Doris, Jean Ackerson; Felix, Commissioner, Ralph Pinpin; Tony, John Marley; Cull, Frank de Kova; Rusty, Jed York; Driver, Radford, Duke Watson; Gas Station Attendant, Emile Meier; D.A., Carleton Young.

NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox: Mr. Honey, James Stewart; Mone, Marlene Die- rich; Marigbe Coster, Glynis Johns; Dr. Scott, Jack Hawkins; Elspeth Honey, Janet Scott; Shirley Scott, Elizabeth Allan; the Director, Ronald Squire; Tuppy, Jim Clifford; Capt. Samuels, Nicki Mae; Gimmis, Doron, Kenneth More.
Every little star is winking—even the man in the moon is carrying his torch! They’re enchanted, entranced by a magic someone. “Who-o-o-o-o-o?” All the night owls know the answer...me...bewitching everyone in my charm of a Maidenform® bra.

Shown: Maidenform’s Alloette® in black satin. Also available in broadcloth and nylon stockings, marquiseette or lace...from $2.00. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N. Y. 16.

There is a maidenform for every type of figure!

See Faith Baldwin’s best loved stories on TV.
Tune in Maidenform’s Theater of Romance, Saturdays at mid-day, ABC-TV coast-to-coast network.

Danielle Darieux

French, young and pretty

- She was heralded as being the greatest gift from France since the Statue of Liberty. The critics adored her. Audiences did, too. She promised to be the most important star of the 1930s. Yet Danielle Darieux, in 1938, forgot a five-year million-dollar contract, packed her forty-seven trunks and bid a not too fond adieu to Hollywood. She would be happy, she made it clear, if she never saw California again.

Now Danielle, just thirty-four, is again to be seen in an American picture, "Rich, Young and Pretty." And again she is charming audiences with the vivacious charm that has made her a Continental favorite ever since her debut at fourteen in "Le Bal," after answering a magazine ad for a child actress.

What induced her to return for the role of Jane Powell's mother, no one knows. Perhaps it was an impulse to return and conquer. Perhaps she was intrigued with the idea of appearing in a Technicolor musical.

The reason for her departure thirteen years ago was Universal's signing her first husband, Henri Decoin, to a writer's job without the slightest intention of letting him do much writing. This treatment of Henri, Danielle resented.

They were divorced in 1941, and soon after this it was reported that he openly stated she was entertaining the Nazis.

Danielle was cleared of all collaboration charges when she told her story. She entertained German soldiers, she explained, because only by agreeing to perform for them could she obtain permission to see her and later marry her fiancé Rubirosa, a German prisoner. This marriage for which she again risked her reputation and career—and which marked her fourth death by the French underground—also was to end in divorce when Rubirosa fell in love with heiress Incis Duke.

Now Danielle is back in Paris. But she intends to return to Hollywood soon when she's free of French picture commitments. As before the war, she's France's number one star. She lives with her husband Georges Mitsinkides in a rambling 18th Century house completely surrounded by magnificent gardens. Her home is a virtual menagerie with three dogs, three cats and innumerable birds everywhere. She rarely talks about herself personally but is quick to describe her travels and the countries she's visited.

Her tastes are typically French. She enjoys being a celebrity, likes highly seasoned food and having breakfast in bed and is a stickler for femininity.

Her only regret is that she hasn't as yet had a child—which would bring her the greatest happiness of her life.

alluring new Ringlet by Lovable

At last...true spiral-stitch bras dream-designed with your budget in mind! Round 'n round whirs the RINGLET single-needle...shaping, firming, moulding...the precise 4-section cups into the loveliest uplifting bras in all femaledom. And the fit won't ever wash out! Fine rayon satin, nylon or broadcloth...value-priced everywhere at a low, low $1.50. Other Lovable styles $1 up. Also in Canada.

Any way you figure, it's

THE LOVABLE BRASSEIERE CO., DEPT. P-10, 180 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C. 16

36
Soon the search will be over. A talented girl will take her place as the winner. But close behind her are talented hundreds who will continue going their way.

The chosen three in Photoplay's Scholarship Contest soon will be on their way to the Pasadena Playhouse, to their final auditions before Ethel Barrymore, Gregory Peck, Joseph Mankiewicz, Stanley Kramer, Hollywood Editor Lyle Rooks and Dean Thomas Browne Henry.

At this writing these three finalists are about to be chosen from the five hundred would-be actresses recently auditioned throughout the country in one of the most thorough and exhaustive talent searches ever undertaken. For those who go to California have to be the best, the most deserving, the most talented. Audition board ratings are being studied, recordings replayed, letters re-read, pictures reviewed, school records and recommendations checked. And the group narrows, slowly, but excitingly.

The three aren't the only lucky ones. Also on their way now—to a place in the dramatic profession, are the hundred top running contestants selected from the audition group. For they, too, have proven they have what it takes in determination, talent and ingenuity.

Who are these girls? What are they like? Where do they come from?

They are everyone—and anyone. Some are barely seventeen years old. Some are about to turn twenty-five. Some have brand-new high-school diplomas, others have sheepskins marked Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts. They were born in Texas, Rhode Island and China, too. They live in all forty-eight states. They come from large metropolitan areas where competition is keen and ever present. They come from villages so small there is no competition and no opportunity either. But one thing they have in common—somehow, someway, almost every one has maneuvered herself into a spot close to her chosen profession.

If there was no summer theatre, they organized non-professional groups—through church, Y, or school. If the local playhouse was crammed with name stars, they signed up as apprentices, hoping for only a walk-on. (Continued on page 91)
"Any secretary with !! and () can get any guy in a,

"How can a girl send $100 a week home on a $50-a-week salary?

"This is the story of Operation Mink --and how to get one! (Never mind the gag about how the minks get them!)"
London letter on Liz

Which shows even staid old England can’t change Hollywood’s barefoot girl

- It couldn’t be. . .
  It wasn’t possible. . .
Everybody in the luxurious lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel looked at Elizabeth Taylor, then looked again. There she stood in her bare feet! Not because she is proud of her feet. Like most of her generation, Liz wears size seven.

The sight of her barefooted in public wouldn’t have given any of her family or friends the slightest pause. She’s forever (Continued on page 108)

In formal lobby of Beverly Hills Hotel, Liz informally greets Vincente Minnelli, Stanley Donen
Many Brave Hearts

by IDA ZEITLIN

Black dust everywhere, sifting in from the coal mines. But never enough to dim the spirit of a town—or the boy it bred

It happens every so often. It happened in the opening scene of "Annie, Get Your Gun." Out strode this character, big, bold and easy, laughter in his roving eye and music in his throat:

Who's got the stuff that makes the Wild West wild?
Who pleases every woman, man and child?

A current went zinging from screen to audience. Spirits lifted to the magnet of voice and presence alike. They'd never seen nor heard of the guy but, within seconds, contact had been established. The affair was on. Rhett moved over to make room for another romantic Butler in the person of Howard Keel.

Now the most dazzling "Show Boat" of them all rolls along, with Keel aboard as Ravenal, and the customers holler for him louder than ever. Out at Warners a while back nobody hollered when one Harry Keel, on vacation from "Oklahoma!," showed for his scheduled test. They just peacefully turned him down. Ditto Hal Wallis. So much for the blind spots of executives. At M-G-M, watching the Warner test, Arthur Freed's vision was 20-20.

Howard Keel: Excitement in song

Blackwell Jr.

As a shoe shiner, young Harry Keel earned passes to the local motion picture theatre.

The Keel home in Gillespie which mother supported as the town's paperhanger.

Coal mine No. 3. Every woman and child in Gillespie kept their ears tuned to the mine whistle. Three blasts meant an accident.
Many Brave Hearts

Howard Keel, looking back over his years of struggle, thinks of a crack of Grandma's: "You know, there's just one trouble with this life. You've got to live it all before you know how to live it."

First big car. His mother sent this snap home to show their luck had turned at last

As Curley in "Oklahoma," with Betty Jayne Watson. He repeated role on London stage

Until late teens, he sang only where nobody could hear him. A true bass, in baritone roles key is lowered for him. Above in "Carousel"

"There's my Frank Butler. Get him."
They got him and changed his front name to Howard. "Howard, Hezekiah or Huckleberry Finn," said the new boy, "I don't give a hoot. But Keel I keep."

A true bass, his voice has never been properly heard on stage or screen. In baritone roles, they lower the key for him. Till his late teens, he sang only where nobody could hear him. Then he began meeting people who urged him to study. Some he eyed balefully, convinced they were handing him a
line. Others meant well, he decided, but had holes in the head.

Keel rises six feet four, and the first thing to hit you about him is his masculinity. Beside him, his fairhaired wife looks like an exquisitely molded half-pint. Helen Anderson was a dancer in "Oklahoma!" Her marriage to Keel in January, 1949 and the birth of their daughter a year later, wrote finis to her career. One reason lies deep-rooted in her husband's childhood. Keel's touch is light for the most part, but on this subject he talks with deadly earnestness. "If it's humanly possible, even if the kids have to do without, one parent should be at home. Otherwise it's murder—"

Helen's of Swedish extraction, and they named their baby Kaiya Liane. "Which was darn clever of us," her father points out, "since we didn't discover till later that Kaiya means happiness." Because he's a perfectionist who refuses to compromise, they live in a rented house. When they find one that suits them from nook to cranny, they'll buy. "I was born," says Keel dryly, "with a lump of coal in my mouth. But tastes develop. Also we're furnishing (Continued on page 109)
ASK any Hollywood star what thrills him—next to signing a big contract—and he will tell you that it’s the small sincere wag of a welcoming tail when he comes home at night after a day at the studio.

Ask any Hollywood star where to expect a loyalty he can count on—and he will tell you that it’s his for life in the watchdog lying on his hearth.

Ask any Hollywood star where she can look for enduring love and she will tell you that she has found it in the staunch heart of her dog.

The answer is always the same.

It’s Fido—just a pooch with a busy tail—who chews up expensive furniture—bites the gold heels off mules—and sometimes brings the police (Continued on page 76)
Meet Jezebel, the tire-terror . . . Tchaikowsky, the frustrated actor . . . Cliquot, who loves pretty clothes. Meet all the dogs whose hearts belong to their star owners.

Cliquot, Joan Crawford's poodle, may have a passion for pretty things—but on Saturday night he's just like any other dog!

Jezebel may be all the world to Alan Ladd but to the neighbors she just means—a flat tire!

When Janet Leigh gets up to dance—Lass is no gentleman! Father of gold-and-white Lass and Co-ed is famous Lassie.
When he smiles, he makes you happy. When he sings, you want to hum. With Gordon MacRae it's that certain something that puts you under his spell.

THAT OLD MACRAE MAGIC

BY ELSA MAXWELL

There is an august quiet about the big “front office” of Jack Warner. The walls are soundproof. The carpets are heavily piled. The heavy doors swing silently. Only one thing shatters this quiet, ever—Jack Warner! Just as he shattered it that spring day back in 1946.

“Where’s that would-be actor Bill Orr asked me to see?” he suddenly bellowed. “If he thinks I'm waiting around for anyone looking for a job...”

Jack’s secretary, who had gone down the hall, didn’t answer. But Gordon MacRae did. “I’ve been here an hour,” he said. And he grinned.

“Who let you in?” By this time Jack was slightly red in the face, furious that his secretary was not there to protect him from intruders.

“I’m Gordon MacRae. We have an appointment,” Gordon was very casual, very calm.

“By this time,” says Jack, telling the story, “MacRaee thought I was crazy.”

“I am Gordon MacRae, sir,” Gordon persisted.

Jack (Continued on page 103)

Gordon, with Meredith, Gar, Sheila and Heather, likes to get up early, put on old shirt, slacks and have a catch with the kids before breakfast

With Heather, Sheila at pool of new home. Says Gordon, “For me a young marriage was right—I wouldn’t have made the same progress as a bachelor.”

Smilin’ through: Gordon MacRae appears next in “Starlift”
A warning to Joan Evans from a woman who watched other girls grow up too fast—and come to unhappiness

act your age, JOAN

BY HEDDA HOPPER

ONE of the tragedies of Hollywood is the toll so often taken of the girls who are forced to grow up too fast.

Look at Judy Garland. Barely in her 'teens when Metro signed her, she grew up like lightning. When most kids her age were doing algebra and American history she was doing night clubs and jam sessions (along with her algebra and history, of course, which California state law demands). At seventeen she was well on her way to the sensational unhappy publicity heaped upon her last year when she attempted to take her life . . .

Look at Deanna Durbin. She never had time to be a normal teenager and now—at twenty-nine—she is reported to be less happy in her third marriage than she hoped to be. And, instead of being the bright singing star she should have been, she is an almost forgotten star . . .

Shirley Temple took a few years of something very close to a living (Continued on page 95)
When Joan arrived in Hollywood she was just fourteen. But in the following year she matured at least three years.

Today, Joan, who has just passed her seventeenth birthday, has the looks and poise of a young woman of twenty! Her latest film is "On the Loose".

Smith
They said Van was a "wartime personality kid," that he wouldn't last when the actors came marching home. They didn't reckon on Van becoming an actor, too

- He abhors hill-billy programs.
- He is an habitual ashtray emptier and believes that snobbery is a symptom of inner fright.
- He was christened Charles Van Dell Johnson.
- His hair is the color of an adolescent blush and he loves to run the vacuum cleaner because he finds it the greatest relaxation. "You think of absolutely nothing." He is 6'2".
- He feels "Go for Broke" gave him the biggest and most needed boost of his career. His wartime popularity hit a slump with the coming of Farley Granger and John Derek—but now his fan mail is on the rise again. This time, however, the interest is for Van Johnson, the actor, rather than Van, the personality kid.
- He is fond of bow ties, skiing and anchovies. He doesn't believe in fortune-tellers but enjoys listening to them.
- He smokes four or five cigarettes a day.
- He is completely baffled by machinery and thinks the most beautiful sight he has ever seen was Sun Valley—"Just before dawn—the stars and moon shining—the lights still on—horses and sleighs moving about..." (P.S. He was on his honeymoon.)
- He's a fair horseman and (Continued on page 70)
how Ava Gardner fooled Hollywood

As a Southern belle, Ava has chance to show her dramatic talents in "Lone Star." Top picture, with Clark Gable. Second, in costume for role. Opposite, with Frank Sinatra—no longer dodging the reporters.

The first question any editor or reporter visiting in Hollywood asks is, "What's new? Who's exciting?" Usually there's a difference of opinion. But this summer wherever you asked this question the answer was the same:

"Ava Gardner!"

"She is," some would add, "far and away the most beautiful girl in town. Her bone structure is better than Taylor's, really. And her figure is better than Grable's!"

Others would say, "She always was beautiful. But she's learned to act. As Julie in 'Show Boat' she turns in a great performance. The studio is all out for her. She can write her own ticket."

Or: "She's a man's woman; loaded with sex appeal."

A year ago it was a different story. Wherever you went then people shook their heads and told you, solemnly, that Ava was through, absolutely finished, unless she would agree to tell Frankie goodbye and settle down to good hard work and study.

Then the Technicolored "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" and the Technicolored "Show Boat" revealed Ava as the beauty she actually is, with her green eyes, smoky dark hair and smooth pallor. Then Nancy Sinatra, realizing her marriage to Frank belonged to the past but not to the future, consented to a divorce.

Amazing how fast a tide can turn...

The Hollywood premiere of "Show Boat" was a brilliant gala. The forecourt of the Egyptian Theatre was banked with great bales of cotton. Negro boys jigged to the music of a banjo. A mike was set up (Continued on page 81)
"She's through!" Hollywood said a year ago. Today she's the talk of the town.
Why do they hate Hollywood?

People have all sorts of reasons for leaving Hollywood. But Greer Garson's is unique. She prefers Buddy Fogelson's cattle!

Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich made a play for Broadway, learned facts about Hollywood.

Marlon Brando was far from dazzled until he found gold in the Hollywood hills. Now Broadway's lights have grown dimmer.

Rex Harrison, with Lilli Palmer, was bitter. But time, it seems, has ripened his taste for Hollywood.
Sheilah’s mad enough to pound out some
home truths about the stars who work on the
cash—and carry it elsewhere—plan

Hollywood was impressed—but Judy Holliday wasn’t. And not even Oscar could
make her forget a past experience. Above with husband; Jose Ferrer; her parents

The first time Farley Granger saw Paris, he whooped, “This is for me.” Now
you have to tie him down to keep him in Hollywood between pictures. When
each last foot of film is canned, when the final piece of publicity has been per-
formed, Farley boards the nearest plane for Paris, and lives there happily ever
after on his Hollywood dollars—until Mr. Sam Goldwyn sounds the tocsin to
call him back to work.

Farley isn’t the only star who makes his money in Hollywood but, given one
choice, spends it elsewhere. It’s become very chic to take the “Hollywood is
provincial” attitude, to say, “Between pictures I must have the stimulation of
New York or Paris, London or Rome—where people are more cosmopolitan,
where the culture is older.”

Take Judy Holliday. At the very instant when Hollywood awarded her its
highest honor, the gold Oscar for the Best Performance (Continued on page 90)
If you want to be dressed like a star—

just tell us what

a wedding dress means to you

Now comes the chance of a lifetime, a chance to have a wedding dress—or a cocktail dress, or a dance dress or an afternoon dress—created especially for you by Edith Head, star designer at the Paramount Studios, and custom-made to your measurements in the Studio's fine workrooms.

Ordinarily, Edith Head designs only for stars like Jane Wyman, Elizabeth Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Corinne Calvet, Betty Hutton and Mona Freeman, among others. They agree, all these stars, that Edith knows how to bring out a girl's greatest beauty.

Now, for the first time, someone who is not a star will have the benefit of the Head talents. For when Edie, as the stars call her, in a romantic mood over the wedding dress she designed for Jane Wyman, the Cinderella bride in the new Bing Crosby picture, “Here Comes the Groom,” agreed to participate in this contest, the editors of Photoplay went into immediate action.

All you have to do to stake your claim to this dress, or any one of the six other prizes listed on the facing page, is write a letter, of one hundred words or less, telling what a wedding dress means to you.

What could be easier? A wedding dress is the stuff of dreams to all women, whether they look forward to one, plan one, or remember one they wore years ago. Your letter will be judged for the thought it contains, not for literary style. Which means that anyone who ever has dreamed about a wedding dress is a likely winner.

Get busy! But before you put one word on paper read the rules on page 81 carefully.

Edith Head, star designer at Paramount Studios, who will create a dress especially for winner. Above, her sketch of wedding dress Jane Wyman wears as Cinderella bride in “Here Comes the Groom.” Right, Jane Wyman in scene from picture
Grand Prize:
1. A wedding, evening, cocktail or afternoon dress designed and made especially for the winner by Edith Head, Designer for Paramount Studios.

Other Prizes:
2. An afternoon dress designed especially for the winner by Edith Head and made in New York of William Hellerworsted jersey
(See the Fashion Section, Pages 66 to 69, for illustrations of the following prizes.
3. Ben Kalish rabbit jacket in beige, gray, black, navy or brown
4. Sherbrooke cravenetted suede cloth coat in purple, gray, beige or copper
5. Seasonaire two-toned gray rayon flannel suit
6. Nan Buntly suit in gray rayon flannel or red, tan, green, dark brown rayon sharkskin
7. Bobbie Brooks bolero suit in light or dark gray or brown flannel

entry blank:
Attached is my letter, of 100 words or less, telling what a wedding dress means to me.

Name ______________________

Street ______________________

City ______________________ State ______________________
Mail to Photoplay Wedding Dress Contest, Box 1543, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

your chance to win

a Hollywood-designed Dress

Turn Page for Sneak Preview of “Here Comes the Groom”
Bing Crosby and Jane Wyman turn a wedding march into a riotous race and prove that even in his private life, a newspaperman nothing to scoop the other fellow.

Bing's new movie is full of laughs and fun and music—just what movie-goers have been waiting for.

Jane Wyman sings along with Bing. And Bing dances along with Jane.

When director Frank Capra hired two famous wrestlers to coach Jane and Alexis Smith in the not un-gentle art of wrestling, the girls collected plenty of laughs—and plenty of bruises.

The fabulous voice of Anna Maria Alberghetti, thirteen-year-old Italian soprano, is heard for the first time on the screen in this wonderful Paris-to-Boston merry-go-round.
In Paris, reporter Bing Crosby, leaving for U.S. and marriage to long-suffering fiancée, is delayed when he decides to adopt war orphans Beverly Washburn, Jacky Gencil. Furious...

... over fresh delays, not knowing reasons, Jane Wyman proceeds to carry out threat to marry someone else, becomes engaged to her wealthy boss, Franchot Tone.

Bing discovers dowdy Alexis Smith is carrying torch for cousin Franchot.
He and editor Robert Keith give her quick glamour course. She learns...

... fast! When she makes a play for Franchot at wedding rehearsal, the hair begins to fly as two girls wrestle.

But Bing's orphans have to have a mother. His final gag wins the girl—and Bing's the groom!

Bing’s blissful as they drive away—he has a wife and the orphans have a mother. But Jane has the last laugh!
Bouncy, exuberant, delightful Betty Hutton has changed her style! Not her uninhibited singing, nor her unparalleled zest for living, but her sophisticated mirrored and peach-colored modern studio dressing-room on the Paramount lot has given way to one in a charming, informal French Provincial style. It's as suited to Betty as her own close-cropped blonde curls. Though it looks just right for her, Betty didn't select one item. You'd swear she did, and she feels as though she did, because she adores everything about her pint-size setting. This proves that Ray Morey, set decorator, knows Betty, almost better than she knows herself. It also proves that a tiny apartment can have just as much style and appeal as a larger home, that size doesn't mean a thing.

The ideas incorporated in Betty's dressing-room (Continued on page 105)
photoplay magazine

Pin up #9

color photograph by Peskin

Cyd Charisse
prairie Flower

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Cyd Charisse is often accredited with being Spanish, Italian, Russian and French. When she goes through Gallup, New Mexico, she gets a cut price on turquoise. Recently a Cherokee fan wrote expressing approval, "That I was finally playing myself in the role of an Indian girl, with Stewart Granger, in 'North Country.'"

"Despite the fact 'enchilada' is about the extent of my Spanish and I can count to ten in Russian—but nobody ever wants to count to ten in Russian," she laughs.

Small wonder that at times this beautiful ballerina feels like a maid without a country. But Cyd Charisse would have you know that she hails from the wide-open spaces. From Amarillo, Texas—and how wide and how open can they get?

On occasion Cyd has even had difficulty persuading the home folks that she's a Texan. They eye her as a beautiful stray, a movie maverick in their midst. But (Continued on page 93)
June Allyson

Sunshine on a wheatfield... tomboy in a pink negligee
... determination cloaked in humor... a kitten,
chasing an autumn leaf... the appeal of a loving heart
The most popular girl in the high-school yearbook

... bare feet on a grassy slope ...

waves breaking on golden sands ... a china doll in gingham slacks

Photograph by Fink and Smith: Vera-Ellen's in "Belle of New York"
Designed for the girl who must count the cost—a wardrobe with that luxury look at a low, low price

- Fooled? So were we, when we saw this debonair jacket that looks like a million and is really rabbit fur. Without the belt it's a neat little straight box jacket. By Ben Kalish, it's luxury at your price—$59.95 plus tax. In beige, gray, black, navy, brown, 10-18. Tweed skirt, $12.95, Veamont beaded cloche, $6.95. Complete ensemble at all Peck & Peck stores.

- Below, Jean Hagen in original coat designed by Helen Rose for her role in M-G-M's "No Questions Asked." At right, the Sherbrooke adaptation, in cravenetted suede cloth, good for any weather. News note is Milium lining which keeps you warm in winter, cool on warmer days. In a new fall color—purple—with velvet collar and cuffs. Also in gray, beige, copper, 8-18. Around $49.95 at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C., Davison, Paxon, Atlanta, Ga. Velvet accessories—Freidman Lobel bag, Dani hat.

Photographed by Engsteud

Above ensemble modeled by M-G-M's bright young star, Phyllis Kirk

For stores nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 80.
Richly rewarding with suits is this calf pouch bag with handy flap closing. By Companion, it comes in all solid colors, around $7.98, plus tax. Also available in gray or brown flannel.

- A small price to pay for sophistication: Suit, right, strikes the right fashion note with its softly rolled collar, yoke in two tones of gray, and curved, padded hipline. Skirt is slim. A Seasonaire suit in two-toned gray rayon flannel, 10-20, it's a smart buy at around $35.00. At Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y.

Suits on this page modeled by Gene Tierney star of Warners' "Close to My Heart."

- Suited to your purse: Be smart for your money in suit, left, with its slightly flared skirt, short fitted jacket with notched collar, self buttons. In gray rayon flannel or red, tan, green, dark brown rayon sharkskin, 10-18, 7-15, by Nan Buntly. Under $22.00 at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y.
name your suit!

Sally Forrest appears next in RKO's "Hard, Fast and Beautiful"

- You're in the money with this youthful bolero-type suit. In all wool gray flannel, so important this fall, the jacket is straight cut, unlined, with button trim, mandarin neck. Slim skirt is peg-topped, with hip pocket. By Bobbie Brooks in light or dark gray or brown, 7-15. at around $17.95. At McCleery's, New York, N. Y. Debway hat.

Add a polish with leather: Handsewn glacé shorties come in all colors. By Superb, around $7.50. High-heeled calf pump has self-bow, perforated detail. By Trim Tred, around $12.95

For stores nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 80.
Rhode Island Redhead

(Continued from page 51) wears a St. Christopher medal around his neck. He deplores double features.

His favorite restaurant is any hot-dog stand. He is loath to criticize others.

He loves candy, carries no money clip and cherishes a wooden elephant presented to him by a group of fans who have since become his personal friends. He has never played golf.

He never wears garters.

He is even-tempered, was especially good at spelling in school, and has just bought a home in Beverly Hills which contains no swimming pool or tennis court.

He never reads poetry and believes that good taste is a product of instinct more than education. His eyes are blue and he weighs 185 pounds.

He is a clock-winder, a good swimmer always punctual and if he hadn't become an actor he would like to have owned a drugstore.

He is bored at baseball games, invariably hums the latest Cole Porter tunes, and never carries a nail file or comb.

He CAN never remember beyond the first number and first initial of his car license plate. He likes avocados, believe in astrology, and was born in a two-story frame house in Newport, R.I., where his father, Charles E. Johnson, was and still is a very good plumber.

He can't stand small towns.

He took care of his own clothes as a youth and up until he got his big break. “I can still iron a shirt—and that's the test of a good ironer.”

He readily admits to a mistake, likes a cocktail before dinner, seldom drinks after and his outlook on life is chiefly characterized by tolerance and his favorite guide is: “Do unto others as ye would have done unto you.” He is righthanded and attends an Episcopal church every Sunday.

Van Johnson is called Buster by Clark Gable and Junior by Spencer Tracy.

He never speeds, has no extravagances and his observation about the weak sex is: “I married a brunette, but I love blondes, and redheads! Wow!”

He is known as a heavy tipper but neve gambles or risks money. He was born on August 25. He played football on the high school team and married Eve Abbott Wynn in an elopement to Juarez, Mexico, on January 25, 1947.

He does not read the comic strips.

He cannot stand television.

His childhood idol was Tom Mix, he dislikes radio political commentators, and prefers belts to suspenders. He has a “stomacht in.” He prefers to ride his bicycle.

He is the father of a little girl, christened Scully-Ray. He is constantly worrying about his car and the house.

He deplores the plants in the house and his favorite quotations are: “A place for everything and everything in its place” from the play, “Craig's Wife,” and “Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.”

Which he learned from his father.

He never wears an undershirt.

He is an exceptionally good dancer and likes cold showers and cannot bear listening to people “talking somebody apart.”

He doesn't believe anything is a bargain.

He has a good memory for names, has trouble remembering telephone numbers and bet but once on a horse race—six dollars—and lost “... I never get over it.”

He has no taste for putting around in gardens. He likes walking in the rain, prefers suits of light-weight gabardine or natural beige, and deplores the influence of radio, syndicated columns and dixie magazines: “People don't get a chance to

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NEWS! Barbizon makes
"Body-Contour"** Slips now brings you the ultimate in classic tailored shirtwaists... perfect in every detail from the daintiest stitching and mother-of-pearl buttons to the smart, convertible collar and the French cuff link cuffs. In pristine white, pure silk crepe Doscé... the fabric Barbizon weaves to such perfection. Ask for Barbizon "Tops" in your regular dress size, at your favorite store.

10 to 20 and 38 to 44. Short Sleeves $7. Long Sleeves $8.
think any more. "Thinking" is manufac-
tured for them."
He was very girl-shy as a boy.
He speaks no other languages, has a
camel's-hair coat which he only wears
in his work, and thinks slacks unattractive
on women: "Unless they look like Katha-
rine Hepburn."
He has a keen sense of humor and is
adept at shorthand which he learned at
high school. He still employs shorthand
in making notes on scripts.
He dropped the Dell in his baptismal
name when he started school. His latest
picture is "When in Rome."
He wrote three short-short stories while
in high school but, "They always came
back. He is a solid mass of freckles.
He has a very special admiration for
Tom Lewis, husband of Loretta Young,
loves all kinds of seafood, and is supersti-
tious about passing a salt cellar and
three-on-a-match.
He likes concerts but never goes to any.
He likes a generous application of garlic
in salads, and bemoans his shortcomings
as a businessman. "It really doesn't in-
terest me."
He doesn't like prizefights or wrestling.
He is a silver-wiper in hotels and res-
aurants—a throwback to his struggling
days when he wasn't sure of cleanliness
in the eating places he could afford. He is
essentially an optimist.
Van Johnson modestly claims that he
is "the luckiest guy in the world," prefers
a trench coat to an overcoat, and hopes
someday to make a boat trip around the
world, visiting China, Japan and Sweden.
He loves to take pills and will swallow
anything prescribed by the doctor, and
when visiting a zoo he lingers longest
where the elephants are.
He has never played cards. "I don't
know one card from another."
He is particularly fond of Latin-American
music, has normal eyesight and firmly
believes that environment is more impor-
tant than heredity. He takes an aspirin
after late nights out.
He chews gum and thinks "Battleground"
his best picture. He never took a girl to
dance until his junior year at high. He
first evinced interest in acting when he
was in grade school, setting up a "theatre"
in the Johnson backyard and charging
an admission of one cent.
He would like someday to learn French,
Italian and to play the piano.
He sleeps "like a rock."
He is not impulsive, was a chronic day-
dreamer at school. (Continued on page 73)
A dress with a flattering future, its simple lines are good on any figure. And you'll be in style as long as it lasts! A cute trick—and you can make it separately—is the saucy scarf necktie. Soft, slightly flared skirt is four-gored, with hip pockets. Zipper back makes it a dream to slip into. Wonderful in Heller's worsted jersey. And don't miss seeing their houndstooth check pattern. For detailed pattern drawings see page 80.
(Continued from page 71) and thinks the gesture of men removing hats in business
elevators “impractical and an awkward
nuisance.”
He is a bathroom bowl-wiper-out, al-
ways leaving them slick and span. He has
no illusions about one day writing a book
or directing a picture. He once worked
for nine dollars a week, plus room and
board, as a master of ceremonies, dancer
and singer at a Catskill resort theatre.
He is at heart a sentimental idealist
and has a curious faculty for remembering
in detail what people wore the first time
he met them and the last time he saw
them. He never gets moody: “My old
Swedish blood, I guess.”
He loves all kinds of animals and hopes
some day to own a French bull terrier.
He has a “photographic” mind and studies
his dialogue in the mornings.
He tires easily at sports.
He is not addicted to collecting anything.
“It isn’t good when possessions possess

“A good actress is one who
admits she’s still learning to act.”

BARBARA STANWYCK

you.” He is fond of dry wines.
He has never carried a fountain pen,
has few regrets in life, and at eighteen
worked for his father as a bookkeeper.
He plays a fair game of tennis and never
wins because he insists on playing against
crack players.
He is a good spectator at golf and hockey
matches and when attending a stage per-
formance never leaves his seat until the
final curtain. He will eat anything pre-
pared with cheese.
His only hobby is home movies which
he splices himself. He dabbles at painting
but seldom finishes one unless he accom-
plishes it in one sitting. He once was one
of the “Eight Men of Manhattan,” a New
York night-club show.
He is fond of potatoes au gratin.
He suffered terrible stagefright on the
night he made a personal appearance with
“Battleground” at the London opening.
He likes deep-sea fishing, is a prodigious
reader of old and new film scripts, and
sees at least three feature films a week.
He is constantly dreaming that he is
back in the chorus and that he cannot
remember the routines. He once visited
the Smithsonian Institution, Washington,
D.C., and cannot erase from his memory
Lindbergh’s plane, “The Spirit of St. Louis”
and Mary Pickford’s curls.
He prepares a proud breakfast of eggs
scrambled with paprika and watercress.
He exercises with barbells but they bore
him. He always puts on the suit hanging
on the left end of his clothesrack, when
retiring he hangs it on the right end, and
thus keeps his wardrobe rotating.
He likes hot-rock steam baths and thinks
the growing number of college graduates
is not necessarily a sign of our increasing
culture. He has no desire to own a boat.
He likes writing letters which he always
types. He has visited the Metropolitan
Museum but once. He would rather live
in Beverly Hills than anywhere else, and
for no reason at all he feels he is com-
pletely devoid of confidence, and because
of this he never feels he has done a good
job on the screen. “I die a million deaths
thinking I’ve failed.”
Van Johnson tried out for each play at
high school, but never succeeded in making
the grade—the school dramatic coach sim-
ply couldn’t see him.

The End

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Fancette • A flaring vamp for ankle interest; open toe, open heel for real walking comfort.

Daisylee • Lacework in leather 'cross your peek-a-boo toes in this dressy shell pump by Trim Tred.

Carla • All that's grand is in these operas—fit, style, comfort! Choice of heel heights, too.

Debbie with a lush bow at the throat and a flair for fit—because they're fully elasticized, you see!
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Goddess • Platform silhouette that rises smartly to any occasion. Your choice of heel heights.

* shoes shown are available in generous range of leather colors and finishes to complement your new fall wardrobe

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For Dealer nearest you, write: Roberts, Johnson & Rand. DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.
Tales from Hollywood

(Continued from page 44) to the door with a summons because his bark annoys the neighbors.

Dogs fill a great need in the lives of many people. But they fill a greater need in the complex lives of the stars. It’s small wonder there’s a solid bond between the movie actor and his four-legged partner. No wonder the dog in Hollywood puts on the Hollywood dog!

Some of the lucky pooches—such as Daisy of the Blondie series, who’s just a mongrel (with her own big bank account)—ride around in private station wagons. Some of the canine celebrities, like Lassie, have their own personal valets. Like the children of the rich, many a Hollywood dog goes to private school and patronizes the best of beauty parlors. Some of them work for a living and others stay at home...

Take Duffy, for instance.

He lives with Deborah Kerr. Duffy is a Scottie. He was born at Hyde Park. His grandfather was the famous Fala.

The tiny pup was given by the President to his son Elliott. Any other pup would have been pretty proud to be a member of such a prominent family, living at the White House and meeting all sorts of folks in high society, senators, ambassadors and royalty from abroad. But not Duffy. Duffy was a sad little fellow: Kings and queens and big politicians did not impress him. He went around worried. He had a personal problem, a biting secret which made his nights long and sleepless. You see, when you are the grandson of a famous grandfather like Fala—you’re always taking a back seat. You’re the dog who gets the pat and not the bone—the dog who is always being told by the cameraman to please, please step out of the camera range while they shoot Fala’s portrait.

Please don’t get the idea that Duffy didn’t love his grandfather, Fala. A dog’s life is rooted in enduring affection and Duffy never forget that Elliott was his master.

Then one day, the White House kitchen buzzed with undute excitement. A big movie star was coming to Hyde Park. Duffy didn’t know what a movie star looked like. But he knew what the stars looked like—for he often lay on the grass at night peering up at the sky and dreaming of going away—some place far away—where he would be the one and only in someone’s home and heart.

At ten o’clock that morning, the car pulled up to the door and Duffy ran out with the others to get an eyeful of Jupiter or Mars or Venus. Yes, there stood Venus—but on the earth and in the flesh—the most beautiful dazzler he’d ever seen. Her name was Deborah Kerr.

Duffy looked at Deborah. Deborah looked at Duffy. Then a strange thing hap-

pened. In a flash—just like that—Deborah held out her arms and Duffy jumped right into them. His heart was beating hard as he melted into her embrace. Not a word was said, yet he knew at once that he had “come home.” But could he stay here?

What would his master say?

Elliott, having witnessed the strange miracle of a small dog and a great star falling in love with one another at first sight, had no choice. He had to be generous. When Deborah left, he asked if she would care to take a certain little package with her. That little package was Duffy.

Of course Duffy wasn’t named Duffy then. But when Deborah was taking the pup back home with her, leading him through the station on a leash, suddenly a line came to her, paraphrasing from one Shakespeare’s “Macbeth”: “Lead on, Mac-Duff.” And right there and then the pup was formally christened. Only later did Deborah learn that the first Scottie that President Roosevelt owned was named Duffy, too.

And so, today Duffy lives in Hollywood, boss of his own domain. He no longer shines by reflected glory.

CLARK GABLE’S dog is a German, short-haired pointer named Bob. Bob is a two-year young. Although Bob occupies the limelight of a great star, they have a secret passion in common. Work has its place in their lives and Gable is a dependable worker. But between pictures, he gives himself to the wanderlust that has made him restless all his life. Gable loves the wide open spaces of lonely places and often takes Bob with him.

The two have shared many an exciting hour together in the distant reaches of the wilderness. They have had some exciting experiences and several close calls with death. They have shared some humorous moments, too. One of these bears telling:

It happened on their last hunting trip in the mountains of Mexico. They had made camp for the night and had settled down for a comfortable sleep under the stars. All was quiet and peaceful. Suddenly, Clark stirred awake. He felt restless. He longing to get up and be on the go.

Jack Conway, the movie director, had accompanied him on the trip. Clark shook Jack awake. They would take a short moonlight stroll together. Of course, Bob wanted to go, too. But Clark commanded him to stay behind and guard the camp. Bob protested with all his heart. Clark was adamant. Bob must remain.

Well, the night faded into dawn and there was no sign of the two adventurers. Dawn faded into noon. Where were those fearless men? Finally, at two o’clock, they staggered back into camp, punch-drunk from lack of sleep, from hunger and weari-

ness. Their clothes were torn, their faces scratched, their expressions sheepish.

It seems that a big grizzly bear had picked up their scent soon after they left camp and had chased them over a mile along that moonlight trail. They finally scrambled up a tree. The long night dragged—the long hours passed. The bear did not give up. Not until the hot noon sun was high in the sky did he go away.

The camp guide listened to their story without a word. But Bob’s face broke into a canine grin of large proportion. Good sport that he was, Clark admitted openly that the bear would never have attacked them if Bob had been with them.

The dog who rushes to answer the front doorbell at Joan Crawford’s house is a French pointer named Clifton.

Clifton is a lively young fellow. Hollywood suiting him to a T. There’s always some excitement going on and Clifton just seems to be in the middle of things. He loves good food, silk covers on his dog bed and believe it or not—pretty clothes.

No ordinary leash or harness for Clifton. He must wear something special and be groomed right to the teeth.

Of course, although a fashion plate, there’s still some “dog” to Clifton. Joan doesn’t need a calendar to tell her what day of the week it is. She needs only to look at her white poodle who keeps changing to deeper and deeper shades of dirty gray as Saturday bath day approaches.

It’s lucky for Clifton that he selected Joan Crawford as his mistress. She has a wonderful style sense. Not long ago, she called Clifton to her bedroom for a private consultation. A dressmaker was present. Clifton was measured for a new outfit that was going to be the last word in canine haberdashery.

The outfit was finally finished. A private rehearsal was called. Clifton could scarcely sleep that night, waiting for dawn to break so he could get dressed and go to the studio with Joan. They arrived on the set. And did eyes pop! Joan marched in first—wearing a beautiful red and white sweater—and right at her heels was none other than your friend Clifton—in a red and white sweater to match.

Jezebel—Jez for short—is a caramel-cut yard that night, waiting for dawn to break so he could get dressed and go to the studio with Joan. They arrived on the set. And did eyes pop! Joan marched in first—wearing a beautiful red and white sweater—and right at her heels was none other than your friend Clifton—in a red and white sweater to match.

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with Alan already late for the studio. Or, better still, it could be a car belonging to a neighbor living down the street. A flat or two is nothing in Jeebel's life. But it's everything in the life of the man down the street who has to punch a clock at the office.

There have been some heavy arguments on Alan's street. Nobody knows why Jez chews tires. Perhaps they take the place of chewing gum. It's anyone's guess. Time and again, Alan has been politely invited to give up his dog. But he refuses on the grounds that he loves her.

Now Alan's a guy who also loves his sleep. When Alan is sleeping, the whole house walks on tiptoe. But just let Jez "want out" and not so much as a boo out of Alan. He leaps to his feet to take her down the street for her airing. The last time this happened Jez kept pulling towards the driveway of a neighbor's house. Alan couldn't understand it then. But he did the next day. He got a bill for the new tires on the neighbor's new car.

JANET LEIGH early in her career was assigned to the motion picture, "The Hills of Home" featuring Lassie, the well-known canine star.

Lassie's name led the cast of characters. Lassie boasted seven stand-ins. Janet had a lesser billing. Janet had a single stand-in. Janet was no star. But Janet did not complain. Like everyone else in the world, she had only to be introduced to Lassie to fall in love with this magnificent collie. Here was an animal of matchless beauty who walked the earth with dignity, quiet, calm; a sermon in manners and morals.

Lassie approved of Janet, too. And, when the picture was finished there was a surprise gift for the girl who did not think it beneath her to play second fiddle to a dog. In the litter of beautiful newborns was one particularly striking puppy. This puppy was given to Janet. Janet named it Lass. The first picture in which Janet starred in her own right called for a singing and dancing role. Long months of rehearsal lay ahead, grueling work on the dance floor and at the piano. For some strange reason, Lass did not approve of Janet's dancing. She would leap upon her mistress almost with violence, tripping her up and bringing her down to the floor. Fin-

Tchaikowsky realized a doggy dream when he won role with Steve Cochran in "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison"
Giant

So, one morning, Tchaikowsky decided to take a drastic measure. He ran away from home and stayed away for five days.

He visited the studios where Steve had worked. He dropped in on directors who knew him. He paid a call at the agency which handled Steve's affairs. He knew all the familiar haunts, having accompanied Steve many a time. But nobody recognized the great talent crying for expression in that small, mongrel body.

Tchaikowsky turned off Hollywood Boulevard and started toward the hills. He was a pretty tired fellow as he sat down under a tree to think. He had been away from home five days. Perhaps he had better go back. After all, the meal were regular and the bones were big.

He was crossing Sunset Boulevard, when all of a sudden, he saw a small poultry truck on its way to market. Who knows? Perhaps dogs are not so dumb as they seem to be. Perhaps Tchaikowsky had heard Steve discuss the potent power of breaking into print.

Tchaikowsky went after that truck. Those chickens, he decided, were his meat.

Sunset Boulevard soon became a shambles of shouting, flying feathers, a big angry truck driver and a small, determined dog. Tchaikowsky was soon cornered, caught and recognized. The police called Warners, who called Steve, who bailed out Tchaikowsky. It was one exciting night on Sunset Boulevard.

Steve was very glad to get his dog back. He hadn't done much sleeping with the dog away. It had given him time to do some thinking. Steve had become resigned to the idea of having two actors in the family.

What's more, he went to work on it. He hired a man to find his dog. Steve had no such job, no ideas, not even a name like Champion? Or Gallant? Or Jade?

But Liz shook her pretty head. Time went on and still her dog answered to a string of pet names but had no name of his own.

Then one day, Liz was slated for a Technicolor picture which called for outdoor shots full of mountains, meadows—and horses! She was back to the days of Gigi. In short order, upon command, Tchaikowsky could not only sit up, lie down, shake hands, fetch cigarettes but play the piano.

What's more, Tchaikowsky finally got his ideas. That's why so many struggling actors do—by being in the right place at the right time.

Director Crane Wilbur needed a dog for a scene in "Inside the Walls of Polson Prison." The part required a nondescript mongrel to follow around at the heels of a convict. Tchaikowsky happened to be there at the time. Of course, his unique ability to be a dog immediately won him the role.

Today, he is the happiest dog in Hollywood. It's his dream to outdo Lassie in that movie. But first he needs to find a go-to agent to represent Tchaikowsky. He no longer chases trucks full of chickens up Sunset Boulevard. He now sits at home nights poring over old Lassie scripts!


The End

HELP... police find the fugitive criminal named and described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program every Sunday afternoon.

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Complexion and big Bath Sizes

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

-Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!
How Ava Gardner Fooled Hollywood

(Continued from page 52) before a reproduction of the Cotton Blossom's helm room, copied from the actual show boat, so the master of ceremonies could interview all the stars . . . Kathryn Grayson, Clark Gable, Dan Dailey who came with Ann Miller, Joan Crawford with David Miller, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, Ava Gardner and—

that was the question! For Ava and Frankie had been most discreet. They had appeared in public together only rarely. And always they had asked the camera boys not to photograph them. Upon this occasion, obviously, no such request would be possible.

Necks craned when Ava stepped from her car, radiantly beautiful in emerald green satin draped with black lace, with black sequin flowers on the bodice and wearing her diamond necklace . . . Frankie! Frankie! The crowds waiting on the sidewalks called excitedly the instant they saw him.

Arm in arm Ava and Frankie walked down the Egyptian's forecourt. The photographers swarmed about them. They posed, over and over, happy and smiling . . .

There were cheers. There were whistles. Not only from the crowds outside but from the audience inside too as "Show Boat" finally floated downstream.

Later at Romanoff's it was planned to give Ava a standing cheer when it was discovered she and Frankie had a reservation. Only they never arrived. Frankie had to report on a night location for "Meet Danny Wilson" at eleven o'clock. A standby car was waiting when he came out of the theatre. And Ava went with him.

It really looks now as if it wouldn't be long before the girl who fooled Hollywood would be Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

THE END

Hollywood-designed Dress Contest Rules

(For Contest on Page 56)
1. Fill in the coupon on page 57—or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Attach to the coupon a letter of 100 words or less, telling what a wedding dress means to you. Write on one side of the paper only and print your name, address and age at the end of the letter. Mail your entry to: Photoplay Wedding Dress Contest, Box 1543, 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 no later than midnight October 15, 1951.
3. Anyone living in the continental United States may enter this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications or 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 the 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 February 1952 issue of Photoplay. This contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.

The Lady Loves

THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

When you wear a "Perma-lift"* Bra with "The lift that never lets you down," you'll feel as wonderful as you look. Your favorite corsetiere would love to fit you in the only bra with the patented Magic Insets that never wash out or wear out. Reasonably priced from $1.50 to $5.00.

Rest Cure For Your Charm

Everybody knows what a dash of surprise can do for a girl in the matter of appearance: You're a sweater-and-saddle-shoes kid, for instance. Then on the night of the big formal you float into the ballroom in billowing clouds of pale blue organza. Your girl friends look at you as though they'd never seen you before, certainly never appreciated the competition. And your best beau sticks by your side all evening, reluctant to trade even a single dance for fear his miraculous Cinderella will vanish as mysteriously as she appeared.

I have long been convinced that the same sort of sleight-of-hand technique can work similar wonders with your charm. No matter what the outward characteristics we customarily show to the world, we have—all of us—quite contradictory hidden selves which, given a chance to come out into the open now and then, can reveal us as dramatically more interesting and attractive people.

Are you one of those extrovert souls, the doers, the drivers, the talkers, always in the middle of a crowd? Then I'll wager you hunger sometimes—I know I do—for quiet and solitude, for a day when there is absolutely nothing you have to do, no one you really must see. Give in to that urge. Cancel all your plans for twenty-four hours. Put off until tomorrow what you had planned to do today—it isn't so all-fired important. Get out of the house and away from the phone. Lie down under a tree with a book. Forget the book, and just look at the sky. You'll come back to your work, and your friends and your fun, relaxed and refreshed.

Just a momentary change of pace is all it amounts to—but it pays remarkable dividends in new energy and a fresh point of view.

I call this a rest cure for charm. I've relied on it for years. It's sanity-saving!
And it will work, I am convinced, for everyone, not just for the eager beavers.

You quiet types who live inwardly, who always manage to stay a little bit apart from the crowd, will have to go at it from the opposite direction. For your charm "rest cure" you will have to risk getting physically (as against mentally) tired for a change.

Call up all the people you know and invite them to a party. Take a trip, make a real effort to get to know the people you meet. Make yourself talk. From all that voluntary solitude of yours you should have saved up reams of conversation-making ideas.

You, too, will have given the hidden layer of your personality a chance to expand. You will have uncovered charm your best friends didn't suspect you possessed.

Hidden charm — buried treasure—lies in every one of us—if we will only tap it—by being flexible enough, courageous enough, to reach for it.

**That Teen-Age Skin Bogey**

I have been hearing so many heartbroken wails from teen-age readers of this department, that I feel it is high time we face up here to that nightmare of the middle teens, bad skin.

It's easy enough for someone who has lived through that painful period, and almost forgotten it, to pooh-pooh the problem. It will pass, of course. Those ugly blemishes on the face and shoulders and back which plague so many young girls are a by-product of the glandular changes taking place in the body at that period, and they will go away in time.

But they can leave scars—if not on the skin itself, then on the personality—from the inferiority feelings and lack of confidence.

(Continued on page 92)
No one knew Mona and Pat were putting in a pool—until that Sunday when they invited friends to go swimming in their back yard.

Monie, with Mona, is so proud of her spectacles, she’s reluctant to take them off even when she goes swimming.

When Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney built their new house, certain things had to wait—a big red leather chair to stand beside the fireplace, a rear terrace, iron furniture—and a swimming pool. All the first things became realities, but grass still grew where the pool was supposed to be. Every week, saving faithfully, Mona and Pat told Monie, “We can’t have a pool until you learn to swim.” Monie learned to swim.

Pat Nerney, Don and Marion DeFore, John Bromfield, Corinne Calvet and Monie watch as Mona christens pool with Coke. Pat spent the afternoon diving for broken glass.

“When a man likes to cook, he’s usually a good cook,” says Mona, “and shouldn’t be disturbed at his work.” But Don and John offer advice anyway.

“Come and get it!” calls Mona. John and Marion line up for the hot dogs, hamburgers and the specialty of the house, a hot sauce which Mona prepares.
SHE'S ENGAGED
Charming FAITH ROBBINS of Short Hills, New Jersey, and James T. Phillips of New York announced their engagement on Easter Eve. Their exciting plans included an afternoon wedding with four bridesmaids and a maid of honor in the wedding procession, escorting Faith.

SHE USES POND'S

"Look your best and you can't help having fun,"
FAITH SAYS

When you know you look your nicest, it gives you a wonderful confidence.

Faith feels that every girl's key to her own best looks is a soft, smooth complexion. The secret of Faith's lovely skin is Pond's. "Cream-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is just fabulous—leaves my skin so clean, so soft. I wouldn't skip it for a single night," she says.

Your skin, too, will love Pond's cream cleansing. It can't be drying. Every night (for day cleansings, too) use your Pond's Cold Cream as Faith does. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.
Cream Cleanse—swirl light, Duffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and makeup. Sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—don't you like the soft, sparkling complexion your mirror shows you?

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you look your best, a world of happiness sparkles in your face, attracting others to you on sight!

SHE'S LOVELY
Faith's sunny, blue eyes have a sweetly serious look that belies her fascinating dimples. Her dark brown hair frames a complexion velvety soft and perfect as pink hawthorn blossoms. Hers is a face that shows you at once the enchanting warmth of her Inner Self.

FAITH ROBBINS—She's gay, a perfect darling, and her lovely Pond's complexion is something to envy.

When YOU KNOW you look your nicest, it gives you a wonderful confidence.

Faith feels that every girl's key to her own best looks is a soft, smooth complexion. The secret of Faith's lovely skin is Pond's. "Cream-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is just fabulous—leaves my skin so clean, so soft. I wouldn't skip it for a single night," she says.

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Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—don't you like the soft, sparkling complexion your mirror shows you?

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you look your best, a world of happiness sparkles in your face, attracting others to you on sight!
are you still using old fashioned tampons?

BE MODERN. CHANGE TO

Pursettes®

One 'safety-margin' size adequate for all users!

Eliminates hard cardboard applicators

Don't be embarrassed any longer by being forced to ask for special sizes in tampons. Why catalogue yourself? Pursettes—a revolutionary new improvement in internal sanitary protection—have one 'safety-margin' size, especially developed by a famous surgeon so that they are adequate for all users.

Pursettes are 'medically-correct'—the only tampons with lubricated tip—to make insertion easier than ever before. They eliminate all bothersome fumbling with hard cardboard applicators.

Pursettes are purposefully small in size...yet Pursettes assure astounding absorbency. Just test their absorbency in a glass of water; you'LL BE CONVINced!

To be modern—change to Pursettes for new silhouette security, comfort and convenience.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Be sure to get this dainty jewel-black plastic purse container, at no extra charge, with each package of Pursettes (looks like a small lighter or compact).

SANITARY PRODUCTS CORP., TANEYTOWN, M.D.

(Continued from page 13)
Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty, and for two years I have been going steady with a boy whose wife is now twenty-two. He has been drafted, so we decided—after he had been gone about two months—that we would get married as soon as he had leave.

When he wrote to you at his family, telling of our plans, they suggested that he wait to get married until after he was out of the service.

That plan would mean waiting at least sixteen months, perhaps two years longer. What am I supposed to be doing in the meantime?

Before this, I had been close friends with his family, but now there is a strain between us. I feel that my boy friend is revealing that he is tied to his mother's apron strings; this is the first big decision he has had to make and he isn't making it. I am letting his family make up his mind about getting married. My parents think it would be all right for us to get married, but then, I've always been able to depend upon them. Since this happened I have been terribly depressed and blue. I feel that I have discovered a serious weakness in this boy and I am wondering if I should break off with him.

Of course, I won't do anything drastic till I hear from you.

Claudia McL.

First of all, let's consider what this boy is doing. He's serving his country. He was called to give a few years of his youth for the cause of world betterment. If you had been born male instead of female, you would have been called, too. However, simply because you are a girl instead of a man, you are not excused, ethically, from serving this land. You don't have to don uniform, learn close order drill, see kids, take order cheerfully, and—in the extremity—fight.

All you have to do is to attempt to be a steadfast woman. Perhaps it is, in some respects, more difficult to have the courage of the boys. Perhaps it isn't as easy to be cheerful over thwarted dreams, to triumph over loneliness, to work at a job competently and proudly rather than shrink from it and lay it aside.

Easy or not, you should do it in a spirit of world onewardness.

I want you to consider what marriage really is. It isn't a hope chest, a series of bridal showers, a white satin gown, a white face veil and a perpetual honeymoon. It is a day-to-day partnership in which two people learn to adjust to one another, learn to build a small unit of civilization which will serve the community. It can also be, in the personal sense, a source of intense well being.

If this boy means so little to you that you can't wait two years to marry him, your marriage won't have much chance of survival, so why get excited? If you don't agree, you can always tell me why, you know!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I hate to bother you, but I am perfectly miserable and simply have to talk to someone. I am sweet (that's a laugh) sixteen, and believe me I've never been kissed. I am 5'5"; 136 lbs; my measurements are bust, 36; waist, 26; hips, 36½. You can see that I'm a big moose of a girl. Furthermore, I have fair colored, straight hair, and I have oily and blemished skin. My father sent me to a dermatologist but he said that my trouble was caused by overactive oil glands and that time would cure it. I am the only one that I don't have anything to do if I'm to get any fun out of my school days. I am a junior in high school and go to boarding school because my mother died when I was seven years old. I spend almost every weekend with my father, but I don't think he is very proud of me.

You see, I also wear braces on my teeth, and I have to wear glasses.

I know you are going to think me silly for saying that I wish I had an aunt or a big sister, I could go to and be told that everything would turn out okay. I get hurt easily and I wish there were someone who would put her arms around me and let me cry it out. I suppose I am childish. Furthermore, I'm not musical, I'm not athletic, and I'm only an average student. I'm that most awful thing in the world, a mediocrity.

I don't know what I expect you to do about this letter, but I want to thank you for having the patience to read it.

An ugly duckling

I'll tell you what: whenever you feel blue, sit down and write me a long letter about your unhappiness. It helps to be able to sort out one's woes as one must do to catalogue them on paper.

Let's take up your problems one by one: Your height is perfect. Your proportions are good. In fact, you're so much how much you weigh is important, but how that weight is distributed. If there is a ten-inch difference between your bust measure and your waist measure, then your hip measure should be about equal to your bust measure, or perhaps an inch smaller. You can see, from this rule, that a good brisk walk of two miles a day and cutting down on sweet foods would soon reduce your hip measurement to perfection.

Ask your dermatologist about using a sulphur soap—sometimes it does miracles.

Your braces will soon be taken off your teeth and you'll have a lovely smile. As for your glasses, select an interesting frame for them, or possibly experiment with cornet lenses. Talk to your father about it.

There is no reason for your hair to be uninteresting. There is always a permanent wave of some sort which will give you better hair color. Use hair colorings, if used by the amateur with great moderation, give hair interesting highlights.

Look upon yourself as a house in the process of construction. There is never anything very beautiful about any edifice during its building stages. Patience, confidence, a plan to which you stick, and work, produce dazzling results.

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 one of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this... underarm protection must be complete. Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped—and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration. Furthermore with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated to work all over again when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.

Now... For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap... prevents body perspiration odor yet mild and gentle... contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.
Two years, four hundred artists, almost one million drawings went into the making of Walt Disney's "Alice in Wonderland."

Alice, as Lewis Carroll imagined her, was British. Disney insisted, therefore, that her voice be British—but not too British.

They listened to 400 voice recordings—and Kathryn Beaumont, twelve-year-old English actress, was chosen. The voices of the other characters also are supplied by other established actors.

verses by Rena Firth
Look Lovelier in 10 Days with Doctor's Home Facial

Easy, New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations...no complicated rituals! With just one cream — greaseless, medicated Noxzema — you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother, fresher!

All you do is follow the easy Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in actual clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor’s Home Facial, you “creamwash” to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base...the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal externally-caused blemishes, while it helps soften and smooth.

It works—or your money back!

Try the Noxzema Home Facial, yourself. Follow the directions given at right. If this easy Home Facial doesn’t help your skin look lovelier—in 10 days—return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and get your money back.

Money-Saving Offer! Get your jar of greaseless, medicated Noxzema today—at any drug or cosmetic counter—while you can get the big 85¢ jar for only 59¢, plus tax—43% more for your money compared to the small size!
(Continued from page 55) of the Year by an actress, Judy was spouting her blonde head off in Life magazine about what an awful place Hollywood was. She was shocked, said the article, by the Hollywood divorce of the famous actor, continued the publication, the inflexible social strata of the film capital. She would never sign a long-term contract with any studio that kept her here longer than for one picture (and most three months). Summed up simply, said the story, Holli-day Hated Hollywood.

Reading between the lines, I came up with the thought that Judy hadn't quite forgiven Hollywood for her early failure here. Katharine Hepburn went to bat for her in "Adam's Rib"—which was the stepping stone to "Born Yesterday." And even for that, in spite of her successes in the play, Judy was the last one tested.

MAYBE success will change Judy's hate song. It did with Marlon Brando. From the safe distance of his bed, the way hit, "A Streetcar Named Desire," Marlon branded Hollywood a city of imbeciles. And when he did capitate for $75,000 to star in The Men, the suspicious guy was so determined to be the new kind of Hollywood devil that he warned his press agent in advance to refuse all invitations to parties. It was a bit of an anti-climax when no invitations came.

Marlon showed his contempt for Holly-wood by wearing the oldest and most tattered (I won't go into whether they were clean or dirty) clothes he could scare the natives with, in this fine and very clean city. When his hate turned to terms of endearment for our fair city, I took the trouble to check why, and found that all Marlon had taken to Hollywood a few years previously and had taken a beating worse than Judy's. But with his pockets loaded with Hollywood dollars and his ears filled with praise, Marlon finally admitted that Hollywood wasn't such a bad place after all. Thank you, Marlon Brando, for nothing.

But it isn't always failure at the beginning that causes hatred of Hollywood. Sometimes the trouble simply springs from any idea of what we're like; remember James Mason's distribue to reporters in London and New York. Hollywood was a revolting monster. But Mason had lived there for three years; thousands of words. He gets embarrassed now when you remind him of his pre-Hollywood vitriolic statements. For now only a fool would try to persuade him to live there. They won't make the climate and our way of life, he wants everyone to live here and that includes his wife's first husband, Roy Kellino, a nice chap who lives with them.

Lewis Milestone, who knew Bogart could give us the old heave-ho. But her marriage changed everything.

When Oliva left Hollywood to star on Broadway in "Redhead and Juliet," I expected to be庐nt for two years. I'm told that Mr. Goodrich did not allow his wife to read the reviews of New York critics so Olivia honestly believed the play closed. But how many weeks because of the high cost of production. If true, Mar- cus was unfair to Olivia. You can't live in an ivory tower and give your public what it wants. At any rate, Miss de Havilland is very happy about this. She is graciously prepared to accept the big cinema salary that spells security.

Stars like John Garfield openly admit that they only make pictures in Holly-wood to give them enough to live on comfortably while they experiment with plays in New York. To this reporter, it seems a mite ungrateful. If you earn your money here, why not spend some of it here—experimenting with worthwhile films?

Garfield has another reason—in fact several. He is very anxious that he did. "Yor, I don't feel right in Hollywood. New York is more stimulating. And my wife is happy there." So are a lot of other movie stars. Nobody, Gary Cooper always preferred her southern life on Joe E. Coast. Well, now, since her paring from Gary, she can have it.

I had a long conversation with director- writer together, I heard, on the heels of his winning so many awards for "All About Eve," that he was selling his home here to live in New York.

"Why are you leaving us?" I asked Joe. "I'm not leaving retily to make another picture. I'm going to take one picture a year. (The old security cushion.) But the reason I'm going to live in the East is chiefly because I want to try some different books and ideas. This is an intellectual fog belt with twelve-year-old minds making movies for grown-up audiences. It's also impossible to be alone in Hollywood." For Joe still fears Hollywood devils.

As a matter of fact it's only the young artists who are forsaking Holly-wood when her star in the film heaven is shining less brightly. I'm sure this is the only factor behind Ginger Rogers's decision to abandon her lovely soda fountain on top of a Beverly Hills canyon, for the sky-scraper canyons of Manhattan. Montgomery Clift's press agent proudly announced that Monty recently turned down approximately a $25,000-a-picture offer and he doesn't have to. He's going to make a whole new set of moves now that the thirty-five-year-old star is uncorrupted.

"Many men would turn over a new leaf if they could only tear out some of the old pages," BOB HOPE

restless ladies of Hollywood who find our climate and way of life, shall we say, exhausting and want to go back to the old song. Ava, for example, turned down a contract to a studio—M-G-M—and she can fly away to spend her salary only when the studio gives the go-away signal.

Yvonne hasn't been the same stay-at-home since her latest husband, last trip to Europe after the war. She loves it there, hiding herself in the unpublicized parts of the countries where she can live like a queen for her hard-earned dollars.

Deanna Durbin was so angry when the story was published that she was selling her three homes in California to live for good in Paris. She called me and asked me if I was buying Parisian property. "I love Hollywood," said D. D. indignantly. "It has done so much for me. I will always live here. So I printed the denial. That was two years ago. Now she has three homes, now lives high in Paris on money she made as a star in Hollywood.

Judy Garland, I think, wherever she goes always will come home. Dennie said to me, "I hate Hollywood." Besides, Judy, in her heart, loves Hollywood.

I hear that Rex Harrison, who said such bitter things about our town not too long ago, now wants to return. Once he spouted, "I'm sick of Hollywood. It's not there are any more of those starchy little clubs here such as we have in London. Suppose I wanted to meet you at the club—what club? The Beverly Hills Club—it's full of women." So Rex started his own club with David Niven, Herbert Marshall, Robert Coote and the men of the British film colony. It lasted two weeks. The reason—they missed the women.

But Rex is really a hulking man, really. Why not? They had the most beautiful home in Mandeville Canyon complete with Palomino horses. It was the Carole Lan-dis busines, I'm sure, that turned the man into a hulking man.

Douglas Fairbanks doesn't hate Holly-wood, but he loves to live in Britain where they refer to him as "Sir Douglas. His father is a bit like the latter, really. Why not? They had the most beautiful home in Mandeville Canyon complete with Palomino horses. It was the Carole Landis business, I'm sure, that turned the man into a hulking man.

I don't like this "I hate Hollywood" vogue. Because I love the town. Besides, if you don't put back into the soil what you take from it, the land, in time becomes barren. That could happen here—but I doubt that it ever will. You see, I don't believe most of the stars when they say they hate Hollywood. With few exceptions they always come running back so fast.

The End
The Photoplay Scholarship Parade

(Continued from page 37) They conducted their own classes in dramatics for the "younger set," did everything from baby-sitting to singing in the town grill to pay for ballet or voice or speech lessons.

Some said their schools offered no dramatic training, not even a club. But there were speech courses and readings and their enthusiasm encouraged their fellow students to put on scenes, then one-acts and finally full-length plays. And in a few cases, a drama society was born.

Others said that their towns of five thousand—or eight thousand—were too small to offer any opportunity. But, actresses at heart, they talked local radio stations into allotting them air time. Just fifteen minutes a week for interviews, chit-chat on high school news or talk about the latest movies.

If their schools had no newspaper, they went to the town paper, talked their way into writing occasional columns on movies, theatre, dramatic news. And some turned staff reporters and critics.

Not all of these girls will make the grade — for many are still new to the profession. But all have proven they know where they want to go—and this is the first milestone on the road to success.

A few contestants who never had appeared before an audience—who had only the desire and ambition—sailed right through the recording stage in spite of their lack of training. This could happen because this contest was designed to encourage new talent. Generally, however, those who rated highest in all three stages of this contest, did so because they've been planning a long while for this moment. It is characteristic of those who really want to be actresses that they stay close to the theatre, even after they have arrived.

Judy Holliday, who easily could rest awhile on her Oscar for her portrayal of Billie Dean in "Born Yesterday," toured the country this summer with the road company of "Dream Girl." Shelley Winters, who proved herself beyond doubt in "A Place in the Sun," spent part of her vacation last summer at the Actors Studio in New York, brushing up on techniques. Peggy Dow, signed by Universal, was lost for a time in the studio shuffle. She sold her secondhand car and with the money bought a tape recorder, practiced evenings in front of a full-length mirror, recording every script she could borrow from the studio. When her chance came for a screen test, she made history. Her test is still being shown to newcomers as an example of the ideal.

At M-G-M, the younger players formed a discussion group. They meet at each other's homes, perform, criticize each other's techniques. Back on the other side of the fence is Claudette Colbert who came East to star in Noel Coward's new play, "Hay Fever," premiered at country playgrounds. Gregory Peck could use some spare time loafing, but always takes off to the La Jolla Playhouse when free.

The proof is obvious. Those who really want to act—act. And although no one knows who the three finalists of the Photoplay Scholarship Contest are, it's even money that at some time, they used sheer will to open up roads others might have overlooked. For determination is as necessary a qualification for becoming an actress as the desire or the talent.

The names of the finalists in this great search for dramatic talent will appear next month. Watch for these three who came so far in this intensive search. Look for their stories.

The End

FELSO WASHES EVERYTHING BETTER! ...and so gentle on hands!

There's only one "proof of the pudding" when you buy washing products. That's to try them ... at home ... with your own wash. Compare ... feel your FELSO-clean clothes.

Try FELSO. You'll see that gentle just-right suds give you the freshest, most fragrant, sweetest-smelling wash. Did you ever see whiter sheets and shirts ... brighter, more colorful prints? Did you ever feel softer, fluffier laundry ... or any so easy to iron? And how soft and smooth your hands are after you use FELSO.
If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 83) come from looking "hideous" at a time when it seemed urgently important to look beautiful.

To find out how to advise you on this, I dropped by to see my favorite teenage my goddaughter, Joan Evans.

Joan, despite her scant seventeen summers, manages to keep a radiantly beautiful complexion. No pimples or ugly acne ever mar her lovely skin, and she wears a minimum of make-up off screen so it is certain in Joan's case that this is no skillful cover-up job.

I asked her straight out how she did it adding that you readers really needed help and I wanted the straight dope.

As Joan sees it, a teenager has a three-way job to do in outwitting the bad skin bug. She says you have to go at it inside, outside, and—this is hardest—face up to and solve any emotional problems you have. Because, unless you want bad skin to give you away as a troubled, tension-ridden adolescent, you have to be happy.

The inside attack involves diet. That's hard, too. You have to make up your mind that sweets and starches are out for the duration, and settle down to three or four years of sensible eating: meat, green leafy salads, fruits and vegetables and milk. (Incidentally, this diet will make miraculous changes in your figure, too.)

Joan says she has restricted her diet for so long that she doesn't even like the forbidden foods any more. "At first, when I had to substitute fruit or vegetable juice for a malted milk for my mid-afternoon pick-up snack, it was a wrench. Now I actually prefer my 'clear skin cocktail.'"

To work from the outside, your tools are soap and water in large amounts, a light cream or a light-textured skin oil to keep your well-scrubbed face smooth and moist. If this counsel comes too late, and the acne or pimples are already there—get on with the program anyhow. Diet and simple cleanliness will defeat them before too long. Meantime, use one of the new cover-up creams which can make a skin blemish almost invisible. Some of these have a medicated base. Better ask your doctor before using such a cream indiscriminately.

Finally, how can you get rid of the tensions which conspire with faulty diet and improper cleansing habits to play havoc with your skin? Joan Evans says, "Decide what you want to do with your life, and start doing it."

"I'm lucky," she told me. "I knew when I was still a kid that I wanted to be an actress. And I started right then to prepare for my chance when it came. A lot of my friends are older than I am and still have no idea what they want to do. They're unsettled and uncertain, all choppy inside and splotchy out."

Set your sights on a goal and then start moving toward it. That seems to be the kernel of Joan's advice to girls her age.

Teen-age skin trouble is only another symptom of adolescent indecision. So get moving. Once you've picked a destination, it's easy to buy a ticket.

Some of you may have charm problems which I haven't touched upon. If so, do not hesitate to write me about them. Write me, too, if you have any charm tips that have worked for you and which you would like to share. Send your letters to Joan Crawford, c/o Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. While I will not be able to answer you personally, I will, I assure you, read and analyze all the letters I receive.

THE END

"My husband is tearing our place apart!"

"There isn't a more considerate husband in the world than Dick Powell," June Allyson boasted. "But I'm afraid he'll leave me 'homeless!' When he isn't breaking through walls of the house, he's out chopping trees. I like to help, but days like this are murder for my hands.

"Sometimes he takes the furniture apart to refinish it. I help and afterwards my hands beg for soothing Jergens Lotion."

"I learned at the studio Jergens doesn't just coat skin, it softens because it penetrates and furnishes moisture.

"So no matter how I abuse my hands, Jergens Lotion keeps them lovely for studio closeups—and for Dick."

Try Jergens Lotion. See why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens 7-to-1. Jergens is still only 10¢ to $1, plus tax.
(Continued from page 6) they don't dispute the fact that hers is the kind of Texas beauty that would inspire anybody to stand them off at the Alamo.

She's 5' 6½" tall, with pin-up proportions that add up to 118 pounds, and she never worries about them adding up to more. "On the contrary," Cyd says, "I've never been able to gain. I've been taking vitamins almost from the day I was born."

She was born Tyla Ellice Finklea. The Frenchy Charisse she got from her former husband, choreographer Nico Charisse, whom she married when she was seventeen. The name Cyd, now so euphonious, was given her by her brother when they were children. His attempts to say "sister" always wound up "Cyd"—and the nickname has stuck with her ever since.

Her father, Ernest E. G. Finklea, ran a jewelry store in Amarillo, but he'd always loved the ballet. He would drive to Dallas—600 miles—just to see the Ballet Russe when it was playing there. As a child, Cyd was so thin and undernourished her parents decided dancing lessons would provide the needed exercise. Cyd's father loved to see her dance. He had a mirror and bar built into her bedroom, and he was her first paying audience. "I was always practicing at home, pirouetting around in the middle of the floor, and Daddy would toss me nickels and dimes to keep me dancing," she reminisces.

When Cyd was twelve, her Amarillo teacher advised more advanced training, and her parents settled her in Hollywood with a family friend to study. "We didn't even think of motion pictures. Toumanova was my ideal, the ballet my dream. I thought the greatest thing in this life would be to be a ballerina."

When she was fourteen she was back home vacationing when the late Colonel de Masli, whom she'd met when the Ballet Russe was playing Los Angeles, phoned long distance offering her a job with them.

**Jimmy Stewart's Clam Dunk**

6 ounces cream cheese
1 can minced clams
1 tablespoon horseradish
1 tablespoon paprika

Mix cream cheese, clams and clam juice together and beat to the consistency of heavy whipped cream. Add horseradish and paprika and mix thoroughly. Serve with small crackers or potato chips.

---

**Serta Perfect Sleeper**

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"Serta Smooth-Top Construction...Vitalized Coils. Down, pure silk...Un-Mattress Unit..."Serta" Foam...Guaranteed...against any defects caused by faulty materials, workmanship or construction. Fine Serta Mattresses and Box Springs $97.50 to $995.00...Also with Serta foam by Firestone...at better stores from coast to coast.

---

**Prairie Flower**

"On the contrary," Cyd says, "I've never been able to gain. I've been taking vitamins almost from the day I was born."

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Here is the most colorful and glamorous movie book of the year. It is a treasure-trove of information about the stars...a real Who's Who in Hollywood. Here is just a brief description of this truly lovely book:

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**SPECIAL NOTE**

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If you were unable to obtain a copy of the thrilling 1950 edition of Photoplay Annual—here’s good news for you. A limited supply of this edition is still available at only 50c a copy, postpaid. Why not order both the 1951 edition and the 1950 edition right now?

---

Her parents talked it over, and a few days later Cyd and her father were on a train bound for Cincinnati, where she was to join the company. Just when they were set to sail for Europe, word came that her father was dying. Cyd left for his bedside, the company sailing without her. The following year she rejoined the Ballet. In France she married Nico Charisse, her former teacher, also a member of the company.

She was discovered by motion pictures when David Lichine persuaded her to be his partner in a number for a Columbia musical, "Something to Shout About." Today at Metro she’s an exciting star property both as ballerina and dramatic actress.

"I married the only girl in Texas who doesn’t have oil," Tony Martin says teasingly to Cyd, but with a spark in his brown eyes that denotes he considers himself far from short-changed.

**THEY** first met through their mutual friend and agent, Nat Goldstone. Nat arranged for Cyd to be Tony’s partner at a dinner he gave at the Bel-Air Hotel. She thought Tony very handsome and rather mellow-looking but before the evening was over she had talked him into a new part for her. "It" as she called him, was just out of the Army, and after having been stationed in far-flung outposts in India, he was eager to catch up on what was new.

The party went on to Ciro’s to catch a new act opening there and Tony kept table-hopping, catching up with old friends. Like any girl, Cyd’s typically feminine reaction was a fuming. Well—if this was how he was—if this was how he would act.

When Tony telephoned, inquiring what she’d be doing the following Saturday night, he got a chilly busy signal. Then what about Sunday? He asked. She was very busy Sunday too, she said. Finally there were no days left. He guessed she just didn’t want to go out with him. She was just very busy, she said.

A few months later Nat Goldstone invited her to a preview of "Black Narcissus" with himself and Mrs. Goldstone. But when the Goldstones arrived, Tony was with them. "That night I was so sweet and charming that completely reversed her," said Cyd.

Tony Jr., born a year ago, somewhat startled his proud parents by having blue eyes and a head of healthy blond hair. "It seems so funny—with both of us so dark. When we go out as a threesome, people are always giving us a surprised how-did-this-happen look," laughs Cyd.

With Cyd’s nine-year-old son Nicky (by her previous marriage) they live in a white brick colonial house in Beverly Glen. On a rare day off together, the Martins like to "just sit by the pool and sun. Tony loves the sun, and so do I. We just sit there, usually listening to ball games on the radio, until there’s no sun left."

Tony takes a flattering interest in Cyd’s clothes and likes to see her in suits. "When he’s in Chicago he has his tailor make me tailored ‘mannish’ suits too—to match his. And those wild plaid sports coats mean—Tony keeps buying them in small sizes for me.

Tony is always getting servicemen into his radio broadcast, and one night recently he and Cyd took two Marines who were standing backstage at the radio station on to Ciro’s with them. Cyd danced with them, many stars stopped by their table and met them. At the last accounting these two Marines hadn’t come back to earth yet. "We will both be walking on clouds for days," they wrote.

Which is logical enough. Cyd Charisse could believably enough have even a Marine walking on a cloud. And that long, low, howbeit respectful, whisker can be universally understood—from Texas to Teheran.

---

**The End**
Act Your Age, Joan

(Continued from page 49) hell before she got her bearings and made a fresh start—outside of the industry—which finds her currently happy...

Elizabeth Taylor, a divorcée at eighteen, has been threatened with a nervous breakdown and ulcers...

All of which brings me to Joan Evans. Joan, at seventeen, looks and acts twenty, at least. Like all the girls who come to Hollywood, she has had to telescope the years of her youth, has had no chance to be a normal fifteen, sixteen or seventeen—to take one step at a time.

It may be that Joan never will miss any of the things she normally would have learned in those years. So far, certainly, she has handled her personal and professional life very well indeed. She is intelligent and aware to a degree.

But I have a word of warning for Joan. With all my heart I want to urge her not to continue to mature beyond her years, to stop growing up for a little while, to mark time, to wait—and then wait some more—before she decides some man is the One and Only.

Joan, I must explain, is not and never has been an average girl. Her unusual background, long before pictures, cut the pattern for the unusual present—for her being able to handle her personal and professional life as well as she has so far.

Her mother is a successful writer under her maiden name, Katherine Albert. Her father, Dale Eunson, is a well-known fiction writer, editor, and playwright. Joan is their only child. From the time she learned to walk and talk she has been treated as a reasoning member of her family. Joan tells me that one of her earliest memories of punishment was Dale's saying to her, "You're behaving like a child."

Katherine and Dale, as writers, always worked at home. There, I think, lies Joan Evans's hope of escaping the unhappiness that usually besets girls who grow up too fast. Let me explain:

All through her formative, impressionable years Joan saw the two people she loved best working, accepting the responsibility which editors and publishers and producers placed upon them when they gave them assignments and deadlines. And after time, too, she saw them go back to their typewriters after dinner and stay at them until late at night—because of something they thought could be done better, or because someone was depending upon them. She came to admire people who work hard, who don't shirk responsibilities, and who always manage to have a great deal of fun.

Without this background I doubt that Joan could have survived her first year in Hollywood. It was tough, so tough that she still talks about it with sympathy for the youngest of her age. She was then.

"If I had not wanted to be an actress more than anything in the world I never would have finished 'Roseanna McCoy,'" she says. "Irving Reis was a hard taskmaster. He never spared me or my pride. When he didn't like what I did he would say so, in no uncertain terms, before the entire company of professionals. I was young and inexperienced. Half the time I didn't know what I was doing. But I knew I wanted to learn. And instead of rebelling, I knuckled down.

"I had to keep up in my schoolwork that year also. And I must admit there were times when I thought about quitting. Katherine used to say, 'You don't have to stay, you know. I want you to be happy and fulfilled as a human being. Beside that, I

Ladies, it’s really too bad that the men don’t have the babies

Diaper rash, scald, cradle cap, all such skin irritations can make baby’s life miserable, as every Mother knows.

Now you may ask, what does a mere man know about caring for the precious, tender, rose-petal skin of that Bundle from Heaven?

He knows plenty! From experience. He’d know that Mennen Baby Oil is the oil to use because he knows that Mennen is a synonym for the finest in human skin care. He found that out the moment he lathered his downy, teen-age fuzz for his first shave. Found it out through the years with all Mennen skin preparations!

He knows how fine, pure, safe, how unfailingly reliable Mennen skin products are! Naturally, Mennen Baby Oil is his choice.

P.S. Why not send him out to buy a bottle for your baby right now?

MENNEN BABY OIL * More for your money, too! Up to 33% more oil in the bottle than other leading brands
been an actress is unimportant. But I couldn’t stand to admit failure. So I kept on. And, of course, at the end of that time I was much older. Who wouldn’t have been?"

Which is the very point I want to make. Most girls try to grow up by rebellion, by indulging themselves in clothes and pleasures, and by striking attitudes which belong to the years they have not yet reached. Thus they arrive at a false maturity with insufficient mental or emotional stability to see them through. Joan Evans grew up contrarily, by disciplining herself, by accepting the responsibility that faced her if she was to reach her goal, and refusing to be sidetracked.

Joan is well aware of the years she has skipped. But she doesn’t feel they are any loss. She says firmly, "In some ways I’m glad that I escaped the so-called normal years between fifteen and eighteen. I read so many letters from high-school girls who are finding those years painful. They don’t know what they want—they don’t know where they’re going. I think I was lucky that from the time I was fourteen I knew . . ."

"I remember when Katherine worried because I was maturing so fast. One day she confided some of these misgivings to our friend Angavor, the dress designer. Angavor helped convince Katherine that it was all right. She said what I have just said: ‘If Joan had missed the years between seven and ten, say, it would be better to escape the agonies we all suffered between fifteen and eighteen—I don’t think you have anything to worry about. Maybe someday she’ll thank you.’"

Who is to say? Joan doesn’t know now. Personally, I do not at all agree that the average girl should skip any of her average years. When I see teenagers fresh out of beauty salons, their hair dyed, their lips rouged, say they’re high and their necklines low, I want to go to them: ‘Don’t be fools! Quit trying for fifteen until you’ve had fourteen. Or sixteen before you’ve been fifteen. Eighteen is a wonderful age—only if you’re really for it.’ But I can’t say that to Joan because she was ready for it. As she says, "I didn’t skip anything really. I had it all. I just had it faster than most girls—in that difficult first year.

Joan has always admired her parents more than anybody else in the world. "Not long ago anything Katherine or Dale said was gospel," she told me. "It didn’t occur to me until recently that I might have an opinion which was my own. But the nice things about my parents is that now, when I disagree with them, we get into a big argument—the way any three normal people do. And they respect my opinion—as I respect theirs. But one of the nice things about my parents is that now, when I disagree with them, we get into a big argument—the way any three normal people do. And they respect my opinion—as I respect theirs."

Also, from the time Joan was a tiny thing she has called her parents by their first names. "Some people disapprove of my calling my parents Katherine and Dale,” Joan said. "But how I came to do it is a funny story. Before I was born Katherine said to Dale, ‘Whatever you do, it’s not going to be like this. What do you want the baby to call you?’ Well,” Dale said, ‘the baby will know me very well, so I guess Mr. Eunson would be the proper greeting.”

"That’s like Dale . . . But Katherine, referring to him, always called him Dale, ‘Give Dale the evening paper, please,’ she’d say. Or, ‘Bring me the salted peanuts, Joan.’ She never spoke to me in the third person, never said, ‘Bring Mommy her knitting.’"

"When I was about fifteen,” Joan laughed, "by the time I was able to talk I knew Dale well enough to call him by his first name, and he liked it. The three of us always have been so close.

‘You’ve handled yourself extremely well,’ I told Joan, ‘in spite of skipping—or compressing—a lot. Let’s say you are unusual—which you are—not at all the norm, because of your background and the good effect it has had upon you. But you’re not over all the hurdles, you know. Girls who grow up too fast usually don’t handle the romance department as well. They get a more thinking they know more about men and life and marriage than they do, really . . ."

‘I’ve thought I was in love several times, and I suppose if you think you are, you are.’

"Besides, I hate failure. So I’d hate to fail at marriage—the most important human relation of all. And you see so much of it out here—both marriage and failure, I mean.

‘I’m stubborn too. So I want to be very, very sure before I marry. And why not?"

She spread her arms to encompass the comfortable private apartment she has in the Eunson house. "Katherine and Dale give me all the freedom I can use as long as I respect it. I don’t have to marry anyone I don’t want to marry, or on my own. They appreciate it, and I appreciate them."

"Well, I think so. And really, that’s the way I feel. I have my freedom, and I feel if I don’t have what I want, I can’t take it—either way."

The Hollywood Girls Select:

THE MALE PIN-UPS OF 1951

In COLOR—In the November PHOTOPLAY

On Sale October 10
Dan Dailey—coached by Ike Danning for Dizzy Dean role—missed a fast one and went around with a black eye.

(Continued from page 23) Granger, and the rest of the gents stayed outside in the pool—in-side, Ava Gardner, Alexis Smith, Mona Freeman, Shelley Winters, Coleen Gray, Vera-Ellen and the other fair femmes helped Janet squal and swoon. “Don’t forget,” beamed the beautiful bride, “about the seventh package. The owner will be the next one to have a baby!” Was Arlene Dahl’s face red! Director George Sidney’s giant bar of soap with a card reading: “Hope your shower is a huge success,” got the loudest laugh.

“My wife received terrific loot,” sighed Tony, “but there wasn’t even an electric train in it for me!”

For Gents Only: It was five in the afternoon. In less than three hours the gay and gala premiere of “Bright Victory” at the Carthay Circle Theatre was to take place. First, Jeff Chandler called the U-I publicity office. He hadn’t gotten around to asking anyone. Whom could he take to the premiere? Rock Hudson called next. Until that very moment it had slipped his mind. Could they get a date for him? With the entire depart-

### Timely Tips by Little Lulu

**How do you score on these helpful ways to save?**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tip</th>
<th>Example</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>What’s best to limber meat grinders?</strong></td>
<td>Chicken bones (not oil or bacon fat)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>How to foil a dripping faucet?</strong></td>
<td>Try a cork (not a string)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Chair marks on carpets call for</strong></td>
<td>Cleaning fluid (not steam)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>To peel peaches quickly, try</strong></td>
<td>A teakettle (not a scout knife)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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**Kleenex ends waste - saves money…**

1. **Instead of many…**
   - Use several boxes when you buy—You’ll always have a good supply

2. **You get just one…**
   - This Kleenex “window” shows you when it’s time to order it again

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Barbara Lawrence and Johnny Murphy have that newly-wed look in their eyes.
STOP cooking the same HUMDRUM MEALS

Now there is no need to serve your family the same old tiresome dishes day after day. For, with the aid of the new Magic Cook Book, you can put sparkle and variety into every meal. And you needn't strain your budget either.

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The Magic Cook Book is different from the usual cook book. Its luscious recipes were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. The result is the most thrilling collection of mouth-watering dishes you could ever hope for.

This wonderful new book contains over 1500 exciting recipes—and they are all simple to prepare. Each recipe in this unusual cook book is described in the easy step-by-step style. Now you just can't go wrong. Even beginners can prepare scrumptious meals at the very first attempt.

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With four pictures scheduled, Debbie Reynolds splurged on swimming pool and invited pals Penny Kirk and Rosalie Waller to try it out for size.

**INSIDE STUFF**

ment dialing every single siren in town, in walked New York actor John Hudson, who is so excellent in the picture. "I'm new in Hollywood," he moaned, "I don't know any girls yet, can't you find one for me?" To make a sad story short, John went by himself, while Rock and Jeff went—together! "Unfair to Hollywood women" is what their signs should read and we won't blame local lovelies if they picket those mean ol' men!

Party Preview: Cal was convulsed by the beautiful Mrs. Randolph Scott's reason for giving a housewarming cocktail party. Their very modern, new Beverly Hills home with its private putting course for you-know-who, is the talk of the town. "Randy was always bringing someone home to see the place," mused Pat, "it really wasn't ready for a party but I knew if I waited much longer, there wouldn't be anyone left to invite!" So the Scotts gave a party. When June Allyson and Donna Reed weren't exchanging snapshots of their kiddies, they were exclaiming over the Scotts' sliding walls that bring the beautiful outside into the beautiful inside. Paesans of praise came from Irene Dunne, Ann Sothern, Loretta Young, the Ray Millands and the George Murphys—to name a few of the two hundred guests. Cal saw the lovely Jane Bryan (the former Warner star) who didn't remember him. Also, the great silent screen beauty, Corinne Griffith, whom Cal will never forget.

Cal Wonders: Why Jane Greer, who has such a terrific sense of humor, is so shy about showing it at Hollywood parties ... Why someone doesn't tell Sonja Henie the facts of Hollywood life, so she won't repeat a recent blunder and seat guests who haven't spoken in years next to each other at the same table.

Cause for celebration: Proud Cyd Charisse plays hostess to Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger at husband Tony Martin's sensational Cocosnut Grove opening
Hollywood in Shorts: You-all deep in the heart of Texas will be seeing a lot of Jimmy Stewart. He just purchased a large ranch and will devote his spare time to raising Angora sheep for the sweater-girl industry. That's a "yarn," hon! . . . She's loaded with pep and personality. Debbie Reynolds is also loaded. With royalties received from "Ann-Dana Honeymoon" record sales, she treated herself to a swimming pool and bought a Jaguar car for her dad. Even if the Crosbys went so far as to sign a property settlement (as rumored), after the preview of "Here Comes the Groom," the enthusiastic Groaner's wife rushed right home "to get his autograph!" . . . Titles don't scare director David Miller, who currently is spending enchanted evenings with Joan Crawford. The name of their next film flicker? "This Woman Is Dangerous". . . Shelley Winters and Farley Granger are breaking in the act they'll do for our boys overseas, by trying it out for soldiers on leave in Hollywood.

Town Talk Is: That Cornel Wilde's generous settlement on Patricia Knight represents cash and holdings amounting close to a half million dollars . . . That Barbara Stanwyck was touched to tears when Robert Taylor sent her a diamond-studded heart on her birthday . . . That Sandler's Ltd. in Beverly Hills has a special drawer marked "Van Johnson," which is filled with his favorite red sox. On birthdays and holidays, Van's friends come in and buy them for him by the dozen . . . That Peter Lawford and Robert Walker are so well "oiled," since that gusher gushed (they bought it together) the gentlemen may soon take up acting as a hobby.

91% of Sailors and Marines interviewed at San Diego, California, said:

"CAVALIERS are Milder than the brand I had been smoking!"

In San Diego, California, over 200 sailors and marines were asked to compare Cavalier Cigarettes with the brands they had been smoking. Their answers should be of interest to every smoker!

91% of these sailors and marines—yes, 91% of the smokers—said Cavaliers are milder than their former cigarettes! And they'd been smoking all the leading brands!

Cavalier mildness has been proved in hundreds and hundreds of tests from coast to coast—among college students, phone operators, nurses and many other groups. 90% or more of the smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder than the cigarettes they had been smoking!

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Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Action.

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Zonitors come ready for immediate use! No embarrassing mixing or clumsy apparatus needed. These greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as world-famous Zonite and continue to do so for hours. Positively non-irritating. Absolutely safe to tissues.

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Zonitors eliminate odor. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ. A perfect answer to women who have long desired daintier yet effective hygiene.

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*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

Rumors started flying when Ann Blyth, recently back from England and Ireland, was seen at Carmen Miranda's Circo's opening with Scott Brady. Questions started flying when Eleanor Parker, at same opening, was surrounded by admirers who wanted to know all about Valentino.

Beautiful Target: Ann Blyth may take Cal to task for printing this story. Persistent press agents have been having a ball at her expense but because she is so kind and considerate of everyone's feelings, Ann won't protest. Since her return from Europe they've linked her name with every actor on the way up in Hollywood. Sometimes she's reported to be in a dozen different places during one evening. Recently a magazine (notPhotoplay) fabricated a tender little yarn based on her great romance with Dick Contino. Ann went out with him exactly once! Yes, the details of their parting at the airport were such sweet sorrow, because Dick wasn't even present!

Benny for Your Thoughts: Instead of spoiling her, those endless advantages bestowed upon the Jack Bennys' daughter have only added to her sweetness and charm. And now at seventeen, the beautiful, blonde Joan is in love with Vic Damone. Whenever he has time and money to spare, Vic calls Joan from Fort Dix, where he's temporarily stationed. So, while the comedian and his troupe were in Korea entertaining our boys, Mary Livingston decided to take her daughter to New York, where she could see Vic when he was on leave. The Bennys still believe they have a little girl on their hands, but they're wise enough not to let her in on their secret.

It Seems to Cal That: A stitch in time, in the case of Bill Holden, would save the studios a fortune. Family and friends are worried over his highly nervous condition. During the past year Bill's made five pictures for Paramount and Columbia, who share his contract. He needs a good rest badly . . . Those rumors concerning Ty Power seem pretty preposterous. How could he be broke and still live that lush life on the Continent? And would a man shell out shekels for a new Bel-Air home, if he wanted to live in the East and return to the theatre? We doubt it.

Dinner Belles: June Haver, Connie Moore and Patricia Neal will never forget the most unusual banquet they ever attended. Missing were those inevitable searchlights, the usual mob of screaming fans. The occasion was the annual spring dinner of the Paralyzed Veterans Association. Each actress was guest of honor at a long table where their hosts lined up on one side—in wheel chairs. Between courses the actresses traded places to talk to as many of the paralytics as possible.

"The boys are simply wonderful," June's beautiful blue eyes glow when she tells about it. "You wouldn't dare feel sorry for them, because they refuse to feel sorry for themselves. They kid each other and make jokes at one another's expense. They are great human beings.

June, Pat and Connie, who are also constant visitors at the Veterans' hospitals are equally as great in their unselfish endeavors.

One Man's Family: Turn back the pages of Hollywood history and there he is—a tall-for-his-age, gangling lad delivering his papers to the doorsteps of the silent motion picture stars. Now it's 1951 and there he is again, but this time he's watching a tall, gangling lad up there on a platform with his graduating class. There was pride in Joel McCrea's face as he sat in the auditorium of Berkeley Hall, a private school in Beverly Hills. Frances Dee was by his side her hair slightly gray and looking lovely as ever. Cal couldn't help thinking as he sat there observing the McCreas: What inconspicuous representative lives they've lived the last twenty years. How graciously they've worn their success. Our town can well be proud of them.
For every Girl who Plans to get Married

Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book

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This is not a dry, stuffy book. It bristles with a gaiety and excitement and it is punctuated with amusing incidents drawn from the celebrated author's active life. Here in clear, straightforward language are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems.

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Your wedding should be an exciting and reverent-making occasion. Yet many brides are completely swallowed up by nervousness for fear that some part of their wedding arrangements might not follow the correct rules. You need have no such fears if you know exactly how to plan every detail of your wedding.

You Must Know the Correct Answers to These Problems


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Proper Introductions

One of the most important phases of good manners is knowing exactly how to introduce people—and how to respond to introductions. Yet the uninformed always fail on this point of etiquette. Don't embarrass your friends—let Elsa Maxwell tell you all the proper methods of introductions.

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Good manners open doors to successful achievements—and the most encouraging thing about good manners is that anyone can possess them. You owe it to yourself to get a copy of this great book—now.

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With Randolph), and Dorothy Toren, My

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That Old MacRae Magic
Continued from page 46) pressed the music department lever on his intercom elephone. "Get someone up here with some music, someone who can play it..." He waved his hand towards the piano that stands in his suite, just as if the person whom he was talking on the intercom could see him.

Gordon laughed. And Jack's fury mounted. "All right," he bellowed, "if you can sing, sing!"

Gordon let out with those full round notes we all love so well. And Jack nearly died.

"Know Rose of Tralee?" he asked, when Gordon had finished.

At once Gordon started singing. Before he had gone more than a few bars, Jack was humming with him. Gordon's success, I think, lies in something over and beyond his voice itself. So much vitality and happiness and other good things combine in his singing that his singing—far more than beautiful sound—something shared.

With Gordon a voice is something for which you are grateful and which you keep in tune. But you do not take any latalrous attitude about it until, in the

ad, it consumes you, your life and the lives of those who love you. I've known rangers whose diet, love life, waking hours and talking hours were regulated by what was and wasn't good for the "Voice," a ravenstein monster within which their families were doomed to live.

On last Fourth of July, for instance,ollywood was expected when Gordon sang at the American Legion's celebration of the big Coliseum. He had planned fireworks at home for the kids. But when the committee asked if he would appear and sing "God Bless America" and "The Lovest Night of the Year" it never occurred to him to say no. "The kids will see bigger and better reworks at the Coliseum," he told Sheila. They can nap in the afternoon. It won't hurt them to stay up late this once," wrote Sheila was hesitant. "But you'll have time to rehearse."

"That's okay," Gordon told her, "I'll talk to the orchestra leader on the phone, tell him the key I want. He sang like a dream too.

Gordon, however, is no character. He's as American as the New Jersey suburb in which he was born on March 12, 1921, and to Deerfield Academy in which he was here prepared for the college which he quit for the stage. He knows the standings of all the teams in both major leagues and the batting averages of all players. He has a passion for golf, a love for the teams on the Lakeside County Club, not far from the Warner studios. He would, above all, like to meet Winston Churchill. He can whistle like a fool, which he isn't. He thinks his wife is a marvellous woman. He's as proud as the owners of his Cadillac and Buick. He wishes he had more time to spend with the small actors, Meredith Lynn, six, Heather Allen, four, William Gordon, three, nicknamed red. But he's pretty busy singing on the

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103
Railroad Hour on Monday evenings and making movies so he can give his family all the things he wants for them, his current project being to install a heating system in the swimming pool of the new house up in the Hollywood hills—so Sheila and the kids can swim all year round. He likes to get up early, put on an old shirt and sleeves and have a catch with the kids before breakfast.

Another of his projects is music lessons for his children. "I want all three of them to play some instrument," he says. "Not so they can play professionally, just for their pleasure. I'd like to have a family orchestra—have the family get together evenings and make music, the way families used to do when they gathered around the piano. Even if the dining and the singing weren't good— it was good for the family. There's something about people making music together. . . . And he pulls on his pipe, content in another of the many things that live in the life he lives.

Last summer while I was in Europe the MacRae's occupied my apartment at the Park Sheraton, which was a surprise to me until Gordon told me about it at luncheon one day. "I loved the place," he said. "The dark marble walls with the big rooms. That was what I sold, Elsa, the size of those rooms. Sheila looked at it first, then took me around. The minute I walked in I said, "This is it! I go for rooms a man can really stretch in.

Sheila, you'll notice, looked at the apartment first. But it was Gordon who made the decision. That's their pattern, a pattern I suspect they resolved in their first tempestuous year of married life—for them definitely the hardest—when they quarreled often and more than once nearly separated. Gordon won that battle, and Sheila, he feels, now agrees. And Sheila is a happy woman if I have ever seen one, the only actress I know who has turned her back upon an acting career in favor of a family without ever lapsing into bitter remarks about it.

The most difficult adjustments Gordon and Sheila had to make was fusing two distinctly opposite personalities. He tried to temper her shyness. She tried to curb his excesses, his awkwardness was hurt when, on their honeymoon, traveling with the band, Gordon appeared to enjoy the company of his fellow bandmates as much as, if not more than, hers. Always I wanted to stay in the hotel where the band stayed. She, on the other hand, wanted them to get away, to be by themselves. It was the same when they went to dinner. He always chose a big, noisy place and a table large enough to accommodate any of the band who might join them. She wanted a romantic hideaway.

Finally, miserable if she was separated from Gordon even briefly, Sheila began going to the theater, hovering in the wings during rehearsals. And inevitably, Gordon began to feel her possessiveness. It was Gordon's mother who saved the day, really. "Now that you two are traveling all over the country," she told Sheila wisely, "why don't you map out tours for yourselves and go to Gordon's spots in all Gordon's spots of historical and scenic interest."

It worked. For it gave Sheila a chance to be alone with Gordon. And he, in turn, was even more stimulated by their sightseeing than he had been by the camaraderie of the band.

There were money problems too, of course. On more than one occasion after they had checked hath into a hotel Gordon would be surprised to find he didn't have enough money to get out, whereupon they would wire his mother for funds. Gordon's greatest extravagances were his gifts to Sheila. They were glamorous. But they were realistic too, when their purchase meant going without needed necessities. He presents to Sheila continue. He's always giving her charms for a bracelet he bought her years ago. The first charm was a horseshoe made for Warner's, is a small camera with a heart superimposed on it that bears the legend, "You are the heart of the work." When he signed his Railroad Hour radio contract Sheila put down a fifty-cent weekly stipend. And to celebrate her first role in "Caged" he gave her a gold horse shoe.

They faced their greatest financial difficulties when they went into the Army. Sheila refused to be separated from him. She tried doing a show on Broadway, but when she found she was pregnant she took off for Texas and Gordon and got a job or two that they both went to. During that time, he insisted, she was leaving him for good. She only got a few blocks, however, before she returned for a mutually agreeable arrangement.

As childless as it all was at the time, served to strengthen their characters and build the groundwork for the mature, understanding attitude they have for each other today.

It would take time for a woman, a young as Sheila was when she and Gordon married, to weigh his happy-go-easy ways against the breadth and set of his chin—his personal and pattern, to say nothing of his carefulness, his attention to every detail. It was a long and patient night. And then, when time, he insisted, she was leaving him for good. She only got a few blocks, however, before she returned for a mutually agreeable arrangement.

For, as Gordon's mother, the hardships she had to go through to get to the man she loved was not slight. But it brought them closer together.

I NEVER could describe," he says, "the help Sheila has been in my struggle for recognition as a singer and an actor. I was a child when I married her. I know it and Sheila must know it too— have made the same progress I have. I remained a bachelor. For me a young marriage was not possible.

"After all, the earlier a man has to settle down and become a responsible citizen, the better—for the earlier he will get set in a mature pattern, start making progress. When I only began to get ahead in my career when I married and settled down—because I had to, not for any loftier reason."

The MacRae's recent New York sojourn was on the surface, so Gordon could make personal the first move, he implied. Actually it was because Gordon has his caynes eyes on TV. His contract, like most Hollywood contracts, does not permit him to do monologues in the TV series he stars in. But he knows that this state of affairs cannot last—any more than the old taboo against movie stars o radio lasted. And watching the TV screen he's noticed that singers are likely to appear disadvantageous.

"They just stand there and sing," he says "are not too interesting. So I figured if I made a lot of personal appearances I have a chance to work out some conventional bugaboo too, so may be I won't appear too stiff when I get the inevitable message that the studio he
Pint-sized Paradise

Continued from page 61) could be adapted to almost any apartment, especially a small apartment. The living-room area is 11 x 18, the kitchen and sleeping area together are 8 x 10 and that's not spacious. But the place excites the oh's and ah's of everyone who sees it.

In the 8 x 10 section, the tiny kitchen tucked away behind a bar, so that either food or drinks can be served successfully in this area. Opposite, the built-in couch occupies an alcove, separated from the living-room by a low partition which is opped with movable louvered shutters. His studio couch is the size of a twin bed, so it can be used for sleeping. The space also doubles as a dining-room. After Betty sometimes serves meals on foldaway tables which set up nicely in front of the couch. Not that she does any great entertaining here for, after all, this is her studio-resitting-room. But the idea's good and beautifully adaptable to an apartment.

Beyond this area, shuttered doors lead to the bath-dressing-room, complete with large built-in dressing table and wardrobes with sliding doors.

Regarding the decoration, almost everything is in some shade of green. Because of this, there are no great color contrasts to invert the eye, and so this small area looks great deal larger. Another trick of illusion is obtained by the mirrors placed all along one wall to make the narrow 11 x 18 room seem wider.

Instead of paper or paint, the walls wear fabric, a heavy cotton tweed in various ones of green with gold metallic thread woven in. The same material covers the built-in sofa which rounds a corner in

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the living-room section and is used also for the couch in the sleeping alcove.

To achieve this decorative effect in your home, you could use the same idea of fabric on the walls. It need not be as expensive a fabric as this. Burlap gives a wonderful texture to walls, and if the natural color doesn't appeal to you, paint it whatever color you wish after it is installed. You can either tack it around the edges or cement it to the walls, whichever method seems easiest. A small-patterned cotton looks well in Provincial rooms, but always try to choose a material that will add either texture or pattern to your walls. Otherwise, you might as well paint them.

Repeating the wall fabric on two of the largest furniture pieces minimizes their size for they blend with the wall, and seem smaller, an advantage in a limited area.

To round out the scheme, forested with a minimum of pieces. With one mirrored wall this particularly important for, although the mirror makes the room seem larger, reflects all of the furniture, so that the appears to be twice as much.

The two-built-in pieces—the corner so in the living-room and the couch in alcove—offer the major seating accommodates, and a few chairs provide the rest. Studio couches tucked back against the wall would create the same effect.

Betty's favorite is the corner sofa. It's beautifully comfortable, and she could tuck the numerous small pillows around her. The pillows serve a decorative purpose, too, by combining all of the colors and fabrics in the room to make the sc a focal point.

Betty's thrilled with the clever lam Ray Morey dreamed up for her, and ruefully wishes he could copyright the idea. Look closely at the pictures of two large table lamps. You'll see a co-suspending the shades from the ceiling. Actually bases and shades are separa and the bases are decorative ceramic pieces, which Betty can change as she wishes. The lamp fixture is suspended with the shade, from the ceiling by means of a silk cord. The silk cord is wrap around the electric cord and a wire which bears the weight of the fixture. It's but a pull in the ceiling, goes to a other pulley by the wall, and down to switch and outlet, a tie-off in the wall tie-off the cord. You can buy these pulle at any specialty hardware store. Tailor shades fit almost any ceramic, such as the of Betty's, which are made of ecer shatung, edged with two ruffles, one of the other green.

"Want to hear some new records?" ca Betty through the dressing-room door guests waiting in the living-room area. the affirmative answer, music fills the room, though no radio, record player

A MISTAKE many people make is to let their rooms down with too much furni ture. In Betty's dressing-room, plenty seating space is provided with a minimum of pieces. With one mirrored wall this particularly important for, although the mirror makes the room seem larger, reflects all of the furniture, so that the appears to be twice as much.

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"Want to hear some new records?" ca Betty through the dressing-room door guests waiting in the living-room area. the affirmative answer, music fills the room, though no radio, record player
MANY people fill any blank wall area with pictures or plates or a shelf, regardless of the furniture placement in the room. You shouldn't do that. It's spotty.

Even though you know that the sleeping alcove and the kitchen occupy a space only ten feet wide and eight feet long, it's hard to believe it. The bed has a handy built-in cabinet at one end, which would be handy for bedding, although Betty prefers it to hold creams and lotions and a book or two. The bar opposite curves as it goes from living-room to dressing-room door, and just this slight curve makes a tremendous difference in space. It widens the passageway so that one isn't conscious of its narrowness.

A cork and plastic top covers the bar counter and all working space in the tiny kitchen below the bar. So cleverly is it worked out to be a part of the entire room, that it doesn't seem like a kitchen at all. The green cotton tweed minimizes the bar front and extends to the walls except for the shining copper which backs the tiny steel sink and surrounds the amazing refrigerator-and-stove combination. Yes, I said combination, for the four burners are on the top of the small refrigerator. It's tucked into a tiny yard-square alcove where it just fits, hidden from the living-room by the bar front and the shutter above. With plenty of cupboards lining the back of the bar, the kitchen really works.

For the final touch, there's a large brass planter at the base of the alcove partition on the living-room side. It has a galvanized liner so that the plants have proper drainage, and they're growing luxuriantly. Between these and the gay plates on the wall, Betty has little need of flowers at any time, though occasionally a vase, filled to the brim with blossoms, stands on the ledge that backs up the built-in sofa, and adds its color. On this same ledge Betty has all of her personal treasures that can double as smoking accessories. The little French saucers, each marked with the price of an opératif, are ash trays, and there's a delightful old ironstone tobacco jar which Betty uses for cigarettes, the cigarettes standing conveniently in the pipe rack.

"If it weren't for the girls," sighed Betty, referring to daughters Candy and Lindsy, "I'd almost hate to leave here each day, I like it so much!" And aside from the fact that it has made the most of limited space, her dressing-room is really well decorated.

So take heart, if you're an apartment dweller. Whether yours is in a large building or on top of a garage, no more can you use that old alibi of "This place is much too small. I can't do anything with it." You'll settle for Betty's dressing-room any day, wouldn't you? So why not latch on to a few of the space-making ideas and adapt them to your own place? 

Tete Eto
London Letter on Liz

(Continued from page 39) kicking her shoes off, has lost her shoes, in fact, under the most impressive dinner tables. Last year celebrities like Mrs. Truman, Franklin Roosevelt Jr., and Cornelia Otis Skinner unknowingly kicked one of their slippers under the luncheon table which launched the Infantile Paralysis Drive. The newsreel shots of this occasion show Liz, balanced on one foot, fishing around frantically for the missing shoe.

Any Taylor set reveals three or four pairs of slippers lying in odd places—slippers that have been brought to her by various kind souls who fear she would get a splinter in her foot or catch cold. Always, she thanks such kind souls like a lady and, as soon as they leave, heaves the slippers into the discard.

A letter from our London reporter reveals it’s the same now that Liz is in Staid Old London. Her first act when she gets home is to kick off her shoes. She is again stopping at the Savoy where she lived on her honeymoon. This time, however, instead of a flower-filled bridal suite with picture windows opening on the Thames, Liz occupies less pretentious rooms overlooking the Strand. The day we saw her, there was a typewriter on the table and scripts, together with a dozen red roses and a cactus plant.

“My neck,” she moaned, “is killing me. I’m playing Rebecca, you know in ‘Ivanhoe.’ And every morning at six o’clock they tape me into a wig that weighs two pounds. It’s full of pins that stick into me all day long. By night I really have a neck ache—and a headache.”

She was wearing a tailored pink cotton shirt, a quilted skirt and ballet slippers. “It’s wonderful to be here,” she went on, leaning her dark closely cropped head against the pillows. “I thought we wouldn’t know anybody, but many friends are here. George Sanders, Michael Wilding, Danny Kaye, Orson Welles ...”

“And Joan Fontaine ...” interrupted Peggy Rutledge, her secretary.

“Oh, yes, Joan too!” said Liz. “But I wasn’t thinking of the girls—just men!”

She grinned.

She hasn’t lost her interest in men, in spite of her disillusioning experience. “It’s instantaneous for a woman to like marriage,” she said. “I’ll marry again, I think—but I don’t know when.”

But ask her what she thinks marriage should consist of and she answers sadly, “I’m not a very good person to give anyone advice.”

London isn’t the gay round of parties it was when she was here the last time. There are no press interviews, no flash bulbs. The studio bosses have kept her strictly to themselves. Her regime is strict.

Her day starts at 5:15. “Sometimes too early to eat!” Then a forty-minute drive to Eustree, followed by a long session with hairdressers and wardrobe people before they start filming. “We wear long dresses of wool jersey and heavy capes,” she said, “and it sometimes takes half an hour to lace up a dress!”

On the set by nine o’clock and back from the studio at six at night. “Evaluations I stay home and improve my mind,” she cracked. “I can’t write stories.”

However, she did go to Covent Garden to see the ballet. And as on the one or two other occasions when she permitted herself an evening out, she wore a short formal gown, accented organdy with a strapless bodice and the very full skirt covered in black chantilly lace.

She’s introduced a new style in London—incidentally—has all the British belles ripping the sleeves out of turtle-neck sweaters and combining them with a full short skirt for evening.

She brought quantities of luggage, actually, all still marked with initials E.T.H. but filled—she says—with incongruous things like dresses without belts and shoes without mates. “I packed on two days notice,” she explained, “hardly knew what I threw into the bags.”

When “Ivanhoe” is finished she hopes to go to Paris for a short visit. “But I can’t afford to stay there. I just want to see the town again—and perhaps go to the south of France, lie in the sun and swim, and then on to Rome.”

There’s a schedule, too, arranged to show Peggy Rutledge the Tower of London, Windsor Castle, and a drive to Kent to see Liz’s godfather’s home where she learned to ride.

When her old school Byron House wrote and asked if she would come back and talk to the pupils about the old days, she was pleased. “It was nice of them to ask me,” she said, “but—I don’t like to reminisce.”

That’s true—she doesn’t like to think about the old days. She’s keeping those black-lashed blue eyes of hers, resolutely and hopefully, on the future.

We asked her who sent her the cactus plant that stood on the table.

“That!” Her ballet slippers were flying across the room and lay higgledy-piggledy in a communist sentience that, she said ambiguously, pointing with her bare foot, “to remind me of California.”

The End

“Her Problem Was Mine”

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TUNE IN

“MY TRUE STORY”
AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
Many Brave Hearts

(Continued from page 43) without benefit of decorator. If it stinks, it'll stink according to our own personalities."

They did have help, though. One day Howard called a Mrs. Grace Keel. "Mother, how'd you like to hang the new dining-room paper?"

"Fine. Okay."

"Come over tomorrow evening and we'll do it together."

"You keep out of it, amateur. I'll do it myself."

That she turned professional paperhanger twenty-five years ago was due to necessity, home training and the spunk she got straight from her mother. To Grandma Osterkamp, now a spry octogenarian and the fourth woman in Howard's life, an obstacle was equivalent to a challenge. She aimed to knock out a hallway in the family farmhouse. "Can't be done," said her husband. "Certainly not," said Grandma. So she and Grace did it, and presented the finished product to the master of the house.

Howard can't remember when his mother didn't work. His father was a miner. But these were depression days, with their misery and revolt against intolerable conditions, heightened in Gillespie, Illinois, by the evils of absentee ownership. Grimly the townsfolk summed it up. "A mule's worth more than a man. If a mule dies in the mines, they have to buy another. They don't even have to bury the man."

To supplement the family income, Grace Keel hung paper, earning as much as three dollars a day in season. Bill and Howard were left to themselves. Naturally they fought. Being six years older, Bill naturally licked the stuffing out of junior. It was murder.

There's no self-pity in Keel. Kids who have it too easy, they think, often lose their drive. He didn't have it too easy, nor was poverty alone responsible. In Gillespie, no one was rich. But his was the special problem of a youngster flung thin-skinned into a spiky world that bruised and bewildered him. Why, for instance, did he stand in a corner and cry if Bill took a licking, while the other way round was a big joke to his brother? For the companionship among the boys of his own age, he found himself rejected. He was the skinny one, the runt, last to be picked when they chose up sides for baseball. Rejection bred anxieties and strains which led to more rejection, and so the vicious circle went.

Only on circus days did he come into his own. Dad liked taking kids to the circus. "Bring your friends along." For a few hours he'd bask in the social approval of his peers, knowing all the time they were playing him for a sucker and tomorrow he'd be back on the outside looking in. But he asked them, anyway, easing his loneliness briefly with make-believe, pretending the sham was real. To a trusted contemporary, he might have revealed his hurts. To his elders, he couldn't. So he sealed them inside and let them go.

At eleven he was old enough to feel a sharp sense of loss in his father's death. No more fishing trips. No more climbing into bed with Dad, listening wide-eyed to tall tales of days when he sailed round the world on the flagship Tennessee. No more concerts. Dad was a music-lover who'd pile them into the jalopy and go jotting thirty miles to hear a band. Before the depression he'd bought a player-piano which went the way of all instalment stuff. But he insisted that both boys learn to play an instrument. They wound up as trombonists.

These were the scattered bright spots.
which faded when his father died and things really got tough. Grace Keel took on the heart-breaking and back-breaking job of trying to make ends meet. Between paperhanging jobs, she was sometimes ironed for the slightly more prosperous. All the kids could do was chop coal from shale for heat. In that poverty-ridden town of Silver peacefully at a premium. Half the time they dined on rolled oats and gravy. Grandma brought what she could from the farm, but the farm was going to pot with the rest of the country.

Bill joined the C.C.C. and landed in California. Howard, grown tall now, thought serenely as ever, went out for high-school football, which ties up with one of his more corroding memories. Though he made no letters, he did make the scrub team and sat through a whole season, warming the bench. Still no ball of fire, he could have bettered his game except for an incident against kids from Jardine. Something kept him from playing rough with strangers, these inhibitions fell away. So the scrub team was playing another scrub team, some game. Keel was ahead and Howard tense between hope and dread. His eyes followed the coach in agonized prayer. "Throw me in, throw me in, we can't lose now anyway, give me a chance at least," he said. Carefully overlooking him, the coach threw everyone in but Howard. The game ended. A desolate youngster rose and turned his suit in.

Probably no one else remembers that game. Keel never will forget it. If "he let me just walk through and make one scrimmage, I'd have jumped through hoops for a chance to play," he said later. "Someday I'd like to meet him and tell him what I think of him."

Bill kept urging the family to come to California. The doctor said it might help Mom's asthma and put some needed flesh on Howard's bones. Almost overnight Mom made her decision and took action. By the time he'd shift and the old tins Lizzie. They'd travel in that. Neighbors helped patch it up. Selling everything salable brought just about enough to finance the trip, with no margins for error and narrow ones for food. Joined by a kid in town to whom California beckoned, they set out at 5 A.M. one summer morning. People who'd watched Grace Keel's long struggle against the odds would have thought it was time they bid them godspeed. Men cleared their throats and offered gruff advice. One woman, eyeing the rickety caravan, broke into a wail. "Don't go, Grace. You'll never make it."

It was Grace who comforted the other. "I'll make it all right. I've got to make it."

Somehow Lizzie held out. Somehow the funds held out till they reached Palm B, not far from Los Angeles. There Mom went to work as cook in a hotel, and Howard enrolled for his senior year in high school.

"For the kids, " he says thoughtfully, "you move to new quit. You move in new quit. You move in new quit." The new kids accepted him on equal terms. For them the tensions that had tanged his childhood didn't exist. Consequently, there grew less important to Howard. He breathed more freely, filled out, played baseball and basketball, sprouted a small shoot of self-confidence and loved California. All but the orange trees. A teacher later, he had to force himself to read the orange trees. The water basins were a good ten feet across and he earned three cents a tree. The only carrot he had been of medicine and he might as well have reached for the moon. After graduation, they moved to Los Angeles. While Mom worked briefly for a private family, Howard stayed with his uncle. For a long time he could find gainful employment. But the prospect of bearding the world scared the seventeen-year-old into a coma, and Uncle George—a hardworking man with two kids of his own in a four-room house—steered him to necessity. "You've got to get a job," he told his nephew, "and a place to stay."

Not long ago his uncle recalled this to Howard. "It's what's on my conscience for a long time. You were kind of young—"

"Take it off your conscience, Uncle George." You did me a favor. When people have a crutch to lean on, they're going to lean.
saying, to his own amazement. Which left him no choice but to head for the stage.

In a key five times too low for anyone else, he sang “That Old Feeling.” It would be nice to report that the house fell down, only it didn’t. But later Amy Farrell, then with Tommy Tucker’s band, came over to the boys’ table. ‘You shouldn’t be singing popular stuff,” she told Howard. “Your voice is good enough for light opera.”

Embracement shrivelled.

Art and Walter had a landlordly affectionately known as Mom Ryder. A woman of wide sympathies, she loved music, worked in civic affairs and treated the boys as family rather than boarders. One Saturday they asked Howard over to hear the U.S.C.-U.C.L.A. football game. U.C.L.A. tied U.S.C. As Bruin rooters, the boys went into high. The final quarter, and bedlam broke loose. The Trojans fumbled the ball on their own one-yard line, where U.C.L.A. recovered it. They couldn’t miss.

Well, they did, and the air in Mom Ryder’s living-room turned blue. She sat down at the piano. “Come on, boys, it’s only a game.” Three sore losers needed an emotional vent. Art gave Howard a shave. “Go on, sing!” He let go for all three.

“Hmm,” said Mom Ryder. “You ought to take lessons.” She applied for him at the Paris Inn, which specialized in singing waiters. Howard worked up enough enthusiasm to quit North American. Because, for services rendered, the Paris Inn gave you singing lessons with a famous teacher. In an I’ll-show-them spirit, Howard entered the glamorous life.

This consisted of rasaling dishes from ten-thirty one morning till two the next, with three afternoon hours all to himself. Now and then he sang for the trade. Any mention of lessons was brushed aside. He loathed being played for a sucker. The well-known grinding started inside of him.

One midnight, with the joint jumping, he dashed to the kitchen for three pitchers of water. As he loaded the tray, in popped the head busby. “Come on, get going!” That did it. Three pitchers went crashing to the floor, and Howard felt better. “You know,” he inquired, “what you can do with your job?”

He returned to Douglas and moved into

In no business but show business could Howard Keel’s life have been so changed. With Betty Hutton, Keenan Wynn, Louis Calhern in “Annie Get Your Gun”
Mom Ryder's with the boys. His future now lay in aircraft. Six months later however, he returned from Ralph Blohm at Los Angeles High's night classes when Richard Lert and George Houston, staging opera in English at the Pasadena Auditorium, asked for talent, Blohm went for Houston. He knocked nobody dead, but they were interested enough to ask him to sit in on rehearsals and later, to study the role of Plunkett in H.M.S. Pinafore. "It was something for a horse. Night shift at Douglas, five hours of sleep, rehearsal, dinner, lessons, back to Douglas. Punchy after four months, he was meditating another vocation to music. Then a fellow went to Texas.

This fellow had been scheduled to sing the Prophet in Handel's "Saul and David," which Lert was preparing with the Pasadena Symphony. His emergency exit left the conductor wild-eyed. At Mom Ryder's phone rang for Howard. "He's asleep," she said, "I'm not going to let much sleep." "It's an SOS, please!"

Keel drove to the rescue. Nothing would come of this, as nothing had come of his previous vocations. Might be fun, though.

He learned the role in two days. For the first time he rehearsed with full orchestra. He recognized the quality of his fellow-soloists, George London, Brian Sullivan—unknown to him—would become the world of concert and opera. Excitement began prickling through him. He rented a set of tails and felt elegant in them. But elegance passed when the night came. For one hour he paced, sweating out his first appearance in the third act. Handel, after all, wasn't a popular tune, nor was the Pasadena Symphony Mom Ryder's plainer. If he stepped off on the wrong key? What if...

...Remember you're the best damn singer in the whole world. Look at your audience and mentally spit in its eye. His knees stiffened poutingly under his ribs. He let the words shoot again and again through his nerves. Remember you're the best. Tibbett? Who's Tibbett? Phoebe on Tibbett? Mesmerizing himself, he licked out, moved his eyes cooly over the crowd and sang. The big low tones might have been tailored for his voice.

You have a lot of talent," George Houston told him. "Try and see what we can do with it." Maybe he caught the leer glint in the other's eye, maybe not. "Only let's get one thing clearly understood first. I want nothing out of this but the pleasure of working with you." Keel grunted.

Life hadn't made Keel overtrustful either of human nature or himself. Why should a guy of Houston's stature want to work with him? Still trying to figure the angle, he began taking lessons and found that no angle existed. Houston's words meant precisely what they said. He helped for the sake of music and the sake of helping. On Howard he seemed to sing. Not given to pretty speeches, Howard says quietly of Houston: "He became to me like a father."

1945. Working for Douglas, taking lessons, understanding in Pasadena when he could. A youthful marriage that didn't take and later terminated in divorce. An offer from Douglas to go on the road as sales representative.

"I talked it all out with George. "I know it's a big step for you," said his friend, "and I can't advise against it. But don't stop singing. Whenever you get the chance in the future.

For Detroit to San Francisco. One night he went to a show, featuring a so-called mentalist. Keel's not superstitious. He thinks all that stuff's the bunk. But everyone else clapped. "Why, should he be different?"
"H.C.K.," called the mentalist from the stage, shooting Harry Clifton right out of his skin. "Question: Will I ever have a career in music, and when will it start?—Answer: You will. In the middle of '44, you'll meet with some success. All of a sudden, things will ring. In the middle of '45 you'll start again, and from there you'll go right on."

Smack in the middle of '44, while stationed at Martin, Howard entered and won the Mississippi Valley Festival contest. In August he won at the Chicago Music Festival. "Through the sheer power of his voice alone," wrote one reviewer. "For he observed that all the other musicians who had been competing with men who were polished singers and had learned every trick of making an audience love them."

One night his mother invited him from California. "It's bad news, but I didn't want you to get it from the papers. George died suddenly today."

He'd been in his forties. It came with a stunning shock and for a while it took the heart out of music. For a while Howard didn't feel like singing at all. He stuck close to airplanes.

The year 1945 found Howard back in California, with a small reputation gone before. The National Concert Agency asked him to audition. Lotte Lehmann was present. From the great singer, he drew an approving nod—from the agency, a suggestion he try for pictures. Keel thought they had holes in the head and returned to good old unpretentiousstable Douglas.

There, one fine day, the agency called him, twitting. Out at Twentieth Century, Oscar Hammerstein was waiting to hear him sing. How soon could he make it? "I'd have to go home and clean up."

"Sure, sure, but how soon?" It's Hammerstein, you know. The "Oklahoma!" guy. Keel didn't know. Broadway wasn't his bag. The name struck him as vaguely familiar, and that's all. However, if the guy was mixed up with "Oklahoma!" it might be smart to sing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning."

That's what he did. Also a bass aria from "Simon Bocanegra." Hammerstein's easy, kindly manner relaxed him. But Hammerstein's words sounded as if he had a screw loose. "We need a new arrangement for the leads in 'Oklahoma!' and 'Carousel.' I'd like you to go to New York and try out."

Even if he was hearing straight, he still couldn't go. Hitler just been licked, but Japan remained and the map, and Keel was pegged for war work. Three months and one atom bomb later, Hammerstein wrote that the Theatre Guild was due in L.A. He'd told them about Keel, and he knew he was the one. They wanted to go for an American GI who was tremendously flattered by the letter. He refused, however, to go up in smoke like his pals. "What is this, an act or something?"

"They demanded: "I'm a bass, dopes. Nobody wants a bass."

But the Guild decided that a bass might come in handy, if his name were Keel. Howard quit Douglas, trained out for New York, and they took him to that evening's performance of "Carousel." The first musical he'd ever laid eyes on. Its color, its melody, its emotional poignancy and folk-like idiom made it wild. He was a bird, left him limp and streaming-eyed. Next day he reported back to the Guild office. They wanted you to try out for 'Carousel.' He was told.

With last night's beauty still in his eyes and ears, panic smote and sickened him. "Are they kidding?"

"I doubt it. Do you want the sides?"

"Hello! What are sides?"

"Your part."

"Look." But there was no help here. "I guess you'd just better give me the whole thing."

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He took it and bought the recordings. At nine-thirty next morning, he was on rehearsal stage. The role had been written for a high baritone. They lowered it for Keel. He didn't know the first thing about acting. But two and a half weeks after seeing his first musical, he stepped out on the stage of St. James Theatre to play one of the biggest parts on Broadway.

There were no reviews. Once a show's rolling, critics don't bother with replacements. But such rows of applause greeted "Soliloquy" as to hold the performance up and bring Dick Rodgers backstage. "Sounds like they're clapping for Raitt, sounds like," he grinned.

On Raitt's return from vacation, Keel rehearsed Oklahoma and alternated between the two roles, sometimes playing Bill in the afternoon and Curylly at night. Six a day would have been fine with him. The theatre was heaven. He watched the clock till it was time to go back. He took lessons from Martino Ross.

His biggest bang came out of bringing his mother to New York. She'd have sat through every performance if he'd let her. Through the first she kept steady. "You know how women are. They always cry."

Then honesty asserts itself. "Got kind of a lump in my own throat when I knew she was out there."

THEN 1947. To London with "Oklahoma!" and critical raves. Eighteen months of work and play, of growth, new friendships and widening horizons.

Helen Anderson was a dancer in the London company of "Oklahoma!" where Howard played the lead. They became fast friends, but it wasn't until after Helen left for the States that the light dawned on Keel and he realized that this was something beyond friendship. Two weeks of missing her was all he could take. Then he picked up the phone in London and called Howard. There, where she was taking a brief vacation with her family before going on tour. Across three thousand miles he asked her to marry him and Helen said yes. But first he had a movie to make in England and she was committed to the road show of "Oklahoma! So it wasn't until January 3, 1949 that they were married in Riverside, California.

This first picture, "The Small Voice," which postponed the marriage, was produced by Anthony Havelock-Allen, the man responsible for "Great Expectations." 1948, and back in the States. His Theatre Guild contract was about to expire. Feeling that his Curylly had grown stale, he wanted out. Rodgers and Hammerstein Howard, with Sheila Clark and Kathryn Grayson in "Show Boat," is a true bass. Key is lowered for him for baritone roles.

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Farley had glued them to the floor! Shelley swore revenge. Several days went by quietly. Shelley seemed to forget. Then came the scene where Farley carries her upstairs. The...

...first time it didn't go right. The director ordered a retake. And another. And another. Farley was gasping. He couldn't figure it out—Shelley seemed to be getting heavier and heavier. He made one last effort, stumbled and collapsed on the stairs. Shelley landed with a thump in his lap—weights fell out of her skirt. Bang, clump, bang they went, down the stairs.

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Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

*Gargle*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

TO KEEP THAT BREATHLESS CHARM
And He Thinks I'm Stubborn!

GOSH, SUSIE! YOU didn't USE TO TALK AT A KISS! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

I REFUSE TO ANSWER THAT, DICK! ANYWAY, YOUR DENTIST IS THE ONE TO TELL YOU ABOUT A—A BAD BREATH HANDICAP!

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Reader's Digest* Reported the Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Stops Tooth Decay Best

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Stops Tooth Decay Best

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Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓To Clean Your Breath
✓While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

Colgate Dental Cream

Use Colgate Dental Cream

✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

Fuzor's Million Movie Goers for 3YRS

PHOTOPLAY
NOVEMBER, 1951

HIGHLIGHTS

The Finalists in Photoplay's Scholarship Contest
They're the Tops ("Choose Your Star" Winners)
Male Pin Ups
She's a New Woman (Ann Blyth)
Why Nancy Sinatra Gave Frankie His Freedom
With All My Love
Hollywood's First Family (June Allyson, Dick Powell)
Look Who's Here
Are You Sophisticated?
Janet's and Tony's Home, Sweet Home
Bought and Planned For (Marshall Thompson)
I Was There (Jane Powell)
Photoplay Fashions
If You Want to Be Charming

FEATURES IN COLOR

Burt Lancaster
Kirk Douglas
Alan Ladd
Bill Holden
Tony Curtis
Jeff Chandler
Ann Blyth
Mitzi Gaynor
June Allyson, Dick, Pamela
and Ricky Powell
Ava Gardner
Monty Clift
Marshall Thompson
Jeanne Crain

SPECIAL EVENTS

Brief Reviews
Cast of Current Pictures
The Christening
Hollywood Party Line—Edith Gwynn
Impertinent Interview—Aline Mosby
Inside Stuff—Cal York
Farewell to a Fighter
Readers Inc.
Shadow Stage—Sara Hamilton
That's Hollywood for You—Sidney Skolsky
What Hollywood's Whispering About
What Should I Do?
Your Photoplay Photos...

Cover: June Allyson (with son Ricky), star of "Too Young to Kiss"

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NOVEMBER, 1951

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entered 8th day of April, 1929, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879, as a Second Class Periodical.


MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHICS should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.


Member of The True Story Women's Group

VOL. 40, NO. 5
HE LED 200 WOMEN ON AN ADVENTURE
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WOMEN...finding a future!
Each signed a contract to marry a man she selected from pictures of 200 homesteaders. And then faced a journey across the untamed Western wilderness...to meet the stranger with whom she'd begin life anew!

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starring
ROBERT TAYLOR
DENISE DARCEL
HOPE EMERSON • JOHN McINTIRE

Screen Play by CHARLES SCHNEE  Story by FRANK CAPRA
Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN  Produced by DORE SCHARY
An M-G-M Picture
DEAR MISS COLBERT:
The story I am about to tell you is, I'm afraid, beyond solution. I am a girl of twenty-one who grew up in a Southern state. My background is simply nothing. My parents live in a shack, no plaster on the walls, not even paint on anything.

During my grade school and high school days I had no friends because I had too much pride to bring them to my home; I am considered attractive and wanted to make something of myself, so I could have had dates, but I refused everyone. When I was out of school I secured a secretarial position and began to save up my money to invest in a real home so that my younger brothers and sisters would not have my experience. However, when I started to improve the house, my father simply raved. He said it was crazy to try to live in a nice way as he and mother throw things when they get mad, so the walls and rugs would be ruined in no time at all.

As soon as I had enough money, I left home and came to this large Eastern city to live with my aunt and uncle. They are substantial people who live well and have pride. Through them I have made wonderful friends. And through them I have met a man I want to marry. He has, in a very tactful way, quizzed me about my parents and why I live so far away from my own family. I am afraid to tell the truth for fear of losing him, but I am afraid not to tell the truth for fear of what he would say if he should happen to meet my family after we were married.

It seems to me that it is not necessary for you to give this man any particular information about your parents until he has asked you to marry him. If he is such a snob that he won't propose until he is certain you had a great-grandparent on the Mayflower, he isn't a person with whom you would be happy.

Since you are living with your aunt and uncle, you have a certain amount of evidence background, and I think you should accept that as all the information to which anyone is entitled until a definite plan has been made to merge your family with that of your fiancé.

You mustn't be too critical of your parents. Actually they are merely old-fashioned. Three or four generations ago many American families lived in very modest homes: log cabins, sod houses, but and board cottages. These people were so busy keeping body and soul together that they had no time for the refinements of life. Furthermore, in previous eras it has been customary for the father in many homes to dominate all members of the family in a tyrannical, sometimes even a brutal manner.

So, you see, your parents simply haven't progressed very much in the time they haven't grown up. If you understand that, you will feel neither bitter resentment toward them nor inferiority in reference to your own position.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am twelve years old and unfortunately I have a brother, ten. We do not have many schools in our city, so he and I go to the same school. At recess or when we move from one class to another, from mechanical drawing, say, to social science and I walk with a boy, my brother Walter follows me and imitates everything I do. If I laugh, he happily imitates me, too. He can laugh exactly as I do.

He also pins his jeans between his fingers and walks like a girl wearing a party dress. He pretends to make pin curls. Everyone thinks he is a sissy. I do not agree and he is driving me crazy.

One time he even stole my lipstick which I was not supposed to have, anyhow, but I had scrimped on my cafeteria money to buy it, and he painted his lips and his eyebrows and he looked strictly hideous. But everybody laughed.

I would like to know how a girl who is almost in her teens can ever go steady and be popular when she is always followed by a little monster like my brother. Everyone says that he will change in time and that I will be glad to have a brother, but I'm afraid that I cannot wait that long.

Please tell me how I can escape from this unfortunate problem and have a happy life. Would yelling at him do any good?

Gertrude Ann O.

"Unfortunately"—as you say—I don't think "yelling at him" would do the slightest good. I think he would imitate your yell and he would be considered even funnier than usual. You have only one defense: join in the fun. When he mimics you, laugh along with everyone else and suggest that he do the impersonation he worked out a week ago.

Undoubtedly you have seen the old comedy gag in which an actor decides to break down a door, hurl's his full weight against it, and finds—as he falls flat on his face—that the door was open all the time. If you will be a sort of "open door," you will find that anyone who tries to break down your resistance will land on his ear. Also: have some fun out of this. Don't take yourself and your own dignity too seriously.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am engaged to be married in December to a very, very attractive man. I am thirty-one and he is four months younger. He comes from a wonderful family, has his degree from a good college, and is vice-president in his father's company. He served in the Air Force during the war and can speak French fluently.

He has a fault—which is to be expected, I suppose. He flirts. For years (we have been engaged nearly four years) I steered myself to ignore his flirting with every attraction, every social function. I thought, "Oh, well, he has a gay time with them, but he always comes back to me." He never neglects me, and when we are alone he tells me that he loves me and (Continued on page 6)
"Detective Story"

From The Smash Broadway Play...Of A Love With No Punches Pulled!

"What did you want, a saint? Or someone with flesh and blood?"

Also starring CATHY O’DONNELL

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER

Screenplay by PHILIP YORDAN and ROBERT WYLER

Based on the play by SIDNEY KINGSLY

A Paramount Picture
If you have a clear concept of what marriage really is, I don’t think you will have any difficulty in knowing how to make the right decision. Naturally, an emotional wrench is inevitable. As things stand now—if you are certain of your friend and you know in your heart this man would be marrying you with serious reservations. How could you expect to be happily married under such a handicap? A man should have the courage of his convictions and be frank with you, giving you a chance to break the engagement. However, it would seem—from the letters I receive—that the world is full of men who would rather ruin the lives of three persons out of deference to some outmoded idea of “honor.”

I believe that you have two possible courses of action: you can ask this man frankly whether he wants his freedom or whether he really wants to marry you. If you decide to meet the challenge head-on, be prepared for any answer and be a good scout about it. Or you can ask for a postponement of all wedding plans and go away for a period of time, four to six months. Sometimes a man who is abandoned to his folly, changes his mind swiftly about what he really wants of life.

Claudette Colbert

Your salary is much too low—even if you got it.

You should write, at once, to the Labor Law Enforcement Division, Capitol Building, in your state capital. Fortunately you live in a state that protects the rights of its women. Tell the Labor Law Enforcement Division exactly what you have told me and ask them to help you to collect the back salary you have earned. You will be surprised to discover, I believe, that you will have quite a nice sum of money coming to you. With it you will be able to buy some attractive clothing and find a new job not too far distant from your boy friend.

Claudette Colbert

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

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she’ll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
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What a song-shiny story!
It's all about a gal who had plenty of what it takes to take wide-open Las Vegas for plenty!

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THE WARNER BROS. MUSICAL THAT OUT-SHINES 'EM ALL!

THE TORRID 'MAMBO MAN' DANCE SPECIALE!
THE SYNCOPTAH 'BIRTH OF THE BLUES'
THE 'HELLO DORADO' HOLIDAY IN LAS VEGAS!

WITH
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Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf • Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz
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For WITHOUT LIPSTICK

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Playtex® FAB-LINED Girdle

*Fabric—next-to-your-skin*

"True wizardry!" exclaims Fath about White Magic. "It works magic for your figure and my fashions—just see!

"Slim curves ahead!" predicts Fath. "That's why you need the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle—to give you a graceful, slender line!"

Jacques Fath admires a new dress from the collection he designed for Joseph Halpert. "The apron gives it drama, the lines are figure-revealing. No wonder I recommend only Playtex!"

"The first new kind of girdle in 11 years is newer than ever in White Magic. With all the Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom, it has cloud-soft fabric next to your skin. Without a seam, stitch or bone, it's invisible under slenderest clothes. In Shin shiny tubes, at department stores and specialty shops, White Magic, $5.95 and $6.95. (Other Playtex Girdles in Pink, Blue and White from $3.95.) Slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

ON TV...

Playtex presents ARLENE FRANCIS in "Fashion Magic." Top entertainment, CBS-TV Nationwide Network. See local papers for time and channel.
You'll see a new Jeanne Crain in "Kitty and the Marriage Broker." For her role as model, she was tutored by top model Zori Jannings. At bottom, Howard Keel gives pretty Parisian Leslie Caron, a lift. Discovered by Gene Kelly, she co-stars in "An American in Paris"
Look who’s launching out as a sophisticated lady! It’s little Debbie Reynolds, at a premiere with handsome Craig Hill.

- It Happened in Hollywood: Any actor t Howard Keel might have startled his neighbors when he set up a full-length mirror in his yard. The tall troubadour used it to study his stance while practicing a golf stroke... When they read it here, that excited crowd below will know the owner of those feet that protruded from the window of a high office building on Wilshire Boulevard. It was long, lean and likable Gregory Peck—stretched out in his dentist’s air!... When Alice Faye’s curly-topped tantalizer is on the air, silence reigns supreme in the James Mason household. Phil Harris is the bantering Britisher’s favorite comedian. Believe it or not, a letter addressed to “Tony’s Wife, Hollywood, California,” was delivered into the pulsating patties of Janet Leigh!

Short Order Man: Those surprised cash customers had nothing on Cal, when he stopped by “Hamburger Hamlet.” “With or without onions?” inquired the gent behind the counter, who reminded us of Jeff Chandler—and was! It seems the hired help had walked out just as Jeff walked into the most popular sandwich bar on the Sunset strip. Being a good friend and a very hungry one, he put on an apron and went to work for the evening. No, Harry didn’t put Jeff on the payroll. But Mr. C. gets to eat off the house until he’s consumed his salary in hamburgers—with or without!

Set Stuff: Poor Jeffrey Hunter (watch him go places and accomplish things!) was so embarrassed on the “Red Skies of Montana” set.

In his first big fight scene, he accidentally socked Richard Widmark on the jaw and most toppled him. In the next take, poor Richard accidentally gave Jeff a bloody nose!... Her role of the nurse in “With a Song My Heart” is Thelma Ritter’s first dress-up part and she couldn’t be more impressed. The day she walked on the huge ballroom set, that delightful darling looked up and drily cracked: “This is the first time I’ve ever been in an eight-chandelier picture!”... They were shooting a scene inside a sedan.

Listen to Photoplay’s Hollywood Columnist
cal york on “hollywood love story”

Every Saturday morning, 11 A.M. EST, NBC... the latest Hollywood news and a complete drama of Hollywood life.
The easiest way for Mario Lanza to disprove those stories about his being temperamental is to stop being temperamental... Don't you love those movies in which the heroine can be in a jungle for months and still look as if she just stepped out of a beauty parlor? I know that Ava Gardner must be well liked because she has not been criticized for her romance with Frank Sinatra, although Frankie boy has been cursed for it... By the way, I'd like to hear Charles Coburn and Spring Byington sing, "They Tried to Tell Us We're Too Young"... Wonder what actors do with their Oscars? Van Heflin keeps in a hidden corner of his den as a receptacle for rubber bands... I'm weary of reading the measurements of Dagmar, Russell, Wilson and the other members of the bust brigade. These girls have reached such proportions that it doesn't matter if you give them an inch... Tom Jenk wants to go to a movie that is about something. He says, "I want to escape from the escapes"... Gene Evans tells me that when he was broke and trying to break into the movies, a friend who worked in a gas station used to let him sleep in the ladies room. Well, the other day, Gene passed that gas station and saw this sign: "Ladies Room—Former Home of Gene Evans."

Marilyn Monroe is still the starlet I'd bet on to be tomorrow's Betty Grable-Lana Turner. I realize it's a parlty bet... Gregory Peck claims the toughest assignment an actor can have is to play a scene with an animal. "More people love animals than love actors," he says... I just keep on admiring Bing Crosby... My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, auditioning a girl dancer, said, "She has the makings of another Gene Kelly."

I'd nominate Clark Gable as the actor who best typifies what a movie hero should look like. For verification, allow me to quote Phyllis Kirk, who told me, "I can sit with my back to the door and know when he's entering the room"... How many blonde actresses are for real? I point to Martin and Lewis to disprove the cliche that new comedians will be scarce because such training grounds as burlesque no longer exist... How about those movies in which the hero and heroine walk into a pitch dark room holding one candle and the entire room lights up like a Hollywood premiere?... I wish Monica Lewis would stop acting like Grover Whalen, being photographed welcoming every new actor to Hollywood... Imagine Rita Hayworth telling a writer that his story is unbelievable!... John Wayne doesn't pretend to be an actor. Says Wayne: "You act on the stage, but not in the movies"... I still can't accept the fact that Sally Forrest has Greta Garbo's dressing room.

Jeff Chandler, who requires a king-size bed, uses every square foot of the bed at one time or another during the night... It's my decision that Jane Wyman is one of the most versatile, talented actresses in movies. Jane is as great doing comedy and songs in "Here Comes the Groom" as she is being dramatic in "The Blue Veil"... And what about those movies in which the husky heroine masquerades as a boy and fools the hero?... I'm eager for Judy Holliday's next movie... TV has changed everything, including famous sayings. It used to be "A man's home is his castle." Now it's "A man's home is his theatre."

I'm still campaigning for Garbo to make a picture, George Sanders to sing in a picture, and for some news in the news reels... Barbara Stanwyck can do as much for matrons, with her beautiful graying hair, as Pinza is said to have done for middle-aged men... Most performers embarrass me when they try to play a drunk. The best portrayal of a drunk I ever saw in a movie was Mickey Rooney's in "National Velvet"... An unwritten law of the movies is that the heroine cannot be taller than the hero... Wouldn't it be swell if every girl getting up in the morning looked as lovely as heroines do in the movies?... Marilyn Maxwell certainly makes a liar out of the verse that men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses... I'll always recall Alfred Hitchcock's remark to a famous actress who objected to a close-up of her profile, saying coyly, "It's not my best side." To which Hitch replied, "You're sitting on your best side." That's Hollywood for you.
It's True: That Ruth Roman prefers to be released from her contract, rather than continue playing those mediocre roles that have mostly been hers since "The Champion." As a "bonus," Warners green-lighted her to play opposite Russell Nype, he bespectacled crew-cut crooner, in MGM's "Young Man in a Hurry." That Dennis Morgan, who was usually "unavailable" in the past for photographs with his growing children, has obviously had a change of heart. Not only is he losing family style, but the handsome Swede with the Irish charm brings the life and kids to the studio previews he used to avoid. That whenever the Paramount front office is anxious to locate Bob Hope or Bing Crosby, they call in David the studio bootblack and Whiz-Bang the maintenance man! These two illustrious gentlemen are the only ones who receive postal cards from Ski-Snooq and the Grooner, when they're troupers around the country!

Hearts and Flowers: According to Bob Taylor (who's making "Ivanhoe" in London) those alleged dinner and dancing dates with Joan Fontaine and Elizabeth Taylor are merely the pipe dreams of British press agents. Bob Wagner, who's the best table-hopper since Peter Lawford stopped hopping, has a girl friend who looks enough like Judy Garland to make tourists ask for "Judy's" autograph... Phil Reed is getting his name in Eastern columns by professing his great love for Barbara Stanwyck, but it isn't getting him any place with Barbara... Even more than her own personal happiness, Nancy Sinatra wants a trust fund from Frankie that would protect their children's future... Marilyn Monroe's florist was once an F.B.I. man, which is why he won't reveal the name of the gent who sends the beautiful blonde those daily dozen red roses.

Light Housekeeping: Tony Curtis did the shopping and Janet Leigh did the cooking. He set the table while she ar-

**STUFF**

als. "Don't forget," her eyes gleamed as she said it, "I am French girl-too!"

**hollywood party line**

**BY EDITH GWYNN**

Big parties this month were scarce. But there was plenty of whoop-de-do along other lines... One of the Fayerweather diners at which Janet Gaynor and famed clothes whisper-upper, Adrian, gave. The Adrians are moving into Beverly Hills from the whale-size townhouse at which they are renting-which a knoll and where they have often entertained so charmingly. The guests drank a farewell toast to the gorgeous view from their Northridge abode. Among them were Merle Oberon, the Ray Millands, the Van Johnsons, the Reggie Gardiners, Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, Kathryn Grayson and Richard Gully. After dinner there was a hectic argument about who were the most beautiful women in Hollywood. P. S. Nobody won! (But don't miss "The Twelve Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood" in next month's Photoplay—chosen by the town's photographers.)

There were at least five hundred at the lovely outdoor Sally Forrest-Milo Frank wedding and reception. Raul Lezlos, well-known interior decorator, and his wife, staged it beautifully at their Brentwood home, with great elevated vases of pink, lavender and purple asters, blended with blue delphinium spaced about the swimming pool and the flowers of the garden. The wedding cake (six tiers) weighed almost two hundred pounds! And Sally did a fine job of slicing it, all decked up in her white satin and tulle (lavishly splattered with lily-of-the-valley buds) bridal attire. We had a brief gab with Adele Jergens (in periwinkle blue net shading to deepest indigo) with Glenn Langan—and boy! Are they in love? Answer, YES! Also with Jim Davis, whose career is happily zooming again, Fernando Lamas and his tall, so attractive brunette wife. Ida Lupino, who was matron of honor (she discovered Sally, if you remember) was limp after being on the "receiving line" for hours, but her lovely dress of two white skirts over three azure blue ones, wasn't!

The Runyon Cancer Benefit at Mocamo was really a night! Josephine Baker was star of the show, with George Jessel emceeing. The "show" in the powder room during the evening was just as good. At one point, Janet Leigh, Arlene Dahl, Marie McDonald, Lana Turner (who later helped to hand out the door prizes that went with the $100-per-plate dinner) were all gabbing before the same mirror. Lana, her hair piled high, in black satin; Marie, in miles and miles of pink net; Janet in the most lovely, translucent shade of pale green net, heart-shaped bodice, tremendously full, floor-length net skirt (at least five skirts!); Arlene, looking like a Dahl in floor-length ball gown of black lace and net.

The other day gapers at the Beverly Hills Hotel had a wonderful time when Rita Hayworth emerged from her bungalow there and strolled to the pool. There was a pleasant gasp as shapely Rita went to her cabin in a slick Jacques Fath sports dress and another gasp when she waded into the water later with it off—natch! Evidently, though, la Hayworth isn't too, too crazy about her French clothes, because Columbia studio director, Jean Louis, who's made her clothes (along with delish duds for other stars) for years, got busy the moment Rita arrived in Hollywood, and hasn't stopped dreaming up lovely things for her to wear since!

It's time to think of suits again—from the tailored fall jobs in wonderful new woolens, whose skirts may swirl over a crinoline or cling like a sheath, to the dressiest of dinner suits fashioned from fabulous brocades, heavy silks or velvets. The Hollywood dolls are mad for them. There are also suits of that new fabric, Orlon, which looks like wool, feels like wool, but ain't! What's more, it's uncrushable, holds pleats forever, is washable and doesn't need ironing. Dreamy, huh? (See Photoplay Fashions this month for similar new fabres.) Joan Bennett and Dorothy Lamour are just "two smart girls" with suits of Orlon. Joan's looks like a hard-finished wool, and its jacket of a soft taupe shade flares slightly over the hips—and also over a deeper shade of taupe skirt, very full. Dotty's is striking, with its black and white checked jacket (but above a very slim black broadcloth skirt) and not only the flap pockets of the coat are set diagonally, but it buttons on oblique lines, too. Very slimming.

Ida Lupino and bride Sally Forrest

Patti-Kate is all set to put on her Bikini bathing suit! Kathryn Grayson's small daughter was one of Benjie Gage's guests
Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger

That lost look on the face of Kirk Douglas since saying a final "Goodnight, Irene," to the Wrightsman girl, his dating June Haver and his desire to date Barbara Stanwyck ... The impact of grabbing a gander for the first time of Jean Arthur, who's back to make a Paramount picture with Alan Ladd and is almost completely gray now ... Mario Lanza's heartbreak over that unkind article in a national magazine ... Lucille Ball informing friends that little Miss Lucie Desirée looks exactly like a cross between Desi Arnaz, who is her father—and Winston Churchill—who isn't!

The eccentricity of new boy wonder Sammy Fuller, which comes under the heading of local color. He directed the fabulous "Steel Helmet," wears boots, an officer's cap and startles the actors into action on the "Fixed Bayonets" set by popping off a pistol ... Sweet Janie Powell's uncontrollable weeping throughout a screening of "A Place in the Sun" ... George Jessel introducing Tippy and Cobina, fabulous monkey team at Mocambo, as the "new Martin and Lewis."

That breach between Stewart Granger and some of his friends since his marriage to Jean Simmons ... Nancy Davis conspicuously absent from the Hollywood scene, because she refuses all dates while Ronnie Reagan is on location ... Peter Lawford and Jean MacDonald, who are no longer supposed to be romantic, sighing by the seaside on the beach at Waikiki.

Celebrating his recovery from a recent operation, Gary Cooper buying a hot tamale for cool, calm and beautiful Patricia Neal, at the Escolar Cafe on Pico Boulevard ... Joan Crawford suffering in silence and loving every moment of it. Her twins are taking ukulele lessons! ... Farley Granger breaking his lease when the manager of his Hollywood Strip apartment didn't appreciate the parlor tricks of his French poodle, birthday present from Shelley Winters ... Saddest little sight of the week: A line drawn through "Mr. Mayer's Chicken Soup," listed on the studio's commissary menu. Up to the time the movie mogul left the M-G-M lot, it was "on" for twenty-seven years!

Barbara Hale and husband Bill Williams join the Hollywood parade to premiere of "Captain Horatio Hornblower." Barbara has just finished "Small Wonder," her first since birth of second baby

Jean Peters went from "Anne of the Indies," in which she plays pirate, to New Mexico, to co-star with Marlon Brando in "Viva Zapata!" Above, with cameraman

INSIDE

ranged the flowers. It was their first dinner in their new apartment, so naturally their first guests had to be good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lewis. Since his near collapse during a theatrical engagement, the famous comedian hasn't been seeing many people. But Jerry couldn't resist bringing along a catcher's mask to wear at the table—"to protect my beauty against one of Janet's biscuits exploding!" The day he started "Son of Al Baba," Janet gave Tony a leather script cover with his name embossed in his handwriting. What a ribbing he took or the set when Tony showed up with an egg-sized lump on his forehead! Everyone tried to blame it on Janet's rolling pin. Actually, Tony got soaked by a surfboard at Malibu, when Howard Duff gave the newlyweds one week's use of his beach-house for a honeymoon.

Show Business: When Mark Stevens called Cal to tell him about the try-out of his night-club act, he was very amusing. The way it happened was anything but funny. When his accompanist got so nervous for Mark, they had to get a substitute on thirty minutes' notice. Then the mike went dead, the lighting system was out of order, all Mark's numbers had to be shouted. "Despite the handicaps," he went over very well, said Mark gratefully. "We tried out in an old resort hotel, steeped in tradition and usually patronized by teenagers and elderly people. The night I went on, the mob came into my room. 'Well,' she said, 'how do you like this hotel for the newlyweds—and the newly-deads!' Believe me—she wasn't kidding!"

News Round-Up: Like it or not and Bing Crosby's beginning to, TV is here to stay! The cautious crooner and associate recently purchased a Salinas, California, radio station, for conversion into a TV broadcasting outlet. Der Bingo is also
IMPERTINENT

BY ALLINE MOSBY
U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Ever hear of Hollywood's ladies in retirement? Well, there's Hedy Lamarr—and Ingrid Bergman—and other movie queens down the years who've announced they'd quit the celluloid. But then the items about pictures they might do pop up in the gossip columns. And sooner or later, they come back.

The latest lady in retirement is beautiful Virginia Mayo. Recently her actor husband, Michael O'Shea, let the secret out that they planned to give up movies in five years and pull weeds on their new ranch in Arizona.

Virginia trekked from the ranch to Hollywood to collect the screams, whistles and envious "oohs" from her fans at the premiere of "Captain Horatio Hornblower."

There I inquired how she could bear to give all this up.

But Miss Mayo insists she's one lady who means it. She says she'd rather be a housewife than a star any day. "I'd rather care for a home and make a career out of that," she said. "I think that's more satisfactory to a woman."

"The ranch is an investment for our future. We're planning for the worst in the career angle. Especially me. After all, a man can go on when he's old and do character parts. But not someone like me."

"And frankly, I'm not that interested in movies. I'd rather have more time for myself and for living. Movie-making is such a precarious business. Your jobs are so dependent on other people. We want a little bit of security in our old age."

"Making pictures is such a tedious job. It takes all day. And I've never really had any vacation. I work constantly."

"I'd love to retire now, but I can't yet. I need some more money. The ranch isn't built up yet."

According to the Mayo-O'Shea five-year plan, they hope to be raising cattle on a paying basis by 1957. Then she hopes to quit, or at least, she hedged, "be a free lancer."

"I like the outdoor life and more leisurely living. I've helped fix up the ranch house and, with our partner's wife, I help with the cooking. I don't know much about cooking," the glamour girl confessed. "But I'm catching up on that."

STUFF

part owner of stations in Monterey, Los Angeles, Miami, and has applied for construction permits for TV stations in other cities... The neuroses that caused his draft evasion (according to testimony) resulted in six months' imprisonment and a $10,000 fine for Dick Contino, he bewilderied accordionist. He was also reprimanded for an hernia operation for Gary Cooper and nothing more serious as reported.

Baby Daze: This time the Bob Mitchums, who already have two boys, have ordered a little girl. They'll even accept two baby girls, on account of because there are already three sets of twins in Mrs. Mitchum's family!... The Anthony Valentino) Dexters are so thrilled with their new baby daughter, they wouldn't throw rocks at the stork if he paid them another visit... It's win and lose for the dazzling Twentieth Century-Fox star, Micheline Prelle. She is going to have a baby but Mrs. William Marshall ain't going to get that juicy role in "Five Fingers"... and Danielle Darrieux is... David Brian, who don't appreciate being a "heavy" on or off the screen, was exonerated by a jury which decided he wasn't the father of the child born to his second wife after they were divorced.

Here and There: Their appearance together at Ciro's caused the usual reconciliation rumors for Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan—also the usual annoyance, because they are friends who enjoy an occasional evening out... Gloria Swanson finally found a good script at Republic, her first since "Sunset Boulevard."

Yes, she plays an actress—for the fifth time!... Evidently it's love, love, love between Anne Jeffreys and Bob Sterling, who flew from New York to San Francisco to share her "Bittersweet" debut... Marlon Brando's usual cream and raw eggs send his luncheon companions scurrying in all directions.

Greg Bautzer—whose way with the girls is a Hollywood mystery—always seems able to pick up where he left off, took Jane Wyman to big benefit dinner... Bill Holden and director John Farrow went on location with the Navy to make "Submarine Command." After four weeks aboard a sub, Bill says their food and service are best in the world!
INSIDE STUFF

Last Fling: Blonde and buxom Denise Darcel told it to a south-of-the-border judge and is now divorced from Peter Crosby, who once "christened" his French femme with a glass of champagne. Following a two-year tussle, Johnny Johnston signed the necessary papers and Kathryn Grayson is practically a "free" woman. Four years from the day she married her handsome Russian, Ann Dvorak was granted a divorce from Igor Dega. Diana Lynn who looked as miserable as she felt (especially that night at Ciro's) has succeeded in ironing out those marital difficulties with John Lindsay. Terry Moore and Glenn Davis, her football-playing husband, for a long time were forward passing the buck. But their rift was finally verified. Outsiders who make sounds like insiders, insist it's all over but the parting for the Errol Flynns.

Behind the Make-up: Now that Jeff Chandler is back with his wife Marjorie and their two daughters, Hollywood still doesn't know what caused the breach last January—and Hollywood won't be knowing. The Chandlers have never believed that it pays to advertise! Even when he was dating Hollywood's loveliest ladies, Jeff never looked happy. For both the Chandlers there never really has been anyone else. We wish them the happiness and the understanding we believe they've finally found.

This-a and That-a: Doris Day blushed like a schoolgirl when Jimmy Gleason came over to her table in the Green Room, introduced himself, kissed her hand and confessed he was "madly in love" with her. All-American-looking Gene Nelson, still looking all-American in those sideburns and that mustachio he grew for his role in "Starlift." On that recent Canadian fishing trip with the Edgar Bergens, Dick Powell won a special prize for landing the largest salmon of the season. Junie Allyson won a special prize too, for catching the smallest salmon of any season. Friends of Jean-Pierre Aumont hope to persuade him to return to Hollywood. Since the death of Paris of his wife Maria Montez—especially tragic because she might have been saved had she been discovered sooner after she fainted in her bath—he has been inconsolable.

Nature Boy: None other than the "King" himself gave Cal a preview of his amazingly equipped car. Anyone who knows Clark Gable knows there isn't a moment of the day or a day in the year when he isn't willing to go fishing. Will this in mind he has literally converted the back compartment of his car into a piscatorial "arsenal." Uniform racks shelves and compartments hold a variety of rods, reels, flies—every known device to gladden the heart of the big field-and

(Continued on page 21)
Loveliness with a Natural Look!

Cashmere Bouquet
Face Powder

So smooth, so naturally clinging—
6 flattering, “Flower-Fresh” shades!

Accentuate your loveliness the natural way—with luxuriously smooth Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. For no matter what your coloring, there’s a fashionable, “flower-fresh” shade to complement and flatter your own true skin tone. Plus texture and cling like pure velvet . . . no streaking, flaking or shine. Scented with a lingering whisper of the romantic “fragrance men love”!

Only 29¢
When two boys ask you to dance, should you choose—

☐ The better looker
☐ The lad who asked first
☐ Via the coin-flipping method

Both stags ask to be your leading man—so what should a doe do? Choose the one who spoke up first. You can’t lose by playing fair—and ten to one Dreamboy will re-pop the question. Next time your calendar says “Don’t go,” on date night—speak up; ask for Kotex. Because those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines, confidence is sure to follow. And you get extra protection with the special safety center and soft, special edges that resist moisture. (Kotex can be worn on either side, safely!)---

When dining out, would a smart doll—

☐ Disregard prices
☐ Wipe the silver
☐ Swipe the silver

All wrong? You’re right! When ordering, a smart doll considers her guy’s wallet; doesn’t flinch tableware “souvenirs.” And she won’t wipe off the silver: there’s no need, and it’s bad manners. As for “certain” needs, it’s smart to have the right answer...so try the 3 absorbencies of Kotex (different sizes, for different days). See how right you’ll be with Regular, Junior or Super!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Have you tried Delsey? It’s the new bathroom tissue that’s safer because it’s softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that’s the nicest compliment there is.)

When are my two favorites, Janie Powell and Mario Lanza, going to co-star in a movie? I’m sure all their other fans would flock to a movie in which they were the young lovers.

Mrs. Robert Chellel,
West Barrington, R. I.

Readers’ Pets:

I have seen Richard Greene in several pictures lately and I don’t see why we do not hear more about him. He is a much better actor than Farley Granger or John Derek. Those beautiful blue eyes make him perfect for Technicolor, not to mention his dimples.

Mona Ford,
Auburn, Calif.

Why doesn’t somebody take notice of Richard Jaeckel? So far all he has done is to play either a dirty-faced soldier, a juvenile delinquent or a bad man. And in all but one picture he has ended up in a

(Continued on page 20)
You're the prettiest girl at the party!

The newest, most appealing look yet... fresh, sweet... and deliberately pretty! All yours with Fiesta, a luscious cream-of-pink delight... the Woodbury Powder shade that gives your skin the delicate prettiness of a Romantic Beauty! And how men love it!

—and how you'll love that heavenly Woodbury Powder with the special foundation-cream ingredient! Fabulous satin smoothness with no "powdery look!" Plus longer cling... lingering fragrance. Woodbury holds its magic for hours and hours!

new woodbury liquid make-up natural looking color that smooths, tints and glorifies your skin. Makes any fashion color you choose becoming! Completely wonderful in itself! Or twice as lovely with perfectly matched Woodbury Powders. In "Fiesta" and 3 other glamorizing shades. 50¢ plus tax.

new ultra-feminine look in make-up by woodbury
How I Changed
My Personality With
Mennen Baby Magic

Diaper rash had me howling,
Wailing and yowling.
My skin was so sore 'twas tragic!
Mummy said: don't you cry,
I know what we'll try,
That wonderful thing that's called Magic!
Now my skin feels divine,
So soft, smooth and fine.
I'm gay as a bird in a tree.
I'm fresh as the dawn.
Diaper problems? All gone!
Baby Magic worked magic for me!

the only skin care that checks diaper odor
and diaper rash ... in nursery-safe,
unbreakable Squeeze Bottle

Reminder for mother: Don't forget, when you
buy Baby Magic, to get a superfine powder, too.
None is purer, softer, smoother than Mennen
Baby Powder! Delectably scented, helps soothe
chafing, prickles, itch, irritated skin. Amusing
Built-in Rattle...Mother Goose pictures on
sides—at no extra cost!

(Continued from page 18)
heap on the floor. All I can say is, "A
guy as cute as he is deserves to live a long
time."

Marilyn Reeves,
Stillwater, Okla.

Who was the little boy who played
Doris Day's brother in "On Moonlight
Bay"?

Sue Bass,
Madison, Wis.

(He was Billy
Gray, thirteen. Has
been in fifty pic-
tures since he was
six. Between pic-
tures attends Emer-
son (Cal.) Junior
High School. Nat-
urally blond, his
hair was dyed au-
burn for above pic-
ture.)

Question Box:
I have just come from seeing "Show
Boat" and seeing that pair, Marge and
Gower Champion. I would like to know if
they are married or brother and sister.
Connie Dietz,
Easton, Pa.

(The Champions were married in 1947.)

Could you please give me some informa-
tion on Neville Brand? I saw him in
"Halls of Montezuma" and "Only the
Valiant." He's a wonderful actor.
Jean Eichmann,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(He was born in
Kewanee, Ill., 29
years ago; 6 ft. 180
lbs. Fought with
British Commandos.
Also U. S. Army.
Fourth highest dec-
orated soldier in
U. S. First picture,
"D. O. A."; next,
"The Mob").

What has happened to Johnny Sands?
I haven't seen him since he was in "The
Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer.
Bette Johnson,
Ivoryton, Conn.

(Johnny's made several pictures since.
Last released was "Target Unknown." He
just signed a long term contract and is
co-starring with Pat Medina in "Aladdin
and His Lamp").

Could you please tell me the name of
the song played by Loretta Young in
"Half Angel"? It has a haunting rhythm.
P. Norris,
Cleveland, O.

(The title is "My Castle in the Sand").

Would you give me the name of the
young man who played Rhual, Michele
Morgan's sweetheart in "Fabiola"?
Dorothy Gudat,
Hillside, N. J.

(His name is
Henri Vidal, and
he's a reigning fa-
corite with the flan-
gers, public in
France. He married
Michele Morgan
while acting in
"Fabiola").

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How to prove Penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream

How to prove Penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream

stream man. Any time he sees a body of water, all he has to do is stop and bait. About work and no play, Clark was so fond of Vincent Sherman and his direction of "Lone Star," they're searching for another script to do together.

At the Moment: The news of another rift in the Lana Turner-Bob Topping household didn't surprise Hollywood. He was out of town when the story hit front pages and past history proves that where Lana goes Bob goes, unless they're sailing on troubled waters . . . Until local lovelies heard Russell Nype, of "Call Me Madame" fame, give out with the sweet notes, his loud laugh practically startled them out of their sequins . . . With that face, figure and popularity, Esther Williams has nothing to worry about—which means she ain't a-worryin' because Vivian Blaine's role in "Skirts Ahoy" may make her the same sensation she was in Broadway's "Guys and Dolls" . . . If Betty Grable's contract with Twentieth is being cancelled by mutual agreement (as rumored), guess which studio and what actress know nothing about it!

Palpitating Princess: Like everyone else, it's difficult for Cal to believe in miracles. But here was a pint-sized one in the form (and what a form!) of Rita Hayworth. Even Norma Shearer was there, a guest in her own rented beach house. The David Selznicks (Jennifer Jones) were entertaining and everyone was chatty and gay—everyone except Hollywood's most publicized titled lady. For hours Rita, quiet and unimpressive, sat like a mouse. Then, as the music started playing, she slowly began to sway. Suddenly she became transformed. Lips parted, eyes shining—Rita forgot her problems and danced with an abandon that held the fascinated attention of every eye in the room. Hollywood believes Rita is glad to be home again!

According to Cal: The new blonde beauty of the ex-Mrs. Kirk Douglas makes her more stunning than any Hollywood divorcee . . . C. B. De Mille looks like fifty on his seventieth birthday—he's the King of color and excitement—the last of the imaginative movie monarchs . . . Great foresight has Roy Rogers who's shooting thirty-five TV films on

cleanses deeper

Virginia Mayo proves Woodbury's exclusive new miracle ingredient, Penaten, actually penetrates much deeper into pore openings, lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

softens better

Lovely co-star of Warner Bros. "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" (Color by Technicolor), shows how Woodbury Cold Cream loosens hidden dirt so it's easy to wipe away. And Penaten takes the rich oils so deep your skin feels velvet-soft.

leaves you lovelier

A touch tells how Penaten smooths! Prove to yourself how radiant the extra-deep cleansing of Woodbury Cold Cream leaves your skin—how adorably soft it makes it feel! Only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

You'll want to read this ad again!

Barbara Stanwyck entertains Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg at Air Force Association convention
Who says you can't wear eye make-up?

Of course you can!

Revelon's sweet-and-subtle new DREAMY EYE MAKE-UP looks so naturally lovely you won't believe your eyes!

Mascara—11 mist-soft colors...tortoise-plastic case...1.10
Eye Shadow—12 dreamy shades... gold-tone "ascot-type" case...1.25
Eyebrow Pencil—6 inspired hues... tortoise-plastic "swivel slick"...1.10

INSIDE STUFF

Having an old-fashioned time at box social given by Don DeFore are Don, Gale Storm, Mona Freeman, Corinne Calvet. Proceeds went towards Sunday School for Westwood Village Church

the Goldwyn lot, to reach all the kiddies at home who are too young to go to the movies... An excited Farley Granger is planning to show Shelley Winters all his favorite haunts in Europe and has a Hillman-Minx car waiting for them when the boat docks... Bravo for the endless interest of Bette Davis in the talents of Betty Lynn, who was discovered singing and dancing in a New York musical but never allowed to tap a tootsie in Hollywood. The little Lyon is now in Eastern TV. On her way home from London, Bette invited Betty to her New Hampshire farm, where they spent the week-end planning her future.

Hollywood Premiere: At the gay and gala premiere of "A Place in the Sun"; Dorothy Lamoure at the mike introducing the handsome ladies and gentlemen of the evening... Study in contrasts, the Oriental beauty of Anna May Wong in jade green, sitting next to taffy-haired Jan Sterling in all-black... Hopalong Cassidy threw gold-tinted coins to frenzied fans who lined the street for blocks... Jeanne Crain, the Bob Hopes, the Gordon MacRaes, endless others. Janet Gaynor (one of the greatest silent stars) slipping in unnoticed, while the shrieking Shelley Winters posed passionately in the arms of Farley Granger (see page 10)... Jerry Lewis standing right in back of them, looking cross-eyed at the battery of cameramen.

On the Town: Marion Davies and her memorable afternoon party for famous stars' kiddies and enraptured orphans: Hopalong Cassidy in person and cakes in the shape of a circus tent to go with the greatest show on earth... Rory Calhoun previewing the dancing act of Lita Baron (his lovely wife) and Billy Daniel (his charming friend) with a cocktail party held in director Mitch Leisen's studio... Richard Widmark initiating his "economy size" swimming pool with a dunking party for the pinata set, who are buddy-buddies of six-year-old daughter Ann... Complete with dusters, bastles, fascinators and high button shoes—the Don DeFores throwing a Sunday box-lunch social for such gay blades as the Donald O'Conneres, Jane Russell, Ann Sheridan and Jacque Mapes, Marie Wilson, the Eddie Brackens and the other fugitives from a barber-shop quartet.

Blyth Spirit: The phone call came in while Cal, along with Joan Leslie, Jane Withers, Dick Clayton and June Haver helped Ann Blyth celebrate her twentieth birthday. "I'm going to play opposite Gregory Peck in 'The World in His Arms.'" Ann's eyes danced with excitement as she made her announcement. Here's the story behind the story. When she appeared in "Our Town" in Greg's La Jolla Playhouse, Ann's sweetness won the hearts of everyone. "Some day we'll make a picture together," the appraoched Peck promised. He didn't forget when U-I gave him a choice of any available leading lady. There's only one hitch to the happy ending; Ann who is five feet two, has to do all her own stunts. Greg, who is six foot three—standing on a platform!

Saint or Sinner: Good or bad, it doesn't take long to gain a reputation in Hollywood. Mario Lanza is a shining example. Temperamental and tempestuous he is, but aren't all the great and talented ones? Currently, the terrific tenor is being accused of everything but murder. One story playing the Hollywood gossip circuit insists he piled on that poundage because he didn't like "Because You're Mine," his next picture. Recently it was Cal's pleasure to dine with the charming Ray Sinatras (he's a distant cousin of Frankie's) and Ray should know because he conducts for Mario's weekly broadcast. "The Lanza legends are a mystery to me," Ray insists. "He's kind, considerate, almost childlike in his appreciation. He's been in our home and we've been in his. Mario is always a wonderful host and a perfect guest. My wife and I know him to be a warm-hearted, very lovable person." Cal says: Hollywood could use new personalities that are colorful and exciting. Long Live Lanza!
You should see what happens to

FARLEY GRANGER

ALL BECAUSE OF

SHELLEY WINTERS

in BEHAVE YOURSELF!

A JERRY WALD • NORMAN KRASTNA PRODUCTION

with WILLIAM DEMAREST • FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN
MARGALO GILLMORE • LON CHANEY and "ARCHIE," The Dog

Screenplay and Direction by GEORGE BECK

—and what happens to me shouldn't happen to a MAN!
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harmosnous blend of Technicolor, Gershwin and ballet

(F) An American in Paris (M-G-M)

Beauty, wit, charm and tenderness merge in this

story of an ex-G.I. in Paris and le tout ensemble—

Bingo! Terrific! Wonderful sights and sounds, delicious

nonsense and incredible dances mount and explode into

a color-mad ballet (too long, alas, too long). In plain

American this is some movie. Kelly plays an ex-G.I. who

remains in Paris after the war to become a painter. Oscar

Levant, his friend, is there on a scholarship to study music.

French actor Georges Guetary is their mutual friend.

And Leslie Caron is the French girl both Gene and

Georges love. An odd little bodkin she is, too, with long

dancing legs and the face of a gamin. Gorgeous Georges

is an ooo la la Monsieur type. Nina Foch, as Gene's pa-

troness, is very attractive. And Levant, conducting and

playing every instrument in a symphonic arrangement of

Gershwin's "Concerto in F," is tops. The music of Gersh-

win is a perfect background for the bright spontaneity of

a movie we so happily recommend.

Your Reviewer Says: Wonderful!

Program Notes: From the day actor Gene Kelly, producer Arthur

Freed and director Vincente Minnelli got together with the idea of

"An American in Paris" an entire year went by—with each of

them planning ideas and details. Kelly traveled to Paris to absorb

atmosphere and discovered his leading lady, Leslie Caron, dancing

in the Champs-Elysees ballet. It was natural of course that

they should think of Oscar Levant when Gershwin music was de-

cided upon. Levant and the Gershwins having been friends for

years. And who better to play a charming French actor than

that charming French actor, Georges Guetary, a top romantic

singing star in Paris and the winner of the Critics' Award on

Broadway last year in "Arms and the Girl." Kelly did his own

choreography for the dances and the ballet that consumed the

greater part of a sound stage. Dialogue coaches worked overtime

with Georges and Leslie. The results were charming.

(A) A Millionaire for Christy (20th Century-Fox)

A ZANY little thing, this one, created for no other pur-

pose than to spread cheer and promote giggles. The

premise is a bit silly and the people involved act sillier

Eleanor Parker, legal secretary in a law firm, has financial

troubles due to a parasitic family. So, when she is sent to

San Francisco to inform Fred MacMurray, a corny radio

philosopher, that he has just inherited two million dollars

she decides to marry him sight unseen. But there are

complications. Fred is about to marry wealthy Kay Buck-

ley, who is loved by Richard Carlson, a psychiatrist. Be-

lieving Eleanor slightly deranged Fred rushes her off to

Carlson's clinic, meets with an accident en route and the

two spend the night in a boxcar with Mexicans who be-

lieve them newlyweds. Next day Eleanor confesses all to

Carlson. They enter into a conspiracy that backfires

From then on things just grow berserker and funnier.

Your Reviewer Says: Go on, laugh. What can you lose?

Program Notes: This is the first picture Eleanor Parker has made

in association with husband Bert Freedlob. They loved every

minute of it. There were some things, however, Eleanor wouldn't

do—even for her husband. She wouldn't pose for cheesecake art

The picture had three title changes. Everyone loved "No Room

for the Groom" but felt it would conflict with the Crosby picture

"Here Comes the Groom." Bing incidentally is represented in

the film. He co-authored the old song hit, "I Don't Stand a Ghost

of a Chance with You." Fred MacMurray, who has remained
devotedly at the side of his wife is now ready to resume his career
full speed ahead. For Lillian, after a lingering illness, is on her
way to recovery. Fred, among other things, will do a radio series
"Bright Star" opposite leading lady Irene Dunne.

For Complete Costs of Current Pictures See Page 8. For Best Pictures of the Month and
STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
A—FOR ADULTS

$75,000 is a laughing matter to the audience—but a problem to Frank Sinatra, Groucho Marx and Jane Russell

$75,000

(F) It's Only Money (RKO)

The news concerning this picture has to do with Frank Sinatra who plays a straight role and a bang-up job he does. More news has to do with Groucho Marx. He's almost as funny, too, in this more or less straight role of a cafe waiter. Jane Russell, the bank clerk Frankie loves, seems a mite overwhelming next to her lean and less up-holstered boy friend. But who pays attention to such minor details? Answer—just everybody with two bulging eyes, that's all. The mix-up begins when Frankie, a meek bank teller, comes to the rescue of a stranger about to be beaten by two hoodlums. The stranger turns out to be a bookie who rewards Sinatra with $5,000 which he then pyramids into $75,000 on fixed races. Frankie is accused of stealing the money from the bank which that day shows an enormous shortage. Frightened, Frankie turns over the money to Groucho who instantly gives up waiting on tables to behave like a millionaire. The plot thickens when Jane is accused of stealing the money by Don McGuire, the boss's son.

Your Reviewer Says: Relaxing and amusing.

Program Notes: With Groucho around, more fun went on behind the camera than in front. In more than one scene Groucho broke up Frankie—who had to take time out to recover. For the first time in his career he wears a real mustache in place of a painted-on job... Frankie was handed a cable from Gene Kelly in Paris which read: "Dear Frank. Love this place. They think Sinatra is a breakfast food." Cables flew thick and fast between Frank and Ava Gardner who was then in Spain making a picture. Great excitement prevailed when Jane's husband, Bob Waterfield, rode his Christmas gift from his wife right onto the set—a high powered motorcycle... Incidentally, Groucho smoked 166 cigars during the shooting. RKO wasn't exactly counting but, after all, they did go on the expense account as "props."

Program Notes: Some Hollywood folk have objected to "The Red Badge of Courage" as a picture title because of the word "red." Stephen Crane wrote this Civil War classic over fifty years ago. It has no communist implication. The title means a wound suffered in battle... This picture was shot at Keystone, director John Huston's huge ranch near Calabasas, California, and at Chico, California, some 200 miles north of San Francisco. More than 700 extras were used in the battle scenes. It was an uncomfortable location for several weeks, as millions of wasps, residents of the Sacramento River, moved in. "The South must have sent them," said Audie... Audie, as everyone knows, was the most decorated soldier of World War II. This is Audie's best screen break to date and should do wonders for the kid.

Douglas Dick, Audie Murphy, Bill Mauldin and James Dobson in screen version of Stephen Crane's Civil War novel

(F) The Red Badge of Courage (M-G-M)

AUDIE MURPHY proves himself almost as good an actor as he is a soldier in this dramatic picturization of Stephen Crane's classic of the Civil War. Audie plays a frightened young farm boy who'd rather hear birds singing than cannons roaring. As a grass green recruit in the Union Army, poised for attack along the Rappahannock in Virginia in 1862, he loses his courage in the heat of battle and runs away. Rejoining the remnants of his company that night he pretends he fought bravely and was wounded. The shame within him is great, however, and the next day when the Confederates strike he fights like a man. With the exception of The General the film is well cast. Bill Mauldin, of G.I. cartoonist fame, plays The Scout. Dick, Dale, plays The Tattered Soldier, John Dierkes The Tall Soldier, and Douglas Dick The Lieutenant. Adapted and directed by John Huston, the picture stresses realism and simplicity. No glamour. No cuteness. Whether it will be box office is something else again.

Your Reviewer Says: A war picture that's different.

Program Notes: Some Hollywood folk have objected to "The Red Badge of Courage" as a picture title because of the word "red." Stephen Crane wrote this Civil War classic over fifty years ago. It has no communist implication. The title means a wound suffered in battle... This picture was shot at Keystone, director John Huston's huge ranch near Calabasas, California, and at Chico, California, some 200 miles north of San Francisco. More than 700 extras were used in the battle scenes. It was an uncomfortable location for several weeks, as millions of wasps, residents of the Sacramento River, moved in. "The South must have sent them," said Audie... Audie, as everyone knows, was the most decorated soldier of World War II. This is Audie's best screen break to date and should do wonders for the kid.
Young Wives! Enjoy the 'extra advantages' of
THIS HIGHER TYPE FEMININE HYGIENE

Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Action. Daintier . . . More Convenient

Modern, intelligent women realize how important it is to practice internal feminine cleanliness for married happiness, health, charm, after their periods and as a protection against an odor even more offensive than bad breath and body odor.

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And Zonitors provide such a powerfully effective yet absolutely harmless higher type of hygiene. A far daintier, more convenient technique, too! Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories which release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as world-famous Zonite. And they continue to do so for hours.

Zonitors are positively non-irritating, absolutely safe to tissues!

Easy to Carry if away from Home
Zonitors actually eliminate odor. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can carry on Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. So easy to carry away from home. So easy to use at home!

1/2 (F) The Golden Horde (U-I)

POMP, pageantry and history, gone a little tipsy on the wine of imagination, flow across the screen as we travel back to the dark days of the Crusades and the mighty Genghis Khan. Action centers around Samarkand, ancient capital of Persia, when Sir Guy, played by David Farrar, and a small band of crusaders, warn the Khan to stay out of their territory. Anyway, all problems are forgotten when the Princess Shalimar steps into view. Ann Blyth plays the Princess who is the least unbelievable character ever planted in a movie and, good little actress that she is, she should sue. Handsome David Farrar is wasted on this movie. Handsome Richard Egan as Gil, ditto. Marvin Miller is the Genghis and a professional clown, "Poodles" Hanneford plays Friar John.

Your Reviewer Says: All it did was mix me up.

Program Notes: 250 battle axes, 400 cross bows, 1,600 arrows, 200 suits of armor, four battering rams and fourteen gallons of synthetic blood were used in the making of this movie. David Farrar, whose suit of armor weighed eighty pounds, had to be hoisted onto his horse. Walking across a long rug to bow before the Princess, David touched his sword with his chain glove and Whoops! over he went backwords. Shocked? Electrically? Spurting? After that he wore a rubberized outfit under his mail . . . Marvin Miller, a radio announcer when he isn’t playing an Oriental, couldn’t wear the red beard history tells the mighty Genghis should have worn. Now he’s "sissy." That peculiar sound is Genghis whirling in his grave.

1/2 (F) Painting the Clouds with Sunshine (Warner’s)

A corny as its title and twice as old hat!

A Good old Warners have cast still another musical in the old familiar mold and what will happen? People by the carload will pay good moola to see it. Because it features such familiar actors as Gene Nelson, Virginia Mayo. The latter with Lucille Norman and Virginia Gibson play a sister singing act in a night spot that features Dennis Morgan, singing off center. He’s the hoofer, Dennis, in love with Lucille, refuses to give up gambling. So the girls decide to heck with love, they’ll marry millionaires. Just like that. Off they go to fulfill an engagement in Las Vegas, with the hoofer, really turns out to be a millionaire. S. Z. Sakall plays the owner of a gambling-motel joint and Tom Conway is Nelson. However, Dennis Ford was supposed to be was never quite clear but whatever it was, it was awful.

Your Reviewer Says: Now please! Something more plausible or else—

Program Notes: Lucille Norman, one of radio’s top favorites, danced for the first time since childhood and on the screen, yet. "What girl couldn’t dance with LeRoy Prinz and perhaps be linking up with one’s former "man"? Miss Norman asks. Answer—I couldn’t. Las Vegas, all Technicolored up, was the site of most of the action . . . While working in Hollywood, Miss Mayo daily wrote out two menus for her cook. One was her own health food diet and the other a man-sized meat-and-potato affair for her husband, Michael O’Shea. Gene Nelson, whose good looks and fancy titles kept him starward, works out on the horizontal bars each day with his friend, Burt Lancaster, at the studio gym. Dennis Morgan was proud of his new strength and credits it all to long walks before breakfast. His wife claims it was strictly a no-doisy-and-off-drink routine.

1/2 (A) The Strip (M-G-M)

Well, well! Mickey Rooney’s quieted down. A little, anyway. Of course every once in a while he lets off steam beating the daylights out of a set of drums, but in between "The Mick" is refreshingly subdued as a G.I., who sets out to seek a job in Los Angeles, carrying with him the set of drums given him by his hospital buddies. James Craig, big time racketeer, carelessly runs Mickey off the road, really burning his drums and his hopes. In repARATION, Craig takes Mickey into his bookmaking ring on the famed Hollywood Strip where everything can happen and does. In a police raid Mickey escapes carelessly, runs into szczyn, dances in a Strip night club and becomes so enamored, he quits Craig and takes a job as drummer to be near the overly ambitious Miss Craig, who promises her a test screen (that again) Mickey suffers heartache and eventually arrest when the whole business ends in m-u-r-d-e-r. Glimpses of familiar places along the Strip, but not too much of Los Angeles, Little Hungary—plus the guest appearances of Vic Damone and Monica Lewis lend a certain enchantment to the view.

Your Reviewer Says: An inexpensive way to go nightclubbing.

Program Notes: M-G-M spared no expense to present the real Dixieland music, if you care for that sort of thing. Together in one band are trumpetist Louis Armstrong; trombonist Jack Teagarden; clarinetist Barney Bigard; drummer Cozy Cole on drums, and bassist Earl Hines. A switeh of the announcer is Arvell Prinz, a trombonist; Al Bean; sidemen are Ralph Ford, fifteen, David Stollery, ten, and baby Mollie. The young son rejects all emotional advances. The baby is annoyed at Joanie’s fussing. And daughter Mona regards her mother as an elderly lady who needs understanding. When Mona misinterprets her mother’s relationship with an old friend, Peter Hanson, the fun really gets going with everyone comically mixed up.

Your Reviewer Says: Chuckly.

Program Notes: Joan Fontaine was anxious for a holiday, having made "September Affair," "Something to Live For" and this one all in a row. No one dreamed her vacation in a barrio in search of linking up with her with Aly Khan. Least of all Joan . . . Mona Freeman, the mother of a three-year-old daughter, had a wonderful time as a teenager. David Stollery has quite a background. Playing Judith Anderson’s young son he was stabbed nightly in "Medea." He also was Arnie in the stage version of "I Remember Mama." Peter Hanson was discovered while working in the Pasadena Laun- dramat and hasn’t been idle a day since. Peter is a graduate of the Pasadena Play- house.
IT'S ONE JUST WONDERFUL COLORFUL HIT!
FIVE TOP STARS! NINE TOE-TAPPING TUNES! AND FUN!

Frankie Laine
(swingin' down that)

Billy Daniels
(no stoppin' his boppin')

Jerome Courtland
(get him, girls)

Terry Moore
(very merry)

Toni Arden
and tuney

Just direct your feet to the
SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET
in SUPERcineCOLOR

Here! Here! HEAR!
Too Marvelous For Words
I Hadn't Anyone Till You
I May Be Wrong - Sorrento
I Get A Kick Out Of You
Let's Fall In Love - I'm Gonna Live - Love Of A Gypsy
Sunny Side Of The Street

with AUDREY LONG - DICK WESSON - LYNN BARI
Screen Play by LEE LOEB - Produced by EONIE TAPS - Directed by RICHARD QUINE
And so it came to pass that David, the Lion of Judah, looked upon Bathsheba... and for her, he broke God's own commandment!

WHEN parents are indifferent and selfish they can be even more delinquent than children. This is the theme of this absorbing little story which should be a "must" for parents of teen-age children. More interesting than most stories with a message, it deals with the problem of a pretty young high school girl, played beautifully by Joan Evans, and her gradual involvement in harmless but cheapening indiscretions. In despair, she finally attempts suicide, shocking her father into complete awareness. Her mother, Lynn Bari, sees the light, too, when Joan voluntarily takes the witness stand to clear her father of an assault charge on a youth whoernamed her name. Melvyn Douglas plays the father and Robert Arthur is the boy Joan loves.

Your Reviewer Says: A treat and a treatment for parents.

Program Notes: Joan Evans is lucky to have parents as talented as Katherine Albert and Dale Eunson, who wrote this script for producer Collier Young. And Katherine and Dale are fortunate to have a daughter talented enough to give depth and understanding to their work. To make sure the film would appear authentic in every way, four high school pupils were employed as technical advisers. It became their duty to read the script, make suggestions for corrections and act as linguistic experts, high school students having a language of their own. Such steps as the Sheep Dip, Bee's Knees and Cross-floord Wobbles were mastered by Melyn for a scene with Joan. He insists, however, the steps weren't too difficult to master. After all, he won a Charles-ton contest in East Orange, N. J., in 1926.

\[ A \] Tomorrow Is Another Day (Warners)

RUTH ROMAN and Steve Cochran, a pair of unsavory characters, meet up in an unsavory dance hall and end up in an unsavory farm family. What happens between packs considerable action and carries on like a real down-to-earth movie. The pace begins when Steve, an ex-convict, escapes from a correctional home one evening and finds her boy friend, Detective Hugh Sanders, waiting. In the mele that follows, Sanders is wounded. He dies the following day. Ruth and Steve then flee together pausing long enough to marry. Their guilt and fear render their life grim and ugly. The climax comes when Steve is recognized. To prevent her husband from committing another murder, Ruth whips out a gun and shoots Steve in the shoulder. There's a turn-about at the end. Laurene Tuttle, Lee Patrick, Ray Teal complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: So live that tougher other half.

Program Notes: Ruth Roman claims she all but froze to death making the outdoor, all-night scenes. She and Steve wrapped themselves in blankets and hovered over glowing braziers. Steve Cochran's mother traveled from her home in Juneau, Alaska, to visit her son while the film was in production. She was shocked at the amount of work and time Steve was required to give to the picture. Like most people outside Hollywood, she thought movie actors only played while "play-acting." The only contention arose when Steve refused to shave his chest for an open-shirt scene. Director Felix Feist lost the argument when Ruth declared she didn't care and didn't see why women in audiences should either.

\[ A\] The People Against O'Hara (M-G-M)

THEY talk characterization in this story but do not portray it. Spencer Tracy, according to the testimony of several cast members, is a lush who dares not imbibe a drop stronger than rainwater. Character undermined by strong drink is hinted as reason for his bribery of a witness. But Mr. Tracy is too healthy and normal, too inured in his approach to life to have you believe any such thing. Yet this is a good story, and in many ways worth seeing. Tracy plays a criminal lawyer who's going through a health breakdown under the strain turns to civil practice. He turns again to a criminal case, however, when Jim Arness, the son of old friends, is accused of murder. The result you must see for yourself. Diana Lynn plays Tracy's daughter; John Hodiak, the assistant district attorney; Pat O'Brien a detective and Bill Campbell the can- tankerous witness, Frankie Korvac.

Your Reviewer Says: Absorbing, despite story weaknesses.

Program Notes: Tracy and his old friend Pat O'Brien, who were inseparable pals when both were battling for a foothold on Broadway, are teamed here for the first time. The reminiscences exchanged on the set were so funny that Director Dmytryk Lynn decided on an entire appearance tour when the offer came to play Tracy's daughter. She grabbed it by long distance telephone... John Hod- iak, who was expecting his first child, re- ceived all sorts of advice from Tracy and O'Brien, both fathers themselves. These bits of caution were carried home by Hodiak to his wife, Anne Baxter.
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**TODAY!** what better time than now to decide on the beautiful Holmes & Edwards pattern you’ve always wanted! Priced for today at $8.50—a 6-piece place setting . . . $74.95 for a complete 52-piece service for 8.

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**TOMORROW!** and ever after! The incomparable satisfaction of owning the loveliest and the finest of all silverplate—superior to all other kinds because it is Sterling Inlaid.

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WEAR SHOWS

**STERLING INLAID® SILVER PLATE:**

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STERLING SHOWS

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The loveliest patterns of all...

HOLMES & EDWARDS Sterling Inlaid® Silverplate

COPYRIGHT 1951, THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., HOLMES & EDWARDS DIVISION, MERIDEN, CONN. MADE IN U. S. A.
✓ (F) The Tall Target (M-G-M)

This movie, supposedly based on a little-known episode in American history, tells of the work of a New York detective, Richard Powell, to prevent a planned assassination of President Lincoln during his inaugural address. Most of the action takes place on a train traveling between New York and Washington with a stopover in Baltimore. Abroad the train are Adolphe Menjou as a Zouave Colonel, Florence Bates as a novelist, Marshall Thompson as a young Southerner, his sister Paula Raymond and her slave, Ruby Dee. After getting through a message of warning to the President, it becomes Powell's duty to ferret out the schemers. In so doing he all but loses his life. In view of the dire event that actually happened later on, one has the feeling Mr. Powell should have stayed right on the job. Not that we held Dick in any way responsible for the foul deed.

Your Reviewer Says: A case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Program Notes: Authentic 1861 decorations, costumes and customs have been so faithfully adhered to, one instantly gathers the feel and atmosphere of the times. The engine, of 1861 vintage, was overhauled and repaired so that it could travel under its own steam over two miles of track. Hooked to the engine were ten cars of the exact period. Adolphe Menjou became so enthused with this historical mystery, he cut short a lecture tour of 200 colleges, universities and women's clubs to return to Hollywood for the role. Dick Powell grew his own sideburns and was very proud of them.

✓ (F) Meet Me After the Show (20th Century-Fox)

MacDonald Carey, playing a Broadway producer, drolly observes, in part, that this is the greatest achievement of his career and after this there's no place left to go. There he errs: The first place to go, for instance, would be to the man responsible for this claptap. And whether this did or did not precipitate Betty's studio walkout, we don't know. She plays a "referee" dame, masquerading as a Broadway star, for her producer husband, Macdonald Carey, who can't be true. On her way to the law courts, Betty suffers a slight accident that results in amnesia so, forgetting all, she goes back to her old dive singing in Miami. She is finally tracked down by Carey who discovers she is faking the amnesia but, knowing a good thing when she sees it, Carey grabs off a chunk of amnesia for himself and nobody knows who anybody is. Eddie Albert behaves as if he'd wandered into the wrong picture and couldn't find his way out. Roy Calhoun and Lois Andrews are glimpsed here and there. The songs are fair.

Your Reviewer Says: A Grable musical and that's that.

Program Notes: It takes over 300 men, brave and true, to keep Betty Grable's feet dancing, and her voice singing, so says her studio. In this one 317 men worked in the wings alone. It took thirty-seven composers and arrangers to put the songs on paper and ninety musicians to accompany her. Then, the studio insisted were Betty danced, there labored thirty-two carpenters, twelve painters and one plumber. Technicolor experts, hairdressers, dressmakers, shoe-makers, Georgie Jessel, dancers, actors, extras comprised the rest. For the first time in ten years Betty appears in a bathing suit, wrappled, for some reason, in more garments than a Hindu. Male customers should see

✓ (F) The Lady from Texas (U-I)

Do you believe, petite, dainty and so pretty Mona Freeman could be a cook for a bunch of Texas cowhands? Even in Technicolor could you believe it? Could you swallow the idea that Howard Duff, a hardened cowhand, wants to protect Josephine Hull (for free, too), who has become so downright pixilated in this one as to be ridiculous? Or wait, here's another one. Do you think Gene Lockhart looks like a little pig, or that a skunk chooses the exact time and place to skunk? If so, you deserve to see this utterly preposterous Western that has Miss Hull completely off the beam, living in decayed elegance off the bounty of Miss Freeman, with Duff her reluctant guardian. At a court trial brought by conniving Craig Stevens, who wants her land, it is decided Miss Hull is as sane as you and I. So pack your bags, kids. I'll meet you at Bellevue.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh, come now, you're a big, grown-up studio!

Program Notes: After eight months at home with a broken leg, Howard Duff returns to the screen in this one, of all movies. When word was given out that Duff was the lone-liest man in Hollywood, his fan mail ripened with offers from women anxious to alleviate his condition... When the studio first introduced Miss Hull to the skunk, she inquired timidly, "Has it been defrosted?"... Barbara Knudson, who plays Craig's wife, is the daughter of a Las Vegas high school principal. This is her first movie. When Gene Lockhart was told to look as much as possible like the little animal Miss Hull, he replied—a piggy—he batted not an eye. Fifty years in show business has taught him many things.

½ (F) Sunny Side of the Street (Columbia)

Music, good, popular and lots of it. Such favorites as Billy Daniels, who pangs a ton of emotion into his songs and Frankie Laine, currently recording, paid out a little story until its mother wouldn't know it. But wait. Guess who else gives forth with vocal music—and not too badly, either? Jerome Courtland! Actually the story revolves about Jerome who wants to sing on television. His ambition meets the approval of his girl friend, Terry Moore, who wangles him an audition with Frankie Laine. Jerome then is on the way up, the hard way, when who enters the plot but Audrey Long, daughter of a prospective sponsor. The usual happens. Jerome courts Audrey to please two weary writers who promise him a star spot on the show. Terry hears about it and all sorts of misunderstandings ensue. Toni Arden plays herself in a tuneful, lilftul musical.

Your Reviewer Says: Teenagers will love it.

Program Notes: Frankie Laine has two fan clubs in far off Baghdad and thinks it wonderful. Claiming he proves his voice has no national barriers of understanding. Jerome Courtland, on the other hand, complains even his next door neighbors won't believe he does his own singing. "Come on, Jerome, on the stage you're among friends. Who did your dubbing for you?" Frankie Laine married Nunn Grey, ex-screen starlet, just before the picture began... When a studio publicity blast was rebuffed Terry McDonald, between June Allyson and Janet Gaynor, she moaned, "I wonder how I'd look if I looked like myself?" The answer? Not bad at all, not at all.
Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this... underarm protection must be complete. Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped — and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration. Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated to work all over again when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.

Enjoy a new kind of cleanliness... bathe with mild, fragrant FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap, containing miracle odor-preventing Hexachlorophene to keep you "bath fresh" from head-to-toe all day!
When Girls become young women

Maturity is not measured in years alone. It varies by countries and by climates and it varies still more among individuals... But one thing is certain—it's an important milestone in any girl's life. It deserves serious thought, especially with regard to the method adopted for sanitary protection at the monthly intervals.

For this purpose, dear Young Lady, consider the claims of Tampax. It represents the modern, youthful way of doing things as opposed to the traditional. It's very popular in leading women's colleges. It's scientific, too—doctor-invented, a favorite among nurses. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs internally, and it's so tinny it can be inserted quickly by dainty disposable applicator. **Weaver cannot feel it.**


**A** (A) The Desert Fox (20th Century-Fox)

This is the story of German Field Marshal Erwin Eugen Rommel—"The Desert Fox" of the African campaign of World War II. His story is told impartially, even compassionately, and whether or not one holds with the idea of dramatizing an enemy, the fact remains that the picture is both strong and absorbing. The story opens when the tide of battle has turned against the ailing field marshal, played by James Mason. Rommel, whose astuteness as a soldier won him the respect of the men who fought against him and even a tribute from Winston Churchill, is faced with the problem of obeying a stupid and cruel command of Hitler's or of using his own judgment and withdrawing his forces. He does the latter. It is the beginning of the end for an officer who, finally, through the firm conviction his country would best be served by Hitler's death, joins the ill-fated assassination plot. Mason is outstanding in the role. Jessica Tandy is his wife, William Reynolds his son. Victor Carroll is Field Marshall Von Runstedt, Sir Cedric Hardwicke is Dr. Karl Strolin and Luther Adler plays the Fuhrer.

Your Reviewer Says: An intelligent and inside approach to Nazi insanity.

**A** (F) Flying Leathernecks (RKO)

This is a story of the Marines during the siege of Guadalcanal in World War II. It is overlong, sometimes repetitious but a powerful lot of movie for all that. John Wayne plays a Marine officer, a seemingly ruthless officer who takes command of the Marine squadron which Robert Ryan, as Captain Carl Griffin, had hoped to get. Friction develops between the officers, who later embark together on the dangerous mission of covering ground troops with air protection. Don Taylor plays "Texas," Jay C. Flippen Clancy and William Harrigan Dr. Cullen.

Your Reviewer Says: Hard-hitting realism.

**F** (A) Force of Arms (Warners)

The war again portrayed with such reality that seeing this movie we must appreciate the hardships, sacrifices and the valor of men and boys caught in it. Against the grimness of the campaign through Italy, the locale of the story, told with an old-fashioned love story between William Holden (just about the finest young actor on the screen) and Nancy Olson, a WAC lieutenant. Meeting by chance in a cemetery, they see each other again. The story of the officer's ex-wife who is killed and Bill is married to her. He and Nancy, the lovers are married at the home of Italian friends. A haunting feeling that he may have saved Lovejoy, sends Holden back to the front. When he is reported missing, Nancy, refusing to believe him dead, begins a long, heartbreaking search.

Your Reviewer Says: Tenderness against backdrop of horror.

**F** (A) His Kind of Woman (RKO)

Here's a story teeming with chomp and sex, laden with sultry over- and undertones, lightened with dashes of humor and with Bob Mitchum and Jane Russell the warmest pair of lovers this side of the furnace room. Mitchum, a gambler fresh out of money, is offered $50,000 to go to Mexico and find out what he's to do to earn the dough. Meeting Jane, a singer posing as an heiress, Mitchum suddenly finds himself wading knee deep in murder. In a city where Tim Holt plays Mitchum's friend, Vincent Price is outstanding as a movie actor.

Your Reviewer Says: Bring an asbestos fan. (Continued on page 98)

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A complete romantic drama presented on each program. Cal York, famed PHOTOBAY Magazine Reporter, digs into Hollywood's love life for these heart-pulsating stories. Also latest Hollywood news.

Every Saturday morning, 11 A.M. EST, NBC
Farewell to a fighter

The confused heart is still
but Bob Walker's spirit is
not forgotten by friends

"I know you will understand what I mean," Robert Walker confided to Ida Lupino, shortly before the sudden swoop of the grim reaper that shocked all Hollywood. "I am thrilled about my work in 'Strangers on a Train' and 'My Son John,' with Helen Hayes. My career has never been as stimulating, I think this is going to be my best year!"

Ida did understand, because she has always understood and befriended the lost ones, the strays, the bewildered.

Life was rich in experience and achievement for Robert Walker but his confused heart came into this world literally bursting with loneliness, a loneliness he had to fight all his life. His marriage to Jennifer Jones in 1939 (she's now the wife of Producer David O. Selznick), his two sons, his second marriage to the daughter of director John Ford, an annual salary reaching six figures—none of these compensated for the troubled mind that served as his traveling companion. Bob was painfully shy, terribly tender. He wanted so desperately to be liked—and everyone liked him. It has been said that his sensitive nature and his intuitive distrust of most people created his own barriers.

Bob was an unmitigated sentimentalist. His library in his home near the beach held school books—books like "Wizard of Oz," because—"I've saved them for Bobby and Mike—kids today get too mixed up with 'Superman' and there's so little escape left."

Bob hated his own "baby face" (he thought) but he loved his sons and literally lived for the three months when they were in his custody. Despite his sojourn in the famed Menninger Clinic, there obviously was no escape from his inner confusion. "Death was due to natural causes," it said in the papers. His "best" year was the last year for Robert Walker. The peace he never knew is with him.

"I made the big play at the Army game!"

"Jim and I'd been dating since his Cadet days. So when he invited me back for a football weekend, I thought, 'Nancy, this is your chance'... We watched the game in a freezing rain. Even without gloves I didn't mind. I had my Jergens Lotion to soften my hands for the dance that night."

"When we went walking, the wind was icy. But I knew Jergens Lotion would smooth my chapped skin in a jiffy."

Jergens Lotion doesn't just coat skin with a film of oil. It penetrates the upper layers with softening moisture... 

"At the dance Jim kissed me and whispered, 'you're such a softie—could you stand the life of an army wife?""

Try Jergens Lotion—and see why more women use it than any other hand care. It's still only 10¢ to $1, plus tax.
THE FINALISTS of

Three to go—
for the final
test that will
give one of these
girls Photoplay’s
great prize

Bridgeport’s Virginia McGuire, 21,
kicked off shoes—went into her act

Joyce McLeod, 22, of Providence, R. I.,
knows she’ll be famous—her stars say so!

Joyce McLeod from Providence, Rhode
Island, just turned twenty-two, attends
Emerson College in Boston. She is vice-
president of her sorority and last March
was voted Junior Prom Queen. Joyce

The country-wide auditions are over.
The three finalists are at the Pasadena
Playhouse where the final audition will
take place. The judges—Bette Davis,
William Holden, Stanley Kramer,
Joseph Mankiewicz, Dean Thomas
Browne Henry, and Lyle Rooks, Holly-
wood Editor of Photoplay—will not find
it easy to make a choice. For throughout
this contest the runners-up always have
been close behind.

Our congratulations go to the three
finalists who have started on the jour-
nery that well may change the course of
each of their lives. The winner, whoever
she is, already has been promised a
screen test by Twentieth Century-Fox.
If successful in this test, she will be
given a contract starting when she com-
pletes her studies at the Playhouse. Run-
ners-up will be interviewed by casting
directors at Twentieth Century, Warners
and Paramount.

Joyce McLeod said, “Emotional depth beyond years”
is convinced she someday will be famous because the moon in her astrology chart is prominently placed under the sign of Leo and Leo rules the theatre. Joyce well may be famous someday; maybe because of Leo, maybe because she has done everything she could to further her acting career. At college, she talked her way into every role possible and once played "Cinderella" over a local radio station. The board which auditioned Joyce at the Boston Summer Theatre, was conducted by Lee Falk, producer and managing director; Jack Woods, stage manager of the theatre, who this winter will manage the Metropolitan Opera House; Elliot Duvey, of the Drama Department at Northeastern University; and MissRosalind Roulston of Boston. Of Joyce's talent, they said . . . "she is poised and intelligent. She read with understanding and warmth and displayed flexibility both vocally and bodily."

Virginia McGuire, from Bridgeport, Connecticut is twenty-one. Virginia, who came down to New York City for her audition, overwhelmed the board completely. She walked into a room filled with name people: actresses Coleen Grey and Judith Evelyn; talent scout Jesse Landau of Universal Pictures and two other talent scouts who have asked that their names be withheld. She kicked off her shoes and went into a scene from "The Trojan Women" as though she auditioned before such boards every day of her life. "That girl has it!" was the verdict. Virginia studied at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh and at the Yale School of Drama.

Rachelle Mendlovitz, twenty-one, a native Texan, was graduated as valedictorian from New Braunsfels High School. Later, at Ward Belmont Junior College in Nashville, Tennessee, she was voted "Belle of Ward Belmont," an honor bestowed on the girl most representative of the ideals of the college. Last year she went to New York to study dramatics and stayed several months working as a receptionist at CBS television. Auditioned in Houston by a Board composed of Mrs. B. R. Hennes of the National Thespian Society, Mildred Stockard of the Houston Chronicle and Ted Hills of radio station KXYZ, she was immediate choice for first place. "She has unquestionable ability," the Board reported, "a sensitive feeling for characterization and an emotional depth beyond her years."

The choice of the winner now rests in the gifted hands of the judges, people whose very names are synonymous with all that is the best in the theatre. Next month we will announce the winner, the girl, who for two years, will be Miss Photoplay at the Pasadena Playhouse.
as you've never seen him—
as you'll love him most—
in Nevil Shute's unusual
suspense-filled story of
drama and romance
28,000 feet above
the sea!

JAMES
STEWART
MARLENE
DIETRICH

with
GLYNIS JOHNS · JACK HAWKINS · JANETTE SCOTT
Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON Directed by HENRY KOSTER
Screen Play by R.C. SHERRIFF, OSCAR MILLARD and ALEC COPPEL
Based on the Novel by NEVIL SHUTE
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PP 11-51 S
The leaders stood pat from the first. But in the runners-up class, favorites changed overnight. Never before has our "Choose Your Star" contest been so exciting to follow.

Once again the readers of Photoplay have chosen their favorites among the new stars. Once again more votes have been cast than ever before. Once again the two winners took first place with the first count and never relinquished it...

To Anthony Dexter and Mitzi Gaynor, go our congratulations!

Tony has been seen in only one motion picture, "Valentino." The critics threw no bravos into the air over the picture or Tony's performance in it. But, from the beginning, audiences were enthusiastic.

Mitzi Gaynor has been seen in two movies: "My Blue Heaven" and "Take Care of My Little Girl."

Among the other girls and men there was a constant race for a higher place. For weeks Jeffrey Hunter and Robert Wagner seesawed between second and third place. And it was not until the final tabulation of votes that Pier Angeli and Janice Rule finally nosed Monica Lewis first out of second place and then out of third place.

The most dramatic rise of all, however, was that of the Champions. As soon as "Show Boat" had a national release, Marge Champion began moving up from fourteenth place, which she occupied in the beginning, to eighth place. And Gower Champion, originally in the ninth spot, rapidly moved up to number four.

Once again, too, the producers at the Hollywood studios have watched this contest with the greatest interest. There are brilliant plans ahead for those who number among the top ten, plans which—together with new color portraits—will be reported in the December Photoplay.

They're on the march—your favorites!
THE JURY CHOOSES

MALE PIN UPS

By RUTH WATERBURY

When the girls start rooting for these men you can be sure they're adding up more than the figures!
Hollywood's girls vote Burt Lancaster their favorite chunk of male scenery.

That forty-four-inch chest and that thirty-inch waistline, along with his pleasant altitude of six-foot-two, really impressed itself on our glamour jury. Apparently these girls have eyes like sculptors' and minds, in this instance, like adding machines. (Continued on page 70)
One morning last July a Hollywood agent phoned Jerry Wald, producer at RKO, and spoke his piece.

"Big news, Jerry," he said. "Ann Blyth just returned from Europe. Four months there making 'Man of Two Worlds' with Ty Power. You won't recognize her. She's changed. She's grown up. You oughta see her."

Every agent in town calls Jerry Wald these days. He's got more pictures on his mind than the Metropolitan Museum has on its walls.

"I couldn't bear to see her," said Jerry morosely, "if she has changed. If you tell me she's wearing plunging necklines now and using four-letter words I'll go right out and cut my throat. I've just had one of those in my office. I'm fumigating the place. Anyway, I don't think Ann has changed."

"Oh no, Jerry," laughed the agent, doing a neat retreat. "Nothing like that. It's just that she has—well—matured."

"Ann for my money is a great (Continued on page 100)
WHY NANCY SINATRA GAVE

This reporter, so close to the heartbreaking facts, uncovers the chain of events that led to Nancy's change of heart
FRANKIE HIS FREEDOM

By Hedda Hopper

- When Nancy Sinatra declared, "I'm going to give Frank his freedom," even her lawyer was stunned. For a long time Nancy had stood like the Rock of Gibraltar against a divorce, though Frankie had begged for one.

Several months earlier, when Nancy had filed suit for separate maintenance, the couple had reached a property settlement, usually a prelude to a final curtain on marriage. Under its terms, besides a share of the personal belongings, Nancy was to receive each year a third of the first $150,000 earned by the crooner and ten per cent of the second. She was guaranteed at least $1,000 a month for life or until such time as she remarried.

But still she had said, "No divorce."

"But why?" I remember asking her at this time. "Your marriage is finished and everybody knows it."

"I don't think a divorce would be good for Frank," she replied. And beyond this vague, evasive answer she would not elaborate.

The reasons, however, were obvious to those who knew her well. Being a Catholic, she didn't believe in divorce in the first place. Still in love with Frank, she thought that deep in his heart he still loved her. There (Continued on page 90)

Ava, weary of criticism, is reported to have demanded that Frank get a divorce or call off their romance.

Right, on arrival in Mexico City
It's a little difficult for a girl to answer the question: "How did you fall in love? Where? When? Why?" The people who always ask those questions are strangers—waiting with pencil and paper to write the story. You don't know them; they don't know you. How can you possibly go into details with them and expect them to understand—to know exactly how you felt when all this was happening?

I didn't anticipate that one day Photoplay would ask these questions of me—but just the other day when this happened, I did have a few answers ready. They were in the letters I had written, but never mailed, to the one person who would understand.

June 9, 1948
Dear You:

For seventeen hours I've been wondering who you are. I caught my first glimpse of you at eleven o'clock last night, and it is now four in the afternoon.

I want you to understand that it is not my custom to stare into the world of stage flies, ropes, backdrops, and skeleton stairways leading to dressing rooms that make up the backstage panorama of Los Angeles' Philharmonic Auditorium. I just happened to glance up and there you were, on the landing outside the dressing (Continued on page 85)

Sixteen letters, never mailed
— which will go to Mitzi's husband on their soon-to-be wedding day—telling the story of her young love, with all its doubts and fears and wonder

"...Now I'm twenty and we only have one more year to wait before we can be married. During this year I'm going to make some changes in myself, and don't be saying, 'That'll be the day!'"

Fink and Smith
To say they live like the average family would be silly. They have more house, more help, more income. But their way of life is typical of all the homes that are the heart of America.

HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST FAMILY

BY IDA ZEITLIN

PHOTOPLAY FEATURE ATTRACTION

• “You know why we're happy? Because you think I'm an idiot—” Gazing at Dick, June's eyes become doves' eyes. “Darling, I'm so glad you think I'm an idiot.”

“Darling, not only that, you're a genius at it. And whom, may I ask, do you think you're kidding?”

“Who?” (Continued on following page)

June would like to stay home and work at the same time! Above, Dick, June, Pamela and Ricky

Photographs by Engstead

June and Dick made her adoption a dear and familiar story to Pamela. To her it means love. “I'm adoptinated,” she confides
"Not me. Remind me to tell you about it some dull afternoon."

Banter at the Powells' is often less casual than it sounds. Under the froth lies bedrock. They've been married six years, and the sharpies gave it six months. To arrive at the wrong number was fairly simple. Actor-and-actress combinations are poor marriage risks. All you had to do was add up the Hollywood clichés. All you had to leave out was the human equation of June Allyson and Dick Powell. The sharpies didn't know them very well. They didn't know, for instance, that June was an idiot.

She's the kind of idiot who can wrap herself around a man's heart while wrapping the man around her little finger. She thinks her guy's the best, the smartest, the kindest in the world and tells him so. Unlike many actresses, she's simple-minded enough to value him high above her career. She's a ninny, feminine as Eve, who caters instinctively to the masculine ego, thus managing to get her own sweet way. She's (Continued on page 75)
Given plenty of love but not allowed to run wild, Pamela, past three now, is a merry, friendly child, sure of her place in June's heart.

"Holy mackerel, he looks just like Dick," announced the doctor when Ricky was born. Both Powells adore their kids—but Dick knows that with June he'll never play second fiddle. His next film is "The Tall Target".
They're giving Hollywood a new look—and yesterday's favorites an exciting run for their money—these bright young sta
WHEN Tyrone Power appeared unexpectedly in the Universal-International cafe, I said to the Very Important Producer with whom I was lunching, "What's Ty doing here? Is he going to make a picture?"

"What do we need Ty for," the producer asked bluntly, "when we have Tony Curtis!" Whereupon I realized, forcibly and suddenly, that something new has been added in Hollywood. The old order is changing, yielding place to youth. The long-established middle-aged stars are gasping for their lives on the movie ropes, wondering what hit them, while a new generation is climbing into the ring—quietly but also confidently, very confidently, in fact.

(Continued on page 94)
There was much conversation at a luncheon recently over Betty Hutton’s five-day engagement to producer Norman Krasna—complete with newspaper pictures, diamonds like fireworks, and varied public demonstrations of affection.

“These movie stars!” sighed a pleasingly plump, fiftyish woman. “They’re so sophisticated!”

A better description of such didoes, of course, would be provincial or childish. To be sophisticated is to have ideas and tastes that have changed as a result of education, worldly experience or both. Sophistication, in its early stages, sometimes produces artificiality. This happens when persons who are just beginning to find their way around feel insecure and so pretend to be other than they are. But, with the acquisition of true sophistication, such pretense and artificiality disappear. For those who are truly sophisticated are at home in the world, wise for themselves and equal, with graciousness, to all occasions.

Are you sophisticated? On your way to being sophisticated?

Test yourself with this Hollywood star quiz. When you think a star’s behavior, as reported, is sophisticated, indicate with a “yes,” when you think it unsophisticated indicate with a “no.”

All right! On your mark—get set—go!

1. Soon after her marriage Janet Leigh ordered an exquisite white chiffon party dress, quite decollete, with a full skirt, under which she wore a crinoline petticoat. She wore this dress for the first time to a dinner party which preceded a big premiere. During cocktails another guest spilled a Martini on her skirt. “No harm done.”

2. Elizabeth Taylor cannot cook even a simple breakfast.

3. Lucille Ball changes her stockings three or four times a day. Moreover, she insists upon washing her stockings herself.

4. Loretta Young will ask you to explain any statement which she does not understand.

5. A family feud began when Olivia de Havilland’s husband, novelist Marcus Goodrich, arrived at Joan Fontaine’s Beverly Hills home—to which he had been invited for an informal Sunday supper—wearing a black homburg and striped trousers. (Other garments, too, of course!)

6. Ava Gardner calls the most casual acquaintances “Sweetie.”

7. Patricia Neal hopes to see, of all places in the world, Paris, because of its reputation for wine, women and song. And Sweden, because of its individuality in war and peace.

8. Betty Grable gets the mopes, so she
SOPHISTICATED?

yourself to the test with this Hollywood star quiz

BY ELSA MAXWELL

9. Everybody knows Van Johnson by his loud laugh.

10. Ruth Roman is determined to have a large vocabulary, often uses words when she is not certain of their meanings.

11. Reginald Gardiner says he has no favorite authors, musicians or playwrights, that his tastes depend upon his moods.

12. Tony Curtis, unable to remember names, carries a little black notebook. After he has met a new person he writes down the name, date, place and some distinguishing fact about that person. He does homework on his little black book also.

13. Mark Stevens has a quick sly wit. He directs it at his own foibles more often than he directs it at the foibles of others.

14. James and Pamela Mason invite to their home, groups of those in whom they are interested, temporarily or otherwise, with no thought as to whether or not these people will be interested in each other.

15. Esther Williams and Ben Gage never stay “put” when they go to a restaurant. They are forever on the go, greeting all of their friends and acquaintances.

16. Marlon Brando wears anything he chooses, also says and does whatever he pleases—at all times.

17. Joan Crawford is meticulous in her discipline of her children, even disciplines them in front of guests for the least misbehavior.

18. Shelley Winters, if she feels like it, wears slacks to the elegant restaurant, Romanoff’s.

19. Ann Blyth, disliking modern art, refuses to try to understand it, says if she understood it she might dislike it more.

20. Bob Hope, when working, chews gum constantly.

21. Jean Peters refuses to listen to any conversation which criticizes anyone who is not present.

22. At Bing Crosby’s ranch at Elko, Nevada, those who do not get up when the morning gong sounds go without breakfast.

23. When Penny Singleton is not working she does all of her cooking and marketing.

24. Ray Milland prefers the Encyclopedia to any other reading.

25. Farley (Continued on page 84)
Janet and Tony have a one-bedroom apartment in Westwood. Liz Taylor lives in the same building.

Breakfast is a quick cup of coffee when they both have early calls at their studios. Some day Janet hopes to have a maid.

Marriage, so far, has been a mad scramble for Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. Immediately they returned to Hollywood, Tony was rushed into production and Janet was sent out on a personal appearance tour. Nevertheless, they're having a wonderful time keeping house between picture chores. Soon they're going house hunting; may rent, may buy. But, in the meantime, their one-bedroom apartment is their idea of a Hollywood heaven!

All photographs by Orsitz
don't know much about housekeeping—but they're willing to love and learn
JANET'S AND TONY'S HOME, SWEET HOME

A day off gives Janet chance to play the lady of the house, bid Tony a leisurely goodbye! Other days they have to dash—Tony in his black Buick convertible

Janet in her blue Buick convertible

On rare evenings at home they look at television. Set is wedding gift from their good friend, Jerry Lewis.

Since Tony's father had a heart attack, Janet and Tony try to have dinner as often as possible with his mother

Reflection of happiness: Janet already has had her checks and stationery personalized with a prominent "Mrs. Anthony Curtis"
Janet wants to try her hand at cooking dinner for her family and Tony’s but hasn’t had a chance yet. So far, they take their parents to a near-by restaurant.

They each have large wardrobe closets to hold their clothes. When Tony went on a personal appearance tour he bought an extensive wardrobe. Janet’s trousseau fills her closet! Tony’s in “Son of Ali Baba,” Janet, in “Two Tickets for Broadway,” “Angels in the Outfield.”
AVA GARDNER Torch song by moonlight . . . corn pone and caviar . . .
Aphrodite in a Paris gown . . . rubies on black velvet . . . beauty with a searching heart
MONTY CLIFT The lonely cry of a sea gull . . . dreams etched in steel . . . Hamlet in old tweeds . . . snow-capped mountains against a spring sky . . . romance in modern verse

Photograph by Dirone: Monty is in "A Place in the Sun"
They wanted a den but building costs whittled it down to this alcove off the living room. Marsh made pedestal table

Red quarry tiles, natural pine cabinets in kitchen are easy to clean, Barbara discovered. Because of limited light, floor linoleum is in a gay yellow spatter print

- “When I think that when Barbara and I were married, we didn’t even know what a lease was,” Marshall Thompson shook his head, “I marvel at our complete ignorance.” He speaks with the wisdom of one who has just built and moved into his own house.

Here’s a young couple who knew what they wanted from the very start. And that’s the way to do it. Make up your minds as to the type of house you want eventually, and from the day the minister speaks the binding words, aim towards that house. Let every piece of furniture you buy have a part in your envisioned final plan.

Marsh and Barbara love the warmth and friendliness of Early American furnishings, perhaps because they’re friendly people. Every purchase they made for their apartment was of cherry wood in Early American style, and they bought a piece at a time.

“We’d rather do without,” Marsh said, “than buy (Continued on page 74)

bought and

The Thompson living room—a warm and friendly place. The furniture, mostly from their apartment, was bought with this house in mind. Marsh is in “The Tall Target” and “The Basketball Fix” Photographs by de Gennaro
When the Marshall Thomsons enter their home, they’re on familiar ground. For the home they built is the happy result of everything they dreamed.

planned for

BY LYLE WHEELER
Art Director, Twentieth-Century-Fox Studios
I WAS
“Look at the forehead—all I.Q.” Geary said, aloud. “And those shoulders—strictly UCLA.” The nurse couldn’t hear a word, but she smiled. She knew that Geary was talking the language of all new fathers.

The elevator door opened. Geary Steffen, waiting with other fathers in the maternity wing of the Queen of Angels hospital, turned expectantly.

For the thirty odd minutes we had been there, that automatic elevator had really been in business, bringing down doctors with outstretched hands and hearty, “Congratulations; you’re the father of a fine nine-pound boy . . . or a seven-pound girl.”

In the waiting room there was the hum of many conversations broken by the flipping of magazine pages and periodic rings of the telephone to announce that Mrs. So-and-so had just been taken into the delivery room.

Thirty minutes ago the call had been for Geary. Dr. Bill Caldwell, calm and assured as always, had said, “We’re taking Jane into delivery now . . .”

Thirty-two minutes ago . . . thirty-five minutes ago . . .

Again the elevator door opened and again Geary, talking to Jane’s mother and father, jerked his neck abruptly around. I wondered if at this moment he didn’t find himself half wishing he and Janie had taken the counsel of relatives who had advised as relatives so often do: “Wait awhile. You’re only young once. Have your fun first . . .” Jane, however, had reasoned differently. “We should start now, while we’re young,” she had insisted definitely, “if we’re going to have four . . .”

Four! Now this was a shuddering thought . . .

Three more hours like this last one, listening for the door of that elevator. Geary looked around at the other men sweating it out with him, slumped in the deep, brown, corduroy-covered easy chairs built for comfort . . . and for time . . .

One bearded, worn-faced young man had been there twenty-two hours already. Next to him sat a young mechanic who’d borrowed a car from the used-car lot to make a wild dash for the hospital and had come away with no license plate. He kept worrying aloud that he’d be stopped by the cops when he went home.

That morning, at 5:30 A.M.—it seemed years ago now—Janie had awakened Geary with, “I’m getting a little backache.” Fifteen minutes later she had had another “little one.” But from all they’d read and been told, they’d have a good (Continued on page 97)

By Maxine Arnold
LOOK! a fabric that's as smart as it's deceiving! It looks like wool and feels like wool—and washes like a dream. This Kay Windsor adaptation of the dress Charles LeMaire designed for Jeanne Crain to wear in “People Will Talk” is a plaid smarty in Galey and Lord’s new cotton and rayon. Under $11.00, sizes 10-20 at Wanamaker’s, Philadelphia, Pa., Saks 34th, New York, N. Y. Criterion belt, Parklane bag, Baar & Beard chiffon scarf.
Swinging into the fashion spotlight is another new fabric that takes to water like a duck! It's Dan River's Dovecote—a nylon and rayon mixture that has the look and feel of flannel. Dress, a striking two-piece, has the new, very full skirt that is ideal over the new crinoline petticoats.

For the one-piece look we added a contour belt by Charm. Blouse $7.95, skirt $12.95, both by Korday. 10-18 in aqua, pink, maize at Stern's, New York, N. Y., H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis, Ind. Ciner pin.

Photographed by Engstead on Cyd Charisse, star of M-G-M's "The Wild North"

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 71
Denise Darcel of M-G-M’s “Westward the Women” models fashion’s smartest whim—three little furs for that extra touch of glamour.

- Intriguingly different is the brief little jacket, left, which easily could pass for Persian lamb but really is poodle cloth. With flare back, short cuffed sleeves, it comes in black, gray, brown, beige and white. $29.50 by Winter Furs at Stern’s, New York, N. Y.

- Upper right, the popular stole becomes an elegant cloak for evening. In seal-dyed rabbit, with taffeta lining, seventy-two inches long, eighteen inches wide, in black, navy, brown, gray, green. Around $39.95 plus tax by Symphony, at Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago, Ill., H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati, O. Little face veil by Heineman

- Enchanting touch for suits and simple dresses is the little choker of mink tails on velvet ribbon, lower right. Make it sparkle with Kramer’s chunky rhinestone pin or simply add a flower. $12.50, including tax, at Furbelow, 15 West 47 Street, New York, N. Y.
Here is the collection piece your friends will rave about! It's RITZ, newest Deltah necklace with the perfect, precious, extravagant look of pearls and diamonds! And how nearly like the genuine do Deltah's simulated pearls look—they're coated with a newly-invented pearl essence that glows with shimmering iridescence. Radiant rhinestones are hand-set into the important Sterling Silver center ornament. See the exciting RITZ Necklace Collection—now, at your jewelers!

"Fairmont" necklace shown, $42.50... other RITZ necklaces from $17.50. Prices include Federal tax.
• PHOTOPLAY PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Exciting news for the girl who likes to sew is this versatile three-piece pattern consisting of a one-piece jumper dress, two blouses. Edith Head designed them for Rhonda Fleming to wear in “Hong Kong,” a Pine-Thomas-Paramount production. Without the blouses, the jumper is a smart sleeveless dress. For accent, add a good-looking pin. For one blouse, Edith chose a striped jersey. This has turtle neck, dolman push-up sleeves. Equally engaging is the gay print blouse, which has flattering scoop neckline, also features the push-up sleeve.

For detailed pattern drawings see page 71
• Charm your escort and add zest to your party skirts with the blouses modelled by Mona Freeman, dainty star of Paramount’s “Darling, How Could You?” Perfect for formal or informal evenings, the black wool jersey blouse, left, creates fashion excitement with its fur-trimmed cuffs, charming portrait neckline. $10.95, in white or black jersey with black fur trim, sizes 10-16

• Youthful and figure-flattering is form-fitting ribbed wool jersey blouse, right. Intriguing neckline is caught at the shoulders with sparkling rhinestone link buttons. $9.95, in white or black, sizes 10-16. With these blouses we teamed a black velveteen skirt with cluster pleating that swirls gracefully when you’re in a dancing mood. Only $17.95, 10-16. Skirt and blouses available at all Plymouth Shops in New York or may be ordered direct from Plymouth Shops, 352 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Jewelry on both pages by Ciner.
Male Pin Ups

(Continued from page 39) For when we explained we thought it was high time the Hollywood men got into the pin-up act—that this once we would feature men pin-up girls as usual. The girls, quick as lightning, added Mr. Lancaster up into a lead that practically means a landslide.

Kirk Douglas, coming in second but definitely trailing Burt’s voice, really opened up his career when he tossed off his shirt. And Alan Ladd, our third winner, has already permitted the public to peer at that exciting package of his.

Yet you get another dark—or should I say clothed—horse in fourth place; that handsome smoothie, William Holden. Bill, who started his career showing his chest in tournaments of love, very rarely appears in anything less than a tailored suit.

Then comes Tony Curtis. At this point let me explain there actually were nineteen Hollywood girls on our jury—not only the three who are listed.

The other ten dolls—equally famous—asked to be anonymous. They’re married—and didn’t want their husbands to know what they were thinking. Six of the ten were thinking about Tony. The seven who were suspicious concerning Tony, who really threw out his handsome chest unadorned in “The Prince Who Was a Thief,” coincides with Eleanor Parker’s opinion. Remarks the lovely Eleanor, picking Kirk Douglas first, Burt Lancaster second and Tony third, “I married an athlete, so naturally I like all athletic types when you see them. Both Kirk and Tony look like professional athletes. Smooth and knowing, but Tony packs a special wallop because he’s still so young.”

Next comes Jeff Chandler, Joan Crawford’s first choice, incidentally, with Kirk Douglas second and Burt third. The always articulate Joan says that Jeff is purely male, without resorting to any of those muscle “bar- bell distortions” that ordinary “body beauties” boys feature.

Of Kirk she murmurs, “Kirk’s got it. He knows it. And he knows you know it—but what interests me about Burt is that he doesn’t seem to know how perfectly proportioned he is, although I’m sure he does. I bet anything this casual attitude of his to his own looks is a matter of his being such a good actor, but because of that very fact that he never shows off, he gets added appeal.”

As YOU can gather from these girlish gushings, Lancaster didn’t always lead with each individual star. He didn’t so much as score with either Marilyn Monroe or Corinne Calvet. But with these exceptions, he did place on every list, way out in front with such diverse personalities as Barbara Stanwyck, Mitzi Gaynor and Ruth Roman, for diverse reasons.

Impudent Mitzi said, “I don’t know the man. I’ve never even been in a room with him, but to me he’s just rugged masculine grandeur, that’s all. That’s right! These no-humps. And he can act, too. It’s really tough.” Then she sighed. “My next choice is William Holden because of that body plus his casual refinement. My third choice is Kirk Douglas because there’s menace in his frame.”

Barbara Stanwyck thought carefully on the subject. “Burt Lancaster first, then Robert Mitchum and another Burt—Stark,” she said. “I guess I choose Burt above the two Bobs, because he is a true professional athlete. When I played in “Sorry, Wrong Number” with him, I wasn’t conscious of his physique, probably because he is such a good actor that my attention was completely riveted upon our scenes together. But when I saw him in a charity circus, high on a trapeze, and Mitchum trailing, I saw that he is unassailable.”

Barbara’s, the other two votes to Robert Mitchum and Burt Stack for similar reasons. Mitchum used to be a boxer, and Burt’s an ex-Navy man, she said, “Even if Mitchum is wrapped in an old raincoat, as he was in a picture I saw recently, you are aware of his body. I suppose that Mr. Mitchum knows he’s not, but he can’t, because he’s aware of it, though I don’t know that personally. But along with that arrogance of movement of his, I like the way he walks.”

As for Bob Stack, who was on one of Bob Taylor’s pin-up posters, I find him good for the blonde, she sighs, “What a sign bai! Then Burt Lancaster—he’s like a double Martini. And then Kirk Douglas. He’s just plain male wow!”

JANE RUSSELL and Corinne Calvet each showed her good sense in picking her own husband as the best-set-up gentleman in Hollywood.

Calvet said, “My Johnnie Bromfield, he is exactly what all foreign girls dream of, a typical American he-man. Next to him I choose Alan Ladd. Alan is not tall but he is beautifully proportioned. Third, I put Jeffrey Hunter, whom he seems to ripple all over and it is quite wonderful.”

The best-built man in Hollywood is Bob Waterfield,” says Mrs. Bob Waterfield, otherwise known as Russell. “Since he is now about to make his first picture, I put him in the star list. I choose Burt Lancaster next to Bob and Bob Stack after him. I like the way a professional athlete looks, the way he moves, the relaxation he has and the coordination.”

Interestingly enough, when our all-male jury chose the best feminine legs a couple of months ago, we said, “This stuff as with some of our nobodies, too. Jane Russell, Janet Leigh, Ava Gardner, Esther Williams and Marilyn Monroe as also having excellent underpairings, these three, too, emphasized this professional element in physical beauty. They liked the girls whose legs were slimmed by dancing or swimming—so perhaps it isn’t surprising that the girls see the boys as the “Men of All the Wolves: to the bar bells, boys, if you want to capture the beach belles.”

Marilyn Monroe picked Marlon Brando twice as her own favorite male to glance upon and followed with another jolt—Richard Widmark. “Whatever made you conscious of Dick’s physique?” we queried. “He’s sheer male magnetism,” said Marilyn firmly.

Photoplay’s “silent” vote was all from girl stars who are married and, in two cases only, to other stars. The non-professional gentlemen of Hollywood in this position are naturally sensitive and their happy brides were out to protect their feelings.

Also, these girls seemed to feel a little guilty about not naming their husbands first (non-professional husbands are rarely up to the physical standards of male stars). Also they didn’t want their husbands to realize they ever did gaze with admiration on other men. One cutie, who has just had her first baby, phrased it, “Who wants to see the Taj Mahal by moonlight? The sight of Burt Lancaster under the same circumstances would do more to me. Tony Curtis really sends me, because that grin of his, above that V-shaped torso, is really frantic and as for William Holden in a dinner jacket, I just drool.”

There was almost a feeling of guilt in admiring Jeff Chandler on the part of these married ladies. One very little star confessed, “I just stand and gaze up at him, I wish he would admire State Building—but my husband isn’t so tall, so I don’t dare admit this.”

Another star, who is very athletic, made a direct confession of confession, “I always think of Jeff in his uniform when I see him, as I have often, merely dining with Annie Sheridan.”

But Ruth Roman, a direct and forceful girl, and very recently married, wasn’t afraid to express what she felt. “This is living beauty,” she said, “and who’s afraid of it? I pick Burt Lancaster for symmetry first, Steve Cochran for strength second and William Holden for smoothness third.”

Now if ever the man is discovered who combines all these qualities.


Burt Lancaster’s next is “Ten Tall Men,” Kirk Douglas is in “Detective Story,” Alan Ladd appears in Hal Wallis’s “Red Mountain,” Bill Holden’s next is “Submarine Sister,” Tony Curtis is in “Son of All Gods” and Jeff Chandler in “Flame of Araby.”

The End

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What gives then, I wonder, with the weepers and the waiters who can't meet you on the street without trapping you with a long saga about how abused and unappreciated they are, who apparently can't put a sentence together without at least one, "I never get the breaks" or, "I guess I'm just jinxed."

We all know people like that. I just spent the weekend with one. Whew!!

Their best friends should tell them that self-pity is a most insidious little charm killer, that it alienates one's friends, ravages one's appearance, and Heaven only knows what it does to the lining of one's stomach.

The lining of my stomach was raw after three days with my bitter friend. She was my houseguest—and by noon on Friday I was counting the hours before Sunday night, and escape!

I suggested a swim; she wanted to tell me about her divorce. I maneuvered her out of a chair after three hours of that and took her out to the
play yard to romp with the children. I figured my twins could cheer anybody up. But all children, it turned out, made her nervous.

After dinner, I suggested running a picture in the little theatre—but we never got around to it. She started telling me about the big part she missed out on because the producer had it in for her. And she never came to a period.

"Honey," I felt like saying, "I know you're having a rotten time, but it's your own fault. I don't even feel sorry for you. You feel too all-fired sorry for yourself."

All of us have our miserable days, of course. But those are the days, I think, when we should be hypocrites, when we should put on a bright face and tell the little white lie that will keep our friends sticking by when we need them.

The best-intentioned people in the world will start ducking into doorways when you approach if you insist upon being the down-beat kid.

Misery may love company; but unfortunately it doesn't get it.

Are you an artificial flower?

After my lost weekend with Miss Sorry-for-Herself I felt like having some laughs, so I made an appointment for a shampoo at my favorite beauty shop.

My hair-dresser copes with more real problems in a day than my self-pitying friend does in a year, but you'd never know it from her.

She (Continued on page 82)
Bought and Planned For

(Continued from page 60) something just because it is.  
Every young couple has that big decision to make—whether to spread their money thin and buy complete furnishings of doubtful quality, or whether to invest in a few really good things that will last a lifetime, adding to it whenever possible.  Marsh and Barbara favor the second plan.  
Marsh’s and Barbara’s plan materialized fairly well.  Their furniture was well-chosen, but, built now or later, the Thompsons’ house would be the same, utterly charming, in modified Early American style with loads of used bricks and a shake roof.  The main entrance leads to a two-car garage, so the rear yard can be all garden.

They know every inch of it well, for after they worked out the house to fit the site, the Thompsons’ spent all available time on the premises.  

Marsh also had in mind constructing some of their furniture.  With just the usual handy tools that go with every house, he made a simple, hanging, what-not shelf which they use in the living room.  For the other pieces, he borrowed the tools and knowledge of a neighbor.

The living room’s to the right of the entrance hall, situated where it doesn’t get daily traffic, with large windows on the rear wall that look into the garden, balanced by a larger and more-used brick fireplace on the opposite wall.

Although Barbara and Marsh had furniture from the apartment, Barbara didn’t know where to start on the color scheme.  Theirs was a dark brown, oak print, mostly dark green with tiny red and blue flowers.  Blue flowers blossomed all over the heavy red cotton crash wing chair, and she needed a color to tie all of these together.  Then she found the rug, a beautiful silvery blue wool, deep-piled and heavy, She repeated the blue on the painted walls, but chose white for the ceiling, between the beams.

She put white at the windows also, in the Indian Head dutch curtains and, for contrast, used a brown piping trim and brown chintz valance.  The brown is used, too, in the lounge in the alcove, repeated in the brown glazed chintz, with pink, yellow and green pattern, which covers the wing chair in the alcove.

The bright red, textured cotton sofa is eye-catching and lovely.

From the apartment came the pedestal table and the hanging shelf which Marsh had made, the desk and the large cherry-wood hutch.  Marsh and Barbara added to these with cherry-wood center and a cobbler’s bench for the sofa.  At Christmastime, Marsh’s mother gave them a gay little lamp, a cocky white rooster standing on a ivory hand, and Marsh was so perfect for their room, that Marsh bought the matching lamp, a demure little white hen.

The fireplace, though, sets the tone of the living room.  It’s completely inviting with its huge brick fireplace, the big bricks and a cobbler’s bench for the sofa.  At Christmastime, Marsh’s mother gave them a gay little lamp, a cocky white rooster standing on a ivory hand, and Marsh was so perfect for their room, that Marsh bought the matching lamp, a demure little white hen.  

Blue is a cold color and usually a blue room doesn’t have this friendly quality.  However, most of the windows in the Thompsons’ house face west, letting in floods of sun all day, therefore the blue is needed to tone it down.  Yellow, coral or any of the warm tones would have been too much.  By contrast, the blue brings out the richness of the cherry-wood furniture and the knotty cedar paneling.  The bright reds, the rich browns and the deep green are set off by the blue, too, so the colors gain intensity and seem more exciting.

If most of the windows faced north, the color scheme would have to be changed.  Green wouldn’t be good because the light coming through them would come into your rooms before you choose your colors.  Put warm background colors in a room that gets little sun, and cool background colors where the sun floods in.  

One of the dreams of the young Thompsons concerned a den.  They tried every way to work one into their plans, but had to compromise with a small, panelled alcove at one end of the living room.  Cupboards and a small, panelled, permanent window looks into the garden,

★ "Women look at a secret two-ways— either it is not worth keeping—or it’s too good to be kept!"  . . . ALAN LADD

and the rest is open.  There’s room for one chair and a table, so Barbara placed her chintz-covered wing chair here, and beside it, Marsh’s pedestal table.  The alcove was decorated beautifully with the living room, for the front wall uses knotty cedar.  Barbara chose an exquisite Provincial print paper, white on soft blue.  With white stair-rail and white woodwork, it’s soft and crisp.

“The dining room’s a little disappointing,” said Marsh, “for it didn’t come up to our expectations, perhaps because we let ourselves be talked out of our own ideas.”  

Marsh has one picture of photographs together make it almost a bed-sitting room.  Tiny yellow roses bloom on the white wallpaper, white nylon ruffled curtains soften the windows, and the multicord spread with its quilted top, repeats the yellow, as does the antique satin chair edged with a green chintz ruffle.

The poster bed’s really a beauty, the four cherry-wood posts slim and tapering.

Barbara added a few tables which Marsh had made.  One’s the cherry-wood lamp table, Early American style, which stands beside the bed.  The other is a roll-top writing table with inlaid cowhide, and both of Marsh’s show their skill.  The Thompsons chuckle when they look at it.  

“I made that of wood from our old bed,” Marsh explained.  “One night I sat on the edge and wham . . . down it came!  We slept on mattresses and springs for a while after that.”  It may not have made a good bed, but it makes a fine table.

The hall that leads to the bathroom doubles as a dressing room, its length lined with shelves and cupboards engineered to accommodate Marsh’s and Barbara’s clothing.  

Everything’s young, in the colors, the in-formality, the feeling of the decoration, and you can tell it’s been plain fun for Marsh and Barbara.  Marsh put in a lot of time around the place, building brick paths, edging flower beds with bricks, and the next door neighbors, the Thompsons’ covered porch just outside the living room.

Recently the golf course behind their house was subdivided, with twenty young trees all going to be cut down.  Marsh took to his choice of the group, pressed Roddy MacDowell into service and the two of them vaulted the fence and spent the day digging up trees and replanting them in the Thompsons’ back yard.  Of such things is a house truly built.

The End
Hollywood's First Family

(Continued from page 48) a dope, like thousands of women the world over, whose knowing love builds a haven of warmth for husband and children.

Dick calls her a naive sophisticate. Naive she's always been. Sophistication flowered upon her with emotional experiences she used to hang on to his hand till it broke, terrified lest he cast her adrift with some one she might have to talk to. Now you can't shut her up. She's become in a roomful of people, and pretty soon they're clustered around June. Recalling his shy violet of yesteryear, this hands Dick a wallop.

So do her innocent guile, which she exploits for all they're worth. Dick sees right through them and finds them enchanting. "What a man hates worst is not to be boss in his own house," says June, "not. But she makes me think I am."

Ask June whether Dick wears the pants, and she turns on you a look of pity and wonder, murmuring gently, "Does any man?"

THE issue involved may be minor, like a salad. Dick detests salads before the meat course. "But Richard, you say it's good for you. You eat it. If we don't have it first, I can't eat it at all." So they have it first. He abominates Chinese food. She dotes on it. Every week they show up at the Beachcombers for Chinese food. "If you'd order something decent at least. All you eat is gook."

"Will you take me tomorrow night?"

"No, I have a meeting."

Before the meeting, you'll find them at the Beachcombers, June deep in gook.

They sometimes vacation at Alisal Ranch, American plan. The menu offers you four entrees, and June smiles at the waiter. "Could I have steak, please?" He turns over his feet to promote steak, disrupting the kitchen. Dick contemplates her with mixed feelings. There's the one girl who has nerve enough to ask for strawberries at the North Pole. And probably get 'em.

She pats his hand. "Never mind, sweet-heart, you can have the others."

Her methods seem simple, but they're rooted in delicacy. She doesn't say, "You fix the gin-and-tonics, Richard." She says, "Richard, you fix better gin-and-tonics than I do." She makes more charming and saves her just as much work. Spinning her web, she maneuvered the adoption of Pamela.

Not that Dick was opposed to adoption in principle. On the contrary. He didn't have to prove that he loved children. That was demonstrated long since. On the other hand, in the early days of their marriage, responsibility seemed to frighten June. She'd been used to looking only after herself, and shied from household problems like a startled yearling. Yet the doctor's opinion is that Dick was made for love but not allowed to run wild, Pam demonstrates the results—a friendly merry youngster—a joy instead of a pain in the neck to all who know her. And she's not jealous of Ricky. But that's a story itself.

From start to finish, the advent of Ricky was a miracle. They were planning to adopt another child when June found she was pregnant and entered a world of pure bliss, crowned by the baby's birth. "I was in labor for eighteen hours," she crows, "and loved every minute of it."

"Only an Allyson," says Dick, "could make that statement." I prowled with the usual headache. She came out waving to everyone. 'I just had a boy—'"

"And won five dollars—"

She'd bet Dick five to one it would be a boy and, fully conscious, waited for the
June donned teeth braces to masquerade as child prodigy in first picture since Ricky's birth, "Too Young to Kiss"

July's companionhips rest on something more basic than golf. They have humor and understanding. June regards Dick as the world's funniest man. She's no slouch herself. So long as they can make with the verbal parry-and-thrust, life will never be dull. But ribbing stops short of the sore point and neither is told when that point has been reached.

Dick riles June about her housekeeping. "You and your beautiful typewritten lists: 'Here's what I'd like to have done'- But do you ever check up to see if it gets done. Good thing we've got some wonderful people with us who know what we like."

"Who tells them what we like in the first place?"

"Who tells the laundress how to launder and where to put the things. I do. Who tells Ora about the time for dinner? I do. And who changes it? You do. You say, "Listen, sweetheart, let's have a good early dinner" Then you come home and say, "Why so early?" because you've got to phone for ninety-nine hours and ruin the roast. Who lays out your clothes?"

"You do. And for all we know, they may be starving in the gutter. How can you?"

"Because I've been fired a thousand times and learned the technique of starving in the gutter?"

"You certainly don't look it. Besides, I did put up with your person."

"Why?"

"Because you bet me 150 to one I wouldn't, and I'm a girl who likes a dollar."

"What was your technique, by the way?"

"I said, 'I'd love to keep you but Richard Powell thinks we'd better part.' She skips hastily on. 'Who worries about you? I do. Who asked you 700 times last night to put on your clothes?'"

"You did. And who finally put it on?"

"I did. Because I was cold and you weren't. But I do worry about you, Richard. You're so luscious, I want you around for a long time."

"Let's not get confused. Let's stick to the point. Housekeeping—"

"Confusion's nicer. It keeps us young and healthy. Let's Stay confused."

Except that she likes a dollar, June will have nothing to do with business. That's Dick's province. He pays more attention to her career than his own. She offers a single monotonous contribution. "Please let me play to weight and stay home at the same time."

"The Reformer and the Redhead" was okay with Dick, but he let her do "Right Cross" against his better judgment.

"It's no good for you, June."

"Oh, Rick," she moaned so much from you last time. It won't hurt me to learn a little more."

He goes through her scripts first, and bestezes her for the head to read the good ones. "I'll read it in bed tonight—" She falls asleep. "I promise I'll read it before lunch—" That afternoon she calls him. "The studio just phoned. What'll I tell them?"

"Didn't you read the script?"

"I knew there was something I had to do, but I couldn't think what."

She manages to sound penitent, impish and conscious.

"I've got to call back, Richard. What'll I tell them?"

It had been rumored that June would like to give up her work. This is inaccurate. She'd like to weight and stay home at the same time. Between pictures she spends most of her day with the children.

When shooting starts and Pam says, "Don't go to the studio. Stay home. Home is the place."

Again, she makes a beeline for the nursery. Ricky knows her footsteps, starts cooing like crazy, grabs his feet and rocks in sheer ecstasy. Though he's a happy, smiling baby, his smile is an effrontery for no one but Ma. And she wouldn't trade ten Oscars for it.

"This is the thing," she explains earnestly—"it's how unusual the introduction to earnest speech. "This is the thing. What kind of marriage is it if your husband and children don't come uppermost? But that's not to say I don't love my career. Only maybe not have my own choice actresses. To love it that much, maybe you have to be a better actress."

Maybe. The public, who continues to rate her among the top ten, seems to have no beef.

The Powells find their zest for living within themselves. You won't see them at night clubs and rarely at premiers. Their idea of nothing is to get gussied up and be started in the company of other dress clothes and not meeting important people. Dick sometimes threatens to retire. This is the bunt. To keep his mind alive, he's got to have a thrombosis to put his trust in. But then the pleasures are quiet ones. They decided, for instance, that the children needed a bricked play yard to keep them off the wet grass.

Instead of calling a man, they built it themselves, the family affair. They'd make the day they dug and dug together, getting filthy dirty and laughing their fool heads off. The day Dick shoveled sand and sunk the six-inch edge, with June flittering about as a matter of course, the children.

"Darling, don't the boards fit?"

"Darling, I'm a frustrated carpenter. I'll make 'em fit—"

The day June laid bricks and Pam helped her fashion and Dick lay on his stomach, a sports spectator. The day it was finished, and how Pam walked straight past the sandpile to the dollhouse in the corner and knelt before it and looked into the face of a dreaming child in wonderland. Items like these don't hit the gossip columns. They merely enrich daily living for June and Dick Powell.

After Ricky's been kissed goodnight, after Pammy rides up to bed on her daddy's shoulders, they sit down to dinner.

Dick tells June about his day. Not the business details, he gave that up long ago. But he's met some friends or something diverting's hap—(Continued on page 79)
Tru-Glo
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F. A. ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Disney: RKO: All the beloved characters of the Lewis Carroll fantasy are brought to the screen through the magic animation of Walt Disney. (Sept.)
F. A. AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—20th Century-Fox: Monty Woolley, automatically retired at sixty-five, dyes his beard and cuts with Constance Bennett—his Albert Beekman’s wife—to prove that there’s life in the old boy yet. With Jean Peters, Marilyn Monroe, David Wayne. (Aug.)
F. A. LITTLE DRIVE—U.A: Dean Stockwell, stranded after leaving his father’s private railroad car, winds up with the lustful John McGuire and after a two-weeks’ trek across the desert becomes a new boy. With Chill Wills. (July 31)
F. A. DAVID AND BATHSHEBA—20th Century-Fox: Technicolor production of the Biblical story involving King David and the wife of one of his soldiers. With Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward as the lovers and Raymond Massey, Kieron Moore, Jayne Meadows. (Oct.)
F. A. EXCUSE MY DUST—M-G-M: Fairly entertaining Technicolor musical with Red Skelton, as an inventor who tries to perfect the horseless carriage, providing the laughs; Sally Forrest, the dances and romance; Monica Lewis, the songs and Macdonald Carey some plot complications. (Aug.)
F. A. FOUR IN A JEEP—U-A: An unusual movie laid in post-war Vienna with Ralph Meeker, Yvonne De Carlo and Michael Medwin as the soldiers of four nations who patrol the International Zone together and who landas as the Austrian girl who seeks their help. (Sept.)
F. A. GUY WHO CAME BACK, THE—20th Century-Fox: Amazing screen fare in which Paul Douglas, an ex-football star, is persuaded by sire Linda Darnell that his days as a champ and a Great Lover are not over—but to the distress of wife Joan Bennett. (Aug.)
F. A. HAPPy GO LOvELY—RKO: Vera Ellen’s terrific dancing keeps this British-made Technicolor musical from getting too bogged down by that old tired, mistaken identity plot. With David Niven, Cesar Romero. (Sept.)
F. A. HARD, FAST, AND BEAUTIFUL—RKO: Claire Trevor as a greedy mother, who’s stopping at nothing to turn her daughter, Sally Forrest, into a champion in this behind-the-scenes story of “hambour” tennis. With Robert Clarke. (Sept.)
F. A. HE KNEW ALL THE WAY—U-A: Wanted for a hold-up murder, John Garfield hides out in Shelley Winters’ home hoping to keep her family unaware that he can make a getaway. A suspenseful drama. With Wallace Ford, Selena Royle. (Sept.)
F. A. HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount: Bing Crosby returns from abroad with war orphans Jackie Coogan and Beverly Washburn to find his girl, Jane Wyman, about to wed Franciot Tone. The methods he uses to prevent the marriage must be a comedy. With Alexis Smith. (Oct.)
F. A. JIM THORPE—ALL AMERICAN—Warners: Story of the great Indian athlete which covers his early days in college, his rise and fall as a champion and his eventual rehabilitation. With Bert Lahr, Steve Cochran, Phyllis Thaxter and Charles Bickford. (Aug.)
F. A. KIND LADY—M-G-M: The classic Shakespearean actor, Maurice Evans, makes his screen debut as a charming and evil ringleader in a plot to take over the home of Ethel Barrymore by convincing everyone of his insanity. With Betsy Blair, Zeena Wynn, Angela Lansbury. (Sept.)
F. A. LAW AND THE LADY, THE—M-G-M: Lady’s maid Greer Garson and black sheep nobleman in a plot to take over the home of Ethel Barrymore by convincing everyone of his insanity. With Betsy Blair, Zeena Wynn, Angela Lansbury. (Sept.)
F. A. LITTLE EGYPT—U-A: There’s more outwitting than seeing and swaying in this fanciful take-off on the story of the famous turn-of-the-century hooch dancer. With Rhonda Fleming, Mark Stevens. (Aug.)
F. A. LONG DARK HALL, THE—U-A: A British inspector with a highly suspect suspicion resolves around trial and conviction of Rex Harrison for the murder of Patricia Wayne, Lilli Palmer, Mrs. Harrison in tears, plays his faithful wife. (Sept.)
F. A. MAGIC FACE, THE—Columbia: Even if you won’t believe the theory that Hitler was killed midway in the war and an actor hired to impersonate him, you’ll be interested in this unusual thriller. With Luther Adler, Patricia Knight. (Oct.)
F. A. MR. BELVEDERE RINGS THE BELL—20th Century-Fox: Clifton Webb pretends he’s seventy and enters, along with pandemonium and havoc, an old age home. With Joanne Dru, Hugh Marlowe. (Oct.)
F. A. MISTER DRAKE’S DUCK—U-A: A whimsical comedy of events that occur when Douglas Fairbanks and Yolande Donlan, honeymooning on his farm, discover a strange chicken lays uranium eggs. (Aug.)
F. A. MR. IMPERIUM—M-G-M: Lama, Turner loves and loses Kino, Fabina twice—to the call of his country, in beautiful but numbing Technicolor produc-
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1. With Debbie Reynolds, Marjorie Main. (Oct.)
2. (A) MOB, THE—Columbia: Policeman Bryd Crawford secures a job as a dock worker in order to bring himself in contact with the "mob" responsible for the murder of which a fellow officer has been accused. Rugged action drama. With newcomers, Betty Boucher, Richard Kiley. (Oct.)
3. (A) NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox: Jimmy Stewart, convinced that a certain type of metal can cause a plane to lose its tail, inadvertently becomes a passenger on just that kind of plane. An unusual and exciting comedy co-starring Marlene Dietrich, Glynn Johnson. (Oct.)
4. (F) ON MOONLIGHT RAY—Warner Bros.: When Doris Day and Gordon MacRae fall in love, they have plenty of trouble coping with papo Leo Amee and kid brother Billy Gray. In this nostalgic Technicolor musical. (Oct.)
5. (F) PARSON MY FRENCH—U.A.: American school teacher, Merle Oberon, inherits a French chateau and becomes involved with musician Paul Henreid and his five children. (Oct.)
6. (F) PERING EXPRESS—Paramount: In this movie there's Orient with UN doctor Joseph Cotten. French singer Corinne Calvet and missionary Ed mund Gwenn held as hostages by black marketeer Marvin Miller. (Sept.)
7. (A) PLACE IN THE SUN—4—Paramount: The three stars give superlative performances in this heartwarming and modern version of "An American Tragedy", with Montgomery Clift as the confused young man whose ambition and love for Lili Taylor leads to Shelley Winters' undoing. (Sept.)
8. (F) RHUBARB—Paramount: Hilarious farce about a spirited cat who inherits a baseball team and $20,000,000. Ray Milland is the cat's guardian and Jan Sterling Ray's Rhubarb-allergic fiancée. With Gene Lockhart. (Oct.)
9. (F) RICH, YOUNG AND PRETTY—M-G-M: When millionaire Wendell Corey takes daughter Jane Powell to Paris, he doesn't count on her meeting her mother, Danielle Darrieux, new beau Vic Damone. With Fernando Lamas, Cug Merkert. (Oct.)
10. (F) SATURDAY'S HERO—Columbia: A disillusioned ex-policeman loses his football Saturday's hero with John Derek, Donna Reed, Sidney Blackmer, Alexander Knox. (Oct.)
11. (F) SECRET OF CONVICT LAKE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Glenn Ford leads Richard Hylton, Zachary Scott and two other young convicts to a mountain settlement where they are reluctantly given refuge by Gene Tierney, Ethel Barrymore, Barbara Bates and Anna Dvorak. Exciting! (Oct.)
12. (F) SHOW BOAT—M-G-M: The third and Technicolor version of "South Pacific" starring Katharine Hepburn as Magnolia, Howard Keel as Gay, Ava Gardner as Julie. With Joe E. Brown, Anees Merle O'Brien in her first Technicolor musical. (Sept.)
13. (F) ST. BENNY THE DIP—U.A.: Amusing story of three hoodlums who don ecclesiastical vestments in order to evade the police, and how each finds regeneration. With Dick Haymes, Roland Young, Lionel Stander, Nino Rota. (Sept.)
14. (F) STRANGERS ON A TRAIN—Warner Bros.: Neurotic Robert Walker meets tennis champ Farley Granger in a club car, discusses a diabolical scheme for a double murder and then, with Farley's knowledge, carries out his end of it. What happens next makes this a chilling, thrilling adventure. With John Dall, Pat Hingle. (Sept.)
15. (F) STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE—Warner Bros.: Magnificent screen version of the play about a tragic Southern belle, Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter and Karl Malden give Academy Award caliber performances. (Sept.)
16. (F) STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—M-G-M: A light-weight but entertaining comedy filled with complications when middle-aged opera star Ezio Pinza falls for naive Southern girl Janet Leigh. With Maria Pia. (Sept.)
17. (F) THAT'S MY BOY—Paramount: You'll laugh till your sides split when strong-arm Jerry Lewis sets out to be a football star with the help of college hero Dean Martin. With Ruth Hussey, Marion Marshall. (Aug.)
18. (F) THUNDER ON THE HILL—U.A.: A series in which non-Caucasian roles are sometimes played. Lee Marbles as John Dillinger. (Aug.)
19. (F) TWO OF A KIND—Columbia: Routine mugging by Janet Leigh and Alphonso Polish, this one-timeSynopsis con spirie to have Edmund O'Brien pose as long-ho st member of a millionaires' organization in order to make some easy money. With Terry Moore. (Sept.)
20. (F) WARPATH—Paramount: A rough and swarming adventure of the kind that claimed O'Brien as a private in the Seventh Cavalry to track down the insoluble case of Buffalo Bill's death. With Polly Bergen, Dean Jagger, Forrest Tucker. (Sept.)
21. (F) WELL, THE—U.A.: A gripping movie of Negro life that enacts after a little Negro girl falls into a well and a white man is accused of her kidnapping. With Henry Morgan, Barry Kelly, Euzenolyn Laster. (Oct.)
22. (F) WHEN I GROW UP—U.A.: Bobby Darin makes a dual role in this tender family portrait about a boy, his dad, and grand-dad and two of their romances in their lives. (Aug.)
23. (F) WHISTLE AT EATON FALLS, THE—Columbia: A lecture on labor problems with Lloyd Bridges who, as union leader who is made president of the factory and is forced to do the very things he had fought against. With Deanna Durbin, George Beban. (Sept.)
There's never any chitchat. June and Dick don't believe in boring their friends. The world is wide and holds many interests. Discussion ranges from politics through movies to the weather. They're all vitally concerned with a prospective adoption center, incorporated by the Powells and thirty-three other backers under the name of California Cradle, Inc. Incurably civic-minded, Dick's had the bug in his head for years. Pamela's coming stirred them both to action. The project's still in its beginning stage. Meanwhile they confer with authorities and attend meetings, trying to learn how best they can serve the community.

Miss wife's whimsicalities keep Dick in a constant flow of spirits. She's under the impression that they breakfast together every morning. Her husband corrects her. When you're working, I get up and have breakfast with you. When I'm working I get up and have breakfast.

"But when you're at a meeting, I can't go to sleep till you're home."

"What you going to do with it?"

"Nothing, but it's nice."

For each child she planted a tree—a peach for Pamela, a plum for Ricky. "I'll never grow there," said Dick when he saw the plans they drew for such a tree.

The gardener scratched his head. "What a place for a tree?"

"That's where my wife wanted it."

"What they exchanged granceses, and the tree was transplanted.

June glories in it. "See how it's growing, and you said it wouldn't, Richard."

"But, Junie, we moved it."

"That's what I meant. it's growing anyway. Aren't you glad?"

This kind of thing, which might unnerve a man, brightens Dick's days. He's in any case not easily flustered, and his equanimity's a source of great comfort to June. Her boiling point's lower. When they tiff, she's usually the one to apologize, because she's usually wrong. Once I wasn't wrong. Only I can't remember what I wasn't wrong about."

Some Hollywood stars are superstitious about marriage stories. Secure in the strength and safety of their union, these two never let on to such small talk.

"We've been married six years," says June. "Not a day's gone by when we haven't told each other, 'I love you!' At least once.

"More often fifty times," amends the breezy Powell, who wouldn't be caught dead on the screen with a line that corny. "Never in my life was I happy till I met this idiot. And she's making my neck farther. A grin crinkles the corners of his eyes. "We're the happiest stinkin' couple this side of paradise, and we always will be."

June puts on her earnest face. "This is the thing. What's there to be afraid of when you're sure?"

**The End**

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**the Christening**

BY DIANE SCOTT

"I SNT he just too beautiful?" June sighed, giving a final maternal swirl to Ricky's big golden curl. And "beautiful" was the right word. Thumbing through the family album fifteen years hence Richard Keith Powell probably will hate the whole tribe for his christening ensemble, a French original, one of his Godmothers, Frances Bergen, brought him from an exclusive shop on the Riviera. . . She purchased it before Ricky was even born; therefore without knowing whether she was buying it for a boy or a girl.

The Reverend Kermit Castellanos administered the christening rite in the chancel of All Saints' Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills. And throughout the whole ceremony Ricky, to put it mildly, was in rare form.

While the Minister read the Ministration of Holy Baptism, he watched with interested widely-open blue eyes—the way a child listens to a fairy tale, ready to send you back to the beginning if you skip too much as one syllable.

When Frances Bergen held him he spied her pearls and all but yanked them right off her neck.

Fortunately, at this point the Minister took him up and handed him over to his second Godmother, Bunny Greene. Immediately he began to chew on Bunny's prayer book. He had been, of course, too young to speak, when, again just in time, the Minister retrieved him and passed him to Godmother Frances again.

Ricky was also pleasantly impressed when the Minister sprinkled his head with Holy Water. And when he made the sign of the cross on his forehead with his thumb, Ricky could restrain himself no longer. "Oooh, " he cooed, really nestling himself.

"It will be so simple," June had told Dick when they had discussed Ricky's christening. "There's nothing to it. I'll arrange it for you.

June was right, it was simple—for her. She just ordered the white carnations for the church and suggested Dick wear his gray and white striped necktie. Everything else was arranged. "You're just the one to set the pace."

June thought differently. "Will you wear the diamond choker and gold bracelets, Rick?"

"Sure," he replied, "I'll stick out like a Christmas tree.

When Dick had doffed his cap, he was all dressed up and ready to be wheeled away. Everything was going too smoothly—Dick was making his own decision. June had a feeling that she had been overruled.

But Dick just grinned and said, "I'll be back."

Dick had done it. He had won over June. She was nearly in tears. "Poor Pierre," she murmured. "And Godmother Frances was right."

But Dick didn't hear an answer.
Mario Lanza's in the money now—but he hasn't forgotten the days when, as a struggling young singer, he had to watch the pennies. (His next film is "Because You're Mine")

One day Mario and wife, Betty, were going over bills. "I bet you a new hat," he exclaimed, "that if I were running this house I could cut . . .

... those bills in half?" "Okay!" agreed Betty. "Take over!" When Mario let the milkman talk him into buying a cheaper product which she had resisted for months, she didn't say a...

... really had to bite her tongue when the new economy laundry delivered her best tablecloth—hopelessly torn! Later that same night, she found Mario adding up the bills. She...

... word. She didn't even protest when Mario staggered home with an armload of gadgets he insisted would save time and money—even when most of them didn't work! But she...

... peeked over his shoulder—and gasped. Mario looked up—and grinned ruefully. "You get two hats, Honey!" he said. "I didn't cut the bills in half! I doubled 'em!"
she's Engaged...

Next spring wedding bells will ring for Betty Jeanne Dixon of South Hadley, and Lt. Stanley Marshall Prouty, Jr. They announced their engagement at his West Point graduation. They'll have a military wedding in May—Betty Jeanne will be a darling bride.

she's Lovely

Betty is charming as a Dresden figurine, with blue eyes and an exquisite complexion. Her lovely face gives you a provocative glimpse of her delightful Inner Self. Betty Jeanne goes to your heart at first glance.

she uses Pond's

“Look your prettiest and you feel more poised”

...says Betty Jeanne

A gay and happy confidence bolsters you when you know you look your very nicest.

Betty feels that every girl's first step towards looking her best is clean, soft skin.

"I couldn't skip my nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream," Betty says. "It's a beauty routine that really pays off—makes my skin feel superbly smooth and clean."

Your skin, too, will love the soft smoothness that comes from using Pond's faithfully. Do it as Betty does, every night (day face cleansings, too). This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—give face a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.

Now—a wonderful reward! That glowing complexion that smiles from your mirror!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you know you look your prettiest self, a captivating confidence sparkles in your face—attracts others to you on sight!

Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!

Betty Jeanne Dixon has the loveliest complexion. "I always use Pond's Cold Cream," she says.
If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 73) always has one or two new stories, she greets you with a smile so genuine that you feel happier just looking at her—she's busting out all over with what I call charm. "I need a laugh," I said, and she didn't disappoint me.

The client who had just left had seen me come in, and had grabbed the opportunity to ask my operator a question which had been bothering her for years.

"Oh, you do Joan Crawford," she had said. Tell me, does she wear artificial eyebrows?" Real eyebrows, she was certain, couldn't be so thick.

We laughed so hard over this that everybody in the shop was jealous.

My eyebrows, of course, are my own. As a matter of fact, I doubt if you can buy eyebrows on the open market.

There was a time when I had practically no eyebrows—or eyelashes—to speak of, and I worried enough about our screwy look to do something about it.

For a year, I stimulated my brows and lashes every night with a good, stiff brushing with a hard bristle toothbrush. Then I applied castor oil or a worthless one the first night, the other the next.

The results you can see for yourself. Luxuriant eyebrows and lashes are a great beauty asset, but just growing them isn't enough. They must be groomed, too.

When I make up before going out, I brush my eyebrows—first in the wrong direction, then in the right—then I slick them into place with a dark pomade. If a single scraggly hair spoils the effect, I get out the tweezers, right that minute!

Our eyes are so important. I feel that tired, tense, bloodshot eyes spoil the most beautiful face. So I always make sure that my eyes look rested.

Lying down for ten minutes, with the feet higher than the head, with pads soaked in a soothing lotion over your eyes, can make a miraculous change in your appearance on those days when you come home fagged, only to have to make a lightening change and dash out again.

For my lotion, I put witch hazel in a small bowl with a couple of ice cubes. I soak cotton pads in this to place over your eyes. You may find it more convenient to keep the bottle of witch hazel on ice and use the same way.

You're a Big Girl Now!

A fourteen-year-old reader says her friends are permitted to wear high heels and earrings, and she is miserable because her parents think them unsuitable for her.

I would agree with her parents unless she is one of those rare fourteen-year-olds who are really grown up.

I think most girls of that age look like little girls playing dress-up games in their mothers' clothes when they doll up in sophisticated accessories.

I can't say flatly that high heels and earrings would be wrong for all fourteen-year-olds because some girls mature more quickly than others.

But I do feel that waiting a little longer is smart. My daughter Christina is twelve now, and more than once has yearned to wear the kind of clothes which are right for me, but just plain silly for a little girl. I've asked her to wait. Christina and all the rest of you girls will have a good long chance to be grownups.

Flat shoes are so pretty, grownups have been stealing them from you youngsters.

And the simple, brushed—until-gleaming hair—dou the young girls wear these days don't need the embellishment of jewelry.

Look before you dye!

I've had a letter from a reader who is wondering what can be done about prematurely gray hair.

My first instinct—since this girl is still in her bloom years, the early twenties—is to say: Don't do anything. Gray hair, with a young face, is one of the most beautiful hair colors there is.

But there is more to this problem, sometimes, than its effect on one's appearance.

Some people with gray hair feel old—no matter how clever they look.

And if this is the case, then dye your hair. Only the die-hards (no pun intended) object to tinted hair these days. Thousands of girls change the color of their hair habitually. I do.

If gray hair is making you self-conscious and unhappy, then run, don't walk, to the nearest beauty salon and pick out whatever color of hair you've always wanted; make certain first, though, that it won't fight the color of your eyes, or your skin.

Do not hesitate to write me about your charm problems. Send your letters to Joan Crawford, c/o Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

The End

"This is Just the Help I've been Needing!"

might well be your reaction to the radio program "My True Story." You see, "My True Story" presents in dramatic form hope, fear, love, jealousy, and many other problems of real people—people who might be your friends or neighbors—might even be you. "My True Story" gives you the problems of real people and their own solutions—direct from the files of True Story Magazine.

TUNE IN
"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only $1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!

A Lilt wave looks lovelier, feels softer, is easier to manage than any other home wave! Only Lilt's superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

**No Other Home Permanent Wave**

looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest

**Naturally Curly Hair!**

Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!

Never before a wave so easy to manage!

Never before such a natural-looking wave that would last and last!

Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!
With All My Love

(Continued from page 45) room of the star of "Naughty Marietta," Edward Everett Horton.

I'm a big girl now—sixteen. I know there is no such thing as love at first sight, therefore I must have known you "long ago and far away." In the seventeen hours since I first saw you I've been thinking of Venice and Cairo, Paris and New Orleans, and wondering if we walked those distant and fascinating lanes together.

As you stood far above me, you seemed very tall and slender, with good shoulders. You were young.

And what must you be? A young doctor? A writer, possibly? Or perhaps a lawyer. Or a nuclear physicist—blow me down, because I can't even figure sales tax when I run out of fingers. I wonder if I'll ever know what great things you plan for your particular world.

Whether I do or I don't, I am now—this instant—sending you one of those jungle telegraphic messages which only tuned-in ears can understand, and the message reads merely, "Dear You."

June 12, 1948

Dearest You:

You were there again tonight, and—without making like an onkeyman hanging from an e-tree—I stared at you long enough to match your reality against the mental image I had been cherishing. You were even better than I had remembered.

I asked someone who you were and was told, "He's a young fraternity brother of Eddie Horton. Horton is a Phi Kappa Psi and this chap belonged to the same house at Northwestern University. I understand he's just graduated from law school."

With splendid nonchalance I inquired, "What might his name be?"

"Might be Sir William Blackstone, but I doubt it. Why don't you ask him?"

It just goes to show how suspicious people are: always thinking you want to know things. Especially when you are dying to know them.

Query: how does a girl meet a man in a subtle, ladylike manner? Life was easier in grandmother's day: she could be as bold as a circus barker because she was packaged in hoops and the constant ability to faint if a gentleman got out of control.

June 21, 1948

Dear Sir:

Okay, so I'm not your type. Better for me to find it out after having been in love with you for ten days than to go on through life, caring. Or perhaps you don't care for secondhand candy wafers.

Tonight, when our show closed, I spotted you for the third time, standing in your usual place on the balcony. It occurred to me that I wanted an autographed picture of Eddie Horton. In order to get it I would have to pass your vantage point. There isn't much room on those balconies, so you backed as far away as possible, smiling a little, and I said, "Want a mint?" and handed you the one from which I had just taken a half-moon bite, outlining it with lipstick.

You accepted it as if it were a fried spider.

"Oh, well, if you want a fresh number," I said, and returned to my dressing room for a fresh candy for you. You thanked me gravely—as if I were a grubby juvenile—and that ended that.

Incidentally, I didn't get that autographed photograph of Eddie Horton. But he promised to mail me one, so I left my address, where you might see it. Only you gave no indication that you might.

If it's disappointment that builds a great
June 22, 1948
Dear Richard Brown Coyle:

It was nice of you to telephone, just as it is nice of a distant great-uncle to leave thirty-four million dollars to a lil' ole orphan.

When your deep, quiet voice came over the telephone, asking, "Is this Miss Mitzi Gaynor?" I thought you must be at least the governor of some state or a Hooper pollster. Such a touch!

And then you said, "My name is R. B. Coyle, and I'm a friend of Mr. Horton's." "Yes," I said, "I'd love to have dinner with you on Thursday evening." I tried hard not to add, "Hooray!"

And to think that I have only twenty-four hours in which to get ready for this momentous occasion. My mother has just said, "Simply be yourself, dear, and I'm sure he will like you." My mother's voice is soft and sweet; my mother's attitude is sunny.

Egad, I hope she's right.

June 25, 1948
Dear Mr. Coyle, sir:

Oh well—what if you never call again? What does it mean to me?

Just everything—that's all.

It's quite late, but I'm going to write this letter before I put up my pin curls and cast down my empty head on a tear-absorbent pillow. Probably it's the last letter I'll ever write to you.

First of all, I want you to know that I wasn't dropped on my vocabulary when I was a baby. I checked very carefully with my mother.

I know I have said nothing during the past four hours to give you the impression that I am normal, complete with tongue, vocal chords, and smattering of pitter. Compared to me, the Sphinx has just become a twenty-four-hour station. All I can remember saying is, "Oh, my!"

Sample conversation:

You: I had quite a time getting up nerve enough to telephone you. Eddie Horton kept urging me.

Me: Oh, my.

You: I've made dinner reservations at Jim Otto's. Do you like the restaurant?

Me: Oh, my, yes.

Oh, my, but I'm a vivid character, bright as a burned match. There is one thing for which I'm thankful—you talked. You told me about school and about the bar exam you must take next spring, about swimming, tennis, music, traveling, pictures. You have given me so much to think about. As for me, I've given you absolutely noth—

HELP... police find the fugitive criminal named and described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program Sunday afternoons.

$1,000.00 REWARD... is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. Hear the details about this $1000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries".

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Sunday Afternoon on 523 Mutual Stations
ing to remember about me except: "Oh, my!"

June 28, 1948
Dear Mr. Coyle:
Thank you for the second chance. Thank you for telephoning this morning and asking me to go to the beach with you. However, as you must be convinced by now, the case is hopeless. Better move for a mistrial. As you say: the doctrine of res ipsa loquitur applies.
I'm sorry I lost us in the wilds of Pacific Palisades. I thought I knew the way to the beach via Sunset Boulevard. On the back of my uncle who was a Boy Scout, I swear that I thought knew what I was doing when I said, "Turn to the right at the next intersection."
So—the two-lane highway became a one-lane highway and the one-lane highway became a two-rut trail, and the two-rut trail became a one-goat path. You didn't say much; you just maneuvered for twenty minutes to turn the car around on a plateau loaded with sage, mesquite, rocks, and cliffs falling off a thousand feet into a dry river.
On the way home you were nice about it. You didn't say, "What do you think this is, a safari?" You inquired only, "You haven't driven this route very often, have you?"
In a way you seemed pleased about it, as if it proved that I'm not allowed to go out on many dates. Your experience to date should tell you why. Egad, why didn't you leave me in the wilderness?

August 22, 1948
Dear Richard:
I haven't written you one of these letters for over a month. Haven't had time. Seeing you almost every night, and finally getting my voice back so that I can chatter like the valves in a hot rod has used up most of my conversation, but tonight something important happened. You talked to me about your future as a lawyer. Richard, you speak of law as I've heard returned pilgrims talk about Paris. It turns my backbone to tinsel.
You see, so many of the people I have met have had no clear idea about what they wanted to do with their lives; they aren't in love with the idea of preparing for a profession, working for it, building it, pursuing it, living it. They are expecting "the breaks." They say, "All I need is one terrific touch of luck—one influential person to take an interest in my career and boost me up to the ladder."
You didn't utter the words 'breaks' or 'influence' or 'luck.' You said, 'I'll have to work hard, but I've always liked to roll up my sleeves and dig.'
In these days of disillusionment, frustration, complexes, and the constant search for security, I was impressed by the conversation of a man who doesn't think of success as a crystal glass to be filled by someone else who happens to be holding a brimming silver pitcher.

September 4, 1948
Darling:
You shouldn't have. But I'm glad you did.
My birthday gift from you, my friendship ring is the most beautiful band I have ever seen. I feel like an Indian maiden when I study it because it looks as if a series of flat gold arrowheads had been laid in sequence around a wide gold band and then fused into one perfect circle.
Richy, what a birthday you have given me. I adore being seventeen. I adore being seventeen and in love, and I adore being seventeen and being loved back. I promised Mother tonight that I wouldn't get married until after my twenty-first

---

Now! Easier, surer protection for your marriage hygiene problem

1. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)
Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective, long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

FREE informative Norforms booklet
Just mail this coupon to: Dept. PH-111 Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.
Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ______ Zone ______ State ______
How do you leave your napkin? At the end of the meal, lay napkin down on the table in fan-fold ... never refolded, which might imply that your hostess intends to use it for another guest! Your table appointments tell as much about you as your table manners. A set of matched silverware probably does the most, for the lowest price.

1881 (R) Rogers (R) Silverplate services start at only 29.75!

April Showers
Finest imported talcum powder
39¢
plus tax

FREE to tampon users

by CHERAMY perfumer

Send 10¢ for NEW 16-page booklet with 100 tips on “Good Taste Today,” Box D-14, Oneida, N. Y.

December 22, 1948
Dearest Richard:

My heart was just broken when you told me you had to go back to Illinois to study for the bar exam but I shall be strong and brave, I hope.

Richard, I know you're going to meet another girl between now and next March when you are to take the bar exam in Los Angeles. Perhaps, at this instant, you are meeting The Girl on the train.

Oh, Richard! Please don't forget me. Please come back again.

February 12, 1949
Richard, dear:

I've written a happy little note to you (sealed it and stamped it) saying that I miss you, of course, and that I'm keeping busy. I'm to have the second lead in "My Blue Heaven," so I'll be working with Betty Grable and Dan Dailey, a wonderful experience.

But in this, my real letter, I'll tell you I'm blue. It is raining tonight and it has been raining for three days and nights.

Yes, I know: you say in every letter that you'll be back in March. But tonight, in the midst of wind and rain, March seems a lifetime away.

March 19, 1949
Darling:

Now I can laugh about it. Everything seems funny this morning. The big thing is: you are back in Los Angeles. You didn't forget me.

Even yesterday morning seemed funny now. I had put my hair in pin curls two days ago so that it would be really curly for last night. Glamour—that's what I was acquiring. But when I took my hair down yesterday morning I looked like type-casting for a Hottentot.

I flipped my lid. I cried. I stormed, I raged—and I brushed.

I developed a heat rash. I rushed to the patio for a sunbath in hopes of covering the heat rash with a quick suntan. When I looked at myself after that session, I knew that all was lost. I was reddish than ever, sunburned and fuzzy. How I cried.

Mother assured me, "Just be yourself, dear, and Richard won't notice anything except how glad you are to see him."
June 19, 1949

Barrister, I salute you!

I am so proud of you, Richard. Sometimes I think I have reversed the proper order of love. Usually a girl begins to notice admirable traits in a man; as these traits stock-pile, she falls in love. I fell in love and then began to discover how wise my instinct had been. Even before the evidence was all in, your honor.

Probably I'll go on, making more discoveries of the same sort as long as we live.

December 19, 1950

Darling dearest:

While cleaning out my desk this morning, I came upon this packet of letters, and decided that it was high time I added another missive.

It seems impossible that it's only a year and a half since you were admitted to the bar. I've moved ahead a little myself with "Take Care of My Little Girl" behind me and "Friendly Island" and "Golden Girl" set up next.

We've made progress in other directions, too. We know, in general, what sort of a house we want: English Tudor, complete with fireplaces by the dozen, big, heavy, comfortable furniture—and a radio in every room.

Speaking of radio, I love murder mysteries. I listen to them all day long when I'm not working, and I have a routine of whodunits that I have to observe at night. I know that you want to hear classical music at night. Whodunits are almost like bringing the office home with you, so they aren't an escape for you.

I'm going to try to limit my screamers to an evening when we're together.

September 4, 1951

To my beloved:

This has been such a happy, happy day. Now I'm twenty, and we have only one more year to wait before we can be married. (And to add to the happiness of the day, I have just learned that the readers of Photoplay Magazine have chosen me as their favorite new actress in the "Choose Your Star" contest. How about that?)

During this year I'm going to make some changes in myself, and don't be saying, "That'll be the day!"

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THE END

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Why Nancy Sinatra Gave Frankie His Freedom

(Continued from page 43) were the children to consider. Also though playing no "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," after parting with Frank, she found no romantic interest in any of the men she went out with, men whom she described always as "old friends." Speculations on why she suddenly changed her mind were rife in Hollywood although all she said was: "I'm giving Frank a divorce because he wants one so much. After thinking the matter over a long time, I believe it's the only way I can find happiness, as well as he; and it's better for the children."

There was more to the statement than meets the eye. Last spring Ava went to New York for a showdown with Frank. She bitterly denied that she had broken up the Sinatra marriage, as some had suggested; and Frank was vehement in declaring that this was true. He maintained that the trouble between him and Nancy had started long before he fell in love with Ava.

That I believe. Their lives, so close together in the beginning, grew as far apart as the poles during eleven years of marriage. Nancy's interest was the home. Frank's was career—and any attractive female that happened to cross his line of vision. Over two years ago, after spending an evening in the Sinatra home, I told another guest that this marriage couldn't last. Frank's restlessness was evident, even though as a family man he put on a suave, considerate front. And Nancy was openly petulant in her attitude toward him. She must have realized even then that her battle was lost. Domesticating Frank was about as easy as teaching a dog not to eat meat when he's in a packing house.

But the impulsive singer met his match in straightforward Ava Gardner. She came to Hollywood, a shy, sensitive girl from a small town in the South. Ten years in the film capital, however, put iron in her backbone. And no longer can she be pushed around. Her marriages to Mickey Rooney and to Artie Shaw taught her much about men, especially erratic ones, taught that a girl gets what she wants by demanding and fighting for it.

In their New York meeting, Ava reportedly demanded that Frank either get a divorce or call their romance off. She was tired of living in a half-world. Their

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association had got her into trouble with her studio, which transferred its wrath via trans-oceanic telephone all the way to Spain when Sinatra showed up there. Some wild reports bordered on dire scandal. And Ava, weary of public criticism, was right in calling Frankie's hand. I was told that Frank, as a result of her demands, agreed to put special pressure on Nancy for a divorce when he returned to Hollywood in May to make a picture. Ava didn't let him forget it. Previously she had gone out in public only with business associates or with mutual friends of hers and Frank's. But back in Hollywood, she showed up at a night spot with Mickey Rooney, who was shedding his third wife.

If the news disturbed Sinatra, he was to find no consolation from an item that followed. Ava was being seen with her ex-flame, Howard Duff. If there’s anything that makes a man take decisive action on matters of romance, it’s knowledge that he has formidable rivals and is being edged out of the love picture.

This story, which I got piecemeal before Nancy agreed to free Frank, seems logical to me. And the final sequence adds to its credibility. Not long after Sinatra arrived in Hollywood for his picture, Nancy announced she was willing to divorce him.

What methods he used to produce this unexpected result I don’t know; but I have a good guess. When he chooses, Frank can charm birds off trees. Once, after the press had printed a series of destructive stories about him, he dropped by my office to give his version of the yarns. Removing his coat and draping himself over a chair, he talked with the guilelessness of a schoolboy. He went over the incidents, from his meeting with ‘Lucky’ Luciano in Cuba to his 1946 separation from Nancy, and explained they were all innocent acts, translated by the press into something sinister. I’m a skeptical girl. (One has to be in my business.) But by the time Frank finished his spiel, I was convinced that this poor boy had been a victim of a deliberate campaign of malign-ment. I wrote him up sympathetically, but before I could break the story, Frankie was in the headlines again.

This time he was in a serious jam, having slugged columnist Lee Mortimer. Frank called me at four in the morning to give me his side of the fight. Again, the way he told it, his action seemed justified. And again I was in Frankie’s corner. It was rather mortifying to learn that he apologized and paid damages to Mortimer later.

That fight got the whole Hearst newspaper chain, for which Mortimer worked, down on Frank. And that he couldn’t shake, though he tried hard. Finally he made the supreme effort. Through a friend, he got in to see the late William Randolph Hearst himself. I don’t know what happened between the two men; but I do know that a few hours later an order went out to the Hearst papers to take the heat off Sinatra.

Yes, that conversation got him out of the doghouse. He barked his way out, but he’s right back in again. During his trip to Mexico with Ava, he antagonized every reporter and photographer within spitting range. He claimed that the newspapers had nothing to do with his success; and the public had made him.

And who, I asked him, “do you think told the public about you? When you’re with anybody as glamorous as Ava, you know photographers will want to take your picture.”

“Well,” said Frank, “they could snap us on the run.”

“They get better ones when you’re standing still,” I told him.

“Here’s what happened,” he said. “The guys said, ‘Give us a story.’ I did. They wanted to know if I’d get a divorce in Mexico. I said, ‘No. Ava and I are here on a vacation.’ They asked how long we’d stay. ‘Maybe a week, maybe longer. I don’t know.’ Then the questions went on and on, and I got tired. Then after we got home we read this bunk about how Hedy Lamarr snubbed Ava in a cafe down there. That’s a lie. We sat at a table with her for an hour. She went on to a jai alai game. We ordered out for dinner. You can’t believe everything you read in the paper.”

Then he asked me if I’d help straighten him out with the press. That’s one question I didn’t answer. I know how persuasive he can be.

His persuasive ability was doubtless turned full force on Nancy. But, being made of stern stuff and knowing Frank, she wasn’t easily moved. She had waited on him before. In 1946 they had separated. On this vacation from marriage his name was linked with Lana Turner. But the romance, if it can be called that, was a short one.

It was not naive on Nancy’s part, certainly, to believe Frank eventually would get over his infatuation for Ava in return to the fold—as he had before. If he had, I’m sure she would have forgiven him. But when over a year passed and he didn’t, Nancy became convinced, along with the public, that Frank was really in love with Ava.

When the Sinatras were first separated, the fans were wholeheartedly in sympathy with Nancy. Even the hussy—sisters who swooned in Frank’s presence liked to think of him as a happy family man. Their protests against his leaving home were vehement. One group of girls, for example, wrote me: “We have changed our erstwhile idol’s name to Frankie—Not-So-But-

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children adore him. I have no intention of becoming involved with anyone.

Another factor in helping her decide to write fins to her marriage was to get out of the headlines for the sake of her children. "I want nothing more to do with headlines," she said. "I've had heartaches, and will have more, but I think that a woman should keep them to herself."

The night before Frank flew to Reno to keep a night-club engagement (where he later was reported to have taken an overdose of sleeping pills after a lover's spat with Ava) I asked him if he was going to get his divorce there.

"I was supposed to file for it," he said, "but my lawyer may not let me."

I knew Nancy's lawyer was not in favor of a Nevada divorce; but I knew also that she had agreed to one if Frank would pay the cash due her under the property settlement he signed. This I told Frank.

"No," he said. "We've taken care of the money angle. Then he mystified me by adding, "You see, they (meaning Nancy and her lawyer) could get the money and then back out on the other thing (meaning the divorce). I assured him they'd never do anything like that. But he said, "Well, I don't know."

From this I gathered a mutual distrust lay between the Sinatras. It hinged on finances. Frank didn't want to let go of the cash until he'd received his freedom; and Nancy didn't aim to grant the divorce until he'd kept his promise.

One could hardly blame her. I've never had any financial dealings with Frank; but I've had plenty of experience with him on stories. He's as slippery as the proverbial eel when it comes to pinning him down on facts; and in mood he's as changeable as the weather.

During her long separation from Frankie, Nancy, born to be a mother, transferred to her children most of the affection and time she formerly gave to her singing husband.

"I'm going to college to keep up with my kids," she said. "Now that I have time, I think that learning to do things the right way, rather than the wrong, is important. I used not to care." Attending the University of California in Los Angeles, she's taking such subjects as Greek mythology and music appreciation, so that she can help enrich the lives of her children.

In this program they are reciprocating. Frank Jr., aged seven, is the mechanical genius of the family. "He's always get his nose in a book; and he's now working on Opus #3," said Nancy.

"Opus #3? What in the world is that?"

"Just that—the world," she laughed. "He's crazy about geography. First he studied America; then the world in terms of maps. From there he went to a wooden globe of the earth. He's written two treatises; the first one on the map of the United States; and the second on the map of the world. Opus #3 is based on his study of the wooden globe. He follows the war in Korea closely, and says if he were in command of the situation, he'd handle it differently. I'm not sure that his way wouldn't be better than the methods we adults are using."

"He could hardly do worse," I said, recalling the Biblical phrase: "Out of the mouths of babes..."

"We have Erector sets all over the house," Nancy continued. "Three times a week the whole family gets together to help Franky build things. Since he's been seeing space ship films on television, he's getting hipped on that subject. The next time you hear from me, I'll probably be halfway to the moon with him. At least she won't be up in the air as she has been with Frank Sr. She's planning her life wisely and solidly. The first thing on her agenda is to sell the huge home, which she got as part of the property settlement. "Even in the beginning, it was much too big for us," said she. "Keeping it up costs a fortune; the taxes alone amount to $18,000 a year. We have two-and-a-half acres in the heart of Holmby Hills. If I can't sell the whole place, I'll subdivide and get rid of part of it."

One of her intimates suggested that Nancy is giving Frank his freedom in the belief that once he has it, he won't want it. I don't agree with this. The fact that she's cutting down on expenses is an indication that she doesn't expect Frank back. He likes luxury and is not overburdened with a sense of finance. Lacking emotional discipline, if he wishes something, he usually gets it, thinking of the fiddler's fee after the dancing is over.

He's laughingly remarked that he expects to wind up running a filling station in New Jersey. That prophecy, made in jest, could turn into something close to reality. He has one prime asset: his voice. If that goes, as it easily could, what would he have left? A memory of the affluent years and perhaps Ava.

Nancy was smart in getting a property settlement before agreeing to let him go. She's not happy over the prospects of being a free woman again—what woman is?—but she has accepted the inevitable and planned her life accordingly. I don't think she would take Frank now if he came back on his knees. However, they're still friends, and he visits the home to see the children.

But the tumultuous years with an erratic, emotionally unstable husband are over. When Frank got a new lease on romance, Nancy got her new lease on life.

THE END

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Look Who’s Here

(Continued from page 51) Every studio today has its stable of young, eager, new stars. At Twentieth Century-Fox, Mitzi Gaynor, Marilyn Monroe, Debra Paget and Dale Robertson are warming up in the first round of the stardom stakes—they are the ones who, likely, eventually will replace old-timers like Betty Grable, Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell and Gene Tierney. At Metro a new team of wonder dancers, Margie and Gower Champion, already have started before Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly want to leave off. Mario Lanza is making singing history where once Nelson Eddy reigned supreme. Kathryn Grayson gets the same roles that used to go to Jeannette MacDonald. Ava Gardner is touted as the new Norma Shearer.

At the same studio, youthful, virile Keeve Braselle is blowing down Clark Gable's handsome but fifty-year-old neck. Gray-haired Spencer Tracy is happy to play grandpa roles while young Don Taylor and Dick Anderson marry the girl. Universal—International has its gates wide open to youth—Tony Curtis; Piper Laurie; Peggy Dow—the Bette Davis of tomorrow—Rock Hudson. These are the names you are going to see on the marquees when Gary Cooper and Irene Dunne are rocking comfortably in retirement.

And let’s not forget the contribution and opportunity Ida Lupino has given Holly-wood's youngsters. "I'm tired of putting make-up on my face and rushing around looking for good pictures for myself. Ida, still comparatively young, told me. "That's why I went into business as a director. I want to give young people a chance."

Of course, not all of the young emoters mentioned here will be as successful as such old-timers as Errol Flynn, Jimmy Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Bette Davis et al. You have to work hard to be a top favorite for over twenty years, like Gable and Crawford. And times have changed. In 1936, when Lana Turner was discovered at a soda fountain, television was just a flash in the future. And because people paid to see any kind of picture, it was more important to be a personality like Lana (who learned to be a good actress finally) and Rita Hayworth, than to be too serious about acting. Incidentally, it will be interesting to see how Rita goes over with the public in her comeback picture. I’ll make a prediction now that unless the actual movie is good, Rita will flop, as Lana did in her comeback movie, "A Life of Her Own." Today, the story's the thing, not the star.

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d a huge metallic robot, and a citizen ofars emerges. Our final act, of course, is shoot him down before he can explain at his mission is to warn the heads of nations to keep out of Martian territory. We, and our rockets, are a threat to Martian peace, it seems. Escaping from the esptime into which he has been taken, he risks refuge in a rooming-house which also uses Pat Neal and her son Billy Gray, dwelling in his efforts to have President human round up national leaders, the artist enlists the aid of scientist Sam he who gathers scientists from all over the world to hear his message. The story of the messenger returning to ars convinced we're a nation of housem. Michael Rennie plays the Martian d Hugh Marlowe Miss Neal's suitor.

Our Reviewer Says: Fascinating in technical ill and interesting.

Program Notes: Twentieth Century-Fox in Michael Rennie from his native Enagd to Hollywood to play Klaatu. The six-four-inch actor has appeared in many stylish films during the last decade and fore that was a flying instructor in the AF... The out-of-this-world sounds to the approach of the space ship e said to be duplications of sound effects cored from noises broadcast to earth from rockets fired beyond the atmosphere. 

½ (F) You Never Can Tell (U-I) 

ICK POWELL plays a German Shepherd dog that dies and comes back to earth. Now, for my money, that's my fantasy of a mite too far. The we are fairly and the people around him laughed fit to be killed, at times, with nervous tittering induced by embarrasment, for there are a few moments when it borders on the vulgar. Dick plays dog that inherits a vast fortune from his owner and is promptly poisoned by a st of Peggy Dow, who is now in line heir to the dog's estate. The suitor, Charles Drake, is scheming to get the fortune, you see, and Dick who has died and gone to heaven. The story comes back to earth Drake. Joyce Holden, who really is horse, comes back to earth with Powell and the pair finally get things worked out.

Our Reviewer Says: Oh well, I've been a lot of times.

Program Notes: Dick Powell finally blew top during the filming when everyone heared the film greeted him a lair. Gagsters sent him toy hydrants and boxes of dog food and malt-o-meal bones. Joyce Holden, who was star of the all-track team for Paseo High School, claims she ran at least twenty miles in her bus- west scene before director Loa Breslon as satisfied... Charles Drake took himself to the beach for a sun-and-wind and went to sleep, owning only on one side—the front. He needed the camera to focus on Drake's face instead of his back, you know. Dick going on the actor. Peggy Dow is a bit of a neighbour who prefers intellectual men. Her instant visitor on the set was Harvard man after Hemmerich.

Best Pictures of the Month

An American in Paris
The Red Badge of Courage

Best Performances of the Month
James Mason in "The Desert Fox"
Gene Kelly in "An American in Paris"
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Hollywood's Glamour Secret

She’s a New Woman
(Continued from page 40)

Now in Cincinatti, Ohio, and other Bette Davis. Get her out of those tried, true and trite roles she's been playing and she'll be one of the biggest stars in this town. If she ever gets a ‘Human Bondage’—bon-node-n-n-g—

It was Jerry. It was Jerry who gave Ann her first important part, Veda, the alluring vixen daughter, in "Mildred Pierce."

Before that, Ann had been a darling little ingenue in a few kittenish capers with Donald O'Connor at Universal. Mike Curtiz, the director of "Mildred Pierce," didn't want Ann in his picture. "She's too sweet and immature," he objected. The public would not believe that she could play a man away from Crawford. We need a young Bette Davis for Veda." Jerry, a producer for Warner Brothers at the time, reminded Mike that until "Of Human Bondage." Bette Davis had been considered sweet and dull.

"Ann belongs in the big league," Jerry says, "but maybe she's happy playing these "Katy-Did-It," 'Top o' the Morning,' ‘Great Czarina.' In Hollywood too often familiarity breeds contentment."

DOCTORS treat acne with success from the picture parts we've seen. But Ann is not only to glow. Whether or not she likes her "tried, true and trite" roles I wouldn't know. Twice she has rebelled, in a quiet lady-like way, and gone on suspension. "Mildred Pierce," however, will you quickly when asked, is her favorite picture and Veda her favorite role. Then she hastily adds that she's dearly loved to do a musical. However, she'll have to wait. Harvard, training, going after looking all over town and discarding several possibilities, has cast Ann in the highly dramatic lead of "The World in His Arms" opposite Greg Peck.

No doubt about it, Ann has grown up this year. This was quite evident at the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund ball given at Moscato recently.

As always happens, the sidewalks were jammed with faces. When Ann got out of her car with her escort, Dick Clayton, the males let out with a big fat wolf whistle. In the old days when the boys on the lot used to whist at Ann, it seemed, just their way of paying a compliment—she would turn white, tremble, look straight ahead and pretend she hadn't heard them. But that night she stopped, gave the look, then hurriedly waved her hand as professionally as a Gloria Swanson. This was all too much for a lad from Kansas who rushed up and demanded, "Gorgeous creation, when will you marry me?" "Next week!"

At a college benefit not long ago she was asked to stay on after the show and dance with the boys. Along came the cast, the girls, the boys, and they all had Ann in a tight embrace and swung her into a jet-propelled jitterbug. This has happened to Ann before at college and Army camp dances. And she has come off the floor pale and shaken, asking to be taken home. But this night she had the situation well in hand. She gave a very inviting wink to one of the biggest guys in the stag line, who quickly cut in.

When Ann was in the studio had a high old time of it dressing her to suit the character she played on the screen. A young lady with definite opinions, she has a style and an address so brash, no matter what the role. (She had "no cheesecake" written into her contract.) Not too long ago, if you had given Ann a choice of a bare midriff or the Siberian salt mines, she would have quietly left for the mines. Today it's different, how different you'll know when you see Ann in...
The Golden Horde." In it you will see lore of her than ever before. Ann plays 'Princess Shalimar, a lovely girl whose kind isn't exactly on her blueberry muffins. Ann didn't even shudder—at least outwardly—when she saw the Princess Shalimar's wisps of black chignon. It's all a part of the business. She's quite conditioned now to the fact that dressing the roll of a romance. And if she would have seen with him a second time the columnists assured their reader that a marriage announcement would be forthcoming before Tuesday. After one of those droolly romance items Ann wouldn't see the boy whose name was inked with hers again for months. "It's so embarrassing," she'd mourn. But this year she's loaded with a young man. When the columnists linked her name with Scott they everyone thought, "Well, that's the end of that nice friendship." But it wasn't at all. Scott still is one of Ann's favorite remiere dates. She often calls him as late as seven o'clock of an evening and says, "Hi there, if you haven't got a date tonight, how about taking me to Ciro's?" Ann and Scott have a very warm, understanding friendship. But it's no romance.

Several months ago it was reported that Ann had fallen in love at last—with dark, handsome Dick Contino (before the Army incident). The writer estimated that when Ann returned from England there'd be a hurch wedding. The studio blew their cover. The only calm person was Ann. The boys at the studio, who adore Ann, will tell you she's a lot of fun. She's a great joke teller. She has good timing and a wonderful way of adalting, says Tommy Chambers, her companion, who goes with her on all her personal appearances and on her personal and hospital visits. "She's crazy about cartoons. Especially those by Charles Addams in the New Yorker. Everyday we see a cartoon we think will give her a laugh just when she's about to bring it in for the studio. But the most I have ever heard her laugh was over one she cut out herself. It's a drawing of a woman in a police precinct. She's nude except for a baggy hat and umbrella. 'Sir,' she says to the policeman, 'I want to report a tornado.'

However, Ann has missed out on several good meaty roles because certain cases at her studio think she's too young and entirely lacking in that thing called sex appeal. As a self-appointed Mrs. Hooper I took a poll of one dozen or more workers on her studio at. The consensus was that Ann is loaded with sex appeal. A part of growing up is falling in love, of course. Hollywood has been trying to push Ann into a hot romance ever since she was eighteen. But Ann can't push. At twenty-two, she still insists that she is too busy with her career for a serious romance. She says that she didn't have a date all the months she was in Ireland, or the three nights she was in Paris. The most attractive one she saw was in Ireland. When she talks about marriage she is quite serene. "I believe," she says, "that modern boys and girls now that quick, flashy attractions don't make friends, much less lifetime partners. Comradeship, a community of interests, temperament and standards are especially important. If you're thinking about living our life with someone.

While Ann was in Europe she made no effort to meet Aly Khan. But I'm sure if Aly had been around there he might have made an effort to meet her. The end.

The end.

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CONTENTS

DECEMBER, 1951

HIGHLIGHTS

Presenting the Winner of the Photoplay Scholarship Contest

Katherine Pedell 36
Their Rules for Romance (Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis) Ruth Waterbury 39
The Twelve Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood Vicky Riley 40
You Choose These Stars Maxine Arnold 44
Should Rita Hayworth Change? Lisa Wilson 46
Your Christmas Cards Will Find You Out Gladys Hall 48
They Couldn't Get Their Man Sheila Graham 50
Photoplay's Photolife of Shelley Winters Lynn Perkins 52
The New Monty Cliff Cut Elsa Maxwell 56
June Haver—and the Familiar Stranger Ida Zeitin 58
Long Engagements Are Fun (Farley Granger) Edith Gwynn 62
I'm Still Whistling (Photoplay Pin-Up #10—Esther Williams) Gene Gage 64
(Was There) (Ava Gardner, Frank Sinatra) HYMIE FINK 66
Photoplay Fashions 68
If You Want to Be Charming Joan Crawford 76

FEATURES IN COLOR

Avia Gardner 40
Monica Lewis 44
Ann Blyth 40
Tony Dexter 45
Arlene Dahl 40
Jeffrey Hunter 45
Elizabeth Taylor 41
Robert Wagner 45
Linda Darnell 41
Gower Champion 45
Joan Crawford 41
Christmas Cards 48
Mitzi Gaynor 44
Alan Ladd 60
Janice Rule 44
Mario Lanza 61
Pier Angeli • 44
Esther Williams 65

SPECIAL EVENTS

Brief Reviews 20
Laughing Stock Erskine Johnson 10
Cast of Current Pictures 96
Readers Inc. 4
Holiday Trimmings 11
Shadow Stage—Sara Hamilton 26
Hollywood Party Line— Edith Gwynn 16
That's Hollywood for You—
Impertinent Interview— Sidney Skolsky 14
Alme Mosby 24
What Hollywood's Whispering
Inside Stuff—Cal York 12 About—P. S. Lowe 18
John Agar Serves His Term What Should I Do— 6
Diane Scott 15
Claudette Colbert 6
Your Photoplay Photos— 102

Cover: Janet Leigh, star of "It's a Big Country"
Natural Color Portrait by Dirone
Miss Leigh's "Diamond Look" Earrings by Kramer

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Cheers and Jeers:
I've never been so disgusted in all my life. All these actresses trying to tell the public how to look beautiful and how to reduce. If half of those actresses had some “meat” on them they'd look ten times better than they do now.

YVONNE LA ROUCHE
Saskatoon, Canada

If I were Liz Taylor I would go back to my parents. Unfortunately, I've had to go through life without a mother (she died when I was six). I know if my mother were living today, I would give her all the love and consideration a girl should give her mother.

C. M.
Springfield, Mass.

I was highly disappointed in the mis-casting of Ezo Pinza in "Strictly Dishonorable." The story was neither enjoyable, but that man just about drove me out of the show.

I admit he has a marvelous voice but let him stick to singing and not try to imitate a lover.

There must be a man shortage in Hollywood or this couldn't have happened.

J. K.
Chicago, Ill.

Have seen "Strictly Dishonorable," starring Pinza with pretty little Janet Leigh. Honestly, it's the biggest relief from the stereotyped stuff you can imagine. Pinza is gay, amusing, Continental, in the same vein Boyer made so charming, only, praise be, he has the added grace of a sense of humor. Janet Leigh must have had some of his acting ability rubbed off on her, for she's never been so good.

For the person who is equally tired of crime, adolescence and nitwits called by courtesy "comics," this is a treat.

BARBARA KERR
Blue Island, Ill.

Recently I saw "People Will Talk." This picture made fun of birth which I consider a sacred thing. I think it is wrong to make having fatherless babies a joke. Such things are a misfortune for the girl and her family.

ROBERT SCHULZ
Callicoon, N. Y.

Reader's Pet:
I have just seen "Bright Victory" and I must say what a superb performance was given by Peggy Dow. She not only handled the part beautifully but gave it a touch of radiance. With her natural beauty she could surpass Liz Taylor any time.

ROSA PINZA MERCADO
New York, N. Y.

Cliff Contrast:
I have just seen "A Place in the Sun." I have this to say about Montgomery Clift. He's handsome. He's hideous. He's a superb actor. He's a terrible actor.

He underplayed to the point of being lethargic. Then again, he attained some highs in acting that I haven't seen duplicated.

Montgomery Clift is a combination of the best and the worst that has ever happened to Hollywood.

MARY FARRELL
Berkeley, Calif.

Casting:
Why hasn't anyone noticed the resemblance between Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor? Don't you agree that they would make perfect sister roles?

GEORGIANA RAE
CATHERINE KELLER
Bloomsburg, Pa.

(You have a point. See below.)

Vera-Ellen
Mitzi Gaynor

Question Box:
While reading "Encore!" in August Photoplay, I noticed that Mario Lanza cites the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa, Canada, as the most beautiful building he has ever seen. Has Mario Lanza ever been to Ottawa?

MRS. M. JOANIS
Ottawa, Canada

(He sang there at a concert November 14, 1946.)

I just saw "Hard, Fast and Beautiful" and I thought it was great. Did Sally Forrest play tennis in the movie or did she have a stand-in?

MRS. MARIE ROGUS
Waterford, Mich.

(Sally trained for many months in order to make the tennis scenes herself.)

Tell me, please, some facts about dreamy Aldo Da Re who plays in "Saturday's Hero." When can we see him again?

JENNIE GRADY
New York, N. Y.

(He was born 9/25/26 in Pen Argl, Pa. He has blond hair, blue eyes, is 6', 200 lbs., unmarried. He will be known as John Harrison in the future, and under that name co-stars with Judy Holliday in "The Marrying Kind."}

Is "The Brigand" a cowboy picture? If it is, I think Columbia Pictures is wrong. Tony Dexter is a perfect star in romantic pictures. I've seen a lot of stars practically disappear because of those roles in cowboy films.

GRETHELEN ALTMEYER
New Kensington, Pa.

("The Brigand" is an adventure picture of the Napoleonic period. Tony plays dual role of a king and a brigand.)

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.
Hope falls for Hedy and falls twice as hard for the spy chief!

SECRET AGENT HOPE CLIMBS THE LADDER OF SUCCESS...UPSIDE-DOWN!

More fun than a barrel of monkey business...when Bob 'n Hedy flee the spies!

WHATTA JOB FOR HOPE! HE'S GOTTA KEEP HIS EYE ON HEDY...AND HIS HANDS OFF!

Hope falls for Hedy...and falls twice as hard for the spy chief!

WHY, YOU'LL TWIGGLE WHEN THEY TANGLE IN TANGIERS!

WANTED...BY 80,000,000 FUN-LOVERS!

in MY FAVORITE SPY

with FRANCIS L. ARNOLD JOHN SULLIVAN • MOSS • ARCHER

YOU'LL HEAR:
"I WIND UP TAKING A FALL"

"JUST A MOMENT MORE"

Produced by PAUL JONES • NORMAN Z. MCLEOD
Directed by EDMUND HARTMANN and JACK SHER
Story and Adaptation by EDMUND BELOIN and LOU BRESLAW
Screenplay by EDMUND BELOIN and LOU BRESLAW
Additional Dialogue by HAL KANTER • A Paramount Picture
DEAR MISS COLBERT:
I am a man of twenty-three and I am in love with a woman who is twenty-nine. She is divorced and has a six-year-old daughter of whom I’m very fond.

This is a very confusing problem because she is now living with a man for whom she has lost all respect and love, even though she was crazy about him at one time. He has turned out to be a heel, drinking, gambling, staying away until all hours, contributing nothing toward her support. She and I work for the same company and she says that her only happy hours are those spent during the day with me.

I have met her parents and they are nice farm people who don’t know how she is living. They like me and don’t think the difference in our ages makes much difference if we are in love. This girl has agreed to marry me as soon as I get an apartment and furnish it so that she can stay at home and keep house and mind her daughter while I bring in the family money. She has good sense and says she wants to settle down and do the right thing.

Naturally I have some doubts and these are only increased by my friends who think this girl is too old for me, that this man might cause trouble, and that it isn’t easy to bring up stepchildren.

Colby R.

I wish you had answered a few additional questions which must have occurred to you. For instance, why has this woman continued to live with a man to whom she is not married in view of the fact that he abuses her, does not support her, and brings nothing but trouble and marital misery? In spite of your statement that “she has good sense,” is she too inert or too lazy to take herself out of an intolerable situation? Why would a decent woman subject her child to an environment like that? Why would a woman who was in love with you insist that you furnish an apartment for her before she would leave her present wretched and illegal association?

If you can’t answer these questions to your own satisfaction, talk them over with your friends.

You must have gathered from the tone of my answer what I think: That you are a kind and sympathetic man, lacking in worldly experience and likely to be badly hurt unless you take realistic stock of your situation.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

What should I do? your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen years old and have been married for sixteen months; we have a sweet baby girl three months old.

In most ways we are happy, but we have a constant argument. My husband owns a Mercury and a Buick. The Mercury is ‘Hollywood’ up with every gadget you could imagine. I want to learn to drive this car because my husband says the Buick is too large for me to manage. No matter what I say, he still will not teach me to drive. I don’t think I would feel as mean about it as I do, if I didn’t think we should sell one of the cars. After all, we need a house now that we have a baby, but my husband says we can’t afford it; we have to go on living in our two-room apartment. My husband’s best friend volunteered to teach me to drive, but my husband said I should consult his wife the Mercury even after I got my driver’s license, so there isn’t much use in learning.

Don’t you think my husband is being unreasonable and selfish?

Herta M.

Probably your husband’s reasoning is this: it is expensive to drive two cars. It is certainly expensive your wife to have access to a car when her husband is out. So it is done and she has little to take up her time for the rest of the day except travel about.

I do think that every girl should learn to drive. Regardless of the jokes about women drivers, statistics prove that women are much safer drivers than men are. However, you are somewhat older and your baby has grown up a little. I believe you are in a better physical and mental condition to learn to handle an automobile, you should be taught to drive by a professional driving school.

It is a rare husband who can teach his wife to drive without stimulating a major quarrel.

Incidentally, I gathered from your letter that you and your husband seem to be working at cross purposes. Don’t you think you should sit down quietly some night and discuss your finances, how best to save money, and how to go about planning your future at home? An understanding of your aims and how you plan to realize them, if reached now, may save much future bickering and heartache.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

It may seem strange that a G.I. would write to you, but the other day, aboard a ship bound for Japan I began reading the March issue of "Photoplay." I came across "What Should I Do?" and read it with interest, especially the letter sent in by a girl named Pat MacT.

Pat may not be much more advanced in age or knowledge than Pat, but I do wish to congratulate her for having the courage to stand up for her high ideals. I hope she continues to do so even if it does mean fewer dates and good times. Eventually she will have a happy marriage and be a source of pride to her husband.

The one thing a man can’t stand is to be ashamed of his wife and to feel that he ought to apologize for her actions during her younger days.

It makes a fellow a long way from home feel good to know that there are still a few girls left at home with high standards.

I hope you will excuse my awkwardness in trying to express myself. Maybe

(Continued on page 8)
THERE'S THE BEST REASON IN THE WORLD FOR EVERYBODY TO SEE THIS PICTURE:

It's great and makes you feel great!

RAY MILLAND

G E N E T I R N E Y

and

D A N N Y

This thing called love—and the wonderful things it makes happen...!

We're not going to tell you how Danny fits into this picture. As a matter of fact, the important (and touching and delightful) part of this story is that people didn't know much about Danny's story. Let's say simply he's one of the reasons that moviegoers, of every age, everywhere, have taken "Close to My Heart" close to their hearts.

"Close to my Heart"

Another Big Movietime Success gaily presented by Warner Bros.

Written by JAMES R. WEBB From his story in Good Housekeeping Magazine

DIRECTED BY WILLIAM KEIGHLEY PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS

Music by Max Steiner
it would give Pat a good feeling if she knew that you had heard from me.

Pvt. Jerry K.

Your letter will please Pat, of course, and it will give new resolve to other girls who, in reading it, will discover the honest attitude of one man. It is reasonable to believe that your attitude is shared by the majority of young men, although they may not admit it as long as there is a selfish advantage to be gained by pretending a broad-mindedness toward a girl's behavior which they actually do not feel.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Ever since I can remember, my mother-in-law has been "siling." She has three doctors on her payroll now, and she tells with delight that one of them has found nine serious disorders in her system. She will talk for hours about her "miseries," excluding all other conversation.

She has to carry a footstool and a pillow wherever she goes, even to church or to social functions. When she sees me making a piece of needlepoint for a chair, she buys a similar piece and asks me to make it for her. When I knit a sweater for my daughter, my mother-in-law complains that she needs a sweater far more.

She is constantly dropping in for dinner, then announcing that she can't eat what we are eating. I have to leave the table and prepare a different dinner for her.

She is crushed and filled with tears if she hears that we have taken a week-end trip without her (although she refuses to go anywhere with her husband, who is a silent little man, seldom present), and yet she always holds up our departure at least two hours when we invite her along.

Now she has decided that she and her husband should move in with us. She has suddenly grown afraid to stay alone at night. "Besides, with your eldest son going away to college, you'll have an extra room," she says. She and her husband own a building. They have been living in one unit and renting the other. Now she wants to rent both.

What shall I do? I am nearly out of my mind with thought of what it would mean to have her live with us.

Lila I.

There is only one way on earth to handle a bully: Fight back with all your intelligence, all your strength, and all your determination.

From your letter, which was fascinating but much too long to print in its entirety, I gathered that you have put up with this woman's nonsense for nineteen years and that you have never retaliated. What a shame. You should announce, immediately and in ringing tones, that this woman is not to live in your home. I believe your children will back you up 100 percent and that your husband (a bewildered only child) will be happy to have a nineteen-year-old fostering wound laid bare. Don't be afraid to stand up for yourself. You have rights but apparently you are the only person who can protect them.

Don't let this woman dominate you and ruin the mid-years of your life which can be so happy. Blow up. Pound the table if necessary. But insist upon maintaining the privacy of your own home, of your own dinner table, and of your own recreational days.

If I sound like a bugle playing "Charge"—that is my intention!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-three so I feel that I must do something about my life and my future at once or it will be too late.

Ever since I graduated from high school I have worked for my father in a small-town store. About two years ago I decided that I wanted to learn a profession so I went to a large city and enrolled in a beauty school. I loved the work and graduated with fine recommendations. I returned home to rest before setting out to find a job in the beauty field.

While I was at the university I took a job in a local factory in order to repay my mother the amount she had loaned me to see me through school. The pay was good so I cleared up my obligation quickly. So I started to look for work in a beauty shop.

At this time my father bought another store in a near-by town and asked me to run it until it began to pay off. And here I am working twelve to fifteen hours a day, drawing very meager pay (my father cannot afford to employ a stranger or even a part-time worker), and losing my knack in the work I want to be doing.

I love my parents, but I have a lonely life. I am the youngest member of a large family, but all the rest are married and have homes of their own. I am beginning to feel penned in. I never go anywhere as all the young people I used to know have moved to larger cities or have married. I guess I'm stuck because my father had to close the store if I left, but I do wish I could think of something to give me a new interest in life.

Korey T.

Wouldn't it be possible for you to set aside a cubicle in your father's store and use the space as a small beauty shop? Probably there are a few hours each day—perhaps in the morning—when there are few customers in your store. You could accept appointments during those hours and gradually build up a beauty shop business of your own.

Also, for your own protection, you should have some sort of a contract with your father that he would be drawing pay or promises to pay equivalent to standard wages for your type of work in your town. It is unpleasant to think of such things, but if something should happen to your father, his equity in the business would be divided equally among the children (unless his will specifies differently) regardless of the fact that all of your effort and none of theirs has gone into the running of the business.

Business within a family should be conducted according to the same ethical principles as those used in dealings with strangers, otherwise all manner of trouble can result.

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.
I dreamed I was a Lady Ambassador in my maidenform bra.
Lady Wildroot

CREAM HAIR DRESSING makes your hair behave!

For that neat, natural look rub a few drops of new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on the ends of your hair, along the part, at temples.

To help correct a permanent that left your hair dry, stiff and fuzzy, pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the palm of your hand and rub on those brittle ends.

For a dry, tight scalp pour a few drops of soothing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on fingertips and massage scalp thoroughly but gently.

Remember, new Lady Wildroot is a feminine hair dressing, a cream hair dressing made especially for women’s hair. Not sticky! Not greasy! It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry hair, to give it more body, make it more manageable, help it keep that neat, natural look. Delicately perfumed for an extra touch of femininity. Wonderful for training children’s hair, too.

Personal size 50c... Dressing-table size $1.00 (plus tax)

P. S. For a shampoo that gleams as it cleans try new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo.

LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERKSINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson’s “Hollywood Reel” on your local TV station.)

OLLYWOOD STARS are playing themselves in the Warner movie, “Starlift.”

When Ruth Roman was asked how it feels to play Ruth Roman, she replied: “It’s the most difficult acting job I’ve ever had. I never knew Ruth Roman was so complicated.”

When Marta Toren meets Humphrey Bogart for the first time in “Sirocco,” she does a double take and then says: “You’re so ugly. How can a man so ugly be so handsome?”

Greta Garbo’s latest gastronomical delight:
A wild rice nutburger with a dessert of strawberry yogurt pie!

Boy friend Jerome Hines was the first to hear that Yvonne de Carlo would play the role of Prince Orlovsky in “Die Fledermäus” at the Hollywood Bowl. When Yvonne gave him the news about the male masquerade, his only words were: “Ye Gods, what a waste!”

Sir Cedric Hardwicke’s opinion of his acting: “I can’t act. I have never acted. And I shall never act. What I can do is to suspend the audience’s power of judgment until I have finished.”

Overheard at the Tallyho: “What this country needs is someone who knows what this country needs.”

At Ciro’s: “It takes forty years for a woman to be forty and then she has only twenty years to enjoy it.”

There’s a permanent sign on a West Los Angeles theatre marquee which reads: ‘Escape From Television.’

“Storks Don’t Talk” is the title of a new movie being filmed in London. In Hollywood, they hire a press agent to publish a timetable six months in advance.

A Hollywood Western matinee was advertised as: “Matl-AEIGH Today.”

Fading movie queen to a friend: “I don’t intend to grow old gracefully. I’m fighting every step of the way.”

Talking about a certain movie executive, Nick Lucas cracked: “All he needs to get ahead—is a head.”

Sign of the times: The Bali-Bali, a South Sea Island cafe in Palm Springs, California, has a sign out front reading: “The Bali-Bali Has Gone Western.”

Vanessa Brown, working in a night-club scene, broke up in the middle of her dialogue.

The last item on the prop menu handed to her by an extra playing a waiter read: “After Dinner Mints.”
Double Beauty Offer

2 wonderful creams to make you doubly lovely!

Woodbury Cold Cream—to give deeper cleansing than ever before!

Woodbury's new wonder-working ingredient, Penaten, makes the cleansing, softening oils in Woodbury Cold Cream penetrate deeper than ever. It gently floats away dust and grime — leaves skin immaculate and exquisitely smooth.

Woodbury Dry Skin Cream—to give youthful softness even to extra-dry skin!

The magic of Penaten in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream carries lanolin and 4 other softeners deep into the corneum layers of the skin. It soothes away dry lines — makes skin smoother, younger-looking with the first application!

Try Woodbury Dry Skin Cream with Fabulous new Penaten FREE when you buy Woodbury Cold Cream...

94¢ value only 69¢ plus tax

Look for this display at your favorite cosmetic counter! Get your gift of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream while the offer lasts!
THERE'S ALWAYS fun ahead when Jerry Lewis is in the party picture! Left, Danny Arnold, Marion Marshall step out with Jerry and his wife.

GREG BAUTZER took not one, but two lovely ladies to "The Blue Veil"—the star, Jane Wyman, and her daughter, Maureen Reagan.

Town Topics: Pleased as punch over his first bachelor apartment (decorated in gray, black and white by the talented Paul Fox), Scott Brady cooked his first at-home dinner for Dorothy Malone and a group of friends... Hollywood's newest and sexiest agent is Jane Russell, who landed a job for her old friend Portia Nelson, who's now singing at the Cafe Gala... Personal to those who wrote in and asked for Maureen O'Hara's great-aunt's special exercises for developing the bust: "I'm sorry I can't divulge this," says the lovely looker, "but I'm writing a book on beauty and the exercise will be included when it's published"... A letter addressed to "Alex" with a five-cent piece (nickel) held down by Scotch tape, was delivered to Alex Nicol in Hollywood!

Behind the News: No wonder Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner's nerves are on edge these days! Ruthless reporters are giving them very good reasons. A mild illness from a sleeping-pill allergy turned into a "suicide attempt" story on Frank, when it hit front pages. Once, when Ava (Continued on page 14)

THE LEADING siren in "David and Bathsheba," Susan Hayward, parties at Romanoff's with her husband, Jess Barker.

LISTEN TO PHOTOPLAY's HOLLYWOOD COLUMNIST CAL YORK ON "HOLLYWOOD LOVE STORY" EVERY SATURDAY
INSIDE STUFF

GETTING READY for the camera is Barbara Stanwyck, above, on "The Man with a Cloak" set. Posing for Bob Taylor, below, is Deborah Kerr, in Rome for film "Quo Vadis"

PETITE FRENCH dancer and actress Leslie Caron, surprised in dressing room, has first dramatic role in Barbara's film
I feel like a peeping Tom whenever I watch Jane Russell move about in a scene . . . Marlon Brando acts with almost a contempt for the camera . . . "A Place in the Sun" gets my vote for the Academy Award . . . Very few movie fans can tell you who won the last batch of Oscars . . . Not that I give beauty hints, but Ava Gardner washes her face with soap and water and then covers it with a thick layer of oil. Ava's a natural from any angle.

I know that Rhonda Fleming is pretty, but I don't get any message . . . Ronald Reagan and George Murphy strike me more as salesmen for Hollywood than as actors . . . Francis, the talking mule, while working in "Francis Covers the Big Town," backed into a newly tarred wall and the make-up department had to supply him with a false bottom for the scene . . . Van Heflin calls everyone "honey." He even calls guys "honey." Still I like it better than Mickey Rooney's calling me "Uncle Sidney."

Ida Lupino always refers to "men and females." She claims "females" sounds more feminine than "women." I think that Ida's discovery, Sally Forrest, looks plenty like Ida, don't you? And Jeanne Crain's husband is a ringer for Errol Flynn. So much so that Pat Wymore was surprised to see Brinkman in Schwab's on a day when Flynn was out of town . . . Marlene Dietrich remains my favorite glamour girl, and when I asked her what glamour is, she replied, "I can't tell you what it is, but I'm awfully glad people say I've got it."

I still like Judy Garland's line to Bing Crosby. She said, "Bing, I saw a sneak preview of your picture and all of us sneaks loved it" . . . Jane Wyman deserves an award for versatility. Jane can give a great performance as a song-and-dance woman and then in the next picture, turn in a great dramatic performance . . . There's a certain type of movie actress that every man wants to marry—except the man she is married to . . . I seldom eat popcorn in a movie theatre.

Shelley Winters has said, "When I'm not acting for money, I'm acting for free." She's not kidding . . . Groucho Marx, playing host to a group of people at a restaurant, was at a table behind Marie Wilson. The waiter asked Groucho if he would like to move to another table. "No," said Groucho, "I like the obstruction better than the view." . . . I'm always fascinated when I stroll by a manager's office in a theatre . . . By the way, you hear about the theatre manager who crowed, "We're getting a new class of people—those who want to get away from television" . . . The wolf pack now calls them "truebies" to distinguish them from you-know-whaties.

Virginia Mayo should be given the Betty Grable treatment. She's pin-up bait . . . Don Taylor's bathroom is papiered with pages from his movie scripts . . . I think "The Prowler" is the most underrated picture of the semester and I can't understand how I ever got away with it. . . . I was embarrassed for Jeff Chandler in "Iron Man." He's too good an actor to have to make those faces.

Whenever I read about a movie going to Broadway to do a show, I think he's having trouble getting a job in Hollywood. But when I read about a stage actor going to Hollywood, I think he has been discovered . . . I realize I'm in the minority, but I didn't buy Vivien Leigh's performance in the picture "A Streetcar Named Desire." I always felt that she was acting . . . Scott Brady, who does very well for himself with the gals, claims he can size up a woman immediately by the type of perfume she uses.

Casual Casualty: Tony Curtis tells it on himself, which is one more reason why Cal thinks he's one of the most unaffected guys in Hollywood. It seems a publicity man who was really reaching, put out a story that Tony bled red blood when Piper Laurie bit his lip during a love scene! "I received a letter from some G.I.s in Korea," he said sheepishly. (Tony didn't remind us that he was in the last war himself!) "They sympathized with me because I was suffering such hardships when they were living a lush life where we were. Because they felt so sorry for me, they said, they enclosed—a band-aid!"

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

(Continued from page 12)

neglected to smile in public, another "feud" story resulted. Someone even tried to rumor a romance with Clark Gable. Now here's a near-tragedy that did happen to Ava but every reporter missed it. She was driving her beautiful Cadillac up to Lake Tahoe, to vacation while Frank appeared in a Las Vegas night club. Suddenly a deer leaped out in front of her. Ava swerved into the opposite traffic lane but fortunately no cars were passing. The grillwork was all but ruined and she had it fixed at the nearest garage. When she started out again, the hood became unfastened, flew back and smashed into the windshield. Ava was terror-stricken, the car almost turned over, but she managed to stop before she fainted! Cal hopes that with Frank's divorce, he and Ava will be spared any further heartache.

GOING THEIR romantic way on the Hollywood merry-go-round are Mitzi Gaynor, fiance Richard Coyle.
LORETTA AGAR, at the wheel of the black Ford convertible, drove with a skilled hand along Highway 99, which she travels at every opportunity. It leads to the Wayside Honor Farm where John Agar, her husband, is serving five months with possible time off for good behavior. He was sentenced on August 27th for drunken driving.

"John and I have been married four months now," she said. "It seems longer, but when you think of it, we haven't been together too much."

She's tall and slim, a former fashion model with brown hair and thickly lashed eyes that are very blue in her tanned face.

They had been married only a little over three months that Monday morning when Loretta went to court with John—to hear his sentence. They thought, as had many others, that he might be given a suspended sentence, that they might go home again together. Instead, John had been taken downtown and Loretta, shocked and stunned, had returned to his mother's home alone.

The Wayside Honor Farm, just off the highway, would seem picturesque under more pleasant circumstances. Blue skies, rolling fields, purple mountains were silhouetted against a bright extra-hot sun.

Here John Agar rises at six a.m., works until twelve, and again from one until four. In ninety-odd degree heat, on this particular day, he had been shoveling cement down by the livestock farm, building a pig sty.

As we approached the barracks-like Administration Building, one of the hundreds of blue-denimmed men resting in the shade saw us. He came towards Loretta with an eager look and a quick warm smile. He looked tired, tired as any man would be who had been doing manual labor under that hot sun. His eyes were red-streaked—from an infection he got during Army days. He must undergo special treatment as soon as there is an opportunity. Of his tan, he said yes, he was "picking up a little color."

Haven't you picked up something else—a mustache? "Just trying it for kicks," he said. (Continued on page 85)

JOHN WAS as pleased as wife Loretta about the many letters and wires people had sent him. Of his life at the prison farm, John says, "You can learn from any experience—it is up to you"

JOHN SERVES his TERM

When John Agar's wife visited him at the Wayside Honor Farm, Photoplay's reporter was right behind her! BY DIANE SCOTT
The “preem” of “The Blue Veil” was an occasion. It’s a truly wonderful picture of great performances—especially that of its star, Jane Wyman. Jane looked so smart in her rather tailored dress of black velvet with the tiniest black velvet hat and small cape stole of white mink. With Jane was her daughter (see page 12) and, believe it or not, it was the first time the child had seen Ma in a movie! Joan Crawford had two oldest kids, Christopher and Christina, in tow and Lana Turner, slim and smart in black crepe, came with director Curt Bernhardt. The Wyman’s ex, Ronnie Reagan, was there with Nancy Davis and both got a big hello from Jane. Spotted another Jane—last name Russell—at the curb waiting for her car in an ermine job that, so-help-us, could have been either a dress or wrap. (Found out later it was a wrap.) The soft fur was draped into short sleeves; it was belted at the waist with jeweled leather about three inches wide and the ermine skirt fell in full folds to her ankles, as though it were a piece of silk. P.S. She had grabbed it out of the studio wardrobe department in a mad dash between work and premiere.

Slightly unusual, too, was the “courage” Joan Crawford showed by showing up for lunch at Romanoff’s in an orange-colored tweedy sports costume. Why the courage? Because, in case you’ve forgotten, Joan’s hair is still red. But she looked wonderful. The coat-type dress was diagonally buttoned from neck-angling neckline to waistline which sported a wide black calf belt. Intreicately cut, comfortable sleeves ended at the elbow with turn-back cuffs of the same soft wool. Skirt was very full over ermine. Her accessories were black—plus great hunks of heavy gold jewelry.

BY EDITH GWYNN

It was all furrs and furbelows at the Ice Follies opening. Saw Ann Blyth there with best beau Dick Clayton. Ann was wearing a pink jacket of just about the same velvet dress that featured baggy sleeves ending in a tight band at mid-forearm. The high round neck was fastened with a big velveteen bow and another bow just above the belt of the full skirt—and that’s all there is to describe. Ann’s hair-do, though, looked different—for her. She had it parted in the middle, drawn tightly back into a big chignon that covered the entire rear of her pretty head. Jean Crain wore a dreey dress street of black satin with a very low neckline that became a stand-up collar as it crept over the shoulders. The bodice was draped, sleeves were short and plain, the skirt very full.

With the “cool, cool, cool of the season” upon us, skirts will swish in even wider circles and soon, if not already, you’ll be wearing full skirts over full skirts—and I don’t mean petticoats! The split, flying full skirt that flew over the slim sheath is now split right down the center-front and re-wearing a petticoat is just about the same fullness beneath it. Some are split to reveal sequined panels of net, or contrasting shades of another material. This innovation which sounds so luxurious is really a good bet for the economy department. Any gal can split the full skirt of a little number that’s been around a while and insert a glittry panel from waist to hem and quite inexpensively achieve the effect of still another voluminous skirt beneath it.

Don Loper opened his new dress salon with a huge cocktail-through-midnight soiree and he’s really outdone himself with the decor. Most of the hundreds who streamed in and out said there just isn’t a gown emporium in this country or Europe that can compare with it for taste and elegance. Most of us gals said there were 'Mona Freeman and Diana Lynn. Diana wore a strapless calf-length, tight-skirted cocktail costume of black velvet with an enormous diamond flower pinned on the heart-shaped decollete of the blouse; black velvet gloves; large very wide-brimmed flat black velvet hat. Mona wore a daytime street dress of off-white heavy silk, buttoned all the way from neck to hem mid-front, with a tiny rolled collar, shortish push-up sleeves; a shallow, beveled and then slimmed down to the hem!}

(Continued from page 14)

Blessed Events: Shirley Temple Black denies the report that she is expecting a baby, while the Jeffrey Hunters (Barbara Rush) only wish the report about them were true . . . It’s a girl for the grateful Robert Ryan, who optimistically promised their two sons a baby sister . . . James Mason’s favorite role is playing godfather to John Antony Fregonese, whose super-sexy Mom is Faith Domergue. The one has a half-sister whose father is Ted Steaufer, who is Hedy Lamarr’s current husband . . . Marshall Thompson and Buddy Ebsen exchanged cigars in the father’s waiting room when their respective wives gave birth to baby girls . . . Sharon Patricia Cummings timed her world entrance to take place the day after Bob departed for New York to do a play with Ann Sothern.

Tomorrow’s Twinklers: It was Sunday afternoon at the Ocean House. All eyes on the terrace turned on two young ladies having lunch—Miss Gigi Perreau and her “young” sister, Janine Perreau. While Gigi was quite the mistress of the situation, Janine put up a beautiful little battle to keep her poise and dignity. Amused by it all, a soliificate old gentleman stopped by their table. “May I ask if you are a movie star, too?” he asked Janine. With righteous indignation she held her head high. “Certainly not,” she answered icily, “I am an actress!”

ON THE AIR, outside Grauman’s Chinese, are John Kodiak, Anne Baxter. John recently left M-G-M
Young Man in a Flurry: The experience of Russell Nye is particularly disheartening, when you consider the great "brains" involved. The singing sensation of "Call Me Madam" fame needed Hollywood like he needed a hole in his crew-cut head. But they fought to get him for the role of the harassed father of three, for "Young Man in a Hurry." Russell begged for a screen test; he wasn't too young-looking, the studio insisted. No test was necessary. After twelve days of shooting, the bespectacled crooner was replaced by Glenn Ford. Director Mitch Leisen and Russell didn't always agree, but he was dumfounded when the studio called him and told him not to report. Yes, they have to pay him off, but that isn't the point. There's no compensation for injuring a man's pride. Russell Nye really was thrilled with being in Hollywood. Cal hopes that New York theatre audiences will help him to forget his disillusionment.

Cal Salutes: Joan Crawford for caring about other people. Mrs. Martha Wade of Fort Worth, Texas, who won Photoplay's Hollywood Holiday Contest, was so anxious to meet her favorite star. When Joan accidentally heard about it, unsolicited she invited the winner, together with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. James Hubbitt, to Romanoff's for lunch. This despite the fact that Joan's cook had been taken to the hospital that morning and it was her nurse's day off . . . Bette Davis for her admirable lack of ego. For months, as announced, Photoplay planned on Ethel Barrymore serving as one of the judges in its Pasadena Playhouse Scholarship contest. When Miss Barrymore needed to rest and had to leave town, Bette (without benefit of any publicity) graciously stepped in and "substituted." She had been up since dawn, worked all day on the set of "Phone Call from a Stranger," then drove over to Pasadena that night . . . Bill Holden for substituting at the last moment when Greg Peck couldn't make the contest. What a sincere easy-going guy! Cal was standing next to Bill's lovely wife Brenda Marshall when Bette announced that Virginia McGuire won. "Wouldn't it be nice if Bill said something to the two girls who lost," we whispered. "If I know Bill, he will," his wife whispered back. The following day he also contacted the Paramount casting office and put in a plug for the losers. Bill Holden's wonderful new fifteen-year contract couldn't happen to a more deserving friend.

Patron Saint: Attention teenagers. Ask Mom and Dad about Gareth Hughes, who was a handsome young star with the popularity and appeal of a Farley Granger. Today, the kindly, white-haired Gareth is known as Brother David, who devotes his life to the under-privileged American Indians. Gareth visited Hollywood recently and came to call on Cal. "Hollywood people have been so kind in helping me with my work," he told us, "especially Marion Davies. She sent me a little car so I could transport the sick and the dead. Mark Stevens is another who encloses a check in every letter." This friendship dates back to Mark's testing for "The Corn Is Green," when Gareth was called back to coach the Welsh accents. Our Indians are badly in need of practical clothes and shoes. Anyone who remembers Gareth Hughes can add to his happiness by sending bundles addressed to Brother David, Nixon, Nevada.

Hollywood Is Amused: By Marlon Brando and Russell the Raccoon. When Marlon's mother arrived for a visit recently, she surprised him by bringing his pet with her to the set of "Viva Zapata!" Completely unimpressed by Hollywood and movie-making, Russell finally had to be locked up in Marlon's car outside the sound stage. Judging by what he did to the interior of the vehicle, Russell is rehearsing to be a critic! . . . By Jimmy Cagney, who finished "Come Fill the Cup" and went to Chicago to purchase a special breed of Scotch Highland cattle. The one and only "Cag," who wanted the cattle for beef-eating purposes, took one look at their long red hair and bulging eyes. "I can't do it," he moaned mockingly. "It would be just like eating my own brother!"
Why Tampax is so different

Many women are surprised to find how different Tampax really is when contrasted with the type of sanitary protection they have known since childhood. Tampax is not just another brand, but actually a different kind of sanitary protection.

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Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax causes no odor or chafing. Buy at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

INSIDE STUFF

Great Gal: Cal is positive that if there were more girls like Alexis Smith in Hollywood, there would be fewer unhappy egocentrics. Along with making good sense, Alexis has a great sense of humor. For example, she's tall, she refuses to make it a problem, she kids about it. You saw her terrific trouping in "Here Comes the Groom." Well, here's the story behind the story, of how she got the part. For days the studio tried to get Bing Crosby to look at her test. Finally, one day while Alexis was seeing it, Bing slipped into the darkened projection room. When Alexis came on the screen, he turned to writer Barney Dean and cracked: "Say, who's the first baseman?" The lights went on, Bing turned around. "I knew it— I knew it," he groaned. "This had to happen to me someday and it serves me right for making cracks." Alexis just grinned. "Never mind the cracks," she said. "What I want to know is—when are you coming over to play ball?" Bing just threw up his hands. "If you didn't have the job before—you sure have it now!" he roared. So Alexis went to work.

A Little from Lots: A private showing of "Westward the Women," sent audiences into hysterical raves over Bob Taylor's performance as the rugged killer, who slaps women and makes them love it. The very deserving Bob Hutton, who gets his chance again opposite Bob Mitchum in "The Racket," is so good RKO is talking a term deal. The gals playing Waves in "Skirts Ahoy" are so-o-o young and so-o-o beautiful, the set slogan is—"Eighteen will get you thirty!" Years, that is.

Wistful Widow: Wearing no heart on her beautiful sleeve, Lana Turner hailed Cal on the "Merry Widow" set. It was less than a week following those ridiculous stories of an attempted suicide. Actually, when she became dizzy in the shower, her hand went through the glass door and stitches were necessary. Lana went to the hospital for a few hours and an insider without scruples notified the newspapers. Whether she asks for a divorce or legal separation from Bob Topping, remains to be seen. Everyone knows that April 26, 1948 (the day of her

(Continued on page 23)

Marlon Brando asking $150,000 for his next picture. He got $40,000 for "The Men" and $75,000 for "Streetcar." Would you call this a cost-of-living increase? The two steaks dainty Vera-Ellen eats for lunch every day, needing extra energy for her strenuous dancing routines with Fred Astaire.

Pier Angeli's struggle to learn the English language. She really fractured the studio wardrobe department when she showed them for a "brazile" to wear under her "turkey neck" sweater. The checkered vests which look so good on Tony Curtis that the Hollywood girls have started wearing them. Marge and Gower Champion coming to the rescue of their friends, the Gene Nelsons, and pinch-hitting for the baby sitter that didn't show up. The big scramble, following General MacArthur's speech, to register "Old Soldiers Never Die!" as a title. Now Twentieth, having won, has changed the title to "Fix Bayonets!"

The bed, measuring six feet by seven, which Ava Gardner has ordered for her Pacific Palisades house—complete with a specially made thick mattress and a coverlet of gray Irish linen. Melinda Markey's future as an actress after her season in summer stock with her mother, Joan Bennett, Melinda may decide to give it all up for romance—Peter Whorf in particular. Pete, son of director-actor Richard Whorf, worked as scenic designer at the Marblehead Playhouse when Melinda was there. Clark Gable's determination to "get away from it all," which finds him looking for ranch land above Antelope Valley.

THE GREG PECKSs: Work on new film kept Greg from acting as one of judges at final Photoplay Scholarship auditions.
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White Star's Modernaire Leather Luggage.
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Diaper rash had me howling, wailing and yowling. My skin was so sore 'twas tragic! Mummy said: don't you cry, I know what we'll try, That wonderful thing that's called Magic!

Now my skin feels divine, So soft, smooth and fine, I'm gay as a bird in a tree. I'm fresh as the dawn. Diaper problems? All gone! Baby Magic worked magic for me!

the only skin care in the nursery-safe, unbreakable Squeeze Bottle...that checks diaper odor and diaper rash

Reminder for mother: Don't forget, when you buy Baby Magic, to get a superfine powder, too. None is purer, softer, smoother than Mennen Baby Powder! Delectably scented, helps soothe chafing, prickles, itchy, irritated skin. Amusing Built-in Bottle...Mother Goose pictures on sides—at no extra cost!
DEBORAH KERR, co-starring in M.G.M.'S "QUO VADIS," Color by Technicolor

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DEBORAH KERR . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of the 12 women voted as having the world's loveliest hair, Deborah Kerr uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair
Magnificent JANE WYMAN once again deeply touches your heart... as she did in the ever-to-be-remembered Johnny Belinda... this time as the woman Louise, another truly great role that only JANE could portray.
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 18)

marriage) was a great turning point in the life of Lana. Everyone also knows there were tough moments along the way, that she wanted desperately to make a go of this marriage. Suddenly the strains of "The Merry Widow Waltz" filled the sound stage, and she was before the camera. Bright, gay and beautiful, Lana swayed in the arms of the handsome Fernando Lamas. To the casual observer Lana Turner has everything. To Cal—she has everything but happiness—and how we wish we could help her find it!

The $64 Question: Fans, exhibitors, everyone who saw Janice Rule in "Goodbye, My Fancy," was taken with her talent. Tony Beauchamp, a portrait photographer of international fame, pronounced her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood. The studio was ecstatic about her dancing with Gene Nelson in the yet-to-be-seen "Starlift," and supposedly had brilliant plans for her future. So what happens? At option time they don't renew her contract! Cal was as stunned as everyone else. Some say Janice tried to run the works. We doubt it, but even so, many stars have survived a similar phase when they hit the big time in Hollywood. Both Paramount and Twentieth Century-Fox have already sent for Janice. We can only wish her the good fortune we're sure she'll have.

Junior Mischief: Too young and tender to care for Hollywood parties, Debra Paget found herself with a popular host-about-town on her hands, who wouldn't take no for an answer. Finally she agreed to accept his invitation if she could bring someone with her. "Okay," he said. "But make sure that your escort dresses for dinner." Said Debra as she sighed: "Okay—but my mother's going to look awfully funny in a tuxedo!"

Predictions: His name is Tab Hunter, he's a twenty-year-old handsome blond, built like the answer to a teenager's dream. Linda Darnell saw his screen test and presto, he was signed to play opposite her in "Saturday's Island," being made in Jamaica. Keep tab on Tab, who's really going places . . . His name is

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DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

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BY ALINE MOSBY
U.P. Hollywood Correspondent

After Rex Harrison and his beautiful wife Lilli Palmer pulled up stakes nearly three years ago and blew Movieland, he was not remembered in these parts exactly with cheers. For Rex penned an article for a magazine in which he took some sly digs at the land of fat salaries and swimming pools.

After the dust settled, the patriots of the plaster city yelled that "Sexy Rexy" should be ostracized. So when Rex made a grand re-entry into Hollywood, I hustled over to see if he had suffered any horrible slaps, such as not being given the first booth at Romanoff's. This also was his first trip to Hollywood since the unfortunate suicide by sleeping pills of Carole Landis in July, 1948. Harrison, you will remember, had dated the star while his wife was in New York.

But Rex, it seems, was welcomed back with open arms. He insists it wasn't any feud with Hollywood that kept him and Miss Palmer away. They came back because of "the most interesting roles we've ever attempted." They play the only two people in a movie at Columbia that takes place entirely around a four-poster bed. Rex also indicated he didn't say he'd never return to Hollywood anyway.

"What I said at the end of that article, in that sly dig, I still holds. I said that there were certain movie directors I'd work for without question. I'd work anywhere I found a good script. I'd like to go on working in Hollywood, Tibet or Timbuktu—anywhere that there is a prospect of making a good picture. That's why I'm here for 'Four Poster.'"

"My friends, I like to think, are still my friends," Harrison said. "We've seen a good many on this trip—the Tyrone Powders, the Douglas Fairbankses and the Ronald Colmans."

Since 1948, when they quit Hollywood, they have climbed to the top in other mediums. Rex starred in a Broadway hit "Anne of the Thousand Days." Lilli won acclaim in "Caesar and Cleopatra." They became a famed husband-and-wife acting team in a movie at Columbia that takes success, "Bell, Book and Candle." Besides, Mrs. H. goes down in history as one New York TV star who never has re-sorted to a plunging neckline. They've turned down offers before trekking back for "Four Poster."

"We like being back in Hollywood very much," Harrison smiled.

INSIDE STUFF

Vince Edwards, he played the title role in the New York-made "Mr. Universe." He's Italian, a former Olympic swimming star who looks something like Charlton Heston. He's taller and more muscular than Burt Lancaster. Producers Hal Wallis (who saw him on television and signed him without screen test) is so enthusiastic, Vince gets to play opposite Elizabeth Scott in his first Hollywood movie... His name is Ralph Meeker, you saw him first in "Teresa" with Pier Angeli. When M-G-M released the picture—they didn't release him. Currently, he's on loanout to Paramount for Betty Hutton's "Somebody Loves Me." Ralph hails from Broadway's "Mr. Roberts," but this suave smoothie has already found a lasting spot in Hollywood.

Purely Personal: Dear Debbie Reynolds: Cal thinks you're cute as a button and more talented than a barrel full of starlets. But you aren't the girl we like most to sit in back of at previews! You and your two girl friends came in late at the Academy Theatre where private showings are held. You carried bottles of pop that sizzled when you opened them, you chewed gum, crunched corn and you all looked sweeter than honeysuckle in those off-the-shoulder blouses, with your hair piled high. It was kicking those clanking bottles around that really got me down. Next time you sit in front of us, won't you please make with the marshmallows?

For Men Only: Covering the town this month, Cal caught up on some original ideas in male movie star fashions. Gary Merrill, who dresses casually and comfortably, wears plaid wool shorts when-ever the occasion permits... On him it's very becoming, which is why Van Johnson can wear a pink tie with a yellow jacket... His swirling design on Tony Dexter's ties actually, but inconspicuously, spell out his name.

Brief Cases: Artist Paul Clemens has a new model—by the name of Mona Free... . Dale Robertson, who couldn't get inside a studio for years, now can get out long enough to have a honeymoon... John Hudson, who is going places in Hollywood, is going to Hollywood places with Wanda Hendrix.
"Lux Soap Facials make my skin softer, smoother," Jane Wyman says. "Here's my daily complexion care: First I cream Lux Soap's rich active lather well into my skin. Active lather cleanses so gently, but thoroughly, too. I rinse with warm water, then cold."

"It's wonderful the fresh new beauty those Lux Soap Facials give my skin. As I pat with a towel to dry, I know my complexion is softer, smoother—really lovelier." Why don't you take Jane Wyman's tip—try this famous beauty care. It's easy to be Lux-lovely!
(F) The Blue Veil (Wald-Krasna-RKO)

WHEN the Academy Award list of "bests" is chosen next spring this film undoubtedly will be among them. And the name of Jane Wyman undoubtedly again will be among the contenders. Tender and true, adhering to realities, "The Blue Veil" tells of a young widow whose baby dies in infancy and who turns to the caring of other people's children as a profession. Jane Wyman plays the governor whose story is told in sequences, each a story in itself, carrying her from home to home, child to child and heart to heart until the circle is completed. Such outstanding performers as Charles Laughton, Joan Blondell, Agnes Moorehead, Richard Carlson, Vivian Vance, Don Taylor and Audrey Totter become part of the life story of the woman who mothers their children for a span of years, thereby becoming a part of their lives forever.

Your Reviewer Says: A superb motion picture.

Program Notes: When members of the staff and cast were assembled, the roster boasted eight former Academy Award winners: producers Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna, Jane Wyman, Charles Laughton, film editor George Amy, musical director Franz Waxman, still photographer John Miehle and art director Carroll Clark... Every item of Jane's clothing, every item of decor and article of furniture, vehicles, toys, etc., remained true to period, which ranged from World War I to the present time... Wave after wave of infants and their stand-ins, permitted to work only two hours a day, twenty minutes at a time, brought with them an avalanche of mothers, registered nurses and Welfare workers as required by law. The older children with their stand-ins were placed under the supervision of Harold Minniear, RKO resident teacher who had never before joned so vast a moppeet assignment... Jane's scenes as an older woman demanded her presence in the make-up department each morning at five. With luck she was home each evening by eight. Academy Awards are won, it appears again, by long hours of hard work.

(F) Texas Carnival (M-G-M)

A COWBOY musical! And look at the names! Red Skelton, Esther Williams, Howard Keel, Paula Raymond, Ann Miller and Keenan Wynn. A regular round-up of talent against a Texas background. The story itself is not exactly an oil well of originality, but it's a darned good show and a real cheerer-upper. Red plays a down-and-out carnival Barker and Esther his hit-and-dunk-her partner. Driving millionaire Keenan Wynn's car (left stranded at the carnival) to a swanky Texas resort, Red is mistaken for the tycoon and Esther for his sister. Going along with the error until they can meet up with Keenan, the pair live in style until the inevitable happens. Esther, of course, falls for ranch foreman Keel and a big fat vice versa. Red is completely taken over by vivacious Ann Miller. Red's clowning is hilarious and if Keenan isn't the funniest screen drunk, who is?

Your Reviewer Says: Yippee!

Program Notes: The stars at night are big and bright all because everything is Technicolor-grand deep in the heart of this gay Texas musical. The songs are lively and catchy mainly because Dorothy Fields and Harry Warren wrote them especially for the film... Esther, who has probably swum the ocean over and back again if all those swimming scenes of hers were laid end to end, loved the idea of her fantasy swim and has asked M-G-M not to reveal its technical secret. After shooting was over for the day, Esther drove over to the restaurant she and Ben Gage own to see how things were going... Red was all excited about his trip to England with a Palladium stopover which now we can report was a howling success... Howard was informed by his studio that his deluge of mail had placed him among the top three stars on the lot and with only two pictures to his credit.
Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker in tense story of crime and punishment and a man trapped by devotion to duty

(A) Detective Story (Paramount)

THE scene is the 21st Precinct police station in midtown Manhattan. The motivating story force is the relentless, psychological drive on the part of Detective Kirk Douglas against any degree of leniency or understanding. The ugliness of this way station for delinquents, crackpots and degenerates, plus the spiritual desolation of this man’s heart, combine to make this a motion picture of force and intensity. There is the shoplifter, Lee Grant, who steals scene after scene, injecting laughter into the proceedings. There is the bewildered young embezzler, Craig Hill, and his friend, Cathy O’Donnell, who cannot prevail against Douglas’s determination to prosecute. There is the pair of “cat” burglars, Joseph Wiseman and Michael Strong, who add an odd sort of eerie hilarity to the proceedings. But it’s Douglas’s year-long effort to nail George MacReady, a shady doctor, into whose coils the detective’s wife, Eleanor Parker, is finally dragged, that proves his undoing. Horace McMahon, William Bendix and Warner Anderson are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Terrific!

Program Notes: Kirk Douglas kicked off to the Somboro Theatre in Phoenix, Arizona, to play the part of Detective James McLeod on the stage before facing the camera. Precisely, Douglas and director William Wyler had visited New York to see the play and visit the 10th Precinct to talk with detectives there. (There is no 21st Precinct in New York, incidentally) . . . Five members of the original Broadway cast, Horace McMahon, Lee Grant, Joseph Wiseman, Michael Strong, James Miloney, were brought to Hollywood to play their stage roles . . . Eleanor Parker and Cathy O’Donnell wore inconspicuous street clothes and street make-up. Director Wyler was determined that nothing be off key to mar the realistic unpretentiousness of the story.

(A) Decision Before Dawn (20th Century-Fox)

THE novel, “Call It Treason,” has been choppy translated to the screen with the actual chase and spy trapping scenes much too long in coming. It deals with German prisoners of World War II who, for personal reasons, consent to spy against their country. Among them is a sensitive lad, Oskar Werner, whose reasons are idealistic, and a tougher, more realistic specimen, Hans Christian Blech. The outfit employing this type service is headed by American Colonel Gary Merrill and is hidden away in a convent near Marmoutiers. To this outfit comes Lt. Richard Basehart for orders which takes him and Blech into the very heart of Germany during the fiercest raids. For long periods of action, both Basehart and Merrill are completely out of the story, which then follows the exploits of Werner and his hazardous journey through his own country.

Your Reviewer Says: There must be a simpler way to tell such an exciting story.

Program Notes: Bette Davis, still a bride, was called upon to say goodbye to her new husband, Gary Merrill, who flew to the European location along with actor Richard Basehart and director Anatole Litvak . . . On the other side Richard fell in love and secretly married actress Valentina Cortesa whom he later brought back to Hollywood . . . Two thousand miles throughout the French and American zones of occupation were traversed by part of the cast and crew during the shooting . . . The Eberbach cloister where Merrill was quartered is over 800 years old. At times Merrill felt the same age, especially when the chill of a bombed country crept through the damp walls. Hildegarde Neff, as well as many prominent European actors, were anxious and willing to play bits or minor roles in the story.

Oskar Werner, Gary Merrill, Richard Basehart in spine-tingling story of men facing the hazards of a spy’s life
0nce again comes the regeneration story—a bad man with a good side who needed tender concern—or thought he did—to go straight. The story moves heavily toward its ultimate end with Richard Conte, Shelley Winters, Stephen McNally, Charles Bickford and Alex Nicol plodding waist deep in an almost stationary plot. The story opens with Conte shooting away at an unseen victim and then seeking refuge in a fishing boat owned by Charles Bickford and his son Alex Nicol. Bickford, unaware that Conte is a murderer, agrees to take on Conte as an extra hand. Seeing the son has the makings of a smart racketeer, Conte employs him to collect from his slot-machine racket while he hides out on the boat. Finally, resenting the boy's unkindness to his father, Conte whales Alex to within an inch of his life. In retaliation Alex steals Conte's girl, Shelley, while Detective Lieut. Stephen McNally tries through Shelley to find Conte.

Your Reviewer Says: Slow to get almost nowhere.

Program Notes: Author Ernest K. Gann not only wrote the script from his book, but acted as technical adviser on all San Francisco settings. He even double for Conte in a long shot... Alex Nicol, who understudied Henry Fonda in Broadway's "Mr. Roberts," decided to cast his lot henceforth with Hollywood by buying a San Fernando ranch house... Virus broke out among the cast with both Bickford and Shelley laid low. For the actual storm scenes 800-gallon spill buckets poured almost ten tons of water onto the set to simulate giant waves, almost drowning the male cast. Still want to be in movies?

1/2 (F) When Worlds Collide (Paramount)

Doomsday! An earth-shattering planet approaches us at full speed! There is no escape! No help! No refuge! Ah, but Hollywood has thought of a way. It has built a modern Noah's Ark—rocket-style—where the animals go in two by two and forty-three lucky people climb in for a successful landing on another planet. Richard Derr plays the handsome aviator who flies the secret information to scientist Larry Keating in New York, who places the matter before the League of Nations. Finally, students are recruited from every branch of learning and work on the rocket begins. The day before take-off a drawing is held to determine the lucky passengers. Barbara Rush plays the girl Derr loves and Peter Hansen plays his rival. The spectacular effects are tremendous and the idea eerie and fear-y.

Your Reviewer Says: Ten bucks to anyone who can get me on that rocket.

Program Notes: George Pal, the producer of "Destination Moon" takes on another science-fiction drama that required the special effects department of Paramount to flood completely a deserted New York City, produce an earthquake, a tidal wave and construct a rocket ship that takes off horizontally. Paramount cops flew around like headless chickens when the helicopter, used in the film, landed squarely in the middle of the Paramount lot. The driver, it seems, had no pass and no one enters those gates without a pass, see.

1 1/2 (F) Behave Yourself (Wald-Krasna-RKO)

SHELLEY WINTERS and Farley Granger in a ridiculously funny story about a missing dog, gangs of hoodlums, murders galore and a nagging mother-in-law. The (Continued on page 30)
For the Holidays and every day—give yourself an exciting new figure!

Now! The newest Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle—White Magic with all the Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom of action, plus fabric next to your skin.

Recommended by internationally famous fashion designers

for the way it slims you in cloud-soft comfort

French Designer, JEAN DESSES:
"If you wear a Playtex, you will have the ideal figure for which my fashions are designed!"

Italian Designer, FONTANA:
"It works fashion magic! I insist that my mannequins wear Playtex under every dress!"

American Designer, TINA LESER:
"My advice is to wear Playtex. It slims where you need slimming, holds you in comfort!"

In shiny tubes, at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere. White Magic, $5.95 and $6.95. (Other Playtex Girdles in pink, blue and white from $3.95.) All prices slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.
Rough, dry skin. "A friend suggested Noxzema for my rough, dry skin and it helped immensely," says Wannah Lee of Kansas City, Mo. "Now, I use it every day—and as my powder base and night cream—to help keep my skin looking smooth!"

Look Lovelier in 10 Days
with Doctor's Home Facial
...or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just one dainty, snow-white cream—greaseless, medicated Noxzema—you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother and lovelier.

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial described at the right. Developed by a doctor in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Facial, you "creamwash" your skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give your skin the all-day protection of a greaseless, natural-looking powder base . . . the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal blemishes®, helps your skin look softer and smoother.

Your Money Back! If this Home Facial doesn't help skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.

(Continued from page 28)

teaming of Shelley and Farley may prove a publicity coup but in our opinion it is not the best possible casting. However, the picture is a romp from beginning to end. The dog, that motivates the plot, has been trained by one set of hooligans to guide another set to something or other never quite clear to the audience. Farley gets into it when the dog escapes and follows him home. Shelley, his wife, thinking the dog an anniversary present, takes it to her heart. Farley's attempts to return the dog to its owner without Shelley finding out brings on complications frustrating and ludicrous. William Demarest, Lon Chaney, Margalo Gillmore and Frances L. Sullivan mess around the plot to their vast sorrow.

Your Reviewer Says: High class buffoonery.

Program Notes: RKO studio suddenly took on life and zip when Shelley and Farley got going with their uninhibited behavior. And that incongruous team of bad men, hardened Sheldon Leonard and soft-voiced ex-schoolteacher Marvin Kaplan, kept the crew in stitches. In fact a radio show is being written for the comically mismatched pair and another film is in the offing . . . Archie, the dog, has been signed by producers Wuld and Krasna for "Darling, I Love You."

✓ (A) Bannerline (M-G-M)

HERE comes that brash young reporter again; that spirited cub whose "daring" and "courage" inspire the townfolk to wipe out racketeer J. Carrol Naish who, unfortunately, seems the liveliest and most likable character in the whole blooming burg. Keefe Brasselle is the reporter who has been inspired by his history teacher, Lionel Barrymore, to precipitate action against Naish. But only when Keefe is beaten to a pulp by hooligans do the local citizens at last get tough. Lewis Stone plays a has-been newspaperman who helps Keefe. Sally Forrest plays a young schoolteacher and Spring Byington her mother.

Your Reviewer Says: Surely not again!

Program Notes: Lionel Barrymore adored his role of aging history professor because all his scenes called for the veteran actor to be comfortably enrobed in bed . . . J. Carrol Naish, an Irishman and Hollywood's most prolific character actor, says if he were called upon to play an Irishman, he probably couldn't make the role convincing . . . Young Brasselle has come a long way in the past year carrying leads with easy nonchalance—apparently. Keefe claims he's always really scared to death. Sally Forrest is delighted with the way her acting career has turned out since she gave up teaching dance routines at M-G-M. Sally has done four movies in a row and has four more lined up.

✓½ (F) Across the Wide Missouri (M-G-M)

ILARK GABLE goes Western all the way in this—becoming a "squaw man" and a devoted one. Like a single chapter from a book, with so much past and future left untold, the story stands out as a little gem of Technicolor beauty and drama. Gable plays a rugged, fearless trapper way back in the early eighteen hundreds when the West was raw, tough and beautiful. With John Hodiak as rival, Gable wins the beautiful Indian girl, Maria Elena Marquez, as his bride. His reasons for marriage are selfish. Maria, he realizes, can lead him into the best beaver-trapping country in the West. But Gable grows to love the wife who gives him a son, born deep in the rugged country of hostile Indians. When the Chief is killed by one of Gable's men, the hatred of the Chief's son, Ricardo Montalban, is
New
May
Queen

This very night...

After all, why should you wait?

There is nothing you can buy today that gives greater value in lasting pleasure than fine silverplate.

This very night enjoy gleaming Holmes & Edwards Sterling Inlaid Silverplate for only $8.50 a 6-piece place setting.

A complete 52-piece service for 8 in this loveliest and finest of all silverplate costs but $74.95 and note: your dealer's Club Plan will make this complete service available to you immediately for practically pennies.

There is, of course, an added satisfaction in owning Holmes & Edwards... for this is the Sterling Inlaid Silverplate, superior to all other kinds. Most-used spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of Sterling Silver at points where they rest on the table. Thus, should wear occur, there's Sterling underneath.

The loveliest patterns of all...

HOLMES & EDWARDS Sterling Inlaid Silverplate

*All patterns made in U. S. A.*
(Continued from page 30) roused against the intruders. J. Carrol Naish, Adolphe Menjou and Alan Napier complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Love midst nature's beauty.

Program Notes: A special tent city was erected in some of the West's most spectacular and solitary country for the 200 members of the cast and crew who were flown to Durango, Colorado, in chartered planes. Location sites ranging from 9,000 to 14,000 feet were selected by Director William Wellman, many of them sited where Mountain Men of over a hundred years ago trapped beaver, fought ambush and helped open the entire West. Marie Elena Marques was flown from Mexico to play the Indian girl after thirteen other girls had been tested.

(F) The Son of Dr. Jekyll (Columbia)

It was bound to happen! That scientist, gentleman, Dr. Jekyll, who transformed himself into the monstrous Mr. Hyde, left a son—according to this movie—to carry on the 'orrible appenings of the old Lunnion town. Louis Hayward plays the son, who is determined to reveal his father's secrets to help humanity rather than a murdering fiend. The newspapers, however, make young Jekyll an object of ridicule and one or two others plot to put him out of business. It's a silly bit of business, anyway.

Your Reviewer Says: Wait 'til they get to the old boy's grandson!

Program Notes: To get himself in shape for this one, Louis Hayward practiced jumping from a fifty-foot tower into a safety net as preparation for a scene which, for some reason, was never shot. In the laboratory scene, Hayward was constantly grabbing the wrong powders and potions and in one instance concocted a brew that fumed suds all over the set... Laid in London, the film employed an all-British cast, with the exception of Jody Lawrence, who plays Hayward's fiancée.

(F) The Lady Pays Off (U-I)

This tale deals with the schoolteacher of the year, Linda Darnell, who wants to be loved for herself. Hitherto men have seen only the "mother" in her and Linda resents it. Then she heads for a Reno vacation, meets Stephen McNally, owner of a gambling club, loses $7,000 at roulette and is forced to pay off—his way. Steve's way is caring for his young daughter, Gigi Perreau, who needs a mother's love. Of course, the inevitable happens: Steve grows to love Linda, with Gigi between prayers and pranks, acting as Cupid. Virginia Field plays Steve's old flame and Ann Codee is the French housekeeper.

Your Reviewer Says: A real cornball.

Program Notes: An enormous pain sent Steve McNally home from the studio and straight into the hospital where his complaining appendix was removed. Shooting came to a halt while the patient recovered... The Carmel house of McNally's in the film is a typical California resort house with a raised fireplace three feet above the floor and extending into the living room at part of the furnishings. The studio claims the house can be duplicated by any builder for $20,000. Wanna bet?... This is Miss Darnell's first film as a free lancer and her first since her separation from husband Pet Marley. Linda brought her three-year-old Lola to the studio to meet Gigi. Lola grew so attached to the toys used in the story, Linda had to duplicate them for the child's own room.
At important moments like this... underarm protection must be complete. Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped — and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration. Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That’s because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated to work all over again when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.

Enjoy a new kind of cleanliness... bathe with mild, fragrant FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap, containing miracle odor-preventing Hexachlorophene to keep you “bath fresh” from head-to-toe all day!
Life Bras by Formfit

Now-Featuring

THE NEW "TRIPLE FIT"

...a new measurement has been added!

The ultimate step in bra perfection! Now Formfit, and Formfit alone, offers you exact degree of separation as well as size and cup. Only Life Bras give this exclusive new "Triple Fit"! Proportioned to (1) your bust size, (2) your cup size, (3) your separation—wide, medium or narrow. See the exciting difference Life Bra's "Triple Fit" makes in glamour! Feel the difference in comfort and freedom! You'll know then why more women demand Formfit than any other make.

Life Bras from $1.25

(Continued from page 32)

√1/2 (A) Come Fill the Cup (Warners)

"COME Fill the Cup," proposes a message, that of an alcoholic's attempt to resist the fatal first drink. The story follows the zigzag pattern of drunken footsteps, weaving from side to side, backtracking and limping forward for two hours. Jimmy Cagney plays the newspaperman who loses both his job and his girl, Phyllis Thaxter, through drink. Aided by another reformed victim, James Gleason, Jimmy gets back on his feet, regains his job but not his girl, who has married Gig Young, nephew of newspaper tycoon Raymond Massey. When Young becomes an alcoholic, Massey summons Cagney to put the lid on his feet. Mexican singer Charlita involves Young in gangster brawls and finally an accident.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much story for one picture.

Program Notes: Jimmy Cagney celebrated twenty years in movies while making this film—twenty years since Jimmy showed that unforgettable grapefruit into Mae Clark's face in "Public Enemy"... Nameless, the pert-Collie, part-sheepdog, was discovered by a Warner Brothers' talent scout while the dog was doing tricks in front of Schwab's famous drugstore in Hollywood... The minute her last scene was filmed, Phyllis Thaxter, with her five-year-old daughter, Susan Antrey, flew to Portland, Maine, for a family reunion with her parents, Judge and Mrs. Sidney Thaxter.

(F) Cave of Outlaws (U-I)

NOW busy is this little "B" with characters flitting in and out the Carlsbad Caverns in search of gold which outlaws hid there in 1880. Fifteen years later, MacDonald Carey, who had been imprisoned as one of the gang while still a boy, is released from prison and heads for the caverns to find the gold. In the meantime he helps Alexis Smith reopen her newspaper, thereby reaping the enmity of his rival, Victor Jory.

Your Reviewer Says: The whole thing collapses.

Program Notes: Naturally everyone concerned trooped off to the Carlsbad Caverns in southeast New Mexico, locale of the story. Work within the caves usually began at four in the afternoon due to the rush of daytime sightseers. At midnight the company called a halt and had a midnight snack in the underground restaurant... Due to working most of the time at 750 feet below sea level, Carey and Alexis score heavy flannel underwear under their "gay 'ninety" garb.

√√1/2 (A) The Lavender Hill Mob (Rank-U.A.)

FOR drollery and easy flowing humor that erupts at times into explosive hilarity you just can't beat this English film. It's sheer delight all the way, made so by the artistry of Alec Guinness and his talented cohorts, Stanley Holloway, Sidney James and Alfie Bass. Guinness plays a meek employee of the Bank of England. He supervises gold deliveries from the refinery to the Bank. His well-concealed ambition of stealing the gold and living somewhere in luxury materializes when he meets up with Stanley Holloway, owner of a curio company. With the aid of two professional crooks, the pair succeed in stealing the gold. But alas, there's a hitch at the last moment and the police car chase that ensues is side splitting.

Your Reviewer Says: A British riot.

(Continued on page 90)
"This 30-second cloudburst lasted all day!"

says LIZABETH SCOTT, co-starring in "RED MOUNTAIN"
A Hal Wallis Production for Paramount
Color by Technicolor

"YOU KNOW HOW RAW WEATHER CHAPS SKIN. I SPENT A WHOLE DAY, IN THE Icy RAIN, MAKING THIS SCENE FOR 'RED MOUNTAIN' . . .

LATeR, I had to fire blanks 'til my hands were fiery red . . .

AND CLAWING this sandy floor was rough on my hands again . . .

BUT I USED Jergens Lotion to soothe my hands and face . . .

S0 THEY were wonderfully smooth for romantic close-ups.

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

AT HOME, Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret.

BEING LIQUID, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin . . .

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above . . .

SEE WHY Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-1!

"YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above . . ."
WINNER of the Photoplay scholarship contest

BY KATHERINE PEDELL

PHOTOPLAY's nation-wide search for the best of America's undiscovered talent is over. Virginia McGuire, twenty-one, from Bridgeport, Conn., won the two-year scholarship to the Pasadena Playhouse. At the final audition at Pasadena, Virginia took all honors just as she did last August at the New York preliminaries. The search for talent, which sifted through hundreds of applicants, had penetrated communities large and small before Virginia McGuire, Joyce McLeod of Providence, Rhode Island; and Rachel Mendlovitz of New Braunfels, Texas, were selected to make the trip to California as Photoplay's guests.

The night of the audition Bill Holden, one of the judges, sat quietly in the audience. The trial about to be staged was an emotional one for him. Twelve years ago, this very same theatre, he chance had come. Bette Davis looked intently about him...
Joseph Mankiewicz, director of Academy Award winner, "All About Eve," Stanley Kramer, producer of "The Men" and Lyle Rooks, Photoplay's Western Editor, reflected the solemnity of the occasion. The Playhouse staff waited impatiently to judge.

Backstage, the girls drew lots to determine their order of appearance. Joyce McLeod was first. She enacted a scene from a play she had written, the same scene (Continued on page 101)
They wrote her name in lights and paved her way in gold from Broadway to Californ-i-ay! The lilting life and loves of the one and only Lotta Crabtree!

IT'S 20TH CENTURY FOX'S 14 CARAT, 13 SONG, 48 STATE SALUTE TO THE GOLDEN GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST!

GOLDEN GIRL

starring
MITZI DENNIS GAYNOR • DAY
DALE JAMES ROBERTSON • BARTON

with UNA MERKEL • RAYMOND WALBURN

Produced by GEORGE JESSEL • LLOYD BACON • WALTER BULLOCK, CHARLES O'NEAL and GLADYS LEHMAN
Directed by Screen Play by

From a Story by ALBERT and ARTHUR LEWIS and EDWARD THOMPSON
"The most important rule in a romance is not to be a liar," Tony Curtis said. Janet Leigh, across the table from Tony, didn't smile. On the subject of love she is much too earnest for any frivolity. They both are unaffectedly sincere: this tall, dark, blue-eyed and intense boy, this tall, slim, (Continued on page 84)
What do they have that makes them outstanding in a town full of beauties? Hollywood photographers give their reasons for voting these girls the most beautiful of all

BY VICKY RILEY

ARLENE DAHL
Who are the twelve most beautiful women in Hollywood?
Quite a question, that!
To list the most beautiful in a town world-famous for its beauties would be a poser—even if beauty were the fixed quality it so definitely isn't, every eye, in truth, forming its own beauty.
Obviously this was a matter for a jury to decide so that every choice would be a reflection of many opinions.
For a jury we chose the Hollywood photographers. We reasoned that if a star is a beauty to those who see her through the revealing lens of a camera as she stands under searching lights then, by Venus and Aphrodite, she is a beauty!
The ballots, on which first, second and third choices were listed, were secret—so that no man would feel that, for political reasons, he should vote either for a star under contract to his studio or a star who gave him business.
(For the record, our jury consisted of Bert Six of Warner Brothers, Robert Coburn of Columbia, Gene Kornmann of Twentieth Century-Fox, Ray Jones of Universal-International, Ernest Bachrach of RKO, Clarence S. Bull of M-G-M, John Engstead, Carlyle Blackwell Jr., Sterling Smith, Nat Dallinger, Don Ornitz, Tom Kelly, L Willinger and Photoplay's Hymie Fink.)
These men, outstanding in their profes-
"BEAUTY IS SOMETHING OVER AND ABOVE SHEER PHYSICAL PERFECTION"

the 12 most beautiful women in hollywood

...
PIER ANGEli will work overtime, with four pictures scheduled. Next, "The Light Touch"

MONICA LEWIS, far right, plays herself—a popular singer and recording star—in "The Strip"

MITZI GAYNOR bounces from "Friendly Island" to star role with Dale Robertson in "Golden Girl"

JANICE RULE, who danced from Broadway to Hollywood, now has chance to soar in "Starlift"

When you pick them, Hollywood producers sit up and take notice! Here are their
YOU CHOSE THESE STARS

MAKE way for the winners! For your stars of tomorrow are well on their respective ways today.

Mitzi Gaynor, your number one choice in the “Choose Your Star” Contest and Twentieth Century-Fox’s new “zing” girl, an irrepressible blonde with laughing, slanting blue eyes and dancing feet, is climbing all the faster through strong roles which were planned for Betty Grable—when Betty went on suspension. Mitzi is going to need every bit of bounce and every stray vitamin for the future the studio now plans for her. Following her starring role in “Golden Girl” with Dale Robertson, she gets the role of Eva Tanguay, the “I Don’t Care” girl, one of the studio’s biggest budget musicals of the year.

(Continued on page 87)

IF TONY DEXTER yields to studio and public he’ll do “The Sheik.” Now in “The Brigand”

JEFFREY HUNTER, after “Red Skies of Montana,” will be rushed into two more films

wonderful plans for the “Choose Your Star” winners

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

STUDIO IS shopping for big stories for Gower Champion and wife Marge

DREAMBOAT Robert Wagner, at bottom, is Claudette Colbert’s son in his next picture, “Let’s Make It Legal”
Her romances were legion,
her mistakes many.
But her glamour never failed to
intrigue you. Now
Rita's back and trying
to be—the girl she thinks
her public wants

WHEN Rita Hayworth came back to
Hollywood, after the customary six weeks
in Nevada, she, with her two daughters,
Rebecca and Yasmine (with an "e,"
says Rita) and an entourage of three,
holed up in a bungalow at the Beverly Hills
Hotel—and dropped the Iron Curtain
on the Hollywood press. Her entourage
consisted of Suzanne, her personal maid;
Winifred Barry, governess for the
children; and Domingo, whom she
calls "My Man Sunday" because Domingo
means Sunday. Domingo has been with
Rita since her early marriage to Eddie
Judson. He serves (Continued on page 93)

SHOULD
RITA
CHANGE?

RITA, Princess Yasmine, Rebecca

WHEN Rita married Orson Welles,
public applauded the love match. And
forgave her when they finally parted

BY LIZA WILSON
IT WAS first husband Ed Judson, who taught Rita that lovely clothes, being seen in night clubs was good publicity. Judson's campaign paid off. Rita, now one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars, intrigued the public with her romances after her divorce from Judson. Most spectacular was Vic Mature, shown with Rita, Jack Benny.

FREE again, Rita wasn't alone for long. But Tony Martin, like the rest, was just a night-club romance.

NOW she's parted from Aly Khan, Rita's done an about-face—stays close to home.

STEVE CRANE took Rita to gay places she loved. Above, with Gene Tierney.
Did you ever dream that your Christmas cards tell tales on you? Well, they do.

If, for instance, you, like Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, choose a big, generous, robust kind of Santa Claus card, chances are you are (according to Luther E. Woodward, Ph.D., Consultant of the National Mental Health Association) essentially a friendly, outgoing uninhibited person.

Happy, too.

To you, Dr. Woodward points out, the Santa Claus figure is a symbol of the fullness of life and the "pleasures of the eesh," and you take delight in them.

You put value in the big dinner, the exchange of gifts, the warmth of the family gathering, the glittering tree. You really enjoy giving and sharing (being normal, you like to) (Continued on page 74)

You can't hide a thing about yourself, say the psychologists. Everything you do reveals you—the way these Christmas cards reveal the stars who sent them.
SINCE BETTY HUTTON'S broken engagement to Norman Krasna, she bounces from date to date. Right, with Pete Rugolo

ANN SHERIDAN and Steve Hannagan, below, are back where they parted, now Jeff Chandler and his wife have reconciled.

GREG BAUTZER and Joan Crawford were so in love—then once again the handsome lawyer went his bachelor way.

It's the ones who got away who have

these glamour gals reeling on their romance line.
Do you sometimes sit all alone by the telephone waiting for the ring that never comes? Do you ever wonder if those ads refer to you because the man you love doesn't love you? Do you get excited buying a new dress, then realize you have no special guy to wear it for? Are you longing to be married but he won't propose? If the answer is "Yes" to any of these questions, you can take some small comfort in the fact that you are in very good company. An amazing number of Hollywood's topmost glamorous movie actresses are in the same unhappy boat. They just can't land their man. Or keep him when he's hooked.

When Yul Brynner, of "The King and I" and the sensation of New York, parted from his wife, the former Virginia Gilmore, the smart-aleck set in New York said, "Ah ha, it's because of... (Continued on page 82)
Now Shelley’s on top of the world! But in the past there were many times when only the Winters’ bounce lifted her out of the low spots.

At Thomas Jefferson High in Brooklyn, demon reporter Shelley Winters went after news with a bang! She edited school paper...
WHILE still at High, she got a job at the Five and Dime. At first she worked behind the candy counter—but her employers decided Shelley was too expensive—she ate up all the profits!

SHE TOOK job as model to pay for evening dramatic courses. The first day she tripped on her long gown—fell flat on her face. But agency didn’t fire her, she says.

SHE SPENT every spare moment haunting the theatres. Soon her flaming determination to succeed paid off—she was given singing-acting role on Broadway in the stage play “Conquest in April”

OTHER roles won her Columbia contract and minor parts in pictures. Feeling she was in a rut, Shelley asked for release. For a year she freelanced. The going was rough!

- From the time she appeared as the tragic waitress in Ronald Colman’s “A Double Life,” Shelley Winters hasn’t let Hollywood forget her. This shrewd little actress, who knows the value of publicity, is giving the movie scene the full Winters’ workout. Shelley arrived the hard way—and those who called her temperamental now know she’s just a determined actress who believes in getting the best breaks for herself.

There’ll never be dull Winters, if Shelley can help it!

BY LYNN PERKINS
CAME a break—Shelley was signed for role of Ado Annie in New York Theatre Guild Company of "Oklahoma." Sister Blanche helped her rehearse.

THE MOVIES lured Shelley again when she heard of waitress role in "A Double Life." She arrived in Hollywood broke. Lou Costello saw her at bus station, gave her a lift to studio. Eight or nine girls...

REHEARSALS weren't enough for Shelley. For six days she worked as a waitress—earned $13.00 in tips—and won stardom with screen performance.

FRIENDS believe Shelley's hard work is mainly responsible for her success. But she believes in luck—is constantly knocking on wood.

Superstitious rapping is bane of soundmen like Bob Pritchard, above.
were tested, but Shelley's luck had turned. Assured that role was hers, she dashed out—and back—to borrow carfare home from casting director Bob Palmer!

SHELLEY soon learned that earning that star salary meant keeping that star figure. In Frankie Van's gym at studio she works out regularly—robbed in a rubber suit!

NOW MAD and merry Shelley is heading for a new chapter in her colorful life—maybe marriage with Farley Granger, her co-star in their new comedy, "Behave Yourself." (See story on page 62)
THE NEW CLIFT CUT
Time has done more than polish off the edges of Clift—it's even added a faint glow of romance!

Success has a way of rubbing off on people. It has rubbed off on Monty Clift. The other day when he lunched with me there was no need for my maid to darn the sleeve of his tweed jacket, as she had had to do when he had lunched with me two years ago. Still, he has that carelessly-hung-together look, but this has as much to do with the way he's made as with the way he wears his clothes. His hair is still faintly crew-cut but it's a very good crew-cut now. He has more to say, too. And he says what he says with greater authority.

We are, all of us, what we eat, what we say, what we do, what we think and how we feel. And Monty's several years of exposure to other successful people with their fine homes and cars and clothes and his several (Continued on page 97)
JUNE'S feelings always show. She wishes she could be like Evvie, the airy one, always turning things into a joke. June's in "Love Nest"
Evvie was planning a birthday party for sister June when they learned the news they had waited so long to hear:

They hadn't seen each other for twelve long years. But in that first magic moment, June Haver knew her father still remembered his pledge.

And The Familiar Stranger

June's sister was throwing a birthday party for her, and June showed up early to lend a hand. When the phone rang, Evvie said: "You answer it. Either somebody can't come or somebody wants to bring somebody else. Whichever way suits me—"

It was neither way. Evvie heard June cry, "Daddy!" stood still for a moment, then moved to the doorway to hear the rest. "Oh, I'm so glad. When? That'll be just wonderful! I can hardly believe it—" June's eyes lifted in a signal to her sister, who crossed the room. Dark head bent close to the fair one, as June's hand covered the mouthpiece and her lips formed words. "They're coming out. Daddy wants to know if you can put them up."

Glancing 'round the small apartment, Evvie flopped.

"Don't worry about a thing," June, at the phone, continued sweetly. "You and Florence just get here, and we'll see to the rest. Thanks, I (Continued on page 99)
Bullets and bouquets . . . country boy in a Cadillac . . .
the calm before a storm . . . adventure in a well-pressed suit . . . practical sentimentalist.

Photographed by Schafer. Alan appears in "Thunder in the East"
Mario Lanza

Hercules at the Metropolitan . . . red wine and pizza pie . . . a small boy strutting in his first long pants . . . the ringing of bells on a sun-drenched day . . . music and magnetism.

Photographed by Bull. Mario's next picture is "Because You're Mine"
The dictionary defines "engage" like this: "To bind or obtain by promise. To affect favorably." Of course, "engage" also means, "to join in conflict with." Nobody with eyes or ears, who has read of, heard of, or been present when Farley Granger and Shelley Winters have intoned lasting devotion to each other, gazed dreamily into space for hours while out in public together, staged word-battles that could be heard for miles, followed by resumption of cooing, could possibly deny that these two have more than lived up to the dictionary's definitions of the word "engagement"!

The first time Farley was asked if he believed in long engagements was 'way back in November, 1950. With Shelley holding on to his arm, he said, "If you mean us—we're not thinking about marriage. We just like each other's company." With that, Shelley broke loose, gave her glamour a resounding slap on the back and laughed uproariously. (What she meant by that loud guffaw, I dunno.) Quite recently Farley was again asked the same question. He said, "It certainly looks like it, doesn't it?" Obviously he knew he was being queried about himself and La Winters—so his answer can only be taken as an admission that they've considered themselves engaged for a long, long time. Shelley was at his side this time, too, mugging like mad. Then she dropped this gem, "Marriage is pretty serious business. We're just horsing around."

Despite Shelley's "denial," Farley told a close friend last spring, "We talked it all over. I love Shelley and we'll surely marry in June." They didn't. (Continued on page 80)
Farley Granger

should know. He and Shelley are taking their hectic
time going to the altar!
I'm still whistling

One look at Esther's picture and her husband reached for his pen. After six years of marriage, he still has things to say to his pin-up wife.

Darling:

This is a love letter all right. On that subject I could write to you every day. If I don't—well, you know how some people are about writing letters. But the thoughts are there—and the sentiment, too—even though I don't put the words on paper. You know?

Come to think of it, does this sound silly to you? I mean, do old married folks write love letters? If we were eighteen again I'm sure it would be all right.

Or if we were still just courting.

Then a fellow can tell his best girl that he's crazy about her eyes and the way her hair makes little curls on the back of her neck. He can write about the length of her lashes, her cute nose that gets a little tanned in the sun, and her hair that is as bright as an October leaf. That's fine.

But after six years of marriage and with two husky sons to our credit, maybe it'll sound too sentimental. Do you think so?

Well, what if it does? That's the way I feel, and why shouldn't I say so? Or am I just repeating myself?

I confess that when I looked at the picture they are putting on the page opposite this I had a definite urge to pucker up and whistle.

That's what pin-up pictures are designed for—and that's what usually happens. Even to husbands. Especially if the pin up looks like you.

I remember I had that same urge that night at Earl Carroll's Restaurant in Hollywood when you were selling cigarettes for charity. That was the night Bunny Greene introduced us.

You had on a white evening gown that was shining and smooth and very beautiful.

Bunny said, "Ess, this is Sergeant Ben Gage."

You said, "Hi, soldier."

And I stood there in my size thirteen Army shoes and grinned at you and hoped that I was being very charming. I'm sure that I said something really brilliant even (Continued on page 91)

"WE HAD some hilarious moments when we were first suspicious that perhaps Kimmie was on his way—the studio had asked us to wait!"
photoplay magazine

Pin up = 10

color photograph by Dirone

Esther Williams
Their happiness was showing when our candid cameraman focused on Frank and Ava during their pre-honeymoon holiday.

LEFT, Ava and Frank at The Desert Inn in Las Vegas, where he entertained.
Right, at a late supper party at The Flamingo Hotel

I WAS THERE

BY HYMIE FINK
Photoplay's Photographer

When I registered at the Flamingo for a Las Vegas vacation, I promised myself I'd go over to the Desert Inn where Frank Sinatra was singing. Ava was there, too, when I arrived, with her sister Beatrice. Bea has lived with Ava for years. Then gossip had it that the girls had quarreled over the Sinatra romance. But I guess Bea finally got the idea they were really in love. They sure were shining with happiness, shining almost as brightly as Ava's diamond necklace, the night I saw them. I kept wondering if Ava's necklace was the one Frank gave her after he visited her in Spain. They had a wonderful time on their pre-honeymoon holiday.

Frankie had his boat up there. Every day they toured Lake Mead and fished. Nights, after Frank was through work, they danced and talked of their days ahead as Mr. and Mrs.

HER SISTER BEATRICE, opposite page, went along as chaperone when Ava lived at Las Vegas to be near Frank. The Gardner-Sinatra...

. . . happiness was contagious. Even Jack Benny, above with singer Rosemary Clooney and Frank and Ava, looked as if he wished he'd brought his fiddle!
Pier Angeli, above, of M-G-M's "The Light Touch," highlights the evening in a lovely strapless dance dress of brocade over pleated nylon net. By Date Dreams, 7-15. Under $40.00 at Sakowitz, Houston, Tex., and Rich's, Atlanta, Ga. Sparkling jewelry by Coro.

Monica Lewis, right, of M-G-M's "The Strip," makes a party picture in gleaming Celanese rayon satin. Strapless camisole top has detachable fichu. Full circular skirt has the new fashion flare. By Juniorite, sizes 9-15. Camisole is $5.95, skirt $10.95. Both at Kresge, Newark, N. J. and Stern's, New York, N. Y.

Pearl and rhinestone necklace by Deltah
Joyce MacKenzie of Twentieth's "With a Song in My Heart" twirls onto the dance floor in iridescent taffeta with separate nylon net overskirt. By Sportset, 9-15, dress $12.95, overskirt $7.95. At Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y. Magid bag, Deltah pin.

Anne Francis of Twentieth's "Lydia Bailey" reveals the youthful enchantment of an iridescent taffeta dress with graceful V-neck front and back. Stardust print adds a glow to the full skirt. By Teena Paige, 7-15, the price, too, is appealing—around $15.00 at Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y., H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis, Ind. Winter Furs muff, Coro necklace.

For stores nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 74.
Photoplay pattern of the month

Enclosed find fifty cents ($.50) for which please send me the Polly Bergen "The Stooge" pattern #3 in size 10-12-14-16-18-20.

A just-right style for the holiday season, when friends drop in or you go Christmas calling. It's a smart coat-type dress with stand-out skirt; the tricky bow can be worn tied at the side or in front as an ascot. Easy to make; we suggest you try it in taffeta. Detailed pattern drawings are shown at right.

Name
Street
City
Size
State
Age
NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose five cents extra for special handling
Polly Bergen, left, in the original dress designed by Edith Head for her role in Paramount's Hal Wallis production, "The Stooge"
In the Spanish mood:
Novel gold coin drop earrings. $1.00.*

In the Heraldic mood:
Gold chain necklace with large cross. $5.00.*
Both by Coro

Glamour touches:
Rich, gold-filled chain bracelet with gleaming pearl drops. $15.75.*
Perfect matchmates, gold-filled earrings with double pearl drops. $5.50.*
Both pieces by Deltah

For bedtime belles:
Pretty nylon bed jacket with pleated ruffles, pearl buttons.
Small, medium and large. $9.95 by Luxite at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y.

Travel accompaniments:
Numbers 1 and 3—White Star's two-toned "Feather-weight" luggage of waterproof gabardine with cowhide binding. Blue, green or maroon with white trim. 1, a 21" overnighter, $20.00.*
3, hat and shoe bag, $28.00.*

2, Dresner's new "Flight 99" luggage in coated canvas with leather binding. Tapered sides make it about one pound lighter. Wardrobe, $29.95.*
Train case, $19.95.*

* Plus Federal Tax
Short and sweet! Crepe shorty gown with nylon lace collar in white, pink, blue, nile, maize. By Wonder Maid, 32-38. $5.95 at McCreery's, New York, N. Y.

For a lounge lady—warm and cozy short rayon satin quilted robe with adjustable cord waistband. By Barbizon, blue or rose, 12-20. $17.00 at Stern's, New York, N. Y.

To make your party dresses stand out—a rustling black taffeta petticoat with crinoline lining. By Artemis in black, brown or red, 24-30. $3.95 at Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y.

Sheer excitement: Nylon and rayon slip with net design at bodice and hem. In white, pink, blue, maize. Powers Model, 32-40. Around $2.95 at Kresge, Newark, N. J.
Photoplay Fashions

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

**Date Dream evening dress**
1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

**Juniorite satin separates**
1359 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

**Sportset dress and overskirt**
1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

**Teena Paige star print dress**
1375 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

**White Star luggage**

**Dresser luggage**
512 S. Porez St., Chicago, Ill.

**Cora jewelry**
47 W. 34 St., New York, N.Y.

**Delth jewelry**
411 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

**Artemis pictocat**
101 Loudeman Blvd., St. Louis 1, Mo.

**Wonder Maid shorty gown**
1377 N. Laclede Ave., St. Louis 3, Mo.

**Luxite bed jacket**
404 W. Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.

**Barbizon brach coat**
175 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

**Posse lough coat**
392 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

WHEREVER YOU LIVE YOU CAN BUY

Photoplay Fashions

(Continued from page 49) be on the getting end, too, and not only at Christmas but the year round. You have a love of food and are probably a "mouth-watering" cook. Dr. Woodward says the choosers of the Santa Claus card are not likely to have any strong interest in "showing up" among the Joneses, nor much concern about "what will people think?" If they had, they wouldn't choose the Santa card. They'd work it into an entertaining little story, too.

"As a matter of fact, the Santa Claus card is apt to be chosen," says Dr. Woodward, "by very mature people who have grown up enough to enjoy good, gay things and who need no apology, or to apologize for their enjoyment. Santa Claus-card senders are also liable to have less trouble than others in their relationships and they have the likelihood of achieving themselves in their own way, just as you do.

If you are a Santa Claus-card sender, it is to be hoped that this analysis fits you as it does the young Hodiaks.

**PEOPLE do reveal themselves**, Dr. Woodward says, in the small things they do, day by day. Such as, for instance, the ease and speed—or the laggard lingering—with which they get up in the morning. If you leap to the conclusion that, in the morning, too, you may be sure you are a happy-in-your-work, well-adjusted person. If you just hate to get out of bed, can't wake up, it means you are unhappy in your work or in some part of your life. I say, "in some part of your life."

Even the way one person meets another is, Dr. Woodward told me, a giveaway. The way you listen tells tales on you. If you listen with interest and without interruption, it's a sign of your own importance. But if you only half listen, waiting to get into the conversation, it means that you are lacking in some—perhaps that your ego is hungry. If you go in for blues in dress or decoration—especially the dark blues—you are apt to look to the dark side. "Not for nothing," said the doctor, laughing, "are the phrases 'I feel blue,' or 'It gives me the blues,' in common usage." On the other hand, if you go for green, nature's primary color and very restful but gay, you reveal yourself as well balanced and contented.

And you can see the same in the tree and the flowers. And of these choices, a Christmas card is especially fraught with meaning—because, at Christmas, people's emotions are nearer the surface.

With the pageantry of the coming of the Christ Child, and the annual advent of Santa Claus, childhood memories come thronging back with the wishful longings expressed in the verse, "Backward, turn backward, Time in flight, You make a child again just for tonight!"

Which is what Mario Lanza may be saying, without knowing it, of course, in his Christmas card, I suppose, perceptively," says Dr. Woodward, "the choice of this scene could be Mr. Lanza's subconscious expression of his wish to return to the infantile and so, uninhibited enjoyment of Christmas, with his adoring parents looking on.

"The thing that most interests me about this card is the simplicity and the highly formal nature of it. The whole picture is not painted with Christmas and the traditional family—mother, father and child. But the picture is so rigidly formal, the mother and father so proper, I would suppose it chosen by a person who just has to be very proper, who can't wear away from the accustomed patterns."

When I reminded Dr. Woodward that the choosers of this card was M-G-M's lusty Italian tenor, "The Great Lanza," and one not given to any prunes-and-prisms pattern, Dr. Woodward laughed. "Without realizing why he was doing it," he said, "Mr. Lanza could have chosen a scene that pictures a mode of life in which he does not exist, for which he still has some preference. His card could be an unconscious expression of his wish to turn away from his present environment to the more peaceful life of his childhood. Or to a different life—the one of which he dreamed, perhaps, as a boy and which he has not, in spite of his fame and fortune, truly realized."

If you would choose a card like John Derek's, you will be fascinated to hear that it's those who love the old ways who are liable to send such a card.

"I often wonder," Dr. Woodward said, "whether such card choices are chosen by people of rural background, who have memories, or by people in crowded city places who yearn for the out-of-doors. By both probably. Some choose scenes for the fond recollections they bring of childhood years. But one thing is, I think, certain, and that is that the person who chooses this card, with its down-to-earth quality, has the same quality in himself. It's a card that pictures the things of which one is sure and superfluous. The choosers may realize that his nostalgia for the country is greatly idealized—that life in the country may be rather hard and sad traveling. He still loves the scene because it looks so peaceful, romantic and clean. He chooses it because he wants his life to have a solid footing and so, comfortable or not, be real."

But the choosers of the Christmas cards also had the opportunity to choose a scene that pictures a life of outdoor adventure, as Dr. Woodward added, "for, in addition to the down-to-earth quality, the high steeple of the church, reaching upward, suggests that while your feet are planted firmly in the earth, you have the desire which means that you have an aspiration higher than yourself, a recognition of forces beyond your control. And a kind of acceptance of what comes."

Compared with the more traditional rural scene of young Mr. Derek's card, those of Kirk Douglas and Don DeFore, while similar, reveal men who are not similar at all—either to John Derek or to each other. Kirk's card shows neither the country..."

The type of card shows us something of the individual's desire for the rural life or for the good old days. It could symbolize, however, according to Dr. Woodward, the sender's desire to have a retreat to the country accompany his family and (as the young ladies skating toward him suggest) friends.

"A physically vigorous man in all likelihood, the doctor commented, "would choose this card. The scene depicts him demonstrating a vigorous enjoyment of skating. But whether skating, boxing, swimming or dancing, the choice of this card points to the man's lack of action; to a doer, not a dreamer."

Don DeFore's card, also a rural scene, pictures a couple of houses, some standing trees, an open field and a train being loaded with the cut trees. The train says "Loads of fun."

The choosers of this card could be—"the doctor told me—a person with a lot of hobbies, probably a person who has destructive urges, can't face them, wants to get rid of them and so, vigorously cuts down the trees. The solitary figures, each looking in a different direction characterize a person with hostile feelings, who would always rather be alone."

"It is pretty general," the doctor explained, "that people find it difficult to accept the facts of their lives. There are destructive impulses. A child will shout, 'I'll shoot you dead!' and quite healthily and happily get it out of his system. But adults dress up their destructive impulses."

"One value of the holiday season—and the Christmas card is definitely a symbol—is that they often require different interpretations for different people. So, this card also could have been chosen by someone who excessively enjoys rural out-of-doors in the winter. Someone who pities the poor city folk, wants to send him a trainload of trees. Or by someone who has a happy association with trains."

**THAT** Don has a childhood association with trains, we know. He comes of a railroading family. And as for Don, easy-does-it, genial Don DeFore with 'destructive urges?'

When we came to Loretta Young's card, the doctor said, "Undoubtedly, Miss Young chose a religious card because her church is very meaningful to her." (It is. It deeply and utterly.

"However, it is a curious fact that people who are not religious often choose a religious card as a safeguard to hide a hostility toward the more non-religious people choose religious cards because religion has had a rich, nostalgic association with their childhood.

If you choose the religious card, and especially one which shows a person extremely gently disposed but also of deep and tender feeling as indicated by the tender pose of the Virgin and the Child. If you choose a card similar to Olivia de Havilland's, you are a woman who has real maternal interest and who anticipates finding much of her own fulfillment in parenthood. Or if not, the card misrepresents you.
AND now, for a change of pace, we'll take Betsey Hutton's card. And do you know that if you send a card like La Hut-

ton's you are the type who usually sends a photograph of the kiddies as a Christmas card? Or a sketch of yourself hanging from the Christmas tree. You may choose a pictured scene of a mother and father accompanied by their young. Now the young may be in the form of cats or dogs or chipmunks, but no matter—if the num-

ber is right it is meant to depict you and yours. In other words, you adapt some part of the Christmas story to yourself, which is exactly what, in her own giddy, gym-

nastic fashion Betsey has done. She has re-

moved Santa Claus from his legendary chimney and put him in her next picture

"The Greatest Show on Earth."

"To make people over in our image," Dr. Woodward said, "is natural enough. Most people, if they have any kind of self-confidence, believe the world would be a better place to live in if their particu-

lar brand of selfhood was advertised to the world—and followed. This is a form of exhibitionism, of course, but frankly, I think it takes a certain amount of exhibitionism to make a good, well-adjusted human being. You have to like your role in life, as on the stage, and you have to like your audience.

"There is a goodness of life in this card," the doctor said, "an outflowing quality—and so I would expect the person who chose it to be a vivacious, physically exu-

berant individual."

And now we come to the Big, Bad Wolf as offered by big bad movie menace, Dan Duryea. But this wolf, according to Dr. Woodward, is no more dangerous than is Dan when he steps out of camera range.

Said Dr. Woodward: "Traditionally the wolf is a destroying animal rather than the man purser we think it today. While the person who would choose a wolf card is likely to be one who embodies the wolf qualities in his own make-up, this card is different, this card symbolizes a wolf gone comedian. The fellow who chose this card is a person of strength and power, true, but he uses his strength not to destroy, but to do gay good. This wolf has learned to suppress his inborn ten-

dencies so much that he now inspires laughter rather than fear. He's a delight-
ful wolf who, with gaily cocked, takes you out for a good time. This card indicates the big he-man who is capable of being a wolf, and destroying you, but loves you instead! An insecure person would prob-

ably not choose this card. I would think of the person who chooses this card as an essen-

tially gay, vigorous sort of person, very secure, unusually strong, and as safe as an accredited baby-sitter.

So endeth the tales told by the stars' innocent-seeming Christmas cards. And a Merry Christmas to all!

THE END

"Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book" is designed to banish social jitters

"Good manners," says Elsa Maxwell, "are one of the greatest personal assets anyone can possess—a priceless insurance against failure and loneliness."

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gagements, showers, weddings, gifts and manners at table, in the business world and in public places, which should go a long way towards banishing self-con-

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self and famous people the world over who are her friends... the Duchess of Windsor, movie stars, theatre people and Eleanor Roosevelt, among others.

An easy-to-read book designed from cover to cover for life as it's lived today.
If you want to be

Do you ever spend weeks planning for a very special party, only to end up by having a perfectly miserable time?

Most of us do just this, at one time or another. But, shining up everything we think important from our hair to our party pumps—we too often neglect to put a party polish on our poise.

Now I know poise is another one of those foggy words—like “personality,” “popularity,” even like “charm”—brim-full of meaning, yet somehow hard to define. So let us pin it down, right here and now—for without the intangible quality of poise, a girl can be as beautiful as Snow White and as brilliant as Madame Curie, yet be all alone and lonely in the middle of a crowd.

To me, poise is knowing one’s own worth. The girl who knows herself, and likes herself, has poise, self-confidence and assurance enough to forget self and go forward with friendliness. You could say poise is having a reason to be where you are.

The girl with poise talks as though she’s interested, walks as though she’s going somewhere. She smiles when she greets you. She looks you in the eye. She remembers your name, and tells

CLOTHES MAY make the woman but they won’t make the man if you don’t keep your party poise polished
you that nice compliment someone paid you last week.

The girl with poise has not spent all her time preparing for this evening in thinking about what the party is going to do for her. She has devoted a good hunk of her time to thinking out in advance what she could contribute to the party’s success.

Some people seem to be born with poise. They’re the lucky ones. Most of us have to acquire it for ourselves. It’s not easy. But it can be done once you know what it is you are after.

Basically, poise is a faculty for putting yourself in the other person’s shoes—accenting the “you” over the “I” in your conversation. It’s also a lack of fear, an assurance and confidence in yourself which—in one of those queer paradoxes which make psychology so fascinating—expresses itself in a playing down of self, and a playing up of real interest in and concern for the other fellow.

The girl with poise thinks, “I feel wonderful” and she says, “You look wonderful.” She thinks, “I’m having fun.” She shows it by indicating that “You interest me. You’re making this a memorable evening.”

“I like you” is what she radiates. And you respond by liking her.

If you’re shaky in the poise department, plan for it with just as much care as you plan your party hair-do. Or the costume you’re going to wear.

If you’re shy—and some of the nicest and brightest (Cont’d on page 86)
(Continued from page 43) “Isn’t remotely the baby doll type.”
As one enthusiastic voter put it: “In Mona’s delicate beauty there is strength, intelligence and humor.”
The photographers say that time and time again stars ask if their sitting can be given the quality they have admired in recent portraits of Loretta Young. No member of our jury denied that Loretta is beautiful in features and in coloring. But it was stressed, repeatedly, that her beauty would be less if she were less the lovely lady in thought, word and deed.

“What a face! What a face!” There is the summation of Grandma Marlene Dietrich. “She knows what to do with her provocative beauty structure, too,” our jury noted, appreciatively. “Besides, she’s all human, all woman!”

Susan Hayward never was a first or last choice. Always she was listed second. Always, too, the reasons for her selection tallied. “An exotic type, crowned with the most beautiful golden red hair.”

In Rita Hayworth’s beauty personality was stressed.

“Rita’s personality really projects to make her features provocative, challenging and warm,” they said. And, “Her complexion, eyes and hair blend into something that is over—all lovely.”

Only once was there a similarity in the jury’s analyses of beauty—with Deborah Kerr and Loretta Young. For Deborah, like Loretta, would not be as lovely, our jurors agreed, in spite of her fine features and her “delicious” coloring, if she were less gentle, kind and completely charming.

And there you have the twelve most beautiful women in Hollywood—ranging in age from nineteen to forty-six. They were chosen for many reasons. But one fact remained constant—beauty is something over and above sheer physical perfection. It is good bones and lovely coloring, plus other things—vitality or spirituality, self-dramatization or intelligence and humor, a gentle, kind nature or exotism.

Beauty is more than skin deep.

However, since, to be realistic, skin still is important to beauty, we consulted the make-up experts who guided our beautiful women. And we present:

The Make-up Palettes of Hollywood’s Twelve Most Beautiful Women
As Recommended by Hollywood’s Make-Up Experts


William Tuttle, head of the M-G-M make-up department, recommends:

Lipstick: Pure red, to follow the natural line of her lips, curving upward at corners. All make-up should curve upward to give the face a pleasant expression.

Rouge: The bright red lipstick blended with a mole or cream so it will apply smoothly as it follows the natural line of the cheekbone.

Mascara: Black.

Eye Pencil: Black. To give eyes an even larger appearance, draw a little upward line at the outside corners of the eyes.

Eyeshadow: Eyeshadow should match the natural coloring that exists around the eyes. Some women have a delicate purple shadow, others a shadow with a brownish tinge. To achieve the true brown color around Ava’s eyes, a blue-gray shadow is mixed with a reddish brown shadow.

Anna Stoth: Oval face. Dark blue eyes. Brown hair with reddish tint. Fair skin. Jack Kevan, head of Universal-International’s make-up department, recommends:

Lipstick: True red, no blue in it, following lip line faithfully.

Rouge: True red, applied to a high spot on cheekbone and blended outward.

Mascara: Dark, used very lightly.

Eye Pencil: Dark.

Eyeshadow: Light-blue-green.


William Tuttle of M-G-M recommends:

Lipstick: Dark, on the blue-red shade. Lip line needs no changing.

Rouge: Dark, on the blue-red shade—placed low on cheek on a line perpendicular to the nose. (No mascara or eye pencil needed.)

Eyeshadow: Blue-gray—blended down to meet upswing of the eye.

Arlene Dahl: Classic oval face. Light blue eyes. Beautiful white skin.

William Tuttle of M-G-M recommends:

Lipstick: Warm red-yellow shade.

Rouge: Same red-yellow shade, also applied subtly at high part of cheekbone.

Mascara, Eye Pencil, Eyeshadow: Reddish-brown, cinnabar color.


Ben Nye of the Twentieth Century-Fox make-up department recommends:

Lipstick: True medium red to follow full line of mouth faithfully.

Rouge: True medium red, applied high on cheekbone, blending off.


Joan Crawford: Square-shaped face. Bright blue eyes. Orange-red hair. Sun-tan complexion. No make-up expert other than Joan can be quoted here. She applies her make-up even for the screen.

Lipstick: A shade to complement color she is wearing.

Rouge: None.

Mascara: Dark brown. After applying, Joan goes over lashes and brows with pomade which removes surplus powder.

Eye Pencil: Dark Brown.

Eyeshadow: Blue-gray. Uses only occasionally and then almost entirely wipes it off, leaving the barest trace of color.


Recommendations by Wally Westmore, head of Paramount make-up department.

Lipstick: True, light red, lightly applied.

Rouge: True, light red, used high on cheekbones, blended back to the outside of the eye and back toward the temple.

Mascara: Brown—used sparingly.

Eye Pencil: Brown—used sparingly.

Eyeshadow: None.

Loretta Young: Heart-shaped face with strong chin. Blue eyes. Light brown hair. Fair skin.

Ernie Parks at Twentieth recommends:

Lipstick: Dark red, applied to follow definite full mouth.

Rouge: Dark red used high on cheekbone, blended outward. (The dark lipstick and rouge are used to make Loretta’s teeth and eye-whites look even whiter.)

Mascara, Eye Pencil, Eyeshadow: Dark brown.


Frank Westmore recommends:

Lipstick, Rouge: Garnet red.

Mascara: Dark.

Eye Pencil: Instead of an eye pencil Marlene applies substance from burnt matches to line the eye.

Eyeshadow: Soft warm brown.


Ben Nye of Twentieth recommends:

Lipstick: Orange rust.

Mascara, Orange rust applied on the cheekbone and blended skillfully upward.

Mascara, Eye Pencil: Brown.

Eyeshadow: Green-neutral brown.


Clay Campbell of Columbia recommends:

Lipstick: Medium red or a light clear pink. Perfect lip line with rare double bow followed faithfully.

Rouge: Medium red or light clear pink applied high on the cheek and coming forward.

Mascara, Eye Pencil: Black-brown.

Eyeshadow: Olive brown.


William Tuttle of M-G-M points out that Deborah is a different type of redhead, has appearance that suggests the out-of-doors, recommends:

Lipstick: Coral tone with blue.

Rouge: Coral tone with blue. Applied high on cheek with diagonal line.

Mascara, Eye Pencil: Brown.

Eyeshadow: Blue gray.

THE END

THEY’RE OUT OF THIS WORLD . . .

when they appear in Photoplay’s color pages. So why not send in the names of

Your favorite actor
Your favorite actress
Your favorite pin-up girl

Mail to: Readers Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

YOUR VOTES MAY PUT THEM IN FIRST PLACE!

My name: 
My age: 

78
Dayle Fort's shining eyes, the diamond on her left hand—tell you there's happiness ahead! Dayle is engaged to Donald F. Nesbitt, Jr. They'll be married next summer in the charming First Presbyterian Church of South Orange, New Jersey—the groom tall and handsome and Dayle a most beautiful bride.

Dayle Fort has a special charm. Her mirthful eyes, soft brown hair set off her cool, silk-and-satin complexion. She looks a delightful person, someone you can't help liking immediately.

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Long Engagements Are Fun

(Continued from page 62) Farley believes in "long engagements" if any, because more than loving any gal, he loves being a bachelor, and has always appreciated the bounties of single bliss. Because he's fascinated with his single status. She's tenaciously to it with one hand, while holding onto Shelley with the other.

I know at this writing that Farley gets an unfeeling kick out of Shelley and wants to get married. He says, "Shelley's the wonderful actress. No one quite quite her single status. She's a wonderful girl, too." So far he's made no statements about what kind of a wife he thinks Shelley would be. But what kind of a life Granger thinks any wife might lead him tip-toe.

One learning a studio friend came to pick Farley up. He was in bed sipping orange juice and listening to classical music. "Isn't this the life?" he grinned. "I can lounge around all day. I'm not working—without anyone to say otherwise."

The sound of wedding chimes may strike terror to his heart, but the "life in a goldfish bowl" that Granger and Winters lead at all is fact, the crazy things they do individually and together, are an important factor in holding them to each other. Farley, for sure, doesn't feel he could get away with, and they're sure of their "apparent" trying. Franitc hailing as a no-go—because people thought they were just waving a greeting! After a frightening two-hour tussle, Farley and Shelley finally managed to get themselves towed in!

Farley is a very erratic spender. His business manager once asked him to keep a record of his spending for one week, and was furious when he got a report of $623.44. Thurs. $26; Wed. $25; Wed. $24; Thurs. $7; Fri. $34; Sat. nothing; Sun., nothing. Now, F. G. may have been kidding about those two-dollar days, but there's no doubt he's really spent the eighty-four dollars on a sort of wedding present! (Another vote for "long engagements.") After all, what wife would approve of that kind of expenditure in a single day—when she's trying to balance the family budget?

Another eccentricity of Farley's is the way he falls asleep at parties. Once at a shindig at Ida Lupino's, Farley dozed off in the middle of a quiet pas de deux and let himslself through till dawn when everyone left. This sort of thing might get a husband a fast rolling-pin over the head. But where a sweetheart might raise the roof over it, she can be pleased with sweet words.

If you want further proof of why Farley finds long engagements fun dig this: It happened when he and Shelley and Tony Martin were at a dull, low-score ball when they arrived. Shelley turned to Farley and said, "Come on—let's go." But Farley wanted to stay and did. Shelley dashed home in a snit. Then Granger said to Tony, "She'll get over it. A year ago I would have had to go along. That's the advantage of a long friendship."

If you ask me, what he really meant was, "I've got her trained—and it takes time, brother—it takes time!"

It also takes time (or a long engagement) for a guy not to care whether his gal is going around without makeup—looking sloppy most of the time, and even showing up at the chic Beverly Hills Hotel's swimming pool with zinc paste all over her face—as Shelley does. Shelley has an overwhelming man or woman. It's the kind of thing that bores most married men—and sends them out to flirt with someone more glamour-wise. But maybe in "long engagement" affairs it's even a notice or unconsciously "forgets" a lot of things that wedding rings point up! Who knows? Farley thinks he does.

He says, "I used to travel alone and married it, again now I don't get the least out of it. It's mere fun traveling with Shelley. Knowing her all this time, I enjoy everything double—seeing it through both pairs of eyes. That's one of the advantages."

And that's his ambition—travel. Nothing but. He adds, "I've seen everything in Europe but the Scandinavian countries. Now I've got something "next." So what happened? Farley, finding he wasn't married, insisted that he was there before he was to start "The Hans Christian Andersen Story" for Sam Goldwyn, decided to travel. This is unpredictable lad decided to take a house for himself—not in Stockholm, kid-dies, but in Paris! Shelley immediately announced to the world that she'd be going along—or meeting him abroad. Since they are just married, of course, called for finding a go-between—not too difficult a chore.

Perhaps Farley is still too immature to properly weigh the fruits and joys of marriage. Maybe, as many think, these two have already worn out the original, mad infatuation that goes with a big, new crush and are on a basis of long engagements. But that's no reason why Farley's beginning to realize that even "long engagements," no matter how much fun, must end sometime—one way or another. While still singing "I'm not married"—and before leaving his vacation, Farley showed up on the movie set one morning in a pair of busted house-slippers. As he was putting a patch of tape (tape, I said!) over a hole in his shoe he told a pal and said, "Maybe Shelley and I ought to get married in Paris as we told people we would. She's a good kid—not nearly as crazy as some think. People are always trying for color in this town. Then when someone gives it to them, they scream for the whitewash. You can win!"

Well, boys and gals—write your own comment! Mine is?!!!??!!

MOVING

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(Continued from page 51) Joan Crawford. "Joan vehemently denied to me that she had anything to do with the break-up. And I believe her. No one can break up a marriage unless the crack is past repairing.

But Joan, like all healthy normal women, would like a man she could call her own—permanently. If handsome lawyer Greg Bautzer were as rich as Joan, he would have been deliciously happy—for a while, anyway. For she was in love with him and he with her. Her later romances were just bright flashes in some fancy looking pans. I hope Joan finds the man she seeks. Because this is a great woman with much tenderness and loyalty to give—to the right man.

You could write almost the same copy for Ginger Rogers. Ginger, like Joan, doesn't function right unless there's A Man In Her Life. Both have had three marriages and Mr. Bautzer. Now Greg is friends with both long-time stars, although they are not. But when the time comes for Greg to marry, I predict the girl will not be a well-known actress. And that, I think, is the clue to the lonely-spinster state of many unattached actresses. For the time being, the best men won't be part of the Queen's entourage. The worst, who would, are usually kicked out before they can get too close.

Ann Sheridan and Jeff Chandler pitched woo for a time. But then the knock on the door at Mocomo, doing ditto at Universal-International where Jeff works. But Ann did all this and more often with Steve Hana

and her husband. "I persuaded them" when the closures of the romance were over. But what Ann lost in a husband, she gained in a friend. Steve is still her closest confidante, and when she successfully sued Raymond Massey for a libel, who had advised and stood right there in person by her side. Also now that Jeff and his wife have reconciled, Annie and Steve are dating again. The only thing to be said about Mrs. Hana

is that he would be more if Mrs. Hana

will add to his mementos to Annie—so far they include a drawerful of jewels.

Which reminds me of a remark Pauline Goddard had between her mar
riages to Chaplin and Burgess Meredith: "When I'm old, I hope I'm not lonely and alone sitting by the window polishing my jewels. As of writing, this is a necessary stipulation. Of course, the one (am
ically impossible can happen overnight) Pauline is alone. Although for a while there almost marched to the altar with writer Cy Howard. Almost. In affairs of the heart, a miss is as good as a mile away...

Will Pat Neal get to be the next Mrs. Gary Cooper? This question is currently puzzling the Hollywood gossips. I guess Pat's future matrimonial status with Gary depends on the type of decision from Mrs. Rocky Cooper, who can be as adamant as her nickname. And Mrs. Cooper has said, "I will not divorce Gary." But later added a caveat: "If the course were changed and ang
agedi can happen." Whatever happens will orig
inate with Rocky. Gary takes love and life as he finds it.

When petite Vera-Ellyn appeared at party just after B. C. Lyles, fiancée of Martha Vickers, now divorcing Mickey Rooney, I wondered what had happened to her romance with Rocky Hudson, the hand
some six-foot-actor at Universal-Inter
national. Anyway, after watching him in recent films remembering his impassioned love speeches on the subject of Vera-Ellyn. "No," he said, emphatically, "but until I can afford to take her to expensive places, I've told her it's all right with me if she dates other guys." Don't misjudge Miss Vera-Ellyn. A star has to be seen sometimes in places where the photographers congregate. But how would you like it, if you read in the columns that your girl was a cozy threesome at this and that restaurant, with another man? I don't think that Rocky does either.

Barbara Stanwyck's friends are divided into two camps on the question of a reconc
illiation with Robert Taylor. Barbara kept her man very happy for twelve years. But she was never more in love with him than at the time when, if he could be free, she'd get a divorce. They are months of separation when he went to England to star in "Ivanhoe" could bring them together again if the time apart proves they still must make one more effort. I subscribe to the school which says, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." I think absence makes you forget the little daily happenings and habits which cement marriage and love. And there's always the danger of meeting and falling in love with someone else. I know it took Barbara a long time to make up her mind to marry Bob, she's been so hurt in her marriage to and divorce from Frank Fay. I'll be surprised if Barbara will ever want to get another man—if Robert and she decide against another try.

IVYONE De Carlo is getting uncomfortably close to her thirties. She's alluring and intelligent, and yet the few men she has wanted to marry, didn't. She was engaged to Howard Duff. I saw the ring and everything. But he gave her a divorce.

When Ivyone appeared on my television show recently, I asked her, "Have you any plans for marriage?" "None at all," she said. "But I must admit it would be quite enough to win Mr. Lawford.

Now that Peter and Sharon are seeing each other again in London there are those who think the romance is on again. We don't know.
How can you "k. o." Christmas jitters?

- Wrap as you shop
- Stock up on cologne
- Take a night off

Why make the night before Christmas a nightmare? Here's how to beat that last-minute deadline:
1. Wrap your gifts in advance, as you buy them.
2. Take an evening off, to address your cards.
3. Prepare for gal friends' unexpected presents—with extra bottles of cologne. And lest your calendar catch you unprepared—stock up on Kotex. You can jest at problem day jitters, for that special safety center gives extra protection; k. o.'s accident worries.

What makes pound-paring easier?

- Pound cake
- A special dress
- Dance dates

You swore you'd give up a month of sundae—get trim-fingered for the holidaying season. But, you're still getting your desserts! You can avoid being pound foolish—by saving your pennies for a special dream dress in a smaller size you'd love to wear. Good reminder to keep your reducing resolutions! And at certain times, remind yourself to try the 3 sizes of Kotex (different absorbencies, for different days). You'll discover the ideal one for you.

If your guy can't afford much gallivanting—

- Skip him the wherewithal
- Snare a spender
- Try parlor magic

He's no miser—just allowance-bound. If your steady can't take you out on the town every night, how 'bout a few home dates? A little parlor magic (disco music and popcorn) can ease wallet-strain; help him save for your really plush occasions. On trying days, there's magic too in the way Kotex puts the skids on discomfort. See how at ease you'll stay, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives wonderful softness that holds its shape!

What assures daintiness on problem days?

- Bath salts
- Powder
- Occasional showers

Takes more than daily tubbings to stay dainty at "that" time. So, smart gals sprinkle a powder deodorant on their sanitary napkins. Choose Quest powder! You'll find Quest best for napkin use, because, unlike most creams or liquids, this deodorant powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. It's safe. Soothing. Unscented. Positively destroys odors. Buy a can of Quest deodorant powder today!

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
Their Rules for Romance

(Continued from page 39) fair and lovely girl.
"By not being a liar in a romance," Janet said, "Tony means honesty in so many things ..."

"In everything," Tony interrupted.
"Yes, in everything, little or big. No preference. No trying yet be a big deal.
Not trying to cover anything up."

"If you never tell each other anything but the truth, even about the silliest little things," Tony said, "then if a big thing comes up—and looks like decent or you say. But the way knows you don't flip your wing. You know there is an explanation."

"For instance," said Janet, "before we were married, while I was in Pittsburgh making 'Angels in the Outfield,' several of the ballplayers joined our group in the evenings. They were nice fellows and we had a lot of fun. But I called Tony in Kansas City (where he was making personal appearances before starting 'Hear No Evil') and explained it ahead of time, just so he couldn't misunderstand."

"I wouldn't have misunderstood," Tony said, "but I felt better because she called."

"That's something Tony has taught me," Janet said. "Always telephone and explain everything. I'm one of those girls who loses time. Then it will be a big hassle if the next thing I know, an hour or more has flown by. I never used to realize such delays could hurt the other person. I didn't realize that if you said you'd meet them at four and didn't turn up till five, they might think you'd been killed in an automobile accident. Tony would worry when I was late. And we had rows about it, until he pointed out quite rightly that if you are in love, you don't forget the other person, because of anything you are doing."

"Janie is the one who taught me to blunt out my anger when I was hurt," Tony said. "It used to be I'd just brood and fester. The more I brooded the worse it festered up in me. In a way, until I knew Janie, I was always on guard, always ready to withdraw into myself."

"That attitude can hurt anyone," Janet said, "but you can get hurt, too, though perhaps not quite so much, by being exactly the reverse, as I was until I knew Tony. I always believed everybody, and every word they said. So when, occasionally, somebody didn't live up to what they said, I was wide open to unhappiness—"

"That girl knew more clowns when I first met her," Tony interrupted. "She was much too nice to know that a lot of them were using her, getting their names into the papers because of being seen with her, getting invited to parties because they could escort her."

"So that's a rule for romance we practice very seriously," Janet said, "the business of really understanding one another, of expressing exactly what we feel. A lot of fellows and girls make the mistake of being all fair and square with each other.

"Let's say you've had a perfectly miserable day at your work and you have a date. A girl sometimes thinks she should just smile. But you should just be sharing laughs. In a way, you can laugh with anybody. But it's only those with whom you're very close that you can share your worst failures and your annoyances.

"Yet sometimes in this business of getting to know another, of blurring out what is bothering you, you hurt one another," Tony added.

It was Tony entertaining, sitting there at lunch with them, seeing how naturally Janet and Tony picked up the other's remarks. Thus Janet said quickly, in answer to Tony's remark, "Sometimes when you're romantically involved with another, you shouldn't tell them anything."

"Like after we'd begun serious dating, when I began taking you—really not for granted, but let's say, a little casually."

"Yes," Janet said. "I think that's the kind of mistake a fellow makes in romance. He gets a habit of saying, 'Thursday we're going to the beach,' or 'Tuesday we're going over to see Bill and Liz.'"

"Janet only had to bring that up once," Tony said. "I soon learned it made her a lot happier if I said, 'How's about the beach for Thursday?' or 'Do you want to have dinner with Bill and Liz on Tuesday?'"

"Well, Tony was much more stubborn in believing I wasn't trying to put anything over on him," Janet said, smiling for the first time, because she was teasing Tony a little. "He didn't quite believe me, at first, when I'd explain why my name used to get linked with that of some other fellow. I had to point out that two movie people may be in a party of thirty but when it's reported in the papers maybe only their two names will be used so that it looks as if they were alone together."

"I told Janet," Tony said, "that I would not go into this kind of competition for her. The first night I ever met her, I wanted to date her, but I was told she was
going with another guy, so I never even called her for two years, until I heard she was free. And for a man to know this solidly about his girl seems to me important. It was for us, anyhow. I had to know Janet wanted to be with me, just for me, not to test me out against some other character."

"When girls act that way they are just being silly and coquettish," Janet said, "and that attitude kills romance. I think it's crazy for a girl to say, if her date asks her if she wants to go dancing. Oh, I'd love to, if, actually, she loathes dancing."

"Also you shouldn't be too rigid in your attitudes or plans," Tony put in. "The other night Janie and I had tickets to a premiere. At the last minute somehow didn't want to go. So I said I'd just like to go down to the beach, if she'd like it. So we did go down to the beach and it was keen, the way she never pouted once."

"We try to adjust to each other's pleasure and our night at that beach was a revelation anyhow," Janet laughed.

Now it was Tony's turn to laugh. "I'd never been on a roller coaster before in my life," he said. "I was scared to death, so scared I was sick for days after." "I'd been on lots of coasters," Janet said. "But I'd always been with fellows who protected me, kept me from getting the bumps. But my husband just sat there, hanging on for dear life. And I bounced around like a wooden spoon. It was simply horrible."

"When I finally got down to earth and on my feet," Tony said, "it was that honest thing again. I didn't have to pretend with Janet at all. She liked me, even if I was scared blue."

"When Janet and I want to be alone, we stay home or drive to the beach or something like that," Tony continued. "Nights when we don't do one thing special, when we eat wherever we are, and do whatever comes into our minds at the moment, like suddenly swimming, or just looking at the scenery or whatever it is, are almost the best moments because it's then that we know exactly how compatible we are." "I think our out-of-town trips are good, though," Janet added. "Here in Hollywood we naturally meet few people who aren't connected with movies. We love shop talk, but I think it is also very good for us to be in other environments and see other ways of living. And I believe this would apply just as well to girls and fellows in other professions. We all need a change of pace. I think it is a wonderful rule for any romance or any marriage for both the people to have scads and scads of things to talk about, even to argue about."

The assistant director of Janet's picture came over to our table. He told her she was needed on the set immediately.

"I guess what the basic rule for romance comes down to," Janet said, "is that each two people have to find out the important things in their own individual way. But I think the way any couple can know they are falling in love is by suddenly discovering that what the other one wants to do is really the thing you most want to do. I mean, when I find myself thinking, Why, it would make Tony happy to do that—whether it's just eating a hamburger or acting out a play or whatever—and the very thought makes me happy too... well, it's so wonderful."

"That's love," said Tony. "When your 'kicks' don't come from any outside element and don't depend on spending a lot of money, or having a lot of clothes, or telling a lot of lies, but just being together and being completely yourselves, why, that's real love!"

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**RADIO-TV MIRROR**

the only magazine giving complete coast-to-coast coverage to both radio and television. Get it today at your newsstand.
If You Want to Be Charming

I've been able to escape “winter skin” by the special autumn skin treatment I've added to my beauty routine.

The largest, most often used bottle in my bathroom contains a scented, emulsified body oil. This I apply generously every day, just before my bath, to counteract the drying tendencies of soap and water. Try it! You'll find you will emerge from your tub with softer, prettier, younger skin. (If you've delayed too long and your skin is already excessively dry, apply the oil after the bath. Your skin will absorb it the way dry ground soak up rain water, and by the time you're ready to don your fresh lingerie any trace of stickiness should have disappeared.)

There are other little tricks to counteract this particular beauty bogey; bath oils, —quicker than the oil rub, but not, I think, so effective—super-fatted soaps with a lanolin base, and, as always, the interior department, lots of milk in your diet (buttermilk or skim milk if you're overweight) and daily exercise outdoors.

Here's to keeping our bodies as young and beautiful as our faces!

None So Blind As Those Who Won't See:

One of our readers has written in despair that she “used to be” attractive and popular, but that now all is lost. She has to work, and has to work hard.

It's so if she says so; But only because she says so. If a girl is convinced that she's unattractive, she is. It's as simple as that.

There's nothing disfiguring about glasses these days with many becoming shapes and luscious colors to choose from. Some girls, I think, look even prettier in glasses than without them, especially if going without means squinting and going around half-blind.

If you really believe that “men never make passes at girls who wear glasses,” you've a psychological hurdle to get over, along with the physical one. Maybe, for you, contact lenses are the answer. Eye specialists make miracles with contacts these days . . . so look into it. Or should I say—look through it?

Maybe contacts are too expensive or not available in your town. Then, if you need glasses, wear them, for goodness sake, and see the world.

You don't know what you've been missing.

Do not hesitate to write me about your charm problems. Send your letters to Joan Crawford, c/o Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

The End
For Twentieth Fox privately two-bedrooming and making pretty trays, Myrna Loy "The Great Waltz"—have brought her luck. "I always wear them in every picture the first day," she says. "Nobody else believes they're lucky—but well, look!"

As for winning the "Choose Your Star" poll: "That was such a surprise, for the first time in my life—I'm speechless!"

VEN more so is the son of a minister from the tiny town of Talmage, Nebraska—population 393—the number one man, Anthony Dexter. While appreciating the thousand letters per week that bring him in to him from those who've seen him in "Valentino," Dexter would rather be that star "tomorrow" you voted him than the sensation he is today. He's now starring in "The Brigand," a $1,000,000 Technicolor production at Columbia. Despite the ambitious plans of the "boss," as he calls producer Edward Small, who discovered him, Tony's reasoning prompts him to say: "A year from now will tell the real story. Meanwhile, I'm saving my money. It's better to be realistic, don't you think?"

Both Dexter and his agent have had a "great deal of pressure" put on them from the many thousands who want them to re-make "The Sheik." With his sideburns, his black, black hair, heavy-lidded brown eyes and the general contour of his features, Tony's resemblance to Valentino is uncanny. But until recently he was opposed to a remake of any of Valentino's films. However, "The Sheik" is his favorite, that which he is "least leery" about. "Whatever Mr. Small puts me into is fine. I'm banking on him," he says.

At Twentieth Century-Fox, Jeffrey Hunter (who came in second) is an athletic six-footer with a rich, deep voice, blue eyes, dark hair. After "Red Skies of Montana," Jeff co-stars with Jeanne Crain and Myrna Loy in "Belles on Her Toes." His pretty brunette wife, Barbara Rush (who made ninth place in the contest and is one of Paramount's "Golden Circle") portrays the ingenue lead in the science-fiction production, "When Worlds Collide."

The Hunters live in a two-bedroom apartment in Hollywood. They paint it themselves and when they're both working, they share the household chores. However, while Jeff was basking last summer and Barbie was away in summer stock, he drew the line at washing any more dishes. "I washed dishes in college. I've washed my last dish!" he wrote Barbara and she...
M career, go cried. a could get very pattern her, song am feel didn't like better. saw

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Mayer

more long summer stock separations, on they say. "Nine weeks is just too long to be apart. I didn't want to see her chance, though," said Jeff. "We understand the requirements of our careers. I wish it hadn't been so. We hope we'll be able to work it out like some others have."

Janice Rule (who won second place among the girls) came to Hollywood from Broadway. She will dance with Gene Nelson in "Starlift." When she was fifteen she took a job in a Chicago night club. But she had to keep up her school work during the day. In between she worked as a chorus girl backstage where hard-eyed cowboys and comics coached her on homework. Janice says, "That's when I saw the real heart of show business, knew I'd love the people in it and wanted to become one of them for keeps."

As anxious as ever to get ahead, Janice made arrangements to teach dancing to the Arthur Kennedy Theatre Group in return for lessons in acting. Smart girl.

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J oyce Holden (#5), pearl-blond, willowy and beautiful, who worked her way through school as a model, dreams of following in the talented footsteps of the late Carole Lombard. She seems on her way with her parts in "You Never Can Tell," and "Bronco Buster." However, her face was familiar to TV fans long before she signed with M-G-M. It's a resourceful, too. For when kids from her home town, Kansas City, Missouri, wrote concerning voting for her in the Photoplay beauty contest, she deferred by air-mail with, "Got any friends?"

Joyce goes steady with a song writer, "who hasn't made his name yet—but he will. I'm a one-girl girl. I don't see what's the matter in dating one fellow with a different man every night. Maybe that's my small-town attitude, but that's the way I feel."

Anne Francis (#6) is a twenty-year-old model with a perky personality and sudden flashes of spontaneous humor breaking through her poised reserve. A former cover girl and fashion model, Anne was the first child actress to have her own TV show when she was on "Champion," which aired during radio days. Twenty after having been seen in only one film, "So Young, So Bad," she literally plummeted into the title role in "Lydia Bailey," which was in turn followed by a leading role in "Background." Red-headed Kenneth Tobey (#6) had done twenty-five Broadway plays at the time he came out to La Jolla to do a part in "The Boyfriend." The idea was to further suggested, "Don't you stick around and try pictures for awhile? Ken, who's been given a contract at RKO as a result of his performance in "The Boyfriend," feels sitting around waiting for the next vehicle. He likes to keep busy—"Even if it's just for $25 a week!"—and during the time when he's afraid he isn't earning the big weekly, he does a bit of boating free to further suggested, "Don't you stick around and try pictures for awhile? Ken, who's been given a contract at RKO as a result of his performance in "The Boyfriend," feels sitting around waiting for the next vehicle. He likes to keep busy—"Even if it's just for $25 a week!"—and during the time when he's afraid he isn't earning the big weekly, he does a bit of boating free to
He got star billing with his first, "The Law and the Lady"... "and I didn't even ask for that." Now Fernando is co-starring in "The Merry Widow" with Lana Turner. Then will come "Dangerous When Wet" with Esther Williams, "Three Love Stories" with Pier Angeli and a remake of "The Flesh and the Devil" with Ava Gardner.

Today television is a real talent scout. Red-haired, willowy Polly Bergen (#7), who goes from a sweet ballad to "honky tonking" with the greatest of vocal ease, was discovered on television and signed by Hal Wallis, where she's rapidly becoming distinguished as Hollywood's most in-destructible actress, having survived three Martin and Lewis films— Including "The Stooge"—thus far. Polly is Mrs. Jerome Courtland in private life.

From the Bronx, via "Mr. Roberts," came baby-faced, twirly-voiced Bob Sherwood (#8). Bob ran away from home at the age of fifteen, "bumped" his way across the country, worked as a lifeguard, car-hop and machinist and considers his background, "didn't necessarily make me a better actor—but it did make me a better person." He will be seen as the young killer in "It's a Big Country" at M-G-M. Hal Wallis discovered Charleston Heston (#9) while he was born to be a star—he has everything it takes," on TV. Heston, from whom Wallis reportedly gets $75,000 for a loan-out, picked off the plum of the year when DeMille gave him the starring role of the circus manager in "The Greatest Show on Earth."

Bronx-bred Susan Cabot (#10), U-I's little black-eyed petite charmer, began singing at the age of seventeen at The Village Vanguard in New York City. She was discovered on TV, where she did a singing commercial. Since arriving in Hollywood, she's been given a contract at U-I and the lead opposite Jeff Chandler in "The Big Clock."

Susan, who is divorced from an artist she married at the age of seventeen, wants the stability of a real home and children. "I want that. I need the people I love, and I want a husband to share all the wonderful things of life with me."

Robert Clarke (#10), a good-looking brunet of the gray-tweed type, began his film career under contract to RKO. When his option was dropped, he worked in radio, got a couple of Broadway shows, then came back to Hollywood for Ida Lupino's "Outrage" and another for "Hard, Fast and Beautiful." And after eight years of Oklahoma determination, Bob is clicking in films. Having just finished "Three Thousand A.D.," he has the title role in "Robin Hood." He was touched when he came in early from a date one night and found his dad and mother filling a Photoplay ballet for him. "Everybody in the family music have sent one in," he grins. "This is a time when it really pays to have a lot of relatives."

Whatever the route, these winners have all dedicated themselves to show business as a form of self-expression and to click or bust. They're intelligent, competitive young people on and off the screen. They know where they're going, what they want to do, with the intent to be—do the best. They're on their way up the golden stairs to stardom. And they want to thank all of you for helping anchor them on that first rung.

The End

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Shadow Stage

(The continued from page 34)

Program Notes: The mindfulness of little things that marks the better English films is emphasized again in the perfect type-casting regardless of box-office notices. The work of Sidney James and Alfie Bass as a pair of accommodating crooks enhances the production despite the fact they are known to few fans outside England . . . Alec Guinness, the master of detail, dislikes being photographed in closeup and prefers full-figure shots. He claims the body can act better than the face and should be seen as often as possible. Spectacles and a little added hair were the only bits of make-up used by the star.

⅓ (F) Reunion in Reno (U-I)

SENTIMENTAL and mildly entertaining with a brand new angle on the Reno divorce problem, Gigi Perreko asks Reno attorney Mark Stevens to secure her a divorce from her parents (Frances Dee and Leif Erickson) and enlists Mark's sympathy, as well as that of the girl he loves, Peggy Dow. They notify the parents that Gigi is in Reno instead of the 'Girl Scouts' camp she was headed for. The parents hurry to that "Biggest Little City in the World." There's a trial, to please the child, of course, with Gigi stating her case before Judge Ray Collins and all ending exactly as it should.

Your Reviewer Says: For family night.

Program Notes: Mark Stevens, Peggy Dow and Gigi Perreko flew to Reno where most of the action was filmed, much to the delight of the local citizens, some of whom worked in the film as bit players . . . . This was Mark's last film for awhile. As soon as the last scene was in the can, he began his twenty-eight-week schedule of headlining entertainment in hotel and supper clubs throughout the country . . . Handsome Joel McCrea drove round to the studio almost every evening after shooting to pick up the beautiful Frances Dee, his wife of sixteen years and the mother of his two sons.

(O) Crosswinds (Paramount)

NOT a day for hero John Payne when he meets up with villain Forrest Tucker in this little movie that has more plot than a forest has trees. Adventure and action it has aplenty but when the story rambles from treasure hunting to foraged papers to head hunters, with killings, double dealings and triple schemings thrown in, it's much too much to digest at one time.

Your Reviewer Says: Dirty work at the crosswinds.

Program Notes: The small fishing village of Homosassa, Florida, near Tampa, provided the locale for the story and some of the finest fishing for the visitors. John Payne caught the largest fish, thereby winning the $200 pool made up by both the natives and Hollywoodians. Rhonda Fleming became an expert but was never able to catch Payne's catch . . . Robert Lowery had been touring the country with Jean Parker for a year and a half in "Born Yesterday" before traveling to Florida to make this picture.

(F) Submarine Command (Paramount)

A THRILLING story of submarine warfare and of the men who live or die encaised in steel beneath the sea. William Holden gives a deeply convincing performance as the young submarine officer whose one day of command in actual combat results in the loss of the sub's command, Jack Gregson, and quartermaster, Don Dunning. The war over, Holden marries his sweetheart, Nancy Olson, and takes a routine desk job with the Navy, but he constantly plays by the memory of his one day in action. This feeling, aggravated by the accusing attitude of the sub's chief torpedoman, William Bendix, becomes such a sore point that Holden finally grows so surly and unreasonable he loses the wife who loves him. Then come new orders that change his whole life—his old sub, the Tiger Shark, is ordered to Korea on a dangerous mission. Don Taylor plays a light-hearted Navy officer, Arthur Franz a lieutenant.

Your Reviewer Says: Emotional thriller.

Program Notes: The crowding of camera crew, director and actors into the conning space within a submarine chamber was the nearest Hollywood ever came to cannon sardines. Actors were forever tripping on equipment and on each other . . . Holden, who spent four years in the Air Corps, claims the food served aboard a sub is not only the best in any branch of the service but best in the world. During the last week of shooting, Bendix had almost to be shoved through the conning-tower hatch, he'd gained that much on the ultra bill of fare.

(F) Close to My Heart (Warners)

THE tormenting doubts of a man concerning the whereabouts of a child of unknown parentage form the basis of this solidly knit and highly interesting story, with Ray Milland and Gene Tierney the couple eager for a child. Gene attempts to take over a foundling and finds she must run the long, patience-in-waiting route evolved as protection for both parent and child. When the baby is almost ready to be formally adopted, Ray, a newspaper columnist, begins writing of the infant, hoping to clear up its parentage. His probing eventually reveal the father—a hardened criminal. But Ray's doubting heart has in the meantime lost him the child, and it is only when his own thinking is righted through faith and love that happiness comes to the three of them.

Your Reviewer Says: Heartaches and joys of "adoptive" parents.

Program Notes: An "adoptive" parent himself, having acquired by adoption three years ago a small daughter, Ray knew the waiting wonder and joy involved. Gene, the mother of two little girls, felt right at home in her role of screen mother. A real commuter, Gene flew to New York (her ninth trip East in a year) and then on to Europe when the picture was ended . . . . Baby John Winslow, not quite six months old, won the role of "Danny" over dozens of contenders by virtue of being judged the cutest, best-behaved and best-adjusted baby.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Blue Veil
Behave Yourself
Detective Story
The Lavender Hill Mob
When Worlds Collide

Best Performances of the Month

Kirk Douglas in "Detective Story"
Jane Wyman in "The Blue Veil"

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Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—foot miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages. Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's Give Happy Relief from these discomforts—help the 13 miles of kidney tubes and filters Rush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!
I'm Still Whistling

(Continued from page 64) if it did sound exactly like a gulp. And I remember I wondered what the pounding was all about. It was much later when I realized it was going on right inside my own chest.

Sometimes when I think back I get a little jealous of all the years I didn't know you. I wish I'd been around when you had those wide-eyed baby pictures taken. You were so solemn. But your mother says you weren't solemn at all.

I'd like to have carried your books when you were going to high school. I'd bet you were real cute then. Did you ever wear sweaters? Your mother says you weren't good at geometry when you were in school. That's probably why you couldn't figure it out when Billy Rose offered you only forty dollars a week to star in his Aquacade. But when he raised it to $175 you understood him all right.

And that time you made a screen test with Clark Gable. I wonder if I'd have been jealous every time Gable kissed you. Maybe I'd have been laughing so hard it wouldn't have made any difference. I hear you were really scared!

But don't think I'm complaining. I haven't known you all my life, but I've had my share of years and they've been wonderful! So many good memories.

Like our honeymoon at Acapulco, Mexico. Our room looked out at one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. There was a moon, too. Remember? When the dance music stopped playing we walked along the quiet beach and I tried out the new words I had learned in Mexican. Yo te amo, querida. Yo te quiero. My accent wasn't pure Castilian, but you understood what I was trying to say.

We took off our shoes and danced on the deserted sands that were still warm from the Mexican sun. Little waves caught at our toes and we splashed like a couple of kids. Then we had to go for a swim.

There have been many high spots since then, and a low spot here and there, naturally. Especially the time we lost our first baby and were faced with the tragic thought that we might be denied any children. But not long after that Benjie came along and made things right again.

And we had some hilarious moments when we were first suspicious that perhaps Kimmie was on the way. The studio had asked us to wait at least two years before having another baby. And the doctor had suggested it would be a good idea. But old man stork wasn't cooperative.

We were in Hawaii. You had just started to shoot "Pagan Love Song." We weren't absolutely sure so we didn't tell a soul.

Then I had to come home on business. So we agreed on the code word "Francea." When I talked to you on the telephone I'd say, "How's Francea?" And you'd say, "Fine. But there's no definite news yet."

We were talking via short-wave radio and of course hundreds of people could listen in. When we kept mentioning "Francea" I guess somebody got suspicious. For one morning I read in Louella Parsons' column: "Ben and Esther are expecting a little brother for Benjie." So I got the news about my own son from Louella's column. How do you like that?

Well, it's time to bring this to a close. You and the children have been in bed for hours. The house is quiet. I'll just look in and see that Kimmie is covered and then call it a night.

Thanks for all the memories, darling. Thanks for being a good cook and a wonderful mother, thanks especially for marrying me. And thanks for being such a beautiful pin up. Here's whistling at you!

All my love, Ben.

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On a headline holiday with the Robert Allens, winners of Photoplay’s Travel Contest
Should Rita Change?

(Continued from page 46) as chauffeur, butler, bodyguard and what have you. Rita paid $12 a day for her bungalow, and spent most of the time sunbathing on the sun porch. Girls from the beauty salon gave her pedicures, manicures and hair-dos on the sun porch, not to interrupt her sun bathing. All her meals were served in the bungalow and Room Service reported her as “most gracious.”

Then, just before Rita went back to Nevada, she leased lawyer David Tannenbaum’s three-acre estate on Alpine Drive—which cost her per month what the hotel had cost per week (with an option to buy). She hauled out of storage her silver, dishes, linens, books, records and favorite pieces of furniture.

It looks as if Rita intends to stay a while—in spite of what she told a reporter in Nevada. Said Rita at that time, “Naturally, wherever I went with my husband I was constantly being interviewed, and that is why it’s good to be in Nevada away from all that. I like it so much, I intend to stay here after the divorce. I really do.”

In Nevada Rita also told photographer Bob Landry, “I’m going back to work to care for myself and my family. I haven’t any overwhelming desire, really, to be an actress any more.”

She made no bones about the fact that her bank balance was depressingly low.

During her fabulous fling with Prince Aly Khan, thirty-two-year-old Rita became a well-publicized international figure. Just like Barbara Hutton and Doris Duke, Barbara blows her nose and it’s news. Doris eats a macaron and it’s news. Just so with Rita; everything she did made the gossip columns, often the headlines. But there’s a difference! Barbara and Doris are “poor little rich girls”, Rita is a “poor little famed girl.” Barbara and Doris have had to care not a whit what the public thought of them. Whatever they may do will affect in no way their positions in society or their fantastic incomes. If the public reprimands them after a naughty escapade, all they have to do is shrug and say, “Drop dead.”

Rita, on the other hand, is neither economically nor socially secure. Her father didn’t strike it rich. The money she worked hard for as a screen star has been spent. She has to care what the public thinks of her actions.

All of which is why, at least until her divorce is final, Rita is doing no romancing of any kind. She, or her advisers, feel she might easily estrange her public. No one, apparently, is quite sure what the public reaction towards her is, after her international romance with her Moslem prince, their much publicized marriage, the equally publicized birth of Yasmine on December 28th, 1949, and their divorce less than two years later.

Rita, who needs public favor now in order to insure that big, fat salary of $5,500 a week, figured out this equation fifteen years ago, about the time she was being promoted from B to A pictures. “I hate this glass-house treatment,” she said to an interviewer. “Makes you feel like a race horse in a paddock before the race. Everybody’s hoping you’re going to win.” And then she hastily added, “But it would be even worse if they didn’t care whether you won or not.”

Naturally a number of the Hollywood eligibles called Rita when she arrived in Hollywood, among them Kirk Douglas. But she dated none of them. When someone asked her whom she was dating, she said, “I’m only dating married couples.”

The reported Gilbert Roland dating, which was given so much space in the

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Timely Tips by Little Lulu

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To remove grease from soup, try —

- Lettuce — A Fan

Skim grease off soup by dousing lettuce leaf with cold water, then pass leaf over soup surface. To skim through kitchen chores, use Kleenex. It's a breeze-getter! Grand for "mop-ups." Only Kleenex has that handy Serv-a-Tissue box!

Which makes hemming easier?

- Needlework — Bobby pins

Why bother bastings? Fold hem to right length and fasten with bobby pins, every few inches. Takes you no time. Like Kleenex—the handy tissue with a "zillion" uses. Gentle, pure, you won't find any weak spots or hard particles in Kleenex.

Kleenex * ends waste - saves money...

1. INSTEAD OF MANY...
2. YOU GET JUST ONE...
3. AND, SAVE WITH KLEENEX

*$1,000.00 REWARD

. . . is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. Hear the details about this $1,000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries".

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Sunday Afternoon on 523 Mutual Stations

[Continued from page 15] He was as pleased as Loretta about the letters and wires she had brought him. "Makes you feel good—to know people are for you," he said.

The day before, John had been sledding a sledge hammer—"just weighs fifteen pounds but when you slam it all day, you can feel it in your golf arm." At night he had been introduced to the grand old game of pinochle, "They play a lot of it here. And sometimes a few of us drift off somewhere and sing." John who was studying with a vocal coach, hurried back from his tour to test with Mitzi Gaynor for Twentieth's musical, "I Don't Care." It would have been a big hit, but on the day he was to have made tests, he was sent home.

"It was a disappointment. But you have to take disappointments," he said. "It's what you learn from them that counts." At the hotel he met Mr. Honig, who had come into contact with men of all classes, colors, creeds and crimes. "Some you know are wrong guys," he agreed. "You feel sure they will be here again. Others you know can't help themselves. They will be back too. The rest never will be back. They have done something wrong. They are paying for it. And that will be all."

Regrettably, he said, they always "say I want to work. Radio appearance records; movies—action pictures, musicals, dramas, anything. When I come out I don't want to sit around."

He had a good friend in his wife when he comes out. She will be, as she is now, rooting in his corner. On the way home she told me how they met—a year and a half before they married. They had dated often but John, with a "waving while intoxicated" charge against him, had hesitated to make marriage plans. When John was making personal appearances in Chicago she was there visiting a girl friend. He sang "I'm Glad There's You." His baritone voice seemed beamed right at her.

That day it did. Three days after John's return to Hollywood, they flew to Las Vegas. While they waited for additional funds to be wired from Hollywood, they had lunched, with wedding champagne. The clerk at the city hall, smelling the wine, had at first refused to issue a license. Later, however, understanding, she even had served as a witness. But in the meantime, there had been more headlines.

We traveled slowly on the way home. "I wish he were coming home with us," Loretta said. "Home with me," her look added.

When John does come home he and Loretta will, unless all signs fail, accept the fact that the past has had its compensations and face the future as a wellcome challenge.

HELP . . . police find the fugitive criminal named and described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program Sunday afternoons.

$1,000.00 REWARD

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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Sunday Afternoon on 523 Mutual Stations
ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI—M-G-M: Flint
Mitchell, Clark Cable, Ivan Tors, Ricardo Montalban,
Brean, John Hodiak, Pierce, Adele Menjou; 
Kathia, Maria Elena Marques; Looking Glass, J. 
Trumble, Lionel Barrymore, Judy Logan, James
Stone; Frankie Starbland, J. Carrol Nash; Stanwyck, 
Lillian; Menjou, Spring Byington, Roy, 
Warner Anderson; Mrs. Margaret Tribble, Elizabeth 
Risdon; Flood, Michael Ansara; Al, John Morgan.
REHEARSE YOURSELF—Walt Disney RKO: 
Bill, Farley Granger; Kate, Shelley Winters; O'Ryan,
William Demarest; Fred, Francis L. Sullivan.
Mother, Margulio, Gillmor, Pinky, Lon Chaney; 
Gillie, Hans Conried; Jonas, Elisha Cook, Jr.; Stern
Glen Anderson; 1st Detective, Albert, John; 
Bert, Sheldon Leonard; Max, Marvin Kaplan.
BLUE VILL, THE—Wald Kraus-RKO: 
Lovino, Jane Wyman; Begley, Charles Laughton, Jane;
Joan Blondell; Kern, Richard Carlson; Fleur Pauley,
Amos Moorehead; Dr, Pauley, Don Taylor; Helen 
Williams, Audry Torrey; Frank Conrad, Cyril 
Cusack; District Attorney, Everett Shinn; Stasheas,
Natalie Wood; Bill Ashworth, Warner Anderson.
Prof. George Carter, Al NAPIER; Mr. Hull, Henry 
Morgan; Aleta, Vivian Vance; Jeeps, Les Tremayne;
Doctor, John Ridgely; Williams, Dan O'Herlihy; 
Hesse Pauley, Carleton C. Young.
CAFE OF OUTLAWS—U: Pete Carter, Mac
donald Carey; Liz, Trent, Alexis Smith; Dobbs, 
Jesse, Audry Torrey; Temple, Myra; Curt, Edmund 
Hugh O'Brian; Cooley, Houseley Stevenson; Job
Van Horn; Jones, Tim Graham; Whitey, Clem 
Polley.
CLOSE TO MY HEART—Warners: Brad Sheri
dan, Ray Milland; Midge Shearing, Gene Tierney; 
Ray, Edward Arnold; Ethel, Robert Young; 
O'Frost, Howard Stewart; John, Arlene, Mary Beth Hughes; 
Mrs. Barker, Ann Morrison; Dr. Hulse, 
James; Dolores, John Wayne; Baby, John 
Winfield, himself; Taxi Driver, Eddie Marr.
COME FILL THE CUP—Warners: Lew Marsh, 
Audry Torrey; Burt, Gary Cooper; Thotter, 
John, Ives Raymond; Massey, Charles Dolan; 
Dolores, John Wayne; Gypsy, Dolores 
Day; Selena, Selena Royle; Julius Cassaden, Larry 
Keating; Maria Diego, Charita; Lusita Garr, 
Selena Royle; Ada, Arthur Lake; David, 
John Kellogg; Hal Orton, William Bakewell;
Tina, Joan Davis; Job, John Alvin.
CRUSWINDS—Columbia: Lester Squires, 
Steve Singleton, John Payne; Katherine Shelley, Rhonda Fleming; 
Jim, John Payne; Belle, Kathleen Nolan; 
Dollie, June Lang; Dave, John Alvin; 
Lowry, Sir Cecil Devereux, Alan Mowbray; Sykes, 
Abbe, Horace McMahon; Dr. Arden, 
Henry, Sir Archibald Mowbray; Albert, 
Dr. Alton, Sir John Alvin; Herbert, 
Miss Simpson; Bill, John Alvin; 
DECISION BEFORE DAWN—20th Century-Fox: 
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Merrill; Happy, Oscar Werner; Hilde, Hildegard 
Heffern; Moneque, Dominique Blanc; Oberon, 
Sir John Alvin; Barrymore, Alexander; 
Bolsover, Leslie Howard; Harlan, 
Tyrone; F Tellegen, Bride; 
Seybert, Tiger, Hans Christian Blech; Franklin Schneid
er—Humphrey Bogart, Peggy Cummins, 
Dick Coley; DETECTIVE STORY—Paramount: 
Det. James McLeod, Kirk Douglas; Mary McLeod, his wife, Eleanor
Parker; Det. Lou Brody, his partner, William Bend
dix—A shopkeeper, Lee Grant; Det. Dashi, Bert 
Frederick; Det. Gaffney—Frank Fay; Det. Callahan, 
William Phillips; Det. O'Brien, Grandon Rhodes; 
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Cathy O'Donnell; Lt. Monaghan, Horace McMahon; 
Eldorado, Tony, Warner Anderson; Carl Schneider; 
George MacKean; John, Charles Bickford; 
Alibis, Michael Strong; Patronym Burns, 
Russell Benson; Gaffney, Kenwel; Howard 
Jokky; Miss Hatt, Gladys George; Willy, the ju
tior; Hattie Martin, Al; Mrs. Reddy, James Maloney.
LADY PAYS OFF—U: Estelle Warren, 
Linda Darnell; Matt Braddock, Stephen McNally; 
Oscar Bradock, Gigi Perreau; Ray Stoddard, Vir
ginia Field; Marie, Ann Colee; Minnie, Lynn 
Dunaway; Eddie Constantine, Charles Winning.
LAVENDER HILL MOUNT, THE—Rank-U.: 
Hale, Alec Guinness; Pendlebury, Stanley Hollaway; 
Lachery, Sidney James; Sherry, Alby Bass; Mrs. 
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Manse; Charles, John Salee; Turner, Ronald Adam; 
Walls, Arthur Hamilton; Godet, Gib McLaugh
lan; Parrey, John Gregory; Station Servant, Clive 
Morton; Clayton, Sidney Tafler; Cafe Proprietor, 
Frederick Piper; Joe the Gab, Peter Bull; Crages, 
Patricia Dayan; Steven Gallardo, Marie Burke; Chi
gusa, Audrey Hepburn; Gregory, William Fox; Brit
ish Ambassador, Michael Travahah Washington.
RAGING TIDE—U-I: Bruno Feltik, Richard Conte; 
Connie Thatcher, Shelley Winters; Det, Leland, 
Ketty, Stephen McNally; Ham, Loder, Charles Bickford; 
Clair, Linder, Alec Nicol; General Bull, Jesse White; 
Burton Schrijn, Tito Udo, Carlyn Murlts, John McIntire; 
Mr. Fancy, Pepito Perez, Johnathan, 
Kins', Miller; Speck, Frank R. O'Neal.
REAL CARUSO—RKO: Artie Trenk, Louis 
Cahill; Carole Landis, Norman Peck 
Stars; Larry, Peggy Dow; Maggie, Gigi Perreau; 
Mrs. Lusker, Francis Dee; Mr. Lusker, Leif Erickson; 
Judge Kueckland, Ray Collins; Miss Pearson, 
Fay Bainter; Mrs. Mason, Myrna Dell; Taxi Driver, Dick 
Wessel.
SON OF DR. JEKYLL—Columbia: Edward, 
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Larson; Alexander, John; Johnson, Luster Matthews; 
Richard, Daniela, Gervin Mirole; China, Peppa Bug, 
Mike, Paul Cavanagh; Michaelis, Rhys Williams; Lottie 
Sarelle, Diena Lloyd; Hazel Sarelle, Carl Carleton; 
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Petter Morris, Don Taylor; Lt. Carlson, Arthur 
Frazee; Lt. Keith, Paul Henning; Darr, 
Ajax, Percy Webber; Rear Admiral Josha 
Rice, Monica Olsen; Commander Jack, Greg
son, Lito, Benton, Jack Kelly; Quartermster Perkins, 
Darius, Cole; Admiral, Jack Carty.
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Henderson, Ann Miller, Marilla Sabbas, Paula Raymond; Dan 
Sante, Norma Woods.
WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE—Paramount: Dave 
Nandall, Richard Derr; Joyce, Barbara Rush; Tony, 
Nate, Allene, Dean; J聚焦 Son, Trencher; 
Harry, Myrna Darby; Leery Keating; Julie Cimmings, 
Judith Ames; Dean, Frederick; Evgene, 
Phil, James MacGraw; Dick, Bradford; 
Broose, Hayden Rorke; Ottinger, Sandra Gig
Ho; Stansby, Mary Murphy; Stewardess, Laura Eliott.

Mario Lanza wasn’t born in 1918 when the great Enrico Caruso appeared in the silent movie, “My Cousin,” with Caroline White. After this experience, Caruso decided to return to the operatic field for good.
The New Cliff Cut

(Continued from page 57) years of enjoying the best restaurants and their excellent food, the subtle flattery that velvety-cushions your way when you’re well known, the sense of security that comes with a cozy bank account—all these things have worked together to give him a different aura and some different ways.

I had chicken pot-pie and a mixed salad for lunch, with French bread and Brie cheese, wine and Italian coffee—all the things I know he likes. And, pleased that I had remembered, he sat back, relaxed and happy. It doesn’t take much to induce happiness in Monty. He’s more than willing to be happy.

“Like your room!” he said. “I’ve really got to get at my flat. I started sandpapering my bookshelves, but somehow a morning passes and I have done nothing but read the books I’ve taken down. I’m lazy.”

“I’ve read a lot of the philosophers. I remember, the last time I was here, you talked about Socrates. (I had mentioned Socrates only in passing but he had not forgotten.) So I had a go with Socrates. But it’s Aristotle I like. He believed in happiness, calls it the ‘gentle art of the soul.’"

T. H. White years now since “A Place in the Sun” was finished. During this time Monty has not worked. “I’ve done some traveling,” he said, “a lot of sailing. Next week I’m going on another cruise; I’ll ‘crew’ on a friend’s ketch.” There was no explanation about the friend. He isn’t the confiding kind. But, putting little things together, I know one person who was on that ketch, I think. I’ll come to her later.

“I haven’t played nearly as much tennis as I would have liked to,” Monty went on. “Somehow the girls I like don’t like tennis. . . . And I’ve spent quite a lot of time in court. I went to the trial of the ‘Lonely Hearts’ killers. Martha Beck, I thought, was obviously a glandular case. Fernandez looked to me like one of the exterminable. The first time I saw him I felt sure he would kill anybody for five dollars. Well, he’s been exterminated.”

It is not morbidity that sends Monty to murder trials. Legal things have great interest for him. Often, too, he goes to the night court. And, giving a verbal blueprint of the emotions of various people under stress, he’s as impersonal and detailed as a doctor outlining the prognosis of an illness. He was quite cynical when he talked about the character he played in “A Place in the Sun.” He was convinced that if the youth had not fallen in love with Elizabeth Taylor it would have been someone else.

He said: “The little things Shelley did, all unconsciously, the things that were

THE GIRL seen most often with Monty Clift lately—Judy Balaban, above with Monty, Master of Ceremonies Warren Hull, at “A Place in the Sun” premiere

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piece and parcel of her and her background would have built up—one on top of the other—until they became a mountain of irritation.

"Eventually, too—inevitably—the boy I played would have fallen in love with a girl with the lovely smoothness that comes with wealth and social position. He was conditioned to do this from his childhood when he made his mind to get away from the ugly life he then knew."

I asked if he liked Elizabeth herself. He raised his eyes in eloquent admiration. "Any guy could love a girl like her. It's everything a guy wants; beautiful, warm, gay—yet also sensitive, also poigniant..."

When I had heard that Monty was going to do this new version of Theodore Dreiser's novel, 'An American Tragedy,' I had thought it a pity, and said as much to him. I did not see how this tragedy ever could be made into a successful movie or how Monty could fail to extricate at least his younger public. I did not reckon with the great artistry of George Stevens, the producer-director.

"He got the best performances of all of us," said Monty, "for 'Gメン.'" Monty says quietly—the way you say a thing when you know the person you are praising to be secure without your praise. "He never tried to make any one of us say or do anything that was not genuine to us."

"It is time I went back to work," Monty continued, "as soon as I have done all the things Paramount needs me to do for publicity on 'Plaza.' But I've enjoyed this long gallop. No matter how much it taxed my patience at the studio, it was worth it."

The change in Monty I noticed his last week was that he really seemed to be enjoying his work. He was doing and enjoyed the projects by the groups of boys and girls who trailed him and who, that day, waited patiently at the main door. He talks of his public with an interest and an understanding, not just of the glamour, but of the people who make up the glamour. He's a much more relaxed, much less defensive person than I had expected him to be.

"Ask anyone who works with Monty about him and the answer comes the same. 'I like him,' they say as if they did not think you expected them to like him at all. They don't say, 'He's a doll!' And they don't say, 'He's wonderul to work with, so cooperative.' For he's neither of these things. More than once he's refused to approve a story in which the things he was quoted as saying were colored or twisted. "But," say the publicity people in defense of Monty, "he always makes sense. He has his ideas of what he should and shouldn't do—and he sticks to them. You can't blame a man for that!"

It takes weeks to get him to agree to go to a photographer's studio. And, likely enough, they'll be a photo session on which Monty is more fun or more stimulating turns up, the first one or two appointments will be broken. But when he does appear he works like a Trojan. He'll go down to the docks to pose in a new theory with which the photographer is experimenting, he'll spend an extra hour or two posing, in a laboratory sense, a willing guinea pig. Always, too, he wanders into the dark room to gab with the boys. When a few weeks passed and no shirt arrived, the dark-room boy decided he'd never see it, that Monty had changed his mind. But Monty had only got a look at an elephant. Months later, in the studio for another sitting, he had the shirt slung over his arm. He offered it with no apology for the time lapse, simply a laconic "FREE."

A year ago, gabbing in the dark rooms of a New York photographer, he talked to one of the boys about a flannel shirt he had bought. "It doesn't fit me. I'll never wear it. But I think it might be right for you."

Always when I see Monty I am reminded of Katie Hepburn. They have the same strange green-gray eyes which they direct straight at you, the same autocratic nose, the same at once casual and purposeful ways. They are alike, too, in personality. Both are determined to maintain their privacy. To this end they move like crabs or diplomats. You think they are coming towards you and they are going sidewise. You don't think they are coming towards you and they are going straight at you.

It will be fascinating if, as they plan, they do 'Hamlet' together on Broadway. I hope, however, they will have a persuasive, able, firm director. Otherwise their great sensitive, halfway-wild, overwhelming desire to put theories to the test is likely to bog down their production.

Speaking again of the change in Monty, he has over the years been seen in public 'with' one girl and only 'too,' his girl's name—Myra Letts—ever has been associated with his. Miss Letts is not, in a strict sense of the word, a glamour girl. She goes about helter, her dark hair rumpled, wearing a great sports coat. It has been said, among other things, that she is brilliant and stimulating and that she acts as Monty's dramatic coach. Monty has confidence in her.

This past summer, however, Monty has not been seen with Miss Letts. He has been seen instead with young, attractive Judy Balaban, whose father is president of Paramount in France. More than once he and Judy have been seen walking Fifth Avenue late at night, hand in hand, window-shopping. In a Sherlock Holmes mood I find it significant that Judy returned from a cruise at the same time Monty got back from crewing on that ketch. And it was Judy whom Monty took to the New York premiere of 'A Place in the Sun' at which time—to make all of this more interesting and certainly more unusual—they posed together willingly for the photographers.

Success, it seems, rubs off on people. So far it has made Monty more tolerant—more tolerant, among other things, of the ways of the world. By the same token, more attractive. But I doubt whether—because, I expect—I can drive him endlessly, as it can and does too often. Always, I think, Monty will take time out for living. Because, with his quick interest and his capacity for happiness he likely will, I shall find life good.
June—and the Familiar Stranger

(Continued from page 59.)

I want to tell you something you mustn’t forget. It’s true that you’re going to have a little sister or brother, and that I’ll love it. But nothing can change my love for you. Nobody else can take your place with me.

The baby was three months old in the summer of ’39 when Daddy’s company transferred him to Memphis. The younger girls were a year or two ahead of him. Unwilling to leave Mother alone, Dorothy elected to stay behind.

What they remember of that distant summer is a hodgepodge of unrelated events you feel sure they handled the finances of the trip, with Evvie asking politely at intervals: “Am I getting a dime for every dime you’re getting?”

But when they couldn’t find Daddy at first in the station crowd, and the relief of hearing his voice calling their names. The motor trip when they picked cotton and Daddy taught them to play poker with license in Florence’s kindness.

What they referred to her—little Frieda—as “Your brother.” And of course the goodbyes that finally had to end it. Trying to salve the pangs of separation by thinking that there was no longer any unawareness that it was to be twelve years off.

Many factors combined to keep them apart. Money was not too plentiful. Then Mother was sick. Not that Pop, as they called their stepfather, could take Daddy’s place. They loved him for not trying to, but for making a place of his own instead.

Then Twentieth-Century-Fox discovered June. She was just fifteen when they moved to California. In Memphis little Bobby was born the same year. At three, he contracted polio. Despite operations, he still uses braces and crutches.

Money was not too plentiful. Money was not too plentiful. Money was not too plentiful. Money was not too plentiful.

June, it’s like a second honeymoon for them. Let’s find them an apartment.

Daddy’s apartment. It was just as naturally to Mother. Between them, they eased the first tension and pain.

“Be sure to make Florence feel comfortable,” Mother said, “She packed the girls off on a visit. They knew what she meant. They’d been taught courtesy and fairmindedness. It wasn’t easy for Florence. To take their unhappiness out on her would be cruel. She was a lovely person. They liked her. One day stands etched in their memories for its mingled experience. “Florence,” said Evvie, “is going to have a baby—June, I mean.”

“Nobody. She’s just getting fat.”

“Lots of people get fat.”

Though they’d outgrown the cabbage-patch stage, they still wore their names otherwise. That Evvie, a mere child of eleven, could possibly know what she was talking about, her twelve-year-old sister refused to believe. Yet a vague uneasiness persisted. And, as that uneasiness, they went to see Daddy. “You know, Evvie said a funny thing today. She said Florence was going to have a baby. Isn’t that silly?”

“No, it’s true. She is.”

June’s heart plummeted. Only then did she realize how much she’d been counting on Daddy to laugh it off. Even Evvie, standing by, looked lost for a moment. Evvie was the airy one, always turning things into a joke, laughing so she wouldn’t cry. June’s feelings showed more. Both stood helplessly silent now.

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Mother to the hospital. And Evvie, they're outside. They'll be here any second."

"Who's outside? What's Mother doing in the hospital?"

"Nothing serious. I sent the doctor over on account of that pain she had. He wants her to go in for a check-up. Ev, Daddy looks exactly the same."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him. But I got kind of shy and sneaked around the back way."

The front door bell rang, Evvie opened it to their visitors. Through the flurry of greetings, Evvie heard June's voice. June was nervous and showed it. She'd wanted everything so nice. Now, instead of hospitality, she had explanations to offer. About Mother. About Dorothy who wasn't with them. About her other and younger sister, Dolly. And about that broken baby. It was Dad who cleared the air. They can't remember what he said, and the words didn't matter. All they knew was that suddenly the tension lifted.

THEY did all the things they planned, but the high spots were these:

Dinner at the Bel-Air, with champagne to celebrate their re-union. Dad brought along a box of blackheads, a gift from each of the girls when they were little, and the evening was given over to reminiscences. I remember how you used to wash your hands.

"Doesn't everyone?"

"Everyone's way is a little different. I remember how you shaved. And the extra funny faces you'd make on purpose."

"I remember the back seat, Ev."

"How could you forget? You never looked in the mirror when you were out, because Dad, 'Be quiet, you'd say, and black flopped the hand. It always caught me."

"Ev and I fixed you, though. Whenever we felt an argument coming on, we'd slide to the floor where you couldn't reach us."

The first time they danced with him was at the Beverley Hills Hotel. But for June the years dissolved, running into one another, as Dad's arm went round her.

It was here and there; yet it was far away and long ago too, and she was a little girl, floating proudly off in the arms of her tall father between the stars above and the lights below, sure that the thing could ever be more beautiful. Tears stung her lids, thrashing her back to the present.

Mother came out of the hospital, checked and okay. "Are you taking good care of your father and Florence?" she asked.

"Are they enjoying themselves?"

"But she didn't ask: "When am I going to see them?"

They spent an afternoon at Do's, with Dad snapping pictures of those children.

"Like that."

In the way he said quietly: "We'd like to see your mother and everyone. Could that be arranged?"

But, of course, nothing simpler, he had only to say the word, they'd cry of an emotional after it. "Well," prompted Evvie in June's apartment later, "let's get after it."

June picked up the phone.

Mother said she'd be delighted. "I'd have suggested something a little more formal, but I'm sure how they'd feel. Tell you what, honey. We're celebrating Uncle Dale's birthday at Grandma's Sunday. Why don't you bring them along?"

A weight dropped off their hearts and should have stayed off. But as Sunday neared, they began having ulcers again. En route to Grandma's, even Evvie fell silent. They arrived before Mother, which was like a relief. Then they sat there. June was safe in the bedroom, glued to the keyhole, while Evvie peeped through a slit in the doorway.

Mother went straight to Florence, said how glad she was to see her and how well she looked, then turned to Dad. "Hello, Fred."

"Hello, Marie," Evvie saw them clasp hands and smile. "I'd like to tell you that I'm very sorry."

A thrill raced through the girls. It was so obviously a tribute to Mother, generous and warm. With the same kind of warmth she accepted it. "Thank you, Fred," and shih, "and I'm sorry about the whole thing."

The girls had their usual post mortem.

"For the first time today," said June, "I realized June's actor.""

"It was just June and Daddy, but two individuals with their own lines to lead."

"And we're a couple of dopes. Building a whole situation where there wasn't any. Making a big deal out of nothing."

At the studio, fearful lest Florence and Dad return with shattered illusions, Evvie briefed them beforehand. "There's one thing we never use, and that's movie star. June's not a movie star to us or herself. Maybe you expect a lot of glamour. If you do, June'll let you down."

Lucy was ten, it was that day. Often the sets are closed, or only one picture is going and there's nobody around. But Twentieth Century-Fox decided itself proud for the Stoverous from Memphis. On one stage they had an orchestra, and on another they watched a comedy scene. For a night-club, they saw Susan Hayward do take after every take, and saw with it the grin behind the glistening eyes. The dressing room brought Dad to a halt. "Now there's a girl I'd like to meet. I've always kept track of her because you two started out in the same pair."

June knocked. "Come in," said Jeanne Crain, who was lying on the couch, knitting. June introduced her guests, they chatted for a few minutes and left. Behind his spectacles June's eye was still bright. "Evvie was right. What's glamorous about knitting?"

The last night of all, when Florence and Dad took them to dinner at the Beachcombers, and spoke simply of the lovely time they'd had in Hollywood, June seemed to have a flash.

"I hope it won't be twelve more years," said June.

"We won't let it be. Next year Bobby's due for another operation. Maybe after that."

Evvie said: "I'd like to see the boys. Dad paused for a moment, as if to shape his thoughts. Those little boys think of you twice as often as time, anything you do. What's more, I'll bet Evvie was right. What's glamorous about knitting?"

It was like an echo out of their vanished childhood. Nothing can change my love for you. Nobody else can take your place in my heart. It was like a pledge renewed.

Evvie said "Gush embarrasses me. I don't feel gushy about Dad. I feel, here's a good friend and always will be."

June smiled softly. "I don't mind being the sentimental one. We all part, loving each other more, don't we, whether that's gush or not. I know it's the truth."

The End
Presenting the Winner

(Continued from page 37) that had brought her luck at the local auditions last August. In the dressing rooms, the other two contestants heard only faint murmurs. And then came applause. It was Rachelle's turn. Her selection was from Shaw's "St. Joan," in which she tells the inquisitors she will live on bread and water but won't give up her God. Virginia leaned against the wall, strain- ing to relax. In a few minutes, every dream of these last months would be over.

Failure . . . success . . . jumbled into one thought. A spell had been broken. A round of applause brought her back to the Playhouse and the waiting audience. Virginia closed her eyes, crossed herself and walked briskly down the stage. "I'm Virginia McGuire," she announced. "I will do a scene from 'The Trojan Women.'" Removing shoes, headband and earrings, she turned her back to the audience. For ten seconds she stood without moving, and then no longer was she Virginia McGuire performing on the yellow-curtained stage of the Playhouse Theatre, she was Andromache, on the cliffs of ancient Troy, preparing to sacrifice her infant son to the avenging Greek conquerors. Her anguish was so stirring, her emotions so vibrant, when she finished, there was only the sound of applause. Delayered applause—the greatest possible tribute to any performer, broke the spell.

The judges remained in the theatre to make their choice; the contestants and the few guests—Brenda Marshall, Gary Merrill, Mrs. Stanley Kramer, Jerry Asher, some Playhouse officials—moved into the college library for refreshments. Everyone chattered amiably but the air was strained until the judges filed in.

Bette Davis spoke immediately. "I was asked to replace Miss Ethel Barrymore as a judge. I feel it is a great honor. My only regret is that three scholarships are not being given. I was asked to name the winner. She is—Miss Virginia McGuire." Spontaneously, Joyce and Rachelle rushed to Virginia and hugged her. In the days before the auditions, a bond of kinship and warmth had grown up among them. Each had come prepared to find the others in given "hitches." Each secretly thought she landed in the finals accidentally. And each found the others to be the kind of girl she always had known, gone to school with and understood.

Amid the hubbub, surrounded by celebrities, sat Virginia, too dazed to do anything but smile. Gradually she warmed, she talked with Bette Davis, Bill Holden, reminded herself not to act foolishly in front of this great assemblage of great people. It wasn't until she called home and her mother in Connecticut wept into the phone, that Virginia broke down.

As the excitement subsided, Bill Holden, remembering days when he, too, had come close to success and failed, sought out— not Virginia—but the two girls who did not win. He talked along with the two girls, and then, the next morning, called Paramount's casting department to plug the girls where they needed it most.

Joseph Mankiewicz invited all three girls to visit him on set the next day—the climax to the celebrity treatment which started for Joyce and Virginia in Chicago on the first lap of their momentous jour- ney. Joyce, the "guested" on WGN's "Bob and Kay" TV show, were presented with inscribed watches on ABC's "Junior Junction," were interviewed on WGN's Louis Quinn show, and the next morning, breakfasted with Tony Weitzel of the Chicago Daily News.

In California, following the auditions, all three were interviewed by the casting directors of Warner Brothers, 20th Century-Fox and Paramount. The girls lunched at the famous Brown Derby, met Tim Holt and appeared there on Frances Scully's Radio Show. They lunched at the Sah, and Paramount's Commissary, met Jan Sterling, Allyn Joslyn, and Mona Freeman. They attended NBC's mammoth cocktail party for Red Skelton, later "guested" on both the Jeanne Grey and Billie Burke TV Programs.

Joyce McLeod now is back at Emerson College in Boston and her routine is that of a normal co-od. But there's a bright shining light in her future. So impressed with her talent was William Meiklejohn, casting director of Paramount, that he is arranging a New York screen test for her shortly. Rachelle Mendlovitz is staying on in Hollywood for a brief coaching period at Paramount, and with the possibility that she, too, may be tested.

This first contest is only the beginning for Virginia, Joyce, Rachelle. The patterns set by this venture, the professional interest stirred, leaves much hope for future contestants. William Meiklejohn, who saw the runners-up after the auditions, stated: "This has been handled more intelligently than anything of its kind I've ever observed. I consider this contest a real source of talent."

Though this first Playbill Scholarship Contest is over, another year and another contest is in the offing. Next month, there will be information about the 1932 contest.

The End

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Jane Powell (next in "Baby Needs Shoes") and Geary Steffen will long remember last Christmas! Bound for Palm Springs for the holidays, Janie, at the last minute, remembered she hadn’t ordered . . .

. . . Christmas cards! She dashed to her stationer. He agreed to print cards overnight and mail them. Gratefully, Janie gave him her list. She and Geary...

. . . door. In swarmed a crowd of friends! "Happy New Year," they cried. "How did you like our formal notes of acceptance?" one girl asked. "We tried to get you on the phone but . . ."

. . . order for party invitations had been mixed with her order! Jane blinked—then began to laugh. "Who cares! Happy New Year!" she cried. "Let's raid the frozen food locker—this is one party that can't be kept on ice!"

Jane dashed to her desk. In her mail were the formal notes. Also, a letter from her stationer—marked URGENT. A mistake had been made, he wrote. An . . .

. . . had a wonderful time at Palm Springs—hated to leave. But Jane was due to start production. Arriving home New Year's Eve, they were just going to bed when the bell rang. Jane opened the...
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